

ARREST TURK AS SLAYER OF BOY

Mother Touches Severed Head of Son and Begins Death Dance

"All is great," muttered Yusuf Hasanman, faithful Mohammedan, as he was dragged by a squad of policemen from a blood bespattered room in the rear of 102 Mather street yesterday afternoon and locked up at Maxwell street police station upon the suspicion of having murdered Tufts Shishelin, 15 years old, whose dismembered body was found in the river in South Lawndale.

A few hours before the aged Mohammedan was arrested the boy's head was recovered from a muddy pool, half a mile from where his torso was recovered on the preceding day. With the finding of the head, the identification was made easy by relatives of Shishelin, whose home was at 7 Johnson street. The boy disappeared Sunday.

There was a never-to-be-forgotten scene enacted at the morgue when the boy's mother, Minnie Shishelin, and two female relatives entered the gloomy county morgue and made identification costly.

Takes Head Between Hands "My son, my son! Slain by the sword of an infidel!" screamed the mother and she caught the boy's head between her hands and began screaming in her native tongue. Then an awful look came over her face, and she began the Syrian dance of death around the corpse of her son.

Clapping her hands and moaning unintelligible sounds the woman danced around the marble slab. The other two women joined her and their screams could be heard for blocks. Suddenly the mother stopped her screaming and tearing out great handfuls of hair. Then her eyeballs showed gray and she dropped writhing to the floor, bringing the painful scene to an end.

Aged Turk a Degenerate The arrest of Yusuf Hasanman followed quickly. The relatives of the dead boy told their suspicions against the follower of Mohammed to Inspector John Dorman. They whispered into the ears of the police that the aged Turk was a degenerate, that he was filled with bitterness and hatred against the father of the dead boy because Selim Shishelin had objected to the attitude of Hasanman toward his son.

While Hasanman stood quietly watching the detectives out of his beady black eyes, the officers under the direction of Inspector Dorman began a minute inspection of the room. They found blood stained weapons and a blood stained bed quilt tossed over a bed lounge in one corner of the room. They picked up a saw which looked as if it were covered with blood spots. A hatchet which also looked as if it were blood stained was brought forth. A long bladed sheath knife, of foreign make, was examined and its bright steel was stained and rusted. The knife was found in a box which also looked as if it had never been used. Another saw, a hatchet with rusty spots and a bludgeon were also gathered in by the searchers.

Busse and Shippy Called The old Turk was hurried to the station and news of the capture was telephoned to Chief Hipp. Inspector Dorman told the chief that the arrest was an important one, and at 8 o'clock in the evening the chief's big automobile whirled up in front of the Maxwell street police station, bringing the chief and Mayor Busse. Then Hasanman was brought from his cell and questioned.

"Do you know Tufts Shishelin?" began the chief, quickly, while Mayor Busse watched the drama with interest.

The old Mohammedan shook his head and muttered that he did not understand much English. An interpreter, Detective Ter Van, called the examination proceeded haltingly.

"I don't know the boy. I know his brother," answered Hasanman.

Blood from His Body "Do you know where he is?" asked the chief, making no mention of the murder or the discovery of the body of the dismembered remains.

Yusuf shook his head.

"Where did the blood status in your room come from?" asked the chief, suddenly.

"I cut my hand. It bled. The stains on the quilt are my own blood," answered the Mohammedan without the quiver of an eyelash. He was eyeing the chief quickly and answering the questions almost as soon as they were put.

"What about the blood on the knife blade?" asked the chief, drawing the weapon and flashing the blood-stained blade before the witness. The prisoner said "Blood from my body. I cut my hand," doggedly replied the old man. He was asked to show where he had cut his hand and showed a scar which

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BEING NOT CRIMINAL WHEN GENTLEMEN WAGER, SAYS COURT

New York, Aug. 7.—Justice William J. Gaynor of the Supreme court in Brooklyn handed down a decision in which he held that ordinary betting is not a crime, and added:

"The law never has descended in through its nose, but into the personal conduct of men and women, and those who try to make out that it has only tend to create a disservice for it."

bet on a Golf Game The decision was given in the case of George B. Sterling, who was arrested on July 30 on the Salisbury golf links by Deputy Sheriff Brown of Nassau county, after the winner of the game, Ephraim Elman, on the result of a game of golf to be played. The bet was of a dozen golf balls valued at \$5 and a note of the value was entered on a card which was handed to the referee and Sterling had said the bet the latter was put under arrest for violating the betting law.

The case came before Judge Gaynor in the first division of the Supreme court, where he was asked to issue a writ of habeas corpus for the defendant.

"Ordinary betting never was made a crime in this state," said Justice Gaynor. "The law has never descended to thrusting its nose into the personal conduct of men and women to that extent, and those who try to make it appear that it has only tend to create a disservice for it."

out by John B. Stanchfield for Sterling. At the hearing Mr. Stanchfield appeared for the relator and District Attorney Cotes of Nassau county for the sheriff.

Justice Gaynor ordered the discharge and fined this opinion:

"The difference between ordinary betting and gambling is too plain to require words. An ordinary bet is not a crime whether made in your parlor or on the golf links or on the race track, for it is the making of a note or memorandum thereof, but if you hold yourself out to bet and bet all comers or generally, or become a general recorder of such bets or of bets between others, you are guilty of a crime."

Never Leds a Crime

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A Socialist Woman



Mrs. Clodesley Johns

The above is a photograph of Mrs. Clodesley Johns, formerly Miss Countess Pointkowski, who spent several weeks recently in the Los Angeles jail in the free speech fight, which the Socialists finally won. Mrs. Johns is an attractive woman of refinement, the daughter of a minister, well educated, a Virginian by birth and a Socialist by persuasion.

