

TROOPS TRY TO END STRIKE ON ITALIAN FARMS

Brutal Attacks Made: Government Confiscates Strike Funds: 'Reds' in Charge

Rome, July 6.—The agricultural strike at Parma drags on with increasing bitterness and greater violence on the part of the government. Recently 700 foreign laborers who had been brought under misapprehension refused to work and were attacked brutally by the cavalry. Nearly every day brings stories of new outrages by the army. Many strikers have been wounded by the attacks of the soldiers.

Arrest Strike Leaders The government has recently extended its punishment in another direction. All of the leaders of the strike have been arrested and with them nearly 100 of the strikers. The headquarters of the trade unions in Parma have been occupied by the military. The local committee was arrested on a charge of arousing the people to revolt. The strike fund has been confiscated, contrary to all laws and justice. The censorship of the telegraph has been made so strict that it is almost impossible to get any news out. Five Socialist members of Parma were on the ground actually directing the strike.

Call for General Strike The organ of the Socialists in Parma is calling for a general strike throughout Italy. Most of the laboring men, however, believe that this would be unwise and inopportune and that the success of the strike can be better secured by assisting the men already out.

PROSPERITY STRIKES JOLIET AND CLOSES TWO MORE SHOPS

Joliet, Ill., July 6.—"Prosperity" has just paid this town a visit. On its way through it stopped at the Phoenix Horse-shoe company Saturday and placed a sign on the door reading:

"This factory will be closed temporarily."

Tuesday it stopped in front of the Joliet stove works and placed the same kind of a sign on its doors. Both of the companies are prominent in this city. The first employed 200 men and the other 150. This means that 450 more families will feel the touch of poverty in no peacetime manner.

POSTMASTER GENERAL HAS PTOMAININE POISONING

Richmond, Va., July 6.—Postmaster General Meyer, who was to have been the guest of the Curtis club in a Fourth of July celebration at the Curtis club on the old Martha Custis place, on the James River, is suffering from ptomaine poisoning at his home in Washington. His condition being so serious that the members of his family have been summoned to his bedside from their home in Massachusetts.

30,000 PRAY IN VAIN FOR RAIN

Bari, Italy, July 6.—The long drought, with intense heat, reaching at times 90 or more in the shade, is causing disastrous effects throughout the Apulia region. In the hope of receiving rain through divine intercession, it was decided to carry in procession through the town the centennial image representing Calvary. Thirty thousand of the faithful participated in the ceremonies, which were attended by dramatic scenes of fanaticism, but the rain did not come.

BABIES OF POOR DOOMED TO DIE, SAYS THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT

That the children of the poorer class of Chicago citizens have a much lighter chance in the battle with deadly diseases than those of the well-to-do is the assertion made by the weekly bulletin of the health department, which appeals for renewed effort to save 2,500 lives which must be sacrificed during the next six months in default of preventive measures.

After reporting a decrease in total deaths of 1,567—children and adults—as compared with the first six months of last year, the bulletin shows that the largest factors in the improvement have been pneumonia and pulmonary tuberculosis. The actual decrease in deaths from the former has been 949, from the latter 174.

"Private Ownership Is Not a Crime" —ROGER SULLIVAN.



OF COURSE NOT, ROGER.

TAFT ELECTED, PROSPERITY ON ROAD

Road Official Says "Injunction Bill" Will Bring Good Times

Business has been very unsatisfactory for the past eight months. It will continue bad and indifferent until after election. Bryan will be nominated by the Democrats and Taft will win. Everything is all right in the United States except too much politics.

This is what an official of one of the largest railroads running west from Chicago is sending to the European agent of the company. A Socialist heard him say so. The names of these two are not for publication. It would cause one of them to lose his job.

Cannot Imagine Damage The official further tells the European that the extent of the damage done by the money panic of last fall and the following industrial panic cannot be imagined. The official has noticed a falling off in the customs receipts of the United States of nearly a million dollars. He is of the opinion that business is picking up slightly and is hopeful of more prosperity when "Injunction Bill" comes into power.

Then if nothing happens to the crops everything will run along as (Continued on Page Three.)

SHELVE A MOVE TO AID HEARST

Labor Delegate Wants Independence League Investigated

The Chicago Federation of Labor held but a very brief session yesterday afternoon, and no important business was transacted. About the most interesting feature of the meeting was the speech of Delegate Macy of the Stereotypers' union, denouncing the Republican and Democratic parties and declaring that the political action committee should seek the Independence League and William Randolph Hearst for relief.

Following the reading of the letter from John Mitchell, declaring he was not a candidate for governor, which was made public two weeks ago, John C. Harding, secretary of the political action committee stated that at the next regular meeting of the federation there would perhaps be a detailed recommendation made to the body by the committee.

Shelves Hearst Talk Then, following Macy's speech, which was made after Secretary Nockels had read a report of the Illinois State Federation of Labor meeting at Springfield, June 21, Harding said there was a good deal of truth in what Macy had said and the recommendation of the committee at the next meeting might contain a reference to some of the points Macy had dwelt upon, and at this meeting the federation will be in better shape to discuss what was referred to.

If a man is on the Republican ticket," said Macy, "he stands for the platform of the Republican party. How can he be an honest Republican, then, when he is a friend of organized labor? I don't expect much relief from the Democrats at Denver, either.

