

WORK OVERTIME WITHOUT PAY

City Postal Clerks to Ask Extra Money for Laboring Long Hours

Five and one-half days over time since the first of January and no overtime pay have combined to rouse the spirit of discontent among the clerks of the postoffice and this week a committee from the Postal Clerks' union will wait on Postmaster Campbell to protest and to try and arrange for an eight-hour day and six hours for night work. The "gay life" of the postal clerks was discovered yesterday when it was learned that the working day is from nine to ten hours long and that overtime comes without notice and government overtime pay is unknown.

Life of Clerk Merry

Under the government rating a clerk comes in under civil service, with pay at \$600 the first year, \$800 the second year and \$100 a year additional thereafter till the salary of \$1,200 is reached. The clerk begins in the sorting department, separating mail according to the states in which the towns to which the mail is directed are located. The mail then passes on to men who have charge of a whole state.

Each state has from 1,000 to 4,000 postoffices which are listed together with their railroad connections in little books known as "scheme books." The clerk is given various lengths of time to learn the contents of which ever state in the union is covered with a "scheme book." The book for one state takes 150 days to learn, by sections and ninety is given to go over the book as a whole.

Looks After 4,000 Offices

"I have a certain state with nearly 4,000 post offices," said a clerk, "and I was given thirteen months to study it. Not only that but I must keep track of the changes in the running time of trains." In a like way every state in the union is covered with a "scheme book." The book for one state takes 150 days to learn, by sections and ninety is given to go over the book as a whole.

Everything at the post office works according to gongs. The clerks in each division work till their gong rings and the only way that most of them know when they will have overtime is when their gong fails to ring at the regular hour for knocking off work. Overtime lasts till the gong rings then the clerks may go. The foremen work six hours and those who start with a shift of clerks finish before they do. This system is supposed to cover more work by keeping the foremen fresh.

Foremen Do Not Care

"If a foreman started with a shift of clerks and finished with them he would be careful about overtime work because he would not want to stay himself," said a clerk.

What is true of the clerks in the mailing division is true also of those clerks who are employed in the distributing room for the central part of the downtown district. There are hundreds of carrier stations in Chicago which must be learned on the scheme book plan. When a clerk is shifted from one kind of work to another he is burdened with elaborate details of his former job which are of no use in his new post. Men shifted from the mailing division to the city division have trouble forgetting the state scheme books and learning the book for the city. The clerks do not expect to get overtime pay, but they say that if they persist in demanding it overtime work will be abolished. The electricians and laborers, union men who work about the place, quit at the end of eight hours and go home while there is no limit to the time of the clerks.

The Scale of Demerits

The sway of the petty martinet is strong in the post office. For instance, the "passing of a superior officer" is one of the worst things on the list. Here is a partial list of the scale of demerits:

- Alteration with fellow employe..... 10 to 200
- Direct disobedience or insubordination..... 50
- Disrespect to patrons of office..... 10 to 200
- Disorderly conduct in office..... 10 to 200
- Disrespect or impertinence to superior..... 50
- Excessive lunches on work room floors..... 10 to 100
- Failing to pay just debts..... 10 to 100
- Failing to keep premises in good order..... 10 to 200
- Insulting or abusing fellow employe..... 10 to 200
- Failing to report promptly change of address..... 10
- Failing to reply promptly to official communication..... 10
- Failing to use proper entrance or exit to work room floors..... 10
- Failing to attend to superior officer..... 10
- Giving information to public regarding mail matters..... 50
- Loitering in office..... 10 to 200
- Loitering on street..... 10 to 200
- Working overtime contrary to instructions..... 10
- Truancy..... 10
- Intoxication..... 10
- Drinking in public places while in uniform, though off duty..... 200
- Beating intoxicated in public place, though off duty..... 200
- Repeating for duty under the influence of liquor..... 400
- Drinking while on duty..... 400
- Intoxication on duty..... 500

5,000 Clerks in Chicago

The clerks go to work at varying times throughout the day and if they are the least bit late or ahead of time in ringing in at the time clock they get a "demerit." There are 5,000 mail clerks in Chicago.

BAND OF REVOLUTIONISTS IN RUSSIAN TRAIN ROBBERY

Kirovsk, Russia, Aug. 23.—A band of fifteen revolutionists perpetrated a successful train robbery near here as a result of which they are \$15,000 richer. They boarded a mail train bound for Rostov on the Don as passengers. At a given signal they assembled, held up the train and robbed the railroad cashier. The robbers then made off on horses that were being held in readiness by accomplices. In the exchange of shots one of the robbers was wounded, but his companions carried him away. A sergeant of mendacity was severely hurt.

The Daily Socialist is delivered by carrier in Chicago for 6 cents per week.

JOHN T. SHAYNE SUCCEEDS IN KENILWORTH SANITARIUM

John T. Shayne, founder of the fur and hat house bearing his name, and the first president of the Chicago Commercial association, died at the Kenilworth sanitarium yesterday afternoon.

The mental trouble which partly was responsible for his death was due to some extent to events in his life during the last ten years, the most sensational of which was an affair in which he was shot by Harry H. Hammond while he was with Mrs. Hammond in the cafe of the then Auditorium Annex.

Later Mr. Shayne married Mrs. Hammond, but the effects of his wound and the nervous strain are said to have caused the mental breakdown which led to his being placed in the north shore sanitarium two years ago. Mr. Shayne was born in Gay Bay, Saratoga county, N. Y., Apr. 28, 1852. He entered the fur and hat business early in life and lauded a house under his own name in Cincinnati in 1873. He soon transferred it to Chicago. He married Miss Edith Merriweather and their only child was Roy M. Shayne, the present head of the business founded by his father.

SUFFRAGISTS IN NEW TACTICS

Glasgow, Aug. 23.—Three rain-soaked and benumbed, but still valiant, suffragettes were dislodged from the roof of St. Andrew's hall, where the Earle of Crewe, secretary of state for the colonies, spoke last night.

Strict orders had been issued to exclude all women from the meeting, so the suffragettes decided to break into the building through the trap door on the roof.

In the middle of the night the three women secured a ladder and climbed to the roof, where they hid behind a chimney waiting to put their plan into operation. When they were discovered they were nearly perishing from wet and cold, but they declined to come down, and much difficulty was experienced in removing them from their perilous position.

Suffragists Throw Bricks

Liverpool, Aug. 23.—Varying their usual tactics in harassing members of the cabinet by verbal interruptions during public speeches, some suffragettes who had gained admittance to unoccupied houses in the neighborhood, last night sent a volley of bottles, bricks, and slates through the windows of the hall where Secretary of War Haldane was speaking.

Seven of the women were arrested. The police had to ascend a fire escape to the roof to arrest one of them.

HARRIMAN IS NEARLY STARVED

New York, Aug. 23.—While the country at large is interested in the condition of E. H. Harriman, the railroad king, Wall street attaches profound interest to the state of his health, as was evidenced by the smash in stocks. Mr. Harriman is at sea on his way home, and there was no direct news from him, but alarming reports were circulated in New York, based on statements of his physicians in Europe. One of these was quoted as saying that Mr. Harriman must give up business and devote himself to rest and recuperation if he wishes to live. This authority declared, among other things, that the Napoleon of American railroads had been starving himself to death.

Mr. Harriman is a victim of years of insufficient nourishment. He has not taken food enough, and such as he has taken has not always been of the proper kind. His tissues are wasted, and his nerves are in a bad state. In order to overcome this condition Mr. Harriman has been ordered to stuff himself with nourishing food and give nature a chance to build up the wasted tissues and tone up the starved nerves. If necessary he must have a meal every two hours.

The diet has also gone forth that he must quit his office and take up the job of resting as his present life work. If necessary, he must lie on his back in bed several hours every day to make sure he does a good job of resting.

LID ON ATLANTIC CITY ONCE MORE

Trenton, N. J., Aug. 23.—Responding to the appeal of telegraphmen and other reformers, Attorney General Wilson today promised to use his best efforts toward the enforcement of the Sunday closing regulations in Atlantic City.

BARGAINS IN BOOKS

"The History of the Commune of 1871," by Lissagaray. This is the best and most authentic account of the premature uprising of the workers of Paris that has ever appeared. The book was originally sold for \$3.00. We have only a few copies left and will send them postpaid for only \$1.25.

"A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy," by Karl Marx. This is, next to "Capital," the largest work of that great mind which has left the working class the best material for its use in freeing itself from the bonds of slavery. It is well printed and bound and sold heretofore at \$2.00. While they last you can have it for only \$1.25, postpaid.

Order from the Chicago Daily Socialist, 140 Washington street, Chicago.