EXPECT GENERAL STRIKE ON C. P.

Leaders Declare Railway System Will Be Tied Up in 4 Days

Winnipeg, Man., Aug. 7.—A general strike of Canadian Pacific railroad employees, is threatened within the next four days on account of the strike of machinists and other shop men. Strike leaders claim that 10,000 men in the mechanical department are now out.

Following the announcement that Japanese and other foreigners are replacing the strikers the engineers are threatening to refuse to take out engines that are not properly inspected, and should there be a strike of engineers it is almost certain that it would be followed by a strike of switchmen, brakemen, baggage men and conductors.

No One to Run Lights

Last night all the railway shops were in darkness, owing to electricians' operations, which have spoiled previous work with nonunion labor. Three coach loads of strike breakers arrived in this city from Pacific coast states, while the eastern shops will draw their supply from the New England states.

The Canadian Pacific is now replacing some of the strikers in Western shops with Japanese. Several coach loads were brought in last night from the mountain section to Swift Current and Medicine Hat, while Galicians do duty at Moosejaw. Japanese are being gathered on the Pacific coast and more are expected today. They will be placed in roundhouses as wipers and will do small repair work under instructors.

Expect Strike in 4 Days

Indications are that the interunion jealousy which has spoiled previous operations for the men have now disappeared and that four days hence the whole Canadian Pacific railway service will be tied up by operatives refusing to take out mail or passenger trains. The trains have not been properly inspected.

The demands of the striking mechanics are:

Reduction of hours from ten to nine.

To work with the demerit card system used in connection with time clocks in the works.

That machinists be paid on the 15th instead of the 20th of the month as now.

That the company cease alleged endeavors to disrupt the mechanical unions.

Report Japs Used

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ALL NIGHT "JAG" BETTER THAN TO TAKE "NIP" DAILY

Addressing the Looming Temperance Cause at a meeting yesterday, John A. Nicholas of Boston said he favored the man who gets on an all-night drunk occasionally to the one who takes a nip every day.

"I would get good and soaked and then cut it up for a month. It is not nearly so bad to roll in the gutter as it is to take a nip every now and then. A man's physique can't stand a nip every day, especially the latter."

"Three persons suffer for every one who takes a drink, and he should be made to abstain not only for the self-inflicted injuries, but for the injuries he inflicts on innocent persons."

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STOCKADES AS HELL ON EARTH

Young Victim Tells of Atrocities of Southern Whipping Post

"The stockades in the Southern states are earthly branches of hades. The chattel slavery of olden days was nothing when compared with the stockade slavery of today."

This is the declaration of Maurice Hutt, alias "Mexican Joe" Hutt, who served in the stockade in Little Rock, Ark., under Captain Mack, the warden, and a few days ago he was only a young man. His story is one of suffering and cruelty. His description of the punishment daily meted out to prisoners puts the old tyrannical system to shame. A whipping post, a rawhide switch and the cutting system figure prominently in his recital.

Shows Wells on Back.

Hutt, who is 28 years old, came to the Daily Socialist office and asked to be allowed to write out the story of his whirling in the stockade. He is only a young man, but the wrongs done him there. His story, told in brief, was so shocking that he was asked for proof. He was willing and exhibited the black and blue marks on his body. His wrists were cut and he had a large number of other victims, some of whom had been beaten to death. He also gave the names of the officers who figured in the inhuman story, as told by himself, is as follows:

"Many, when they read this, will inquire how it was that I was incarcerated in the stockades. To those I will say that I was hanged. I lived the life of a 'hobo,' the common name for a gentleman of leisure. First of all, I must say that the life of a hobo was not of my choosing, but rather the direction of fate and the law of greed."

Was a "Hobo" at Six.

"I was born in Fayetteville, N. Mex. My father was killed in a mine accident while I was six years old, and my mother followed him shortly after as a result of a broken heart. This left me in the hands of neighbors. I was worked in South Africa for a few weeks. I received whatever education I have now. Later on when I became too big to handle I was turned out to work for farmers and foremen on my board and lodging. In this way I was brought up to manhood under the tutelage of many teachers, both good and bad.

"As soon as I became old enough to 'dig out' for myself I left New Mexico and went to look for work where I would receive some pay in return. My experiences were many—too many to mention in connection with the stockade's story, and I will omit them. I worked in South Africa for a few weeks when I was in the Boer war and spent much time in the hospital. I traveled through many states and countries until I landed in Little Rock, where I met the worst experience of my life."

A Reformed Desperado

"I had barely touched Little Rock when I was taken into custody by Salvation Army agents, who took me to their headquarters. From there they took me out to their prayer meetings and held me there for a few days. I was a Spaniard called John Collins, who made and sold 'hot tamales.' I got friendly with him and he agreed to take me into his business as a partner. We made and sold these for some few weeks while in his care. One day, as I stood on the corner waiting for purchasers, I spied the Salvation Army lieutenant coming towards me. I waited and greeted him as he passed by.

"Well, Maurice, how are you?" he asked.

"Am all right, thank you," I answered.

"How is business, and who are you staying with?" he inquired.

Followed by Young Sleuth

"I told him and he passed on shaking his head. From that time on I noticed that a boy followed me wherever I went. Shortly after I was arrested, I was taken to court and there I saw Collins under arrest, too.

"I was taken to the next day and to my surprise I saw the lieutenant there as the complaining witness. Our case was called and an officer handed the judge a pocketbook, with \$6, which the lieutenant said was his, from my while in his care. The officer testified that he had found it in Collins' yard and as we could not present an alibi or any witnesses, we were found guilty. Collins was fined \$5 and costs for sheltering me and I got a hard rap."