Sugar Trust Contributions "We all remember that Havermeyer of the sugar trust made campaign contributions to both of these parties, and when he was asked why he did it, he replied that the sugar trust couldn't afford to be regarded as an enemy to either party.

"We have sent supposed friends of organized labor who were on these tickets to the legislators, but they have done us little good, and why?" "One of them will introduce a resolution favorable to organized labor, but the chances are that beyond a few speeches it will amount to nothing. Again, he introduces one so daznably ridiculous that after it gets through it has a joker which makes it absolutely worthless."

Macy then said before any one was endorsed or any attempts made to get union men on the old party tickets at the primaries next August, the Independence League should be investigated. He mentioned William Randolph Hearst a friend of the workingman. John C. Harding then made his statement, but there was no further discussion.

Appeals to Pastors "Is there not enough public and private conscience to do something to save these 2,500 lives? Will not the mothers themselves give the well babies more water and less milk—and no beer, no cabbage, no coffee—no dirt in anything?" The public agencies are excellent, but the most of the situation is the home and the mothers and fathers who control the homes."

BEATS POMMERN IN RACE IN AIR

Fielding Balloon Makes 895 Miles, 22 Over German Craft

Spectacular to an almost unparalleled degree and full of thrilling incidents was the race for aerial honors which came to an end at 5 o'clock last night, when the Fielding-San Antonio, with Dr. F. J. Fielding and Captain H. E. Honeywell in the car, dropped at West Shefford, in the Province of Quebec, a distance of about 895 miles from Chicago.

The local promoters last night were claiming a world's record, the longest former flight being 872 miles, made last year by the German balloon Pommern. While there is some doubt as to the exact length of the Fielding-San Antonio's flight, she was able to keep the air a trifle less than seven hours, longer than her nearest rival, the Illinois, and was easily the winner of the contest.

Operators Plunged in Bay The two balloons had followed an almost parallel course during their long flight in the air, and both were sighted from E. Long Ont., at 11:30 o'clock in the morning. Shortly afterward the Illinois was seen to plunge downward. Immediately below her stretched the expanse of the Bay of Quinte, on Lake Ontario. The car's pilot, J. L. Case, and his assistant, C. H. Ferrigo, emptied sand desperately in an attempt to keep the balloon in the air, but her flight was over and their efforts proved futile.

The men were plunged into the waters of the bay, whence they were rescued by the crew of a pleasure craft.

The most spectacular feature of the long-distance event, however, were furnished by the French balloon Ville de Dieppe, and the Columbia. The occupants of both escaped death by so narrow a margin that if the flight were considered from that viewpoint alone it would be notable.

French Balloon in Lake The Ville de Dieppe fell into Lake Michigan at a point about three miles directly off the west shore and her pilot, Captain A. E. Mueller, with his 15-year-old assistant, George Schoenbeck, battled in the darkness for three-quarters of an hour, half-submerged in the water. By a display of extraordinary coolness and skill Captain Mueller contrived to save his own life and that of the boy and to bring his balloon ashore intact.

To do this he sacrificed every ounce of ballast, cast loose his anchor and his ground-ropes, and took his chances in the upper air, knowing that he must later make a landing in the darkness. The story of his escape from what seemed certain death was recited yesterday by the captain with a cheerful insouciance that savored not the least of bravado.

Falls Near Benton Harbor The United States, the Chicago and the Columbia came down in adjoining counties in the Province of Ontario, Canada, soon after daybreak

DEMOCRATS ARE TO HAND LABOR A GOLD BRICK IN SHAPE OF AN INJUNCTION PLANK

Proposed Draft Deals Only With Manner of Punishment and is Entirely Satisfactory to the Conservatives.

Denver, Colo., July 6.—The Democrats are going to hand Samuel Gompers a gold brick in the shape of an anti-injunction plank. Governor Charles N. Haskell of Oklahoma, who will be chairman of the resolutions committee, has written the following injunction plank, which he will ask the committee to put into the Democratic platform as a substitute for all other drafts:

"We favor the passage of laws more fully defining contempt and regulating the punishment in matters of contempt in all trials in the federal courts, whereby any person accused of violating or disobeying, in the trial court, when not in the presence or hearing of the court, or judges sitting as such, any order of injunction or restraint, made or rendered by any court or judge, shall before penalty or punishment is imposed, be entitled to a trial by jury as to the guilt or innocence of the accused. In no case should a penalty or punishment be imposed for contempt until an opportunity to be heard is given."

Satisfies the Conservatives This draft, it will be observed, is silent on the question of how writs should be issued. It deals entirely with the manner of punishment for violation of a writ, and in that respect is satisfactory to the conservative leaders. It is also silent on the question of a change of venue from the judge issuing the writ, and does not seek, moreover, to determine exactly the time in which defendants should be arraigned.

The fact that Bryan and Haskell as chairman of the resolutions committee appears to lead color to the nation that he has tentatively approved this pronouncement, although it does not go as far as the labor men desire in that it is silent on the issuance of writs without giving notice, and is not as radical as Bryan has advocated all along.

Gompers is Not Pleased "It is not solely a question of whether notice shall be given or even a trial by jury or a change of venue, but whether injunctions shall issue at all in such disputes," said Gompers. "We are here to help the workmen if we can. As to the manner of issuing injunction writs we are not so much concerned, it is a bigger question than what we stand for; but such legislation as will protect the workman against unjust oppression in the courts. The use of the injunction is condemned by us in industrial disputes. We are not opposed to the institution, for the injunction is proper, no doubt, in some cases. But it should not be used at all

Attending physicians found no trace of poison in their examination of Neriz. Members of his family declare that he had eaten nothing that might cause his condition. But the efforts of physicians to assure him that he was not poisoned were futile and he passed into a comatose condition and died after hours of acute suffering.

