

REVOLUTION IN PERSIA GROWING

Fighting Takes Place at Tebriz as Well as at the Capital
Teheran, June 25.—Heavy fighting went on throughout the city all afternoon...

Opposition Leaders Slain
The shah evidently realizes the peril in which he is placed, and he has decided upon drastic action to intimidate the ringleaders...

Leaders Thrown in Chains
Following the carnage in the Persian capital, Sayyid Abdallah, who is president of parliament...

Regarded as Revolution
St. Petersburg, Russia, June 25.—The shah declares that he has decided to be accompanied by all his hangers-on...

Says Sword Must Decide
The Bourse Gazette says the firing in Teheran yesterday was the beginning of the end...

The foreign office here this morning received dispatches sent from Teheran at nightfall...

"BEGGARS CANNOT BE CHOOSERS"



POISONS KEPT FROM JOBLESS

Sale of Acid Forbidden to Persons Appearing Despondent
If a man is hungry and out of work he cannot buy carbolic acid or any other drug with which he could end his suffering...

Refused Him Acid
'Won't you sell me the acid?' he inquired. 'No, I can't,' said the druggist. 'Why do I look like a man who would take it and end my life?' asked the man.

Two Ended Lives
After the man had left the druggist said to a customer: 'I'd sell it to him, but his appearance is against him. I have had two men step in here who looked in just as bad a condition as he did, and after selling them the acid they soon committed suicide.'

TOLEDO CITY STREET FOLKS LAID OFF; FUNDS SHORT
Toledo, O., June 25.—The entire street force will be laid off; the street department must suspend for a week...

Initiation of a Comp d'Etat
The liberal press of St. Petersburg, which throughout the Persian troubles has sympathized with the Persian parliament...

Men employed in the blacksmith shop of the foundry are in the main employed on piecework, where, in order to earn a substantial living, they are forced to work persistently...

Work at High Tension
Men employed in the blacksmith shop of the foundry are in the main employed on piecework...

SHERMAN IS ON WAY TO HEALTH

Doctors Say Candidate May Leave the Hospital Sunday
Cleveland, O., June 25.—Congressman James S. Sherman of Utica, N. Y., republican vice-presidential candidate...

Temperature Is Lower
Sherman's condition was best indicated by the reading of his temperature, which showed a general lowering of two and a half degrees since Tuesday night...

Condition May Change
'While Mr. Sherman's condition is hourly growing better, and there is every reason to anticipate his speedy recovery, yet his illness is of such a nature that there may be a critical turn at any time.'

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DRINKS POISON IN LONE SPOT

Jobless Railroad Man Goes to Country to Commit Suicide
New Castle, Pa., June 25.—Despondent over being discharged by the Pennsylvania company, Charles Lyons, 22 years old, a well-known passenger brakeman of the Seventh ward, committed suicide by drinking laudanum...

Out of Job; Despondent
Lyons had been out of employment for two weeks. Previous to his discharge he had been working on the Erie and Ashtabula division as a brakeman...

Epidemic of Suicides
Lyons' death made the fourth successful attempt at self-destruction in this locality in a little over a week.

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HOW ONE HOME WAS BROKEN UP

Father Dies and Court Tears Down Work of Twenty Years
Socialism would offer an equality of possession which would soon leave no one anything to possess...

Home Is Broken Up
It took the Juvenile court five minutes by the clock yesterday to break up that home, which it had taken Edward twenty years to make...

When the judge read the letterhead he turned to some spectators who sat near the bench...

I feel a personal interest, as the father was with me for 20 years and was always industrious and hard working.

'How old are you, Margaret?' asked Judge Tutthill, kindly. 'Fifteen, sir.'

That was the formula, and within five minutes after the family had entered the court room a suit was scattered to the four winds...

LOCAL MOOSE IN THE LEAD
With the same enthusiasm that has marked its splendid progress since it was established in this city...

MOORISH TRIBESMEN HOLD ENGLISHMAN FOR RANSOM
Tangier, Morocco, June 25.—An Englishman named Clark Kennedy has been captured and imprisoned by Moorish tribesmen...

CRUSADE AGAINST BAD SALOON IS LAUNCHED BY LIQUOR MEN
Niagara Falls, N. Y., June 25.—Organization to fight their common enemy, the prohibitionists, was the keynote of the day's session of the National Liquor Dealers' association...

