

Will Harriman Outstrip Rockefeller?—Next Sunday's Socialist

CHICAGO DAILY SOCIALIST

America's Heir Apparent Next Sunday's Socialist

VOLUME I.—NO. 8.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1906

PRICE ONE CENT

ROOSEVELT TO SEND RADICAL MESSAGE TO CONGRESS

Sees Class Struggle Break Out and Revolution Ahead.

URGES TAX ON FORTUNES

Forecast of Document, Coming Now, Will Serve as Campaign Material.

PRESIDENT FEARED HE MIGHT LOSE CONGRESS BY WAITING UNTIL USUAL TIME FOR MAKING MESSAGE PUBLIC.

[Scripps-McRae Press Association.] Washington, D. C., Nov. 1.—President Roosevelt has practically finished the preparation of his annual message, which will go to congress next month.

Menace of Inherited Wealth.

The menace of inherited wealth will probably occupy more space than any other single subject. The president's convictions as to the necessity of an inheritance tax have grown stronger every day since he first broached the subject several years ago.

Sees Coming Revolution.

One of the greatest dangers of our present age, he argues, is the growing discontent of the masses against the classes, and the sooner the public is convinced that the great so-called trusts are conducted as much in the interests of the people as in the interests of the coupon clippers the sooner will the possibility of revolution be removed.

Would Limit Fortunes.

The president believes that there should be a limit upon great fortunes. In his opinion the piling of millions upon top of millions in the banks is not a healthy way to increase wealth.

Supreme Court in Road.

Until the Supreme Court of the United States is of a quite different mind than it is at present, however, there is considerable doubt that either the income or the inheritance tax will "hold water."

BANKERS PROTECT THEIR INTERESTS

Taxed Heavily to Elect Assessor That Will Take Care of Them

MAKE REGULAR SCHEDULE

Clearing House Members Each Have a Definite Contribution Assigned.

The First National Bank of Chicago has given \$1,000 toward the present campaign for the purpose of electing an assessor favorable to the interests of the big clearing house banks.

Schedule of Contributions.

The Merchants' Loan & Trust Bank gave \$800, the Corn Exchange contributed \$500, the Northern Trust Co. added \$500, the Illinois Trust & Savings gave \$600 more, the Union Trust Co. \$400, and others in proportion.

The president of the First National Bank and of the Clearing House Association, Mr. D. B. Forgan, a Republican, has seen that this handsome contribution goes into the Republican campaign fund.

Pay for What They Want.

The clearing house banks, in politics, work on the principle that the way to elect a man favorable to their interests is to put up enough money, stock holders' money at that, to make it a sure thing.

EDISON COMPANY FLATFOOTEDLY DEFIES LAW

But Proceeding Is So Usual for Big Moneyed Concerns That Nobody Takes Any Interest.

Story Is Treated As "Routine" By All Capitalist Dailies.

William G. Beale, counsel for the Chicago Edison and Commonwealth Electric companies, yesterday informed the council committee on gas, oils and electric lights that his companies would not permit the city to examine their books in the effort to establish a rate in accordance with the police powers conferred by the legislature.

Beale Does Baby Act.

The necessity of any rate regulation law was denied by Mr. Beale. He pictured the poor service given by the traction companies, constant litigation, and other deplorable conditions if the city attempted to force a rate measure on the lighting companies.

Ald. Badenoch Sides with Corporation—as Usual.

Alderman Badenoch supported Mr. Beale in the contention that millions of dollars of capital was being driven away from Chicago by the "nagging" city government, while Alderman Moynihan viewed the whole matter as a hopeless case.

SWITCHMEN STAND SOLID.

Committees of the various switchmen's unions held a conference this morning prior to holding the conferences with the various officials of the railroads.



HE WILL VOTE THE SOCIALIST TICKET!

THIS PAPER WILL BE MADE PERMANENT

Original Plan of Two Weeks' Daily Abandoned Last Night.

COMRADES DEMAND CONTINUANCE

Their Wishes Have Been Heeded and Now They'll Have To Work For Journal's Success.

