

HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX REJECT PEACE; MASS POLICE AT SHOPS; TRUTH ON RIOTING

Thugs Beat strikers; People Resent Action; Street Fight Results.

BY ROBERT DVORAK

Ten more strikers were brutally assaulted and beaten Monday afternoon, when the police, detectives and thugs, protecting the interests of Hart, Schaffner & Marx, drew clubs and revolvers on the men, women and boys and girls who were endeavoring to notify their comrades inside the shop at Blucher and Wood streets that a walkout was ordered.

Just as was done Saturday, a hundred or so of the strikers left the Hod Carriers' hall, Monday shortly before noon for the shops at Blucher and Wood streets. They arrived there only to find the place well guarded by police, thugs and detectives.

All Ready to Quit While the fight was on, however, the girls shrieked with the police at the door and blew their whistles. At the first glimpse the windows were open. Men and women employed in the shop stuck out their heads and yelled:

Go to it, comrades, we'll be in a minute. Keep the doors open—they want to lock us in. The strikers in the street answered with a cheer and the fight then was waged to keep the door open until those on the inside had come out.

Captain Sends for Aid Meanwhile Captain Kandzia, in charge of the force in front of the shop, sent an appeal for aid. Inspector Stephen Healy answered the appeal by sending out twenty men or more under Lieut. Custy. These appeared on the scene and energetically set to work clubbing the workers into submission.

Thugs Are Attacked Men and women working in neighboring concerns encouraged the strikers with cheers. Imprecations and things much heavier and more damaging were hurled at the heads of the firm's killing thugs, and as a result many of the policemen and thugs sustained broken heads from missiles thrown out of the windows.

Police Open Fire The new force of Hart, Schaffner & Marx "heroes" arrived with drawn revolvers and an order was given them to shoot. They obeyed willingly and bullets began to whistle. According to the police, they shot into the air. No one was shot; therefore, it is possible that such was the case.

Acts in Self-Defense A young fellow who had just left the shop a few minutes before was set upon by the police. He was beaten over the head until in a dazed condition he sank to the ground. Just as the policeman bent over to tap him once more, the young fellow drew a pair of shears he had just brought from the shop and swung these at the uniformed brute.

Those Hurt The men arrested and hurt are: Frank Lamerkwitz, 28 years old, 744 Grand street. William Hilding, 40 years old, 1778 N. Wood street.

Isaac Chuples, 27 years old, 2620 Girard street. E. G. Peel, 26 years old, 2620 Hampden court. Frank Krezarsky, 37 years old, 1329 W. Division street. John Burecky, 19 years old, 2854 W. Erie street. John Paulek, 19 years old, 1841 Austin avenue. Vladislav Wahiak, 24 years old, 984 W. Seventeenth street. Frank Balendalis, 24 years old, 984 W. Thirty-sixth street. Morris Miller, 31 years old, 1687 Milwaukee avenue.

Some Police Hurt During the fray, while the bricks flew indiscriminately from the windows and stairways, the police sustained several injuries. Those hurt by missiles are: Edward Binder, patrol wagon driver at the Rawson street station; struck on the head with a brick. He sustained a flesh wound and was taken home.

The conflict at Market and Monroe streets occurred shortly after noon when six men, sick of the conditions inside of the Hart, Schaffner & Marx concern, quit work and walked outside. On the stairway they were met by Edward Green, foreman of the shops who tried to prevent them from leaving.

Thugs Start Fight Outside the men committed a grave error. They stopped on the sidewalk to talk matters over. A door tender viciously ordered them away. They refused to obey him and were set upon by him and Charles Boyd one of the paid thugs of the concern, one whom the McGuire and White agency furnished for \$8 per day.

Strauss Slowly Awakening Milton A. Strauss, general manager for Hart, Schaffner & Marx, quit his former story about only 300 men being on strike and admitted that the Blucher street plant would have to be shut down as every man and woman in the place walked out yesterday.

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Big Farmer Reported Dying St. Joseph, Mo., Oct. 18.—David Rankin, millionaire farmer, philanthropist, owner of the largest cultivated farm in the world and one of the wealthiest men in Missouri, is believed to be dying today at his home in Tarkio, Mo., stricken with paralysis.

GARMENT STRIKE GIVEN SUPPORT

Socialist Party County Convention Extends Sympathy to Struggling Workers.

Resolutions of sympathy for the striking garment workers in the shops of the notorious labor sweating firm of Hart, Schaffner & Marx were passed by the Socialist party county convention of Cook county held Monday night to ratify the Socialist county ticket.

Distribute "Little Ballot" A county platform was adopted and plans made for the distribution of the 100,000 copies of the "little ballot" now in the possession of County Secretary Charles E. Curtis.

Garment Workers' Resolution The Socialist party of Cook county in convention assembled hereby extends its sympathy to the garment workers of the notoriously unfair firm of Hart, Schaffner & Marx in their struggle for fair wages, sanitary conditions and the right to organize into a union.

Detective Agencies Denounced That the police department is here-with censured for its tactics in slugging the workers doing picket duty, and for the permission given the thugs and private detective agencies in assisting them in their nefarious and brutal attacks on peaceful strikers.

