

HAYWOOD HERE; SEES VICTORY

Reports Amazing Spread of Socialism Among Farmers of Southwest

"If the mechanized workers do as the Eugene V. Debs will... It was memories of... and enthusiasm... during his tour... states that brought... to William D. Hay...

HAS TO RETRACT 'SLUR ON JEWS'

Bingham Repudiates Statement Race Furnishes Half of N. Y. Crime

New York, Sept. 17.—Police Commissioner Bingham... from his vacation yesterday... retracting the figures... in an article written by him...

AGED EMPLOYEES DINE MAGNATE

Give Banquet in Honor of James J. Hill; Veterans Man Old Engine

St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 17.—Surrounded by seventy men who have been lifelong employees of his system of railways James J. Hill last night spent what he termed one of the happiest evenings of his life...

LABOR GETS A SLAP IN FACE

EXPLAIN COLD-STORAGE PLANT FOR AGED FISH

ABYLUM BURNS' INSANE PRISONERS' FIGHT REMOVAL

IRON KING PUTS \$4,000,000 UNDER PLATE OF EACH CHILD

PLAGUE SPREAD IN PHILIPPINES

SERBIAN SOCIALISTS ARE TO OPEN A WORKERS' SCHOOL

TAFT PLANS TO MAKE 3 TOURS

"Injunction Bill" to Make Whirlwind Canvas on "Injunction Special"

WANTS PEOPLE TO SEE HIM

Decide on Tour Plan

ASKS ST. LOUIS PAPER WHY DEBS NEWS IS NOT USED

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THAT TAFT "HEIR-SHIP" WE'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT



CHARGES THAT IDLE STARTED BUSH FIRES PROVED FALSE

DEVICE DOOMS ROAD KEYMEN

Automatic System Will Displace Telegraphers Employed by Railways

Trains Record Movements

Hill Examines Locomotive

Plague Spread in Philippines

Serbian Socialists are to Open a Workers' School

Wife Furnishes Half of N. Y. Crime

Negress Held in Peonage 33 Years by Mistress

Spoke at Many Cities

HEAR DEBS IN MIDNIGHT TALK

Citizens of Everett Stay Up Till 2 a. m. to Listen to Socialist Arguments

BIG MEETING AT SEATTLE

Dreamland Rink is Filled and Crowd of 2,000 Hear Speakers Outside

Put \$1,000 in the Bank

THE MEETING IN LOS ANGELES

Seven Thousand Pay to Get In; Others Are Admitted Free

WORKERS' PRESS ASSOCIATION

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Outrages Are Unforgotten

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EFFECT OF RACE SUICIDE SEEN IN CHICAGO PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Is Chicago reaping the effects of a period of race suicide?

Device Preserves Data

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AIRSHIP FALLS ON TOP OF ROOF

German Dirigible Collapses in a Race as Emperor William Watches

BULLETIN. The airship, which was being towed by a tug, was seen by the Emperor and his suite as they were on the pier.

12 TRAPPED IN RED-HOT METAL

Accident May Cost Several Lives at Illinois Steel Company's Plant

Twelve men were caught in a torrent of molten metal today at the plant of the Illinois Steel company at South Chicago.

PLAN AIRSHIP TARGET PRACTICE

Wright's Flights Inspire Army to Try Shooting Tests. The signal corps has several old balloons which will be used for practice work of this character.

Trust Keeps Details Secret

Details of the accident and facts concerning the identity of the injured men were kept partially bottled up by the steel company, which made efforts to prevent outsiders learning of the affair.

Red-Hot Metal Burns Out

The men in the furnaces room were not given a moment's notice before a flood of red-hot metal came rushing out toward them.

ASK FOR NEW PEACE CONGRESS

The Hague, Holland, Sept. 17.—At the request of Germany and Italy, Holland is to invite the United States to participate in a further conference at the second Hague peace conference.