Our readers have demanded that the Chicago Daily Socialist be made permanent. From every corner of the United States letters have poured in, declaring that the paper must not, should not stop.

It seemed an impossible task. The cry for a permanent paper grew louder and louder. We passed in circulation old established capitalist dailies.

At last the Executive Committee of Cook County was forced to admit that the paper must be continued, and seized with the same enthusiasm as had permeated the readers, the committee resolved to do all in its power to assist in making the daily permanent.

It is the readers who have demanded this permanence. It is the readers who alone can make it possible. You must hustle; get the readers. To keep the Daily Socialist going you must accomplish what every capitalist publisher would say was an impossibility.

YOU MUST SEND US TWENTY THOUSAND SUBSCRIPTIONS INSIDE THE NEXT TEN DAYS.

If every reader of this sends in his subscription the thing is done. That does not seem impossible, does it? It only requires that each one does his part.

We have only begun to find out what sort of a paper is possible. New channels are still very imperfectly developed. No corps of correspondents has been organized. Everywhere we see countless opportunities for improvement.

These are the Rates by Mail.

Careful estimates by expert newspaper men show that we can send this paper outside Chicago, six days in a week for \$2.00 a year; \$1.00 for six months; 50c for three months.

Inside Chicago, where the paper is delivered by carrier, no money need be sent. All that is needed is an order on the carrier to continue your subscription; when the two weeks is up the carrier will collect. Send in a postal with such an order at once. Then get your neighbors and fellow-workers to do the same. BUT DO IT QUICK.

A company has been organized to own and publish the Chicago Daily Socialist. It is capitalized at \$50,000, with shares at ten dollars each. Those of the comrades who can afford it should subscribe at once for as many shares as they can.

How to Do It.

To sum up: If you want a daily Socialist paper in America you can have it. But you must work and sacrifice for it as you have worked and sacrificed for everything you have ever obtained.

Send in your pledges for shares if you can. Send in your two dollars for a yearly subscription if you live outside Chicago. Send in an order if living inside.

Get in at least two fifty-cent subscriptions for three months before tomorrow morning.

MAIL THESE SUBSCRIPTIONS TODAY.

This will show that you really wish a daily.

Address business letters to LOUIS DALGAARD, 163 Randolph St., Chicago.

BUTTON GIRLS STRIKE

Paid Wretched Wages for Dangerous Employment.

Long Island City, N. Y., Oct. 31.—Forty of the girls in the button factory here have gone on strike.

They received \$4 a week salary and those working on piece work can make only from \$2 to \$3 a week. In the course of their work they claim that they frequently get their fingers caught under the stamping machine, thus maiming and injuring their hands.

Want Pay When Laid Up.

They not only want a raise of wages, but also want time paid them when incapacitated from work by injuries received while feeding the machines. They say that when any one is injured and is compelled to go to a doctor or the hospital to have the injured hand dressed, they are docked for the time they are absent from the factory.

Luck to Them!

The girls are determined in their stand and it is their intention to post pickets around the factory to-day and try to persuade the girls who are still at work to join their ranks.

BIG STRIKE AT RACINE

Men Go Out Against Reduction in Wages.

Racine, Wis., Oct. 31.—The Case Plow Works has been forced to close down because 500 men, molders, machinists, painters, blacksmiths and polishers, walked out on being informed that their wages would be decreased from 10 to 25 per cent.

MRS. LADEW NOW WANTS TO KILL PONY SHE DINED WITH LAST WEEK

Little Nag Runs Away and Annoys Owner. Nobody Hurt.

Society got real excitement at the horse show owing to an ugly looking accident in the second class of the night. The event was class 49, for harness ponies, and the animal which supplied the spectators with "thrills" was the chestnut pony Duty, owned by Mrs. E. R. Ladew of Glen Cove, N. Y., who recently gave a "pony dinner" in the East.

Smashes Into Fence.

