

THE CHICAGO DAILY SOCIALIST

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LAST EDITION—EIGHT PAGES—PRICE ONE CENT.

STEEL PLATE MILL TO CITY HALL, STORY OF SOCIALIST MAYOR

Kirkpatrick, of Granite City, Ill., Is Toiler From the Ranks.

Granite City, Ill., April 22.—From the plate mill of the Niedringhaus Steel company, where he acted as a "shearer," toiling eight hours a day trimming hot steel sheets, Marshall Ewart Kirkpatrick, Socialist mayor-elect, has brought to his new job the same precision which he exercised at the steel plant.

Begins to Study Kirkpatrick knows the difficulties to be met through the fact that the charter of the city is not liberal and is studying that document and the condition of the city's limit of bonded indebtedness.

Municipal coal yards and ice plant are the first thing which he sees as the immediate result of his election. The Socialists have three aldermen and two labor party aldermen are likely to vote with them on important measures, and this, with Kirkpatrick's right to vote in case of a tie, gives more power than might at first appear.

Kirkpatrick is a native of Indiana by birth, is 28 years old, unmarried, and was led to study Socialism by reading Upton Sinclair's "Jungle."

He is a baseball fan, and not only that, but plays right field on the Granite City team, and his election as mayor will not keep him from taking that position in a game on Sunday.

Municipal Water Plant

Kirkpatrick and the Socialists of this city believe that the city should own its water plant, which is now in the hands of a private corporation.

This, however, may not be possible in the two-year term ahead of the Socialist chief executive, because of limitations on the city's right to issue bonds for the purchase of the plant, or its replacement.

A municipal coal yard will be one of the first objects undertaken. This will be followed by a municipal ice plant. An extension of public ownership as it becomes possible will be the new mayor's goal.

The new mayor, subject to the approval of the city council, will have the appointment of a chief of police, to conduct a department employing eleven police officers, two fire wardens, a city attorney, a city physician and some minor officials.

Works for Less

The new mayor is pledged to see that the city money purchases what it is paid out for. He has resigned his job at the steel mills to give his time to the city. The office of mayor pays \$75 a month. In the steel mill, one of the largest concerns not in the trust, he earned \$4 a day on the average.

LABOR EDITION WILL BE GOOD

First Page Will Have Big Drawing by Walter Crane.

The International Labor Day Special Edition of the Chicago Daily Socialist will contain more vital material concerning conditions today, a better explanation of the latest big move of American Capitalism, the sending of 20,000 troops to the Mexican border line, than will be found in any capitalist publication in America.

Besides these features will be found a great many articles which will reveal the great facts in the strength of Socialism, the international character of Socialism, which is justly celebrated on International Labor Day.

Drawing by Crane

On the front page will appear one of the best drawings of one of England's best artists—Walter Crane. Walter Crane is a Socialist, and it is probably for this reason that he could put the feeling that he does into a drawing that concerns the Socialist movement of the world, as does this drawing.

You will only regret that you do not have the drawing printed on a good grade of paper and framed to hang in your home.

Time Is Short There remains little time between now and until this issue will be off the press and ready for distribution, so send in your orders now. Don't wait till after you have received a copy and then wish that you had ordered a bundle for distribution. Order now. The price is 50 cents per hundred, \$5 per thousand.

NOTICE All who have \$25,000 fund lists should make it a point to turn them in to the Daily Socialist office as soon as possible. All lists should be in by May 1.

Some Characteristic Poses of the First Socialist Mayor of Granite City.



MARSHALL E. KIRKPATRICK, MAYOR OF GRANITE CITY

HEAR VAN LEAR AND SANDBERG

Don't Forget to hear Thomas Van Lear of Minneapolis and Charles L. Sandberg, private secretary to Mayor Emil Seidel, at the bazaar. Buy your tickets now.



THE MAYOR IN HIS WORKING CLOTHES



THE MAYOR AS HE WILL APPEAR AT HIS DEER

—From the St. Louis (Mo.) Republic

WEATHER INDICATIONS



"Fair tonight and tomorrow becoming unsettled by tomorrow night; little change in temperature; moderate north to east winds," was the official forecast today. Sunrise, 4:58 a. m.; sunset, 6:35 p. m.; moonrise, 2:18 a. m.

COLLINS LEAVES ON NEW TOUR TO AID SOCIALISM

John M. Collins, recent candidate on the Socialist ticket for city treasurer of Chicago, and now acting as a national organizer of the Socialist party, will leave Chicago Tuesday for a tour of several Illinois cities.

His schedule of meetings is as follows: Socialist Party Locals—Joliet, April 26; De Kalb, April 27; Kewanee, April 29; Monmouth, April 30; Decatur, May 2; Canton, May 3; Peoria, May 6; Staunton, May 8; Marissa, May 9; Du Quoin, Eldorado, May 11.

TRACK ROW TO COMMITTEE

The row on the elevation of railroad tracks in Englewood, which rent the last session of the Busee city council, is scheduled to come up again when the newly appointed track elevation committee meets on Monday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

COMPLICATE THE PHONE SYSTEM

Telephone rate regulation in Chicago, the fixing of which has been postponed till after the price of gas has been determined by the council, has been further complicated by the agreement between the Illinois Tunnel company and the Interstate Telephone and Telegraph company for long distance service into Chicago.

As both companies are in the hands of receivers appointed in the federal court, United States District Judge Kohlsaat ratified the agreement. The new plan gives the automatic telephone service in Chicago long distance connections with several states. This makes it harder for the Chicago Telephone company to buy out the automatic system. Connections will be perfected within thirty days under the new agreement.

BERGER SUBMITS PETITION WITH 90,000 NAMES

Washington, April 22.—Ninety thousand citizens of the United States petitioned congress yesterday to withdraw the troops from the Mexican border.

It required three men to carry to the speaker's platform, when the house convened, huge bundles of petitions submitted by Victor Berger, the socialist member from Wisconsin.

"What is all this?" asked Speaker Clark in surprise.

Mr. Berger explained that the petitions had been received from residents of every state except Delaware and from every territory except Alaska. They declare that the presence of the troops is adding to the suppression of what the petitioners believe to be a just struggle for liberty.

Strong Fight at Glenn Carbon

Glenn Carbon, Ill.—The Socialists here made a strong fight at the election April 18. There were two tickets in the field, Socialist and Citizens.

The result was as follows: Socialist Ticket—President village board, Hiram Silinger, Jr., 153; trustees, M. B. Harth, 111; Joseph Critchley, 110; William Cross, 155; police magistrate, H. L. Groszoka, 114.

Citizens' Ticket—President village board, R. H. Schiber, 151; trustees, John Schiller, 157; Frank Smola, 157; R. F. Primas, 158; police magistrate, Louis Weiler, 161.

Sandberg, Private Secretary to Seidel, Will Be Big Speaker.

The bazaar is booming. The committee is working hard, staying up till 12 and 1 o'clock, sending out tickets, addressing letters, laying plans and making general preparations for the greatest event of the year. Donations flow in in a steady stream.

Canvas Wards Several wards are being canvassed to boost "The Daily" and the bazaar by offering a month's subscription to "The Daily" and a free admission to the bazaar for thirty cents.

If you have not got some of these tickets and have not started on this work, do not waste any more time, but get some tickets and begin now.

Sunday, April 30, will be the grand finale of the bazaar. An excellent May day program has been arranged for this date and some of the most interesting speakers possible to get have been secured.

Charles L. Sandberg, private secretary to Mayor Seidel, will deliver the main address of the day in English. Sandberg is the man who knows more about the inside workings of the Milwaukee administration than any other man.

He is a good speaker and will let you know a few facts that you have never heard before.

DO IT NOW!

Bring in your donations, get your tickets, do it now for the great Bazaar to be held at Schweizer Turner Hall, Kinzie and North Clark streets, one block north of the Clark street bridge for the benefit of the Daily Socialist, the only working class paper in Chicago.

PENNY LUNCHES POINT WAY TO CHILD WELFARE

Care of the Pupil's Health Brings Results in Better Work.

When any plan which hinges on public improvement for its success succeeds the credit is given to "The People," but when any public project fails its failure is laid to the door of "the Socialists and a few radicals."

Admitted Now

The operation of a plan such as the operation of the public schools is through familiarity no longer regarded as a Socialist idea, but when we say that the schools should feed not only the child's mind, but also his stomach, there are many who will say that we are encroaching upon the prerogatives of the home.

The change in public opinion is gradual. The conservative of today is the radical of tomorrow. A short while back education was made compulsory, then vaccination. Tomorrow the child will most likely eat the school fare, perhaps ordered to.

Each proposition was proven scientifically correct and was then enforced. Each carries with it a tinge of the fundamental proposition of the Socialists' creed: "Equal opportunity for all."

Penny Lunch Started

When the Chicago Board of Education appropriated \$1,000 for the furnishing of a penny lunch to the school children who were unable to pay for their meals, it was in the nature of an experiment.

What would \$1,000 do in furnishing 4,000 children with a nourishing meal once a day? There are 165 school days in the year.

Three schools only will easily exhaust the fund, even if only 400 out of the 4,000 are to be fed, which is to say only one child out of ten.

How Long Will It Last?

The experiment was started the first of the year. Since a lunch of bread and jam with a glass of milk or bread and syrup and a bowl of soup averages over two cents in cost an able pupil pays only one-cent, that is if the child has it, how long will the experiment last?

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, superintendent of schools, whose salary of \$10,000 a year is silent testimony of the value of her opinions, said recently that we should be able to feed every child and also take care of the children whose vitality has sunk to such a degree that special treatment is needed, such as milk diets and rest facilities, instead of leaving the care of them to a charitably inclined club.

Points Out Way

If the Woman's Club of Chicago can take a child, who when not asleep displays all the tendencies of a criminal, and by a regime of fresh air, a milk diet and a rest in a reclining chair every few hours, make him as attentive and bright as the ordinary child in a month, what can the schools do for the ordinary child who needs a regular nutritious diet and a little thoughtfulness?

In Philadelphia, Mrs. Russell Sage provided a hot lunch of hamburger steak or Irish stew with rice or gravy for each child for a month. The fifty children on whom the experiment was tried gained an average of four pounds apiece in twenty-six school days and the average cost was 78 cents per child per month.