County Platform We, the Socialists of Cook county, in convention assembled, pledge our fealty to the platforms of the state, national and international Socialist congresses; and we pledge our candidates, if elected, to strive to enact into law those portions of the program which are applicable in the positions to which they may be elected.

Pay Union Wages In all service required by the county commissioners or drainage trustees, the prevailing rate of union wages shall be paid, and the eight hour day shall be strictly enforced.

Willing to Arbitrate I told Mr. Shadley that we were willing to arbitrate the matter," said Noren, "and I am sure you will all agree with me. We want to show these fellows that we want no riots, but only peace and will have our rights and better conditions in the shops we spend our lives in. I told Mr. Shadley to see Milton Strauss and he told me he would do so without delay. I will hear from him before tonight. It would be an easy matter for me to say right now what the outcome will be, but we will leave that for him to announce." Time proved Noren correct.

Signal of the Cutters The evening meeting was marked by a great demonstration when the hall doors opened and a whistle sounded in the air. The entire hall was filled with cheers and whistling. Into the hall marched over three hundred men, each carrying partly-opened shears above his head. It was the signal of the cutters. The whistles were a sign that they had walked out. The cheering was deafening and continued for many minutes.

Vote for Little Ballot VIII. We recommend that all Socialists vote in the affirmative on the following questions which will appear on the little ballot: 1. The initiative and referendum. 2. Extension of the merit system. 3. Corrupt practices act.

Attorney John J. Sonstebly, who is taking charge of the legal end of the garment workers' strike, addressed the meeting and promised to take care of all cases that were brought up by the strikers against the firm.

Firm Flouts Shadley; Workers Seek Settlement; More Cutters Walk Out.

Not satisfied with having their shops surrounded by police, mounted and on foot, nor content with having been the cause of riots which have resulted in pain and bloodshed, Hart, Schaffner & Marx have put themselves still further in the wrong by rejecting the offer of B. F. Shadley, president of the State Board of Arbitration, whose proposal to mediate in the garment workers' strike had been accepted by the garment workers. A story in the afternoon papers yesterday that the garment workers planned a big parade brought the police out in force. The union did not intend to hold a demonstration.

Cutters' Walk Out Cutters, over 400 strong, after a secret meeting, entered Hod Carriers' hall Monday night, and, with whistles blowing, amid cheers, stamping of feet and hand clapping, joined the strikin garment workers who had packed the big hall all morning and all afternoon. The cutters represented the shops of Hart, Schaffner & Marx, Hirsch Wickwire & Kuppenheimer. After they had been enrolled as members of the organization the books for the day showed that over 1,700 had joined during the day. Over 200 quit the Blucher street plant and about 700 had quit at 135 Market street.

Chairman Noren rose to the occasion. Commanding all to take their seats he ordered the door shut and began to give the strikers a lesson on peaceful strikes. He did not spare the capitalist class and administration that allows the hiring of thugs by capitalist concerns and then aids them in beating down the working men and women who are fighting for better conditions without a thought of using violence. He arraigned the newspapers for blaming the strikers for the riots, when in each case there was no fight until after the thugs and police had brutally assaulted the men and women who were armed with whistles.

Only a short time after Larson met Superintendent Lawton near the school building and brought the matter up again. Hiller came along and sought to end the matter by a physical assault on Larson, but was prevented from doing so.

Superintendent Lawton has promised to take up the matter at the next meeting of the board of education in an effort to see that the Larson children are given free books.

PERSIA SEEKS GERMAN AID TO OPPOSE ENGLAND AND RUSSIA (United Press Cable.) Teheran, Oct. 18.—The Persian cabinet is preparing today to appeal to Germany against England's ultimatum, which signifies that Russia and England are preparing to divide Persia for their own use.

England yesterday notified Persia that unless order is maintained in England's sphere of influence in Persia, England will occupy the territory with troops and preserve order. Three months' grace is given. Persia is notified that, under the Anglo-Russian treaty, she will have to pay the expenses of the expedition.

WELLMAN STILL SAILING? LIMER INTERPRETS MESSAGE (United Press Cable.) Falmouth, Mass., Oct. 18.—The Atlantic transport liner Mesaba reports that her wireless operator this morning picked up a message sent from the dirigible balloon America on which Walter Wellman is enroute to Europe, to the steamer Helig Olav, which is westward bound to the southward of Sable Island.

Paris, Oct. 18.—The French railroad strike has been formally declared off. This was decided at a meeting of the strike committee of the National Rail-roads' union. Work was resumed on all lines today.

FREE BOOKS ARE DENIED TO BOY

Father Faces Assault When He Pleads for Official's Assistance.

Nels Larson, 5013 Ogden avenue, in Hawthorne, nearly suffered an assault at the hands of Mr. Miller, when he asked for free books for his children, in order that they might attend school and get an education.

Larson is a machinist for the Union Traction Co., and has a hard time trying to take care of his eight children, four of whom are attending the public school at Hawthorne, while two more are preparing for the struggle of existence at the Metropolitan Business College.

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WEATHER INDICATIONS

The official weather forecast for the thirty-six hours ending tomorrow at 7 p. m. is as follows: Chicago and vicinity—Partly cloudy, with probably showers late tonight or Wednesday; cooler; moderate to brisk southerly winds, becoming variable.

