

GERMAN LABOR LARGEST

Foll of Organizations Shows Tentonic Metal Workers Lead the World

(SPECIAL TO THE DAILY SOCIALIST.)
Berlin, Dec. 9.—The completed roll of the labor organizations of Germany, which has just been made public, reveals the fact that the German Metal Workers' association is the largest labor union in the world. The total membership of this body, as indicated by the returns, is 335,975, of whom 14,872 are women.

Larger Than Mine Workers

This represents a membership of some 2,000,000 in the United Mine Workers of America, the second body in existence. The Metal Workers' association is one of the closest knit organizations of its kind. It is also one of the great political forces of Germany.

Has Big Money Outlay

Despite the enormous income of the association its outlay for yearly expenses, sick benefits and death payments is so great that there is generally a yearly deficit of several thousand marks. The report just issued shows a deficit of 25,000 marks. These deficits, however, very much resemble those of the school boards in America and are always made up by the state.

AT THE PLAYHOUSES

Otis Harlan and his associates are now in their fifteenth week at the Whitney Opera House, in his several thousand marks. The report just issued shows a deficit of 25,000 marks. These deficits, however, very much resemble those of the school boards in America and are always made up by the state.

George Ade, author of "The Fair Co-Ed," the big success in which Charles Dillingham is presenting Elsie Janis at the Studebaker Theater in Chicago for an extended run, offers a cash prize of twenty-five dollars (\$25.00) for the funniest and most fantastic college yell for use in the play.

The play is essentially a college play, which has been described by the Chicago newspaper as being better than "The College Widow" and in it the college spirit is rampant. The scene of the piece is laid at Bingham College. Mr. Ade wants a college yell which shall bring out the Bingham men and which shall also be unique among college yells. His offer is open only to students at colleges who are actively engaged in college work.

Strengthened by additions to its personnel and by new numbers supplementing its already long list of novel features, "A Winning Miss," it seems, has settled down for a long period at the new Garden Theater. Wash. and Peck court. A run that will extend throughout the winter is planned by Thomas J. Noonan, who jointly manages the playhouse and the producing company.

Success has smiled upon both from the outset and a patronage new to the district beyond the loop has been built up, lured by the novelty of the theater, its continental European atmosphere, refreshment and smoking privileges, fashion promenades and unusual comforts. These attractions, coupled with the augmented orchestra and the musical, scenic and sartorial splendor, combine to make "A Winning Miss" one of the most popular plays in Chicago now.

Monday evening the Thinhouser company opened up with "Jane Eyre." This popular emotional drama seems to have taken a strong hold on the judgment of the audiences at the Bush. The full strength of the company will be required for the presentment, and as the play is one of those brilliant, mysterious and pathetic stories, the public may expect some excellent acting, while a staging and production in keeping with the atmosphere of the play will be provided.

The play of "Jane Eyre" as it will be presented by the Thinhouser company is a dramatization of the tremendously popular novel of the same name by Charlotte Brontë. In it all the strength and appealing touches of an interesting and fascinating fiction are preserved. There is much that is pathetic through the play, and much that is sweet and lingers in the memory.

"A Little Sister of the Rich," a forty-five-minute musical melange, with a cast headed by Cathryn Rowe Palmer and a chorus of forty, will be the novelty at the Olympic music hall this week. The regular bill includes Elsie Fay, the Four Ferdis, dancers; Melville and Higgins, comedians, and a number of others.

"San Antonio," the musical round-up, will open at the Academy of Music, Sunday matinee, Dec. 13. This play has at the climax of the first act a reproduction of one of the fearful and stormy which sometimes sweep over the prairie, carrying death and destruction in their path. This is one of the most realistic effects of San Antonio, and holds the audience spell-bound until the fall of the curtain.

The fine dividing line between artistic privilege and aesthetic vulgarity will be decided definitely as to proportions Monday night. At that time Manager Ellis P. Glickman of the International theater contemplates the restoration of the fourth act of the "Tales of Hoffman." Oscar Hammerstein of New York, who is at his production, and Manager Glickman has heretofore omitted it.

SALVADOR IN OPEN REVOLT:

FORMER OFFICIAL LEADER

Managua, Nicaragua, Dec. 9.—A revolution has begun in Salvador under the leadership of former Vice President Prudenio Alfaro. The cities of Acahapan, Usulután and Santana have been captured by the revolutionists.

A dispatch from San Salvador, dated December 1, says that a plot to overthrow the government of President Figueras had been frustrated and martial law proclaimed. The revolutionary movement, the dispatch added, had its origin in the department of Sonsonate, in the southwestern part of Salvador, and many persons well known in political circles who were opposed to the government had been imprisoned.

FINNISH LANDTAG CLOSES SESSION

Body Adjourns Far From Contented but Socialists Score Two Victories

Helsingfors, Dec. 9.—The Finnish Landtag has closed its session and the members have returned to their homes by no means contented with the outcome. During the entire session the menace of Russian interference hung above the deliberation of the assembly and it was felt that at any moment it might pass dissolution and the abolition of constitutional government.

Socialists Win Points

The Socialists can look with more satisfaction upon the result than any other fraction for they have succeeded in carrying out two important reforms, one of which they had set their minds.

The first of these reforms with the land question. Finland is still in an extremely backward condition in regard to agriculture. There are few localities in which the modern methods are used. In many of the large estates the most primitive form of agriculture still prevails.

The great land owners do not attempt to operate the farms with modern machinery, but instead rent them out in extremely small parcels under a system which reduces the farmers to a condition of practical serfdom. The payment for the rent is arranged to be paid in kind, and the contracts are so drawn that the renter is bound to the soil and must give nearly all of his labor to the land owner.

Abolish Feudal Arrangement

The Socialists felt that the first step toward any progress must be the dissolution of this feudal arrangement. They therefore proposed the enactment of a law which abolished this method of cultivation for the future at least. It is provided in the new law that rents are to be paid in cash and that they are to be purely civil contracts for definite limited periods. Any dispute as to the terms of these contracts is to be referred to a commission composed of two representatives of the great landholders, two of the tenants and one of the members of the government.

Bulwark of Reaction Removed

When universal suffrage was secured for national affairs in Finland the reactionists depended upon the fact that the municipalities were still governed without a popular vote to prevent any democratic government. Now this bulwark of reaction has been removed and the suffrage on revenue bills is still restricted to taxpayers.

ISSUE OVER THOMPSON'S PAY

A legal question as to the authority of County Treasurer John R. Thompson to pay himself \$10,500 a year as collector of taxes in the seven old Chicago townships has been raised and is likely to result in the enactment of remedial legislation by the forthcoming general assembly.

Revelations of the haphazard manner in which the treasurer of Cook county obtains his compensation have brought forward the suggestion of legislation fixing an adequate salary and bringing order out of the chaotic and conflicting statutes governing the office. The matter will be considered by the legislature in connection with prospective legislation reorganizing and consolidating the offices of the court clerks and other county officials. Treasurer Thompson favors the measure.

MRS. CLIFTON R. WOOLDRIDGE IS GRANTED A DIVORCE

Judge McEwen in the Superior court yesterday granted Mrs. Cora Ella Wooldridge a decree of divorce from Detective Clifton Rodman Wooldridge. Cruelty was the ground alleged. Mrs. Wooldridge testified that the first act of cruelty occurred July 4, 1908.

WRECKED SOO CITY CREW MAY BE ON LITTLE ISLAND

Gloucester, N. S., Dec. 9.—The only hope that the crew of the steamer Soo City, bound from Chicago to Texas, escaped lives in the possibility that the vessel struck on Bird Rock, a small island 75 miles west of the point where wreckage was found. Shipping men here say that if the crew landed at Bird Rock they could expect spring.

FRENCH PREFER EARL TO AIR

Parliament Members Refuse Farman's Bid to Fly; Applaud, However

(SPECIAL TO THE DAILY SOCIALIST.)
Paris, Dec. 8.—French diplomats and members of parliament declined to take a chance on repeating the performance of Humpty Dumpty when they asked to be excused from attending with Farman in his aeroplane at the proving grounds near Rheims.