Helps Body and Mind

And their intellects grew with their bodies.

In Bradford, England, in 1906, forty children were weighed at intervals for five weeks. They gained an ounce a week without special feeding. During vacation time they gained half a pound apiece. The inference was that schooling was retarding their growth and their health and that something must be done for them.

The European problem has been taken care of for almost two centuries. In Munich soup kitchens were maintained in 1790 for the school children.

In Germany a campaign by the Socialists and radicals is being carried on for legislation for the feeding of the scholars. In Great Britain, Holland and Switzerland laws on the subject have already been passed. In some French cities lunch is served for three cents. In Germany breakfast is provided to those who are deserving. In Norway all who apply are fed. In one town in Italy it is made compulsory.

All over Europe the plan has been adopted and never discontinued, and it is safe to say that before many years the question of feeding school children will have been solved by giving the children nourishing food just as we now attempt to give them fresh air.

SOCIALISM VS. G. O. P. IS SUBJECT OF CLUB DEBATE

Resolved, That the G. O. P. is a better system of government than Socialism.

This is the formidable subject of a debate to be held between members of the Athenaeum Club at their club rooms, 22 Dearborn street, Saturday evening.

Frank Blake and Jacob Banks will take the affirmative side of the controversy and Leo Oppert and Fred Norman will try to prove what their opponents say is true. The debate will decide which members are to be sent to the New York debaters' conference. The Athenaeum Club is composed of young people organized for the purpose of intellectual improvement. Members and their friends are invited to the debate.

DIAZ BEING FORCED TO PLEAD WITH THE REBELS FOR PEACE

Success of Revolutionists May Result in Immediate Armistice.

Washington, April 22.—Dr. Gomez agrees to armistice. Gomez predicts peace within a week.

By United Press. Washington, April 22.—Secretary of War Dickinson announced today that President Taft has received word that an armistice had been agreed upon in Mexico.

Additional indication that peace is near at hand came from Mexican Ambassador Zamacoena, who said:

Won't Discuss Negotiations "I cannot and will not discuss the negotiations, but I may say, however, that peace is very, very near at hand. I will not attempt to predict the exact minute. The prophet's business is too difficult, but I may say again that peace is to be expected in my country very shortly."

Gomez refused to discuss the character of the negotiations, but stated that they had been carried on for two days through a third person. It was believed here that Ambassador Zamacoena was the agent through whom Gomez and De la Barra communicated.

At the revolutionary junta it was stated that peace depended entirely upon the attitude of the Mexican government.

GAS REPORT IS FACING DEFEAT

Hagenah Rate and Harrison Pledge Clash; Court Fight Likely.

Indications today point to a rejection or at least modification of the Hagenah report on gas, which fixes the new price at 77 cents per thousand cubic feet.

For Seventy-Cent Price The Harrison administration, pledged to 70-cent gas, will decide, it is stated on good authority, to draw up a 70-cent gas ordinance, regardless of the Hagenah report. If this proves true a new investigation will have to be made, as no known report on gas in Chicago fixes a 70-cent rate.

The status of the gas matter is this: Prof. Edward Hennis, noted public utility expert, drew a report on which Mayor Dunne favored 75-cent gas.

Hagenah's report expresses conviction that courts will sustain a 77-cent rate. Harrison's regime, through 70-Cent Gas League and Hearst interests, is pledged to 70-cent gas.

The probable result is litigation which will delay a final adjustment for a year or more.

Report Is Given Out

The Hagenah report, given to the public in printed form late yesterday, does not provide a 7 per cent flat rate of return on the investment claimed by the People's Gas Light and Coke company.

It does, however, argue for a 7 per cent return on an investment of \$61,000,000, in round numbers, while the company insists that there is an investment of over \$75,000,000, which should be considered in rate making.

This would give, according to Hagenah, a return of between 5 and 5 1/2 per cent on the investment claimed by the company.

Has Strong Charter Attention is called in the report to the fact that the company operates under a perpetual charter from the state of Illinois which amounts to a perpetual franchise for selling gas in Chicago.

For 1910 the company had, according to the Hagenah report, gross earnings of \$16,539,349; operating expenses, \$10,393,284; net earnings, \$6,146,065; dividends on bonds at 6 per cent, \$1,923,632; dividends on stocks, \$2,450,000; surplus, \$104,332.

See New Tangle

A new tangle was seen in the gas situation today when Mayor Harrison announced that he has asked Corporation Counsel William H. Sexton for an opinion on the validity of the act by the authority of which the city of Chicago undertakes to regulate the price of gas.

"I was informed," said Mayor Harrison, "that the gas company plans to pay an amount of \$1,000,000 to the city of Chicago was given power to regulate gas rates."

Called Valid

"An opinion which I have procured from Attorney Edgar Bronson Tolman states that the act will stand a court test, but I have asked Mr. Sexton for an opinion, which I expect to have when the corporation counsel's office is fully in order."

"I have been given to understand that the gas company will make the attack I have mentioned when the legislature has adjourned, with a view to blocking all rate revision for two years. The

(Continued on Page 2, Column 2.)

Y. P. S. L. BAZAAR COMMITTEE IN ACTION



Sports Page of the Daily Socialist.



Alas, for the Restaurant! The Blow Has Fallen!!

Words by Schaefer
Music by Condo



CARDS LICKED BY CUBS-6 TO 1

St. Louis, April 22.—Frank Chance and his artillery brigade resumed firing on General Breenahan's men Friday, and when the engagement was over the Cubs had won a 6 to 1 victory.

That hope of the Cardinal club, a piece of whiplcord named "Slim" Saltee, was pounded all over the field of battle. Chance and Schulte led the onslaught. Their lieutenants, Tinker, Archer and Kaiser, were always at the front of the firing line. It was a repetition of Thursday's massacre, with a few trimmings for good measure.

Chance shot out a triple and a double in three trips to the pan, and Schulte lopped off a three-bagger and a double in three times up, all clean, cracking hits.

Most everything in Saltee's choice repertoire was lambasted. While the bean pole was working seven innings in all, the savage Cubs lined out nine hits and got free transportation four times. And all this spelled six cold runs for Chicago.

Brown, the three-digit artist, manipulated the leather for the Chance squad and held the Cardinals to seven hits. Three of these came in a row in the first round, Ellis getting a hit and counting on Mowrey's double and Konechey's single.

WRESTLING AND BURLESQUE FEATURES AT ALHAMBRA

The Alhambra theater is the home of the wrestling fans on Saturday night. The whole house coaches its favorites and tears the disappointments as one man. The wrestling added to the big burlesque shows are the biggest thing in town for the money in the entertainment line.

Sampson, the German Hercules giant, goes to a finish with Schulte, the as yet unconquered champion of the German navy. Tonight, Parasovitch and Landers and Daze and Zlaney furnish the preliminaries. Strohmeyer and Kartye have a 20-minute handicap match to decide.

TO BOWL BY WIRE

Ten of the leading athletic clubs of the country will bowl by telegraph tonight, the cities engaged being spread out between New York and Portland, with New Orleans as one of the way stations. The Chicago Athletic Association and the Illinois Athletic Club will be Chicago's two entries.

The following other cities will be represented: Portland, Pittsburg, Seattle, Montreal, Cleveland, New Orleans, Denver and New York.

DAVIS WINS RACE

Lake Forest, Ill., April 22.—Gerald Davis of Peoria won the second annual Coffin cross-country run Friday at Lake Forest college, with Ralph Osborne a close second. Ralph Bush took third, with Johnston, a Chicago runner, fourth.

Among The Scrapers

Milwaukee.—Milwaukee's white hope, Ray Burns, the South Bend (Ind.) boiler-maker, will appear before local fans in a ten-round battle with William Coleman, a Chicago "hope," before the end of the present month. John Shipman, the local promoter, under whose wing Milwaukee's "hope" is harbored, announced today he will accept the terms of William Paul, Coleman's manager. No date has been set.

Two big "white hopes" were matched Thursday and will be seen in action within reach of Chicago fight fans. Managers of Mike Cantwell, the Elgin-Aurora heavyweight boxer, and Ed Ikerman of Iowa met and accepted the terms offered for a meeting by the Coliseum Athletic Club of Indiana Harbor, East Chicago, Ill. The big fellows will box ten rounds at catch weights to a decision in Lewis' skating rink one week from tomorrow night, and a decision will be rendered at the conclusion of the bout.

Kid McCoy filed a petition in bankruptcy in a New York court, giving his liabilities as \$21,470.41. He said he possessed only \$19 in cash and a \$50 suit of clothes.

Although the fight is a week away, betting is growing brisk on the Kelly-Thompson fight, following the placing of the \$1,000 side bet by Thompson here yesterday. The majority of the supporters of both men are betting on a knockout. The indications are today that ringside prices will prevail.

Senator Jones, who is just recovering from a recent "bout" with Senator Funk, showed how ignorant he is of the status of boxing in the various states by telling his colleagues that the Carroll bill is the same as the law now in force in California. There were others just as ignorant as to believe the Jones person knew what he was talking about.

Senator O'Connor made a motion to reconsider the bill next Tuesday and this motion was carried.

BIG MAROON DAY TODAY

University of Chicago athletes are prepared for a big day today. A four-man relay team will run in the Drake races at Des Moines. The baseball team will play the University of Indiana. The interscholastic trials will be held at Marshall field.

The Western Intercollegiate gymnastic championships will be held tonight at the Bartlett gymnasium, with wrestling and fencing on the side.

The University of Minnesota gymnastic team arrived in Chicago today. Mee will take the place of McGovern, champion heavy-weight, who has been declared ineligible.

DE MAR RESTS UP

Boston, Mass., April 22.—De Mar, champion marathon runner, says he will contest in the Olympic. He is back at the cases today setting type.

ANNOUNCEMENT

"Outguessing the Batters," by Christy Mathewson, announced for this issue, will be published later.