Y. P. S. L. DRAMATIC CLASS IS TO MEET TONIGHT

The dramatic class of the Young People's Socialist League will meet tonight at the league hall, 180 East Washington street.

NEIGHBORS' GOSSIP CAUSES HUSBAND AND WIFE'S DEATH

New York, Sept. 17.—Gossip by well-meaning but thoughtless neighbors and friends is said to have hastened the death of Mrs. Rose Howe and her husband, James Howe.

ST. LOUIS UNION GIVES \$100 FOR "SPECIAL" EASTERN TRIP

SPECIAL TO THE DAILY SOCIALIST. St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 17.—Local union No. 6 of the International Union of Brewery Workers.

THE HUSTLERS' COLUMN

By W. H. Murphy. WHAT THE SUBSCRIPTION HUSTLERS DID IN ONE DAY. New out-of-town subscribers 200. New city subscribers 10.

AN APPEAL TO WOMEN

By MAY WOOD-SIMONE. Why should you, a working woman, be interested in the Daily Socialist? Because it is a paper that stands for you as a working woman and for the rights of your children.

He Misses the Daily

I find that even though I am in New York I miss the Daily, and I don't see 10 cents in stamps for which I have to buy the paper.

Remember It Means Life and Freedom to You and Your Children

Send in one or more Subs. The following is a list of those who sent in one or more subs yesterday.

Knocked Over Panic's Head

J. Schmitt of Orlando, Fla., puts a "Y" over Mr. Landon's head, and it reaches home safe.

Employees Fattened Up

Several baskets of real, old, genuine, red apples were delivered to the Daily Socialist office yesterday.

Socialist News

Calicum County Ticket. The Socialists of Calicum county, Mich., held their convention and nominated candidates for the fall election.

National Organizers' Dates

John W. Brown—Sept. 20 to 22, South Dakota, at large.

Where To Go

Grand harvest festival and farmers' party will be given by the Young People's Socialist League Saturday evening, Sept. 13.

The Chicago Daily Socialist wishes to announce that its book department will be open for business on Sunday between the hours of 9 and 5.

Novels Away Below Cost.

We used to publish novels mostly of a character to interest people who are not quite Socialists, but "coming our way."

AMUSEMENTS

Riverview. You haven't many more chances to visit Riverview this season.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 20

After that the big park will be open only on Saturdays and Sundays.

POWERS' THEATER

Henry Miller Associate Players. The Servant In The House.

WATCH THE CHANGE IN THIS ANNOUNCEMENT

ARTHUR M. LEWIS. LEWIS WILL LECTURE Sunday Sept. 20, Monday, Sept. 21, at East, Mont. Auditorium.

HISTORY OF SOCIALISM IN THE UNITED STATES

By MORRIS HILLQUIST. A complete exposition of Socialism in the United States, treating the circumstances of its origin.

Exact Size Debs Watch Fobs

One \$1.50, 25c, 100 \$1.50, 15c.

READ Socialists at Work

Poverty \$1.50, Poverty, cheaper Edition 75c.

CHICAGO DAILY SOCIALIST. 180 E. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

LAWYERS. STEDMAN & SOELKE. ATTORNEYS AT LAW. 14 N. La Salle Street, Chicago.

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PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS. J. M. GREER, M. D., 24 DEARBORN ST.

TAILORS. HRYCH & KOLMAN. 712 S. Halsted, cor. 19th place.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS. BIG SALE OF WILSON BROS.

CLASSIFIED. FINANCIAL. "PENNY WISE". A Tale of 300 Per Cent Per Month.

FICTION. Founded on Facts. CHAPTER ONE.

John M. Crook, MGR. COMRADE STOCK AGENCY, 841 NORTH 53D AVENUE, CHICAGO.

SITUATIONS WANTED. COMPETENT FORELADY WISHES POSITION in shirt and overall factory.

HELP WANTED. MEN AND WOMEN AGENTS—YOU CAN make money selling a good family medical work.

