

CHICAGO DAILY SOCIALIST

VOLUME I--NO. 3.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1906

PRICE ONE CENT

HARRIMAN COMES TO CHICAGO AS MASTER

Great Railroad Despot Puts His Foot On Neck of "I Will" Maiden.

WILL MAKE 200% TO 500%

By the Time He Has Issued the Usual Amount of Stocks and Bonds, Worked the Market Up and Down and Got From Under.

E. H. Harriman, nestor of Southern Pacific, of Union Pacific, who is fighting Fish for the Illinois Central, is coming to Chicago to control the subway, the electric light and power companies, the gas companies and possibly the street railway lines.

Money is pouring into the coffers of Wall street residents at such a rate that its investment is the problem of the hour. New York's public service corporations already are in the hands of the Oil group. From New York city their property extends along railroad and steam boat lines to Chicago, and farther west.

NATURAL enough nowadays—

It is but natural, according to La Salle street brokers, that Harriman should come to Chicago to buy up all the big utilities. Few people were heard today to criticize his business ability and few found fault with the arrangement by which this one man representing a few others is to become dictator here, as he is in New York.

When the subway which was built on a franchise practically stolen from the city of Chicago, and the electric light companies, and the telephone system and the gas plants are into the hands of Hariman, he will sell stocks and bonds enough to bring back twice or three or five times as much money as he invests.

HARRIMAN, Wizard of Finance—

The deal by which the industries of Chicago are to be taken over is mysterious to the people that use them. They will perhaps not realize any difference until it shows in their bills for light, heat and phone service.

The struggle for these rich profit producers that are necessary to the people of Chicago has been going on for months.

John J. Mitchell of the Illinois Trust & Savings bank which has more than \$30,000,000 of savings accounts is in New York helping the consolidation. He has a wonderful lot of money in his control for investment. He looks with favor on the plans for a great public service trust. There are many deals to make and as he has been in such things before the head of the big savings bank is expected to make something for himself.

MITCHELL, the Go-Between.

He pays 3 per cent on savings and then buys the people's utilities with money in his hands, and makes 6 per cent, or sometimes doubles his money.

BUSTED FOR A MINUTE.

[Scripps-McRae Press Association.] Lincoln, Neb., Oct. 26.—The Nebraska fruit growers claim to have busted the apple barrel trust. They did it by shipping their apples in bulk. The trust raised the price from 25 cents to 40 cents per barrel, but has now restored the former price.

LEOPOLD CAUGHT IN FAIRBURY, NEB.?

Identification of Murderer of Mrs. Leslie Seems Positive.

END OF LONG CHASE

Will Be Brought Back To Chicago For Trial At Once.

Leonard Leopold, the murderer of Mrs. Margaret Leslie, was probably captured at Fairburg, Neb., this morning. He was arrested by the local authorities there while traveling under the name of Nicolas.

The Fairburg officials telegraphed a description of the man captured to Chief of Detectives P. D. O'Brien, who declared that the description sent was better than the one sent out by the Chicago police. This apparently makes identification certain.

Men have been sent on from the Chicago police to bring him to this city. He is expected to arrive some time this afternoon.

EMPLOYERS LOOKING FOR VIOLENCE

U. S. Steel Company Claims Men Will Use Dynamite.

[Scripps-McRae Press Association.] Newcastle, Pa., Oct. 27.—Owing to fears that the striking furnacemen will resort to the use of dynamite in the use of which they are well versed, to blow up the barracks of the imported strike breakers, strict precautions are being taken to keep the disaffected men away from the works. The police are having much trouble as the works are constantly picketed by strikers.

Scabs Quit.

All the one hundred strike breakers brought here Thursday by the Carnegie Steel company to take the places of the striking furnace laborers, deserted Friday and the majority have already left town. The strikers are jubilant, considering this a victory. The strikers are now being organized into a union when they expect aid from all labor unions.

Gun Flashed.

At noon Friday George Greer, district manager of the American Sheet and Tin Plate company, ordered a crowd of strikers away from the tin office where they had collected. One drew a revolver but his companions induced him to leave with them.

[COMMENT: Remembering the previous history of labor troubles in the Carnegie Steel company it is pretty safe to conclude that every effort is being made by the employers to incite to violence.]

STEAL ON WEIGHTS

Williamsburg, Pa., Oct. 26.—(Special)—The United States Steel corporation has a subsidiary company known as the Pittsburg Limestone company, which is located in Blair county, Pennsylvania.

This company works the same scheme upon its laborers that has helped to pile up the fortunes of the coal barons. The cars upon which the stone is loaded are all supposed to hold only 7,000 pounds. Frequently, however, cars hold 7,500 and 8,000 pounds, but the worker is paid for only 7,000.

The amount thus stolen from the workers amounts to tens of thousands of dollars annually. The workers have protested over and over again against this exploitation, but always without effect.

SOCIALISTS PULLED IN TRENTON.

Trenton, Oct. 27.—The socialists of New Jersey are making a strong fight for the right of free speech. Their speakers have been arrested and the case is now in court.



NEW GINGER IN OLD DOBBIN

ANOTHER DUKE ON THE PAYROLL

Switchmen Must Pay \$100,000 a Year to Duke of Marlborough.

National officers of the Switchmen's union will meet here to-morrow to ask again of the railroads some concessions in the way of wages and shorter hours. The situation was made darker for the workers to-day by the announcement that the Vanderbilt employees must pay \$100,000 a year to the duke of Marlborough. This will be a drain on the companies controlled by the families of the yard men, train service men and office forces of the companies that contribute to the Vanderbilt revenues.

Dukes and Army Captains.

Railroad workers and the tenants in New York are keeping so many dukes, earls, barons, princes, army captains and the like in Europe that they must be modest and conservative in their demands.

The Rock Island employees, the men who operate the great system, have to supply about \$500,000 for the Moore brothers to use at the various horse shows this year. These numerous expenses, in addition to yachts, country and town houses, automobiles, race horses, \$1,000 gowns and the necessity of supplying money for Harriman and other railroad "wizards" to reinvest, keep the switchmen busy.

Workers Will Be Loyal to Dukes.

They propose to pay all their obligations, however, and continue to run the roads in the interests of dukes, wizards and gentlemen, who work at useless things or not at all.

Working officials of the roads centering here would like to increase wages but they are prevented by the requirements of their jobs—that is, to make dividends for the dukes et al.

May Strike for Eight Hours.

For these reasons the probability is that the switchmen will have to strike to get an eight-hour day.

President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor has been informed of the situation and asked for support. If his common policy is carried out the switchmen must fight their battle alone, and union freight handlers, shopmen and track workers labor, with non-union switchmen.

BEAUTIFY CHICAGO ALONG BOULEVARDS

Streets and Alleys Where Workers Lived Will Remain Same.

The Merchants' Club of Chicago proposes to make Chicago the City Beautiful. A systematic plan worked out by Architect D. H. Burnham, whose plans for beautifying Washington and San Francisco have already made him famous, will be applied to Chicago.

This does not mean that Goose Island, Little Hell, The Ghetto, Back of the Yards or Little Italy are to have their streets (the only playgrounds for their children) cleaned, their pavements repaired, or that rows of trees and flowerbeds will be planted along Halsted street or on the banks of Bubbly creek.

Beauty Pays.

None of these things will be done, because this work is not intended as a philanthropy. The Merchants' Club has discovered that beauty pays (in some places). Its report says:

"Take, for instance, our great stores. Twenty years ago they were content to house themselves in cramped and badly ventilated quarters. Now spacious show-rooms are finished in mahogany, are carpeted with the richest materials; beautiful domes are decorated by Tiffany; restrooms and grillrooms are provided for customers. And banks are housing themselves in handsome structures of classical design. Business men now know that these things pay, and people are commencing to realize that beauty and order in civic development pay the merchants of Paris in dollars and cents and will pay the merchants of Chicago in dollars and cents."

The taxing system is also arranged so as to assure the same end. Under the Juhl law the total tax rate cannot exceed a certain very low percentage of the actual value of the property taxed. But the boulevards have a special dispensation which assures them a large proportion of the total levy.

The streets and alleys and those who live on them must take what is left.

DEPARTMENT STORES EXPLOIT EMPLOYEES RUTHLESSLY

Feat is Doubly Easy Because Workers Are Not Organized.

UNIONS CRUSHED RUTHLESSLY

Daily Papers Silent as to Conditions for Fear of Losing Advertising.

For ten years the bitterest enemy of organized labor in Chicago has been the State street stores. Through their control of the press, it was these stores that led the fight against the teamsters, the most powerful labor organization in Chicago, in the strike in 1905. The greatest struggle in the strike of the building trades in this city was on a building owned by Marshall Field. Every attempt of the department store clerks to organize has met with failure.