OFFICE MEN TO FORM UNION
New York, June 25.—For the second time an attempt is being made to organize the stenographers and typewriters...

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TODAY!

Private Burial for Cleveland
Socialists who have made up their minds to distribute bundles of the Daily Socialist's FOURTH OF JULY SPECIAL should send in their orders at once...

STARVING MAN FALLS IN STREET
Frank Suran, 914 West Eighteenth place, fell exhausted at West Twenty-second and Rockwell streets last night after he had tramped all day in a vain search for work...

TSCHAIKOVSKY FACES ENEMIES
St. Petersburg, June 25.—Nicholas Tschaikevsky was taken out of the fortress of St. Peter and Paul today for the first time since his imprisonment...

COOLEY NOT TO QUIT HIS JOB
President Schneider of the Board of Education denied today that there is any truth in the reported cablegram from Chicago...

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PRIVATE BURIAL FOR CLEVELAND

Obsequies Over Former President Are to Be Held Tomorrow
Princeton, N. J., June 25.—The funeral of Grover Cleveland will be held tomorrow and will be private...

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CHICAGO DAILY SOCIALIST

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RECEIPTS BILL OF RETURN IN AN EDITORIAL IN THE COMMONER

Lincoln, Neb., June 23.—William Jennings Bryan, for the past few years, has been complaining that the Republicans had stolen his middle-class reform program, now seems contented. He uses the term "middle-class" as a synonym for the "commoner."

NEW AIRSHIP IS A SUCCESS Friedrichshafen, June 25.—A second attempt was made last evening by Count Zeppelin in his new airship with a view to testing an improved side steering gear, which has been first installed. On the first attempt Count Zeppelin declared that he was satisfied with everything but the side steering arrangement, which had not come up to expectations.

MEXICANS FORM UNIONS TO ROUT AMERICAN BOSSSES City of Mexico, June 25.—The Mexican Herald publishes a story this morning to the effect that railroad employees throughout the republic of Mexico are planning the organization of a union which will have for its sole aim the exclusion of United States citizens from connection in any capacity with the various roads.

Where to Go The Woman's Socialist League meets Thursday at 2:30 p. m. at 180 East Washington street. The lessons under Lidia Paros-Robins are growing in interest.

CLERGYMAN I'm a pastor of brains in a small country town. I ought to be known as a man of renown. For I preach all the fables my rich members need.

HELP WANTED Forewarned is forewarned—get my book on successful investing in real estate. I have the names of investors wanted. I will pay well for your list.

PERSONAL SOCIALISTS OUT WEST WHO NEED HARVEST hands should write at once to Socialism and Farming, A. M. Simons, 36 Commercial-Tribune Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

BARBER AND SHOEBOAT (Anything under this heading will be charged at the rate of 5 cents per line.) WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BARBER? What do you want to buy? What do you want to know?

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS FOR SALE—NEW, VERY FUNNY POST CARD—See No. 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50.

REAL ESTATE Do you wish to make real estate? Do you wish to buy? Do you wish to sell? Do you wish to lease? Do you wish to mortgage?

BUSINESS PERSONALS GET RICH—THIS IS THE ONLY AND BEST GET RICH scheme for preserving and increasing your income. Do you wish to make real estate?

CHICAGO DAILY SOCIALIST No. 190-182 Washington St. Advertise in the Daily Socialist.

BRYAN GETS HIS PLATFORM BACK

Receipts Bill of Return in an Editorial in The Commoner

Lincoln, Neb., June 23.—William Jennings Bryan, for the past few years, has been complaining that the Republicans had stolen his middle-class reform program, now seems contented. He uses the term "middle-class" as a synonym for the "commoner."

What Bryan Says In an editorial summary of the Republican platform written for the Commoner, Bryan says:

Force the criminal law against a single trust, what progress with such an antitrust plank as that inserted in the Republican platform?

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Celebrating the Fourth

American Socialists are going to celebrate the Fourth this year. They are going to celebrate it in a way that will wake up the dried bones of the old patriots and fill them with life for the new revolution.

Every one of the 5,000 Hustlers can afford at least 25 cents for a bundle to carry with him when he starts out to celebrate on Saturday afternoon, or Sunday morning, if he is fortunate enough to have a master during the week.