LONGBOAT IN WORK-OUT; MAY CHALLENGE SREUBB

By United Press. Buffalo, N. Y., April 22.—Tom Longboat, the Indian, will run ten miles over the Fort Erie race track this afternoon for the benefit of the Hamilton, Ont., sportsmen who have subscribed to a purse to bet on Longboat against Alf Shrubbs, the English runner. If Longboat's workout is satisfactory he will be backed to win from Shrubbs in a race which will be held in private for \$1,000 a side.

RUNNING CARD IS STRONG

New York, April 22.—The presence of a trio of national champions on the running card—Jim Archer, Jim Rosenberger and Billy Keating has aroused much interest in the Military Athletic league championships which will be held tonight.

PICK ANN ARBOR TEAM

Ann Arbor, Mich., April 22.—Trainer Kraenzlein of the University of Michigan one-mile relay team will pick his entries for the big Philadelphia meet today. Seven men will compete for the three places on the relay squad.

FLANAGAN TO RETURN

New York, April 22.—John Flanagan, world's champion hammer thrower, who has been abroad for nearly a year, will return to America this fall and is expected to set a new world's record in the metropolitan championships in September.



Thomas Van Lear open the bazaar, April 27, at 8 p. and Charles L. Sandberg will speak on the closing date, April 30. Don't miss hearing them. That's right, fire them at us.

If you can pitch them to us we'll do the rest.

They keep sending them in. Have you sent in yours?

Today is pay day. Use a little of the money to buy something for the bazaar.

Here are a few more to add to the list that we have already received:

One water set by D. Laughlin, 5814 South Wood street.

One ham rooster and a dozen eggs by P. Matril.

Two autographed copies of "Tricks of the Press" by H. C. Creel.

One hand-painted vase, value \$15, by a friend.

Three bottles of wine and one fine wine set by W. Becker.

One copy of "War, What For?" by Walter Klinefelter.

What do you think will be the prize that goes to the queen of the carnival? Wait and see.

Get your tickets now. Tomorrow you may forget.

Four sets of Flaggson, a card game, by C. N. Shook.

Some groceries by C. Stoegen, 936 Center street.

BASEBALL GAMES TODAY

AMERICAN LEAGUE. Detroit at Chicago. St. Louis at Cleveland. Washington at New York. Philadelphia at Boston.

NATIONAL LEAGUE. Chicago at St. Louis. Cincinnati at Pittsburg. New York at Philadelphia. Boston at Brooklyn.

RESULTS FRIDAY

AMERICAN LEAGUE. Chicago-Detroit, rain. New York 3; Washington, 1. Boston, 15; Philadelphia, 4. Cleveland, 6; St. Louis, 5.

NATIONAL LEAGUE. St. Louis, 1; Chicago, 5. Philadelphia, 3; New York, 0. Brooklyn, 6; Boston, 9. Pittsburg-Cincinnati, rain.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS

NATIONAL LEAGUE		
	W.	L.
Philadelphia	7	1
CHICAGO	4	2
New York	3	3
Pittsburg	3	3
St. Louis	2	4
Cincinnati	2	4
Boston	2	5
Brooklyn	2	6

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	W.	L.
Detroit	9	1
Washington	4	2
New York	2	3
Boston	3	3
CHICAGO	3	4
Cleveland	2	5
St. Louis	2	6
Philadelphia	1	7

Matty Baldwin, the crack lightweight of Boston, who meets Leach Cross of New York in a ten-round bout in that city on April 25, has been matched to meet Freddie Welsh, the English lightweight. They will come together for twelve rounds in Boston in about two weeks.

Baseball's Boiled Bulletins

The New York Giants wouldn't go into mourning if Pitcher Moore's right hand got caught in a chopping machine. He has shut out the Giants twice this year, allowing three hits in the two games.

Every Red Sox player made one or more runs and base hits off the trailing Athletics.

W. Mitchell and R. Mitchell, pitching recruits, started the gunnery for Cleveland and St. Louis and both got the hook.

Jackson pushed a home run over the forty-five-foot screens in right center field in Cleveland, the biggest hit ever seen in Cuyahoga county.

Manager Connie Mack of the Athletics insists that the joke has gone far enough. He has no doubt that his team will win the pennant again—only he wishes it would begin.

Center Fielder Kaiser cashed in with another triple for the Cubs.

The lowly Senators are now tied with the boastful Highlanders. They have stuck ciphers on the New Yorkers in the last two games.

Sherwood Magee made two scintillating one-handed catches yesterday and out in with a home run with a man ahead of him. Some player that fellow.

The Athletics won the ante-season series from the Phillies. The Athletics are in last place in their league and the Quakers in first place in theirs. All of which proves—nothing.

The Cubs seem to be going back fast—back to the leadership of the league.

"Unzer Fritz" Busse stepped into the Tigers' reservations in the bleach-

ers and the Sox lost. And Friday it rained. Talk about luck.

Maybe Detroit wouldn't have won Friday, anyway. Harrison wasn't anywhere near the field where the Sox fans would hang out.

Those hitless wonders—where be they!

Frank Schulte, Cub, announced himself in the race for leading National league batters for home runs. The star outfielder has already cracked off two home-run drives.

For the second time in the history of the league park at Cleveland a ball was knocked over the right field fence Friday. Jackson, center fielder of the Naps, did the job in the first inning against the Browns, scoring Graney, who was on bases, as well as himself. Sam Crawford was the other hero last year.

Harry McIntyre, the ex-Bridgroom, promises to be the mound wonder of the Cubs' corps. "Just Chance's luck," or was it foresight!

Chuck Taft, whose father sits heavily in the White House, is water boy of the Taft school nine. That's the way lots of them started.

The Jap invasion seems to be along baseball lines. Waseda university is tallied by the Keio bunch.

Love may be blind as a bat, but the little cuss has long ears.

The Illinois are touted as the winners of the Western Conference baseball championship at Champaign today. Friday Iowa was cleaned up by Huff's men to the tune of 10 to 2.

After eight years the only man in

the Senators who was there eight years ago is Conroy, who is now "subbing." Here's the Senator's line-up then: Robinson, ss.; Selbach, rf.; Delahanty, 1st base, cf.; Carey, 1b.; Coughlin, 3b.; Townsend, p.; Demontreville, 2b., and Drill, c.

Here's the Highlands' line-up eight years ago: Davis, 1f.; Keeler, rf.; McFarland, cf.; Williams, 2b.; Ganzel, 1b.; Conroy, 3b.; Courtney, ss.; O'Connor, c., and Chesbro, p.

George C. (Lefty) Craig, Indianapolis pitcher, was shot early this morning. Little hope is entertained for his recovery. He said he was shot by a burglar. Craig came here from Trenton last season.

BOXING BILL IS HELD UP. Springfield, Ill., April 22.—The Carroll boxing bill came up before the senate here Thursday and failed of passage when Senators Jones and Dunlap led a fight against it.

Y.P.S.L. Notes

The Young People's Socialist League is a live organization for the purpose of making Socialists out of its members. They have lectures every Wednesday and Sunday nights at their hall, 303 West Washington street; a large library for use for all interested in education, and dances and smokers for recreation. Join us now. Dues are 25 cents per month.

Sunday, April 23, at 8 p. m., C. B. Hoffman, member of the editorial staff of the Chicago Daily Socialist, will speak in the Y. P. S. L. hall on "Confidence Game." Admission free and everybody invited.

The dramatic Club offers its services to all ward branches and labor unions. For information write to Y. P. S. L., 350 Washington street.

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BURNING DAYLIGHT

By Jack London



Feeding the Dog.

Again they were convulsed. Joe Hines rolled over on his sleeping robe holding his sides.
"And after them will come the big mining sharks that buy whole creeks where you-all have been scratching like a lot of pica-yune hens and they-all will go to hydraulic in summer and steam thawing in winter."
Steam thawing! That was the limit! Daylight was certainly exceeding himself in his consummate fun-making. Steam thawing—when even wood burning was an untried experiment, a dream in the air!

work on the bars, cutting their way down to gravel through the rim of ice.

It was a hard and simple life. Breakfast was over and they were at work by the first gray light, and when night descended they did their cooking and camp chores, smoked and yarned for a while, then rolled up in their sleeping robes and slept while the aurora borealis flamed overhead and the stars leaped and danced in the great cold. Their fare was monotonous—sour dough bread, bacon, beans and an occasional dish of rice cooked along with a handful of prunes. Fresh meat they failed to obtain. There was an unwonted absence of animal life. At rare intervals they chanced upon the trail of a snowshoe rabbit or an ermine, but in the main it seemed that all life had fled the land. It was a condition not unknown to them, for in all their experience, at one time or another, they had travelled one year through a region teeming with game, where a year or two or three years later no game at all would be found.

Gold they found on the bars, but not in paying quantities. Elijah while on a hunt for moose fifty miles away had panned the surface gravel of a large creek and found good colors. They harnessed their dogs and with light outfits sledged to the place. Here, and possibly for the first time in the history of the Yukon, wood burning in sinking a shaft was tried. It was Daylight's initiative. After clearing away the moss and grass a fire of dry spruce was built. Six hours of burning thawed eight inches of muck. Their picks drove full depth into it, and when they had shovelled out another fire was started. They worked early and late, excited over the success of the experiment. Six feet of frozen muck brought them to gravel, likewise frozen. Here progress was slower. But they learned to handle their fires better and were soon able to thaw five and six inches at a burning. Flour gold was in this gravel and after two feet it gave away again to muck. At seventeen feet they struck a thin



"The best he could do was to get Elijah's head and shoulders on top of the gunwale."

"Laugh, dang you, laugh! Why, your eyes ain't open yet. You-all are a bunch of little mewling kittens. I tell you-all if that strike comes on Klondike Harper and Ladue will be millionaires. And if it comes on Stewart you-all watch the Elam Harnish town site boom. In them days, when you-all come around makin' poor mouths"—he heaved a sigh of resignation—"Well, I suppose I'll have to give you-all a grub stake, or soup, or something or other."