While making his third circuit Duty shied into the fence on the east side of the building, the accident being due to the animal being hitched too close. He smashed the carriage and threw off a wheel. The driver, William Bain of New York, husband of the well-known professional driver, Mrs. Belle Beach Bain, was pitched to the tank on his back, amid general commotion on the part of the audience.

Mrs. Ladew was much annoyed over Duty's ill temper and sent out the laconic message to the stables: "Kill the brute." Duty, however, was supplied with a new carriage and got "V. H. C." in the event.

ANOTHER RUSSIAN UNIVERSITY CLOSED.

Moscow, Oct. 31.—The University of Moscow was closed today by order of the rector until Nov. 12, in consequence of violations of the rule against open political meetings being held in the university buildings.

FRANCE TO OWN ITS MINES?

New Cabinet Adopts Part of Socialist Program.

Paris, Oct. 31.—The purchase of the Western Railway by the government and Minister of Public Works Barthou's project for the revision of the mining law, which contemplates the taking over by the state of all the mines and the participation of the miners in the profits, will be included in the cabinet's parliamentary program. In addition it will take up a bill providing for the abolition of the death penalty and the plan framed by Minister of War Picquart for the reform of courts-martial, which will practically provide for their suppression and the substitution of civil procedure in the case of offenses punishable by common law, while disciplinary courts will deal with infractions of discipline.

THEY DID NOT LOSE THEIR JOBS.

[Scripps-McRae Press Association.] Cincinnati, Oct. 31.—William K. Vanderbilt, Chauncey M. Depew, J. Pierpont Morgan and Melville E. Ingalls were re-elected directors of the Big Four railroad, for a term of three years, at the annual meeting of the stockholders here today. The directors will meet in New York soon to organize and elect officers.

The common capital stock of the company was increased from \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000 to be used in making extensions.

TENNESSEE CARPENTERS WIN

Obtain Higher Pay and Shorter Hours By Concentrated Effort.

Clarksville, Tenn., Oct. 31.—(Special.)—A strike which threatened to retard the building of the plant of the American Smelt Company went into effect yesterday afternoon, but the trouble was settled satisfactorily this morning, and the men returned to work.

All of the carpenters on the building went out, it is understood, because the company refused to pay time and a half for all over nine hours' work. The men were paid the union scale of 40 cents an hour, but worked ten hours. J. L. Bradford, a member of the Nashville Union, arrived last night, and the trouble was adjusted, the company granting the employees the nine-hour day. Thirty-six men went out on the strike.

Too Much Sin Drives Out Second Baptist Church.

The Second Baptist Church of Chicago has been driven out by the spread of the slum. Retreating before the conditions that capitalism produces, its congregation has decided to desert the sinners and the suffering and move to pleasanter neighborhoods. Among the reasons definitely assigned at the meeting where this action was decided upon are that:

"Within a radius of two blocks of the church eighty-five saloons have been established, many of them connected with respectable resorts. In few if any cases has the church been able to prevent the advent of these. "Conditions in the neighborhood are such that women cannot attend evening services unattended."

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

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

[Jim] Jackson in jail for killing his wife; was born in Chicago; worked as a switchman; was un-nerved by seeing a fellow-switchman mangled at his side; got work in the stock yards; went out on strike; was blacklisted; took to peddling. As peddler he had long hours, rain and low pay. A cold day's peddling leads him to make frequent stops at saloons, but decides to save money he had intended to spend in last saloon and buy an extra fine beef steak as a pleasant surprise to his wife. He finds her scolding the child. He goes on with the story.]