Thomas Mahon has worked for Marshall Field twelve years. He began as a bundle boy at \$3 per week and now is an inspector, earning \$14. The incentive to work could be greater, yet at this rate he is still expecting to become part owner of the firm. Thomas Mahon has learned several things. He knows that organization of labor does not go in the big stores. He can tell you of the time, not long ago, when the clerks resolved to organize. They discussed it quietly. They knew the attitude of the store management, so planned to meet some distance from the downtown stores. About 50 clerks from various stores took a North Clark street car, transferred to Chicago Avenue and south on Halsted to 63rd. An incipient organization was formed. Next morning every man and woman at the meeting was discharged.

Fired for Union Activity.

A woman, working in a restaurant at The Fair was elected to an office in the Waitresses' Union. She was immediately discharged. When a delegation attempted to put the case before Mrs. Lehman, owner of The Fair store, she refused to meet the delegation or to answer a letter addressed to her.

The difficulties of organization are made greater by the method of graduation of labor that exists in the stores and that has been effected since the last attempt of the clerks to organize. Every man or woman works over and under someone else. The distinction may be one almost purely in name with 50 cents or a dollar's difference in wages, yet it serves to destroy the growth of common interest among the clerks, since every man is pushing those under him while trying to pull up to the position above.

Blacklist Works Overtime.

In order to keep wages of clerks down and prevent them from an effort to better their condition by changing to a different store, Mandel Bros., Marshall Field, Stevens and Carson-Firie have entered into an agreement. They constitute what is known as the "Big 4." Through the agreement between these firms, no store will hire an employe from any one of the other stores until the clerk has first given up his place—become dependent—and told his former wages. Letters of recommendation, required at the time of employment, are retained by the management, and all errors are entered and kept for future reference, so that they operate like the Lord, who said, "Lo, I will be with you always."

Rules are fixed by the house and clerks may be discharged with or without cause. A customer stepped up to a woman in the Boston Store, who had been fourteen years in the employ of the house. She made a purchase and asked to have a smaller package enclosed. The clerk, to oblige the customer, did so, and a half hour later was discharged, the customer being a house detective. No rule against enclosing packages can be found in the rules of the Boston Store nor was it ever announced to the employes.

Fined Because She Might Have Made Mistake.

Clerks are fined not only for all mistakes made but for all they were likely to make. Carrie Mann, at the Boston Store, sold four pairs of hose

[Continued on Second Page]

WHEN IS A CAR NOT A CAR?

When It Is a Pullman and Wants to Duck Railway Rate Law.

The law makes every sleeping car company a common carrier. It requires every common carrier to publish, file with the interstate commerce commission, and post in its ticket offices and stations copies of its schedules containing all its rates.

No such notices have been posted by the Pullman company, nor are its tariffs on file anywhere for public inspection.

Common Carrier or Hotel?

It is believed the company and its officials would not thus risk the penalties of the law without thinking they had some good reason for doing so. Its higher officials could not be seen in regard to the matter yesterday, but one of its representatives stated that, despite the provision of the rate law, it does not consider itself as a common carrier and does not believe it can be forced to conduct its business as one.

"The position of the Pullman company," said he, "is that it is not engaged in the transportation but in the hotel business. It does not haul persons or property. The railroads do that. It merely furnishes travelers on the railroads with lodging accommodations, and, where it furnishes the dining car service, with meals. Because the Pullman company's hotels are on wheels is no reason why they should be called common carriers."

The matter will go to the courts of course, and the decision probably won't be handed down for several years, as usual.

IMMORAL MINISTER IS SUSPENDED

Thereupon Decides to Come to Chicago University.

[Scripps-McRae Press Association.] Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 26.—Rev. C. H. Bridwell, former pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Atlanta, recently suspended from the ministry on account of confessed immorality, has unexpectedly returned to Atlanta. He states that he has not left ministry, but will enter the University of Chicago for a special course of study, preparatory to returning to the ministry. He is accompanied by his wife, and they are receiving a great welcome.

RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONISTS GET CASH

Use Bomb, Injure 10, Get \$231,600.

ESCAPE WITH BOOTY

[Scripps-McRae Press Association.] St. Petersburg, Oct. 27.—In a bold raid to-day on the custom house, in which they employed a bomb to assist them in wrecking the place, revolutionists made away with \$231,600 roubles.

A bomb was thrown at the cashier. He escaped fortunately, but in the confusion the robbers were able to get away with the money.

Ten persons were mortally wounded in the explosion of the bomb.

MORE BABIES TO STARVE

The Price of Milk Goes Up to Top Notch.

The Retail Milk Dealers' Association decided yesterday that beginning Nov. 1 there would be an advance of 1 cent a quart for milk delivered in Chicago.

Consumers who have been paying 6 cents will have to pay 7, and those who have been in the 7 cent class will be compelled to give 8, the highest price ever asked for this necessity of life in Chicago.

The association, which has as members most of the small dealers in this city, took action at a meeting held in the afternoon at Schoenhofen's hall, Milwaukee and Ashland avenues. N. D. Morey was chairman.

POOR EQUIPMENT CAUSES WRECK

Milwaukee Avenue Car Loaded with Workers Leaps Track and Crashes Into Sidewalk.

Four people were injured, one perhaps fatally, this morning when a defective car on the Milwaukee avenue line jumped the track and smashed into the curb at Dawson street.

The car was running at such a high rate of speed, in an effort to make the schedule required by the company, that it leaped across the gutter and ran up onto the sidewalk. An examination of the car showed that one of the trucks was loose, making it almost certain that it could not stick to the tracks under anything more than ordinary speed.

Those Injured Are:

Herbert McGuire, 704 North 5th avenue. Vincent Budzik, 1798 Monticello street. Frank Kendra, 2844 Milwaukee avenue. A. Brandt, 4272 Milwaukee avenue. Mr. Budzik was sent to St. Elizabeth's Hospital.

10 TO 3 ON HUGHES

New York, N. Y., Oct. 27.—(Special)—There was a slight variation in Hughes' favor in the election betting on the Broad street curb yesterday, Hearst backers in one case getting as good as 10 to 3. J. L. McCormick at these odds bet \$1,000 with Allan, McCraw & Co. Most of the other bets were at 3 to 1. Robert Wilson took the Hearst end of a \$1,000 wager. W. W. Bagley and S. S. Wood, supplying \$3,000 Hughes money. W. Marco put \$1,800 on Hughes against \$600 put up by S. S. Wood.

WANT CHINESE LABORERS

[Special Cable Dispatch.] Berlin, Oct. 26.—The agricultural associations of East Prussia have petitioned the Government to allow the temporary employment of Chinese coolies for farm work.

"AN EYE FOR AN EYE" BY C. S. DARROW

The Story of a Condemned Man's Last Night on Earth.

RIGHTS OF REPUBLICATION KINDLY ACCORDED BY FOX, SUFFIELD & CO.

Jim Jackson, who had been condemned to death for killing his wife, asks his old friend Hank Cleary to visit him in his cell, and they talk over the crime. Hank expects to find a monster, but finds that his old friend is the same sort of fellow he always was.

"You remember about my boy. Now of course I always was a rough fellow and never did quite right ever before that, but still I guess you know I always loved that kid. Strange thing, he'll be four years old to-morrow on the very day—well, poor little fellow, I hope he don't know nothing about it. You remember the time that kid had the croup and how we thought he couldn't get well, and you know I went down to the yard to tell you about it and how bad I felt. I almost wish now he'd died, but maybe that's wicked and God will take care of the kid better'n he did of me. Well I haven't heard a word about the boy since I came to the jail, or since I left him at the house that night, except a little bit in court and what the good guard says. He kind of holds out that he's in some kind of an orphan-asylum where he's gettin' plenty to eat and where he'll learn what's right and wrong, and be a good man, and that's all right, but I'd like to know where the kid is. He says I thought so much of him I ought to have showed it before, and I s'pose I ought; but I did think lots of him; just as much as when rich folks think of their boys. I want him to be taken care of and to be educated and grow up to be a good man, and maybe it's a good deal better if he never knows anything about his father, but somehow I can't help wantin' him to know who I was and don't want him to think of me just like the newspapers and everybody else does. I wouldn't want him to grow up like that guard, even if he is real good. And you see there wa'n't any one but you that I could send for and tell them just how it all happened. No one yet has ever known how it was, and everybody says I was to blame and that I'm a demon and a monster, and I thought maybe if I explained the whole thing to you, just as it was, you could see that I wa'n't so much to blame; maybe that there wa'n't some excuse for what I done, and then some time when the boy's grown up he'd know that I wa'n't so bad as every one says I was.

"Of course I know you can't, for I know you're poor like me, but so many times when I thought about the boy I thought that maybe you and your mother might raise him just the way I would have done; and then your mother was always so good to all of us. I remember how she used to raise the little geese down along the canal if anything happened to the old geese; don't you remember about that? My, but them was fine times, wa'n't they? Of course if you could do it I don't know but the alderman would help you; anyhow he'd get free books and clothes off'n the county when he went to school. How are politics up in the ward? Is he goin' to run again? I never hear anything only what I get out of the papers and they're all against him, but I think he'll show 'em yet. Wish I was out so I could help. But I must go on with what I brought you to hear. I'm goin' to tell you the whole story just exactly as it is, and you know that I wouldn't tell you a lie to-night with what they are goin' to do in the mornin'. I can't make you understand unless I commence clear at the beginnin', but I know you won't mind, seein' it's my last time."