SCIENTISTS OF WORLD TO MEET

British Association to Hold Its Annual Convention at Winnipeg, Man.

Winnipeg, Man., Aug. 23.—The British Association for the Advancement of Science is without question the foremost scientific body of the world. It was founded in 1831 by Sir David Brewster and will hold its annual convention at Winnipeg, the opening session being set for Wednesday of next week.

Great is the elation of the Winnipeggers at the selection of their city as the meeting place of this notable body of men, and great are the arrangements planned for their reception and entertainment.

Nearly 2,000 Will Attend

Not all of the 5,000 members are expected to be present, probably not more than 1,500 actual members, 500 from Great Britain and the remainder from the United States and other countries, but they and their friends will give the entertaining power of the ambitious young city a good test. Many of the scientists are to be billeted among private families, and citizens have thrown open their houses in a most hospitable manner.

The session opens on the 25th inst. with an address by Sir J. J. Thompson of Cambridge, England, probably, all things considered, the foremost living scientist, and ends with the session of Wednesday, September 1. On Monday, August 30, Prof. H. B. Dixon of Manchester, England, speaks on "The Chemistry of Flame." On August 31 Prof. M. A. Herdman of Liverpool speaks on "Our Food from the Waters," and the closing address will be made by Prof. J. H. Poynting of Birmingham upon "The Pressure of Light."

Son of Darwin Coming

Many are the notables of the scientific world who have signified their intention to be present, among others Francis Darwin of Cambridge, son of the immortal Charles, and Prof. E. Rutherford of radium activity fame. After the meeting there will be an excursion to the Pacific coast, and entertainments are planned for many of the cities—for there are many—lying between Winnipeg and the coast. The visiting scientists will have cause to open their eyes in astonishment at the wonderful empire under British control that has grown up, as it were, in a night.

Thirty-five years ago, on the 11th of the present month, at Belfast, Ireland, John Tynall, as president of the British association, uttered the words heard round the world, and they have hardly ceased echoing yet.

Pulpits Assailed Tynall

Upon the Sunday succeeding his address seventy sermons were delivered from different pulpits in London, denouncing his views. The sentence which excited the most opposition was as follows: "Believing as I do in the continuity of science, I cannot stop absolutely where our microscopes cease to be of use. Here the vision of the mind authoritatively supplements the vision of the eye. By a necessity engendered and justified by science, I cross the boundary of the experimental evidence and discern in that matter which we in our ignorance of its latent power, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium the promise and the potency of all terrestrial life."

Prophecy to Be Fulfilled

Although the day prophesied by Tynall has not yet arrived, wonderful progress in that direction has already been made. On this subject Prof. A. D. Little says: "It is my belief that distinction now regarded as fundamental between dead and living matter will come through the study of the colloids (the jellylike substance forming the filling of vegetable cells). Supplementing the vision of the eye by the vision of the mind, he says: 'The atoms within the molecule are in rotation; as the molecule increases in complexity, more and more of the motion of translation becomes rotary, matter drawn within this vortex becomes living; matter shot off at a tangent resumes its rectilinear motion and becomes for the moment dead.'"

SAYS CHICAGO WILL HAVE THREE MILLION IN YEAR 1910

A prophecy that Chicago in the census of 1910 will have a population of 3,000,000 was made yesterday by George E. Plumb, statistician and librarian for the Chicago Association of Commerce.

"The new census is going to reveal things which will startle some folks in this country," Mr. Plumb said. "I am convinced that the census of 1910 will show that the population of Chicago is pressing close to the 3,000,000 mark. It has not reached that number. I have studied the growth of the population carefully. Since the last enumeration the city has broadened in many directions. Industries capitalized at millions of dollars have been brought here, and that means laborers.

"We have more miles of railroad in Chicago than there are in the whole state of Massachusetts, and that, too, means laborers. Recently there has been an enormous growth around the edges of the city, and I do not think there is much doubt that we have been constantly soaring toward the 3,000,000 mark."

Mr. Plumb said that the census supervisor next year would experience a more difficult task than heretofore, because of the large increase in the foreign population, and that great care would have to be exercised in the selection of District enumerators.

KING, REWHISKERED, LOOKED LIKE BUTLER; SHAVED 'EM

London, Aug. 23.—When King Alfonso arrived at San Sebastian from Madrid he was wearing side whiskers and had his hair cut short. The King thought this gave him the appearance of an admiral in the British navy, but Queen Victoria and former Empress Eugenie remarked that he looked more like an English butler and urged him to shave his whiskers off. His majesty did so, for when he returned to Madrid he was whiskerless and once more looked younger than ever.

IS YOUR NAME IN THIS LIST?

DEAR COMRADE:

I know just how it is. You read this letter, you like the idea, you intend to take it up in a day or two, and then forget it. If everybody else did the same, Socialist propaganda and education would disappear and the cause of the working class would go backward instead of forward.

It is rather expensive business to keep reminding you, but there seems to be no other way of getting you to do your part, so we must remind you or give up the fight. The Evolutionist must do its work thoroughly and be a credit to the Socialist movement or get out of the way. This cannot be done without at least doubling the present circulation, and that is strictly up to you.

The offer I have been making for the last two weeks, and which I now remind you of again, is calculated to enable you to do this without cost to yourself, but at some considerable advantage. Will you please read this plan carefully and give it your earnest consideration? Here it is:

YOU SEND \$2.00 FOR SUBSCRIPTION CARDS TO THE EVOLUTIONIST, 180 WASHINGTON STREET, CHICAGO, ILL., AND I WILL MAKE YOU A PRESENT OF THE THREE CLOTH-BOUND VOLUMES OF MY LECTURES, WITH MY AUTOGRAPH IN EACH VOLUME.

These volumes are:

- I. EVOLUTION, SOCIAL AND ORGANIC.
- II. TEN BLIND LEADERS OF THE BLIND.
- III. VITAL PROBLEMS IN SOCIAL EVOLUTION.

Their price without my signature is \$1.50. There are ten lectures in each volume.

In ordering the subscription cards, please state which kind or what combination you would like. They are in three prices—75 cents, one year; 50 cents, eight months; 25 cents, four months. You may use all or any part of them on your own subscription if you wish, or if you are already a subscriber you may use them to extend your present subscription as far as you please. Cards filled out with the same name and address are pinned together and the total amount credited. Of course, it is better if you can sell these cards among your friends.

To make this successful there should be 500 responses.

In the next issue of The Evolutionist there will be a department headed "The Roll of Honor of Working Class Educationalists," in which the name, city and state will be given of all those who take up this plan. In addition to this they will be published as below in the Chicago Daily Socialist.

If you will step forward promptly and take advantage of this offer, sell these cards to your friends, before long The Evolutionist will be solidly established and its present efficiency will be doubled, and another mile-stone will have been set up measuring the distance to the Co-operative Commonwealth.

The Evolutionist speaks for itself. Two copies have now been published and the third will appear early in September. You have seen enough of it to know its value, and now I want to know from you whether you think my efforts are worthy of appreciation and encouragement. Don't put off answering this letter until you forget it again. Yours fraternally,

ARTHUR M. LEWIS.

R. H. B. Columbus, O.....\$2.00	Wm. J. Flory, Columbus, O.....\$2.00
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M. B. Wesson, Fort Worth, Texas.....2.00	Walter Peffrin, Cleveland, O.....2.00

At Walton Place tomorrow night at 7:30 my lecture will be "A Reply to Haeckel's Criticism of Socialism." Be on time. Tonight I speak at 26th street and Homan avenue at 8 o'clock.

No Money Required for a Socialist Library

The International Socialist Review has suddenly come to the front as the magazine that every Socialist wants.

It tells from month to month of the things that vitally concern the working class. It has been enlarged from sixty-eight pages to one hundred. Thus it gives more scientific matter than ever, and with it a wealth of pictures, stories and news.

The Review now has monthly bundle orders larger than its subscription list of 100,000 names.

Its news stand sales are twenty times as large as two years ago. Its subscription list is three times as large as two years ago.

And it has only begun to grow. Our co-operative stockholders want no profits, and we are putting every dollar back into the Review. Here is one new plan we are trying, in order to double its circulation again:

Send us FIVE DOLLARS for the Review one year to five new names or five years to one name, and we will send you PREPAID ten standard Socialist books in cloth binding, for example:

- The Socialists, by John Spargo.
- What's So and What Isn't, by John M. Work.
- Class Struggles in America, by A. M. Simons.
- American Pauperism, by Isador Ladoff.
- The World's Revolutions, by Ernest Untermann.
- Socialism, Positive and Negative, by Robert Bires LaMonte.
- Socialism, Utopian and Scientific, by Frederick Engels.
- The Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State, by Frederick Engels.
- Value, Price and Profit, by Karl Marx.
- The Communist Manifesto, by Marx and Engels, with Liebknecht's "No Compromise."