CITY HOBBOLED BY LEGISLATURE

Toledo Mayor Says Solons Distrust People and Retard Progress.

(SPECIAL TO THE DAILY SOCIALIST.) Milwaukee, Wis., Oct. 18.—The legislature of the various states have long been using the "hobble skirt" as the correct mode of charter tailoring for cities. Therefore the cities go blundering and stumbling along the pathway of progress.

Mayor Seidel and other members of the Socialist administration who find themselves hampered by the antiquated charter of this city were in hearty accord with his statement.

Socialists Are Praised "Thanks are due," said President Van Hise, of the University of Wisconsin, who opened the first meeting of the Municipal Institute, to be conducted under the auspices of the University of Wisconsin, "to the mayor who has placed a room in the city hall at our disposal, and to the spirit of inquiry which dominates the city administration."

"We have made more progress in knowledge," continued the university official, "in the last 50 years than was made in the preceding century. There is knowledge today, which applied would revolutionize civilization; that would double the yield of agriculture. The great need today is to bring that knowledge to the people. If the people can not come to the university, the university must come to the people. The boy born in the hovel in South Milwaukee may have as good a mental endowment as the boy born on Prospect avenue. We must develop a system of education which will give to everyone an equal opportunity to gain as much knowledge as his or her abilities make possible."

Congratulates City Brand Whitlock was then introduced by Dean Reber, of the university. "I wish to congratulate you on your great mayor and your great administration. Everywhere, where there are true-hearted men, the United States stands, every thinking man wishes you unlimited success," said Whitlock, opening his speech on "The City As a Business Corporation."

Mayor Seidel had previously delivered a short address in which he made a plea for the success of the work of the institute, and Rev. Frederick Edwards, an episcopal minister had declared that never before in the history of the city had an administration so fully co-operated with science, with the spirit of investigation and right doing.

All Fellow Bryce "James Bryce, came to this country from England and when he went home," said Whitlock, "he did as almost all visiting foreigners do; he wrote a book about us. He declared that the good government of the cities of the United States was the conspicuous failure of democracy. Since that time it has been the fashion to accept the idea that a city should be run as a private business in run and many remedies have been offered, most of them with the idea of restricting democracy."

When a private corporation is formed it is given by the state the necessary powers to transact its business. That is not true of the charter of a city. Cities are so restricted in their legal powers that it is a wonder that they are as well run as they are.

Toledo as an Example "For instance, in Toledo we needed a police signal system. We bought the required signal boxes at \$100 apiece. The usual method had been to buy them one at a time at \$25 each. There are state examiners of municipalities in Ohio, who visit the cities every so often. These examiners were astounded at the way in which we had made those purchases. We had bought signal boxes, not champagne suppers, no joy rides, and we had done something illegal. The charters of the cities were framed with a distrust of democracy. Most of our cities are controlled by various boards, often with conflicting interests. We need centralization of power and thus responsibility and more democracy."

Property Protected "Today, here in the United States, we think so much of property that we have competent fire departments. Police administration. There is a divergence of opinion as to when, how and upon whom the police should act while with a fire it's a matter of pouring on water until the fire is out and everyone agrees that the fire is to put out fire.

In Toledo we are allowed to own the cemetery. They'll trust us with the dead. We also run the water works. No modern city can exist without some sort of transportation facilities; such are necessary to the citizens; yet the street car company is usually more powerful than the city government and the legislature won't let the city own a rule, own and operate its lines. The functions of a city are increasing and more power in the hands of the people is needed so that the city may exercise its functions.

100 DEAD IN STORM

Havana Swept by Terrific Wind; Property Loss Over \$1,000,000.

Havana, Oct. 18.—With 100 already dead and with a property loss believed to amount to millions of dollars from the two terrific hurricanes that have swept Cuba in the past week, a third hurricane, of equal intensity, is said to be forming south of Jamaica. Havana is in the throes of panic. The last two gales have done incalculable damage and a third may beggar the island. It is impossible to get an accurate estimate of the dead. Shipping all along the coast has suffered terribly. Six towns are reported to have almost been wiped out, with large loss of life.

Two big steamships are overdue in Havana harbor and although they may have preferred the open sea in the gale, alarm is beginning to manifest itself for their safety.

The damage in the city of Havana alone will amount to several million dollars.

Washington, Oct. 18.—With wires out of commission in Florida, the weather bureau here today "lost" the hurricane which is sweeping that state, but estimated that the storm center was southwest of Jacksonville. The barometer is falling all along the Atlantic coast, with fresh winds reported. Storm signals have been set as far north as the Delaware Breakwater and hurricane signals as far north as North Carolina.

The officials here fear that heavy damage has been done in Southern Florida. St. Augustine, Fla., Oct. 18.—It is impossible to estimate the number of dead down the coast, in the storm this afternoon. The hurricane is raging with fearful velocity. A large part of the business section of this city is under water. The storm tide is the highest in sixteen years.

COLLINS BACK FROM MISSOURI

National Organizer Sees Encouraging Growth of Socialist Party.

John M. Collins, national organizer of the Socialist party, has just returned to the city after a trip through Missouri following Labor Day, which he spent in St. Louis. He spent twenty days in St. Francis county, where the lead mines are the richest in the world.