Daylight had vision. His scope had been rigidly limited, yet whatever he saw he saw big. His mind was orderly, his imagination practical, and he never dreamed idly. When he superimposed a feverish metropolis on a waste of timbered, snow-covered flat, he predicated first the gold strike that made the city possible, and next he had an eye for steamboat landings, sawmill and warehouse locations, and all the needs of a far northern mining city. But this, in turn, was the mere setting for something bigger, namely, the play of temperament. Opportunities swarmed in the streets and buildings and human and economic relations of the city of his dream. It was a larger target for gambling. The limit was the sky, with the southland on one side and the aurora borealis on the other. The play would be big, bigger than any Yukoner had ever imagined, and he, Burning Daylight, would see that he got in on that play.

In the meantime there was naught to show for it but the bunch. But it was coming. As he would stake his last ounce on a good poker hand, so he staked his life and effort on the bunch that the future held in store a big strike on the upper river. So he and his three companions, with dogs and sleds and snowshoes, toiled up through the frozen breast of the Stewart, toiled on and on through the white wilderness where the unending stillness was never broken by the voices of men, the stroke of an ax, or the distant crack of a rifle. They alone moved through the vast and frozen quiet, little nites of earth-men, crawling their scores of miles a day, melting the ice that they might have water to drink, camping in the snow at night, their wolf-dogs curled in frost rimmed, hairy bunches, their eight snowshoes stuck on end in the snow, beside the sleds.

No signs of other men did they see, though once they passed a rude polling boat, cached on a platform by the river bank. Whoever had cached it had never come back for it, and they wonder- and mushed on. Another time they chanced upon the site of an Indian village, but the Indians had disappeared. Undoubtedly they were on the upper reaches of the Stewart in pursuit of moose herds. Two hundred miles up from the Yukon they came upon what Elijah decided were the bars mentioned by Al Mayo. A permanent camp was made, their outfit of food cached on a high platform to keep it from the dogs, and they started

"I'll go," said Finn.
They considered a while longer.

"But how are we going to feed the other team and three men till he gets back?" Hines demanded.
"Only one thing to it," was Elijah's contribution.
"You'll have to take the other team, Joe, and pull up the Stewart till you find them Indians. Then you come back with a load of meat. You'll get here long before Henry can make it from Sixty Mile, and while you're gone there'll only be Daylight and me to feed, and we'll feed good and small."

"And in the morning we'll pull for the cache and pan snow to find what grub we've got." Daylight lay back as he spoke and rolled in his robe to sleep, then added: "Better turn in for an early start. Two of you can take the dogs down, Elijah and me'll skin out on both sides and see if we can scare up a moose on the way down."

CHAPTER VIII.

No time was lost. Hines and Finn, with the dogs, already on short rations, were two days in pulling down. At noon of the third day Elijah arrived, reporting no moose sign. That night Daylight came in with a similar report. As fast as they arrived, the men had started careful panning of the snow all around the cache. It was a big task, for they found stray beans fully a hundred yards from the cache. One more day all the men toiled. The result was pitiful and the four showed their caliber in the division of the few pounds of food that had been recovered.

Little as it was, the lion's share was left with Daylight and Elijah. The men who pulled on with the dogs, one up the Stewart and one down, would come more quickly to grub. The two who remained would have to last out till the others returned. Furthermore, while the dogs, on several ounces each of beans a day, would travel slowly, nevertheless the men who travelled with them, on a pinch, would have the dogs themselves to eat. But the men who remained, when the pinch came, would have no dogs. It was for the reason that Daylight and Elijah took the more desperate chance. They could not do less, nor did they care to do less. The days passed and the winter began merging imperceptibly into the northland spring that comes like a thunderbolt of suddenness. It was the spring of 1896 that was preparing. Each day the sun rose farther east of south, remained longer in the sky and set farther to the west. March ended and April began, and Daylight and Elijah, lean and hungry, wondered what had become of their two comrades. Granting every delay, and throwing in generous margins for good measure, the time was long since past when they should have returned. Without doubt they had met with disaster. The party had considered the possibility of disaster for one man and that had been the principal reason for despatching the two in different directions. But that disaster should have come to both of them was the final blow.

In the meantime, hoping against hope, Daylight and Elijah eked out a meagre existence. The thaw had not yet begun, so they were able to gather the snow about the ruined cache and melt it in pots and pans and goldpans. Allowed to stand for a while, when poured off a thin deposit of slime was found at the bottom of the vessels. This was the only and infinitesimal trace of it scattered through the thousands of cubic yards of snow. Also, in this slime occurred at intervals a water-soaked tea leaf or coffee ground; and there were in it fragments of earth and litter. But the further they worked away from the site of the cache the thinner became the trace of silt, the smaller the deposit of slime.

Elijah was the older man and he weakened first, so that he came to lie up most of the time in his fur. An occasional tree squirrel kept him alive. This hunting fell upon Daylight, and it was hard work. With but thirty rounds of ammunition he dared not risk a mile, and since his rifle was a 45-90 he was compelled to shoot the small creatures through the head. There were very few of them and days went by without his seeing one. When he did he took infinite precautions. He would stalk it for hours. A score of times, with arms that shook from weakness he would draw a sight on the animal and refrain from pulling the trigger. His inhibition was a thing of iron. He was the master. Not till absolute certitude was his did he shoot. No matter how sharp the pangs of hunger and desire for that palpitating morsel of chattering life, he refused to take the slightest risk of a miss. He, born gambler that he was, was gambling in the bigger way. His life was the stake, his cards were his cartridges and he played as only a big gambler could play—with infinite care, with infinite precaution, with infinite consideration. As a result he never missed. Each shot meant a squirrel, and though days elapsed between shots it never changed his method of play.

Of the squirrels nothing was lost. Even the skins were boiled to make broth, the bones pounded into fragments that could be chewed and swallowed. Daylight prospected through the snow for the trinkets of tiny streams, for raspberries. At the best raspberries were composed practically of seeds and water, with a tough rind of skin about them; but the berries he, and the nourishment they contained, verged on the minus quantity. Scarcely better was the bark of young saplings, stewed for an hour and swallowed after prodigious chewing.

April drew toward its close, and spring smote the land. The days stretched out their length. Under the heat of the sun the snow began to melt, while from down under the snow arose the trickle of tiny streams. East went the snow, and the trickle of wind blew, and in that twenty-four hours the snow was diminished fully a foot in depth. In the late afternoon the melting snow froze again, so that its surface became ice capable of supporting a man's weight. Tiny white snow birds appeared from the South, lingered a day, and resumed their journey into the North. Once, high in the air, looking for open water and ahead of the season, a wedged squadron of wild geese honed northward. And down by the river bank a clump of willows burst into leaf. These young buds, stewed, seemed to possess an encouraging nutrition. Elijah took heart of hope, though he was cast down again when Daylight failed to find another clump of willows.

The sap was rising in the trees and daily the trickle of unseen streamlets became louder as the frozen land came back to life. But the river held in its bonds of frost. Winter had been long months in riveting them, and not in a day were they to be broken, not even by the thunderbolt of spring. May came and still the river's roar was muffled, and the willow branches crawled out of rock crevices and rotten logs. Crickets began to chirp and more geese and ducks flew overhead. And still the river held. By May 10 the ice of the Stewart, with a great rending and snapping, tore loose from the banks and rose three feet. But it did not go down stream. The lower Yukon, up to which the Stewart flowed into it, must first break and move on. Until then the ice of the Stewart could only rise higher and higher on the increasing food beneath. Two thousand miles away it flowed into Behring Sea, and it was the ice conditions of Behring Sea that would determine when the Yukon could rid itself of the millions of tons of ice that cluttered its breast.

On the twelfth of May, carrying their sleeping robes, a pall, an axe and the precious rifle, the two men started down the river on the ice. Their plan was to gain to the tached polling boat they had seen, so that at the first open water they could launch it and drift with the stream to Sixty Mile. In their weak condition, without food, the going was slow and difficult. Elijah developed a habit of falling down and being unable to rise. Daylight gave of his own strength to lift him to his feet, whereupon the older man would stagger automatically on until he stumbled and fell again.

On the day they should have reached the boat Elijah collapsed utterly. When Daylight raised him he fell again. Daylight essayed to walk with him, supporting him, but such was Daylight's own weakness that they fell together. Dragging Elijah to the bank a search camp was made and Daylight started out in search of squirrels. It was at this time that he likewise developed the falling habit. In the evening he found his first squirrel, but darkness came on without his getting a certain shot. With primitive

patience he waited till next day, and then, within the hour, the squirrel was his.

The major portion he fed to Elijah, reserving for himself the tougher parts and the bones. But such is the chemistry of life that this small creature, this trifle of meat that moved, by being eaten, transmuted to the meat of the men the same power to move. No longer did the squirrel run up spruce trees, leap from branch to branch, or chirp chattering to siddy perches. Instead, the same energy that had done these things, flowed into the wasted muscles and reeling wills of the men, making them move—nay, moving them—till they tottered the several intervening miles to the cached boat, underneath which they fell together and lay motionless a long time.

Light as the task would have been for a strong man to lower the small boat to the ground, it took Daylight hours. And many hours more, day by day, he dragged himself around it, lying on his side to caulk the gaping seams with moss. Yet when this was done the river still held. Its ice had risen many feet, but would not start down stream. And one more task waited—the launching of the boat when the river ran water to receive it. Vainly Daylight staggered and stumbled and fell and crept through the snow that was wet with thaw, or across it when the night's frost still cruised it beyond the weight of a man, searching for one more squirrel, striving to achieve one more transmutation of furry leap and scolding chatter into the lifts and tugs of a man's body, that would hoist the boat over the rim of shore and slide it down into the stream.

Not till the twentieth of May did the river break. The down stream movement began at five in the morning and already were the days so long that Daylight sat up and watched the ice run. Elijah was too far gone to be interested in the spectacle. Though vaguely conscious, he lay without movement while the ice tore by, great cakes of it crumpling against the bank, uprooting trees and gouging out earth by hundreds of tons. All about them the land shook and reeled from the shock of these tremendous collisions. At the end of an hour the run stopped. Somewhere below it was blocked by a jam. Then the river began to rise, lifting the ice on its breast till it was higher than the bank. From behind ever more water bore down and ever more millions of tons of ice added their weight to the congestion. The pressures and stresses became terrific. Huge cakes of ice were squeezed out till they popped into the air like melon seeds squeezed from between the thumb and forefinger of a child, while all along the banks a wall of ice was forced up. When the score of feet of grinding and smashing redoubled. For another hour the run continued. The river fell rapidly. But the wall of ice on top of the bank and extending down into the falling water remained.