Orders for 4th of July Edition. J. H. Hummel, Philadelphia, Pa. 100. J. H. Hummel, Philadelphia, Pa. 100. J. H. Hummel, Philadelphia, Pa. 100.

COOLIES COME FROM MEXICO Los Angeles, Cal., June 25.—In this city, according to information gathered by the immigration authorities, there is a large number of Chinese coolies coming from the border into the United States.

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DIES AFTER THE SIXTH ATTEMPT

Wm. Obstertargt Finally Takes Poison and Hangs Himself

William Obstertargt won success, the reward of the persevering. Five times he had tried to kill himself and failed. The sixth time, last Monday, he told his wife, with whom he had quarreled repeatedly, that he would make a good job of it this time.

Had Made Many Attempts Several times before he had made ineffectual attempts. Five months ago he shot himself in the head. Four times before this attempt his wife had reported to the police in time to prevent him from committing suicide.

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OUT-OF-TOWN BUSINESS DIRECTORY Make under this heading 5 lines daily for one month, \$2.50. Socialists should see to it that their local merchant is represented in this column.

The Higher Socialism A book of 225 pages, neatly bound in cloth cover. Every reader of the Daily Socialist should have one. Price, \$1.00. Send today.

BOOKS OF MARXIAN SOCIALISM "The Socialism that inspires hope and fears today is of the school of Marx. No one is seriously agitating or agitated by any other school of Socialism."

Where Will the Funds Come From?

It is an old saying that "he who pays the fiddler can name the dance," and nowhere can this find truer application than in the world of politics. Those who pay the campaign funds and maintain the machine can decide what sort of laws shall be made by those elected.

The trade unions are now going into politics. They are going to "reward their friends" and "punish their enemies" in the Republican and Democratic parties. When they have decided who are "friends" and who are "enemies" it will be necessary to organize a campaign for the support of the one and the defeat of the other. Such a campaign will cost a large amount of money. WHERE IS IT COMING FROM?

The American Federation of Labor has no power to tax the unions affiliated with it for political purposes. It has often declared that it could not tax them even for strike purposes.

It is doubtful if the constitutions of most of the international unions will permit them to assess their members directly for political purposes. It is not at all certain that a provision permitting them to do so would be advisable. Unless a union is practically unanimous for some particular form of political action an attempt to force men to contribute funds for purposes to which they are opposed might easily disrupt the organization. This is one of the many reasons why Socialists insist that the first step toward any intelligent political action by the unions is to EDUCATE THE UNION MEMBERS TO THE NECESSITY OF UNITED CLASS-CONSCIOUS POLITICAL ACTION.

Voluntary contributions for such a program as that proposed by Gompers and his following from union men have not proven very productive in the past. The sums raised two years ago for this purpose were insignificant in comparison with the tasks to be accomplished.

There remains one source from which plenty of money can be secured. That is directly from the great campaign funds of the Republican and Democratic parties, which means indirectly from the great capitalists. If the American Federation of Labor should endorse Bryan it could undoubtedly receive all the money it wished to carry on a campaign. If the Illinois State Federation of Labor, or the labor organizations of any other "doubtful" state should endorse either of the capitalist parties in that state there would be no lack of money.

DO THE UNIONS OF THIS COUNTRY WISH TO USE SUCH FUNDS? Do they believe it will assist in building up a strong militant labor movement to have it subsidized by those whom the movement is supposed to be fighting? Do they think that the handling of such funds in the secret manner in which capitalist campaign funds are always expended will tend to strengthen the integrity of the labor movement and to attract to its official positions the sort of men most needed there?

If an attempt had been made to deliberately work out a plan for the disruption and corruption of the labor movement of America, could the one which has been proposed by the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor be improved upon?

Nor is this the end of the story. THOSE WHO GIVE THIS MONEY WILL CONTROL ITS EXPENDITURE AND RECEIVE THEIR REWARD. They do not GIVE it, they EXPEND it. They purchase with it the right to determine the acts of those elected.

So at last the end of the whole scheme amounts to this: That labor shall work once more for its masters, as it has worked through all the ages, and that in so doing it shall sow dissension in its own ranks, corrupt its leaders and sink deeper in the slavery from which it dreamed of escaping.

The Father of His Country

Cipriani Castro of Venezuela is a genuine patriot of the kind described in the school histories. He recognizes that the ruling class in his country is composed of little capitalists who are being crushed by international monopolies. Therefore he is fighting those monopolies.