FOR RENT. FOR RENT—PART LIGHT, DRY BASEMENT, cheap, printer preferred.

MISCELLANEOUS. NEW MANUFACTURING INDUSTRY EMPLOYING 100 men steadily.

FOR SALE. CHEAP LIBRARY WITH ENCYCLOPEDIA Britannica and New Throop magazines.

BOOM WANTED. WANTED—TWO UNFURNISHED ROOMS, west side preferred.

REAL ESTATE. FOR SALE—THE BEST CORN-PRODUCING LAND in this country.

FREE HOMESTEADS. FREE HOMESTEADS IN THE WESTERN STATES.

"HARD TIMES" Notice! Notice! The Daily Socialist is on sale on the news wagon.

Notice! The Daily Socialist is on sale on the news wagon, corner of Marquette and Wacker streets.

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OFFICIANS. GOLF-FILLED GLASSES FOR MEN.

DYE AND CLEANING WORKS. HENK MITSCHNER, 712 E. BELMONT AV.

CIGAR MANUFACTURERS. FOR CIGARS CALL ON OR WRITE TO R. BERRY, 602 E. 53d Street.

INSURANCE. INSURANCE IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

BAKERIES. JOHN AIRD, 1111 N. W. Van Dyke St.

BOOTS AND SHOES. M. HOYSEN, 1111 N. W. Van Dyke St.

BANKS. LOANS MADE ON IMPROVED CITY REAL ESTATE.

WATCH REPAIRING. FINE WATCH REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

DENTISTS. DR. ROSEMARY M. SILVERBERG, DENTIST.

PHOTOGRAPHERS. THE ATLAS STUDIO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

HATS. OUR HATS ARE RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

Out-of-Town Business Directory. The Higher Socialism.

SOCIALIST PARTY ORGANIZERS. FOR INFORMATION REGARDING FINISH Socialist organization apply to V. Watts.

"Common Interest" a Fiction

Now that a few of the railroad employes have united with their employers to promote their "common interest," it is to the point to discover if that "common interest" is truth or a fiction.

Are the interests of the capitalist and the laborer identical? Many people say that they are. These people reason that if there were no railroads, mills, mines and machines, labor would find it hard to produce wealth.

Let us look a little closer into the connection between labor and capital. The laborer is an owner of labor power and the capitalist is an owner of capital.

The laborer is firmly attached to his labor power, and when he sells it must go with it and undergo whatever discomfort attaches to its use.

If left alone the capitalist would reduce wages to the point where he would impair the efficiency of labor power and this fact is sometimes offered as evidence that the capitalist is interested in having high wages.

The cheaper the labor power the larger the profits, the greater the income of the capitalist—this is the law of capitalism.

THE CAPITALIST DESIRES CHILD LABOR, LONG HOURS AND LOW WAGES.

THE LABORER DEMANDS THAT CHILDHOOD BE FREED FROM TOIL, THAT THE HUMAN FRAME BE NOT WORN OUT BY OVERWORK, AND THAT THE WORKER SHALL HAVE THE FULL PRODUCT OF HIS LABOR.

The capitalist encourages competition between workers that the selling price of their labor power may be determined by the resistance of the weakest seller.

But there is a deeper antagonism between capitalist and laborer. The existence of the capitalist class constitutes a drag upon social progress.

The welfare of the working class and social progress alike demand the abolition of the capitalist class and the taking up of the function of ownership by the laborers collectively.

All would then be laborers and also common owners of capital. Against the coming of such a society the present capitalist class is fighting with all the powers at its disposal.

Fortunately for the laboring class this siren song is fast losing its power to charm. Strikes, injunctions, blacklists, are rapidly awakening the laborers to a recognition of the antagonism existing between the laboring class and the capitalist class.

The Socialist sees that this class struggle is here and that it is founded upon an antagonism that reaches deep down into the roots of our social order.

The attainment of that victory by the workers and the accompanying abolition of an exploiting capitalist class by the collective ownership of capital is the only road to social peace, and THAT ROAD LEADS TO SOCIALISM.