Is Sent to Stockade.

"I could not pay the money, so the judge gave me 35 days in the county jail. From that time on I was taken to the stockade, and there my real suffering commenced. The first man I came in contact with was Captain Mack, the warden, and he was a hard, hard, hard man. He asked me as many questions as a state's attorney would do cross-examination. What I saw there the first night will never leave my mind as long as I live.

"I was led through a corridor, on both sides of which were foul-smelling dens. One side was used for negroes and the other for the 'white trash,' as Caucasians are called in the stockades. At the head of the corridor I saw a post with a hook at the top. From this hook hung a strap which resembled a pair of manacles. This I learned, was the whipping post, which I later formed a singular acquaintance.

In Garb of Convict.

"I was assigned to one of the narrow dens. My hair was shaved close to my head, my clothes torn off of me and I was given a coarse blouse. Then I was told to sleep in the den. I tried to sleep, but the squeaking and scurrying rats, that had no fear of punishment, kept me awake most of the night. Towards morning I closed my eyes.

"I had slept but a few minutes, it seemed to me, when a loud, belting voice brought me to my feet.

"Here you d—n lubbers, get out of bed! Come on there, you niggers, crawl out!"

"These and other howls, accompanied by much profanity, greeted me in the morning.

"I hastened to dress and stuck my head out of the narrow door to see what was going on. I hardly dared open my eyes as I was jerked out and shoved into the den. Then the scenes of horror began.

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their rooms for not getting out fast enough and commanded to sing.

"Sing! You damned niggers, sing! Or I'll have the hide whaled off of your bodies!" roared Mack.

"Oh, massa, dear, we can't sing, with a whipping and in a high pitched voice he began the following song:

"Ah an on the rock pile, Hey, oh, ee-ay-oh, Breakin' rock an an old job oh mine—Six weeks in de county fab ain't long for me. Oh, Laddy, Laddy Territory I shall be free."

"Join in the chorus you blasted niggers," yelled Mack at this point, and the whole bunch of blacks broke out with:

"We all on the rock pile—Six o'clock in the morning was 'risin' time. All of the inmates had to line up in double file, for the morning 'clean up.' After the scrubbing, came breakfast, something of calumet, coffee, cornbread and a piece of bacon."

Many Are Whipped.

"The meal had to be eaten in absolute quiet. If any one of the inmates was caught talking a whipping was the penalty. If any one of the diners showed dissatisfaction or asked for more food he was also whipped. There are at times as many as fifty men lined up for the meals.

"After breakfast each man is assigned to his place of work. Some are crushed, some to the road and others are sent out to the railroad track, where they work on property belonging to the Rock Island railroad. Mack was being paid \$150 a man for this. While a work if any man was caught resting he was 'checked' and a whipping was given to him in the evening.

"Dinner consisted of two small portions of cornbread, a cup of coffee, a cup of water, cornbread and—sometimes—coffee. The supper was the worst, for no man got more than cornbread, with molasses and water.

Lashed to Whipping Post.

"After supper came 'accounting' time. The men were lined up before being sent to their rooms and the guards stood by with their tally sheets, which contained the bad marks. The names were read off, and the guards called out those who had been given bad credits, and they were fastened to the whipping post by their tally sheets. After they were lashed securely a convict was told to whip them with a rough-edged rawhide lash until the blood came. White men had the honor of being whipped by negroes and the whites whip the negroes."

Is Whipped Three Times.

"It is a pitiful sight to hear the negroes wail for mercy and squirm as the lash descends time after time on their raw flesh. I was whipped at least three times during my stay in the stockades—once for having taken more than my share of food, once for falling to get up fast enough, and once for not working hard enough.

"The most pitiful whipping seen by me was when Walter Starcke, who was accused of having killed two turkeys, was tied to the post and whipped unmercifully.

"Oh, massa, massa," cried the negro, "I will turn the hottest head in town to go to this time only this once, sah, for I am sick! Please, massa, up'n, I will be a good nigger, for shuah!"

"Shut up, you lazy rascal!" was the only answer of Mack.

"Starcke received six lashes for this petty offense and after he was released from the whipping post he staggered on the stairs, only to fall down dead! His face was ashen and his heart had stopped beating. Mack, however, doubted this, and had the poor negro's finger tips cut in order to convince himself of his death. The stockade doctor, who was named Smith, was summoned and he pronounced the death as having been due to 'pneumonia of the heart.'

Made Crazy by Beating.

"Little Jack," an Irishman, was beaten by Mack for having taken a few times belonging to him. He was driven crazy as a result of the beating. A negro called 'Peckerwood' was beaten and forced to work, notwithstanding the fact that he was sick. Frank Billard and Harris, who for the third time becomes grand victor, throughout his career has struggled for a constitutional regime and twice has suffered exile for his opinions. His ministry, with two exceptions, is composed of new men of liberal views. Two of them are Christians. Gabriel Effendi, the minister of works, is an Armenian, and Prince Mayroodan, the minister of agriculture, is a Greek.

Two Ministers Remain

Jenallidin Effendi, the Shiek-El-Islam, and the minister of foreign affairs retain their portfolios. Reshah Akif Pasha, wali of Sivas, becomes minister of the interior. Huseyin Pasha, wali of Tripoli, minister of war. Arif Pasha, minister of marine. Zia Pasha, minister of finance, and Hassan Fehmi, minister of justice.

The new ministry will publish its program almost immediately and prepare for the elections.

Within the space of a fortnight since the proclamation of the constitutional regime appears to be firmly established and the court government completely dispersed without any disturbance of order.