THAT 105,000 AND THIS 750,000

Over 105,000 copies of the Daily Socialist's Fourth of July Special were circulated. Because this edition followed so closely after the Unemployed Special—the interior being only three weeks—there was insufficient time in which to do more. Nevertheless, the result was SATISFACTORY. Making the extremely conservative estimate that three persons read each paper, a total of 315,000 persons were reached by the Fourth of July Special.

But there is an interval of TWO MONTHS between July 4 and Labor Day—a space of time amply sufficient for the utmost effort in behalf of the Daily Socialist's LABOR DAY SPECIAL. The time is amply sufficient provided the Daily's friends BEGIN NOW. If they BEGIN NOW the circulation of this edition will reach 750,000.

This prediction is made after taking a full view of the field, with its possibilities. There are 2,500 local organizations of the Socialist party in the United States. These should arrange a complete HOUSE TO HOUSE distribution of the Labor Day Special. A more effective method of propaganda cannot be found. Then, there are hundreds of Socialist trades union organizations which can be depended on to order bundles of copies.

It all depends on YOU. Whether it is your Socialist local or your trade union, the vital thing is for YOU to see to it that the matter is brought up and for YOU to champion the plan until it carries. The LABOR DAY SPECIAL will be as effective a piece of propaganda as the Daily Socialist's staff and the Daily Socialist's corps of contributors can make it. This is important, however, only in proportion to the number of copies you distribute. It all depends on YOU.

Colonel Guffey Aims a Withering Diatribe at the Head of Col. Bryan; Says Nebraskan is Boss and Dictator.

Denver, July 6.—The guns have been turned upon William J. Bryan. Upon the eve of his nomination for the presidency by the representatives of his party he is arraigned as to his honor and integrity and directly charged as a falsified Col. James M. Guffey of Pennsylvania in a public statement, which is, perhaps, without precedent or parallel for bitterness of language and direct pillorying of a man who I should to be the nominee of his party.

From a serene and street tea party the Democratic national convention has been tossed into a cauldron which bursts with its own fumes, almost, and the enemies of Bryan declared last night that, as a result of the Guffey statement, which is sitting gradually into the files of delegates, Bryan is farther away from a presidential nomination than he has been for four years.

Reply Called Composite Col. Guffey's statement is hardly all his own. The long chain of conferences which he had yesterday with every Democrat of prominence in Denver, following the publication of the attack which Bryan made at Lincoln upon the Pennsylvania Bryan men who follow the leadership of James Kerr, is compositely photographed in the remarkably bitter, biting and bristling indictment of Bryan, which has set the convention by its ears.

Col. Guffey brands Bryan as a falsifier in the earliest paragraph of the statement, which may mark the first rattle of musketry in the fiercest political battle which the nation's history records. It is the long awaited moment which John A. Johnson of Minnesota has gazed at from afar, and Col. Guffey, with a perfectly good opportunity made for him by Bryan himself, has pulled the trigger and the real anti-Bryan fight is on.

Roger C. Sullivan and Illinois, Thos. Taggart and Indiana, John T. McGraw and West Virginia, which messes ultimately all the so-called "conservative" delegations—are brought into the ring line by the declarations of Colonel Guffey.

He quotes the letter which Bryan wrote to Judge Owen P. Thompson of Jacksonville, which started the Bryan-Sullivan feud in Illinois. He harks back to the speech made by Bryan before the Iroquois club of Chicago in December last, when Bryan apparently had buried the hatchet. In short, Colonel Guffey has become freely thousands and thousands of dollars to the Bryan campaign fund.

"After his defeat," says Col. Guffey, "Hearst became his patron and paid him thousands of dollars, only to be turned upon without a qualm, although now, when again a candidate, Bryan fawns upon him in the hope of gaining support. I reap my reward in a vicious, brutal attack from a man who professed to be my friend."

The statement ends in the most bitter assault upon Bryan in the record of political history, it is declared. "This simple recital of facts," says Col. Guffey, "should be sufficient to enable any fair mind to determine with certainty at a time when harmony is the chief requisite of party success, who is the so-called 'conservative' falsifier, who is the hypocrite, who the real and most arrogant 'boss' ever known in the Democratic party, and who, I regret to add, the upgrate."

"How can we account for this abrupt change from brutal assault to smiling peace?" asks Col. Guffey. "The only boss he hates is the boss who is opposed to his own arrogant self—the most impudent, domineering, devastating boss the Democratic party has ever known."

Colonel Guffey charges Bryan with having sought corporation aid in 1896 and 1898 and that, as a corporation representative, he, in connection with the late Marcus Daly and with William R. Hearst, gave freely thousands and thousands of dollars to the Bryan campaign fund.

"I am connected with corporations," shouted Colonel Guffey. "I am no more of a political boss now than I was in 1896 and 1898, when I won his approbation by trying to elect him. The only boss he hates is the boss who is opposed to his own arrogant self—the most impudent, domineering, devastating boss the Democratic party has ever known."