If you prefer, we will substitute any other books published by us to the amount of \$5.00 at retail prices. The Review alone is well worth the money. So are the books alone. This special offer gives you the surplus value.

This advertisement will not appear again; better order now.

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SOCIALIST BUTTONS, PINS & CHARMS

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We also have the finest emblem Watch Charm that has yet been produced.

Gold Plate.....\$50	Fine Solid Gold Watch Charm.....\$1.00
Gold Plate Pin (for ladies) \$30	Celluloid Buttons, 2 for.....50
	1 Doz. Celluloid.....\$50
	100 Celluloid.....\$5.00

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COAL CONTRACT GOES TO TRUST

City Fuel Company Gets School Award, Though It Bid the Highest

In spite of vigorous protests from lower bidders, the building and grounds committee of the Chicago Board of Education prepared yesterday to hand over to the City Fuel Company, and its allies, \$225,000 worth of coal contracts, while in two school districts the coal trust's bid was the highest submitted.

Joseph Downey, chairman of the committee and formerly building commissioner under Mayor Busse, seemed perfectly willing to let Fred W. Upham, leading Republican, and Francis Peabody, leading Democrat, grab all the good things in the line of coal contracts.

So careless and barefaced was the attempt to hand over the coal contracts in the fifth district that the award in that district, in that district, the City Fuel company bid soft coal at \$2.58 a ton and was awarded the contract while the New Kentucky Coal company bid the same grade of coal at \$2.53 and was ignored.

The fact that the coal from the New Kentucky company showed higher "caloric" or heat-producing, energy in a test, conducted by the Illinois Steel company, than did the City Fuel company coal in the test for the board of education, something which rule persons would call graft tinges the dealings of the school board with the City Fuel company, which bought the Busse coal company.

It developed that the Kentucky Coal company's coal had for been tested by the school board authorities, but now a test has been ordered. It is \$4 well known among coal men and manufacturers that the City Fuel company has an inside track on the coal business of Chicago, both public and private, that a little thing like the gobbling up of the school contracts would have passed unnoticed if it had been cleverly done.

Trust Furnishes 110,000 Tons The City Fuel company and its allied companies sell about the coal to city police stations, pumping stations and other city buildings. The coal, both hard and soft, called for annually by the board of education runs well over 100,000 tons, being in the neighborhood of 116,000. The City Fuel company and its allies furnish about 110,000 tons of this. The Cross Creek Coal company bid \$3.75 to \$3.90 on hard coal but the contract went to the Anthracite Bituminous Coal company at the same figure.

The Peabody Coal company, the City Fuel company, the Globe Fuel company, the Ohio Fuel company, the Miami Coal company, the Anthracite and Bituminous Coal company and several others compose the \$15,000,000 City Fuel company. Baker Brothers, while nominally independent, are said among members of the coal trade to be in with the City Fuel crowd. These companies do not compete in bidding for school coal. Of the five school districts, the school management committee recommended the award of two districts to Baker Brothers, one district to the City Fuel company, one to the Anthracite and Bituminous Coal company and the fifth district, which went to the City Fuel company, will be reconsidered. These were in soft coal contracts, the hard coal contracts all going to the Anthracite Bituminous Coal company.

Number of Tons Used The number of tons of soft coal to be used this year, as figured in round figures by the board, is: District No. 1, 12,000; District No. 2, 12,000; District No. 3, 12,000; District No. 4, 12,000; District No. 5, 12,000.

Pick Mrs. Young's Successor William B. Owen, dean of the University High school and assistant professor of education at the University of Chicago, has been selected by the school management committee of the board of education as the probable successor of Mrs. Ella Flagg Young in the position of superintendent of the normal school. The choice was made yesterday afternoon at a meeting, but as yet there is no assurance that he will accept the position, which will be tendered to him formally tomorrow.

Mr. Owen's name was suggested, it is understood, by Mrs. Young, who has made a careful survey of the country to find a man of the particular attainments necessary in one who superintends the teaching of teachers.

14,397 Get an Outing "We are also trying to get people, who take the children for one summer, to agree to take them back or to take some other children the next summer. We are meeting with considerable difficulty in this direction also."

Will Discontinue Camps At Gads Hill camp, conducted by the Salvation Army at Glen Ellyn, 236 children sat down to breakfast together the other morning. All the camps and outing places will be discontinued after this week or next. Then the children will all be back in their crowded homes again.

"Lord, a year ago sent \$2,000 of its children out into the country to get a breath of fresh air," said Miss Sears. "Over there they pay the persons who take charge of the children so much a week. We have tried this scheme

The Daily Socialist Purchasers' League

By R. DVORAK "EARNESTNESS"

Unless you are EARNEST in EVERY thing you undertake you will be a failure. There are hundreds and thousands of men struggling and perishing over various tasks today who would be forced to exert themselves much less if they had MORE EARNESTNESS.

More businesses and projects fail each year because of a LACK OF EARNESTNESS than you or I would care to figure. It is ONLY the man and woman whose mind is WHOLLY occupied with the task that is before them that SUCCEED.

Every Socialist, it is said, is earnest. That is why Socialism is BOUND to come. Be EARNEST in whatever you undertake. Don't get the reputation of being a joke, a HALF-HEARTED worker in ANY cause, for if you do NO ONE will take you SERIOUSLY.

Be EARNEST in whatever you say. Make every one feel the weight and importance of your thought and you will be looked UP TO by your friends. Be like the old Greek in days gone by who said: "Sooner would I take off a hand than to lay it on WORK that I meant not. Sooner would I lose my tongue than to utter THOUGHTS that I meant not."

Have you been in EARNEST with the DAILY SOCIALIST? Have you done ALL you could? Have you patronized an advertiser THIS WEEK? Have you placed that Purchasing Book where you can ALWAYS find it handy? Have you GOT a Purchasing Book? If not, SEND for one. When you send for one, however, BE IN EARNEST. USE IT RIGHT.

The purpose of the Daily Socialist Purchasers' League: The members of the League are banded together for the purpose of patronizing those merchants who advertise in the Daily Socialist. In this way Socialists aid the Daily by making it a PAYING proposition for business men to advertise in it. In this way Socialists also keep from giving their money to their BITTER ENEMIES.

SEND FOR A BOOK AND USE IT. PAY A VISIT TO "LYON THE HATTER," 601 Blue Island Avenue, and Twelfth street and Fortieth Avenue. Drink "DAISY" beer, brewed by the Garden City Brewery.

A PAPER FOR PROGRESSIVE AND THINKING PEOPLE

Please Send THE DAILY SOCIALIST One Year, \$3.00 Six Months, \$1.50 Four Months, \$1.00 Three Months, 75 cents Two Months, 50 cents In Chicago, by carrier, same rates. Carrier will collect.

Name..... Flat..... Address..... City..... State..... If you live in Chicago, mention which flat.

Bear in mind that this is the only daily paper in Chicago which gives news and editorial comment from the viewpoint of the worker. The other papers are printed in the interest of the employers and capitalists. Once you get to know the Chicago Daily Socialist you will depend upon it for all news of interest to the wealth producers.

BACK TO SLUMS FOR THE WINTER

Charity Camps Where Poor Children Had Outing to Close This Week

Only about one-half of the children who clamored at the doors of the United Charities this summer for a breath of fresh air away from their homes or a few days out in the country could be taken care of. For every child that was sent to a summer camp or out into the country, another was turned away. And no one at the offices of the United Charities, 51 La Salle street, knows how many children would like to have had a vacation but did not come and ask aid in getting it because they doubtless knew it would have done them no good.

"We can only take care of the weak, the frail and the sick and others who would be benefited by a few days in the country," said Miss Amelia Sears, superintendent of the outing work of the United Charities. "Most of these cases come to our attention through the aid of school teachers who keep a watch over their pupils during the year and then notify us of deserving cases when the summer begins."

"One of the desires of the officials of the United Charities is to send as many children as is possible into the country. People in the rural districts somehow or other do not seem to like the children of Chicago. While in other cities numerous requests come in from farmers and families in small villages for children to come and live with them for a short time during the summer, Chicago must go out and hunt for people to help take care of its children during the hot weather months."

"Hardly any communications are received from people desiring to care for Chicago's children during the summer. I certainly wish more of them would write in. That would help us a lot. But they don't seem to care much for our children. In May of every year we are compelled to send out agents to various country towns to stir up a sentiment in this direction. Of course that entails considerable expense."