"You know I was born in Chicago and never was out of it but once until the night it happened. I don't know anything about my father and mother except what my aunt told me. You know she raised me, and I can't make any complaint about the way she done it. I was real small when I went to live with her. She stayed all alone down on the canal. I guess you knew me when I was livin' with her. She worked hard, but, of course, ladies of that kind don't get much. She used to go over to the south side to do washin' and to clean houses, and things like that, and sometimes when I was small she took me along. They were awful nice houses where we went. That's how I got to know so much about the way rich people live. When I got bigger, she used to send me to school. I was pretty steady in school and got clear up to the sixth grade. I know it must have been awful hard for her to send me the way she earned her money, but she seemed to think as much of me as if I'd been her own boy. She could have got along better, but every time she got five or ten dollars laid up it seemed as if there was a funeral of some of the neighbors and she had to club in and hire a carriage, and that took her money almost as fast as she could earn it.

"You remember how we used to play around the canal in them days. It smelled pretty bad, but we didn't seem to mind it much. We used to sail boats and go in swimmin' and catch frogs and do most everything. There was quite a gang of us boys that lived there. It don't seem as if any of 'em ever amounted to very much. Most of 'em are in the stock yards or switchin' or dom'

somebody like that. The only ones that I can think of that grew up down there and amounted to anything is the alderman and Bill Carmody, who went to the legislature. They call both of 'em Honor'ble, you know. I guess anybody is honor'ble who ever had an office or tried to get one. Us boys used to get arrested quite a good deal. Of course we was pretty tough, you know that. We was always in some devilment. All of us rushed the can and chewed tobacco; then we fought a good deal and used to play round the cars. Some of the boys would break into 'em; but I never stole anything in my life unless you count coal off'n the cars, and I don't know how we could have got along in the winter without that. Anyhow, I guess nobody thinks anything of stealin' coal off'n cars.

"But I don't s'pose there's any use goin' over my whole history. I don't know as it has anything to do with it anyway, only it kind of seems to me that I never had a very good chance and as if mebbe things would've been different if I had.

"Well, you remember when my aunt died I had got to be about fourteen. Then I found a job out to the stock yards. I never liked that work; I used to see so much killin'. At first I felt sorry for the cattle and the hogs, and especially for the sheep and calves—they all seemed so helpless and innocent—but after I'd been there awhile I got used to seein' their throats cut and seein' blood around everywhere, all over the buildings and in the gutters, and I didn't think any more about it. You know I stayed there quite a while. Then I went to work for the railroad company. First I was in the freight house unloadin' cars. This was pretty rough, heavy work, but I didn't mind it much; you know I was always kind of stout. Then I thought I'd like to work in the yards; it would give me more air and not be quite so confinin'. So I got a job as switchman, same as you. Well, you know all about that work. It ain't the nicest thing in the world to be a switchman. Of course, if they'd make the couplers all alike then there wouldn't be so much danger; but you know when one of them safety couplers comes against one of the old kind that the boys call 'man killers' it's pretty dangerous business. Then, of course, when a car is run down a switch and you have to couple it onto another car just as it bumps in, it's kind of dangerous, too. Of course, the rules say you must use a stick to put the link into the drawhead, but nobody ever uses a stick; you know all the boys would laugh at a feller that used a stick. There ain't nothin' to do but to go in between the cars and take hold of the link and put it in. If anything happens to be wrong with the bumpers and they slip past, of course you get squeezed to death; or, if you miss the link, or if it gets caught or anything your head or arm is liable to be smashed off. Then you've got to watch all the time, for if you stub your toe or forget for a second, you're gone. I kind of think that the switchyards make a feller reckless and desperate, and I don't believe that a man that works in the switch yards or stock yards looks at things quite the same as other people. Still you know them fellers ain't bad. You've seen 'em cry when they went home to tell a lady how her man had been run over, or tell some old woman about how her boy had got hurt, and you know we always helped the boys out and we didn't have much money, either.

"You remember we was workin' together in the yards when the strike come on. I was in debt, just as I always have been. Somehow I never could keep out of debt; could you? The rich people say it's because we drink so much, but I'd like to see them try to live on what we get. Why, you know we hardly ever go to the theater, and if we do we go up in the gallery. I never had a job of work done on my teeth in my life except once when I paid a quarter to get one pulled. Do you s'pose any of us would ever think we could get a gold fillin' in our teeth? Now that suit of clothes over on the bed is the first whole suit, or it gets caught or anything your head or arm is liable to be smashed off. Then you've got to watch all the time, for if you stub your toe or forget for a second, you're gone. I kind of think that the switchyards make a feller reckless and desperate, and I don't believe that a man that works in the switch yards or stock yards looks at things quite the same as other people. Still you know them fellers ain't bad. You've seen 'em cry when they went home to tell a lady how her man had been run over, or tell some old woman about how her boy had got hurt, and you know we always helped the boys out and we didn't have much money, either.

"But I was tellin' about the strike. My, the way I s'pose! I guess it's because this is the first time I've had a chance to say anything to any one since it happened, and, of course, it'll be my last. As soon as I got back my lawyer told me not to talk to any one, but I don't see what difference it would have made—they detectives seemed to know everything and a good deal more, they knew more about me than I ever knew about myself.

"You remember all of us went out on the strike. I guess most of the boys was in debt, but they all struck just the same. The papers abused us and said we hadn't any right to strike; that we hadn't any grievance, and it was worse for us to strike on that account. Now, I seemed to me that it was better to strike for the Pullman people than for ourselves—it didn't seem so selfish; but the papers and the judges didn't look at it that way. Of course, the strike was pretty hard on all of us. I got into 'em lock-up before it was over, though I never meant to do nothin'. I guess I did hit a scab over the head, but he was comin' to take our job. It's queer how everybody looks at things a different way. Now, I never thought it was so awful to hit a scab who was takin' another man's job. Of course, I know some of 'em are poor and have families, but so have the strikers got families, and we was strikin' to help all the poor people. If you read the newspapers and hear what the judges say you would think hittin' scabs was worse'n murder. I don't s'pose it's just right, but I don't hardly see what else is to be done. You remember that scab, don't you, that worked with us on the road, and you remember when he got his leg cut off, and how all the boys helped him, and the railroad fought his case and beat him, and yet they always seemed to think more of him than any of the rest of us. Now, it seems to me there's lots of things worse'n hittin' scabs. I was one of them packers. I know I'd give a lot of meat to poor people instead of fixin' every way I could to make 'em pay so much, but the rich people don't seem to think there's anything wrong about that, but it's awful to hit a scab or to strike.

[To be continued.]

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EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

To secure a return of unused manuscripts postage should be enclosed. The fact that a signed article is published does not commit The Chicago Socialist to any opinion expressed therein. Contributions and items of news concerning the labor movement are requested from our readers. Every contribution must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. Application made at the Postoffice, Chicago, Ill., as second-class matter.

BOOKS WORTH READING

If You Want to Understand the Socialist Movement.

3. The World's Revolutions. By Ernest Untermann. Cloth, 50 cents.

In the first chapter on "The Individual and the Universe" we have a vivid picture, drawn from the personal experience of the writer, of a shipwrecked mariner on an island in the South Pacific. With this incident as text, it is shown how even so isolated an individual as this lone sailor would appear to be his mirror of the closed world, not only to all mankind, past and present, but to the whole cosmic scheme in the uttermost ends of the universe.

The chapter on "Primitive Human Revolutions" is a simple, striking description of the great pre-historic revolutions, both physical and human. Here we watch the dawn of invention and see the beginning of a social institution.

Chapter three, "The Roman Empire and its Proletariat," brings before us the class struggles of ancient Rome. We see the first beginning of working class resistance to tyranny and the mental preparation for the next social stage.

Chapter four is on "The Christian Proletariat and its Mission." This is almost the first attempt to treat biblical history in the light of modern materialism and it throws a bright illumination upon many points. We see the growth of the Jewish people, the economic preparation for the coming of Jesus and the part which he played as a social revolutionist. This revolution was turned aside and its energy exploited by the ruling class under Constantine. Jesus had transformed the Jewish God of hate into a God of love and a Prince of Peace. The church of possessing Christians moulded him into a hideous mockery; a God of love who is God of hate and a Prince of Peace who brings a sword.

Chapter five, "Feudal Ecclesiasticism and its Disintegration"; "The betrayal of Christian movement by the wealthy Christians did not save the Roman state. It had disrupted the proletarian organization, but it could not do away with the proletariat. Much less would it abolish the conditions which created the proletariat. So the Roman empire fell to pieces; on its ruins sprang the feudalism of the middle ages, which is analyzed and its progress described with its proletarian and ecclesiastical tyrannies until it had begun to disintegrate under the influence of the beginning of capitalization."