Socialism Growing "Socialism is growing at a tremendous rate among the workers there, and it ought to, as they are, I believe, the lowest paid men at that kind of work in the country."

Their average wage is \$1.65 per day. Two companies own all the lead mines in that county. They not only own the mines, but they own the railroads and all the land, so that the people cannot buy any property to build on.

Some of them own their own homes, but they only get a lease on the land. They cannot buy it outright. One of these companies has had \$500,000 in one year out of less than 1,000 employees. That is going some.

There are some good Socialists there and I believe they will elect part of their county ticket. They only work eight hours per day. They get when they had an organization. They at one time belonged to the Western Federation of Miners and if they still belonged to it they would not be working for \$1.65 per day, but would at least have \$2.50 per day.

Hopes to See Union "I hope the next time I go there I will see them all organized into the Western Federation of Miners."

Why should they be organized when they are all becoming Socialists? From the fact that as long as we have the companies owning the mines and tools the workers' condition won't be much better, whereas if they had a good organization they would be able to do more work to elect their candidates to office. "I then went to Wayne county and found about the same sentiment. The towns in that county are very hard to reach. There are also some good comrades there. One old man over 70 years old got up at 3 o'clock in the morning to take me four miles to a train, so I could get to my next town. "We could not ride all the way, only about half. He tied up his horse and we walked the other half through the woods. Then they say Socialism will never come."

Will Elect Candidates "I went to Dunklin county for five days. I believe the Socialists in that county are going to elect part of their ticket. They are mostly renters of farms. So the good work is going on everywhere I go."

THOUSANDS VIEW REMAINS OF ELOQUENT IOWA SENATOR Fort Dodge, Ia., Oct. 18.—Because of the demand by thousands to see for the first time the face of the eloquent senator J. P. Dolliver, the body will be in state, guarded by militiamen, until 2 p. m. Thursday, the time set for the funeral. All railroads will run special trains to handle the crowds. The senatorial committee will arrive at noon Thursday.





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The Tragedy of a Miner

BY A LOUISE LAWRENCE

(Continued from yesterday.)

As Minna made her way among them towards the opening of the mine, she heard from one and another of the woman something of what had happened.

The fire had started about one o'clock from a torch which set a load of hay, that was being taken to the mule stables in the third vein, on fire.

No one had thought the fire was serious and coal was hoisted for three quarters of an hour after the fire broke out before any attempt was made to notify the men.

Then it was too late. "They say there are over three hundred men in the mine, and your man and mine are down there."

Tressa O'Hara spoke in broken whispers. They were standing near a group of men who were talking earnestly at the entrance of the mine.

"They brought up about eighty men," she continued, "but Jim wasn't with them; neither was Frank; they are both in the mine."

"Frank was working in the third vein," Minna said. "Jim was down there, too; they say it is a prison; they say there is no way for them to get out."

Tressa O'Hara's words came between short sobbing breaths. "I don't believe it," said Minna. "I believe they will get out. Frank will find a way out."

A reaction from her first wild terror had come and made here for the moment resolute and calm.

Tressa looked at her wonderingly. "You know the last men that went down to try to get word to the diggers were all killed," she said.

"When they brought the cage up they were all dead—burned alive. I saw them," Tressa shuddered as she spoke.

Just then a man, one of those who had been talking so earnestly together, stood up on some improvised platform and began to speak to the people.

Minna recognized him to be the young Catholic priest who had quite lately come to Terry.

"My friends," he said, "I ask you to go home. There are many women and

little children here and night is coming on, and it is cold. Go home, and before you put the little children to bed pray with them for the husbands and fathers and all the men in this mine, that they may be rescued. It is all that you can do.

"It has been found necessary to seal the escape shaft in order, if possible, to smother out the fire. You know if you want the fire in your stove to burn fast, you open the damper; if you want it to burn slowly, you close the damper. Now the air shaft is a damper for the mine. It is thought that if it is closed up tight the fire will die out so that the rescue work can be begun tomorrow.

Men from the Mine Life Saving Station, with oxygen helmets and apparatus will be here tomorrow morning. Nothing can be done tonight; go home now and come back tomorrow."

There was a murmur and a general movement through the crowd, as the priest stepped down. Many of the women with their children started reluctantly homeward.

Minna heard many angry comments on the sealing of the air shaft.

"The fire isn't what's killing them. It's the black damp, and sealing up the air shaft is going to make that worse, whatever it does to the fire."

One man, a miner who had come up early in the afternoon before the fire broke out, asserted loudly, and many others agreed with him.

Minna had been impressed with what the priest said, but when she heard the miner's talk she did not know what to believe.

"One thing's certain," an old man said, "black damp won't hurt the coal and fire will. Coal burns," he added with an ugly laugh.

There was something in the remark that puzzled Minna, something she didn't understand, which was suddenly made plain to her by the remark of a young woman who stood near and

who said, turning to the old man, "You mean that aside from the condemnation of the men's safety, it is to the interest of the company to seal the mine to keep the fire from spreading in the coal."

"That's it, you've got the idea," the old man said.

The young woman who addressed the old man had a bright, keen face and was dressed in a neat blue cloth suit. She wore a blue felt hat which in itself marked her as being a stranger or visitor in Terry.