In so doing he naturally comes in conflict with the "patriots" of other countries, like Kaiser Billy, and our own dear Teddy, who are representing a ruling class composed of these same great monopolists. As a consequence he has been bullied and threatened and coerced, and almost everything else that usually happens to a little capitalist in the road of the great trust steam roller.

Up to the present time he has heroically stood in the breach and withstood all attacks. At times, so his enemies say, he has done a little private grafting. Perhaps. But there are some documents in the archives of the United States government that tell of similar acts by the "Fathers" of this republic. To be sure these stories do not get into the text-books. Neither do the similar ones get into the text-books of Venezuela.

Unfortunately "Castro" seems to have appeared on the stage a few years too late for the successful production of the part he is playing. Capitalism has become international, and the trust rules over all. It is probable that he will awake some morning to find his front yard full of foreign troops and himself deposed from power—all to make way for "civilization."

Instead of going down into the histories of the future as the "Father of his Country," he will be recorded only as a disturber of the peace.

Campaign Fund Publicity

A few weeks ago Bryan and Taft had some correspondence that attracted considerable attention. The first William wrote to the second William asking his support for a law compelling the publication of campaign contributions. "Injunction Bill" declared that he "saw it first" and had always been in favor of such a law.

The Republican convention has just adjourned. A plank favoring such publicity was flattened out to invisibility by the "steam roller," with "Injunction Bill" on the seat and Teddy handling the lever.

The Democratic convention has yet to meet, and while it may include the publicity plank in its platform, it is the one best bet that it will not provide for publicity in its campaign headquarters.

Here is a sorrowful state of things. Both Bills are just dying for a law to make them publish their campaign funds, but neither one has ever thought of the very simple plan of going ahead and having all the publicity they want without any law.

Although they are both lawyers they seem to be laboring under the hallucination that there is a law somewhere FORBIDDING them to publish the list of the contributors to their campaign funds.

Meanwhile the Socialist party will keep right on being the only political party in the United States that publishes its campaign contributions.

She Knew.

"I hear you are going to marry Charley?" "Yes, he asked me last evening." "Let me congratulate you, Charley is all right. He is one of the nicest fellows I ever engaged to."—Nashville American.

Her Little Slip.

Departing Guest—"Well, had a simply delightful time!" Hostess—"I'm so glad. At the same time I regret that the storm kept all our best people away."—Brooklyn American.

THE GAY LIFE



NO. 4—THE SONG OF THE SHIRT

One day the Kid's old man was bending over a cracked saw in the factory where he worked, and it belted him in the neck—right where he had been getting hit all his life by the boss, the landlord and the politician.

Some of the boys picked up his mangled carcass and by the time the coroner's jury viewed the body the broken saw blade had been replaced by a new one, neatly boxed according to law, and a fine story of how the old man had been intoxicated and committed

suicide by thrusting his head in the saw was doped out.

The Kid would have probably remained at the sweatshop, even if the old man was alive, but it was clinched now. And such long, hot, weary, distracting days they were, too. The poor light made her eyes strain, and the heavy work bent her frail back. But she kept on. She never knew anything else but work. And thus she passed from her childhood to womanhood—a drooping flower in a damp cellar.

(To be continued.)

METROPOLITAN REFLECTIONS

BY W. B. NICKERSON

Not many days since we who take the Metropolitan "L" at Robey street lined up along the platform and watched the camp making of a band of youngsters on a vacant lot beneath the platform.

They had a piece of canvas, well ventilated with sundry holes, for one tent, and a carpet for another, thrown over a clothesline stretched between the elms. One of the boys was pegging down the tent with nails, and the largest little girl, critically surveying the work, said it was "swell."

All unconscious of the observation of the hot and weary work people above them they were supremely happy with their old carpet. They had responded to the ancient "call of the wild" and were pitching their habitations again in the shade of the forest.

Here, where not so long since a banker lived, where a wide green lawn and flower beds and a fountain were, was now a vacant space; the home that stood here wrecked, and in its place the child of the proletariat pitching his camp.

The same day, on my prairie world,

near my house, I found two savages encamped beneath a tent of bed ticking. It was very warm, but they must have a fire, and so they lay in their tent and watched the red flame and the blue smoke curling upward, even as their ancestors in the long ago.