Chapter six, "The American Revolution and its Reflex in France." Here for the first time America enters into the world history. In a short space it passes through the stages that have taken centuries in other countries until the ruling classes of America found need for a government which they could control and issued a Declaration of Independence. When the revolution had been fought it was found that King George had only been supplanted by King Capital.

14. The Socialists, Who They Are and What They Stand For. By John Spargo. Cloth, 50 cents.

This book has succeeded in attaining the rare combination of thorough scientific treatment with popular expression and forms one of the best general propaganda works on socialism that has ever appeared. It is just the sort of work to give to the man who says he is "interested" in socialism. The evolution of socialism from the utopian to the scientific stage is pointed out and briefly explained. The discussion of the capitalist system and class divisions is illustrated by some excellent diagrams that make the facts stand out so that they will impress themselves on the duller reader. An interesting chapter is on "The Relation of Public Ownership to Socialism," showing the exact place of this movement in social evolution and explaining the attitude which socialists take toward such movements. The old objections to socialism, that it would lead to corruption and graft, destroy individuality, etc., are answered not only effectively, but with a wealth of illustrations which can not but be of great value for use by many socialists in personal propaganda.

15. Social and Philosophical Studies. By Paul Lafargue. Translated by Charles H. Kerr. In Preparation. Paul Lafargue is one of the most brilliant and fascinating writers in the entire socialist movement, and he is at the same time a profound student of social problems and of classical

literature, drawing from the latter many important facts to throw light on the former. He lately published in Paris a remarkably original and suggestive study entitled "Causes of Belief in God," showing the economic causes which make the capitalists as a class religious, while the laborers as a class care little or nothing for religion. The present volume will contain this essay, also a series of earlier studies, on the idea of Justice and the idea of Goodness, also reprints of articles by the author which have appeared in the International Socialist Review.

The publication of this book will be unavoidably delayed until midsummer as proof sheets have to be sent to the author in Paris. Advance orders are solicited, to be filled upon publication.

1. The Evolution of Man. By Wilhelm Boelsche. Translated by Ernest Untermann. Cloth, 50 cents.

The most striking characteristic of the intellectual life of the nineteenth century was its conquests in the realm of science, and the greatest of these were made in the application of the law of evolution. It was early seen that evolutionary philosophy brought great support to the struggle of the workers for freedom, yet little effort has been made to make use of the recent discoveries along this line by proletarian writers. Boelsche has written just the sort of a book that was needed on this subject. In simple language and with abundant illustrations, he traces the lines by which the human form has been developed back through the anthropoid ancestors of man on through the various vertebrates back to the point where plant and animal meet.

In traveling this road back along the line of life he brings together an extraordinary amount of information concerning the world of life. It is like taking a journey with the most skilled and entertaining of guides, not only throughout the whole world of existing life, but back through the ages to those strange forms that lived in bygone centuries, whose grotesque features suggest that nature was trying every possible experiment in the use of her material in order to discover that particular form which could be best adjusted to earthly conditions. We see how the memory of these is still preserved in the embryonic growth of present life, supplementing and explaining the facts gained from the rocks.

Here are some opinions of the book reviewers: "The language is so simple that young people may appreciate it, and still it contains so much information that it will be of benefit to wiser heads."—Minneapolis Times.

"While the work is thorough and reliable, it is written in language so plain as to appeal to the general reader with a fascinating force."—Detroit Times.

"We did not think it possible that a subject of such scientific depth could have been treated in a style so popular, and yet, without, so complete and exact."—Socialist Review (N. Y.) "It is not in any sense a mere summary of the work of Darwin, but gives a bird's-eye view of the work accomplished by a generation of scientists investigating along the lines which Darwin laid down. The book appears to be scientific and reliable and written in language so plain as to be adapted to the general reader."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

2. Germs of Mind in Plants. By R. H. France. Translated by A. M. Simons. Cloth, illustrated, 50 cents.

This is a delightful and fascinating book. The idea worked out in it is that plants are living beings which receive impressions from the outside world, and act on those impressions for their own advantage, just as people do. This is not a mere fancy; the author brings a wealth of interesting facts to prove that it is true. He says that the main reason why the voluntary motions of plants have not been generally observed is that in most cases they are exceedingly slow compared with the motions of animals. There are, however, many interesting exceptions to this rule, and he describes a few of these in full detail.

Some of the most important contributions of recent years toward the rounding out of the evolutionary theory have been in the field of botany and this little book, now for the first time, put within the reach of English readers, is a most charming introduction to this field. The beginnings of what have come to be known as feeling, hearing, seeing and nerve transmission are found in the plant world, and it is just in these simple, primitive forms of things that we can best discover the secrets of sensation, rather than in the complex sense organs of animals. In his conclusion the author tells us: "In its essentials the sense life of animals to appear as living and the of that of plants. . . the difference, which at first glance causes the animals to appear, as living and the plants as lifeless, is due only to the tempo of events. . . The movements of flowers have been photographed and transferred to a microscope, and then reproduced in the tempo of animal movements. They gave the fantastic picture of some fabulous being in tremendous agitation."

"This interesting little volume deserves careful reading. It opens a beautiful wonder-world, which gives a forest path or a patch of meadow new delights of observation."—Denver News-Times.

"The nature lover will find this book a treasure, more delightful far than most lavishly illustrated expensive 'nature' books."—Publisher and Retailer.

"Not only scholarly, but interesting and vivid as a romance."—Mobile Register.

"It is written in admirable English, and contains enough of the poetic, enough of the scientific details, in a pleasant garb."—Detroit Evening News.

"The book would be a delightful help in the study of botany."—Grand Rapids Herald.

"This volume treats of the many voluntary actions of plants that indicate something very much like, if not identical with intelligence. . . The author makes science readable and attractive, for the book holds the attention as only fairy stories are supposed to do. The problem of human life is inseparable from the problem of all life, and this fascinating contribution to popular literature will go far toward scientific principles upon which a rational conception of nature and human relations must be based."—Appeal to Reason.

SOCIALIST MEETINGS TO-NIGHT.

LAKEWOOD HALL, Wood and Lake Streets—Speaker, John Collins. EVANSTON AUDITORIUM, 621 Davis Street, Evanston, Ill.—Speakers, Seymour Steadman and A. M. Simons. LIBERTY HALL, Corner Hamlin and Chicago Avenue—Speaker, George Koop. TRUCHELL'S HALL, 3603 Honore Street—Speakers, James McCarthy and B. Berlyn.

DEPARTMENT

STORES EXPLOIT EMPLOYES RUTHLESSLY

[Continued from First Page.]

at 5 cents less than the price mark. The inspector stopped the bill so the store lost nothing, but Carrie lost 20 cents. The store makes several hundred dollars a week in this manner. Discharge is the penalty, if the clerk fails to sign a "charge check."

There is perfect "liberty of speech" so far as any person working under you is concerned. The writer has frequently heard Rothschild's floor walkers abuse and swear at women clerks; and Mandel Bros' receiving clerks vent their feelings on the office girls. In no case is there an appeal to a higher authority.

So effectively have the big stores crushed out organization and so completely have they control of the situation, that men and women entering their employ bargain on exactly the same terms as the workers of the 18th century bargained with their employers.

THANKS.

Chicago, Oct. 25, 1906.

To the Editor of The Chicago Daily Socialist:

Your first issue is a revelation A newspaper which deals with the actualities of life, not with the excesses; a paper that you can leave on the table in your own home. No sickening details of prize fights, no racing news, no details of luxurious vice or criminality born of poverty, but a record of the every-day struggle for existence, imposed upon the working class through the system of wage slavery.

Let us hope that those who pretend to condemn vice and crime by anti-crime leagues, etc., will give the paper the support which it deserves, and that the Chicago Daily Socialist will be a permanent institution to uplift and enthroned the working class.

All hail to The Chicago Daily Socialist. B. BERLYN, 662 E. 63rd Street.

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The Evening's Golden Thought

struggle; greater than any phase in the eternal battle of the race for liberty since the consummation of the Protestant Reformation set men free in the sphere of Religion, as Socialism promises to set him free in the sphere of economics.—Professor Vida Scudder, of Wellesley College.

The issue between Socialism and Individualism is, I believe, the leading issue of this age-wearied modern world. The men to come will ring us, as sharers in a battle greater than the anti-slavery

RACE RIUCTION IN NEW YORK

Whites Chase Negro Out of House He Has Rented.

New York, N. Y., Oct. 27.—Frank Fultz, a negro porter employed by a Maiden Lane firm, moved yesterday into a flat on the first floor of the tenement house at 421 West Fifty-sixth street. Fultz was accepted as a tenant by a Ninth avenue real estate man, he says. When the occupants of that house and others in the neighborhood saw him moving in yesterday morning with a stack of household goods of good quality there was some angry muttering around the hallways and the street. Fultz didn't pay any attention to it, but with the assistance of his wife and his sister he got things settled yesterday afternoon.