Deny Personal Vengeance

The young Turk committee publishes a remarkable document calling upon the people not to attempt to satisfy personal vengeance, or the ground of indulgence in personalities is opposed to its sublime ideal. It calls upon all the government officials to do their duty and to report to the committee any difficulties which they may encounter, so doing. The document prohibits all private communications with the palace and urges the people to trust the committee and obey its implicitly.

FIRMS USE ESPERANTO FOR CORRESPONDENCE IN SPAIN

There are over 50 groups of Esperantists in the large towns and cities of Spain studying the new international language. A central society has been organized to encourage students and to disseminate information and organize new study groups. Many houses have adopted Esperanto as their business correspondence.

Mackinac Island, Mich., Aug. 7.—Rebellion of the states against the nation in its present method of food control is the practical significance of the day's proceedings of the convention of the association of state and national food and dairy departments.

By a unanimous resolution the convention decided to draft a model food law, which all the states would be asked to adopt, and which would contain only such provisions of the national law as the association thinks best adapted to the requirements of the different states, with such added clauses as might be deemed advisable.

Uniform Inspection Bill

It was also decided to draft a uniform state sanitary inspection bill calling for strict sanitary conditions in the food factories of the states represented.

This action is the outcome of the change agents, the secretary of agriculture and the recently appointed referee board to the effect that they were

Is Reared for Socialism



CORNELIA THOBE

The above picture is taken from the Cincinnati Post. This paper says: "When little Cornelia Thobe, aged 7, daughter of John Thobe of Irvington, Socialist candidate for Congress, in a dozen years older the local Socialist party is likely to have a woman leader as notable for her beauty as for the strength of her convictions."

"Cornelia is only a little girl as yet, quite like other little girls except that she is being brought up by her parents in strict accordance with Socialist doctrine."

"For instance, Cornelia is taught that all little girls are equal. Perhaps the mirror which shows her fine features and wonderful growth of hair may at times tend to contradict her lesson, at least as far as personal appearance is concerned. But the impression is not allowed to last."

"Besides this the little Socialist has learned that there are other children more unfortunate than herself, through no fault of their nor of their parents. Also that she should be willing to devote her life to the cause of gaining equal opportunities for all children, not for all adults, and that the present conditions under which poor and neglected boys and girls abound are very much to be deplored."

"Thobe believes in bringing up his children in strict accordance with the doctrine of his party."

"The idea of equality and interdependence for the common good should be the fundamentals of every child's education," he says. "And his little daughter and a baby son are to be educated in strict accordance with their father's views."

YOUNG TURKS FORCE REFORM

Progressives Triumph Over Sultan; New Ministry Appointed

Constantinople, Aug. 7.—The Young Turks have triumphed. A new cabinet, practically composed of their own nominees and commanding public confidence, has been appointed. It is established on a constitutional basis, the sultan having given up his claim to the right to appoint the ministers of war and marine.

Kiamil Pasha, who for the third time becomes grand victor, throughout his career has struggled for a constitutional regime and twice has suffered exile for his opinions. His ministry, with two exceptions, is composed of new men of liberal views. Two of them are Christians. Gabriel Effendi, the minister of works, is an Armenian, and Prince Mayroodan, the minister of agriculture, is a Greek.

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NO INDICATION OF CHANGE IN TRADE IS SEEN

Financial Journals State That Crops and Industries Show Little Betterment

With heavily decreased bank clearings from those of last week, with commercial and industrial failures more numerous and an increased number of title cuts on the railroads there is still no indication on the financial horizon that can be interpreted to mean a permanent turn for the better in industry.

Of the present conditions Bradstreet states that "Trade, crop and industrial reports show little change" from last week. Factories generally are running simply on orders. Further curtailment of output of brown cotton at the south is projected. Collections still drag the country over. Bank clearings returns show a shrinkage from last week and from the lessened totals of one and two years ago. Corn is irregular. Oats are not so good as expected. Shoe shipments for the week were 27 per cent below last year, and shipments for the season were 32 per cent below 1 year. In iron and steel there are periods of idleness cut in at intervals with working off of accumulated orders. Operations in tin plate mills have been curtailed. Bay iron is quiet. Bank clearings for the week were 84 per cent below last week. Business failures number 375 against 363 last week and 142 in the same week last year."

Start Up, But Stop Soon

Numerous statements have been made in the daily papers for weeks past to the effect that this or that steel plant has been started up and the impression thus intended to be gained is that more work is being permanently put to work. The Iron Age points out that the fact is that the various plants have started and stopped numerous times. They start and run only long enough to work off the few orders that have accumulated and then close. The Iron Age says: "So it happens that press reports again and again refer to the starting of the same plants while the inter-mediate stoppages are passed over in silence."

Of the steel trade the same authority says: "Prices still display irregularity and in some branches are even a little lower. In some sections the pig iron markets are easier. The steel rail trade remains quiet. The tin plate industry is showing signs of tapering off in activity."