Ascends in Strong Wind

At half-past 4 o'clock Farman brought out one of his machines and made ready to ascend alone. The wind, however, was very strong and the sky was overcast, making any attempt at ascent dangerous. For a time even the aeronaut himself declined to take any chances, but finally, after a little point any of his distinguished visitors, he mounted the seat and made an ascent to the height of two hundred feet.

Collection at GARRICK WRONG

The Garrick audience has been told so often that the collection must be kept above \$70 that the mistake in yesterday's report which gave the collection as \$48 last Sunday instead of \$73 might perhaps discourage them. To avoid this the committee asks that a correction be made.

CHURCHES FIGHT LARGER NAVIES

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 9.—The first federal council of the Churches of Christ in America, organized to further the movement of unity of action among the Protestant denominations in the interest of spreading the gospel, yesterday adopted strong resolutions at the final session in opposition to increased armament by the nations of the earth.

DEATH OF MRS. GUNNESS

Laporte, Ind., Dec. 9.—Attorney H. W. Worden, who defended Ray Lamphere in the Guinness murder trial, yesterday appeared in the Circuit court for the Connecticut Fire Insurance company, which was sued by Wesley Fogie, executor of the estate of Mrs. Bella Guinness for \$2,500, the amount of a policy on the woman's home. By a plea in abatement counsel alleges that Fogie cannot be executor of the will of a woman who is not dead.

DEMOCRATIC PARTY STRONGER THAN EVER, SAYS JOHNSON

Washington, D. C., Dec. 9.—"I do not think the leaders of the Democratic party are cast down by defeat, and if they are right, as I think they are, they will win eventually."

EXODUS OF SCANDINAVIANS THIS YEAR BREAKS RECORD

Hundreds of Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes left Chicago yesterday in two special trains for New York, preparing to their departure on the new steamer Hellig Olaf of the Scandinavian line for their native countries. The pilgrimage is an annual holiday affair, but this year the exodus was larger than ever.

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ENVOYS HURLED FROM AUTO AND PINNED UNDER CAR

Washington, D. C., Dec. 9.—Senator Don Juan Barrios, minister of foreign affairs of Guatemala, was probably fatally injured yesterday in an automobile accident. Senator Don Luis Toledo Herrarte, Guatemalan minister to the United States, and Gen. John Drummond, a wealthy coffee planter of South America, were badly hurt.

LABOR TO ROUT FUNERAL TRUST

While P. J. Hursen, an undertaker at 899 West Madison street, formerly a member of the "funeral trust," has stirred up some unpleasant notoriety for the trust, some union labor officials declare that they know what started Hursen's crusade.

LABOR TO ROUT FUNERAL TRUST

The labor men say that the recent opening of an undertaking establishment of the Union Co-operative and Protective association at 510 West Madison street, a concern said not to be under the domination of the "funeral trust," has caused Hursen to take notice.

FINANCED BY UNION MEN

The Union Co-operative and Protective association is financed and operated by union men. M. J. Deutsch, business agent for the Building Material Trades council, is the president, while George Hodges, editor of the Union Labor Advocate—the official organ of the Chicago Federation of Labor, who is also a member of the brickmakers' union, is one of the directors.

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\$40,000 MADE PER MILLIONS

Loan of This Amount by Spinster, Now Dead, Netted Her Massive Fortune

New York, Dec. 9.—The proceeds from a \$40,000 loan made in 1843 made it possible for Mary Goodwin Pinkney, who died here yesterday at the age of 99, to keep a family in luxury for sixty-five years and acquire a fortune estimated at between \$10,000,000 and \$50,000,000.

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4% Improvement @ Refunding Bonds, Amount \$50,000. --Payable, Dec. 1st, 1912--Interest Pay- able Annually.

The Workers' Publishing Society, publishers of the DAILY SOCIALIST, are about to issue \$50,000 of 4 per cent improvement and refunding bonds.

The proceeds of these bonds are to be used for the purpose of enlarging and improving the Daily Socialist and for paying off the present mortgage indebtedness of the Publishing Society, it being expressly provided by the Trust Deed through which the bonds are to be secured that at all times an amount of bonds at least equal in amount to the outstanding indebtedness secured by prior mortgages shall be reserved exclusively for the redemption of such indebtedness.

The undersigned Board of Directors, recently elected, wish to impress upon those interested in the welfare of the Daily Socialist that a united action resulting in the quick disposal of the whole issue of bonds will be much more effective as an assistance to the Daily Socialist than slow action. By the supply of a few thousand dollars at a time little more can be accomplished than a slow and gradual improvement, at considerable loss. By quick action and an immediate supply of ample funds it will be possible not only to clear off all debts, except current accounts, but to make the paper so attractive and to increase the circulation to such an extent that the monthly deficit will be wiped out, and that profitable progress thenceforward may reasonably be expected.

It should be understood by those who have saved money that by investing a portion of it in Daily Socialist bonds they will NOT put the money beyond their own reach for four years. These bonds are made payable to bearer and can be as readily transferred as money itself, and the management of the Daily Socialist will make it its business to assist those who at any time may desire to sell their bonds in finding a purchaser, by advertising without charge, and by personal efforts.

Now, Comrades, we will not tell you that these bonds are as safe, commercially speaking, as United States bonds or good first mortgages on real estate. But we believe that they offer a REASONABLY SAFE INVESTMENT to put a part of your savings into.

If you will do this, and do it quickly, your money will not only be safer than in many a bank—safer than in many a home bought on the installment plan—safer than in most any mine or stock venture, but we know, and YOU KNOW, that it will help the cause that is as dear to you as perhaps life itself; that it will help to make life richer, purer and sweeter; that it will help to secure to the Socialist movement of America that which it has been lacking—a really powerful daily paper.

In view of this cause, in view of the demonstrated loyalty of the constituency of this paper, in view of the fact that we can count on the continued support of at least 30,000 determined men and women, an asset more valuable than goods and chattels, a living force greater than many a large financial or commercial institution can count on, with a constantly increasing margin of safety and later on of profit, as the number of subscribers and advertisers increases—in view of all this we feel abundantly justified in recommending to you the investment of a reasonable part of your savings in these bonds, and we promise you that we shall do the best our limited powers will allow, not only to make it pay, but to make it count in the struggle for righteousness and justice, for better manhood, womanhood and childhood, for life, and for life more abundant.

Comrades, we count on you! Act now!

BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF
THE WORKERS' PUBLISHING SOCIETY.

J. O. BENTALL, A. M. SIMONS,
CARL STROVER, S. A. KNOPFENAGEL,
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Dollar Treatment Free to Men

Proves the Cure--BUT COSTS YOU NOTHING

We want to prove to your own perfect satisfaction—that you can be cured— not simply fixed up a bit or made to feel a little better—but cured—restored in vim and vigor. This proof of cure— one full dollar's worth— we will gladly give you free—free of cost—charge or obligation to you of any kind whatsoever.

If you suffer with any man-weakening ailment, such as lack of power or nervous debility, or any kidney, bladder, stomach or liver complaint, or any form of blood poison, constitutional or organic disease, write us today, telling us in a few words what ails you, and at once, free of charge we will send you one full dollar's worth of a specially prescribed and personally prepared remedy for your particular ailment, which will prove to you—without costing you one penny—that you can be cured—quickly and completely.

When you write just fill in the space below—that is all—and at the same time, also, free, sealed and prepaid, we will send you a book on men's ailments which gives instructions on how men are successfully cured at home. Write now—but send no money.

DR. JOSEPH LISTER CO.,
F-6, 22 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

Gentlemen: I am troubled with _____
(Name Your Ailment.)

Please send me, absolutely free, your full dollar treatment for same, and also your book which tells how men can treat themselves successfully at home.

Name _____
Address—P. O. _____ State _____

THIS LABEL

Do you wish to make Irishmen Socialists? Then give them THE HARP.

An Irishman writes to Irishman: "I am a socialist, and I will be a socialist until I die." The Harp is a very useful label for Irishmen and converts them to socialism.

50 CENTS PER YEAR
749 Third Avenue, New York.

Advertisers get results in The Daily Socialist.
Patronize our advertisers.