Brick Broke in.

While Fultz was taking things easy last night a brick came crashing through his front window. A few more bricks and other missiles followed, until there wasn't a whole window left in the front. Fultz said he looked out through the front door and saw that the bombardment was coming from about fifty men from the Stryker's lane section.

Weak from Fright.

Fultz was so weak from fright when he ran into the station house that he sank to the floor. When he regained his strength, he told Sergt. Faulkner: "There's a big mob strapping up my flat, and I'm afraid they're going to kill my wife and sister."

Sergt. Faulkner sent two policemen around with Fultz, but the crowd had been warned by the janitress that the negro had gone for the police. There were no persons around. Fultz paid a month's rent in advance for the place, but he says he will move out today.

UPTON SINCLAIR

has an article in the October number of the *International Socialist Review* entitled

"THE COST OF COMPETITION"

Franklin Wentworth has an article on "The Congressional Elections." No room here to tell about the other good things in the number.

Every month the *International Socialist Review* tells the things that an intelligent socialist or a fair-minded inquirer into socialism wants to know. Your newsdealer may have it, but the surest way to get it is to send us ten cents for a copy or a dollar for a year's subscription.

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FARMERS UNITE WITH TRADE UNIONISTS

Will Buy Only Union Goods—Higher Wages Mean Higher Prices.

A committee of the American Society of Equity, which is really a farmers' union, is in Chicago to-day to hold a conference with trade union leaders preparatory to affiliation with the American Federation of Labor. The farmers declare their intention to purchase none but goods bearing the union label. They believe that they will be equally benefited by the higher wages which the unionists will receive, enabling them to pay better prices for farm products. The farmers' organization is preparing to send a delegation to the National Convention of the A. B. of L. the last of next month.

GOOD PRISON FARE

Ex-Senator Burton's Prison Fare Much Better Than Average Workman's.

[Scripps-McRae Press Association.]
Ironton, Mo., Oct. 26.—Since the doors of the Iron county jail closed behind ex-Senator Burton at about 8 o'clock last Monday night, he has been outside once. He is very gentlemanly at all times and has not broken one prison rule. The senator is very jovial and prison life, as yet at least, has not commenced to wear on him. He is always busy and receives no visitors. Since being in jail he has spent a great part of his time in furnishing his cell with what conveniences are possible. He sleeps about seven hours of the twenty-four.

Immediately after dressing he exercises by walking to and fro in the corridor of the jail, which is about sixty feet long.

Burton's meals are sent to him from Dr. Smith's sanitarium by Mrs. Burton. They consist of the best food that can be had and are relished very much by him. After breakfast Burton reads the daily papers. He has a very large correspondence and writes from forty to fifty letters a day.

CARWORKERS STRIKE

On Boston & Albany R.R.—Twelve Hundred Out.

Boston, Mass.—The 200 car workers at the Springfield shops and the 800 at the West Albany shops of the B. & A. division of the New York Central railroad will join the strike of the 200 at the Allston shops who went out Thursday afternoon.

The men are all members of the same organization as the Allston men, and at each place the same grievance exists over the present bonus or piece work system which has operated as a material reduction in wages.

If necessary, the men at the big Buffalo shops and other points on the New York Central lines including the new West Shore division, will be called out in sympathy and to assist in enforcing a settlement. The men at Buffalo were on strike but a couple of months ago to enforce a settlement of a grievance there and at the West Shore shops nearby.

It was said last night that the state board of arbitration has invited representatives of both sides to a conference at its rooms at the state house tomorrow morning, and that a direct invitation to Mr. Deems will be made by the board.

It is said that it is possible that Mr. Deems, while here, will take up the requests of the locomotive engineers of the division, made some time ago, and still pending.

Advertisement for buttons and emblems. Includes text: "Buttons Buttons Buttons", "STAND UP AND BE COUNTED", "Every Party Member should show his colors by wearing the PARTY EMBLEM.", "Single Button, 3c; 10 to 100, 1c each; 500 for \$4.00", "Gold Plate Buttons, 25c each; 10 for \$2.00".

Where the Church Failed

We have an editorial somewhere in this issue on the relation of the church to socialism, which attempts to explain in some measure the hostility between the church and socialism. This editorial was written before we read Richard Whiting's explanation of the same thing in "Ring in the New." Whiting comes nearer hitting the center of the bull's eye than we did, so we quote what he says. Mary and Prue, two characters of the book, had been to the Church of England service in London. Mary is an extremely emotional girl, and Prue on the other hand is a working girl, who has had the hard facts rubbed into her. The girls are talking over the service; they have just returned from Mary says that Prue was not satisfied as she used to be with the service.

"What was wrong with it, Prue?" was Mary's next question.
"Who said there was anything wrong with it?" said Mary, how funny you are to-night!
"Shall I tell you?"
"Of course, Mary."
"You have been so busy with that old fro that you won't help me out. This is what is wrong with it: there were no poor people, or so few that they were hardly worth counting. Everybody looked so—I hate to put it in that way—so distinctly middle class, so well dressed, prosperous, happy in their prosperity, and just as sure of it as they were sure of heaven. You never noticed that?"

"No, not in one way; I'm so used to it."
Again both were silent for a while, and then Prue: "You can't have everything, Mary."

"We must have everything in that place. How can we be satisfied with less?"
"I think you'll have to be all the same, if you press me about it. I'm beginning to know a little about the poor people now. It's only natural; I've so long been one of them myself. And then, I've been working for Leonard in his quarter—quite a long time."

"Well, what is all that coming to, dear?"
"Only this: I think that all the poor muddled souls who can't hit it off with this clever world have given up the hope of finding in the churches anything that suits their complaint. In their idea it is only a place of genteel resort for them as have got the means."

"You must go on, Prue. You can't leave it there. What are they looking for in the Christian churches? What do they fail to find?"

"The founder."
"Surely, surely, he is there in every symbol, in every ceremony, almost in every word."

"Yes, in them, and them only, I'm afraid. The services are like mere plays—running into mere dresses and appointments, spoiled by excess of mounting. It is very hard to have it both ways."

"He is there, Prue, I tell you."
"Only as a sort of metaphysical abstraction—not as a living man—and that's the only view of Him the poor are able to understand. Their idea of Him—you must be shocked—Mary—is the 'good comrade, who is, at the same time, the champion, the helper, the poor man's friend, a hero of popular legend, a sort of Robin Hood in the highest, who always strikes for the under dog. Don't look so scared, Mary, or I won't go on."

"But go on, go on; never mind me."
"You'd be astonished to know—and yet, after all, why shouldn't you know better than I do? Why shouldn't you?"
"Perhaps I do."
"—How little they rise to the conception

of Him as the Son of God, the Second Person of the Trinity, even the Man of Sorrows—all that the Church holds most dear. He is just the great comrade who tried to get lowly and foolish and baffled people righted, and died for it—worse luck! This one they don't find. The other, the composite personality, leaves them quite mystified, and I must say it, quite cold."

"I often talk to one of them, a subscriber to The Branding Iron, who preaches at Mile End Waste, and preaches religion, too, in his way. One day I ventured to call him a Christian Socialist, by way of a compliment, but he flew into a great rage. 'Nothing of that sort, young woman, if you please,—a Socialist Christian, at the best. Don't put the cart before the horse.'"

"What did he mean by that, I wonder?"
"He meant that the Socialism was the touchstone, not the Christianity, as they understand it, in the churches now. You couldn't be a Socialist without being a Christian, whether you knew it or no. You might easily think yourself a Christian without being the other thing; and the Socialism was the root of the matter."

"Good Heavens! the Atonement!"
"Never a word, never a thought of that."
"The Mediator, the cleanser from all sin!"
"Never a word—the first Socialist, just that and nothing more—the one who came to bring more happiness in this world, to poor men and women beaten in the struggle—material happiness. Don't be in any doubt about that—a mere equal distribution of right down pounds, shillings, and pence—the second loaf in the cupboard, good shoes and stockings for all the children, and the Sunday suit for all."

"What they think—what they say, when they are able to say it, is that the rich people and the theologians between them, often working hand-in-hand, have 'bobbled' the churches and made their symbolic cup a mere opiate for hard luck, instead of the healing draught. The parsons are paid to keep people quiet—that is the ruling idea. 'I think you'll have to be all the same, if you press me about it. I'm beginning to know a little about the poor people now. It's only natural; I've so long been one of them myself. And then, I've been working for Leonard in his quarter—quite a long time.'"

"This, I think, Mary: those who pay the piper will call the tune. But there, you know so much more about them than I do; I'm only trying to tell you what they say. And you began it, dear, didn't you, now? Who am I, to talk to you about religions, when I can't find one for myself? I wish I could."