From Pittsburg comes the statement that there has been no change in the iron and steel outlook in the past week, that the wire pipe and tin plate trades are running about 50 per cent of normal, sheets about 60 per cent. The American Iron and Steel association says in its quarterly report recently made public, "that so violent, instant and widespread reaction as the iron trade has experienced since last October is without precedent. The aggregate of unfilled orders

The Socialist Program

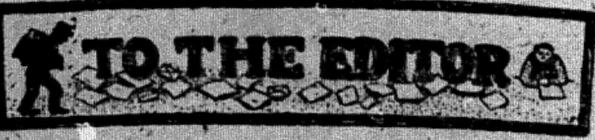
XVII.—That all judges be elected by the people for short terms, and that the power to issue injunctions shall be curbed by immediate legislation. Here is an anti-injunction plank that is many times shorter than either the Republican or the Democratic one. It does not dodge, nor equivocate, nor juggle with words. It is safe to say that no judge can be found who will say of this as Holdom, the Chicago injunction judge, said of the Democratic plank, that it would have no effect if carried into action. This plank strikes at the very heart of judicial usurpation. It goes directly after the theory of the "divine right of judges," which has supplanted the old divine right of kings. The power of the bench at present rests on the fact that judges are appointive and that when once appointed they are beyond the reach of the voters. This system is a part of the old idea that the people are born to be ruled and not to be trusted with any more power than they are able to wrest from their masters. Through the school and press and platform the idea has been carefully cultivated that when a man is made a judge he is in some way raised above the common herd and should no longer be subject to the control of the persons over whom he is to exercise jurisdiction. This halo, like all others, begins to disappear on close examination of the methods by which it is manufactured. A judge today is always a successful lawyer. Success means the gaining of large fees. Large fees are gained from the great capitalists and corporations. Hence a successful lawyer is one who has succeeded in defending exploiters against the exploited. Having become a successful corporation lawyer he is selected by some executive official—president or governor, who owes his election to the same capitalist influences—and is appointed a judge. His appointment is made for life, so that he may be beyond the influence of the working class, and DIRECTLY UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE CAPITALIST CLASS. In spite of this halo the judge is still a human being. He is influenced by his surroundings, his friends, his opportunities for advancement and other advantages exactly like all other human beings. He has long ago learned that those advantages can only be conferred, in his case above all others, by the ruling class. Consequently his decisions and his every act will be designed to please that class. If he owed his election to the workers, he would know that he would be held responsible to them AND NOT TO THE CAPITALIST AGENT WHO APPOINTS HIM NOW, and would govern himself accordingly. Such a judge would think several times before he would issue an injunction against workmen out on strike. He would not be so eager to render decisions legalizing the blacklist and making the boycott criminal if he knew that he would be held responsible for his actions by the voters and not by the President, who is owned by the employing class. At the same time the Socialists propose that "the power to issue injunctions shall be curbed by immediate legislation." The Socialist Party has always stood for trial by jury and for all legislation that strengthens the resistance of the individual to official tyranny. It does not believe that any especial provisions should be erected to maintain the "dignity" of a court against the dignity of those for whom that court is supposed to be erected. The Socialist party would strike at the root of the injunction evil by doing away with the capitalist control of the courts and making them subject to the voters. It would favor all legislation which, in the words of the preamble to this program, would strengthen the "power of resistance of the working class against capitalist oppression."

Is It Good for the Union

Chicago is now being covered with great posters containing a list of Republican and Democratic politicians who have been indorsed by the Chicago Federation of Labor. The cost of these posters is many times the amount contributed by the trades unions for political purposes. It is admitted that the money came principally from the men who are indorsed. Do the trade unionists of Chicago think that a campaign carried on IN THE NAME OF UNION LABOR and paid for by CAPITALIST POLITICIANS will tend to help the trade union movement? If the politicians are paying the bills it is not because they are anxious to DO SOMETHING FOR LABOR, but because they expect to GET SOMETHING OUT OF LABOR. It looks very much as if they were using the unions to help them get office.

That Primary Election

By an error it was stated in The Daily Socialist that precinct committeemen are to be elected only in Chicago. This was a mistake. They are to be elected in every precinct in the state and it is of great importance that they be Socialists, and that as nearly a complete list as possible be chosen. A list of those already nominated will be published in The Daily Socialist as fast as they are sent in by the Party organizations. Every reader should look up his precinct and if none is nominated by the Party he should consult with any other Socialist voters he may know in the precinct and agree upon the person to be elected. Then WRITE THE NAME UPON THE BALLOTS.



A Technical Blunder. Now, Mr. Workingman, the "government" has made a technical error in reversing that laudable judgment in the famous Standard Oil case that was tried a few months ago. For it is now clear to a man that the line will never be paid, and that the courts are going to stand by the trusts in their violation of law and spoliation of the people. The Socialist papers have been telling you right along that the line would never be paid, and they told you why. But we are, nevertheless, shocked that the "government" has committed such a blunder as to declare unoppositely for the Standard Oil trust before election. But the "government" has been getting on for years, Mr. Workingman, and perhaps its estimate of your mental caliber is more correct than mine. Perhaps it knows what it is doing when it assumes, as it now does, that you are a political incompetent and that your vote will go to the party that has the most hoodlums to invest in bad whisky and cheap cigars. So, after all, it may be a slick move by the "government" to inaugurate itself this early with Standard Oil by backing out that line in the hope that only John will demand a mill-fee by the Republican campaign fund for the purpose of backbiting chosen, like you. Will they succeed? It depends on whether you are still a man, as they think you are, or whether you have become a mere tool of the ownership of the laws by all the people. J. M. M. YERK. JEROME M. YERK.

CAN ANYONE TELL? You would believe me if I exposed a great many others with me if you would inform us through your paper what the prospects are in the harvest fields of West. Is there a possible chance of employment or have they all the men they need? No doubt you could give us some good information. These capitalist sheets nowadays cannot be trusted very much. About Hotel, Peru, Ind. A. VAN RIQUEL.

SONG OF THE UNEMPLOYED. BY LESLIE. Will someone kindly tell us, Will someone answer why, To some it is a riddle, And will be till they die; Around as there is plenty, Still we would like to know Why our dinner pails are empty, And for work there is no show.

NOW THE RUINS GO. I thought, this American who was seeing Europe for the first time, that you people had a lot of interesting old ruins over here. "Once we had such things," the native apologized, "but your hell-raiders have come over and had most of them torn in good repair."—Pittsburg Observer.