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IMAGINATION IS CAUSE OF DEATH

Suffering all the agony, physical and mental, and exhibiting many of the symptoms that accompany death by poisoning, John Neriz, 292 Bissell street, died yesterday, the victim of hallucination and auto-suggestion. It is believed his condition resulted from worry because of Fourth of July nois.

Attending physicians found no trace of poison in their examination of Neriz. Members of his family declare that he had eaten nothing that might cause his condition. But the efforts of physicians to assure him that he was not poisoned were futile and he passed into a comatose condition and died after hours of acute suffering.

The case is one that puzzled physicians of the Alexian Brothers' hospital staff, and many of them will attend the inquest today, while alienists also will be present to explain the cause of Neriz's death.

Neriz was found writing on the sidewalk at Bissell street and Garfield avenue by the police yesterday morning.

"I have been poisoned; help me," he gasped, as his face contorted in agony.

He was hurried in a patrol wagon to the hospital, where medical aid promptly was given. Antidotes and a stomach pump were applied, but no poison was found.

Donal Maro was nominated for the vice presidency by the convention, which then adjourned, after adopting a platform calling for a co-operative commonwealth in place of the "present state of planless production, industrial war and social disorder."

Objections to the nomination of Preston on account of his legal status were quelled by Daniel De Leon, who nominated him.

Preston was deeded to the penitentiary three years ago for shooting a restaurant man named Silver in Goldfield. Preston was on strike at the time and declared that he was protecting several young women from Silver's advances and shot in self-defense.

A telegram was sent to Preston announcing his nomination and stating that he would be asked to direct the campaign from his cell in the penitentiary.

PICK A CONVICT FOR PRESIDENCY

New York, July 6.—Martin R. Preston, who is serving a twenty-five-year sentence in the Nevada state penitentiary for shooting a Goldfield restaurant keeper, was named yesterday as the presidential nominee of the Socialist Labor party.

Besides being a convict Preston is below the legal age required by the constitution for a president.

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"NO BUSINESS" IS LONDON CRY

London, July 6.—No business! No business! No business! is the cry all around the stock exchange, and the depression has been all the more pronounced as the week before last closed with the cheery expectation that the advent of July would see the public coming along with the dividend money it had gathered in to invest in good securities.

A slight rally in British funds and an advance in Grand Trunk are the only two features that stand out in what has been an exceptionally dull week.

That there has been plenty of money about is evidenced by the manner in which the new issues have been received.





Do It

The New York Tribune has at last woke up to the fact that the old style of argument (?) against Socialism is played out. It says: "The foes of Socialism are earning wild applause from the benches of the revolutionaries by meeting socialistic theories with still looser, vaguer ones."

From now on the Tribune is going to follow a new policy. It is going to really demolish Socialism. This task is going to be an easy one for the Tribune, and it explains just how it will be done.

Here is the plan: "Socialism can best be met by a fair discussion of each principle for which it stands. Its economic theory can be proved nonsensical. Many of the doctrines acquired since the days of Marx can be shown to be wholly irrelevant to orthodox Socialism. Some of these doctrines, analyzed in all sobriety, are nonsensical; some are good ideas badly damaged by incompetent handling; and some others are thoroughly commendable. Many Socialists object to this dull piecemeal consideration of their faith. They prefer to shout for the rights of man in the broad language used by professional platform drafters. For this very reason, if for no other, the critics of Socialism ought to abjure vagaries in their retorts."

Here is a program of destruction that may well cause the Socialist to shudder with fear. Socialism is to be taken up point by point, analyzed and shown to be "nonsensical," "irrelevant," "incompetently handled," and the residuary that is "thoroughly commendable" is to be pointed out and endorsed.

Seems as though we have heard something like this before. Someone else announced that he had studied "your philosophy in English and German and found it economically unsound," etc. BUT HE NEGLECTED TO PROCEED WITH HIS ARGUMENT. He thundered heavily in the index, but was silent in the argument.

Surely the Tribune will not disappoint a waiting world in the same manner. We can assure it that it is a waiting, expectant world. If there is anyone on earth that can prove the economic theory of Socialism nonsensical he has but to name the reward he wishes and it is his. Does he desire wealth—the owners of the world will heap it upon him for having saved their power to plunder. Does he desire social honor—the kings and emperors whose thrones are crumbling will welcome him in return for having maintained the supports of those thrones.

All things shall be his, for those who have things to bestow have been looking for the light he claims to possess.

There was a time when the New York Tribune was great. There was a time when it did not deal in glittering generalities. There was a time when it did things. That was when it was striking at chattel slavery. When Greeley was at the helm and the Tribune was leading the battle for the enslaved negro he did not content himself with saying that the "theory of chattel slavery was nonsensical," and then subsiding. He went on day after day with sledge-hammer logic to PROVE his assertion.

Then the Tribune was in the front of the revolution. Then it was DOING things. Now it is trailing on behind seeking to bolster up a dying system. Therefore it bellows and blusters, but DOES nothing.

It will not show where the "economic theory of Socialism is nonsensical." It will not follow its own advice, to fairly discuss each principle of Socialism.

IT DARE NOT.

Inciting to Riot

The Chicago Journal has gone one or two notches deeper into the depths of gutter journalism than has been touched hitherto. It is seeking to incite the toughs and plug-uglies who follow the Journal's political teachings to insult the Socialist women who are to speak next Tuesday evening.