So it was with us—you and I—when we were savages. The romance of the wild is in the blood, and although the later grinding years dull the romance and put the vision far in the background, and the factory, the store and the flat life wear us out, yet the vision is there and may be recalled. And may it not be realized?

What does our struggle net us? Do fine clothes and fine houses and all the complicated needs of modern life, if we gain them, convey happiness? Doesn't the worry and the loss of personal freedom overbalance the gain? And how, if we don't gain them and yet struggle harder than those who do, and lose even more of personal liberty, where then is the gain?

We toil, what do we get out of it? This: A cup of beer; a night at San Souci or Riverview, and not enough to eat any time; a bar lunch at noon. And the lady whom you promised to

protect and endow with all your worldly goods gets even less. She doesn't get goods enough to make herself a dress, and do you protect her? Does she have to stand off the milk bill every other week? Does she live in fear that the gas man will come with the big wrench and turn off the gas?

Is the baby sick again and is the doctor, who faithfully tended the little fellow last year, unpaid? Does the lady worry and dream nightmares of death and horror while you sleep these hot nights?

The children of the proletariat are pitching their camps over the prairies of Chicago, dreaming their dreams of freedom, dwelling in fancy in the mythic vision that haunts our blood of a freedom that was once not all a vision.

Shall the child of the proletariat realize the vision? Shall he live the life of a freeman or shall he die a wage slave? It is for you to say, Arouse! The vision is in your blood yet. Make it a reality; you have the power. Protect your homes! Work we must, but shall we work for less than a living, less than the most important savage gained by his labor?

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Safety Valve of Capitalism

BY EVA OSLER NICHOLS

Van Gimbel thinks he has the best of reasons for being patriotic. He comes of a long American ancestry—one of those New York families who lapsed into post-revolutionary simplicity and dropped the Van from their names, but tacked it on again when reactionary Van Snobbery prevailed over epigrammatic Democracy.

Some members of the family served their country well by means of their homicidal propensities. Van Gimbel is very proud of his great-grandfather's record in the struggle for independence.

Yet Van Gimbel boasts that he is too loyal to be revolutionary.

Van Gimbel's childish fancy was charmed when, seated upon the paternal knee, he heard how his father fought the blooming rebels.

Yet Van Gimbel stoutly upholds the kind of slavery now in vogue.

Since he is so proud of his family tree it is strange that there is no more hereditary in his make-up.

Van Gimbel read a table which gave the percentage of Socialist votes in a number of the leading countries. Germany headed the list, while the United States was near the bottom.

This thrilled Van Gimbel's plutocratic heart with joy. The American workmen are too well trained and "too intelligent" to be deluded by any "made in Germany" notions, thought Van Gimbel.

His patriotic pride received a severe blow by reading another table, which gave the number of books per million inhabitants annually published in each of the great nations. In this case also Germany headed the list, while the United States was the next to the last. Van Gimbel never guessed that the second table might account for the first one.

Woman's League

Every member of the Woman's Socialist League is urged to be present at the next meeting, when plans to assist the chairman of the National Committee on Special Propaganda Work Among Women will be considered.

An entertainment to raise money for this work is being planned.

The report of the Committee on Halls for meetings in behalf of suffrage and questions especially relating to woman will also be heard.

For Home Dressmakers

The report of the work that the English women are doing ought to inspire us to greater efforts.

Bring your suffrage friends to the meetings, where they will learn which party will give them the ballot.

Lida Paros Robinson has promised to teach the class every session. The last two lessons prove her perfect capability for the work.

ANNAH FINSTERBACK



2240 INFANTS' COLD FEET GOWN.
Paris Pattern No. 2348
All Sizes Allowed.

This simple little cold-foot gown is both loose and comfortable, making an ideal garment for an infant's sleeping robe. It may be developed in fine white French or Canton flannel, flannel, etc., ruffled or outing cloth, and stitched with white or colored silk, according to taste. The back is cut considerably longer than the front and finished with a narrow hem. The arms sleeves is turned up over the front and fastened with buttons and button-holes, affording perfect protection to the feet. The garment buttons down the front with small pearl buttons, and the sleeves are gathered into narrow wristbands. The pattern is in one size, and requires 2½ yards of material 27 inches wide, or 1½ yard 36 inches wide.

Price of pattern 25 cents.