TWO ARE HURT "BKE" RACE Speedy Pace Set in Six-Day Grind Breaks Records and Bones

Standing after twenty-four hour... During the afternoon hours...

Two Hurt in Pocket... During the afternoon hours...

Break 24-Hour Record... The record for twenty-four hours...

BURNS CHOICE OVER JOHNSON... Reports from Australia state that...

MINORS ARE NOT BASHFUL... Demands of Rebellious Leagues Stagger the Ball Men

ATELL WINS A LEGAL BOUT... Abe Gets the Decision in a Suit for \$500 Debt

NO SNAP FOR SAM BERGEE... Papke's Manager Finds Him Stubborn and Hard to Handle

Los Angeles, Dec. 8.—Sam Berger is not going to have any more...

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THE HUSTLERS' COLUMN BY A. W. MANCE. TO ALL C. D. S. HUSTLERS

Comrade Hustlers: When I took charge of this column I found a premium contest on, in which the first prize is a lady's or gentleman's gold watch valued at \$50...

Now I do not anticipate that you will object to a change in the terms of the contest, if they are made easier instead of harder.

REMEMBER, THIS "STYLUS INK-PENCIL" IS HIGH GRADE, with the best "platinum-iridium" point, and fully guaranteed by a reliable house.

Don't forget that after the three winners of the large prizes the next ONE HUNDRED Hustlers sending in the highest number of subscribers...

TO each individual sending in \$5 in one letter, either for sub cards or to pay for subscriptions taken, we will send one of these first-class "Stylus Ink-Pencils" at once.

CHICAGO HUSTLERS IN IT. This offer holds good in Chicago, and "Stylus ink-pencils" will be presented to each person in the city who brings in five new subscribers.

I will take a bond for \$..... new subscribers. I will give \$..... to the C. D. S. Publicity Fund.

Address.....

T. M. Corbell, Okemah, Okla., sends in \$25 and three new subscribers for the Chicago Daily Socialist.

W. K. Rich, Tahoe, Idaho, sends in two new subscribers and promises to send more in the near future.

George Zimmerman, Cal., sends in a five spot for \$1 worth of sub cards, and says: "I hope to help to keep the six-page paper alive; and only sorry it isn't more."

L. E. Stogin, Lockport, N. Y., sends in \$10 as a donation to the Daily Socialist.

Isaac Edwards, Rhinecliff, Ill., comes to bid for three new subscribers for the Daily Socialist.

Herman Rahn, Stanton, Ill., sends in \$25 and three new subscribers for the Chicago Daily Socialist.

Other prominent citizens were as emphatic as the ministers and the alien-born Carl Herting, head of the National German-American alliance, de-

ARMY CROWDS HOLD UP CARS

Freezing Workers Signal Pay-as-You-Enter Cars in Vain; Block Them

Demonstrations by angry citizens against the Chicago Railway company, including the throwing of planks upon the street car tracks took place today.

The installation of the first batch of "pay-you-enter" cars on the lines operated in Milwaukee avenue, notably on the Armitage avenue branch, today and the regular lack of sufficient cars to give even standing or "chickling" passengers were the direct causes of the various outbreaks.

Groups of persons anxious to board cars on their way to work stood freezing on street corners along Milwaukee avenue from ten to twenty-five minutes only to see overcrowded Armitage and Milwaukee avenue cars speed by them without stopping.

At this corner five cars sped by without stopping, while the freezing people hurled maledictions at the motorman, who, ringing his gongs as they turned on more power to get by the corner faster, only aggravated the irritation.

Register Shows Overcrowding... actual count shown upon the rear of a Milwaukee avenue car of the old type today there were 119 cash passengers.

Deaths AHEAD TO LOW WAGES... New York, Dec. 8.—In an address at the tuberculosis exhibit Dr. Woods Hutchinson declared one-fourth of the money wage earners in this city would be tubercular in this vicinity.

TOBACCO CO.'S GUILTY OF COMBINE, SAYS ATTORNEY... New York, Dec. 8.—The American Tobacco Company got itself in this fix and must get out of it as best it can.

SEAMEN'S HEAD TO SPEAK AT WOMEN'S UNION MEETING... At the regular meeting of the Women's Trade Union League, which will be held at Federation hall, 275 La Salle street, next Sunday afternoon at 3 p. m.

SOCIETY WOMEN PLAN FIGHT ON SUFFRAGE IN SECRET... New York, Dec. 8.—Prominent women of New York forming the association to secure woman suffrage are quietly conducting their campaign and distributing literature.

SOCIALIST PLAYING CARDS

They work while you play. A full pack of 53 playing cards, with which any card game can be played at sight.

Charles H. Kerr & Company, 153 East Kinzie Street, Chicago.

THOMAS PLAYERS RAISE RUMPUS

The Chicago Federation of Musicians is about to call Manager Ulrich of the Thomas orchestra to account for his alleged action in taking from the musicians in his employ the premium that is paid them for "Thomas engagements" by small orchestras.

There will be a meeting this afternoon at the headquarters of the union at La Salle and Van Buren streets to take further action on the report of the committee which was submitted last evening.

EGG SHORTAGE IN NEW YORK... New York, Dec. 8.—Eggs in New York at present are quoted at top-notch prices and dealers say the shortage even at this season, when the supply is usually ample, is serious.

UNION MEETINGS... Woodworkers' council will meet Wednesday, December 9, at 121 East Washington street.

Subscription and Advertising... Rates of the Chicago Daily Socialist

SNOKE SOCIALIST CIGARS... While Reading Socialist Literature

Barney Berlyn's Best... Are now to be had at this office.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

LAWYERS: STEDMAN & SOELKE, COUNSELLORS AT LAW. CARL STROVER, General Law Practice—Patents. FREDERICK MAINE, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR.

PHYSICIANS: DR. FREDY L. CLARK'S IONIA LUNCH ROOMS. DR. HENRY M. SILVERBERG, DENTIST.

BOOT AND SHOE WORKERS' UNION... By Insisting Upon Purchasing Union Stamp Shoes

SOCIALIST BUTTONS, PINS & CHARMS... We have the best and most complete line of gold Pins and Charms, gold plated and celluloid Socialist Buttons.

ANCIENT SOCIETY... Researches in the Lines of Human Progress from Savagery Through Barbarism to Civilization.

NOW IS THE TIME... Read! Investigate! Find Out!

CHICAGO DAILY SOCIALIST... 180 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

WOMEN'S VOTE EFFECTIVE

BY MILA TUPPER MAYNARD

The telegraphic sensation of election night was the vote given Ben B. Lindsey for judge of the juvenile court in Denver, Colo.

The "Kid Judge" was elected in spite of the fact that both old parties refused to nominate him, and he ran alone with only the prohibition endorsement. He received more votes than all ten opponents put together.

Three years ago Judge Lindsey was almost as much disliked by the politicians, but was nominated by every party but the Socialist. The women insisted on that nomination and got it. This year the bosses thought they could defy public sentiment and dropped



MILA TUPPER MAYNARD

Lindsey from their tickets, with the resulting landslide of scratched ballots.

I wish this situation widely known not because I care about Judge Lindsey's election. I would not have voted for him had I been at home, for I know a straight Socialist ticket will count far more than any ticket for juvenile reform. The system, as Judge Lindsey himself is fast coming to see, will make child criminals faster than any court can reform them. But I am proud of this proof that when the women know what they want, they go after it, and get it.

They do not always know, alas, any better than the men do, what they

Old Chums

BY ALICE CARY

Is it you, Jack? Old boy, is it really you?
I shouldn't have known you but that I was told
You might be expected; pray, how do you do?
But what, under heaven's name, has made you so old?
Turn round! let me look at you! Isn't it odd
How strange in a few years a fellow's chum grows!
Your eye is strunk up like a bean in a pod,
And what are these lines branching out from your nose?
Your back has gone up and your shoulders gone down,
And all the old roses are under the plow.
Why, Jack, if we'd happened to meet about town,
I wouldn't have known you from Adam, I vow!