"When I opened the door she was just takin' the boy into the bedroom. In a minute she come out and kind of slammed the door hard, and said, 'Well, you've got home, have you?' I said, 'Yes, I'd got home. That's every word I said. Then she said it was a pity that them drunken friends of mine couldn't keep me out all night spendin' the money for whiskey that I ought to use in the house. I told her that I hadn't spent no money for whiskey. She said, 'Yes, your face looks it, and your breath smells it.' Then I told her that I did take one drink, but the assessor bought it for me. Then she landed into the assessor, and told me I was in pretty company goin' 'round with him; that Mrs. McGinty had told her all about what kind of a man he was and she didn't want to hear any more about him. Then I asked her about when supper would be ready, and she said she hadn't begun to get it yet, that she'd been doin' the washin' and 'd that brat of mine to take care of all day, and she'd get the supper when she got ready. Of course I was hungry and cold and that made me kind of mad, only I didn't say much, but laid the beefsteak on the table and unrolled it so's she could see it. I thought meb' that would kind of tempt her, and I told her she'd better cook it and fry a few potatoes. She made some remark about the steak, and about how I'd better get a soup bone, or a chicken, or somethin' cheaper, and no wonder I was in debt with all the money I spent for whiskey, and when I did bring anything home to eat it had to be somethin' that cost a good deal more'n I could afford. Then I said that this was a rump steak and only cost fifteen cents, and she said I could get a soup bone that weighed six or seven pounds for that, and I hadn't any business to throw away my money. 'T'en she kind of stopped for a few minutes and took the steak out into the kitchen. Where we'd been was in the settin' room. I went in to see the kid a few minutes and kind of quieted him down, and so long as he laid on the bed and seemed kind of like as if he'd go to sleep I shut the bedroom door and come out again. Then I picked up the paper and read about the alderman not goin' to run any more, and that was the real reason why he wa'n't goin' to give us any more turkeys; then I looked at the sportin' page and then I read a long story about a feller that had killed some one and left 'em dead in the house, and then run away, and how they'd found 'em dead and had offered a thousand dollars reward for the feller who killed the other one. Then I read about a murder trial that they was just havin' and how the jury had found the feller guilty and he was goin' to be hung, and how he never moved a muscle, and how his mother screamed and fell over in a swoon when the clerk read the verdict. While I was readin' she kept comin' out and in to the settin' room, bringin' dishes and things to set the table. You know we generally eat in the settin' room. Ev'ry time she come in the kind of glared at me, but I let on not to notice her.

"Well, I finished my supper without sayin' a word to her, and she didn't say a word to me, and then I got up and went back into the settin' room and picked up the paper and commenced readin' again. In a minute she come along through with the kid and took him into the bedroom to put him to bed. After she'd been in there a while she came out and shut the door, and stood up for a minute lookin' over toward me. I thought she was waitin' for me to speak, so I just kept my eyes on the paper like as if I was readin', but I wa'n't. I hadn't cooled off a great deal since she poured the water on the steak, and could see that she hadn't neither, so I thought meb' it was as well to have it out, but I was goin' to wait for her to begin. Of course, I hadn't no idea then of doin' anythin' like what I did. I was just mad and reckless and didn't care much, and would keep thinkin' of the steak, and you know all the time I was thinkin' I could feel a kind of prickin' up in my head, as if a lot of needles was runnin' up toward my hair. I s'pose it was the blood runnin' up there. That feller that I told you about that was talkin' to us over here kind of made out that a man was a good deal like a machine, or an engine of some kind, and when the steam was turned on he had to go. He said that if the blood was pumped up in the head it made us do things; it made some people write poetry, and some make speeches, and some sing, and some fight, and some kill folks, and they couldn't really help it if they was made that way and the blood got pumped up in the head. I believe there's a good deal in it. You know when the blood don't circulate down in your feet they get cold and kind of dead, and then if you put 'em into a pail of hot water or even cold water, and then rub 'em hard with a towel, they get prickly and red, and you can feel the blood comin' back to 'em and feel 'em wake up again.