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Before you can become an effective agitator you must have a knowledge of the different views on panics. The Chicago Federation of Labor has compiled a pamphlet entitled "Industrial Panics," with the ideas of Debs, Heron, Sanial, Keir Hardy, Gompers and many other labor leaders. This book was put out originally to sell at a quarter. You can get it now while they last from the Daily for ten cents, postpaid.

We have the greatest bargain of Socialist pamphlets you ever saw. Five dollars' worth for only two dollars and twenty-five cents, expressage prepaid.

ROADS TO BUY VAST EQUIPMENT

Northwestern Is to Spend \$11,000,000 and the Santa Fe \$3,600,000

If the country isn't "boasted" into "prosperity" in short order it won't be the railroads' fault. The railroads, according to the capitalist papers, are lagging to order equipment, power, and steel rails with a prodigality which has been unknown for several years. Orders for equipment and power necessitate an aggregate expenditure of approximately \$11,000,000 were officially announced yesterday by the Northwestern and orders by the Santa Fe for 130,000 tons of steel rail at an expenditure of over \$3,600,000.

Heralds Much "Prosperity" These two orders are an index to the conviction among railway managers, say the capitalist papers, that business is soon going to approximate that done during the "recent phenomenal period of prosperity." The manufacturers of railway supplies, of equipment and of power as well as the steel rail manufacturers are exerting every effort to get ready for the rush of orders that already has begun.

Many thousands of men are being put to work in the steel mills and in the manufacturing plants throughout the country. It is asserted by these same papers and the supply companies who were discharged during the panic which began in October, 1907. The orders by the Northwestern road for equipment and power and the order of the Santa Fe for steel rails are among the largest in the history of those two roads.

Passenger Cars All Steel In connection with the Northwestern's orders it is interesting to note that the company has adopted an all-steel car for its passenger service and will replace the present equipment with such cars as rapidly as possible. The present order for passenger equipment is for 125 all-steel cars, to be placed in service on different portions of the road. These cars are as near fireproof as it is possible to make them and as nearly indestructible as they can be built under the present state of development of the car builders' art. There will be forty passenger coaches, fifteen smoking cars, twenty chair cars, twelve parlor cars, five dining cars, seven baggage and six mail cars.

The cost of this equipment will be approximately \$2,200,000. The new dining car will be longer than usual, seating six more persons than the present standard car. The company also has ordered 125 locomotives, of which fifty will be freight engines of the consolidation type and the rest passenger engines of the Pacific type. The freight engines will weigh 115 tons and the passenger engines 116 tons. The latter are guaranteed to haul a train of fourteen heavy Pullman cars at a speed of sixty miles an hour. They will have driving wheels seventy-five inches in diameter. This item will be nearly \$2,250,000.

Orders 8,000 Freight Cars The third item of the Northwestern's order is made up of 8,000 freight cars. Of this number, 3,500 will be box cars, 2,500 gondola cars, 600 refrigerator cars, 500 ore cars, 300 flat cars and 200 stock cars. The expenditure for this item will be approximately \$7,200,000. The delivery of the passenger cars will begin in October and end in January; the locomotives will be all in by December, and the freight cars will be several months in being delivered. All of the passenger equipment will be additional equipment, and 75 per cent of the freight equipment and of the power will be additional and not in the nature of renewals.

Paternalism is the only daily paper in Chicago which gives news and editorial comment from the viewpoint of the worker. The other papers are printed in the interest of the employers and capitalists. Once you get to know the Chicago Daily Socialist you will depend upon it for all news of interest to the wealth producers.

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DAILY SOCIALIST MAGAZINE PAGE FROM A WORKING GIRL'S DIARY

Wednesday, Nov. 25- It is soon twelve, everybody is fast asleep, but no sleep comes to my eyes.

Tomorrow is Thanksgiving Day. What have I to be thankful for? Is it for being sent home from the shop for six weeks? My Lord! How easy it is for them to say six weeks, but to me it seems almost eternity; Dan is out of work; papa never earned a cent since he came down in the world. Ella and I are the only bread winners of the family.

Now we will have to manage on the seven dollars of week that Ella still earns. Eleven of us. Oh, God! what are we going to do? I do wish I could fall asleep. When I think of the little ones it almost drives me mad; as if poor devils need bunches of children. If I could only find something to do meanwhile. I wonder if something does crawl over me, or is it my imagination?

So, farewell my going to the masked ball. And I wanted so much to be there; who knows, but I might have struck up an acquaintance with Abel. Hush, you poor fool, happiness was not prescribed for such as you, nor your mother. Poor mamma! How can she stand it all? I don't think it is almost a sin to be so submissive.

Dear little booklet, you are the only comfort left to me, to whom could I talk as I do to you? Gee, I never thought that I must not do too much of it just now. To talk to you means to burn extra gas, and that costs money, which is so scarce now. Before you know it the quarter is gone, burned out, and if you haven't another one you have to sit in the dark.

Monday, Dec. 1- The week is any use to talk to you, dear friend. I stayed at home, what was the use of going to look for work. Thursday the people were celebrating and there is certainly never a chance of getting work on Friday or Saturday. For that matter I did not get any today either. Though I knew as much before I started out, still I walked around until two in the afternoon.

People say misery loves company, but it made me only more wretched to see the crowds that are out looking for work. On my way home I walked by the place where Abel works; I did get a glimpse of him, but what of it? As if it does me any good. And tomorrow is the ball. Oh, goody, one would think that this is my only trouble.

When I came back this afternoon I found mamma in tears. Poor mamma, I wonder where she gets all those tears? There must be an eternal spring of them within her. On seeing me she quickly dried her eyes. Talk about angels, if there are any in existence, she certainly is one of them.

I do not worry child, she said to me in answer to my complaints, "somehow, with the Lord's help, we will manage to push through the hard times"; and all the while I could just see that the tears were choking her. "We have a ton of coal in the cellar, and I still have a pound of tea and some coffee."

As if eleven mouths could exist on seven dollars per week, a ton of coal, some tea and coffee. If pop could only take things as calmly as she does, but nay, he needs grumble at everything. He can't forget the time when he was prosperous, as if it does him any good.

I do think that in spite of myself I am something like my father, always grumbling at everything, even if only myself and to you, booky dear. There is Ella, dear, frail Ella, without so much as a protest; she brings her pay, gives it to mother and goes without thinking that she absolutely necessary to her.

I do feel beastly tired, more so than if I worked real hard, and yet no sleep. I suppose it is everything combined that causes it. No work, no money, the prospect of becoming acquainted with Abel put off for an indefinite time. And the masked ball, yes, the masked ball-I don't think there is anything to be ashamed of. Haven't we poor devils a right to enjoy life? I do think it is a messy shame that some have too much of everything, while others have nothing at all. I wonder if the rich girls have any trouble? It seems they oughtn't to.

Dan is getting to look like a shadow, and no wonder-there is now that he is out of work. I do think that I would go mad if it was me. By golly! the gas bill, I always forget it, when I talk to you, booky. Sleep well, maybe I will too.

Tuesday, Dec. 2- Oh, booky! I do wish I could have a good cry, but I feel so bad, that even the tears have dried out of my eyes. I wish mamma would tend me some of hers. Booky, my friend, tell me what is the use to live, when everything seems to go against you? Another day spent in searching for work. It does not help my shoes any, and they are very frail as it is. I met Alice. They are all going to the ball. Lucky dogs reel-that ball if it was only over. When I think that I could have been there, too.

But what is the use, it really worries me more that Tom's shoes tore and the shoemaker said it was not worth while to fix them again. Everything worries me, you see I am taking after my father. I do think that I was originally put out for a rich man's chamber, but the Lord must have changed his mind the very last minute. Oh, booky! why can't I be there, too? Under the mask, it would have been easy to start a conversation with Abel, and who knows. I wonder why there is such a thing as love, when people cannot and must not love?

It is hard to be poor and miserable, when one is still young and good looking. I do wish I could get an invisible cap, and just have a glimpse of what they are all going there. My God! How Rina does cough, if I was only able, I would send her south. And she, too, goes around looking for work; but what can we do? If only one or two of us would get a job. Good night, old friend, it is so cold that I am chilled through and through.

Monday, Dec. 8- Good evening, booky dear. I felt very bad all this while, and could not even talk to you. I certainly did enough walking the past week, with the only result that I have a great big patch on my shoes. My poor shoes, how I wish I was only able, I would send her south. And she, too, goes around looking for work; but what can we do? If only one or two of us would get a job. Good night, old friend, it is so cold that I am chilled through and through.