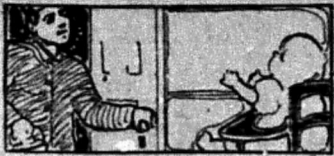
The fall of the ice run passed, and for the first time in six months Daylight saw open water. He knew that the ice had not yet passed out from the upper reaches of the Stewart, that it lay in packs and jams in those upper reaches, and that it might break loose and come down in a second run any time; but the need was too desperate for him to linger. Elijah was so far gone that he might pass at any moment. As for himself, he was not sure that enough strength remained in his wasted muscles to launch the boat. It was all a gamble. If he waited for the second ice run Elijah would surely die, and most probably himself. If he succeeded in launching the boat, if he kept ahead of the second ice run, if he did not get caught by some of the runs from the upper Yukon; if as in a score of all these essential particulars, as well as in a score of all these other particulars, he was strong enough to land the boat at Sixty Mile and not go by.

He set to work. The wall of ice was five feet above the ground on which the boat rested. First prospecting for the best launching place, he found where a huge cake of ice shelved upward from the river, that ran fifteen feet below to the top of the wall. This was a score of feet away, and at the end of an hour he had managed to get the boat up to the top of the wall. He was sick with nausea from his exertions and at times it seemed that blindness smote him, for he could not see, his eyes veiled with spots and points of light that were as ex-cruciating as diamond dust; his heart pounding up in his throat and suffocating him. Elijah betrayed no interest, did not move nor open his eyes, and Daylight fought out his battle alone. At last, falling on his knees from the shock of the exertion, he got the boat poised on a secure balance on top of the wall. Crawling on hands and knees, he placed in the boat his rifle, his ax, his knife, the smallest gun, and the gal. He did not bother with the ax. It meant an additional crawl of twenty feet and back, and if the need for it should arise he well knew he would be past all need.

Elijah proved a bigger task than he had anticipated. A few inches at a time, resting in between, he dragged him over the ground and up a broken rubble of ice to the side of the boat. But into the boat he could not get him. Elijah's limp body was far more difficult to lift and handle than an equal weight of like dimensions would be rigid. Daylight failed to hoist him, for the body of the middle like a part-empty sack of corn. Getting into the boat, Daylight tried vainly to drag his comrade in after him. The best he could do was to get Elijah's head and shoulders on top of the gunwale. When he released his hold to heave from further down the body Elijah promptly gave at the middle and came down on the ice.

In despair Daylight changed his tactics. He struck the ice in the face.
"God is mighty, ain't you-all a man?" he cried.
"There, damn you-all! There!"
At each curse he struck him on the cheeks, the nose, the mouth, striving by the shock of the hurt to bring back the sinking soul and far-wandering will of the man. The eyes fluttered open.
"Now listen!" he shouted, hoarsely. "When I get your head to the gunwale, hang on! Hang on! Hang on! Bite into it with your teeth, but hang on!"
The eyes fluttered down, but Daylight knew the message had been received. Again he got the helpless man's head and shoulders on top of the gunwale.
"Hang on, damn you! Bite in!" he shouted, as he shifted his grip lower down.

One weak hand slipped off the gunwale, the fingers of the other hand relaxed, but Elijah obeyed and his teeth held on. When the lift came his face ground forward and the splintery wood tore and crushed the skin from nose, lips and chin, and, face downward, he slipped on and down to the bottom of the boat till his legs hung down outside. But they were only his legs and Daylight shoved them in after him. Breathing heavily he turned Elijah over on his back and covered him with his robes.
The final task remained—the launching of the boat. This, of necessity, was the severest of all, for he had been compelled to load his comrade in aft of the balance. It meant a supreme effort at lifting. Daylight steeled himself and began. Something must have snapped, for though he was unaware of it, the next he knew was lying doubled on his stomach across the sharp stern of the boat. Evidently—and for the first time in his life—he had fainted. Ever thereafter, it seemed to him that he was finished, that he had not one more movement left in him, and that, strange of all, he did not care. Visions came to him, clear cut and real, and concepts sharp as steel cutting edges. He who all his days had looked on naked life had never seen so much of life's nakedness before. For the last time he experienced a doubt of his own glorious personality. For the moment life faltered and forgot to lie. After all, he was a little earth maggot, just like all the other earth maggots; like the squirrels he had eaten, like the other men he had seen fall and die; like Joe Hines and Henry Finn, who had already fallen and were sure to die; like Elijah lying there uncaring with his skinned face in the bottom of the boat. Daylight's notion was such that from where he lay he could look up right to the head, around which, soons or later, the next ice run would come. And as he looked he seemed to see back through the past to a time when neither white man nor Indian was in the land, and as he saw the same Stewart River, winter upon winter, breasted with ice, and spring upon spring, burning that ice asunder and being free, and he saw also into an illimitable future, on the last generations of men were gone from off the face of Alaska, when he, too, would be gone, and he saw, ever remaining, that river, freezing and chattering and running on and on.



HOUSEHOLD PAGE

OF THE

DAILY SOCIALIST



"Whole Dam Family" Is a Sturdy Tribe of 13 Brand New and Mighty Good American Citizens



THE DAMS, ALL GOOD-NATURED BUT ALL FORCEFUL.

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT IN THE REAR ROW THE DAMS LINE UP LIKE THIS: HENDRIK, 17; PAPA DAM WITH ARIE, A YEAR OLD, IN HIS ARMS; MAMMA DAM, HOLDING THREE-YEAR-OLD CORNELIUS; PIETERNELLA, 17; UNCLE JAN DAM. IN FRONT, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, ARE JOHANNES, 9; STEINTJE, 8; JACOB, JR., 15; PETER, 11; HILLIGJE, 15, AND LITTLE LEENDERT, 6, IN FRONT LOOKING UP.

Special Correspondence.
New York, April 22.—For several years Americans have been laughing at the Dam family. Today the Dam family turns the laugh on Americans. It is here in this country, now, every member. They arrived from their home in New Bland, Holland, and they're living on a farm in Iowa to show Americans what a family really can do. It's back to the soil for the Dam family. Today there are millions of flat-living, struggling, city oppressed, fashionably dressed American families that are not half so well off as the whole Dam family. The only pity of it is that the Dam farm cannot be duplicated for every American family and that all American children cannot be as strong and well

and hearty as the Dam children. The whole Dam family smiled when it got off the boat in New York. It didn't know that it was, in reality, teaching Americans a lesson. It didn't know, in fact, why the scores of reporters were so wild to get hold of them, why the photographers made them pose and why the New York newspapers carried such long stories about them. They didn't know about the American joke about the Dam family. Jacob Dam, the father, is fifty years old. By careful farming and saving, he gained a farm in Holland. As the children came he gave them good educations of the wholesome sort. There are eleven children, including two sets of twins. They range as follows:

Hendrik an dPieternella, twins, 17; Jacob, Jr., and Hilligje, twins, 15; Peter, 11; Johannes, 9; Steintje, 8; Leendert, 6; Cornelius, 3; Arie, 1. There are two boys already in the country, with their uncle Jan J. Dam. They are 12 and 10. Jacob Dam said to the hotel proprietor, in New York, where the family waited two hours until their train left: "I was afraid Holland was getting too small for us. I saved money and educated my children. Then I sold my farm and brought everybody to America. Now I am going out to Brooklyn, Iowa, to buy a big farm for myself and help my children buy other farms around me." "Dam farms," evidently, are Jacob Dam's whole plan for the future.

A SIMPLE BUT BECOMING MODEL

Girl's Dress With Yoke



Blue gingham, with blue and white striped gingham for trimming, is shown in this model. The fronts are crossed below the yoke, which may be of contrasting material. Deep Gibson tucks give breadth over the shoulders. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 27-inch material for the 8-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

OUR 5¢ FLOWER GARDEN Beauty on the Backyard Farm



Have a flower garden, even ever so small a one. You can at least spare a little space for the brightness and cheerfulness of flowers. If you have not enough room for a flower garden, maybe you can find enough room for beds here and there. Whether you want the flowers for house decorations or just merely to enhance the attractiveness of the yard, or for both purposes, 5¢ cents will buy sufficient seed of ten different flowers, which will give you a supply of flowers all summer long and up into the late fall. Don't forget a rich soil, pulverized seed bed, and the dust blanket spoken about in previous articles. Besides the following, there are many others, but in our 5¢-cent flower garden let us consider these: Tall nasturtiums, which can be sown along a fence. They flower heavily if given half a chance, and have bright, rich colors. Petunias are strong, rapid growers and free bloomers. Sow early, thin out the young plants to six inches apart and they will soon cover the ground and make a mass of brilliant colors. Nicotiana, a free flowering plant which grows about two feet in height

and has long, tubular white flowers, is an excellent plant for growing in mass or mixed bed, and if taken up in the fall, cut back and potted, it will flower quite freely during the winter. Phlox Drummondii—Sow mixed seed early in spring. It is very effective grown in masses. The type with the "starred and fringed" flowers are especially fine. Sweet Peas—By all means have them; no flower garden is exactly satisfactory without them. Plant them deeply in rich soil and as early as possible. Cover seed with about two inches of soil and fill in with more loose earth as the plants increase in size. A heavy mulch of straw about the roots to retain the moisture and to keep the soil cool should be added, but the flowers daily, or they'll go to seed quickly. Marigolds—The African type grows two or three feet in height, with large flowers, two or three inches in diameter, ranging in color from pale lemon yellow to deep, rich orange. The smaller, or French type, makes compact bushes about a foot high; they begin to flower when quite small, and continue to bloom freely until frost. The flowers are generally one inch in diam-

Both Ex-Fire Fighters; They're Pals for Good



Sacramento, Cal., April 21.—(Maybe Bill doesn't know how it happened. And then again, maybe he does. Guthrie says that Bill knows a whole lot of things that most people think a horse couldn't understand. Guthrie ought to know. He and Bill have been pals for more than 14 years. Their acquaintance began when Guthrie was made fire chief here and Bill was detailed to haul the chief's buggy. About the time that Guthrie reached the retiring age Bill began to feel his years, too. Fourteen years of racing ahead of the trucks and the engines, Bill had seen, and he made no protest when the powers that be in the fire de-

partment talked of retiring him. Guthrie heard the talk as Bill knew he would, and the chief went straight to the city dad. "I want to buy old Bill," he said. "There was no need to ask the reason why. The city dad smiled at each other. "I'll cost you a dollar," said the head dad. "Just to have everything legal and regular," he added. So Guthrie and Bill, ex-fire fighters, are still pals. Mrs. Guthrie says she's jealous. Guthrie spends so much time puttering around the stable, swapping yarns of old days with Bill. But she isn't.