"But the sacred poverty," said Mary; "I've known that as much as anybody. I glory in it; I love it; I wouldn't be without it for the world."

"Mary, you are a saint and a poet, and God knows what else that's beautiful and fine. I'm talking of the common run of men and women."

"The dear Church preaches that, practices it."
"Oh, Mary: only as a sort of grace of deportment. Believe me, people in West Hem look on your ecclesiastical anchorites as mere 'amateurs' in the artistry of privation, with the sacred institution ever behind them as an ark of refuge to save them from the worst. Be out of work for six weeks, and out of earnings that never rise to more than the dockers' tanner, and see what you'll think of St. Francis and his flirtation with the lady of poverty then. I had a taste of that, Mary, until I worked myself up into a sort of hysteria of self-conscious endurance, with the help of Laura's religion of the will—I haven't shaken off the reaction against that 'revival' to this day."

"Laura's religion!" ejaculated Mary; "a gospel of mere getting on; let us keep to serious things. The dear Church, the dear, dear Church, with its feasts and fasts, one as holy as the other, its beautiful, seemly

services of praise and prayer, ever mounting without intermission day and night, to the throne of God!"

"Ah, Mary, if you did but know how a poor, dim creature, born into everlasting short commons, without vocation or vocation, stands apart from all that, and sees nothing in it but embroidered garments, and futile excitements about Outpourings, on Sunday and other functions with long names, that touch him more than a birthday at court!"

"The means of grace," cried Mary, wringing her hands, "the road to pardon, the road to heaven!"

"Mary, they are not thinking about heaven. They are Second Coming people. They can't wait another twenty centuries; they want their great Socialist here and now, and with his whip for the backs of the money-changers in Park Lane. The poor man has a perfect terror of those people as clever fellows who know how to 'beat' him 'every time.'"

"They circulate wealth, they make trade, don't they?" said Mary, rather helplessly. "I don't know. I despise them because they lead such foolish lives with their guzzling and junketing; but don't they do even something of that sort?"

"Whatever happens in science, invention, general progress, nothing but the irreducible minimum ever comes the poor man's way."

"Come now, Prue; he does get some benefit from inventions. Surely such things as the sewing machine, the typewriter, have done good for all!"

"Look here, Mary! When the sewing machine was invented everybody said there never could be another sort of the shirt. Did the shirt-makers get the benefit of it? Never a bit. They only had to make more shirts a day for the same money, or less. It was actually worse for them. Before, they only pricked their fingers while they starved; the action of the treadle gives them cancer now. Has the typewriter made life easier for the copyists? Parliament made a law for employer's liability to stop the awful waste of life in the workshops. I know of a bright genius in the building trade who insures his men all round for 400 pounds sterling apiece. When one is smashed, he offers 300 pounds to the widow—have it, or leave it—and pockets the balance. It is cheaper than fencing machinery. Do you think the poor churches—poor in every sense, don't wince under that? But they've lost the power of rebuke. All improvements lead to sweating prices and the sweating dens. The clever fellows see to that. Listen to the yell of protest when some little thing is done to give a lift to the poor man—a cheaper tramway fare, a better chance in education, a school meal for his hungry child. Whatever happens, they always come out on top."

"Always means eternity, Prue; time is but a speck on its face."

"Mary, the poor man has an uneasy feeling that the clever fellows will somehow do him in the next world. No, no, here and now. That is how the Church began—I think I've read so surely; but you know so much more about these things than I do. The clever fellows get hold of it as a going concern, 'improved' it, and so began to make it pretty much what it is today. Charity is still its abortive message; justice is what the others want. But how can it ever preach the true renunciation, 'Give up, give up; unload; stop the awful wickedness that gives the few what was meant for all?' The clever fellows have now appropriated both church and founder. When he appeared in altar pieces with the crown of jewels on his head, instead of the crown of thorns, the poor man felt that he had lost his friend. While we are still seeking for Him, let us try to recover the old driving force at the beginning of the line."

VIOLATE 8-HOUR LAW; FINED

Sheridan Kirk Company of Cincinnati Found Guilty by a Jury.

[Scripps-McRae Press Association.]
Cincinnati, Oct. 27.—After being out about twenty minutes the jury in the case of the United States against the Sheridan Kirk Contract Company returned a verdict last evening finding it guilty of having violated the federal eight-hour law, which was enacted in 1892. The penalty is a fine of not more than \$1,000 for each offense.

The indictment found against the concern contained four counts, but upon order of the court only three were considered, and the finding was upon these. Sentence was not imposed at once, because the defendant through its attorneys will to-day argue a motion for a new trial. If this is overruled, as it probably will be, an appeal will be taken to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals and from there it will in all probability be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States, if the Appellate Court upholds the trial court.

ANOTHER BANK BUSTED

[Scripps-McRae Press Association.]
Washington, Oct. 27.—On the charge of conspiracy in connection with the wrecking of the Aetna Banking and Trust company, of this city, E. W. McCormack, its proprietor, was arrested this afternoon and locked up at First precinct station in default of \$2,000 bail. He is alleged to have conspired with John Hoag, cashier of the bank, and others, to defraud creditors of the bank through the issuance to him of a false certificate of deposit. Warrants are out for others.

MAY STRIKE ON S. P.

Extra Labor of Men Raises Profit, But Not Wages.

[Scripps-McRae Press Association.]
San Francisco, Oct. 26.—The Southern Pacific is threatened with a strike, embracing its entire system, and including all engineers, firemen, conductors and trainmen. Conferences have been held between the various unions but no agreement can be reached. The men demand an increase ranging from ten per cent upwards and the eight-hour day for all classes of work.

Company Very Rich.

The company is making more money than ever in its history and the men have pointed out that this increase in earnings is due to the superhuman efforts of the men to keep freight moving. Moreover the cost of living has increased with great rapidity in the West during recent years, and the men hold that this should bring with it an increase in pay.

No Concessions Offered.

The conferences have been carried on secretly in a private car at Oakland. These have now been ended by the refusal of the company to make any concessions whatever. The trainmen and conductors are waiting for the advice of their national officials, while the engineers and firemen have granted the company thirty days to consider the demands of the men.

STUCK BY A HURRICANE

[Scripps-McRae Press Association.]
Norfolk, Va., Oct. 25.—The U. S. Collier Hannibal arrived in port to-day from Cuba. The boat is five days overdue, and the delay has been the source of some concern. The officers report that the most terrific experiences ever known in her history occurred on this trip. The second day out the boat was struck by a Cuban hurricane, and almost foundered in the gale. Every part of the vessel is badly strained and injured. The crew is completely exhausted from the great hardships experienced during the storm.

What Well Dressed Women Wear

Being a Series of Letters from Mrs. Peyton Scudham to Her Niece Josephine, in the Country.

III.
DEAR CHILD—Ever since I sent you my last letter, I have been haunted with the horrid thought, that in telling you of the Pennsylvania's ball, and my gown, etc., I forgot to tell you of My Dear Friend's charming and unique evening coat, which set her back—pardon the slang, dear, but I have been winning at bridge for three consecutive evenings and that makes one so hilarious—which cost her just a thousand dollars. So I will tell you now, for I don't wish you to miss it.



Sable fur used in this season's fashion.

It is by Felix, that greatest of artists. It is of smuff-yellow—which is quite a different thing from snuff brown. The front is pleated into the shoulder lady to take on so, just out of jealousy. When anyone could see of course that her lady's friend was younger by a score of years.

Elise is a very good maid. An ripped all the ostrich plumes off, and there were at least a hundred dollars' worth upon it, and tied them to her arms, so as to pose as an angel. I apologize for wandering so, dear, but I trust you are interested! What is the use of my telling you what to wear, if I do not tell you also how to wear it? I tell you these stories so that when you are wearing a three hundred dollar gown, six dollar gloves, an eighty dollar hat, and other little accessories such as furs and jewels amounting into the thousands, you will be so utterly degagee and superior to your belongings, that you will care as little for ruining them as a working woman would for putting an old apron in the tub.

And speaking of gloves, My Dear Friend has just made me a present. I feel that I hardly ought to accept it, but she insisted so, and it is nothing after all to her, except a pleasure, to give—moreover, I think it possible that she would have felt hurt as if I meant it for a rebuff, after the incident of the torn lace hood. So I accepted. The present was a beautiful box of enamelled leather, in lovely shades of dragon-fly reds, blues and greens, and bound with clasps of wrought silver. When I opened it I found sixteen pairs of long gloves. (My Dear Friend would never be so crude as to give just an even dozen of anything!)

They were different shades of tan, several pairs of black, and the rest white. I hardly think they were the six dollar pair kind, hardly more than four and a half probably.

One must not look a gift horse in the mouth. But I am sure they are the same kind I have been paying four and a half a pair for.

Here again I wish particularly for you to learn a lesson from the ways of My Dear Friend. When you wish to make a present to a friend, do not ruin its effect and prevent its making the fullest impression by the neglect of small details such as wrappings and even messenger. If possible never send a gift by mail, where the outside must be ruined with postage, or by express where it is equally spoiled by defacing marks of all kinds.