BY KAMILE RESTHA.

anell of paste and paint. What joy! Rina got some work, at last something to do, even if it does amount only to a few cents. My God! Rina, poor Rina, frail and sick. Only fourteen at that. And here I am glad that she has some work, which will only aggravate her cough.

Gee, but the paste does smell. Say, booky, when I look upon those rows of red flowers, I do think they are red, because there is some of Rina's blood on them.

I found mamma crying. She can't go to the butcher's any more, we owe him enough as it is. I am hanged if I know what we are going to do. Oh, booky, in spite of all other troubles I do want to see Abel. Don't blame me, booky, I am still young, and have never yet known what real happiness means.

Dan talks of leaving town, if I were only a man, I'd go too, but no, I could not go even then. Could I leave the poor kiddies? Booky, what is the use of being born?

Gee, there is another rat! This house is overrun by them, but what is the use of kicking. We could not think of moving now, I might as well make the best of it. Oh, booky, booky, I am so miserable. Only one more word, as I mustn't forget the gas bill. I have an idea. Well, never mind my idea. Good night.

Sunday, Dec. 14- Good afternoon, booky. It is almost a week since I spoke to you, that is because we gave up using gas nowadays, and besides, what is the use? Dan left town yesterday. What a miserable day it was, as if nature itself was crying at his departure. The rain driven on by a fierce gale beat against his windows as if saying: "Do not let him go, there are enough tramps as it is."

Now that he is gone, I do wish he hadn't. Something tells me, that no good will come of his going. And mother, Oh booky, it almost broke my heart to look at her. She had many hopes as to Dan's future.

The Lord knows what we are going to do next. It is simply impossible to live on seven dollars per week, when you have to give four of them to the landlord. I am so weary of it all. In the bargain the kid took sick, as if we haven't enough trouble. If my father were here, I do think that the children of the poor are better off dead than alive. If people would only stop having children; maybe those that are here already would fare better. I really see only two ways out of this misery: Either commit suicide or get married.

Booky, can you hear that noise? It is Rina breathing so heavily, as if a whole orchestra is playing in her chest, but the tune is so mournful that it makes me weep. Lucky that we have at least some coal and manage to keep warm. But that does not satisfy my hunger. I would love to eat something just now, but all we have in the house are two loaves of bread and mamma keeps them for supper.

If I could only find something to do, I would not care what it would be. At times I get so mad, that I could pull every bit of my hair out of my head. As if it would do me any good.

But I really have nothing pleasant to tell you, booky dear. Yesterday, as I was seeing Dan to the car, we met Abel and I think of it. Dan knew him all the while, and I just dying to get an introduction to him.

I felt so bad, just then, that I even could not feel glad and never asked him to come up to the house. As if it is worth while to ask anybody into this miserable hole. So, you see, I am so wretched, that I can't even enjoy things any more. To-morrow is the beginning of another week's tramping. Good day, booky dear.

December 25- Two weeks have passed since I have written a word in my booklet. Oh, Lord! What two weeks they were. Poor kiddie-as so sick that we had neither night nor day with him. It almost broke my heart to see him suffer. Dear, dear mother, could anybody compensate her for all the agonies she has gone through? Can you tell me, booky, what we are born for? No work, no money, no health. Yes, my mother's strength is giving out.

The kiddie suffered and suffered; the very last pennies of our seven dollars went for medicine and the doctor, and after all, dear, darling kiddie, he is gone, he is no more. My breath stops when I think of him, and yet, perhaps he is better off after all. Only mamma is just heart broken.

Wherever I go, I see signs: "Peace on earth, good will to men." How can there be peace on earth, as long as there are families like ours? The kiddie looked just beautiful when he was laid out in his little coffin which was of plain rough wood. Not even after we are dead are we poor devils allowed to have a spot which we could call our own. Poor kiddie had to go to a pauper's grave. I do not know whether it matters so much after all, but mamma, poor mamma.

And still no work, and of course, no money. Our coal, too, is giving out, while kiddie was sick we had to keep up a steady fire. And now that he is gone, and the coal is gone too, the others are so weak that they may follow him.

With all this, it is just awful to think that I could have made some money after all. But, booky, I couldn't. I would rather die of starvation, and see the whole family perish, than consent to it. Listen, last week I chanced to see an advertisement: "A young lady of pleasant appearance wanted to assist gentlemen in office work." I spent the last five cents, so as to get there first. The gentleman was an old, very old man. At first he was very polite and asked many questions. I told him how we are all out of work, and kiddie sick, and everything, until tears commenced to run from his eyes.

Dear child, why be so arrogant? Is there more virtue in being a prude, while your family is slowly dying from starvation, or in being kind to a lone old man, and save them from misery?

How dared he talk to me like this? I threatened to scream. He then pushed a button on his table and the door opened.

It was kiddie's worst day. Mamma said if he could call a specialist, he might save the child's life. Poor kiddie, he was just choking for breath, while he stood helplessly looking on.

Perhaps, if I had sacrificed myself, I might have saved the kiddie. But how could I? This is holiday week, not for us though. When the children are away to school mamma is at least spared the torture of seeing them hungry.

Their shoes are giving away, and they may not be able to go back when school opens. If we could only pull through another two weeks, I am supposed to go back to work by the end of next.

We had a postal from Dan. He pushed himself through as far as Chicago, without a sign of work anywhere. I wonder if any good will come of him!

December 29- I had to stop yesterday without saying anything to you, Booky dear, I am at my wits end! What shall I do, what can I do? At times it seems to me that if someone would dig a grave and put me in there alive, I would not raise a finger to prevent them from doing it. At others, every fiber in me rebels at the cruel fate, and I am determined to fight to the bitter end.

Booky dear, I have never yet had the real sunshine over me; there were always dark shadows in my path. Will I always have to grope my way in the dark?

How unnaturally quiet it is in the house as if the angel of death is still hovering around here. Who knows, perhaps he has marked some more of us. All the strings are being pulled together, I feel heavy, as if my heart was going to burst. If I could only have a good cry, but the tears are not coming.

My hands tremble, my head reels. Am I getting sick, or is it from sheer hunger? Even the red flowers with Rina's blood in them have given out, leaving the poor child with a worse cough than ever. And Ella, dear Ella, she is just wasting away. She thinks I don't know that she had broken up with Mack; let her, if it is easier for her to bear it.

You cruel, cruel men! Why do you enter a girl's life, awaken her feelings, give her a glimpse of happiness, only to leave her more miserable? Booky, is the world always to go on this way? How silly it all seems to me at times.

We are born, strive, fight and push until we die. Then the earth closes over us, as if nothing happened, as if we did not live at all. What is the use then of fighting, running and struggling?

Still when I passed the bakery store yesterday, and saw all the bread and cakes in the window, while I knew that there was not a bit of it at home, felt like breaking all the barriers between me and the coveted bread. I know that I would have been arrested immediately. Would any body have cared had I taken the old man's money? Eh, their crime would have been committed for my family's sake.

January 1- Another leap turned, a New Year. The people almost shouted themselves hoarse last night, wishing each other a happy New Year. To me that wish is a mockery, I do not expect happiness any more. I am too weary and tired, it is too late.

Booky, can you tell me why I see so many red snakes with the eyes of that terrible old man. They seem to be all around me. Tell me, booky, Oh, do! Is there anything wrong with me? I feel as though I am sitting on red hot coals, and yet we have had no fire in the house for a couple of days.

There is a lump in my throat, it chokes me, I can hardly breathe. Why does the music play so loud? Is it my wedding or funeral? Or both? Ha, ha, ha, booky, my head turns round and round as though I have been dancing.

It is a burning shame," said an old gentleman at Milford, Mass., "that a woman should strut on a street corner and talk to a crowd of men."

"Why?" I asked. "Well, she ought to be ashamed." "But," I answered, "my mother married a man, my brothers are men, I have known and worked with men all my life and I have never found them so terrible as you seem to think them."

Lullaby

BY EDITH BARDWELL CLARK O. baby, the cows have gone over the hill. Leaving their pasture green and still; The sheep are gathered within the fold, Where the little lambs are safe from cold.

The saucy brown sparrow, head under his wing, Is dreaming, I think, of the coming of spring. The rustling leaves sing him lullabies-- 'Tis this little boy who was closing their eyes--

The moon in the west, a silver boat, On the golden sunset skies afloat, Is waiting to sail with my baby away To the land of dreams till another day--

Alaskan Farmers Raising Melons. Alaska can produce something other than gold, coal, copper and other minerals. For instance, the country can grow watermelons. They have been brought to maturity out of doors on the Hot Springs farm, which is in the Tanana valley, in latitude 61 degrees north.