This is done in a sneaking, underhanded manner, but the inference is clear, as can be seen by any reader of the following:

Unless the police are watchful these speeches will cause disorder. The spectacle of a woman shouting from the top of a barrel is likely to draw plenty of spectators, who will not be especially polite. Trouble is sure to follow.

Some way should be found to prevent this sort of agitation. Women ought not to be allowed to address the passers-by. For their own sake as well as for that of their masculine hearers they should be compelled to refrain, for such declamation will tend to unsex them and will surely render men less gallant. When women descend to such methods of appeal they injure themselves, because respect for femininity is lessened thereby.

Why is "trouble sure to follow?" Women have been speaking from Socialist platforms in Chicago for years, and have never been insulted or interfered with. THERE WILL BE NO TROUBLE TUESDAY NIGHT UNLESS IT IS INCITED BY THOSE WHO WISH TO "PREVENT THIS SORT OF AGITATION."

The Journal's "respect for femininity" is something to cause the gods to weep. It is so respectful that it would hound on a lot of hoodlums to insult women who dare to ask for political justice.

The Journal is very much worried for fear open air speaking will "unsex" women. It sees nothing "unsexing" in working in the blood and filth of the packing houses, in scrubbing the floors of the City Hall, in the whole brutalizing toil of the factories and sweat-shops. All these have been annotated with the sacred oil of PROFITS and confer only respect.

Prepare in Advance

Almost every day one or more readers write to ask that some article in the Daily Socialist be republished in leaflet form for general distribution. It is manifestly impracticable to respond to all such requests.

There is a way, however, that the desired result can be secured. That is to order a bundle in advance. You cannot be sure just what article will appear that you would like to save and give a wider circulation, but you may be sure that there will be SOME article deserving of such treatment.

There will be thousands of Socialist meetings held during the next five months. There is no better introduction to any such meeting than the reading of the Daily Socialist. If every organization that is arranging for such a meeting would order a hundred copies (which will cost but fifty cents) of the paper for the current date and distribute these either at the beginning or the close of the meeting the effectiveness of the work for Socialism will be vastly increased.

SERMONS FOR SLIPPER WEARERS

THE MODERN IDOL WORSHIPERS BY EUGENE WOOD

Preaching is an old-fashioned, man-powered, small industry, sharing the depression that has latterly come upon all small industries. In its day, as was the case with all small industries in their day, it was the best possible method of getting the largest number of people to think about those things which pertain to their better and higher natures. But nowadays the cost of talking to a limited number of people on such topics is out of all proportion to the cost of printing the sermon.

The plant, the church building, its heating and lighting, janitor service and the music and all is too large a fixed charge in proportion to the value of the sermon.

It is a good deal of bother to dress up and go quite a ways and keep dinner late, and all to hear talk not so good as what a man can get in his Sunday newspaper. So more and more the men folk lie around on Sunday mornings without a collar and in their slippers.

The women folks don't really need sermons, but the men do very badly indeed. It is my belief that dressing up in your good clothes at least once a week is a means of grace in itself—a matter that may safely be left to the women folks to look after. But I hold that a man really ought to do the preaching. I stick up that much for my own sex. I will concede superiority in most things to the women, but I must hang on to a rag here and there.

I believe that it is an absolute necessity to a man who doesn't want his soul to dry up and blow away some time when he is not looking to think for a few minutes once a week, at least, about something other than "ten and ten and five and five for spot," and even the Sunday newspaper that tells who shot who and what for, that tells what Steel closed at and what the score was, and what automobile is the best make, and all such, doesn't exactly fill the hole left by the withdrawal of the preacher.

And, without seeming to belittle the preachers, who are practically all of them well meaning and honest men, I will say that in many cases their latest telegram from headquarters is dated "Sixteenth Century." I make bold to try my hand at sermonizing on the modernest of modern subjects. I shall use the old texts but with newer interpretations and applications.

The text for this present sermon is too long to quote in full, and it won't do for me to expect you to look up in Isaiah, chapter xlv, verses 10-15, because you wouldn't know where to hunt for your Bible; it's around the place somewhere, unless it's been lost, but you don't know where. And I prefer, anyhow, to use short, curt, everyday language to the more stately language of the Bible.

The text is about making idols in those old days. They were present days to the man that wrote Isaiah, but they seem a long time ago and as if different men lived then. It tells how a man takes a log of wood; part of it he uses to make a fire to warm by and cook his dinner on; the other part he shapes into an idol and falls down and worships it, and prays to it: "Deliver me, for thou art my god." The prophet says of him: "He feedeth on ashes; a deceived heart hath turned him aside that he cannot deliver his soul nor say: 'Is there not a lie in my right hand?'"

It does seem foolish when you come to think of it. It does seem as if the man could not help seeing that the other end of the same log which he had used to cook his dinner and warm his hands by couldn't possibly be a god that could help him to be a better man. And what a god good for that doesn't help you to be a better man? We can't get away from the suspicion that they weren't over and above

bright in those days. And yet, before we become too critical, perhaps we ought to be sure that we are not doing precisely the same silly and wicked thing.

Maybe, just like the renegade Israelite that Isaiah had in mind, we have left off worshipping the one true God, and are worshipping the false god made out of the other end of the log with which we have cooked our victuals and warmed ourselves.

I suppose we mean by the expression "the true God," that strange influence that causes us to be just and kind to other people even at our own personal cost, that prompts us to behave our selves and be decent, that restrains our brutish nature.

And every virtue we possess, And every conquest won, And every thought of holiness, Are His alone.