You've had trouble, have you? I'm sorry; but, John,
All trouble sits lightly at your time of life.
How's Billy, my namesake? You don't say he's gone
To the war, John, and that you have buried your wife?
Poor Katherine! So she has left you—ah, me!
I thought she would live to be fifty or more.
What is it you tell me? She was fifty-three!
Oh, no, Jack! She wasn't so much by a score.
Well, there's little Katy—was that her name, John?
She'll rule your house one of these days like a queen.

Laws Relating to Woman and Child Labor and Factory Inspection

Bulletin No. 73 of the Bureau of Labor, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, just issued, gives in full the text of the laws which have been enacted up to the end of 1907 for the purpose of regulating the employment of women and children. Another article presents the laws relating to factory inspection and the health and safety of employees. These laws are annotated with brief references to such decisions of the courts as have been rendered in regard to the provisions of these laws during the short period they have been in effect.

The two classes of laws contained in this bulletin are closely related, and the increased employment of women and children in recent years having led to the enactment into law of many special provisions designed to safeguard the health and safety of employees. Both subjects are among those most often before the legislatures of the various states, and legislative action from year to year gives evidence of the increasing demand on the part of the public for improved conditions in factory employment, especially as regards women and children.

All of the states and territories have at various times enacted laws regulating the employment of women and children, and during 1907, twenty-four of them added to or modified their laws relating to this subject.

Factory inspection and the health and safety of employees have been the subject of legislative action in thirty-nine of the states and territories. These

Gifts for a Man

The inexpensive prints of famous pictures may be utilized in many charming ways in home-made Christmas gifts. A token for a man which is just finished combines a shaving pad and calendar. One of the stiff, gray photograph mounts is employed as a foundation. The tissue shaving leaves are clamped at the top of one side with brass paper fasteners, which not only hold them in place, but catch ribbon bows on the other side. The lower end of the loop by which the card is hung on the calendar side is a copy of one of Russett's Hollandish windmill scenes covered in place by the card. The calendar pad is pasted below.

A neat matchbox for a bachelor's room is made by covering a square with cream colored art linen which has been appropriately embroidered in some neat design. A miniature steam can be fastened to the card by means of narrow ribbon placed at the top and bottom of the stem and tied on the back of the card. This can be purchased for 25 cents. They are decorated with sentimental quotations.

What to Give

A little clock ornament consisting of pincushion, clip holder and paper weight all in one.

Sachets of fancy ribbon attached to elaborately constructed girthing, all sewed and gathered.

Smokers' sets in the form of human

skulls, consisting of cigar holder, ash receptor, match safe, etc.

Wicker chairs made on very massive lines and finished with seats and backs of grain leather studded with heavy brass nails.

Small brass tablets about 4 by 6 inches bearing various mottoes and well known sentiments, these being mounted on plaques of dark colored wood.

A Stocking Novelty

In wondering what to give a girl friend for Christmas do not forget that a pair of silk stockings always proves acceptable. Black and white are the most popular choices for a gift, as in buying colored stockings it is necessary to know the shade of the gowns and shoes that are to be worn with them. If, however, you want something a little more elaborate, there are black silk stockings with colored tops and insets on the instep to match that are new and popular with young women who are not conservative as to the dressing of their feet.

Learning to Walk

One step to mother and one step to me—
A little babe walking the byway of
glee!

One step to mother, with hands in the air,
And a "Baby, be careful," and "Baby, take care."

One step to mother—away he goes
On his round bare heels and his bare pink toes!

One step to mother, and back again
With a gurgled laughter of heart's refrain;

One step to mother and back to me
For a ride-a-cock horse on a Banbury knee.

One step to mother—O little feet,
That walk where the roses of life are sweet!

One step to mother, and this is the way
The baby is learning to wander today.
One step to mother, and to and fro,
As I swing him high and I swing him low.

One step to mother—across the room,
A lily of life like a wind-swayed bloom!

One step to mother—ah, do not slip,
Nor spill the sweet laughter of baby-lip!

One step to mother—now one, now two;
Come, little fellow, the lesson will do!
One step to mother—and over and o'er,
A sunbeam that toddles across the floor!

One step to mother, a hand in her hand,
All is so fair in the babyhood land;
Learning to wander and learning to walk,
Learning to chatter and learning to talk.

One step to mother—with rattle and ring,
A bud on the bough and a bird on the wing!

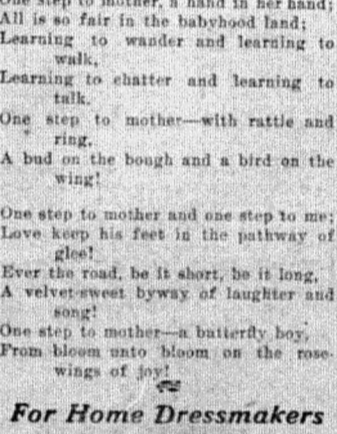
One step to mother and one step to me;
Love keep his feet in the pathway of glee!
Ever the road, be it short, be it long,
A velvet-sweet byway of laughter and song!

One step to mother—a battery boy,
From bloom unto bloom on the rose-wings of joy!

For Home Dressmakers

BOYS' BLOUSE OR SHIRT BLOUSER
Paris Pattern No. 2650
All Seams Allowed.

Made with a back yoke-facing and with or without a permanent turn-down collar, this little blouse or shirt blouser is very simple and serviceable. The best materials for its development are pongee, linen, cashmere, flannel and serge. The box-plaited closing as well as the pocket ornamenting the left breast, and the straight cuffs are stitched with black or self-colored silk. The blouse may be finished with an elastic run through the hem-casing at the lower edge, or left plain, as desired. The pattern is in 8 sizes—5 to 15 years. For a boy of 9 years the blouse requires 7 1/2 yards of material 37 inches wide, or 7 yards 25 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



BOYS' BLOUSE OR SHIRT BLOUSER

Two young merchants, Clint and John, who occupied adjoining shops in a small town, were intimate friends. When business was dull they visited back and forth. Each was fond of a joke, and the other's humor was a customer's reward. Clint sat behind the stove in John's shop. A young woman, a stranger, came in and John stepped forward to wait on her.

"You'd better speak to the proprietor about it," John said, politely. "You will find him a very liberal man. He's a back there by the stove."

John, however, was the young woman approached Clint and restated her case. "How much are the merchants generally giving?" Clint asked, with a grave interest in the cause.

"Some are giving as much as half a sovietnik, but we are grateful for any sum, however small."

"John," said Clint, with an air of authority, "give the young lady a sovietnik out of the drawer." Clint's associate said she.

"And John of course had to fork out."

An Anti-Ant Building

Reinforced concrete is the material which will be used almost exclusively in the construction of the new government buildings to be erected by the United States at San Juan, Porto Rico, for use as a postoffice, court house and custom house. Wood is to be practically excluded from the structure; the only place about the building where wood will be employed will be in the window sashes on one side of the edifice. The interior doors will be of rattan. The reason why wood is being avoided by the government in this case is because there is a small ant indigenous to the island of Porto Rico which eats its way up through wooden chairs, doors and desks, and makes them spewy on the inside.—From the Cement Age.

The Law

Parents of Wayne, a suburb of Philadelphia, are required to report promptly any case of contagious disease, in compliance with the regulations of the local board of health.

In accordance with this regulation, Health Officer Leary received this postcard recently:

"Dear Sir: This is to notify you that my little John is down bad with the measles as required by the new law."
—Harper's Weekly.

The Amateur M. D.

"Let me kiss those tears away," he begged, tenderly.

"No, no," she said, and he was busy for the next few minutes. And yet the tears flowed on.

"Can nothing stop them?" he asked, breathlessly.

"No," she said, "it is his fever, you know. But go on with the treatment."
—Exchange.

ON COMO

BY GEORGE MEREDITH

A rainless darkness drew over the lake, and we lay in our boat with our unshipped.

It seemed neither cloud nor water awoke.

And forth of the low black curts swept thunderous lightning. So it no more. At angels imagined in downward flight For the daughters of earth, as faded of yore.

Here was beauty might well invite Dark heavens to gleam with the fire of a sun.

Resurgent; here the exulted embrace, Worried of heaven and earth made one.

And, witness it, ye of the privileged space,
Said the flash; and the mountains, as from an abyss
For quivering seconds leapt up to attest That given, received, renewed was the kiss.