AN EASY INTERFERENCE. "Ma, didn't the heathens have a god for everything?" "Yes, my child." "Well, who was the god that ruled over kitchens?" "I don't just remember, but I think it was the great god Pan."—San Francisco Bull.

IS IT ENOUGH?

BY R. J. CALHOUN.

It is evident that those who are managing the affairs of the Democratic party are not losing any sleep over the distressed condition of the unemployed. Even though there are millions in this unfortunate army the candidate they have chosen for vice-president is so out of touch with those who do the useful work that he could not even assume or pretend a becoming degree of sympathy; and yet there are indeed few of the human family so destitute of feeling as to withhold a show, at least, of friendly sympathy in the misfortunes which may have befallen a fellow creature. The words of Taft—"God knows! They have my sympathy"—contain vastly more of the true human feeling and perhaps may be enough to entitle "Injunction Bill" to the honorary membership he has lately been given in the Steam Shovelers' union. But Taft is a larger man than Kern, in mental calibre as well as physically, and has been serving a greater master than the gambling master of French Lick and so ranks proportionately above the faithful little Indiana servant, even as the coachman of "John" who drives above the common "John" who drives the prosperous brewer's carriage. In answer to the question as to what the Democratic party would do for the unemployed his now familiar answer, as reported, was: "Nothing directly; nothing Socialistic." We hope that carrying out the general ideas in our platform will so restore confidence that industry will start up again. But that's about all. In fact that's enough. Here, Mr. Workingman, you have the best that they hope for you—this party that poses as "Democratic" and bids for the votes of the working masses. "God knows!" said Taft. "We don't care a d—," Kern may as well have said, and the ignorant workers will take their choice between the two and vote for continued poverty and slavery; for Mr. Taft's sympathy will go no further towards improving the condition of the workers than Mr. Kern's indifference. Kern says it is enough for the workers that the wheels of industry should begin turning again. How little does it take for the workers, to satisfy the grafting class! The wheels have been turning for years—an era of unprecedented prosperity. The labor of the working class has vastly increased the wealth of the country, as noted in the Republican platform. The fortunes of the rich have swollen to keep pace with their dreams of avarice. But how much better off are the workers! They are just as dependent as ever, just as deep in want, just as near the point of suffering and starvation if they have not actually reached it. There is no increase of comforts in their homes, no better chance to educate their children and give them a right start in life. While they worked they simply had enough of the poorest food to eat, the poorest clothes to wear and enough to pay the rent of the poorest shelter. That is all they had in prosperous times. "And in fact that's enough," said Kern. The working man who can compare this showing with the circumstances of those who own the jobs and then vote the Democratic or Republican ticket, is ignorant enough to make a desirable member of either party. Are you working every day during the hot summer, out of doors perhaps, and knowing you are liable to sunstroke at any moment, while those who profit from your labor go to the mountains or the seashore, or any place fancy and pleasure may lead? Kern thinks that's good enough for you; and in truth it is good enough for you if you vote for him or any of the profit skinning bunch—or their lack-eyes. A recent bulletin issued by the government shows that wages are being steadily reduced, as judged by the increased cost of living, though we hardly need that any one should tell us of this, but that's good enough for you, too. If you have a chance to earn any wages at all you can carry a dry lunch in a bucket or a newspaper and sit down and munch it wherever you can while those who profit from your labor pay from 75 cents to \$1.50 for a "Business Men's Lunch" and enjoy the best of everything. Kern thinks it is good enough for you, and he only speaks for the class. If you have the job and some cold grub in the bucket he can't find it in his heart to wish anything better for you. It is good enough for you, but not for himself—oh, no! And so it is if you don't know any better than to vote for candidates of his class. What a relief to turn from these exploiters who think anything is good enough for their victims to our own true and tried candidates who hold that those who produce the wealth should have and enjoy it; who have suffered much and are ready to suffer more for the class to whom they have consecrated their lives if they can only lead them into their rightful inheritance and help them to live like human beings instead of beasts of burden. The workman who votes for any other than Debs and Hanford ought to be consumed with remorse and mourn in sack cloth and ashes until his conscience is purged of the stain, and then vote for Socialism ever afterwards.

THE RED SPECIAL

By Robert Hunter.

Comrades! I take off my hat to you. Many magnificent deeds are being done this day. We are in an age of great deeds. Men are being mastered. Millions are being yoked to labor. Prodigious industrial works are being done. But nothing I see or know of compares with your work. You are a small band, forty or fifty thousand strong. You are poor, hard at work all day for others, or walking the street with breaking heart because there is no one to employ you. And yet YOU ARE achieving the greatest work of the day. By your labors and out of your pennies hundreds of weekly papers are being started to educate mankind. Against dailies backed by millions you have two dailies backed by your labor and love and sacrifice. They are sometimes weak and faint, but out of the blood of your glowing hearts suster-ince goes to support them. Three hundred men came from all parts of the continent to meet in Chicago. They were your men, sent there by you, supported while there by you, and instructed in what they should do there by you. Tonight many thousand men, your men and you, will mount soap boxes to tell street crowds what YOU aim to do. From coast to coast, from gulf to great lakes, not a need voices itself but out of your pennies, and sometimes by sacrifice of your bread, that need is answered. Was ever such a spectacle seen under the sun? That men of toil, that men hungry and needy, should cover a vast continent with their organs of speech, with their missionaries, with their organization for mastering that continent? No one of us but is sometimes out of heart. The misery is great, the struggle stupendous, and the funds meagre. How miserable sometimes these papers are. How imperfect our speakers; how shambling our organization. But does that disappoint you? It does not disappoint those with plow in hand, or sowing the seed. Perhaps you rest while other comrades labor. Perhaps you dream of the great day to come, and fall to sleep in the shade of the tree at the field's edge. You dream and do nothing while multitudes are at work. Labor can accomplish anything. To it must come some day the mastery of the world. And these hustlers, these soap-boxers, with their speeches and pennies and labors, WILL change the face of the world. Think for a moment of just one thing. For two months their VOICE will tour this continent. They, the workers themselves, are to have a special train to carry their message from factory town to factory town. And the railroads, in spite of themselves, MUST carry that message. And these poor men will not go to them as the Republicans and Democrats go—to ask free carriage. Thousands upon thousands will send their pennies to carry that message. EVERY MAN, NO MATTER HOW POOR, WILL CONTRIBUTE SOMETHING, FOR IT IS HIS TRAIN. Every comrade, from coast to coast, will send what he can. It may be ONLY A POSTAGE STAMP, but it will go, for anyone of these men is jealous when another comrade does more than he to bring the new time. And now, comrades, we must be off and to duty. In the words of Freiligrath, great German poet and friend of Marx: "Our steeds are frantic; To your saddles every one. Never quail before these shadows, You are children of the sun." Comrades and Locals: Please send contributions as soon as possible to National Secretary, 180 East Washington street, Chicago. THE SPECIAL MUST GO.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