If we worshipped a god who required us to be cruel and selfish, overbearing and pitiless; that demanded that we kill our children to please him; that required us to torture our own kind-folks that he might take delight in their sufferings, we should know at once that such was not, and could not be, "the true God," even if we had not stopped to consider that he was made out of the same chunk of wood we had baked with.

Just that very idolatry is going on right now, right here in America, right in your own town, and some of you who read these words are worshipers of that false god, that idol made with your own hands out of the other end of the stick of firewood. The little children today are not passed through the fire to Moloch, amid the clashing of cymbals and the blare of trumpets to drown their agonizing screams.

That was soon over. They are passed through the factories to Mammon, and nobody bothers much about it though their minds and bodies are seared and destroyed and blighted as by fire. The human victims have not their hearts torn out of their breasts quickly and suddenly, but through long years of worry and distress in sweatshops; they are half-starved in their bodies and wholly starved in their minds; the suicides, the insane, the consumptives, the drunkards and wretched women of the streets are all offered to Mammon. He delights in that.

He must have them in his worship. It were impossible to carry out that splendid ritual of his, with all its pomp and magnificence unless there were always great numbers of the people miserably poor. We should all like to see every man in this country the owner, free and clear, of his own house and garden, with enough to keep him for a whole year if he did not work. Yet if that were so Mammon would perish; he would lose all his profits. (Yes; I have the word spelled right.)

A false god, because a cruel god. A god that cannot deliver us. We that worship him must feed on ashes and have a lie in our right hand. No use to pray to him: "Deliver me, for thou art my god." All he can do to us is to destroy us and deceive us.

We ought to have more sense. We ought to see, like the idol carver of Isaiah's time that he is made out of the other end of the log with which we have cooked our dinner. As the chunk of wood, he is what we have saved out of what we had to spare from our living. That is the original idea of capital. But when we begin to stint our fellows of their firewood that they actually need to keep them warm and to cook their dinners with, we begin to make capital into a god, and then, from being something actual and real, as the chunk of wood is, he becomes something false and unreal as this false god is. The saved-up product of labor does exist; capital doesn't really exist. I can prove it to you.

We'll say I'm "worth" a hundred

million dollars, which I'm not, or any- thing like it. That doesn't mean that I have a hundred million gold dollars, or a hundred million silver dollars, or even paper dollars. I shouldn't have any more real money than I have this minute.

The victuals in my cellar, the things in my house, my house itself—nothing that I have that men made with the labor of their hands or brains—would be worth a hundred million dollars. What I should possess wouldn't be the superstition in other men's minds that they had to give me a part of all they made with their hands and brains. Every time they bought a gallon of kerosene or a pound of sugar or a paper of tobacco or a pair of shoes or any mortal thing they bought with the money they worked so hard and so long to get, at the least calculation five-sixths of that money would be a sacrifice for me. I'd get five-sixths of their money and give them nothing for it; the other sixth I'd give to the men that made the things bought, so they could just make out to live to produce more things for me to get my offerings from.

I'd calculate how much I was likely to take in next year, and the year after, and the year after that, and so on, and I'd figure up that my yearly income would be, say, five per cent on a hundred million dollars. I would then be "worth" a hundred million dollars, and if anybody wanted to buy out my title to this superstition that I ought to have five-sixths of all the money of people, I shouldn't part with it for less than a hundred million dollars. That superstition is capitalized for that sum.

It is capital and has now become a god. But it doesn't exist now; it is only the expectation that people in the future will be as big fools as they have been in the past, as great dupes, as superstitious.

If I had the income, though, really had it certain to come in, fresh, and fresh all the time, and couldn't make anybody believe I had it, I shouldn't be "worth" a hundred million dollars. Nobody would pay me that much for it. And if I didn't have any chance at all to exact this tribute from the great mass of the people, but could make somebody believe I had it, and could induce him to pay a hundred million dollars for it, I should be "worth" that much. So you see, capital is a false god; doesn't exist except in people's minds and imaginations. Capital is a superstition. Like any other false god it will cease to be worshipped. A little enlightenment will push it off its pedestal, and it will go to join the idol that Isaiah's wood carver made out of the butt end of the log with which he cooked his dinner and warmed himself.

But "the true God" can never die. He is eternal. He is a pure spirit, the spirit of gentleness and love, the spirit of being just and kind to one another, of helping one another.

That's what His worship consists in. To worship Him you must live in that spirit; that is why you cannot possibly serve both God and Mammon or Capitalism. He gets as weary of hymns and prayers as he did of sacrifices of bulls and goats that were made of old time. "Behold what doth the Lord require of me; but to do justice and to love mercy!" And you can sing hymns and pray prayers till you're black in the face, and so long as you drive hard bargains, and draw down dividends from the slaughter of little children, He will loathe you. You must have not a selfish spirit, but a social spirit; you must be, not an anti-Socialist but a Socialist.

The congregation will now receive the benediction: "Working men of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains; you have a world to gain."

AFTER THE ELECTION



—A WALL STREET THINKS IT SEES IT

"THE MAN ON HORSEBACK"

An Ode Inspired by a Picture of Injunction Bill in His Great Equestrian Role, a la Napoleon.

(Subject apologies to R. Kipling.) BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND "Wot made that Percheron fall down?" asked Nag-on-Parade. "A touch o' Taft, a touch o' Taft," the wise old Dobbin said. "Wot made him kick so hard, an' squeal?" asked Nag-on-Parade. "His vertebrae was bust by Bill," sagacious Dobbin said.