Always send it properly wrapped on the outside and tied with dainty ribbon, and then enclose it in some casket or hand made box such as that I have just described and have it taken by messenger.

Of course this will somewhat increase the expense—I suppose My Dear Friend did not pay less than twenty dollars for the glove box which contained her gift to me. But one must pay the penalty for maintaining the old virtues of NO-BLESSE OBLIGE in these degenerate days.

They tell me that when Shockton Billions of New York found he could not be here for his fiancée's birthday he sent his own man out to Chicago to take to her a certain kind of orchid that he alone had in his green-houses.

Some commission or another had asked him to let the general public into his green houses to see it, among other orchids in bloom or else to let it go into a public exhibition. Of course, he refused. And then right afterward he had

in very deep folds, and then allowed to flow out so that there is a great deal of fullness around the bottom. In pelrine effect over the sleeves, are two rounded pieces of velvet, edged with a band of sable with a band of ermine just above it. Laid on flat, crossing front and back at the bust line, in the way a surplice does, are flat bands of velvet of the same shade, edged with the same furs as the pelrine. These bands cross each other and end under a flie of the ermine on each side, where the velvet is finished, with animal's heads, and the fur with an enamel ornament that is a work of art, enamelled in shades of blue and yellow paste on a gold mat. The draped sleeves end in extremely wide, cuffed openings, with full, full ruffles of Liege lace inside.

It is supposed to have always with it a scarf of chiffon of the color named after that abominable London fog. This you see is not at all an elaborate coat, but I hardly think it could be even imitated in less expensive material so as to get the effect, under several hundred dollars, so I do not really recommend it to you. I merely describe it to give you an idea of its charm.

As it originally came, it had with it a demiere touche which I consider in the last degree effective.



Evening cloak of velvet and lace. Picture hat.

So I told her she was afraid of the hood.

She sat right up, perfectly solemn and cold,—she had been as usual lying on the couch in her own sitting-room—and rang for my new evening coat!"

"Bring me my new evening coat!" she said, as if she were reading a death sentence.

Elise brought it.

My Dear Friend seized it from Elise's trembling hands—for even the maid saw there was something wrong—seized it, and tore the hood away from the coat.

"Don't!" I cried in dismay. "Why you are destroying two hundred dollars' worth of beautiful lace!" And I tried to take it from her.

"Take it you!" she cried then—if it had been any one but My Dear Friend whose voice is so well trained, I should have said she "screamed." "Perhaps you think you are young enough to look sweet sixteen in it!"

She was looking right at me, when she said it, so I saw that she was not addressing the maid.

Some good angel whispered to me just what to do.

"Elise!" I cried, turning as if infuriated at the maid. "Get a cup of tea! Don't you see how her ears and the corners of her full lips are wearing upon my dear friend's nerves?"

There was not another mention of the torn lace hood then. It was left out of sight upon the floor by the edge of the couch, while My Dear Friend sipped the tea which Elise hurriedly brought to her.

But I felt some small comfort after, when my maid told me that Elise told her that "it was foolish for her

BOGUS OFFICER CAUGHT

[Scripps-McRae Press Association.]
Berlin, Oct. 26.—Wm. Voigt, a shoe-maker and a former convict, has been arrested here on the charge that he is the bogus military officer who recently robbed the treasury of the town of Kopenick after impressing into service to aid him several soldiers whom he overawed and caused to obey his orders because he wore the uniform of a colonel.

Voigt's test has been the joke of all Europe ever since he turned the trick. The authorities claim there is no doubt that he is the bogus officer.

Another Bank Busted

[Scripps-McRae Press Association.]
Washington, Oct. 27.—On the charge of conspiracy in connection with the wrecking of the Aetna Banking and Trust company, of this city, E. W. McCormack, its proprietor, was arrested this afternoon and locked up at First precinct station in default of \$2,000 bail. He is alleged to have conspired with John Hoag, cashier of the bank, and others, to defraud creditors of the bank through the issuance to him of a false certificate of deposit. Warrants are out for others.

The bank has a branch at Butt, Mont., and the concern was closed by order of the comptroller of the currency a few days ago.

Socialism and the Catholic Church

Why does the Roman Catholic Church exhibit such hostility to socialism?

The question is an interesting one and perhaps an answer can be given.

The Roman Catholic Church has a propaganda international in its scope. So has socialism. The two propagandas often clash.

The Roman Catholic Church teaches that things of this world are comparatively not important, that it is the things of the next world which count; that, therefore, the worker, who finds himself out of work with a sick wife and child, should meet the situation with resignation, since he is to find his reward in the life to come.

Socialism, on the other hand, says that the working men should endeavor to make their stay on this earth as pleasant as possible, irrespective of the life to come, especially since a well-fed body and a well-stored mind is a better preparation for a life to come than poverty and ignorance.

The Roman Church is based upon the principle of authority. God is all wise. His earthly representative is the Pope, who from time to time is inspired with a knowledge of the divine purposes. These purposes the Pope communicates through the bishops to the priests, who, in turn, diffuse it among the people.

Socialism, on the other hand, is democratic. It maintains that the word of command, instead of passing from a set of superiors to the great body of people, should pass from the great mass of people to their agents, whom they have put temporarily in executive position, and whom they may remove.

In Europe the Church has always stood for the king—established authority—against the people in political affairs. In America, as well as in Europe, it now stands for established authority—the money king—against the working people in industrial affairs.

Evolution Is Still Working

A baby is born. He becomes a boy, a youth, a man, an old man, and he dies.

A nation is born and like the man, it grows, becomes powerful, rich, mighty, begins to decay, rots, vanishes. Where are Assyria, Babylon, Nineveh, Tyre, Carthage, Egypt, Greece and Rome?

A system of society is born—becomes fully developed, outlives its usefulness, and gives way to something else.

Feudalism was necessary to restore order out of the chaos of the dark ages; but when feudalism fulfilled its mission, it gave way to the beginnings of capitalism.

Capitalism made its small beginning in the handicraft period, when every workman owned his own tools, grew greater and greater till the steam machine was invented, and the principle of co-operation, already begun, was enormously enlarged.

With the invention of steam machinery, capitalism grew to lusty manhood; but competition between rival capitalists was too wasteful, so the trust followed the warring corporations.

The trust does business with the aid of labor-saving machinery on the principle of co-operation on a national scale, and sells to a world. It is the fullest and most mature development of the capitalist system.

But now already the signs of decay of the present system are plain. Graft everywhere, mistrust everywhere, adulteration everywhere, short-weight everywhere, watered stock everywhere, insane, senseless luxury among the capitalists, divorce spreading, armies and navies growing.

Evolution is still working, and as savagery passed into barbarism, as barbarism passed into feudalism, as feudalism gave way to the beginnings of capitalism, so capitalism fully developed has fulfilled its own mission and is preparing to pass forever from our sight.

The next social system is soon to be born. That system is socialism. The ground has been prepared for it and it will not be long delayed.

We Appeal to Class Interests

Socialism does not appeal to class hatreds, class passions, class prejudice, as is continually charged against it.

It simply appeals to class interest, class intelligence. Why not?

The interests of some 10 per cent of the people of this country, the capitalist class and its hangers-on lie one way; the interests of the other 90 per cent lie just exactly the other way. The 10 per cent have all along consulted their own interests and have never made any bones about it.

You have heard talk about the "business man's candidate," or about a certain thing being "good for the business interests of the country." Then why shouldn't the working people, the 90 per cent, consider their own interests and be for a workingman's candidate, or for the working-class interests?

The interests of the working class are nine times as important as the interests of the capitalist class, because the working class makes up 90 per cent of the population of the country.

Socialism is only urging the working people to do what the capitalists have already done—to unite the support of their class INTERESTS.

We Ask Justice—Not Charity

Socialism and charity are entirely different things. Socialists do not ask charity. What they want is justice.

Charity workers treat the symptoms—poverty, drunkenness, disease, wife abandonment, child crime, and so forth. The underlying disease which causes all these symptoms is capitalism. Socialism means to cure the disease, while charity wastes its time with the symptoms.

Charity is the meeting of superior with inferior. Socialism is the meeting of equals.

Charity enables the rich man to get a satisfactory thrill of self approval by giving to the poor one, or perhaps, even five per cent of what the poor have previously given him.

Socialism will give the poor one hundred per cent of what they produce, instead of one or five per cent.

An hour of time or a dollar of money invested in Socialism will do more to alleviate the misery of the race than \$100 or 100 hours spent in charity.

The Dignity of Labor

No grander or more noble work can be done than that of teaching to the young the dignity and necessity of labor.

The above is clipped from the Los Angeles Times, the famous anti-union paper of the Pacific. These words appear towards the end of a long talk on socialism and socialists.