The women who lived in Terry went bare-headed or wore sunbonnets in summer, and bundled up in shawls or rubies in the winter. Minna turned and looked at the young woman who regarded Minna with interest.

"Do you mean they would seal the air shaft if they thought it wouldn't make it easier for the men to get out?" Minna asked fiercely.

"No, I didn't say that," the young woman replied. "I don't believe they would in this instance. I am inclined to think it is a wise measure for the men as well as for the mining company."

Minna's attention was taken up with little Frank for a few minutes. He had awakened and was frightened at finding himself in such an unusual surrounding. Minna took him in her arms and comforted him.

The young woman in blue watched her. "He is a fine baby," she said. Minna nodded. The woman's face was friendly, appealing.

"Why don't you take him home?" the woman asked. "I'm sure he wants his supper and you heard what the priest said just now."

"It seems like I couldn't go home without Frank," Minna answered. "Your husband is in the mine then?"

Minna nodded. "He was digging on the third level."

"I'd go home if I were you," the woman said; "the baby may take cold out, this raw evening, and you will want to be back here early tomorrow; you ought to go home and rest; where do you live? I'll walk a ways with you."

"We live clear out east, the last house," Minna answered. "I'd be glad to have you walk with me." She put little Frank in the wagon, bundling the shawls around him, and they started out.

(To be continued.)

The Democratic Party in Connecticut

BY ROBERT HUNTER

The Democratic party here is old and feeble. It has fought a long and losing struggle.

Wherever the people have grown weary of the corruption and misrule of the Republican party, they have let the Democratic party try its hand.

The Democrats, however, have been so much worse than the Republicans that at the first opportunity the people threw out the Democrats and put back the Republicans.

In the last election the Democrats passed violent resolutions denouncing the N. Y., N. H. & H. E. R. Co., but when they looked for a candidate, they picked out Judge A. Heaton Robertson, who was a director in the N. Y., N. H. & H. E. R. Co., and also in the Southern New England Telephone Company.

This year they have nominated another judge, a man of international reputation. He says he is a Democrat and, I suppose, we must believe him, but if there is any man in this country more admired by the great trust magnates I do not know his name.

Mayor Millard O. Fisher of Middletown, who also calls himself a Democrat, fought bitterly the nomination of Judge Baldwin. He felt that Judge Baldwin's decisions against Labor would mean his defeat, but I want to assure Mayor Fisher that he is mistaken.

If the history of politics in this country teaches us anything it is that the more Labor is beaten the more it likes it.

And Judge Baldwin says he believes in the reestablishment of the whipping post. He wants to see men who have committed certain crimes taken to the public square and whipped.

He wants to introduce the old custom of the middle ages because if you whip men enough they, like other creatures, learn to lick your hand.

He also says that N. Y., N. H. & H. E. R. Co. "is a most potent factor in the politics of this state. Corporations do nine-tenths of the business of the country and considerably more than nine-tenths of the business of Connecticut."

"They are," says Judge Baldwin, "the geese that lay the golden eggs." Now that is strange doctrine. I never saw any golden eggs laid by the corporations. Only the politician gets those eggs.

But I do know a lot of working class geese who lay golden eggs for the benefit of corporations.

And I have watched the geese work all day to produce an egg and when the egg is laid they are so proud of the fact that they go into hysterics.

They scratch and cackle and scratch and cackle until the farmer comes along and takes the egg. And then the geese start to work early the next morning to lay another.

Now Judge Baldwin says the corporations should be kept in good order. But the geese farmer knows that his fowls must be kept in good order.

They must have plenty to eat and clean places to live in and lots of pure water. They must not be over-crowded and they must have plenty of space to run about for exercise. The geese farmer knows that if he wants golden eggs he must treat his geese with respect and consideration.

But if Judge Baldwin were to talk with the farmer he would tell him, "Now, old boy, be careful of yourself. You must feed up and exercise and drink and have a good time. You must keep yourself in good order because it is not every man that can lay a golden egg."

And he would go out to the geese and address them in this wise: "Friends and fellow citizens, you must keep in good order the man up in the big house for he lays golden eggs and I want to tell you that you are living too high."

"A single goose earning \$1.50 a day should lay a quarter a day and should not get married until he has saved one hundred dollars. The fact is you are spending more money than necessary."

"Lace curtains are too frequent in your houses and the geese in this country eat more than is good for them. Two meals a day are enough for any goose. The geese in Europe eat less and, yet, see how they prosper!"

"And so, fellow citizens of Goose Town, do not let damagogeos mislead you. If you want to prosper, remember that it is your work to keep in good order the big fellow that lives in the big house and lays the golden eggs."

A Vote for Your Friend

BY W. M. LAWSON

"What ticket are you going to vote this fall, John?"

"Well, I hadn't thought much about it, but I met my friend Hawkins and he said he would appreciate the favor if I gave him a vote for state representative."

"And I suppose you wouldn't refuse him such a small favor, would you?"

"Why, of course, not. I've got a vote to cast, and he may as well have it as some politician I never saw or heard of."

"If I can show you how your vote for your friend Hawkins will cost you several hundred dollars in the next few days, will you still vote for him?"