HURRAY! SOMETHING'S COMING UP!



The girl when she does her hair up high, the boy with his first long pants, Don't brag any louder, are not a bit prouder than the happy old fellow who tills his yard with radish and lettuce seeds, and cabbage and peas and the like. And hollers for joy, like a care-free boy, when he finds the first green spike.

WASHDAY HINT
If you wish your clothes to be of a dazzling whiteness try this easy way of laundering them: Put them to soak over night in lukewarm water to which has been added one cup of soap jelly and one cup of melted paraffin. In the morning look over the clothes and rub any spotted spots lightly with the hands. Have ready a boiler of hot water to which has been added a cup of melted paraffin and one of soap jelly, put the clothes in, and boil 20 minutes; rinse through two or three waters, and hang on the line.

If half a bottle of olives has been used and you wish to keep the rest, add a pinch of salt to the brine, pour a teaspoonful of olive oil into the brine and replace the cork.

Socialist Books

All the really valuable books on Socialism in the English language are published by Charles H. Kerr & Company, 118 West Kinzie St., Chicago. Four Socialist books and a copy of the International Socialist Review mailed for 12c in stamps if this paper is mentioned.

We Now Know Riddle of the Sphinx; Styles of 2700 Years Ago Solved

Prof. Reisner of Harvard Finds Statue Identifying Lion-Man as Pharaoh Chephren, 2850 B. C.

The mystery of the great sphinx, which has puzzled scholars for ages, has been solved at last—by a Harvard man, Prof. George A. Reisner. It is a sculptured portrait of Chephren, a pharaoh of Egypt of the fourth dynasty, who ruled about the year 2850 B. C. The discovery was made during the recent archeological expedition sent into Egypt in charge of Dr. Reisner.

The proof which settles the identity of the great mysterious monument was unearthed in recent excavations in the Mycerinus valley temple in Egypt.

"The sphinx is nothing but the body of a lion with the head of the king reigning at the time it was built," says Prof. Reisner. "The great sphinx is the guardian of the sacred precincts of the second pyramid."

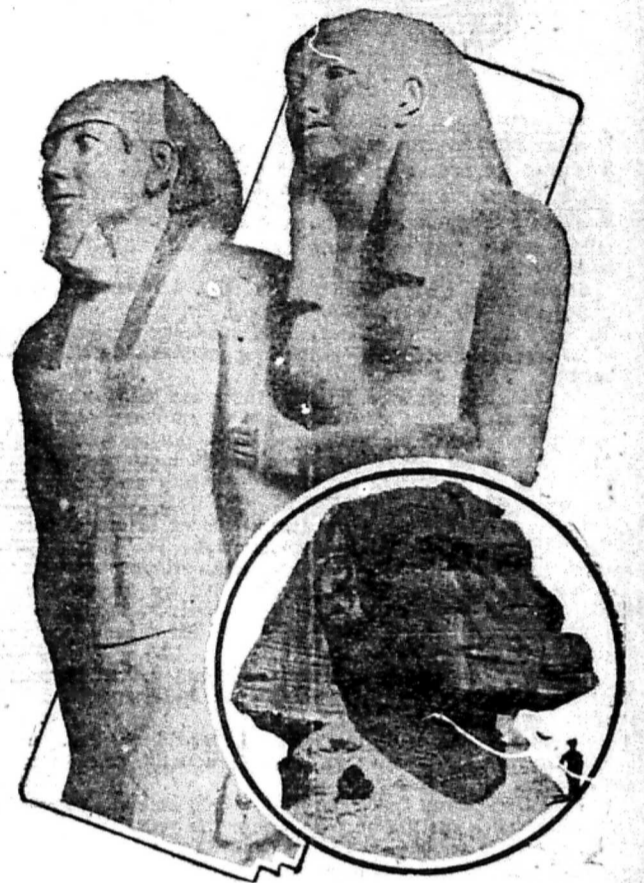
For centuries the huge statue has looked down inscrutably from its lofty eminence defying identification. Archeologists have studied every crack and crevice in the massive head and body for a clue.

But after 3,000 years comes King Mycerinus of the fourth dynasty, pharaoh of Egypt about 2800 B. C., carved in slate and alabaster, and which bears the secret into the ear of Prof. Reisner. Chephren was the father of Mycerinus.

In the Boston art museum, standing in majestic dignity with his queen, is King Mycerinus carved in slate. This statue is one of the most perfect specimens ever unearthed by archeologists. In the king's ear on one side of his face is some red paint.

This red paint, together with some peats in his headdress of a statue in Cairo, brought about the solution of the reigning fashion in the fourth mystery.

The red paint is what remains of a style of headdress with peats—shown more plainly in the statue of Mycerinus in Cairo—that was the dynasty. Upon the great sphinx is found the



KING MYCERINUS AND HIS QUEEN, AND PICTURE OF SPHINX.

same military adornment. These two things set at rest all doubts as to the identity of the silent gentleman of the desert.

E. IVERSON & Co.

1342-50 MILWAUKEE AVE.

Special Bargains FOR MONDAY

Great Purchase and Sale of Lace Curtains We secured over 1000 pairs of lace curtains (2 and 3 pairs of a kind), the broken lots of a jobbing house, at less than 50c on the dollar. You find two pairs and in some instances three pairs of curtains at a pattern; just what you want and save AT LEAST ONE-HALF. All this spring's patterns—in Nottingham, Cable Nets and Irish Point.

- 1.00 Curtains, pair 48c
- 1.50 Curtains, pair 79c
- 2.00 Curtains, pair 95c
- 3.00 Curtains, pair 1.59
- 4.00 Curtains, pair 1.98
- Values to 6.00, pair 2.75

Feathers

Pure White Goose Feathers, sanitary cleaned, regular 75c value; pound..... 58c

Cotton Goods

100 Pieces Cotton Towing, the regular 5c quality; Monday, yard..... 3 1/2c

100 Pieces of New Cotton Suitings, in checks and stripes, worth 9c; yard..... 5c

2,000 Yards of Apron Gingham, in blue and brown checks, the 7c kind; yard..... 5c

2,000 Yards of Yard-Wide Shirting Percale, the 12 1/2c quality; yard..... 9c

1,500 Yards of Fine Bleached Muslin Cambrie, in remnants, worth 10c; yard..... 7c

1,500 Yards of Fine Mercerized Satin, in black and all colors, worth up to 25c; yard..... 10c

25 Pieces of Good Quality Feather Ticking, the 29c kind; yard..... 18c

Lot of Fine White Lawn, in the full piece, worth 12 1/2c; 6 3/4c yard

Basement

The well-known U. S. Mail Laundry Soap, the regular 5c bar; 5 bars for 19c One Package Grandma's Washing Powder FREE.

Calumet Lump Gloss Starch, sold regular 3 lbs for 10c; Monday only, 3 lbs. for..... 5c

Large size 5 Sewed Carpet Broom, made of good quality broom corn, worth 29c; Monday..... 17c

One to a Customer

Large size Splint Clothes Basket, the regular 15c kind; Monday..... 9c

One to a Customer.

2-burner Gas Stoves, with cap burner, regular \$1.25 value; Monday..... 89c

Underwear

Men's Plain or Fancy Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, all 50c goods; for..... 39c

Women's Shaped Summer Vests, regular and extra large sizes; special..... 14c

Carpet

Lot of 22-inch wide Stair Carpet, fancy border, 15c kind; yard..... 9c

Dress Goods

200 yds. of Fine All Wool Dress Goods, mostly all imported goods, in plain colors as well as fancy stripes, worth up to \$1.25 a yd.; to be closed out Monday, 48c yard

Lot of Plain and Fancy Mercerized Waistings and Poplins, in black and colors, worth 12 1/2c up to 30c yd..... 12 1/2c

Lot of Heavy Gray Suitings, in checks and stripes, the 25c quality; yard..... 10c

Clothing Bargains

Lot of Boys' 2-pc. Suits, in all new spring models and colors, plain or knickerbocker pants, ages 2 1/2 to 17 years, good \$3 values; Monday..... 1.69

Men's and Boys' Working Pants, strongly made, plain black and dark colors, sizes 28 to 44 in waist, worth to \$1.75; 1.00 choice pair

200 doz. Men's and Boys' Negligee Shirts, with attached collar or neckband, blue chambray and light colored Madras, sizes 12 1/2 to 17 1/2, worth 75c; 3 for \$1.00; 35c each

Oxfords and Slippers

Women's Oxfords and Strap Slippers, solid leather, small sizes, \$1.50 values, pair..... 50c

Children's Oxfords and Pumps, patent leather and gunmetal, worth \$1.50; pair..... 98c

Women's Serge House Slippers, with leather soles, all sizes, worth 65c; pair..... 35c

Hosiery

Lot of Women's and Men's Cotton Hosiery, samples of the 10c and 15c grades, on sale Monday; 4 pair for 25c; pair

Notions

J. O. King's 200-yd. Spool Cotton, 6 spools for 8c; black and colors, 50-yd. Spool Silk for 3c; Ironing wax, 2 for 1c; Nickel Back Horn Dressing Combs, 10c kind for 5c.