My Violin

BY M. DE LEON IMUS

In ages long ago, in forest gray,
A hoary giant of the woods, with swaying limbs
And rustling leaves, had watched the fairy minstrel play,
And heard them sing their vesper songs and hymns,
And it had gathered sweetest tones from warbling birds,
Distinct and clear, almost, as human words.

In later years the ruthless hand of man,
Had felled the giant, stripped him of each leaf and bough,
And molded from his heart, with wondrous skill and plan,
The body of my violin as now.
You see it, worked its sunny neck and swelling breast,
And fashioned scroll, and pegs, and all the rest.

And later still a master touched its strings,
And waked the vesper music of the shadowy past.
He gave the minstrel's life, made echoes living things,
And as the strings vibrated loud and fast,
And skillfully the nimble bow swayed out and in,
Came old-time dreams from out my violin.

—From Pearson's Magazine.

MEN WHO CREATED WEALTH

By Robert Hunter.

There are at least 200,000 unemployed men in New York city, and most of them have been unemployed for three or four months. They are facing starvation. They walk the streets in despair. They face idle machines and empty factories. The mass of them receive wages which are only sufficient to keep them alive while they are at work, and when work stops they and their families are in distress. The panic which has paralyzed industry has cut off the means of life for these scores of thousands.

It is difficult to conceive of a brutality more atrocious than exists in a society which permits these working men to slowly starve without making an effort to supply them with work. During the entire winter not a single constructive thing has been done to help these workless thousands. Not a word has been uttered in the Board of Aldermen or in the Legislature in defense of their right to life and labor. The chosen representatives of these men seem to be utterly callous to this misery.

All winter they have been discussing at Albany an anti-gambling race track measure as if that were the most important thing under the heavens. Legislators are pulling their political wires, feathering their political nests, and losing no opportunity to swell their private purses.

The other night I went into a Black Hole of Calcutta, a Bowery lodging house, where several hundred working men were sleeping on double-deck beds, on canvas stretched between two bars, and on the floors. They were some of the men who had built the palaces, paved the streets, driven the tunnels, cut the subway, created the material life of New York. They had helped to feed and clothe and shelter the people. Their labor was done. They had received and spent their wages, and they were huddled together like lepers and pariahs, waiting for the call from the Ryans, and the Morgans, to dig more ditches, cut more subways, drive more tunnels, and build more palaces.

I have recently spent eighteen months in Europe, and nowhere have I seen such utter disregard for the misery of the workless.

In many cities of France, Belgium and Germany, the involuntary unemployed are municipally provided with out-of-work pay. In many of the big cities of Western Europe there are school restaurants, where the children are well fed and the weaker ones given cod liver oil and tonics. The aged, the sick and infirm have pensions. Even the vagrants and wandering laborers have lodging houses provided for them as they go about the country seeking work, and these lodging houses are clean and sweet and wholesome, supplying to the needy food to hearten them in the day's search for work. The cities are undertaking public works to give work to the workless.

We say the unemployed must stay in their homes and starve in silence.

A few weeks ago several thousand assembled in Philadelphia to ask the city to provide them with work. The police brutally assaulted them, and a riot ensued. In Chicago several thousand endeavored to march to the City Hall to demand work. The police clubbed them and ordered them to disperse. In New York, Los Angeles and other cities the unemployed have been treated in a like manner.

I think no true American citizen can regard these facts without the deepest concern. It reminds one of Russia. There is no attempt to furnish relief or work on any adequate scale.

We even refuse the unemployed the privilege of coming before the public authorities to state their grievances.

We are trying to do an utterly impossible thing—to ignore the starving, and at the same time to force them to remain silent and content.

"THEY" VS. BEN AND SAM

BY PATRICK BARFIELD

In the long ago, were you ever sent "up town" on an errand by your mother, and did you ever say: "Mamma, gimme a nickel?"

Well, this is what Ben said as Ben's mamma handed him the green one-can and Ben cents taken from the grape on the top of the cupboard in the little kitchen, and told him to hurry up as she had to wash today.

"Well, but mamma," Ben says, "can't you give us one nickel. I know where we can get two big, fat bananas for five cents, and Sam wants one awful bad." Ben's mamma, without answering, poured the pennies, nickels and dimes and quarters out of the cup into her hand and let them drop back on to a time, and counted. Ben and Sam standing silent before her all the while in an expectant attitude.