"Not on your life! I'd be plumb crazy if I did that; but I don't think you can show me any such thing."

"What is Hawkins—a Republican or a Democrat?"

"He is a Democrat."

"If you think enough of him to vote for him, I suppose you would like to see him elected?"

"Certainly!"

"Then let us assume that he gets elected. Also that the state and the nation go Democratic. The trust owners are Republicans, because their millions were made possible by the Republican tariff.

If the Democrats get into power the trusts will shut down their factories and mines and stop all railroad extension work, and in other ways throw men out of work to discredit the Democratic or free trade party. If you don't lose your job you will be lucky, because millions of workmen will. And the poor fellows will soon be hard up. They will look for work and not find any. They will appeal to the governor and to the president, and get no help from them. There will be murder, robbery and suicide, all caused by your vote and others like it. You voted for a friend, but didn't reckon with the political machine of which your friend Hawkins is but a small part."

"But suppose I have a friend on the Republican ticket, and vote for him. Would I stand to lose something thereby, also?"

"I will answer that question WITH a question? During the administration of what party have the trusts grown to power?"

"Why, during the last fifteen years, under Republican rule."

"Correct you are. Then, do you for one moment believe that the party that permitted and encouraged them to grow powerful, will even TRY to destroy them? Don't be so foolish. No, John, don't think that a vote for a friend, even if he is a good man, will better conditions. You must judge the standards of the parties and not individuals. Get the platforms of every political party now seeking favor with the voters of this country, and take them upstairs with you into your bedroom, where no one can molest you for half an hour. READ THEM ALL IMPARTIALLY, and if you don't come down stairs with the resolution to vote the SOCIALIST TICKET STRAIGHT, then I misjudge your mental equipment."

OPEN FORUM

THE CAT AND HER KITTENS Historically our critic is correct. Monopoly of the land (national re-

source) is the old Tabby cat. At the time she got her claws on the land, she was not only the chief but practically the sole factor in the source of wealth aside from human labor.

Man used the simplest and crudest tools, the crooked stick for a plow, a crooked knife for a reaper, wooden sticks for thresher, wooden wheeled carts drawn by oxen for transportation. The serfs belonging to an estate made their own tools. It was the least of their labor and but an insignificant factor in the production of wealth.

In that age credit and money in the modern sense were unknown. Money was practically the only medium of exchange and that was really only used as barter and not as a standard of value. The world wide system of exchange which controls modern commerce and which is entirely in the hands of a privileged class did not exist.

In that age, in fact not until the present day, modern machinery driven by steam and electricity did not exist, and was no factor in production and distribution.

Today land, machinery and credit are aside from labor, the factors of production and distribution.

Land, the old cat, and machinery and credit, her robust kittens, are owned by the privileged class. All three are needed by the people and the workers of the world propose to get them.

As a theoretical proposition, we might even admit that if land were demoralized, that if everybody were "free to labor" and use it that in course of centuries monopoly of machinery and credit (money) might disappear, but practically the proposition is untenable.

The bankers of the world, the owners of the vast and highly organized manufacturing and stores, could and would crush all efforts at competition by the tool makers, moneyless and creditless worker.

Let us be practical: Assume that by some miracle laws should be passed making land free. There are vacant lots along the McCormick Manufacturing plants. Imagine a poor worker, or a group of poor workers attempting to manufacture farming machinery, in competition with McCormick! They would not have the credit to build the shops, nor to install the machinery, and if they attempted to manufacture by hand the cost of their product would be prohibitive, to say nothing of having to reach the customer over railroad lines owned by the McCormicks or their friends.

The single taxer yearns for the good old day of small shops, small towns, small farms—the day when everybody, even father, worked from early to late—but he is looking in the wrong direction. Forward not backward, the star of Destiny takes its way.

Through the political power possessed by the workers it will be just as easy to take over the three material means of production and distribution—land, money and machinery—as to take one of them.

All are needed in the world of tomorrow. C. B. HOFFMAN.

PUSHING BUSINESS Bodysatcher—Ow's the wife? Jones—Very bad. Bodysatcher—Sorry to hear it. I opas when the—er—worst happens you won't forget me.—Sydney (N. S. W.) Bulletin.

FAME AND LONG LIFE "The cross of the legion is a wonderful thing for health." "Here's that!" "There's nothing like it to encourage long promenades in the park."—Thegeese Blastard.

THE NEWEST STRATEGY Wild Duck—Now, then, fellows, make a noise like a gasoline motor, and those fool burrs—er—think we're acrobats.—Pack.

Arouse, Ye Slaves!

BY ROLLA MYER

"This is a WAR; a war in which modern industrialism is on trial, and in which the institution of private property is being weighed in the balance."

—Henry Cochem, Republican National Convention, 1908.

"A SIGN OF ALARM is that there will be an effort to chain individualism."

—John Ireland, 1910.

"Is not the time ripe when individualism SHOULD be checked, so that it will not further oppress the people and take away from them 'the things that ought to be the property of all'?"

—Ex-Gov. Pardee, California, 1909.

"Commercialism is stronger today than was the institution of chattel slavery when Phillips and Garrison were mobbed in the streets of Boston for protesting against THAT system of exploitation."