The lips to lips and the breast to breast; All in a glory of ecstasy swift
As an eagle at prey, and pure as the prayer
Of an infant bidden joined hands uplift To be guarded through darkness by spir- its of air,
Ere setting the sails of sleep till day.

Slowly the low cloud swung, and far it parted along its mirrored way.
Above loose threads one sanctioning star
The wonder of what had been witnessed sealed.

And with me still, as in crystal gazed,
Are the depths alight, the heavens revealed,
Where on the Alps the Muteless passed.
—Scribner's Magazine (December).

How It Feels to Fall Half a Mile

What it means to have your balloon suddenly explode 2,000 feet above the earth, and unceremoniously hurl you half a mile through space, has recently been graphically described by A. Holland Forbes, one of the aeronauts who manned the ill-fated American balloon in the recent international races in Germany. The miraculous part of the narrative is the fact that neither the writer nor his companion were injured in the least by the escape. As quoted in the New York Sun, he says:

"We didn't think much of it at the time. It was happening—there was no time for that. I had just remarked to Post how well the balloon was working when the noise of the explosion came. Post coolly looked aloft, and said, 'Forbes, she's gone.' I looked overhead and instantly comprehended our danger.

"We were up exactly 2,000 feet, as the instruments showed. We came down that 2,000 feet in two minutes. I grabbed the rope and started parascending. We fell 1,500 feet in a piece of lead. We threw out sand, thirty-eight bags—I had a ton of it in the balloon—a bag at a time. We were going down so fast that I appeared to be going up in the air past us as we fell.

"Post and I were worried about hitting the people below. I remember we warned each other about that. But in the end we crossed the earth and did not have time to worry about ourselves.

"After some mighty speedy work I got the ropes into shape. Underneath I saw an apartment house. It seemed to be coming right up to the earth to meet us and it was coming fast. I never shall forget Post as he was then—the coolest man I ever saw. When he got sight of that madward roof coming up to us he reached behind him and said, 'Good-by, old man.' We shook hands, and that's all there was to it. Then we struck.

"The car of the balloon went crashing through the roof of that apartment house, lathing, plastering and all, and we found ourselves unceremoniously entering a lady's bedroom. Fortunately she was not at home. She was at the balloon grounds, among the other 500 or so persons who had gathered to see us start. The crowd was a mile square.

"The kaiser sent a motor car to us with one of his adjutants, and the military and police began to disintegrate us from the rigging. They expected to find us dead, of course, but we were not hurt a bit, and the kaiser sent us a box for the opera the following night.

"Two Sides to the Joke

"Two young merchants, Clint and John, who occupied adjoining shops in a small town, were intimate friends. When business was dull they visited back and forth. Each was fond of a joke, and the other's humor was a customer's reward. Clint sat behind the stove in John's shop. A young woman, a stranger, came in and John stepped forward to wait on her.

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MEMBERS OF CONGRESS WHO ARE REVISING TARIFF



PHOTOS COURTESY OF CLINTONNET

The seven session of the sixtieth congress opened on December 8. Although tariff legislation may not begin until the special session opens in March, the subject has been under investigation by the ways and means committee of the house for several weeks. Chairman Soren Payne and the committee have heard the representations of many lines of manufac- ture in an endeavor to arrive at a schedule of duties. This illustration comprises the speaker of the house and the chairman and members of the ways and means committee. The members in the upper group, from left to right, are Longworth of Ohio, Benjume of Colorado, Gaines of West Virginia

AN AMERICAN GIRL IN THE PRISON OF THE CZAR

BY ROSE STRUNSKY

(Continued from Yesterday)

In the morning we were initiated into the "constitution." It meant law and order, and keeping silent during working hours. All the girls studied. They continued the subjects which their arrest had interrupted, whether it was law or political science or medicine. A working girl was taught Russian by a daughter of a nobleman from Moscow. They were reading Chekhov together. The study of the languages was very popular, especially English. I enjoyed very much their method of calling each other to order. If anyone spoke or made a noise during the working hours some one would whisper without raising her head from her book, "Constitution!" And the charm worked.

It occurred to me that Russia was singularly like "Alice in the Looking Glass," where everything turned out to be something else and where you went backward to go forward, for the prisons were universities and the constitution lived under lock and key. Heartbreaking, mad Russia, where the gentlest steel themselves to be fierce and the fierce are clothed in lambs' skins! When will sanity come? Here we were, then thinking, self respecting women, kept in a little room with iron grating on the door, and locked in with an immense key a foot long! And the three-hundred like us in their prisons! And the young martyrs on the scaffold! I—what they ask so impossible! Good God! How mad it all was!

At noon the girls insisted that my friend and I see the doctor. We protested that we were well and that it was unnecessary. The girls looked at us with scorn. "You go to him and tell him you are sick and cannot stand the prison food, and that you insist upon a first class dinner from the hospital," he hated to. "Let us wait till tomorrow," we urged. "Who knows, perhaps by that time we will be a little sicker," and we laughed. But the lie stoker, and we laughed. "All this impud- ence is unjust and ridiculous. You people always forget the rights of man as quickly as if you were one of the unfortunate across the water. You must always remember to demand and protest. It is the law of life and progress." We went and talked to the doctor, who looked, smiled and refused our demand, and we returned with a very bad conscience as far as maintaining the rights of man was concerned.

At 1 o'clock we were let out into a little triangular court for a forty minutes' walk. I was down there but a few minutes when I heard my name called from every window. "Strunsky is wanted by the secret police," they shouted. I was surprised beyond words. Such haste on the part of the Russian police was unheard of. "Why then they had struck a woman's nest somewhere," I thought, and smiled. Soon a warder came and called me. I went upstairs for my things and the girls gave me advice and urged me to get away. "Don't we know?" I ate hurriedly, for I was burning with impatience. I wanted to talk to question, to find out.

A gendarme officer was waiting for me below and we drove off together in a lavished chik. The fresh air from the Neva was sweet and I felt happy. There would be explanations and reasons. I was living in a civilized society after all. It was not just a treacherous pressgang. Soon we arrived. I was told to wait in the little gendarme room "for a minute." I sat down. In the room was a stupid and cynical looking gendarme officer and a big fine looking "intellectual," who sat on the inevitable black leather couch. Who knows how long he had been there? He must have been arrested at some station, for he had been seized along with his already been seized by the police. He sat crouching like a lion. He lifted his massive head

and looked at me curiously. His left hand was wounded, perhaps in a struggle during the arrest.

I sat quietly in my little stiff chair for half an hour, then began to walk up and down. I asked for a paper and was refused. I remembered after that of all things in the world a newspaper was never given to a political prisoner. The man on the couch arose and began walking up and down also. A great many hours passed and I grew very tired. The man and I alternated pacing the floor. A spy came in and began making out a long protocol. It grew dark. If they would only not throw me out so I could make a fight for myself, but yesterday's long wait and today again! My head was aching.

Finally a boy came down. "Would the young lady be sent up to give a little aid?" I followed him out. "A little aid?" I asked myself. I was bewildered. We crossed a court and went up a winding staircase covered with soft heavy carpets. The doors we passed were mirrors. I was brought into an exquisitely furnished room with bronzes, candleabra and deep heavy chairs and I was told to wait. I considered at the door. On one side of the room was an altar with burning candles of Alexander III, illustrious founder of the Third department. I was in the apartment of an agent of the Russian secret police. After waiting over an hour I was led through another mirrored door under more tapestries and finally reached a room where a middle aged man in civil clothes sat at a tremendous desk with a large chair and a large chair. I was asked to take an arm chair. We sat in the position of doctor and patient. Then came his first question. How it puzzled me! Was I the sister of my sister and was I a certain young man? "Yes, she was married, and so, I had never traveled with the young man."

Not a word about my friend, about me, about any work—not a hint for the reason of our arrest. "By the way," he added, casually, "your ambassador here refuses to vouch for you. We are waiting for a telegram from Berlin. Is the ambassador an agent of the Russian secret police? I dislike the thought. It is one of their lies to puzzle and worry me. I opened my mouth to speak, but he arose. "Kindly step into the next room for a minute. I must see about something."