Prepare Yourself for That Stupendous Bazaar

Given by the Young People's Socialist League for the benefit of The Chicago Daily Socialist, at

Schweizer Turner Hall NORTH CLARK AND KINZIE STREETS

APRIL 27

APRIL 28

APRIL 29

APRIL 30

THE BIGGEST AFFAIR HELD SINCE THE Y. P. S. L. BAZAAR OF TWO YEARS AGO

Admission, Any Night, 15c

Season Tickets, 50c

THE CHICAGO DAILY SOCIALIST

Entered as second-class matter, Dec. 22, 1894, at P. O. Chicago, under act March 3, 1879. Issued by the Workers' Publishing Society, 207 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

Socialism Is Coming

The magnificent showing of the Socialists at the city elections in Illinois held in the early part of the week is an earnest of the progress the great cause is making throughout the Union.

The people are studying Socialism. They are beginning to understand it. They find that it is not a chaotic, disorderly effort to destroy society, but an orderly evolution of what is best in the present system.

Socialism and capitalism are basically different. The one is founded upon the co-operative principle, the other upon the competitive. When capitalism displaced feudalism competition was the normal expression of society in its struggle with nature's forces and material.

Science and invention brought the great machines, the great factories, great systems of railroads and telegraphs; a vast co-related banking system; gas, electricity and water plants, which one man, or a small group of men, cannot operate; which can only be operated by vast numbers of human creatures working co-operatively. In other words, PRODUCTION HAS BECOME SOCIAL.

Formerly men worked for themselves or in small groups, in small, simply equipped shops and factories. The owner generally worked with his men. There was a human relation between owner and worker. Today business is conducted by corporations. All human relation between the owner of the business and the employes has disappeared. The railroad president don't know the section hand.

The fundamental change in the nature and method of production demands a basic change in the ownership and management of the means of production.

Socialism would make this change. It would socialize the ownership of the means of production even as production already has been socialized.

Capitalism resists this change. It would keep the ownership of that upon which the life and welfare of the people depends in the hands of private persons—the capitalists. The contest between these two systems, the old and the new, is world wide. The people of Illinois are ranging themselves on the side of the new—of progress.

Butchers, Traders, Packers

"Retail butchers are holding up the public and charging exorbitant prices," says C. S. Jones, president of the Chicago Stock Exchange. "Cattle prices are lower now than at any time since 1908. Hogs, lambs and sheep are lower," asserts Mr. Jones.

On the other hand, Toby Hutter, president of the North Side Retail Butchers' Association, insists that the reductions in wholesale prices of meats were not so great as the packers would have the public believe. He declares that the retailers are giving the public the benefit of the cuts in cost.

It is certain that the prices of all live stock on the farm are much lower than one and two years ago.

The producer gets less than formerly, while the ultimate consumer pays as much as ever.

This is due to a system under which each section of the industry, from the man who raises the calf to the man who sells the soup-bone, gets as much profit as he can.

Each one tries to buy as cheaply as he can and sell as dearly as he can, with the net result that the ends of the chain—the producer and the consumer—pay all the profits of the whole chain of go-betweens. Besides there is great waste and friction in the process.

It would be much more economical if the producer and consumer were brought in direct touch, direct exchange of labor products, by means of a scientific medium of exchange based upon labor value.

That would give to each worker the full product of his labor. Some day that will be done. In the meantime, let the American worker take the Tribune's advice and "eat potatoes."

Root Fears the People

Senator Elihu Root of New York, at a private dinner a few evenings ago, appeared in a pessimistic mood. He feared that the initiative, referendum and recall would destroy representative government.

In other words, he does not want the people to vote directly upon measures, but wants them to be "represented" by the Aldriches, Baileys, Cannons, Lorimers, Lee Brownes et al.

He also "deprecates" the effect that the recall would have upon the "judiciary."

As the law is now a judge, especially a federal judge, is beyond the reach of the people, no matter what judicial outrage he may perpetrate.

The power of the federal judge is absolute on many matters that involve important rights. There is no appeal from many of his arbitrary and sometimes infamous rulings tainted by bribe.

The only process by which a federal judge may be removed is through impeachment by congress, a practically hopeless proceeding. Capitalism scents danger in the initiative, referendum and recall.

The discussion of measures instead of men by the people will educate them. They will discover the causes of corruption, privilege and poverty and will have the power to remove them.

The fear expressed by Alexander Hamilton that "the franchise conferred upon the masses without property qualifications will some day destroy the rights of private property" is looming on the political horizon.

"Our industrial system is watered with the bloody sweat of labor and the salt tears of bitter poverty and suffering; and it is fertilized with the dead bodies of men and women outworn in the grim battle of life.

Tended and watched it is by a foul horde of underlings, hired judges in the law, panderers in politics, timeservers in the pulpit, lickspittles in college chancelleries, Judases in the press, blackmailers in business, and miserable, fawning parasites clinging like filthy leeches upon the administrative bodies of the nation."—Frederick Townsend Martin, in Everybody's Magazine.

"From this point of view (Socialism) the history of mankind no longer appears as a senseless jumble of violence and bloodshed, but as the natural evolutions of the human race; in spite of external appearances pointing to it being the product of chance, it has followed certain well-defined laws."—Frederick Engels.

"I cannot go down the crowded tenement sections of our great cities without it being born in upon me that we as a nation pay a fearful price in human tears and blood for our industrial triumphs."—Frederick Townsend Martin, in Everybody's Magazine.

"Marx discovered the simple fact, hidden hitherto by ideological excrescences, the fact that above all else men stand in need of meat and drink, of shelter and clothing, before they can engage in politics, religion, science and art."—Frederick Engels.

"The political, ethical, philosophical, religious, literary and artistic development is based upon the economic. But all of them react upon one another and upon their economic basis."—Frederick Engels.

Five days before election it was 70-cent gas; five days after election 77-cent gas; the balance of Harrison's term, 85-cent gas.

"Socialism is imbedded in the conditions of modern civilization."—Father Cathrein (Catholic).

Labor is the source of all wealth.

If We Get the Right of Recall, Why Not Extend It?



Four Letters

BY JACOB GOEDIN.—Translated by Riva Talestrik.

In the sack of the letter carrier four letters lay one near the other like four neighbors. All of them were addressed to Europe, all had the stamps of the United States of America. Each letter voiced the truth, and each truth was as distant from the other as the sky is from the earth.

The first letter was addressed to Vienna. The truth was expressed thus:

"Dear Comrade: The great thoughts of freedom are being freely propagated here. Our church is becoming more and more free in this country. The working class is becoming stronger every day; all the oppressed are unitedly preparing for the great social battle. Religion has no significance in America. Fanaticism is entirely destroyed. Intellectual thoughts are distributed over the entire nation. Science is the main power in our dear land. Your friend, BRAVERMAN."

Letter No. II. to Rome.

"Holy Pope: The great thoughts of Catholicism are being freely propagated here. Our church is becoming a vigorous force. Many Catholic organizations are formed every week, and every month new churches that cost millions of dollars are erected.

"Our Catholic church will some day be the greatest political influence in America. The old thought is being guarded and observed by the masses, for the scientists are weak as children.

"They have no teeth and cannot bite our unperishable religion. Your child, THE CARDINAL."

Letter No. III. to Moscow

"Dear Friend: I am satisfied with my new home in America. Business may be done on the same scale as in Russia. Bribery is more powerful here than in Russia. I often make deals with the police and business becomes more prosperous. Credit is obtained easily. The people here like sensation and you know this brings profit, so try to make a new uproar every month. I belong to an organization that protects our rights.

"Once every year I go to church to hear our reformed priest, after which we all go to the cafe, and play cards till midnight."

"Our Metropolitan Opera House is greater than any that you have seen in Europe. I smoke Havana cigars and my children are being instructed in the ethical school. I make good in the home of the free and the land of the brave. Your friend, 'KAUFMAN.'"

Letter No. IV. a Small Town in Russia.

"Dear Maurice: What shall I write? Work is my entire life. I am a human machine that produces immense wealth, but I myself am outworked and penniless. I work from early morning till late at night. My children are also workers. The little ones hustle with newspapers in the streets—and what have we out of all this? Starvation. Oh, yes; pardon me—we have music, schools, baths, churches, preachers that give free advice and lectures—all free to every one, but who can think of all this when the stomach protests that we are hungry and want food?

"We live in narrow rooms that are worse than dungeons. There we eat stale and moldy food. Sadly the days pass. We rise in the morning, and we lie down to sleep in order that we shall preserve the little energy that remains for the next day. Life here is work and sleep. Since I came here I have not seen the sun, nor has my heart felt one breath of fresh air.

"My body is decaying day by day. My eyes are weak and sick. Oh, what will be the end? When will there be an end to the everlasting pains and deprivation?"

"My dear Maurice, Sarah, who was so young and full of life, is old, gray and broken, and the children, ragged, barefoot and naked, run about the streets, thus begoming ill-bred.

"What do I do for them? I sit and sew, sew, sew! I will sit and sew until the angel of death takes pity upon me and says, 'Dear American citizen, you have worked enough. Come rest in the dark, narrow grave.'"

"My dear friend, the tear that has just bloated this paper is my seal. It is the signature of the poor. I SILENCE."

Your friend, —New York Sunday Call.

Plunderbund vs. The People

(By John N. Landberg.)

In the coming election, as in the past, solidly entrenched behind the tariff, gas, liquor, and banking trusts, the white slave syndicate, and every other labor-skimming corporation of Philadelphia, are lined up the Penrose-McNichol-Vare Republican gang and the Donnelly-Ryan Democratic twin-machine that have plundered this city for ever a score of years.

Against this unholy alliance of grafters, corruptionists, and franchise grabbers, is arrayed the clean, uncompromising, tried and true champion of the working class, the socialist party.

SOCIALISM

implies the collective ownership, management and control of those industries that are essential to the well-being of all the people, such as land, railroads, mines, street car lines, telephones, factories, etc. It further stands for the abolition of out-cast competition, and the substitution in its stead of co-operation in every field of human endeavor, and presupposes the return to the workers of a fair equivalent of the value of the product of their toil.

As an economic doctrine, Socialism is the natural outgrowth of modern industrial conditions. Its origin is traceable to the birthday of modern capitalism, namely, to the last quarter of the eighteenth century.

A little over a hundred years ago the people of this country enjoyed comparative equality of wealth. The small farmer owned his patch of land. The mechanic was the owner of his simple tools of production. There were neither millionaires on the one hand nor paupers and tramps on the other.