It should be added, that there be a rush to Alaska to raise watermelons, that the part of the farm on which the melons were raised is watered from the same source, whatever that is, that heats the water of the springs. This farm, which is one of the experiment station farms, has 150 acres regularly under crop, the greater part in cultivation being devoted to potatoes.

The government maintains five agricultural experiment stations in the territory, so situated that crops may be tested under all climatic conditions. C. C. Ferguson, special agent in charge of all stations, says Alaska is an agricultural country; that good hay can be produced in any quantity for winter feeding, while the native grasses can maintain live stock in excellent condition in summer.

He also says potatoes, cabbage and all hardy vegetables can be grown to perfection up to and even within the arctic circle.

Household Hints To Clean Japanned Trays--First wipe with a cloth wrung out of lukewarm water to remove all dirt. Then sprinkle dry flour over and polish with soft dusters. This treatment will not injure them at all.

Pastry to Be Cut Sharply and Neatly requires that the knives and fancy cutlery be dry, clean and floured. The only other way of cutting is to dip them in boiling water and use them at once.

Making Cream Rise--If you wish to free the milk almost entirely of cream, place it in broad flat pans, not more than one inch deep, but if you wish to retain the cream for a time, put it in a deep narrow vessel.

When Peeling Onions some people suffer very much from their eyes. It is said that if a steel knitting needle be held between the teeth during the operation this discomfort will cease, or be very much reduced.

Keep Blankets Fluffy--After carefully washing and rinsing hang out the blankets, and when nearly dry beat them thoroughly with a bamboo or rattan furniture beater, and they will be as soft and fluffy as when new.

If Cleaning Real Lace, spread it out on a sheet of white paper. Cover with fine calcined magnesia, place another paper over, and press between two pages of a bulky book for a day or two. The powder may then be shaken off and the lace will be found quite clean.

For "White Spots" made on oak dining table caused by a hot dish, hold a hot iron a little above the mark, but not near enough to affect the varnish. Withdraw the iron for a moment to allow the wood to cool, then place it over the spot again and continue until the white spot disappears.

The World and the Women BY ANNA A. MALEY son Electric Illuminating company will grant to its employees who are members of the state militia not only a commendation, but an additional week's vacation with pay.

The brave mothers of all times have blessed their boys and sent them forth to do battle against the enemies, real or imagined, of their hearths and homes. Will you mothers of our cities who rent hearth and home also bless your boy who may be a bookkeeper of the Edison company, and send him forth in time of strike, lockout or riot to shoot the neighbor, who may be a drayman of the same company? You understand, of course, that he is rioting because he has lost his job or his wages have been reduced and he is protesting against the loss of his rented hearth and home.

The state militia to which your boy belongs is used, you know, not so much for fighting foreign foes as to suppress American workmen who make the modest, reasonable, even humble, demand for work and wages which will enable them to maintain a home? How do you like to see your boy bribed by an offer of a long vacation to go out and shoot his brother worker, who is standing for the home? We Socialists are accused of trying to break up the home. Capitalism does it at the mouth of a gun, and a machine gun at that. If we desire the destruction and corruption of homes, we have only to let capitalism continue in the path it has taken.

AN INCIDENT IN A THOUSAND

BY GRACE D. BREWER The Chautauque pavilion was crowded, and the speaker, a woman, had greatly pleased her audience by the humorous selections she had recited, as was evidenced by the bursts of applause after each selection. To an on-looker it seemed as if the reader was a care-free, happy woman, but knowing something of her life, as I did, I wondered that the smiles and laughter came so easily. Had the audience only known that the smiles were forced and that the laughter hid the wait of a heart-broken mother, perhaps they would not have called her back again and again.

Let me take you back a couple of months previous to this night. At a little station in eastern Kansas a mother was soon to board a train, with three lovely children, which he was taking to his mother's home in Connecticut. The mother, the woman we have referred to above, was standing on the platform, embracing first one child and then the other, admonishing them with all the precaution of a fond mother about to be separated from her darling for many, many months, and dreaming the sadist when the train would come in sight and she must see them carried from her.

At last the cold, heartless, cruel looking engine came, hauled the curve and the final good-byes were said, and in an instant the mother was left standing on the platform, broken-hearted and alone. It seemed that her heart was actually and literally breaking and her whole mother's soul cried out for her babies.

Various onlookers made remarks regarding the ambition of this mother to go on the platform and that it was very unwise for her to send the children so far away. Little did they know that the only ambition of this fond mother was to live quietly in her home with the husband and babies she would gladly have given her life for. Her husband had been crowded from the ranks of the wage earners, owing to ill health and his physical views regarding the laborer's rights, and the demands of the children's food and clothing were forcing the mother to go out into the world and earn the wherewithal to supply the demands of the little family.

Instead of reciting the selections she did upon the stage, I thought had she but given the tragedy in her own life that it would perhaps have been a lesson not one of the audience would have forgotten.

Verily, capitalism is no respecter of persons.

The Head of the House Mrs. Grant was undoubtedly the disciplinarian in the family, and Mr. Grant, who was a very busy lawyer, was regarded by the two children as one of themselves, subject to the laws of "mother." But one day Mrs. Grant became very ill, and at luncheon Mr. Grant, who felt that the children were already showing signs of "running wild," felt obliged to reprimand them. "Gladys," he said, "stop that immediately or I shall have to take you from the table and spank you."

Instead of making the impression he had fondly hoped to do, he saw the two little lumps glance in a surprised manner at each other, and then simultaneously a grin broke over the faces of both culprits, and Gladys said in a voice of derisive glee: "Oh, George, hear father trying to talk like mother!"--Lippincott's.

FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS



GIRL'S ONE-PIECE DRESS. Paris Pattern No. 2795. All Seams Allowed.

The dress illustrated has the fullness of the front and back distributed in wide box-plaits, attached down to nearly the waist line, which gives ample room to the skirt extension, which is finished with a deep hem. The round collar is of the material, overlaid with cream-colored batiste, and the flowing sleeves are trimmed with narrow insertions of similar batiste. The separate gimping, with high neck and long tight-fitting sleeves, is made of dotted muslin, the collar and sleeves edged with narrow lace, similar lace being used to finish the collar of the frock. The belt, which slips through straps at the under-arm seams, is of the material. The pattern is in 4 sizes--4 to 12 years. For a girl of 12 years the dress requires 4 yards of material 3/4 yards wide, 5 1/2 yards 3/4 yards wide, or 3 1/2 yards 4 1/2 inches wide, as illustrated, 3/4 yard of allover embroidery 18 inches wide for collar, 3/4 yards of insertion and 3/4 yards of edging to trim; the gimping needs 3/4 yard 1 1/2 inches wide, 1 1/2 yards 7 1/2 inches wide, or 1 1/2 yards 36 inches wide; 3/4 yard of edging to trim.

Price of Pattern, 10 cents.

All orders for patterns shown in this column should be sent to the Chicago Daily Socialist. Some of these patterns are strictly the product of union labor. Each pattern showing 3.00 Paris pattern sent on receipt of 15 cents to cover postage.

Bed Form Small Boy (at the circus, sternly to his grandfather): "Don't laugh like that, grandpa; people will think this is the first time you've ever been in a place of amusement."--The Era.

RA. SCHOENFELD CO. Ladies' Hose, Men's Trousers, Bleached Muslin. Ladies' Hose, in Black, Tan, Gray, Oxblood, etc., regular 19c values. For this sale, to close, 12c. Men's Balbriggan Undershirt, long sleeves, ankle length. Very special for this sale, 29c. 50 to 72 inch full bleached linen damask, large assortment of patterns, 60c and 75c values. For this sale, 41c. Men's Trousers, Pure Worsted Trousers, in mixed worsted, plain and fancy striped, of regular \$3.50 values, to close for this sale, per pair, \$2.39. Ladies' Vest, sizes 4, 5, 6, mill end seconds, to close, each, 5c. Children's Lace Hose, in black only, guaranteed to wear with any regular 25c hose, to close, per pair, 12c. Toilet Paper, full 2,000 sheet roll, extra special for this sale, per roll, 6c.

I Like My Cellar, but, Oh, You Ice Box! Ever want a cold drink? Ever miss an ice box? We have cut prices one-half on our line of ice boxes and go-carts. They must go. We cordially invite you to take a look at our great line of furniture and home supplies. TABOR SUPPLY CO., 603-05 WEST TWENTY-SIXTH STREET.