"Pretty soon I smelt the steak fryin' and went out in the kitchen. When I got out there I found the steak fryin' in the skillet all right and her just takin' up the tea kettle to pour water on it. Now this made me mad, for that wa'n't no way to fry steak. You know yourself that you lose all the flavor of the steak by pourin' water on it; that makes it more like boiled meat than it does like beefsteak. I just saw her in time, and I called out, 'What are you doin'?' Put down that kettle. Don't you know any better'n to pour water on beefsteak?' She said, 'You shut up and go back in the settin' room, or I'll pour the water on you.' I said, 'No, you won't; put down that kettle. How many times have I told you better'n to pour water on steak? It's hard enough for me to get the money for a steak without lettin' you spoil it that way.' I started to grab her hand, but before I could reach it she tipped the nozzle over into the skillet and poured a lot of water in, and the steam and hot water and grease kind of splattered up in my face. I didn't know whether I struck her or not; anyhow, I grabbed the kettle, and when the nozzle turned round some of the hot water got onto me, and burned me a little. I put the kettle down and said, 'Damn you, what do you mean

by spoiling the steak every time I get it? If you ever do a thing like that again, I'll cut your throat.'

"Now, of course, I hadn't no idea of cuttin' her throat, no matter how often she done it. 'Twas just a way I had of showin' how mad I was about what she'd done. You see she done it a-purpose, for I'd told her plenty of times before, and I told her then before any of the water got into the skillet, and she just poured it in to spite me. Then she said, 'You drunken loafer, I'd like to see you try to cut my throat. I just dare you to do it. You don't need to wait until you bring home another steak; 'tain't likely I'll be here by the time you bring home any more steak. I don't care what the Settlement people and the priest says about it, I'm going to quit you. I've stood this thing just as long as I'm goin' to, and the fairly screamed, just on purpose, so the neighbors could hear.

"Now, I didn't want them to know we was fightin', and I seen that she was so mad she couldn't control herself and didn't care who heard or what happened. The neighbors had come in once before, but they'd got pretty well used to our fights. But I thought it had gone about far enough and the steak couldn't be helped, so I went back into the settin' room and picked up the paper. In a few minutes she come in and says, 'Well, come, your old steak's ready, you've made so much fuss about it you'd better come and eat it and let it shut your mouth.' And she went on into the bedroom and got the kid. I drew up my chair and set down to the table. She put the kid into the high chair and then she set down on the other side. I cut up the steak and give each of 'em a piece, with some fried potatoes, then we had some bread and butter and some tea. She poured out the tea and handed me a cup. There wa'n't any milk for the tea and I asked her why that was. She told me she didn't have any money to buy tickets, and if I wanted milk I'd better leave some money to buy tickets instead of spendin' it all for whiskey. I didn't make much of any answer to this but commenced eatin' my steak. Besides bein' boiled it was cooked almost to a crisp, and you couldn't hardly tell whether it was beefsteak or what it was; all the taste was out of it and gone into the water and the steam. I put some of the gravy on the potatoes; this was better'n the steak and tasted more like beef. I et up the potatoes and the steak and a few pieces of bread and butter, and cut up the kid's steak and showed him how to hold his knife so's to eat without cuttin' himself, and I didn't say a word to her and she didn't say a word to me. Of course, I could see by the way she looked that she was mad, and I presume she could see that I was, too; and probably both of us thought it was just as well not to say anything, specially so long as the kid was there. All the time I was eatin' I kept thinkin' about the way she'd poured the water into the steak and spilt it, and how I'd been lookin' forward to it ever since I bought it on Thirty-fifth street, and the more I thought of it the madder I got. If it had been the first time I don't think I'd have minded it near so much, but I'd told her about it ev'ry time I brought home a steak, and it seemed as if always we had a row pretty near as big as this, and ev'ry time she managed to pour the water into it and spilt it in spite of all that I could do. And this time it had been just the same thing again. Any one would have been mad if they'd been in my place; don't you think so yourself?