And He Became the Jackal

In 1900 the Chicago Workers' Call pointed out that the time would come when the capitalist class would need a jackal and that Bryan would play that part.

The manipulation of the Democratic convention shows the part the capitalists have staged Bryan to play in the present campaign.

The capitalists of the country see the necessity of keeping the Democratic party intact. It seemed on the verge of disruption. It must play the part of an opposition party for the Republicans or else the Socialist party will become the great opposing political power.

Wall street is not afraid of Bryan. When it became necessary for the Democratic party to nominate a candidate it was fully recognized that Bryan was the only nominee who could hold the Democratic party intact.

Bryan is not feared by the capitalists. Besides they control the committee that manages Bryan and his campaign. Not an old-time Bryanite was allowed on that committee.

Workers who have already recognized that there is nothing to be gained from the Republican party, which stands for the interests of the capitalist class, but that still believe the Democratic party represents the workers' interests, would do well to stop and take note.

Like the Republican party, the Democratic party has all its wires laid and pulled by the capitalist class.

HIT OR MISS

By G. E. L. Bryan's latest attempt to flirt with the Socialists was unsuccessful, as the Socialists made him understand that "there's nothin' doin'."

"SOCIETY"

A FABLE BY SAMUEL GURWIT

Chemistry is my one and only hobby, and for years I had been experimenting with certain drugs in order to achieve a certain result. At last I succeeded. I had concocted a colorless, tasteless, harmless liquid, which, if taken, would compel the person taking it to speak the truth.

"There," I observed to him, as at last I viewed the sparkling drug completed, "now, friend Gnome, we have here the greatest secret in the world."

"Well, then," he continued, "bribe one of the servants to put some into the food and see how it works."

It was hard work, but finally I managed to induce one of the undercooks to add the contents of my phial to the roast, but only by a judicious transfer of a bill and a strong assurance that it would hurt no one, he at last reluctantly consented to subject his employers to my experiment.

It was a brilliant affair. Professor Jenks was there, he of the attractive eyes, a man so popular that he always ate someone's lunches and dinners, hardly ever his own.

Jacques D'Auber, the famous artist, was also there, and it was said that his throat was as imperishable as his fame. Also Miss Harpeny was there, whose specialty was to pose as an innocent young thing in the worst kind of company.

Goldsmith, with his fine eye (the other one was well matched, but lacked life). Also there was Miss Ida M. Wells, the poetess and author, who wrote risqué reading for polite society, her latest book being "The Life of a Chorus-Girl," though how she knew of the chorus girl's life, I don't know.

"Ah, professor," remarked the hostess, speaking to Jenks, "you are eating too much. Haven't you ever heard of table etiquette? I wonder why I invited you, you old fool!"

"O, shut up!" growled the professor. "Any old fool even is too good to talk to you. Why you and your crazy husband should be in prison; you're jail-birds."

Verily the drug was working! The host arose. "You're a fossilized liar," he remarked to the professor: "I always look to see if my watch is gone after I speak to you for five minutes, you old fake."

"Don't you care, dear sweetheart," cried Mrs. Oldhouse. "O, you culture!" shrieked Mrs. Kane. "You leave him alone he is mine, I—"

house "I have known about it for six years, but did not want to say anything about it. Besides I really wish he'd run away with her."

"Count De Brickabrack was asking Miss De Puyser to marry him, frankly saying: 'I am marrying you for your money, as you must know, as I am in debt to the tune of one million.'"

"Never when I'm sober; but then, I'm never sober. If you were my wife I'd beat the life out of you."

Jacques D'Auber, perspiring from a too, too hearty meal, arose and remarked: "Ladies and gentlemen, I suppose you won't feel insulted if I call you so, but I'll be hanged if I see any present. You are all a bunch of spongers and harpies, including our host and hostess, who are vulgar and earn their money dishonestly, I drink to you all—here's to your bad reputations!"