This condition of affairs continued

ONE JUDGE'S OPINION

A sixteen-year-old boy named Baldwin recovered verdict and judgment for \$7,000 for injuries sustained when a racing car skilled in the Vanderbilt automobile race last fall. The appellate division of the New York Supreme court set aside the judgment on the ground that the boy, by standing too near the track, had been guilty of contributory negligence.

One of the judges who objected to the reversal put it this way:

"If the boy had stayed at home he would not have been injured. If he had not left the state of Connecticut, he could not have been injured by the car of the defendant, which was using the highways of the state of New York for an advertising exhibition. To charge responsibility upon a boy who was out of the reach of harm except for the defendant's negligence is to make a travesty of justice."

MERELY A TEST CASE

A burly negro came to the doctor of a West African missionary settlement, dragging his reluctant wife with him.

"Doctor, put one of my wife's teeth out," said he.

The doctor examined the woman's mouth and found only sound teeth.

"Oh, that makes no difference," said the interested negro. "Pull one anyway. If it doesn't hurt too much you can pull my tooth that is aching."—Success Magazine.

GENTLE April showers bring many human ills—colds, influenza, pneumonia and doctors' bills.

ation upon those most able to bear it—the rich tax-dodgers and corporations.

6. The abolition of the contract system, and the substitution in its stead of direct contracting by the city for all municipal works.

7. Enlarging the facilities and scope of the health and law departments, so as to enable them to give free medical assistance and legal advice, respectively, to the poor and needy.

8. The prohibition of police interference with peaceable picketing by strikers.

9. The right of all city employes to organize into labor unions.

10. A free municipal employment bureau for the use of those seeking employment.

11. Erection of model dwellings for working people, to be rented at cost.

12. The erection of municipal lodging houses for the free sheltering of the poor and needy.

13. The erection of adequate school houses.

14. The extension of city parks and playgrounds, better protection of the workers from accidents in factories and workshops; proper care of the physical conditions of the school children; rigid factory inspection, and strict enforcement of the laws against adulterated foods and unsanitary housing.

15. Free municipal houses for the care of the poor, afflicted with tuberculosis.

16. Free municipal boarding and housing of school children of indigent parents.

17. Decrease of the police and a corresponding increase of the fireman's force.

"WHEN SILENCE IS GOLDEN"

Under the above heading, W. J. Bryan's Commoner for April 7th chimes in with Taft and the Wall street forces to keep outwrest quiet on the army maneuvers at the Mexico border.

He would wait until our army had choked to death the rebellion against tyranny before uttering a protest.

This is what he says: "Democrat cannot afford to embarrass him (the president) by expressing a lack of confidence unless he abuses the discretion vested in him by the constitution. This would seem to be a time when silence is golden."

La Follette's and the New York World, and a thousand other voices have been raised in protest against an "abuse of the discretion vested in the president" in threatening war in the most high-handed manner short of actual hostilities. But Bryan, true to his utter lack of capacity to move with the world, his utter want of practical sympathy with the struggles for human freedom, not only jags behind, but actually assists in sustaining a monstrous military demonstration in the interest of Wall street.

"This would seem to be a time when silence is golden," he says. He was silent when the Western Federation of Miners' officials were kidnapped and denied every natural and legal and constitutional right. "Silence is golden" for him then, for he could pose as the friendship of his old-time political free silver capitalist friends of Colorado, and cultivate his own sacred and much advertised popularity. Judge Ben Lindsey says Bryan sometimes feels the beast. He is certainly doing it now. BY L. D. RATLIFF.

The School and Socialism

BY IRA C. TILTON

Our public school system is frequently referred to by Socialists, when talking on non-Socialist, as an example of practical Socialism. The non-Socialist usually replies, if he is "up" on the school question, that the present school tax is an almost unbearable burden on the people, and if that is Socialism we have enough already.

Now, listen to the Socialist—he is usually a little more than "up" as compared with exponents of capitalism.

A few years ago the State Teachers' Association of Indiana appointed a committee to investigate and report on the collection and expenditures of the Indiana school funds.

This committee's report shows that hundreds of thousands of dollars are lost to the school fund by remission and non-collection of fines, various officers failing to report fines and forfeitures, sequestered property not on tax duplicates, tax dodging, exemptions of corporate wealth, etc.; that large sums are wasted by careless expenditure on the part of local school officials in over-charging of retailers.

This should convince Mr. Non-Socialist that it is not because of actual cost that school expenses are a burden. It is the rottenness of capitalism that creates the basis of his objection.

How long will it take these poor, benighted creatures of an insane system to emerge from darkness into light?

But while we are on the school question there is something else with which we must call attention.

Figures from the office of the state superintendent, Indiana, 1909-1910, show the per cent of loss of pupils from school from one grade to the next:

Table with 5 columns: Grade, Enrollment, Loss, Per Cent of Loss, and Enrollment, Loss, Per Cent of Loss. Rows 1 through 6.

More than one-fourth of the pupils who enter the first grade never reach the second. Wonder what becomes of them? Let Mr. Capitalist answer. More than one-half never reach the eighth grade. Let Mr. Capitalist remark again. Only two out of nine who complete the eighth grade ever enter high school, and less than one out of twelve who do enter high school complete the course.

Think of this—you "Hoesers" who boast of the school system in Indiana. You who are not "Hoesers," remember Indiana has as high or higher rank educationally than your state.

Why not have education at cost and for all the people? That is what Socialism demands.

Will a sane man oppose it? Not long, I think.

Comment on The Growth of Socialism

The non-Socialist press all over the country is commenting upon the growth of Socialism, particularly in reference to those cities which have elected Socialist officials. In their comment, these papers follow one of two methods, either lauding Socialism as a sign of awakening intelligence on the part of American voters, or deprecating everything that bears the name of Socialism, stooping so low in many cases as to invent lies concerning both Socialism and the Socialist officials who are elected. Especially is this true in the comment on Socialism in Milwaukee.

The following editorial, taken from the Los Angeles Record, is a very fair example of the first form of comment, and shows a very liberal spirit on the part of that paper. The editorial reads as follows:

"What does it mean?" is the query of a reader, who, judging from his letter, has become greatly excited because Berkeley, Cal., and Butte, Mont., have elected Socialist mayors, and has written us a long letter to say that he cannot understand how men can vote for Socialists when there are other good candidates.

Perhaps, in Berkeley and Butte, there were not "other good candidates," or at least candidates who measured up as well for the people as the Socialist candidates, and if such were the case it would simply mean that the voters wanted the men they considered the most capable and trustworthy in office.

Possibly, if Berkeley and Butte were isolated cases, this explanation would do, but if our inquirer read the papers closely, last week, he knows that in addition to a Socialist mayor Butte elected a Socialist police judge, a Socialist treasurer and five Socialist aldermen; that Superior, Wis., elected two Socialist aldermen and two Socialist supervisors; that Racine, Wis., elected one Socialist alderman and a Socialist justice of the peace; that Victor, Col., elected an entire Socialist ticket; that Walkerville, Mont., elected two Socialist aldermen; that Flint, Mich., elected a Socialist mayor, three Socialist aldermen, three Socialist supervisors and two Socialist school trustees; that Girard, Kan., elected a Socialist mayor; that Beatrice, Neb., Red Cloud, Neb., and Wymore, Neb., all elected Socialist mayors; that in Chicago the Socialist vote was 24.3%, an increase of 13,000, and that in many other places the Socialists made wonderful gains.

Now, in none of these places there were undoubtedly "other good candidates," but the voters wanted the Socialists and elected them, so an explanation that might apply to a few isolated cases will not do. Therefore, we are going to tell our inquirer what we think it means.

We believe that the people have simply got tired of being humbugged and have decided to play the game themselves.

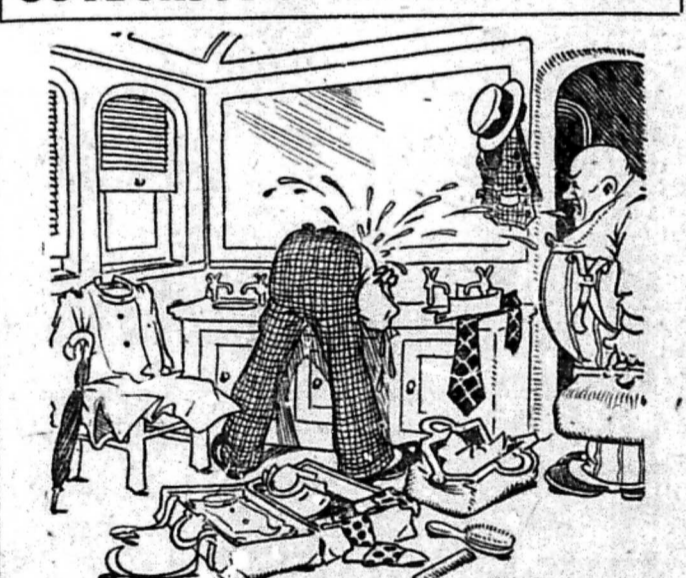
For years—yes, for generations—the old parties have been putting municipal candidates in the field, and these candidates, before election, have talked themselves hoarse about what they were going to do for the people; how they would, if elected, protect the interests of the people, and all that sort of palaver. And then, after election, the people always got theirs, and always got it in the same place—the neck.

There have been so many broken promises and so many betrayals of the people by their municipal officers that the voters have become suspicious of all candidates who wear the brand of the old parties. While they may not believe that all Socialist doctrines and theories are good, they know that the Socialists stand for municipal ownership and for other things that mean much to the common people; that mean that Bill Smith, the hoodlum, will have just as even a break in municipal affairs as the Hon. William Smythe, president of the First National bank, and that is what the people want.

It means that the voters want a new order of things. That they want a government of the people, by the people and for the people to be a reality, and not a mere catch phrase of the stump speaker.

It means that the people have determined to try and come into their own. And the end is not yet.

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE



"IF THERE'S ANYTHING IN THE WORLD I HATE IT'S A SLEEPING-CAR HOG! GET OUT THERE AND ROOT IN THE DITCH!!!!"