HATS OR VOTES?

BY CARRIE JOHNSON TRILLER.

From present indications the question of woman suffrage bids fair to become a "live issue" in this campaign. The Socialist party has waked up none too soon to the need of agitation on this subject. Already the opposition is marshalling its forces to the end that the allegiance of women may be secured to the old parties to help to perpetuate the present power and control of capitalism. If it is found that the women can be depended upon for this purpose it will undoubtedly hasten the day of their enfranchisement. Women who can be relied upon to say nothing unfavorable to present conditions, to say nothing that will give to working women an idea of what she can do for herself by the ballot, are already expressing themselves in certain capitalist dailies. During the past week one woman who recently acquired notoriety as a sensational novelist opposed woman suffrage. One of the reasons given by her why woman should not have the ballot is because she arrives at conclusions by intuition rather than by reason; in fact she doubts the possession of the reasoning faculty by woman, and in her own case, at least, proves her point. She says woman is controlled by her emotions and would cast her ballot in the interest of the last man who talked to her before election. She also says that woman does not care for the ballot and would rather be assured of a dozen hats a year than to have a hundred votes. Suppose we grant that woman follows her intuition and that she is an emotional being. Is that sufficient ground for her continued disfranchisement? How do men vote? With the exception of a comparative few they use neither intuition, nor reason, for both of these faculties would lead them to vote in their own interests; whereas they are under the hypnotic spell of capitalism and vote at the bidding of their masters. Does any one advocate disfranchising them for this reason? Certainly not. In regard to quantities of head-gear the writer does not state how the non-possession of the ballot brings the assurance of a surplus of hats. It certainly does not work that way in the families of working men. So we, the women of the working class, have nothing to lose in hats when we gain the ballot. I can see how the possession of the ballot, intelligently used, would bring conditions that would enable all working people to have more and better clothes than they can possibly get now; and any woman who is at all awakened to her own needs and interests would not trade one vote, if she could get it, for a hundred hats. There is no doubt that all women like beautiful clothes—why should they not? And we will all have them when men and women learn how to vote. But to put the possession ofinery as the main object of woman's life shows a decided ignorance of the real woman's nature. Of course, under present conditions, the best dressed woman stands the best chance of making the best bargain in the matrimonial market, and here, as elsewhere, the "best bargain" has reference to money and not to morals. For this reason alone among women who have looked only upon the surface of things, hats seem more desirable than votes. This is the class of women to whom this writer evidently has reference. This same writer also takes the position that with the ballot a woman would have only one vote; without it she may influence several votes. Here again she proves, in her own case, one woman's lack of logic. If an unreasoning woman must be denied the ballot because of her lack of reason, is it reasonable to allow her to influence the votes of reasoning men? Further, if unreasoning women be given the ballot how does that deprive her of her influence over reasoning men? And what becomes of his reason in this case? Really, I cannot see the reason for it. Can you? My private opinion is that all this talk of "woman's influence" is unreasonably overdone. A little study of the laws on our (1) statute books will show how few votes have been cast in our favor—will show the reasons why we are demanding the ballot. We want better, healthier and happier homes. We want shorter hours of labor and the full value of that labor for ourselves, our fathers, husbands, sons and brothers. We want our sisters and daughters to be saved from the degradation of sweatshops and brothels. We want our children taken out of mines, mills, factories and shops and put in schools and playgrounds where they belong. We want unadulterated food and sanitary cities. There is only one kind of ballot that will bring these things. A vote for any capitalist party will leave conditions just as they are, because they stand pledged to the maintenance of present conditions. The Socialist party alone stands for a different order of society, and for this reason should and will receive the support of every thinking man and woman who hopes for better things, regardless of the attempts made by capitalist writers to befuddle and mislead them.

WHO IS THE UNION MAN?

BY JOSEPH M. COLDWELL.