Then the battle began. Plates, glasses, chairs, etc., flew through the air. Women tore out each other's hair and D'Auber spilled his wine down Bate's neck, while Miss Harpeny shriekingly tried to murder Miss Wells with one hand while she nursed a black eye with the other.

I rushed to the telephone and called for the police, when, suddenly, the effect of the drug broke and they stopped and gazed at each other as in a dream and wished they were dead—just because they had truly said what they really thought for a few minutes!



OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

ALL OF US

BY ELIZABETH ELROD

(The following story, written by my friend and comrade, saved a man's life. He had been found guilty of murder and sentenced to death. Elizabeth Elrod knew the story of his wretched childhood and youth. She was born and reared in the same county. While her own babe was sleeping in his cradle she took her pen and wrote at white heat to save this other mother's child.

When a homeless, little boy, thirteen years old, I could earn no money and had to work for my board and clothes. I had no shoes, and had to wear rags and pieces of sack around my feet as the snow would not freeze them. I did not want to go to the poorhouse, and that is how I had to do. I pray God will forgive me for my crime. I ask the Christians for their prayers. I hope to get forgiveness for what I have done, for there is a heaven I want to be in."

Once a babe lay in its mother's arms, beautiful, innocent and sweet. Made in the mortal image of God—knowing no wrong.

Perhaps the mother had longed for the coming of the little one with such depth of feeling as no other thought can inspire in the human heart. Perhaps he had come into the world because he must and not because he was wanted, for the parents were poor—frantically poor. For generations back their people had never known what it was to have a chance, and as heredity is the sum of all past environment the mother knew before he was born that even in personality the child could not have a square deal.

But as she felt the soft pressure of the fair head against her breast a wonderful feeling surged through her heart, and with all her soul in her prayer she prayed God that in spite of the chances against him her boy might grow up to noble manhood. Sometimes as she held him thus she felt that it time could but stop and she could forever hold him, her pure, innocent babe, that it would be greater joy than all heaven could contain for her. The great coldness and uncertainty of the world filled her heart with vague forebodings for the future of the child.

As time went on other children came into the home, and in their toll, their terrible poverty, in the awful struggle for existence, the mother was often too tired to give even a kind word to the little fellow. Often the father, too, not understanding the high-spirited child, would beat, when a kindly director would beat, when a kindly director would beat, when a kindly director would beat, when a kindly director would beat.

Then sometimes he would feel very sorry for something he had done and would cry until he fell asleep, and in the morning he would be awakened by the touch of his cheek against the tears that had frozen on his pillow. At such times a kind word would have helped the repentant boy's soul to blossom forth like the flowers that spring from the earth after an April shower, but there was no one who spoke the word; so the tears but helped to form deeper the crust around the boy's heart.

When still but a mere child eight or nine years old, the boy one day in a moment of anger that he had not been taught to control struck his father with a hoe. Afterward the father died, and the blow was thought to have caused his death.

He had seen blows struck in anger many times; the father had many times struck him so. However, it was either the boy's training, or the lack of it, that was to blame for that blow. No one knows the suffering or remorse of the child's heart for that one uncontrolled moment of his life. None may know how often the wound was torn open again and again by jeers and taunts.

The story of how the family managed to live after the death of the father would make ashamed those of us who point with so much pride to the wealth and greatness of our country. But there came a time when the limit was reached, and the boy had no longer a home. Now, in the most critical period of his life, did society place him in an industrial school where he could learn a useful trade and receive the training that would make him feel himself a responsible member of society?

No; it left him to the cold mercy of the world to do the best he could. A neighbor, kind-hearted but poor, as such people usually are, took pity on the boy, and sheltered him until he found a place to work for his board and clothes, for he was not large enough or old enough to earn any settled wages. Although the experiences of life had hardened the heart of the boy, yet not wholly so, for in after years he remembered with gratitude this man, perhaps the only one in all his life who had ever treated him kindly.