Now the necessity and dignity of labor is what the socialists are teaching all the time, but they are teaching that labor is just as "necessary and dignified" for the capitalists as for the working men. The Times editor—Harrison Grey Otis—thinks that labor is dignified and necessary for his reporters and pressmen, but not for his son.



WHICH HOME WILL HE VOTE FOR?

A Laugh or A Smile

By QUIZZ IZZIT

The traction problem in Chicago is settled—until the socialists come along and unsettle it.

When Thomas W. Lawson writes that novel who do you think is going to be the hero of it?

Of what did they expurgate football? Not of its deadly qualities if we are to believe what the press dispatches say.

Needless to say, President Roosevelt is not going to take Poultney Bigelow along to write up that trip to the Panama canal zone.

Only one newspaper, the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, has so far adopted reformed spelling. Perhaps Mr. Roosevelt will make the editor a cabinet officer.

Her Method.

"I shall never marry you. I have always hated you."

"But why did you allow me to propose to you?"

"Because I wanted the pleasure of refusing you."

Young Gates killed a bear in Colorado and got his name in the papers. A score of workmen have to get killed to get as big a showing.

Since Taft didn't want to be appointed to the United States supreme court, perhaps Moody will make a good enough substitute.

George J. Gould has no objection to selling his railroads to the government, but he doesn't believe it would pay the government, that's all.

Rather Heavy.

"Do you think that Slim can support Miss Googoo if he marries her?"

"In one way, perhaps, but not in another. She weighs over 200 pounds."

Secretary Shaw, at Oak Park, advised all young men to join one of the political parties. Lots of young men are taking his advice and joining the only political party with a future—the socialist party.

J. Pierpont Morgan recently paid \$20,000 for a bible. A bible costing that much ought to impart religion even to a man like Morgan.

George B. Cortelyou began as a stenographer, but it does not follow that

Talks With Our Readers.

Advertising is necessary for a newspaper's financial prosperity. We want legitimate advertising, and offer to the advertiser a wide circulation at a low figure. But that is all we do offer to the advertiser.

We cannot accept the advertiser's political faith along with his cash. We cannot take the side of the advertiser against the employe. In fact, as we have already explained, we shall take the side of his employe against him, because this paper is for the workmen and women.

We are printing a remarkable series of articles showing the true condition of things in the big State street stores. You probably couldn't get one of these articles into any other Chicago daily paper for \$10,000.

The statement that the great railroads, the oil monopoly, and the steel trust own the daily capitalist press is only partially true. All of the papers show considerable independence of these great concerns from time to time, but they never show independence of the department stores.

Of course, if the daily papers got together and said they would tell the truth about the big stores and they kept this agreement, the big stores would be compelled to advertise anyhow; otherwise they would shrink up. But the newspapers will not make such an agreement. And they wouldn't keep it if they did.

Consequently, this is left as the only paper which dares to tell the truth about these big stores. The big stores by agreement can stay out of this paper, and probably will do so to punish us for our temerity.

From a strictly business point of view, they are making a mistake in staying out, because we could give them more than value received every day in the week.

We have a large and intelligent constituency. Socialists are recruited especially from the most intelligent and most highly paid of the working class.

We confess it would be rather foolish for automobile makers, or importers of champagne, or jewelry houses to advertise in our columns. But our readers need beds to sleep in, food to eat, clothes to wear. They carry watches, read books, smoke tobacco, drink beer, go to the theatre.

Any dealer in the necessities or ordinary comforts of life would, from a business point of view, be doing wisely to advertise in our columns; but the advertiser must understand that all we can promise is a certain circulation of a certain quality at a certain figure. We cannot guarantee to see politics and economics as he does.

I.O. Needn't Worry

The Inter-Ocean predicts here and now that socialism and Social Democracy will not triumph in New York state on Nov. 6, but will be overwhelmingly defeated.

Mr. Hughes will be elected and Mr. Hearst and his allies will be repudiated. The rights of private property will be sustained and the claims of the confiscators will be denied.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Whether Hughes or Hearst is elected, the rights of private property will be sustained, and the workers will still need to beg for jobs. Only by the election of John C. Chase on the Socialist ticket could anything else result.

Chicago is being forced to think on the education question. For years the management of the school system has been in the hands of business men. Commercial education has been brought to the front and all efforts to democratize the schools defeated.

Recently the composition of the board has been changed and the "radicals" have tried to give the teachers great voice in the management of the school and provide for an open system of promotional markings.

This has aroused a storm of opposition. It is the old question of democratic or autocratic rule.

The "radical" members of the school board are not Socialists. Unconsciously, however, they are voicing demands that have been made by Socialists for years. The American public school system has not resulted from efforts made by business men.

The best things in the schools have come through demands made by labor.

Daily Reminder

Millionaires give this reminder.

To rise high this is the art:

Have your mother leave behind her Millions with which you can start.

What Is Meant by "Class Struggle"

One of the phrases that often troubles the sincere opponents of Socialism is "class conscious." They think that this means a narrow hatred of every individual not belonging to the class of manual labor. They think, or at least their spokesmen pretend to think, that when the Socialist Party calls itself "class conscious," it thereby excludes from membership anyone who does not work with his hands.

Leaving out the attempt to impute this foolish idea to the Socialists that working is confined to ditch digging, it does not follow that "class conscious" is necessarily exclusive.

It would be exclusive on the part of the capitalist class. Their interests have nothing in common with social progress. Their interests are contrary to the welfare of society and the home.

Working-class interests on the other hand are in direct accord with social progress. It is to the interest of society that the labor of the world shall be so organized as to give to those who do the work the highest possible reward.

Therefore, working class interests and social interests are identical. When a Socialist speaks of a "class conscious" working man, he means one who recognizes these facts. He recognizes that his interests as an individual are bound up with those of his class and that only by action as a CLASS can the NEXT GREAT STEP IN SOCIAL PROGRESS BE TAKEN.

The Point of View

To be looked up to, honored and respected,
And draw an income from the class subjected;
To grasp a measure of superior power
Through wealth, or law, or what seems mental dower,
And feel in worth above one's serving neighbors
As much as one can profit by their labors;
To live secure from want, with cultured glances,
And give employment to the landless masses:
So to be served and saved makes class and station
Seem natural, and good for all creation.

To be looked down on—reckoning worth by wages;
To work like slaves through life's dull hopeless ages—
Long hours, long years to toil among wealth's makers
And still remain dependent on its takers;
To sweat for others who yet do not love us,
Creating incomes for the ranks above us;
To live a treadmill life, with narrow pleasures,
Unthrilled by art, and wanting all its treasures;
So with the rich to rank in low relation,
Seems not so fair and fine for all creation.

Chicago. —GEORGE HOWARD GIBSON.

Growth of Socialist Vote

GERMANY		ITALY	
Vote	Reprs.	Vote	Reprs.
1867..... 30,000	8	1882..... 49,154	1
1871..... 101,000	2	1886..... 22,061	2
1874..... 351,952	9	1890..... 50,210	3
1877..... 493,288	12	1892..... 27,000	7
1878..... 437,158	9	1895..... 79,434	15
1881..... 311,961	12	1897..... 137,852	16
1884..... 549,990	24	1900..... 215,841	33
1887..... 763,128	11	1905 (a)..... 301,525	29
1890..... 1,427,298	35		
1893..... 1,876,738	44	BELGIUM	
1898..... 2,113,073	57	Vote	Reprs.
1903..... 3,008,000	81	1894..... 320,000	32
		1900..... 344,944	33
		1902..... 467,000	34
		1904..... 302,771	28
		FRANCE	
		Vote	Reprs.
		1887..... 47,000	19
		1889..... 120,000	9
		1893..... 440,000	49
		1898..... 790,000	50
		1900..... 880,000	48
		AUSTRIA	
		Vote	Reprs.
		1897..... 750,000	10
		1882..... 780,000	10
		UNITED STATES	
		Vote	Reprs.
		1888..... 2,068	—
		1892..... 21,512	—
		1894..... 30,120	—
		1895..... 34,869	—
		1896..... 36,275	—
		1897..... 55,550	—
		1898..... 82,204	—
		1900..... 98,424	—
		1902..... 225,903	—
		1904 (b)..... 441,000	—
		GREAT BRITAIN	
		Vote	Reprs.
		1895..... 55,000	—
		1902..... 100,000	—
		1903..... 100,000	—

Standing Is Good Exercise

Especially in a Fetid Street Car at the End of a Long, Hard Day

Do you know why you have to stand up in a street car? There are sixty seats in a street car. If every passenger has a seat, one car brings into the company \$3 for one trip; but if all the seats are filled and sixty people stand in the aisle, the same car brings \$6 into the company for one trip.

The expense of running the car—for wages of motorman and conductor, for power, for wear and tear, are about the same in either case. Therefore, you, dear public, stand, because the street car company makes more money that way.

Will you ever, ever, ever, wake up?

Why is it that all labor-saving machinery so far invented has saved no labor for those who work?