"Well, I finished my supper without sayin' a word to her, and she didn't say a word to me, and then I got up and went back into the settin' room and picked up the paper and commenced readin' again. In a minute she come along through with the kid and took him into the bedroom to put him to bed. After she'd been in there a while she came out and shut the door, and stood up for a minute lookin' over toward me. I thought she was waitin' for me to speak, so I just kept my eyes on the paper like as if I was readin', but I wa'n't. I hadn't cooled off a great deal since she poured the water on the steak, and could see that she hadn't neither, so I thought meb' it was as well to have it out, but I was goin' to wait for her to begin. Of course, I hadn't no idea then of doin' anythin' like what I did. I was just mad and reckless and didn't care much, and would keep thinkin' of the steak, and you know all the time I was thinkin' I could feel a kind of prickin' up in my head, as if a lot of needles was runnin' up toward my hair. I s'pose it was the blood runnin' up there. That feller that I told you about that was talkin' to us over here kind of made out that a man was a good deal like a machine, or an engine of some kind, and when the steam was turned on he had to go. He said that if the blood was pumped up in the head it made us do things; it made some people write poetry, and some make speeches, and some sing, and some fight, and some kill folks, and they couldn't really help it if they was made that way and the blood got pumped up in the head. I believe there's a good deal in it. You know when the blood don't circulate down in your feet they get cold and kind of dead, and then if you put 'em into a pail of hot water or even cold water, and then rub 'em hard with a towel, they get prickly and red, and you can feel the blood comin' back to 'em and feel 'em wake up again.

"Well, I set perfectly still while she stood by the mantel-piece. First she picked up one thing and then another and kind of dusted 'em and put 'em back. She done this till she had dusted ev'rything on the mantel-piece, and all the time she would be lookin' over toward me, but I kept my eyes down on the paper and pretended to be readin'. I knew that she didn't dust the things because she wanted to dust, for she always dusted in the mornin' just after she swept. I knew she did it because she was nervous and mad, and was waitin' for me to see begin. Of course, sometimes when you are mad the longer you wait the more you get over it, and then sometimes the longer you wait the madder you get. It's like a boiler not usin' any of its steam while the fire is goin'; if it waits long enough some-thin' got to happen.

[To be continued.]

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EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

All subscriptions should be forwarded to The Chicago Daily Socialist, 163 East Randolph Street, Chicago. 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 all opinions 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.

The H. G. Adams Printing Company, 55 Fifth Avenue.

SOCIALIST MEETINGS TO-NIGHT.

Hiteman's Hall, 53d and Ashland Ave.—John Collins. Grand Crossing Turner Hall, 75th and Dobson Ave.—B. Berlyn, T. J. Vind and Matt. Whalen.

ELECTION RETURNS.

Watchers will report on election night at Brand's Hall, corner of Clark and Erie streets. Full returns will be at hand. As far as possible ward chairmen should assemble the report of their ward, and bring same in complete. The gathering at Brand's Hall will be a typical Socialist gathering. There is no doubt that some highly enjoyable Socialist news will be made by the ballots on (Tuesday Nov. 6) election day.

BOOKS WORTH READING

If You Want to Understand the Socialist Movement.

FOR SALE BY CHICAGO DAILY SOCIALIST.

Socialism has a library of its own—a library so great that its very size bewilders many a seer after the truth and leaves him undecided where to begin. For the benefit of busy men, we have compiled a long list of the best books on Socialism, together with a little description of each book.

We print a different part of this list every day.

These books may be obtained from the Chicago Daily Socialist at the prices shown.

The Socialist's of Humanity. By Charles Kendall Franklin. Cloth, \$2.00.

The author here presents an original materialistic conception of existence, upon which he bases a socialism that shall reform humanity. As he says in the preface, "The object of this investigation is to trace physical organic and social phenomena to their sources in order to discover their laws, so that the subsequent expenditure of energy in nature, life, mind and society may be determined for human welfare. \* \* \* an attempt at a complete orientation of the race and the establishment of the principles which will lead to the democratization and socialization of humanity."

The Sale of an Appetite. By Paul Lafargue, translated by Charles H. Kerr. Cloth, illustrated, 50 cents.