Winter came on and the boy had no shoes and scarcely clothes enough to keep him warm. He was willing to do anything to keep himself out of the poorhouse. He found at last a place where he could work. For weeks he worked with his feet tied in rags and pieces of old sacks to keep the snow from freezing them. Up long before daylight and out after dark, he worked, his employer having no interest in him excepting to see that he earned well his board and clothes.

An Important Meeting

Every woman interested in the work of carrying on the Socialist propaganda among women should make it a point to be present at the meeting to be held at 180 Washington street Friday at 2 p. m., Sept. 18.

CARRIE JOHNSON TRILLER, Local Secretary for the National Socialist Women's Committee.

Branch Meetings

The regular business meeting of the Woman's Branch will be held tonight at 8 o'clock. All members are urged to be present. JOSEPHINE GROSS, Secretary.

recreation, some enjoyment. If harmless pleasures is not provided, then harmful pleasures will be sought. This boy craved pleasure as the flowers crave sunshine. It was but natural that he should, and his long, gloomy childhood but made the craving more intense. Did society provide innocent pleasure—music and song, beautiful plays with high ideals and many other beautiful things that it could have provided for such as he and for all who wished to enjoy them? No; instead he had free access to the saloon, the gambling table and many other places where he might fall. Society turned him out blindfolded by the ignorance of warped and cheated childhood on a road where it allowed to remain great stumbling blocks, and folding his arms said in its attitude: "We will prove what stuff he is made of. If he gets along all right we will proclaim to the world what a fellow can do for himself. If he fails we will see that he stays down, for we, be it known, are not to blame for the stumbling blocks, but only he is to blame if he falls."

Time went on. The boy stumbled again and again. Each time on getting up he was weaker than he was before. At last one day he went with a friend into one of the places society had kindly provided as a place of recreation for such as he. Afterward his senses were dulled to what little he had learned to know of right. There was a quarrel, and his friend taunted him with that moment of childish anger when he had struck his father with a hoe. Not many days afterward this friend's lifeless body was found near the roadside.

The brand of Cain was on his brow now and a price was on his head! He was a fugitive from justice (? shall we say, or from the revenge of society, because he had dared to fall over one of the stumbling blocks left carefully in the way? From place to place he fled, but was hounded down and overtaken at last.

He was taken before twelve men who believed in the justice of the old law, "an eye for an eye." But let us not forget to speak in honor of the thirteen men rejected because their humanity was great enough for them to believe in the newer law, "love one another," and believing made it impossible for them to pronounce the sentence of death on a brother.

In the trial it was told how mean this young man was even from childhood up. How deliberately he had planned the murder of his friend. What a vicious, hardened criminal he was, how dangerous to society, and how it was the duty of the grand jury to pass the sentence of death on him which they did.

Of course the sentence was expected. Except for the one time his life had known little of kindness or of society. He did not expect it now. He did not blame society for passing the sentence on him. Like the dog that crawls up to lick his master's hand after a canning he blames only the cause and not the master.

The judge, in passing the sentence, gave a long talk about how bad he was, what an awful warning he ought to be to everybody else. Then passing the terrible sentence of death he said: "And may God have mercy on your soul!" How many good Christians there are who pray God to have the mercy they themselves withhold!

Let us have mercy and justice, looking down all along the boy's life at the conditions that at last made him a criminal. Are not we, all of us, responsible?

A FOREST SCHOOL

BY ROBERT HUNTER

Who would not say that the saddest thing in life is to see children wasting away for want of food, fresh air, and wholesome dwelling places?

The Board of Health of New York City has found upon investigation that several hundred thousand children are physically unfit.

Some suffer defects that will render them incapable of useful toil. Others are so delicate that there is little likelihood of their growing into strong men and women.

In this great nation millions upon millions of children are condemned to suffering, and finally to defeat and death, because their little bodies have not had a chance to develop strength and power.

In America we investigate these things, print reports of these things, and then forget these things.