Again I was trapped, and again there was an endless wait. All my blood seemed dry. Through my grid brain I heard voices in the next room. Some one said: "A little punishment won't hurt her." Their impudence offended me and brought to my mind the philosophy of rebellion. It occurred to me I could fight them in turn, but for the present their practiced machinery conquered. I was worn out. I did not wish to fight. I longed for rest, and I longed for the prison and the girls and their love and idealism.

I was not called for another interview. I was sent back to the prison, where I was happy to go. In the little gendarme room the man on the couch was still waiting. Good God! What fitness of torture! They did not dare so their lengths with me, but what do they not dare with their own? With the 20,000 young souls whom they hold in their power? And this is the great civilized capital of all the Russians; but in the province, where every official is a czar, did one ask what was going on there? Oh, the married youth!

The girls were around me again. "How long have you kept you, dear?" and we kissed one another. "What did they ask you?" They questioned eagerly.

"Nothing," I said, with bitterness. We talked for hours, we planned, conjectured, and argued. The thing stood on it did yesterday. Why this fancy? Suddenly the prison began to ring. "Strunsky released!" The warder opened the door, smiled, and informed me I was free. I jumped up. All the girls were talking at the same time and the prison was a rattling and colling. I was bewildered. I shouted, "Good-by to each one from the window. Why could I not take them all with me? And

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An early edition of Bebel's work was long ago translated into English under the title "Woman in the Past, Present and Future." That edition is long since out of print, and the present edition, containing nearly twice as much matter, is the only one now obtainable.

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FOURTEEN AND TWELVE

BY DEN HANFORD

Class-Consciousness

Roosevelt is right in centering his attack upon Socialism on the point of class-consciousness. There is the basic point of the Socialist movement.

Twice he has denounced class-consciousness in an official message. Each time he has depended upon ignorance and prejudice to give point to his attack. Only because the great majority of those who will read his message are ignorant of the meaning of the words in the sense in which Socialists use them will his statements carry any weight.

Class-consciousness on the part of the working class today is the absolutely essential prelude to progress. In each social stage there is some social class whose interests are in accord with progress.

The capitalist class became class-conscious. They were not wholly so. There was no full grasp of the function which their class was to play upon the stage of history.

BUT IT MOVED FORWARD, and it so moved only because government and all other social institutions were transformed to accord with capitalist interests.

But because the capitalists were sufficiently class-conscious to seek their own interests regardless of all others the modern industrial system arose.

Today the working-class incarnates those elements which make for progress. Its interests are in accord with social advance. The great obstacle to progress today lies in the fact that private ownership of the means of life hamper and restrict the lives of the producers of wealth.

Government and all social institutions are today controlled and administered in the interest of the owners of property. THIS IS ONLY POSSIBLE BECAUSE THE WORKING CLASS IS IGNORANT OF ITS OWN INTERESTS—BECAUSE IT IS NOT CLASS-CONSCIOUS.

Just as progress from feudalism to capitalism was only possible through the imperfect class-consciousness of the capitalist class, so the evolution from capitalism to Socialism (and this is the only road of progress) is possible only through the class-consciousness of the workers.

In the broader sense, whoever seeks the welfare of the entire race in the future must today seek that through the class-consciousness of the workers.

Roosevelt would have us believe that he is not moved by class interest, yet it would be hard to find a clearer expression of class-consciousness than the very message in which he scolds the Socialists for this characteristic.

From beginning to end it is an attempt to develop a system of legislation which will maintain the existence of the capitalist class. He urges them to adopt all manner of reforms lest otherwise they lose all.

It is interesting to note that nearly every one of the things he advocates is taken almost literally from the Socialist platform of immediate demands. He hopes thereby to steal the thunder of the Socialist party. But, as has been well said, while he steals the "thunder" of the unimportant immediate demands, he shrieks in fear and hatred at the "lightning" of class-consciousness.

Anniversary of a Revolutionist

All over the English-speaking world the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Milton is being celebrated today. He is being honored as one of the great lights of English literature, as one of the men who laid the foundation of the English language.

Much is being said of him as the author of "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," of "Il Penseroso" and "L'Allegro." But if one had happened down in the real respectable governmental circles some two hundred and sixty years ago and asked concerning John Milton it would not be of these things that the person questioned would have spoken.

"John Milton," he would have replied. "Yes, I have heard of that disreputable rebel. He is one who wrote of the necessity of cutting off the head of our king; and then again he wrote even against the proposal of parliament to restrict the freedom of the press. He sought to break up the family and advocated divorce. He is an UNDESIRABLE CITIZEN."

Milton and his friends were so very undesirable that several thousand of the latter were compelled to flee from their native country. Some of these miserable rebels went to Holland, and from thence to Plymouth Rock, where they helped to found the American nation.

Although the king against whom they revolted was never avenged even by his worst enemies of any such crimes as have been proven against the czar of Russia, still no Commissioner Foote or Secretary Root, arose to suggest that these friends of Milton be extradited.

The world has progressed since then, however. If the author of the "Areopagitica" should be living today he would probably find that work confiscated by a vigilant postmaster general, while almost any of his writings on the necessity of executing kings would condemn him to deportation before a United States commissioner.

Let us be thankful that we live in an enlightened age.

Five hundred thousand Socialist voters in the United States. Five hundred thousand other Socialists... The United States who accept the Socialist philosophy. And the women? Half a million Socialist voters only? What a disappointment! We Socialists... Four years ago more than 400,000 votes. How about eight years ago? A little more than 100,000. And twelve years ago? What an immense Socialist vote was cast in the United States twelve years ago! That was 1896. A look at the almanac gives the Socialist vote of the whole United States at the election of 1896 as 24,000. Look back a few years before 1896 and you will need a detective to find and an spyglass to see the Socialist vote of the United States. In 1896, 24,000 votes, and in 1903 only 50,000. Yes, or more than fourteen times as many. "So bad!" Multiplying the vote by fourteen in twelve years is slow work, isn't it, comrade? If you don't think so, ask the boss what he thinks. He thinks so, too—if he's a fool. And many bosses are fools. I am pleased to state. Fools in everything except the art of getting money. And fools for that.

Fourteen times as many Socialist voters in the United States now as there were twelve years ago. That's a long, long time is twelve years—to those who have nothing to hope for, to those who are not Socialists. I have been in the Socialist movement fifteen years. What an old, old Socialist am I! Waited till I was thirty-three years old before I found the Socialist movement—or it found me. Yesterday I got three little cards from a young married couple—both members of the Socialist party. It was twins—both boys, one named Victor and the other Eugene. Those boys won't have to wait till they are thirty-three years old before, for the first time, they hear of Socialism in the United States.

Really, multiplying the Socialist vote by fourteen in twelve years looks pretty good to me. But can we keep it up? You bet we can! It is better than any other thing. See the difficulties under which our past progress has been made. Socialists the country over driven from pillar to post—but Socialism grew. Men freed out of their jobs for being Socialists—but Socialism grew. Men socially ostracized for being Socialists—but Socialism grew. Men arrested for talking Socialism—but Socialism grew. Everything a fool capitalist mind could do to retard the Socialist movement by its enemies. The persecution of Socialists has been bitter and painful to them, but it has been a splendid

thing for the cause. Every time the boss fired a man from one place for being a Socialist he simply sent a Socialist propagandist to another place—where he was needed more. As I said before, save for his money wisdom the boss is a fool.

That was when the blacklisted Socialist looking for a job would go a long journey before he met a man who called him "comrade." Now it matters not where you go—to crowded city, rolling prairie, mill, mine or sea—you are sure to meet a "comrade." This is because that man put "on the road" by the boss who fired him for being a Socialist scattered the seed of Socialism along every highway he traveled. And when he finally got "located" in some place, he immediately started a

"local." Perhaps his new boss also fired him. Very well. Good! More seed sown along other highways. Also another "local." Now there are locals by the thousands. Think of it! Thousands of Socialists locally in the United States. And Socialists just everywhere. All around and all about. In the cities, in the country, even in the pulpits of some churches. In the mountains, in every inhabited part of the United States, and in every territory there are Socialists. Two millions of them—five hundred thousand of them voters, fairly evenly distributed throughout the country in such a way as to cover the most territory and do the most good, and no effort be wasted. Thanks to bosses who made those early Socialists scatter to get a living. As I believe I remarked before, the boss is a fool—except he fights Socialism.