—John Kern, Democratic nominee for vice-president, 1908.

"The high cost of living foreshadows a NATIONAL CRISIS."

—W. C. Brown, President N. Y. C. R. R., 1910.

"If there is a continuance of the present robbery of the resources of the nation, it will bring about an INSURRECTION in less than ten years."

—John Minto, 1908.

"The result of all this capitalizing of trusts is to increase poverty on one side and superfluity on the other. It will have to stop or we shall have a REVOLUTION."

—Trust Magnate (use of name not permitted) to Charles Edward Russel, 1910.

"Unless relief is afforded, the people will find that their ONLY ESCAPE will be revolution."

—Senator Owen, August, 1910.

"Must we wait for bullets, or shall we go out and assert our manhood and our citizenship AT THE POLLS?"

—Geo. E. Cole, June, 1910.

"The last century was the worst in the world's history for wars. I look to see THIS century bring the greatest conflict ever waged."

—Leslie M. Shaw, 1907.

"I see in the near future a crisis approaching that causes me to tremble for the safety of our country. As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned and an era of corporations in high places will follow. The money-power will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people, UNTIL all wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the republic destroyed."

—Abraham Lincoln, just after the Civil War.

"We NOW HAVE a few men in this country who control more money than the United States government. Their power is absolute. They can ruin anybody. That power should not exist. I tell you it spells ruin, decay and disaster."

—Rudolph Spreckels, Millionaire, 1908.

"We have in St. Louis alone a group of twenty millionaires who hold most of the wealth of the city, and we have seven hundred thousand working people, SLAVES, who are herded in squalid, unsanitary tenements. This situation portends a BLOODY REVOLT."

—Archbishop Giennon, 1910.

"John Brown of Ossawatimie, on the morning of his execution, handed to one of the guards in the jail a paper on which was written: 'J. John Brown, am NOW QUITE CERTAIN that the crimes of this guilty land will never be purged away except with blood.'"

"That was in 1859, and in less than two years John Brown's grave rejoined with the tramp of marching soldiers singing the ballad of John Brown's soul.

"And the same situation is very nearly upon us today. Everything depends on the vigilant and determined SOLIDARITY of the producing classes. That alone will save this country from the bloodiest war in the history of the world.

"So long as they can keep us divided at the polls and on the field of battle, that long will we be at their mercy."

A Little Glimpse of the Hell Capitalism Creates

"A whirl of dust is sweeping the hill, Between the gray dawn and the huge black mill. There's a drift of rags and of skinny bones, With skeleton feet on the ruthless stones. What specters are these in the witching light— This ghostly rear-guard of the night, Wearing the trail of the dark, Arousing the morn before the lark? What wights are they, so gaunt and lean, With lagging pace and drooping mien, Who under the dim lamp's flickering glow Wind into the cavernous mill below? A sort of ghouls alose from the tomb, Or a rabble of wraiths begot of the gloom? No—goblins and ghouls such task would shirk— It is only the children going to work."

—Hudson Maxim in Plain Talk.

YOUR CRUELTY ONLY EXASPERATES US.

We will conquer—we, workingmen! Your society is not at all powerful as it thinks itself. \* \* \* Property requires extremely great efforts for its protection; and in reality all of you, our rulers, are greater slaves than we—you are enslaved spiritually, we only physically.

You cannot withdraw from under the weight of your prejudices and habits, the weight which deadens you spiritually, nothing hinders us from being inwardly free. \* \* \* Not one of us can any longer fight for your power as an ideal! You are already expanded, and the arguments capable of guiding you against the pressure of historic justice. You create nothing new in the domain of ideas; you are spiritually barren. Our ideas grow. \* \* \* They seize hold of the mass of the people, organizing them for the war of freedom.

The consciousness of their great role unites all the workmen of the world into one soul. You have no means whereby to hinder this renovating process in life except cruelty and cynicism. You are cruelly exasperated, and the hands with which you strike us today will press our hands in comradeship tomorrow. Your energy, the mechanical energy of the increase of gold, separates you, too, into groups destined to devour one another.

Our energy is a living power founded on the ever growing consciousness of the solidarity of all workmen. Our work frees the world from the delusions and monsters which are produced by your malice and greed.

You have lost your way from life. Socialism will unite the world round us by you into one huge whole. And this will be!—From the defense of the Siberian exile in "Mother."

FAACING THE CRISIS "Gentlemen, we must retrench." The president of the great railroad faced the board of directors. Every face there blanched at the thought.

"Yes," he continued, "something must be done to maintain our reputation for integrity and for that sound and conservative business policy which has been one of our distinguishing traits. For, I regret to say, the Interstate Commerce Commission does not understand or appreciate our condition. The cost of living has increased so much that, alas! I fear disaster, in view of the fact that we are not permitted to raise our rates. Gentlemen, something must be done."

All eyes were turned to the speaker. At last, with a voice that trembled with emotion, one of the directors leaned forward.

"What can you suggest?" he whispered hoarsely.

"I fear the worst. We must cut our dividend."

A deathly silence ensued. It was felt that the fate of several steam yachts was in the balance. Every man there instantly realized what it would mean.

"Can nothing else be done?"

"Nothing."