In Germany the Socialists in every municipal council demand with heat and power that such things shall not be forgotten. They are getting things done in Germany, and one of the best of the things is the Forest School near Berlin.

It was established a few years ago merely as an experiment. Several hundred children are sent out each day into the woods. They are fed, nurses and doctors attend them, their lessons are given as far as possible in the open air, and every effort is made to build up a strong physical constitution.

The experiment is amazingly successful, and after a year or two of attendance practically all of the delicate children return to the ordinary schools in robust health.

The good, nutritious food, the games in the woodland, the noontide sleep in the open air, build up the children physically, while the teaching under the trees enables them to keep up their studies.

Everything, the doctors, the nurses, the medicine, the food, the books, the car fare, and the teaching are supplied at the expense of the community.

A simple fact has been proved by this experiment. Children who NOW SUFFER, WASTE AWAY AND DIE can nearly all be saved if a sensible and humane effort is made to save them.

This experiment has awakened the whole nation to the value of forest schools, and the Socialists in every municipality in Germany are agitating with might and main to force every city to surround itself with such schools.

And that will come. The Socialists will keep hammering away until it does come. In a few years there will be few children in all Germany who do not begin work in robust health, free from defects and tendencies to physical decay.

Can you imagine what that will mean? It is the most far-reaching reform yet undertaken anywhere in the world.

And if it is carried through with customary German thoroughness the physique, the endurance and the power of German men and women will astound the world.

JUST AS WE THOUGHT

BY CARRIE JOHNSON TRILLER

A well known woman once said: "If the devil should say a good thing I would be in favor of using it."

This was merely her way of expressing her conviction that no matter what the source of a good thought or work it is the part of wisdom for us to appropriate it for our own use.

The same woman has said: "He who knows only one thing knows nothing." And Carlyle says: "He only is wise who knows that he knows nothing."

meaning, I believe, that the most that any of us, with the best possible advantages, may learn in a lifetime is so infinitesimal as compared to what the universe holds that it is practically nothing, and when we once become wise enough to recognize this we have at last started on the road to wisdom.

Some people specialize some certain line to the exclusion of all else. These, knowing only one thing, know nothing, but have not yet attained sufficient wisdom to know that they know nothing.

To these I would say, "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

Only to the open and inquiring mind does nature reveal her secrets.

We receive gladly what investigators and experimenters have to give us about electricity, ether, radium and their powers for good when understood and rightly applied for our service.

There is even a subtler substance than these—thought, which is rapidly becoming understood and used to advantage by ever increasing numbers of people.

It has a power which none of us can afford to ignore. It needs no laboratory and each of us is equipped with all the machinery for its use.

THREE IMPORTANT DEVELOPMENTS

BY HENRY E. ALLEN

There's always something doing where there are Socialists, and things are coming pretty fast nowadays.

Three important developments have lately come about that should gladden the heart of every Socialist, namely: "The Red Special," the drama, "The Servant in the House," and the thought awakening book by J. Medill Patterson, "A Little Brother of the Rich."

Yes, things are coming pretty fast nowadays, and as Debs has said, one cannot know the real throbs of life, he becomes a Socialist. "The Red Special" is no doubt a bigger feature than many of us ventured to anticipate.

The success of "The Servant in the House" has already insured the putting on of numberless Socialist plays, for when it becomes profitable to do a thing under capitalism the thing will be done.

Patterson's book—"A Little Brother of the Rich"—bids fair to be one of the best sellers of any book since the publication of "Looking Backward." It is splendidly real and fascinatingly interesting. It is the book of the day. Every local should invest in one or more copies and keep them circulating.

Will the next three developments in the social and economic struggle be as important and interesting?



Mr. Optimo—Jones calls his wife "dear." Mrs. Pensance—She's more than that; she's expensive! Mr. Cranque—But you cannot wear a dress that is cut so low. Mrs. Cranque—But, father, this is a coming out gown!