The Socialist vote multiplied by fourteen in the last twelve years. Can do it again in the next twelve years. We

can do much more than that. We can't help doing more than that if we try. And I will try. I will try to get something to work with, and a base to work from. And we are going to work. Once more think of it! Thousands of people. I did not say thousands of people in the United States. I did not say thousands of Socialists in the United States—but thousands of Socialist party organizations in the United States—thousands! Over two thousand and three hundred of these national secretaries exist. Will the Socialist movement grow? How can it help growing? We couldn't stop it if we wanted to.

Besides, we shall have help. The fool boss will be busy. He may not fire and blacklist as many Socialists as he did formerly, but he will use other methods equally foolish. Somewhere in this letter I want to say that the boss is a fool—except he fights Socialism. Having himself failed to stop the growth of Socialism, the boss will now take some of his good money—next to his life to him the most precious thing in the world—and hire others to fight Socialism and Socialists.

He will hire editors to lie about you. He will hire preachers to curse you. He will hire college professors to fuddle you. He will hire soldiers to shoot you. He will hire policemen to club you. He will hire spies to watch you. He will hire traitors to betray you. He will hire judges to jail you. And you will lick him and his whole bunch. For by being a capitalist he digs his own grave, and by fighting Socialism he hastens the day of his own funeral. No flowers. The boss is a fool—if he does know how to "make" money.

There are, however, two important things we must attend to ourselves, comrade. The boss will not do them for us. We must get the Socialist voters to become members of the Socialist party. And we must maintain the Socialist press by getting subscribers to Socialist papers.

Big Bill Haywood knows the best capitalism, and he always goes armed. He carries a pocket in each pocket. One is a card of membership in his trade union, and the other is his card of membership in the Socialist party. Those are the proper weapons for a workman. But it is not enough for you and I to have those weapons. We want the whole working class to be armed likewise. We must carry a little extra ammunition for our arms. So be sure that you always have in your pocket a few application blanks to present to those Socialist voters who have not yet joined the party. We need them and their services and comradeship. Also be sure that you never overlook an opportunity to get a subscriber to a Socialist paper. The Socialist press and the Socialist organization—they are the forces that are going to bring it to pass that we shall have Socialism in the United States.

And the boss will help. As I said, the boss is a fool. More power to his crooked elbow.

A DEPARTMENT FOR SOCIALIST FARMERS

LETTER TO THE FARMER

Dear Farmer: You are a good old fellow and as one of your city boys I want to write a letter to you. I want you to realize how glad we are that you are "a good old wagon," as we say in towns.

All my life I have eaten three or four meals a day. With the exception of a little salt and fish on Friday, I have eaten the rich products of your labor. In all that time you have been just as patient and kind and never murmured, although I never have sent you anything of value for all you have given to me. I am town-born and bred. I never raised any thing except three onions, two carrots, a head of cabbage, a bunch of lettuce and three Irish potatoes. These cost me \$50.

All I have ever done is to help turn out newspapers. A few of these have gone to you—about \$4 worth, I estimate. So you have kept me all my life and I have given you \$4 worth of newspapers.

That is going some, when it comes to reckoning up untiring kindness and liberality to one you never saw.

You have sent me fine porterhouse steaks, rich tropical fruits in season, ice cream, turkeys on festive occasions, red cheeked apples, bread and all things necessary to keep me in health and good spirits. Some times you sent me lemons, but not in the slang meaning of that term. They came in the hot summer time, and mixed with sugar, that came from your cane and beets, made a most refreshing drink as I lolled in a hammock while you worked in the fields to produce more for me. You had but little time to read a newspaper and your wife, ma we all call her, had no time either. She was busy cooking for harvest hands. My wife was at the seashore, where the soft breeze blowing from the sea goes to make life pleasant and beautiful.

I want to tell you about some of your boys that came to town. You remember they became tired of the fine life in the country, the peace and quiet and the honest labor and the beauties of nature. They became tired of seeing their mother wash their shirts and labor long and painfully to help pay for the farm, the self binder and the riding plow and the new washing machine. So, becoming tired, your boys came to town. There are a lot of them here. I saw some of them today. Your boy, Hiram, the one you used to break ground for wheat and straw in the harvest field for \$20 a month is here. He still is in the wheat business. But he has not had a grain of wheat or a piece of straw in his hands for fifteen years. He would not run a self binder or hold a plow in the ground, but he knows a lot about automobiles. Hiram is forty years old and looks twenty-five. He buys and sells grain by the carload and plays golf. He lives in a house that costs \$15,000 a year to keep going.

Hiram often talks about the fine country life and tells us how happy the farmer should be, laboring out there to produce wheat, corn and all things of the hand. He says the farmer would starve to death if it were not for him and the others who handle it so splendidly.

He tells of what a fine time country women have washing, canning, making bread, patching, taking care of the children, cooking for harvest hands, making rich country butter and peddling it and looking after the chickens and truck garden. He goes to hear him tell about it and I wonder he does not quit "handing" wheat and take to raising it.

Your other boy Dick, is here. Hiram has never given you anything, yet he has come from the farm. You think a lot of Hiram and send him to congress, give him automobiles, send him to Europe to dress in style and keep him healthy through plenty of golf, in fact you do everything for Hiram.

But poor old Dick, I don't know you see him, and I don't know he always was a poor fellow. You blame me. He worked hard, and, like Hiram, left the

farm. But he was not bright. He came up here to town and went to work. That is where he made his mistake. He went to work in the harvester factory and for many years has been making machines for the firm. You, of course, need the machines. Without them you could not get along and keep them in good shape, in your cars and automobiles and in his beautiful home. Hiram is such a fine fellow that you and Dick and mother all pitch in and keep him and his family in style fitting their superior talents.

Poor old Dick has lost three fingers in the factory. He gets \$3 a day now, being a straw boss, but his wife and children are not well and he is not very saving. He spends all he makes. Of course, he only works about 200 days a year, because he can make machines so much faster than you can wear them out and you cannot afford to pay him when he is idle. It takes so much to keep him and his family.

Hiram has been out to see you, of course, and brought all the others fine presents. But Dick has not been home in many years. He don't make much difference, however. He has a lot of poor, uninteresting children and his wife is not very entertaining; not like Hiram's wife. He has joined a labor union, you know, and is getting to be an agitator. So you see it is just as well that Dick and his family stay in town.

Hiram is too busy to write now, but he requested me to convey to you his love and esteem. He says the farmer will get along all right well for Hiram. I feel like that, too. You and "ma" are so patient and so contented and so generous. It is fine to be a farmer and contented and to feed so many thousands of us here in the city and not ask us for a single thing. It is blessed to give.

Some of the other boys have failed

like Dick has. They are making shoes, clothing, flour, running trains, driving wagons, and doing other petty jobs like that. Some of them are getting lower and lower in life. They have joined labor unions and want to change conditions.

Half a dozen or so of them have joined a gang here in town that Hiram does not like at all and they worry him a good deal. I regret to tell you of this, for you do not want Hiram worried. I'll tell you what these fellows say.

"But Hiram to work." That is what they say. They are trying to make him work and say that it is an outrage that Dick and the flour makers, clothing makers and shoe makers, work on the farm should do all the work and give all the cream to Hiram.

They want you to join with them and start a row and put Hiram to work. Hiram is depending on you and Hiram who washed his shirts in the old days, to stand by him and I know you will. This is what gives Hiram comfort. If you fall him, I do not know what Dick and his gang will do for they are very terrible things.

Hiram made a thousand last week in wheat. Hoping all is well at home on the good old farm, I remain your affectionate son.

B. A. SCHYMER. P. S.—I have just heard that Dick has lost part of his right hand in a machine (the always was careless), but they will get along fairly well for Hiram's wife has given Dick's wife a job as wash woman. Dick and his wife are grateful.

They will be able to pay as usual for all the food you send them for they are not so poor as you think. Like you send to Hiram. Be sure and have a nice big turkey ready for Hiram and me on Christmas.