She set the cup down, she looked out of the window, but saw nothing. Her lips moved, and she again counted its audibly on her fingers. After hesitating, she took two pennies from the cup and gave them to her children, saying: "Ben, I can't do it, we can't get through the month, everything is going up." The children took the money—Ben was eight and Sam was six—but their hearts were heavy—they saw the look of pain in their mother's eyes. They knew she carried a burden, but they did not understand it.

Trotting at Ben's heels as they approached the fruit stand, little Sam says: "Ben, maybe we can get one for two cents, and we'll divide." "Maybe so, Sam," says Ben.

"How much are your bananas?" says Ben. "Forty cents a dozen. THEY shot 'em up again this morning," said the vendor. "Can't we get one for two pennies?" says Sam. "No, my boy; three for a dime is the best I can do." Although Sam did not understand still he felt that the fruit seller was not to blame.

"Come, Sam," says Ben, "let's get our share, and as we're turned to go home, rest on a yellow car on the sidewalk across the street, on which was inscribed in big letters, "American Fruit Company"—the bandit car of commerce; but he did not understand.

As they walked up the street Sam kicked a banana peeling off the sidewalk, saying to Ben, "Someone might step on that and break his leg." Reaching the grocery, Ben handed the can to the man behind the counter and asked for a gallon of gasoline. "All right, my boy," said the grocer, and in a few seconds the can was filled and set on the floor beside Sam.

Ben carefully laid out on the counter the five nickels and one penny that his mother had given him to pay for the gas. "It takes twenty-seven cents," said the grocer. "THEY put the price up again this morning."

"Who is THEY?" said Ben.

"Why, we know," said Sam. "THEY shot the bananas up this morning." The grocer laughed. Little Sam, who up to this time had held his penny tightly in his hand, walked up to the counter and laid it down with the five nickels and penny and, taking up the can, said: "Ben, we must hurry home, or we'll be late for school." Ben, who had been watching the door and stared for home by a side street and through a poor part of the town. Soon they came to another fruit stand.

There was no sidewalk in front of this stand; pools of stagnant water stood in the street. The stand was made of rough boards and was just high enough for a man to stand erect in the front part. At there were no wheels, the flies swarmed everywhere.

Several dozen bananas were piled on the rough boards that served as a counter. They were small, black, shriveled, broken and overripe.

"How much are your bananas?" said Ben.

"Cent apiece," replied the man behind the counter. "After 'em consulting with Sam," Ben said a selection and laid down his penny on the counter.

"Here," said Ben, handing Sam the little black shriveled banana, "take that and shove it in your market!"

Sam quickly peeled the banana and, taking a bite, said in an undertone: "Ben, are THEY here?"

"Ben is eight and Sam is six. Who will think for Ben and Sam? Who will speak for Sam and Ben?"

TO THE EDITOR

COMMERCIALISM THE FUNDAMENTAL OBSTACLE TO RELIEF

The fundamental error of civilization is commercialism.

Commercialism is more universal and more deeply seated in the human mind than even capitalism is. Wealth is produced for sale and obtained by purchase, and many Socialists seem to think that this must continue, even under Socialism, but before poverty can be abolished this must pass away.

Those who can get out of the city and live on the land, without being bound and cumbered with debt can find relief, and their condition will improve continuously if they will but direct their efforts to supplying their own needs instead of to production for the market.

E. Russell, told how the English co-operative societies, notwithstanding their great helplessness to their own people, are unable to save any of the unemployed and substitute who most of all need it.

The reason is plain, and why Russell did not point it out I do not understand. Obviously the Russian left the English

co-operative societies are unable to reach and relieve the destitute and unemployed because they have failed to commercialize them. They produce for sale and distribute their supplies by sale, and so long as this method is followed those who have nothing cannot be reached.

If those societies ran their factories to keep up the stock of supplies, in their stores and paid their employees with a credit against the supplies contained in all forms of wealth which they produced, then they would have a place for every one who could render a service, no matter how poor and destitute he might be to begin with.

Co-operative production for the use of the co-operatives leads to the Co-operative Commonwealth and the abolition of poverty, but

Co-operative production for sale helps to keep the market and salaries with the market.

Everything that is bought or sold or produced for sale must pay tribute to parasites, but everything that is produced for use and used by the producers themselves at its labor cost and pays no tribute to any.

C. W. WOODRIDGE
Havana, Havana.