"For Injunction Bill so airy took a turn or two around, He's a syph, the secretary—fourteen stone (three hundred pound)— Just a featherweight to carry, but—there's Percy on the ground, After him an' Bill was ridin' in the morning."

"Now, wot is Bill a-goin' to do?" asked Nag-on-Parade. He knows another trick or two," the wise old Dobbin said. "He's going to hoof it by himself!" asked Nag-on-Parade. "Not while there's government pelf to graft," old Dobbin said.

"For they scoured the country lookin' for a Meg-a-the-ri-um— Found a beaut—twelve hundred pound, sixteen hands—that's goin' some! An' they paid a thousand dollars, so Injunction Bill could come Out a horseback ridin' with 'em in the morning."

"Who pays the freight for William T.?" asked Nag-on-Parade. "The people—same as you an' me," the sad old Dobbin said. "He pays us back some way, o' course?" asked Nag-on-Parade. "You bet! He rides, an' we're 'e horse!" class-conscious Dobbin said.

"An' I sure can't blame him neither—that's the way you like to vote. You ain't got no right to holler if he rides you like a goat! For you think the thoughts you're taught, an' you yell—"Hurrall!" by rote, So you'll get what's comin' to you in the morning."

Some New Books

A HANDFUL OF PAMPHLETS. If anyone doubts that something is disturbing the peace of mind of religionists he has only to look at the handful of pamphlets that have recently come from the presses, and a few of which are mentioned below. Some of them are crude in philosophy, but all are very much in earnest and all are unmistakably an outgrowth of the wave of thought that is radiating from the rock of Socialist logic that has been pitched into the mental ocean of today. That those waves have now reached the most remote bounds and are pushing up into the land-locked pools of theology is also proved by this same evidence.

William Macon Coleman of Washington, D. C., publishes an address delivered by him before the Economic Educational League on the subject, "Was Jesus a Revolutionist?" He masses his evidence to prove that Jesus was decidedly in revolt against the powers of his day.

"The ruling class at Jerusalem," he tells us, "composed of property-owners and headed by the priests, possessed the public as God-fearing men, while inwardly they were ravening wolves. This phalanx of respectable bourgeoisie hated and feared Jesus." For the present church this author has only words of condemnation. "Of it he says: 'Their church, which they have erected on the ruin of the primitive apostolic society, stands today, as it has always stood, the most powerful ally of obscurantism and oppression and the strongest defense and bulwark of social and economic injustice. Millions are annually contributed to its support for the purpose of blinding the minds and hypnotizing the consciences of the people in order to gloss over their spoliation. Under the cover of the name of Jesus they justify a thousand crimes; in his name they rob manhood of its rights, exploit the health and lives of workingwomen, despoil childhood in its happy years and grind up the bones and muscles of the little ones into gold. They have made the name of Jesus a commercial asset. They have made the very cross upon which he died the emblem and sign of mammon, which he gave up his life to destroy."

"But the teachings of Jesus did not die with him. He belongs to mankind; and, in a special manner, dead and long to us. Upon us, and upon those who think with us, is devolved the duty to rescue the name and the memory of Jesus from the clutch of the official church, which has stolen him and perverted his gospel of the glad tidings of liberty, freedom and brotherhood into a code of laws for the benefit of the exploiter and slave driver."

The writer of the next pamphlet, on the other hand, seeks to reconcile the most orthodox of all churches with the doctrines of Socialism. In "Roman Catholicism and Socialism," by Patrick J. Cooney, published by the Progress Publishing Company of Bridgeport, Conn., the author pays a high tribute to the church of which he is a member. The cover bears Macaulay's famous statement that this church "may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand stands upon a broken arch of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

"Historically," he assures us, "the Roman Catholic church is a miracle in organization, as B. Marcellinus, in his disquisitions, perfectly. She has survived three distinct civilizations. She has thrived in three separate economic orders."

He would seek to parallel the spiritual equality which is supposed to prevail

inside the church with economic equality of opportunity. The last half of the work is devoted to a concise, well-written argument for Socialism along the conventional lines of Socialist propaganda, with incidental arguments to show that it is nowhere at variance with Catholic doctrine.

Two other pamphlets, somewhat larger than any of these, are "Godmanity," by Earl Hill, Kansas City, Mo., and "The Labor Problem Solved on Biblical Principles," by Rev. William Robertson, Allegheny, Pa. Both of these seem to be voices "crying in the night," and with little view of any definite object to be attained. They are crude attempts to apply the old theology to the problems of a new industrial stage.

"Socialism and Religion," by Omer Neredi, seems to have little in it that justifies its title. It is a rather rambling dissertation in which the author seems to be striving after literary style rather than argument of any sort.

Of quite a different character, and yet to some extent belonging in this group of pamphlets, is "Capitalism in Its Relation to Character," by James S. Ingalls, published by Social Justice Publishing Company, Minneapolis, Minn. This little work fills a place hitherto vacant in Socialist writings. It is a study of the deteriorating effects of capitalism upon individual character, and shows the impossibility of attaining to even the conventional standards of "good" while achieving "success" in present society. It would have been improved had the author proceeded from the point of view of evolutionary social ethics instead of from the individualistic position of "natural laws." However, there is no great amount of theoretical writing and the bulk of the work is suggestive and valuable for propaganda work.