Named shoes are frequently made in Non-Union factories. DO NOT BUY ANY SHOE no matter what its name, unless it bears a plain and readable impression of this Union Stamp. All Shoes without the Union Stamp are always Nonunion. Do not accept any excuse for absence of the Union Stamp. BOOT AND SHOE WORKERS' UNION, 246 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON, MASS. John F. Tobin, Pres. Chas. L. Baine, Sec.-Treas.

CHARLES TYL TAILOR. ESTABLISHED 1895. 786 S. Halsted Street, Opposite 20th St., CHICAGO, ILL. TEL. CANAL 2185. The only Tailor shop on the west side that furnishes garments with union label of the Journeymen Tailors' Union of America. 10 per cent will be given to this paper out of each order upon presentation of this ad. Samples sent to all parts of the country upon application. Open Every Day to 9 o'Clock Evening; Sunday Mornng to 12 o'Clock Noon.

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"Songs of Socialism" BRAND NEW EDITION By Harvey P. Moyer. This is a Socialist song book containing ninety-five songs for only 25 cents a single copy. You can have five copies for \$1.00; one whole dozen for \$2.25. Send your orders for Moyer's song to: The Chicago Daily Socialist, 180 W. WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.

THE CHICAGO DAILY SOCIALIST

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The publication of a signed article does not mean endorsement by the Daily Socialist of opinions expressed therein. Inclose postage for return of unused manuscripts.

The Street Car Situation

The Daily Socialist has no advice to give the street car men on the question of striking. That is a question which they alone have a right to decide.

That mythical "third party," the "public," is composed of those who live either by working or by working others. In the first case they are interested in securing better conditions for every group of workmen.

There is no doubt that many strategic points of value in a strike have been lost by the long drawn out dickering. The companies have had time to prepare for a strike.

There is no doubt of the justice of the men's demands. When we speak of "justice" in this connection we are using the word in its conventional sense, meaning that the additional wage could be paid without endangering profits.

All these facts should be kept in mind by the employes in deciding upon future action. A strike is only justifiable when its success is probable.

These are all questions which must be carefully weighed by the men in making any decision. The Daily Socialist will not attempt to decide for them.

Whichever way they may decide they will not need to inquire where this paper will stand. It will be with them in the fight, if a fight comes.

If they decide not to fight, but accept the best terms they can secure, they can rest assured the Daily Socialist will have no criticism to make.

We would, however, call their attention to the fact that within a few months they will have a chance to use another and even more powerful weapon than the strike—THEIR BALLOTS.

A half dozen Socialists in the city council in time of a street car strike are worth more than thousands of dollars in a strike fund.

They are in shape to fight again and again. When that is destroyed their most effective weapon upon the economic field is lost.

Nagging Socialist Speakers

The attack of the police upon Socialist street meetings has resolved itself into a system of petty persecution. The head of the department constantly repeats his promise that meetings will not be interfered with.

Every case that has been brought into court has ended with a victory for the Socialist party. Not a single one of them has been permitted to reach a jury.

Yet the interference goes on. There can be but one end to such a campaign. Sooner or later the Socialists will be compelled to take the offensive and bring suit against some of these interfering officials.

This is a lesson that the police need. They have become accustomed to arresting and hounding anyone who displeases them or any of their political friends.

Where the Fault Lay. Tommy, that is the last helping of plum pudding I shall give you! So spoke Tommy's mother. Tommy snorted.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SOCIALISM

BY A. M. SIMONS.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

V.—How the Change Will Be Brought About. The direction of the coming change being determined, the next vital question is as to the manner in which it shall be brought about.

Capitalism has drawn the workers together in great masses and then trained and disciplined them in mammoth industrial establishments into compact organic bodies.

All this aroused in the laborer a consciousness of their class interests, relations and common brotherhood. At first this feeling was confined to trade lines, and the efforts of the workers were limited to endeavors to secure better bargains with their employers.

They sought to enforce their demands by common refusals to work, or strikes. The strike required certain conditions for success that are fast passing away.

Prisoners in the Wisconsin state prison become expert shoemakers in a few weeks. One of the owners of the largest soap works in America told me a short time ago that if every man in his factory should leave, he could train up a new force as efficient as the old one in two weeks.

Everywhere the lack of a world market and a cosmopolitan laborer is arguing out to the logical conclusion of an international brotherhood of toil and a worldwide revolution.

Even with all this broadening of human unity there yet remained lines of division and separation to wipe out before the laborer was ready to enter upon his last strong struggle for human freedom.

These have constituted the so-called "brain workers." A common complaint of the ignorant against Socialists has been that they refused to accord to such workers the dignity of being productive laborers.

It has only been insisted upon that the fact previously alluded to, that such labor is no part of the capitalist's function, be recognized. These workers, however, have always sought to keep aloof from their more sorely oppressed brothers and to affiliate with and imitate the manners and customs of the capitalist class.

The change is then to come through an international movement of the laborers to obtain control of the tools and land upon whose use their life depends.

The laborer seeking through economic struggles to better his condition comes ever in conflict with the fact referred to in the beginning of this article, that the governing power belongs to his opponents.

He sees the laws, the courts, the press, the force of public opinion, the system of education, yes, too often even the pulpit in the hands of his masters.

Let us now in one sentence recapitulate the philosophy we have been discussing. Our present society is to be transformed through a class-conscious revolt of the workers having as its object the capture of the machinery of social control that the productive and distributive forces of society may be collectively organized in the interest of all producers.

It is an undamental position of the Socialist philosophy. Given to the world over fifty years ago, it is the common platform upon which today over ten million workers, with branches in every land where capitalism has entered, are marching on to certain victory.

Yet in all the multitude of discussions concerning Socialism, this position has never been disputed in one of its essential portions, and unless it is discussed the Socialist position is left untouched.

Upon the solid foundation of the principles here outlined the workers of the world are uniting in mighty class-conscious bodies for this last step in social evolution.

Thoroughly aware of their peculiar mission and firm in the assurance of final victory, they never compromise truth to make a friend, never withhold a blow from error lest they make an enemy.

Recognizing in all other political parties only divisions of the ruling capitalist class, or even worse, as a reactionary middle-class, they consistently look upon all suggestions of fusion as traitorous to their mission in social evolution and a betrayal of the class they represent.

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Upon the solid foundation of the principles here outlined the workers of the world are uniting in mighty class-conscious bodies for this last step in social evolution.

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A Monster Bee

In the good old days, when a woman had a quilt to make and wanted to get it finished in a jiffy, she or one of her neighbors made arrangements for a BEE.

Women from far and near would come for a day or half day quilting. They would come in great numbers.

Every woman would have some needles and yarn, some cookies and rusks, some sausage and ham, some cheese and fruit.

Some of them would bring their husbands and some would bring their children.

They would sew and stitch and knit and quilt and talk and gossip and eat and drink and laugh and joke and sing and have a jolly good time all day.

BUT THEY ALWAYS FINISHED THE JOB.

When the corn would be waiting in the field or the timber ready for a barn, the farmers would call their neighbors for a lift.

They would have husking bees and raising bees, and get the work done with one united effort.

Then they would in turn help their neighbors at similar occasions when called on.

In the woods the early settlers used to have chopping bees and grubbing bees. A large area would be cleared in a day and the new neighbor would be helped to get a start.

What a great time we used to have at those bees. FUN! It was the joy of our lives.

Now, in the early years of a new civilization the workers are laying shoulder to shoulder.

The women are getting together for a quilting bee. They have determined that not a child shall shiver in the cold for want of a covering. They are talking and teaching and working.

The men are out in the field that is ready for harvest. They have taken oath that starvation shall not longer be the lot of the toilers.

They have come to take hold of the timbers that shall be dovetailed into the huge structure of the co-operative commonwealth.

WE ARE OUT FOR A RAISING BEE.

We have gone out into the forest of capitalism to chop down the trees and clear the ground for a new humanity.

THAT'S WHAT WE HAVE DONE.

Comrade, you have joined hands with the mightiest host that has ever gathered in the interest of suffering people.

From every nation, tongue and kindred we hear the willingness of the workers.

From California to Maine they are lined up in one phalanx to do battle against wrong on this western hemisphere.

They have a weapon in their hands, an instrument, a quilting needle, a husking pin, a sledge, an ax.

IT IS THE PRESS.

With it they can win in this mighty effort. Without it they must fail.

That is the reason the Daily Socialist has been started. That's the reason it must continue.

Now we have a monstrous BEE to help the Daily out. The day is set for the biggest bee in the history of the working class.

THE BIG BEE!

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25.

A RECORD-BREAKER!

We can do what the quilters, the huskers, the barn raisers, the grubbers have done, can't we?

THEY FINISH THEIR JOBS. So can we.