I see by the papers that Bill Taft has incurred by a strike? Was he ever joined a union. The Steam Shovelmen's union has taken him in and made him a full fledged union man. Of course, the mere fact of his being the Republican candidate for president had nothing to do with it. That he was such a good shovelman and all round good fellow and had always stood by the working class must have been the real reason. Now, I have never seen Bill Taft, nor have I ever had any dealings with him, but if his record is correct, and it has never been denied, he has never earned a day's pay in his life as a shovelman; neither has he at any time shown that he had any interests in common with the wage workers, but on the contrary he has had official positions to which he was appointed, never elected, and in his official capacity he demonstrated that he was with the exploiting class. In fact, he was a willing tool and is now being boosted for another job, and we have no reason to expect that he will do any different as president of the United States than he did when he was a judge on the bench and all the unions from here to Timbucktoo cannot make him a good union man. You remember that old adage: "You cannot teach an old dog new tricks." Well, that applies to Bill Taft, or Injunction Bill, for if we are going to be familiar let us use the name that he earned and is entitled to. Injunction Bill began too old in life and his early training is going to tell against him. He does not know what it means to get fired out of a job and with no money in sight to pay a board bill or to buy groceries for the wife and children. Did he ever have to go out on a strike to demand better working conditions, or strike to protect those who were not able to protect themselves? Was he ever blacklisted and forced to move out of town to get a job? Did he ever go hungry because he could not find work to earn his daily bread, or did he ever share the contents of his dinner pail with a comrade out of work and go hungry himself? Did he ever get arrested and sent to jail for carrying out the instructions of a union? Was he ever accused of contempt of court and sentenced to prison without a trial? Did he ever organize a union—was he even a national officer of a national union? Did he ever pay the debts of a union, by expert, competent to judge. They fall like the scales of life over the whole human race, notting out its fairest years of happiness. The facts are cold and bare—1,500,000 persons die in the United States during the next twelve months, preventable sickness, preventable conditions of low physical and mental efficiency and preventable ignorance. The magnitude of these wastes is testified to

Socialist Woman Speakers



FLORENCE A. WATTLES

Florence A. Wattles of Elwood, Indiana, has just finished a tour of her home state, talking the place of the aristocratic state organizer who was ill and could not fill her dates. Comrade Wattles is a young woman, being but twenty years of age. She comes of pioneer parentage in the Socialist movement. She is the daughter of W. D. Wattles, who is known and loved all over Indiana for his valiant service for Socialism. The revolutionary fire burns warmly and the red blood of humanity surges through her veins. Her knowledge of conditions under which people live and earn their daily bread and her knowledge of our movement and literature, as well as her eloquence and fund of wit and good stories surprise the hearers and make her a splendid propagandist and campaigner. The calls for return dates are her best recommendation. After a month's rest she will again take up the work. She will be heard on the soap-box and in the halls and school houses or wherever the working people congregate from September first till the close of the campaign. Indiana comrades feel justly proud of this daughter of their own state and movement and predict for her years of great usefulness to the party.

Socialist Sunday School Lesson

BY MARY S. LIVINGSTON.

Superintendent Cook County Socialist Sunday Schools.

LESSON III.

In talking of the study of the development of the human race what step would we begin to study first? (Savagery.) Describe the life of a savage. What were the surroundings of the savage? How did the world look when our ancestors were savages? (Show the class the pictures in J. London's "Before Adam," and tell the first three chapters of "The Story of Ab" by St. Watson.) Describe the appearance of a savage. (See chapter VIII, the portrait of quarters man, in "Man Before Metals," by N. Joly.) Do you think that the appearance of the savage had anything to do with his manner of living? Point out the irremovable ears, for catching sounds; the strongly developed arms for climbing; the hair-covered body. What place is called the cradle of nature? What was the climate then when our ancestors were savages? (Mild and warm.) What would lead us to think that the climate was warm? (Men could not live in a severe climate without the protection of shelter and clothing.) Would you consider the life of the savage happy from our standpoint, judging of his life from what was brought out in the discussion? What was the life of the savage full of? (It was full of fear and uncertainty.) Whom did the savage fear, and what was his uncertainty due to? (He feared the wild animals as well as his neighbors, who were often his enemies, and he was uncertain of the opportunity to be able to provide for his living.) We mentioned the expression, "making a living" several times. What does making a living really mean? (To provide for the satisfaction of our needs.) On what does the manner of our making a living depend? (On the age or time we live in, the climate and natural resources of the place we live in, and the accumulated experience of the previous generations in the form of inventions.) Under the conditions the people were living on the first step of development, what would be their way of making a living? (The savage's way of making a living consisted mainly in finding things for the satisfaction of his hunger. See the first chapter "Outliving of Economics," by R. T. Ely.) What things could the savage find as food? (Berries, roots, herbs, nuts, honey.) What was as important to man as food? (The quenching of thirst.) What was the savage compelled to live? (Near streams—lakes or rivers.) What influence would the neighboring body of water have on the savage's manner of making a living? (He would naturally look in the water for things to satisfy his hunger.) What would he become? (A fisherman.) What other things would man be looking for in order to save himself from starvation? (He would look for small animals and birds which he could over-pow.) What two occupations would the savage be compelled to adopt? (Fishing and hunting.) What proof have we that people really lived by fishing in the first stage of development? (On the shores of the Baltic and many other places were found heaps from one to three yards in height, by 100 to 200 yards long, and 50 to 70 yards wide, which are the remains of the prehistoric cookery, and which are called kitchen middens or shell mounds. In them were found remains of mollusks, fishes, birds and bones of animals.) What proof have we that the savages of long ago lived by hunting? (The proof is gotten from the kitchen middens, as well as the excavated caves, where bones of animals were found.)

Our National Waste of Human Life

BY JOHN PLEASANT BORTON, PH. D.

For a nation to permit great wastes to go unchecked is more than a suicidal policy; for an evil more destructive than race suicide is race homicide. There are four great wastes today, the more lamentable because they are unpreventable. They are preventable death, preventable sickness, preventable conditions of low physical and mental efficiency and preventable ignorance. The magnitude of these wastes is testified to