"The End of Capitalism and the Triumph of Socialism," by Dr. William J. Hill, Petoskey, Mich., is a utopian story telling how Socialism finally won. It also makes much of the Christian and altruistic argument.

"Human Brotherhood," by Rev. J. T. Sutherland, Hartford, Conn., is a sentimental plea for closer relations even between antagonistic classes and shows little appreciation of actual facts.

Somewhat distantly related to these and illustrating another phase of the subject is a pamphlet on "Immortality and Political Grafting of Roman Catholic Priests in the Philippine Islands," compiled and published by Bruce Rogers at Girard, Kan. This work is almost entirely a collection of extracts from a message of President McKinley to the senate of the United States in January, 1898, and which has been "out of print" almost since its appearance.

That such a mass of matter should appear almost simultaneously from so many different sources, and all treating with some phase or outgrowth of Socialism, is a phenomenon in itself. Socialism and Christianity are tremendously suggestive of the forces that are bubbling and boiling everywhere beneath the surface of present society.

LEGAL ADVICE A. D. S.—An infringement of copyright cannot take place without copying. Therefore, if a man makes two negatives of the same object and sells them to different parties each may go ahead and publish photographs from his own negative regardless of any copyright obtained by the other. C. G.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

A Uniform Victim

BY EVA OSLER NICHOLS

"Emma, I like to see a girl look neat about her work. Can't you get some cotton prints for dresses? And you ought to have some white aprons to slip on when you go to answer the door-bell."

These wheedling words were distressing to the housemaid, who considered her woolsen goods good enough to wear in the house until she had saved some money. But it was useless to rebel against the will of Mrs. Wood B. Swell, for when you keep but one servant and want to live like those who keep four you must be firm. So two weeks' wages were spent by the girl for the required appareling. But before they were all home from the seamstress' madam decided that Emma was incompetent to assist her in the race for gentility.

Then Emma Harris found a situation in a boarding house. The price frocks were of little use to her now, as she was required to wear white waists when waiting upon the table. Her new mistress was a typical boarding house landlady—fat, vulgar and turbulent. The strain of cringing before the boarders was relieved by venting her wrath upon the "help." Emma left after a particularly stormy scene.

The brave girl next "got a place" in a hotel at a beautiful summer resort. The hostesses wore by the dining room girls were pink frocks in the morning; blue in the evening and sheer, round aprons with a duted ruffle. But the season was so short that when Emma packed away a pile of the pretty articles in her trunk, her only consolation was the assurance that she would need them the next summer if she came back.

Now we see her in the regulation attire of a Chicago waitress—black gown, white collar, cap and bib. She was subjected to considerable persecution, for she had not yet succeeded in adopting the coarse language and uncouth man-

ners of that class of people among whom reverses had placed her; besides her health was falling under the cruel burdens with which the trays were loaded. So Emma managed to secure a position as a clerk.

Now the white apron was exchanged for a black one. A subtle feeling of elevation accompanies the change.

The store had the most fashionable Chicago trade, and Miss Harris noticed that the black sateen she had worn in the restaurant, though sponged and pressed, looked shabby beside the attire of the other "salesladies." So she bought a smart mohair gown. But it felt so warm in the summer and was so depressingly somber.

Finally, for some unknown reason, her pay envelope contained a card bearing the words, "Your services are no longer required."

Emma rallied her courage. She had long reflected that she was best fitted for nursing. So she entered one of those training schools which picks out the best of physical young womanhood and quickly saps its vitality. These institutions are most merciless of all in the matter of uniforms. In about a year Emma laid her stripes, uncomfortable stiff collars and other accessories away beside her probationer's gown, for the doctor had solemnly assured her that her heart was too weak for professional nursing.

With grim stoicism Emma obtained an office position. To her great joy she saw that the girls in the new place all dressed differently, and decided to wear the black mohair, though it was a little out of fashion. But in about two days the head stenographer respectfully called her aside. "Miss Harris," she said, "it helps our business for all the employes to be well dressed. Not that I care, but the manager does, you know."

This was enough. A blue-silk shirt waist suit would answer all require-

ments. Emma's Sunday shoes had to be worn in the office, though it was a great waste to discard the old ones. She cress robe which she had hoped to wear when she strolled through the parks with a likely chap.

"I suppose I shall manage to acquire the white princess some time—about next Christmas," she remarked bitterly one Sunday afternoon. Then the likely chap asked if it would look all right with a tulle veil.

That one-time emblem of submission meant freedom to Emma, for now she could wear all the gay and coquettish things she loves. She keeps all her cast-off uniforms in a trunk, which she calls a monument of tyranny.

Meeting of Socialist Women

All Socialist women are urged to attend a meeting at 130 Washington street, 1:30 p. m., Tuesday, July 7, at which the final arrangements for the open-air meetings to be held Tuesday evening will be made.

Women Delegates to Convention

Local Seattle has elected two women delegates to the state convention. I hope there will be a good percentage of sister comrades from all over the state, for the time is ripe for the most active work among women, and this work can be carried on by the women comrades.

In selecting two women delegates the Seattle women got more than they expected. I think there are ten members of the local who are women—but one-tenth of the membership—but fully 50 per cent of the women are among our most active workers. Just think what a working local we would have if 50 per cent of the men comrades were active!

Of these women there is but one who is unmarried—all the rest carrying the added burden of the care of their homes and children.