"Gentlemen," he whispered, "let us defer this until, say, day after tomorrow. This will give us time to sell out our holding at the present prices and buy them back very much lower after this dreadful news has passed out."

One by one they shook his hand—Late.

EXQUISITE COURTESY A chauffeur who had just returned to the garage after taking the state's examination to determine his fitness to be licensed was asked by a fellow worker what the questions were. "One of them was about meeting a gitchish horse," he replied. "They asked what I would do if I approached a horse which showed signs of being afraid of the car and its driver held up his hands to me."

"What's the answer?" asked a bystander.

"Oh, I had that all right," the chauffeur replied. "I told 'em I'd stop the car, take it apart and hide the pieces in the grass."—Ex.

IS THIS A JOKE? A colored man was brought before a police judge charged with stealing chickens. He pleaded guilty and received sentence, when the judge asked how it was he managed to lift those chickens right under the window of the owner's house when there was a dog loose in the owner's yard.

"It wouldn't be no use, Judge," said the man, "to try to explain this thing to yo' am. Ef yo' want to try it you like as not would get yer hide full of shot an' get no chickens, nuther. Ef yo' want to engage in any racewalk, Judge, yo' better stick to de bench, whar yo' am familiar."

The Garment Workers' Strike

On the streets of Chicago are conflicts—fierce, bloody, cruel and pathetically pitiful. Howling mobs of men and women, shoving, cursing, crying, fighting, gather in front of the shops of Hart, Schaffner & Marx, the millionaire makers of clothing. And what for? What is the cause or the causes that bring on such intolerable conditions?

THE FIRST ALL-PATENT CAUSE IS HUNGER, AND THE FEAR OF IT. THE EMPLOYEES OF THIS SCAB CONCERN ARE WORKING AT THE HUNGER LINE. Mothers of helpless children are getting five dollars a week or less. They must pay rent for some pig sty in which to keep their brood; they must have some clothing, a little fuel, AND THEY MUST HAVE SOME FOOD. EVEN "BOHONKS, POLACKS AND HUNY-OCKS," AS THE POLICE call them, MUST EAT.

The second direct cause is GREED—THAT HOGISH INSTINCT WHICH CAPITALISM HAS DEVELOPED TO A BRUTAL LUST. The owners of this labor-hating outfit are wealthy. They live in opulence, in wasteful luxury. They have cut themselves off from all human relation with their employes, from the toilers from whose underpaid labor they have filched their millions. This separation of the idle rich from the source of their incomes, from contact with their slaves, is one of the results of organized capitalism, of concentration of wealth, and it will also be the downfall of the system.

These millionaire owners hire managers, superintendents, foremen, agents, to do the dirty work, the slave-driving, for them. They would not sully their lily hands by choking a poor, frightened girl. No, they hire the betrayers of the working class to rob, fight and kill for them.

How did this strike start and become serious? Some of the employes went out and, in order to make the strike effective, endeavored to get the rest of the workers to go out. They paraded in front of the shops, they blew whistles, to call our their comrades. They were peaceful, unarmed, but intensely earnest.

They did not attack the shops. They did not threaten. They only blew their whistles.

SUDDENLY ARMED MEN—HUSKY, BURLY FELLOWS, RUSHED FROM THE SHOPS AND BEGAN BEATING MEN AND WOMEN INDISCRIMINATELY.

THESE WERE THE HIRED THUGS, OFFICIAL AND UNOFFICIAL, WHO HAD BEEN EMPLOYED BY THE HIREFLING MANAGERS OF THE SCAB CONCERN AND BACKED BY THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

The Hessian soldiers whom England sent to suppress the revolutionists of America were honorable compared with these fellows. They fought as a profession—other professional fighters—but these pounce upon women and unarmed men.

The Chicago capitalist papers are unfair, dastardly unfair, to the strikers. THEY STAND FOR THEIR OWN INTEREST FOR CAPITALISM. IT IS CONCENTRATED WEALTH, MANNED AND OFFICERED BY BRAINS OF A HIGH ORDER AGAINST POOR, IGNORANT, ILLITERATE, WORKERS, MOST OF WHOM CAN NOT SPEAK ENGLISH, WHO HAVE BEEN IMPORTED TO THIS COUNTRY BY THE VERY INTERESTS WHO NOW HOLD THEM IN SLAVERY.

THE CONTEST IS UNEQUAL. THE STRIKE MUST FAIL EVEN IF IT WINS.

AS LONG AS A SMALL CLASS OWNS THE MEANS OF EXISTENCE THE CLASS STRUGGLE WILL CONTINUE. GREED WILL OPPRESS AND HUNGER WILL FIGHT BACK.

THERE IS NO PEACE, THERE CAN BE NO PEACE, UNTIL THE WORKERS TAKE OVER THE FACTORIES AND SHOPS, THE RAILROADS AND TROLLEY LINES—TAKE OVER THE MEANS OF PRODUCTION.

Then the managers and superintendents, the foremen and agents, who now for hire, oppress their underlings, would turn their fine powers toward production of wealth and the service of society—AND THE MILLIONAIRES—THEY, TOO, WOULD GO TO WORK.

TO THOSE WHO WILL NOT SEE

BY W. M. LAWSON

It is the ambition of every workman to give his child a public school education.