This book by one of the foremost socialists of Europe is a notable work of art considered merely as a story and at the same time it is one of the most stirring indictments of the capitalist system ever written. It tells of a young man who as the story opens was standing in front of a brilliantly lighted restaurant in Paris, on a cold winter night and was on the point of killing himself to avoid a slower death by starvation. At this point a corpulent capitalist invited him inside, satisfied his hunger, and proposed a contract by which the young man was to digest the capitalist's food in consideration of a liberal salary. Emile Destouches, the hero, accepted the offer gladly and enjoyed the pleasure of the gay capital for a few weeks. But he soon found that his digestive task was far beyond what he had counted on, and the immense batches of food placed in his stomach by some mysterious process proved too much for his health. He went in despair to the notary before whom he had signed the contract and asked to be released, but was told that it was impossible, and was also told that his situation was nothing uncommon, since every member of the working class was obliged to sell some of his bodily or mental functions in order to live on this earth under capitalism. For the sequel we must refer the reader to the book itself. It is beautifully printed, and the pictures help point the moral as well as adorn the tale.

The Principles of Social Progress. A Study of Civilization. By James Bale Morman, A. B. Cloth, 50 cents.

Of this book the Rev. Wm. Thurston Brown, of Rochester, N. Y., has the following to say: "The Principles of Social Progress brings to mind Henry Demarest Lloyd's declaration that 'We are in the midst of the rapids of a new era.' Following closely upon the developments there has come a sociological literature, and to this literature Mr. Morman has made a worthy addition in his book. He has given the public a conspicuously clear, judicious and thoughtful treatise. His book implies a remarkable breadth of intellectual grasp upon the subject, together with original research, wide reading and careful thinking. And it is written in the best of diction."

Capital: A Critical Analysis of Capitalistic Production. By Karl Marx. Translated from the Third German Edition, by Samuel Moore and Edward Aveling, and Edited by Frederick Engels. Cloth, \$2.00.

The great work of Marx may be described as an exposition and criticism of capital. But it is also indirectly an exposition of socialism, inasmuch as the historical evolution of capital is governed by natural laws the inevitable tendency of which is toward socialism. It is the great aim of Marx to reveal the law of

economic movement of modern times. Now the economic movement of modern times is dominated by capital. Explain, therefore, the natural history of capital, the rise, consolidation, decline of its supremacy as an evolutionary process, and you forecast the nature of that into which it is being transformed—socialism. Hence the great task of the Marx school is not to preach a new economic and social gospel, not to provide ready-made schemes of social regeneration after the fashion of the early socialists, nor to counteract by alleviating measures the wretchedness of our present system, but to explain and promote the inevitable process of social evolution, so that the domination of capital may run its course and give place to the higher system that is to come.—Encyclopaedia Britannica.

"Das Kapital" is often called, on the Continent, "the Bible of the working class." That the conclusions arrived at in this work are daily more and more becoming the fundamental principles of the great working class movement, not only in Germany and Switzerland, but in France, in Holland and Belgium, in America, and even in Italy and Spain; that everywhere the working class more and more recognizes, in these conclusions, the most adequate expression of its condition and of its aspirations, nobody acquainted with that movement will deny.—Engel's Preface to "Capital."

Our publishing house is now printing an entirely new edition of Capital. It will be printed in type as large as that of the standard English edition we have previously supplied, but far clearer and handsomer. It will be revised by Ernest Untermann from the last German edition, and will contain a new preface by Engels and a number of additional pages added by him. Furthermore it will contain an index, something that has been lacking from all previous editions.

This edition is complete in so far as Capital has yet been translated into English, and we have in preparation a translation by Ernest Untermann of the two remaining volumes, never yet published in the English language. These volumes will be exactly uniform in style with our edition of the first volume. The price and date of publication will be announced later.

Walt Whitman. The Poet of the Wider Sellhood. By Mila Tupper Maynard. Cloth, 145 pages, \$1.00.

"This, then, is the secret of Whitman's magnificent respect for each individual human being. He sees him in the incarnation and interpretation of the all of things. He sees each soul as the heir to all the wonder and might of nature and the product of all the ages of material and social progress. 'The majesty and beauty of the world are latent in any iota of the world.'"