Your half-day wage on August 25 will do it.

Original amount \$5,300.00

Previously reported \$866.23

Received today 44.75

Total so far 910.98

Balance to get \$4,389.02

By order of the board of directors, J. O. BENTALL, Sec.

TO THE EDITOR

Defeat the Amendment. Permit me to say that I am wholly opposed to the proposed land amendment.

Therefore, I say, defeat the amendment. MORDECAI HURWITZ, Pittsburg, Pa.

Authority on Land Question. I really can't stand it to see Barney Berlyn take on so. I must bring something to soothe him.

Here is a part of what Jean Jaures has to say about it. "The Socialists have never expected to force peasant property into the communistic form. Our predecessors and leaders have always said that the example of agriculture on a large scale would suffice to make the peasant proprietors abandon small cultivation and divided properties. But even this statement of the case is inaccurate and represents the evolution of rural life in too dry, too mechanical a manner. It is not merely that, by no stroke of authority, nor even by attraction, the peasant property will enter the Socialistic movement. It will do this, in part at least, by its own internal evolution."

And here's a part of what Emile Vandervelde says: "I want to distinguish immediately peasant property leased out for exploitation because its owner is not a cultivator. . . . The cultivator is joined to his instrument of labor—what he produces is the result of his labor; and from that all Socialists agree in saying that there is no ground for bringing pressure to make peasant property come into the collective domain."

Poor Emile hadn't heard of Barney when he said all Socialists were agreed upon this.

The greatest is reserved for the last. Here's Karl Kautsky's testimony: "The little farming industries may well remain private property. . . . It is not to be expected that all small private industries will disappear in this manner. This will be especially true in agriculture. . . . As yet no Socialist who is to be taken seriously has even demanded that the farmers should be expropriated, or that their goods should be confiscated. It is more probable that each little farmer would be permitted to work on as he has previously done. The farmer has nothing to fear from a Socialist regime."

See how orthodox I am. I did not take Barney seriously. Not even when he called me a politician. It is vastly amusing to me to be called a politician when I could have been holding a fat political job for years if I had stayed outside the Socialist party.

Des Moines, Ia. JOHN M. WORE.

REACTION IN ENGLAND

BY CHARLES LADWORTH

The Socialists in England are suffering from what a friend of mine has described as growing pains. There is very little enthusiasm at present. All because we have had a very bad attack of "leaderitis," and the leaders are compromising with the enemy.

When the labor party was founded Socialists had great expectations of it. It started out as a right independence of the capitalists and their parties was its raison d'etre, but it is ending up by succumbing to the enemy.

Such men as Keir Hardie and Ramsay MacDonald are now openly advocating "progressive alliances." The latter goes so far as to ask Socialists to support the liberal government, because, forsooth, there is an element of radicalism in the budget.

For the first time a capitalist government proposes to tax land values—and certainly no one grumbles about that. The extent of the new tax is one cent out of every five dollars' worth of unearned increment—future increment, mark you; the landlords are to be left in possession of their past ill-gotten gains.

For this the labor party is compromising the working class movement. They conveniently neglect to talk about the extra taxation of the people of twenty-five million dollars. We are to pay that and be thankful for that cent land tax. So says the labor party.

Well, a good many Socialists are kicking against this reactionism called reformism. Many of the veterans are getting disgusted, and the present state of affairs cannot last much longer. The independent labor party is split in twain over the compromising tactics of Hardie, Snowden and MacDonald, and while a shakeup is bound to be to our benefit it is disheartening at present.

The rank and file are being liberally dosed with reformism. Bernstein has been trotted round by the I. L. P. Labor members of parliament are appearing on the same platforms with liberals. Fancy Keir Hardie and Premier Asquith enthusiastically supporting the same candidate, as happened in Mid Derbyshire!—while labor members are forbidden to appear on the platform in support of the candidatures of men like Hyndman!

And Gompers has been fettered by the labor party at the house of commons! I wrote a very mild protest to the Labor Leader, the I. L. P. organ, but my letter was not inserted. I had simply stated what Gompers did at the presidential election.

Some of us are getting tired of apologizing for being Socialists when we go to a "Socialist" gathering. Meanwhile industrial conditions are going from bad to worse. The unemployed problem is very acute. At the beginning of the year the labor party threatened drastic action if the unemployed were not attended to. The capitalist government smiled—and the labor party did nothing.

However, we are learning how important the preaching of the social revolution. Oh, for the Red Special now in England, with Debs and Simons and a few more revolutionists aboard! We would stir up old England.

IN THE FIRE OF CONFLICT

BY ROBERT HUNTER.

The other day a railway worker was terribly scolded. From the hospital the word came that his life might be saved if some volunteers would allow some of their skin to be taken and grafted onto the sick man's body.

There was something wonderfully beautiful in this brief news item. It was an example of comradeship, of brotherhood, of solidarity, of class consciousness. It was his fellow workmen who hastened to respond to the call.

In this selfish, brutal, profit-seeking world, this example of heroic fellowship came as drink to the thirsty soul. Rockefeller would have had to buy skin; Morgan wouldn't have come to help him.

No profit seeker in this wide world would ever have thought to offer himself for such a sacrifice. That kind of grafting they know not and of no other kind of grafting are they ignorant.

Greater than books and sermons, greater than theories and creeds, stands forth this fact of working class ethics. Today countless thousands of workers in Sweden have gladly accepted starvation to fight the battle of a few textile workers. The French, German, Belgian and English workers have sent them help.

The most miserable, poverty stricken workers, almost in the modern world, the dockers of London, have sent to Sweden their pennies. If every dockster had to cut off a piece of his skin for the sake of his Swedish brothers he would have no less gladly made his contribution.

Indeed all strikes are won by heroism not less wonderful than this grafting of human skin. Sometimes the mind flags, despair casts a pall over the heart. So few of the workers think.

There is talk and talk and talk and so few understand. Our papers go unread, our books unopened. And yet how heroic men really are. Let the fight stand out as how quickly the multitude rush to battle. No sacrifice is too great, no heroism too exacting.

They seem to understand unconsciously the meaning of it all. It is the workers for the workers. And then how the blood leaps. We taste life on its highest plane. Books may be cast aside for in the fire of conflict men see and understand.

On the Firing Line

BY MONOSABIO.

And what has the capitalist system done for us? Transformed us into a nation of money maniacs. Workers of the world, seize the reins of government and make your employment permanent, strikeless and remunerative.

The conquerors of the air all seem obsessed with one idea, and that is to make war possible in the clouds. It seems a sort of Quixotic battle of the windmills higher up. But all these gentlemen will have to first reckon with Socialism.

What is all this talk about a Blue Army fighting a Red Army? Whose fertile brain suggested these colors? But how fooled the capitalists will be when the Blue Army they are training shall some day refuse to fire upon the Red!

When a strike is successful, sue the strikers for damages. And if they cannot pay, jail them for contempt of monopoly.

People who have guns to sell are very patriotic. A few years ago, just before John D. Rockefeller put on his wig, he tried to disarm the funny men of the press by greeting the Humorists' association and shaking hands with the amazed and delighted scribes. Now he seems to be after the Socialists, according to the dispatches, which state that he recently clasped hands with Robert Bandlow, Cleveland's foremost Socialist leader. What an excessively friendly old man he is, to be sure.

The tariff is like Dives' table—a few crumbs fall under it for Lazarus, alias Labor. And He Didn't. She—So many men nowadays marry for money. You wouldn't marry me for money, would you, dearest? He (absently)—No, darling, I wouldn't marry you for all the money in the world.

She—Oh, you horrid, horrid wretch! Boston Transcript. Severe Test. Gunner—And now comes a "cessor who declares that fruit is just as healthy with the skin on as it is peeled. Guyer—H-m, I'd like to see somebody start him on a diet of pineapples.

A Picture and a Story

BY JAMES L. WOOLSON.

I was hurrying down Dearborn street at the lunch hour, when I saw a woman sitting near the curb, and a little "five-year-old" trying to push a bundle of pencils down her back.

This unusual sight caught my attention, and I saw that she was sitting by an old-fashioned baby cab in which another sturdy youngster sat, calmly chewing another pencil. In one hand the mother held a bunch of shoe laces up to the unobservant crowd, and with the other she held the elder child close to her side. Over the front of the cab was scattered the miscellaneous assortment of pencils, shoe laces, rubber things with tin clasps and so forth, which is offered for sale by the street vender.

And the very next day,—"What a homelike ring the story had! It has a joyous promise in it. It is a brave woman who can tell that kind of a story, at such a time, in such a place.

mother was saying as I passed, and