WHY ONE FARMER "TOOK UP WITH THE SOCIALISTS"

BY GUY WILLIAMS

"It's such a peculiar thing. I can't say why he should be a Socialist. He's got the best farm for miles around, with good stock and buildings top top. His house is the largest in the township and it is finished in hardwood. He's coming over here. I'm going to ask him how it is he took up with them."

"Eric, I was just telling my friend," he continued, after introducing us, "that I could not see what makes you take any stock in Socialism. You're one of the best fixed men in the whole country, and I should think you had no reason to kick."

"Well, John, I'll tell you a few of the things that made me a Socialist. Some time ago I sold a steer to a buyer for the best beef. He was a good steer, too, but I only got \$25 for him.

We had to buy meat for the house, of course, and I kept track of it and found that I paid \$20 to get back the same amount of beef that steer had in him.

"Remember, John, one of the buyers defending the beef trust in an argument said the beef trust was a good thing, because working on a large scale they can make the by-products—the hair, fertilizer, etc.—pay for the work of killing and these by-products would almost all be wasted if we killed on the farm."

"Counting \$7 for freight and handling, and that the by-products paid for dressing the beef, the best beef made \$48 clear profit out of me on the beef in my own steer."

"I thought that was outrageous, but that was not the worst of it. "Afterwards I needed a good hide to mend harness, six aprons on the binders and a hundred other things around the farm.

"Such fine machinery is used now that it only costs about \$2 for the labor of tanning a hide. And bear in mind that I only got \$35 for the whole steer in the first place, but I had to pay \$20 to get the hide back."

"When I figured it all up and saw that the best beef had made \$80 clear profit out of me on that steer after allowing for freight and tanning, and a dollar for freight and tanning of machinery, well, mister, how I did kick about the beef trust."

"It was just like you kicking against the machinery trust." "That was the time you began to talk about co-operative packing houses, I guess, Eric."

"How did you come to give up the idea?" "I didn't give it up. I'm working for it night and day. Was talking with Jimmie Higgins about it one day when he was over at the house. He tickled me mighty for most of the farmers thought the undertaking was too big. But that didn't frighten Jimmie. He says: 'It'll pay us big. And there are over a half a million working for it already in this country—city workers as well as farmers. They favor the co-operative ownership and operation of all the trusts to begin with, then after that's done, all the industries which will pay better when run on a large scale by using the most improved machinery. Over in Denmark one wing of the movement has built co-operative packing plants which are run in the interests of the women people. They are so well managed that their products can be sold in England cheaper than those of our best trust. Here in America there are more packing plants than we need, for they cannot be all kept running steadily. So in this country we are in favor of having the government take over the plants rather than build unnecessary ones."

"That hit me about right, John. And that's one of the reasons I took up with the Socialists." Eric continued. "If the government will run an army and a navy, it surely can run a packing house to kill hogs and steers."

A HALLOWE'EN PUMPKIN

BY ROBERT HUNTER

A short time ago the New York Times delivered itself of the following editorial upon "The Disappointed Socialists":

"It is worth while to have the oppressed and disappointed stand up and be counted so that they may relieve both their own feelings and the feelings of the country. Since election we know how foolish is the advice given to us to make unwise concessions lest worse should be extorted from us. This was distinctly the raw head and bloody bones which Mr. Roosevelt displayed before the affrighted eyes of the reactionaries. They may recover their courage when they see that in fact it is a mere Halloween pumpkin fit to frighten only those who know no better."

There is much in those few sentences worthy of comment.

We have said for many years that if you want good government, labor legislation, justice in the courts, or any other immediate reform, it is best to vote the Socialist ticket.

We said again and again in the recent campaign that a million votes for the Socialists would send the capitalists scurrying about like a lot of cock roaches when you turn the light on. They would get busy in order to induce you to turn off that light; they would give you pretty much all you wanted NOW in order to persuade you not to ask for all that is due you.

But the million votes didn't come off, and so the Times says that there is no need to make any concessions.

People are content. They voted for Taft or Bryan; they don't want things changed; they don't feel their oppression; they haven't yet discovered that they are being robbed, and therefore the Times argues WE can continue the old game up to the limit.

The Socialist vote, as it stands, is a Halloween pumpkin, fit only to frighten children! I recommend this passage from the Times to the serious consideration of Mr. Samuel Gompers, who seemed to think he was making a protest when he said that labor would support Bryan.

I recommend this wisdom to the wage workers, to the fathers of child slaves, and to the wretched, hungry ones who wander from town to town seeking work. They voted for Bryan or Taft. They are content. Their misery has found no protest, and in their interest no unwise concessions need be made.

And I recommend it to every man who wants to know the essence of capitalist politics. The oppressed and discontented have stood up and been counted. They are a mere handful, rejoices the Times, only 500,000 representing 2,500,000 human beings!

And that is too few to take account of. There must be double or treble that number before unwise concessions should be made!

Think a moment, discover if you can the way by which you can get justice. Think of a method by which you can get what you call human rights and what the Times calls "unwise concessions." In cold blood this respectable conservative journal the Times tells you. It says you must threaten the ruler of today WITH EXTORTION; you must display "the raw head and bloody bones" before the affrighted eyes of the reactionaries if you want them to yield you even a trifle of justice.

Well, we urged you not to throw your votes away. We claimed that one vote for Debs would be worth a hundred votes for Bryan. We declared again and again that only by voting the Socialist ticket would you be able to extort the slightest concession from the ruling oligarchy.

Now that the Times—the official mouthpiece of capitalism—tells you the same thing, will you believe it?

PRODUCTION AND EXCHANGE IN RELATION TO FARMERS

BY FRED FREEMAN

Western farmers of the age of the writer have witnessed a wonderful evolution in farm and other industries.

The pioneer and family, or a small group of associates were social and industrial units, producing solely for their own consumption. Trade with the outside world was very limited.

Today the farmer is a specialist, producing one or a few allied crops. His products are for the use of others, perhaps in remote parts of the earth; on his table may be found food stuffs from the peoples of every race and many nations.

The exchange system of our fathers, giving day for day, or day's product for day's product (still in limited use in some neighborhoods), has developed into a more complex and extended system of exchange.

The ordinary farmer now produces for the use of others; he is dependent on others for the most of his needs.

He depends on the miners for coal, metal and oil; the lumberman, ironworker, toolmaker, weaver and tailor, the flax, cotton, wool, stock, grain, hay, fruit and other farmers, all of these produce articles to exchange for the farm specialist's product.

Were farmers to form a federation with allied industries the workers in wood and iron, the toolmakers, tailors, shoemakers, miners and artisans in the towns would be more essential and closer than the growers of cotton and wool.

Wheat growers would profit if the corn belt lost its fertility. Apple growers have seriously asked for a prohibitive tariff on bananas and tropical fruits.

The division of labor has united the many small industrial units into one great social organism.

Following the law of all development, the elementary or simpler has been superseded by the complex. The almost independent units, by the development of an extensive system of exchange, have become inter-dependent, and every person and every sector labors to produce only such commodities as environment best fits them for.

By the division of labor the unification of society is being perfected, the amount produced by each worker is wonderfully increased and the condition and enjoyment of every contributing part should be bettered.

Instead, great classes of essential producers are making no advance, are really losing their former standing in society. Among these classes is the working farmer. No class is more essential. There is no captain of industry over him who can claim a right to the greater share of his product, as the wages of superintendence.

The exchange system has developed into the most important function of society, has become the governing function. But society the creator is subject to its creature.

The sole purpose of individual and social action is the creation of wealth. Wealth must be considered as more than the burden of material accumulation, more than the power to enforce unwilling service, more than position which causes favor seekers to fawn and flatter.

The assurance of the satisfaction of all normal desires is greater than the wealth of a Rockefeller. The service given by enlightened association of men all acting for the common good is of more value to each person than all the services ever commanded by tyrants.

The perfection of physical health crowned by the mental and moral factors of the day.

Nothing but the Truth. His wife (sincerely)—So, you have nothing but your income. When I proposed to me you said you had money to burn.

Her Husband—And you have no truth, my dear. Haven't I just paid for a ton of coal?