No other man has been so misunderstood as this poet, who, self-accused of all manner of transgressions, yet claims equality with saints and gods.—Chicago Evening Post.

Reverently critical throughout, it passes lightly over the faults, and points out with loving care the beauties in Whitman's poems.—Chicago Tribune.

Walt Whitman was one of the unique characters of the 19th century. Of him Emerson said: "Americans may now return from Europe, for unto us a man is born." Utterly free from all conventionalities, he was a great believer in Self. A true poet of freedom, he hated oppression, and had he lived in the last decade he would undoubtedly have been a socialist.

The author of this introduction to Walt Whitman's work has pointed out the motif underlying his works and presented in a highly entertaining manner the man as he lived and labored for the oppressed of humanity.

Poems of Walt Whitman. Cloth, 75 cents, 341 pages.

We have secured a reprint of Whitman's famous "Leaves of Grass" for the benefit of those who, having read Mrs. Maynard's charming introduction, may desire to read the poet. Nearly all of Whitman's poems are contained therein, and John Burroughs has written a biographical introduction. TO YOU, WHOEVER YOU ARE. I will leave all, and come and make the hymns of you; None have understood you, but I understand you. None have done justice to you—you have not done justice to yourself. None but have found you imperfect—I only find no imperfection in you. None but would subordinate you—I only am he who will never consent to subordinate you. I only am he who places over you no master, owner, better, God, beyond what waits intrinsically in yourself.

Rebels of the New South. A novel. By Walter Marion Raymond. Cloth, \$1.00.

Appeal to Reason. "With Whitman-like disregard for conventionality, the author strips his characters of all that is artificial and the story is about souls—human souls that appeal irresistibly to the democratic spirit. Every literature-loving socialist will like it, for there is such a judicious mixture of the real and the ideal in its pages that its lessons will be seen, felt and appreciated."

Modern Socialism. By Charles H. Vail. Cloth, 75 cents.

This volume is one of the books which every socialist worker should have at hand. It is exceptionally adapted for a first book in serious study after a few propaganda leaflets have been read to arouse interest. The relation of socialism to several modern problems like the liquor traffic, poverty, labor saving machinery, taxation, and illiteracy is pointed out, showing that all of these are really but different names for the same problem, for which socialism alone offers a solution. Three other interesting chapters deal with "Industrial Oppression and Crisis," "The Conduct of Labor, Past and Present," and "Capitalism and Economic Waste." This book also contains a most complete set of answers to popular misconceptions and objections concerning socialism. Fifteen different points are taken up, including the difficulties that arise concerning equality, abilities, state socialism, publications, destruction of liberty, motives to industry, confiscation, corruptness of politics and the relation of socialism and anarchism. There is a very full index which makes it possible to find any point desired at once.

ARRESTED FOR SHOUTING "SCAB"

Police Taking Special Care of Strike-Breaking Chauffeurs.

The first definite attempt to break the strike of its drivers was made yesterday morning by the New York Transportation Company, which sent out ten electric cabs with strike breakers in charge. Each cab carried a special detective and was trailed by a bicycle policeman. The ten cabs were sent from the garage at Sixty-sixth street and Second avenue and a crowd of strikers followed.

Striker Arrested. One of the cabs with Assistant Superintendent O'Halloran of the company as a passenger was crossing Fifth avenue when Frank Kennan, a striker, shouted "Scab." Kennan was arrested later, fined \$10, the union paying the fine. Several hours afterward Mr. O'Halloran was in another cab driven by a strike breaker, when James J. Traut of 239 West 126th street called out "Scab." He was promptly arrested at the instance of Mr. O'Halloran.

Strike Breaker Discharged. Fred Lied, one of the strike breakers, came to grief while returning with one of the electric cabs. Near Sixty-sixth street he ran into a trolley car, rebounded against another vehicle, which threw it against a two horse carriage driven by Samuel Kayton, a liveryman. The carriage and horses were damaged. Kayton insisted that Lied be arrested. Lied was afterward discharged.

WILL FIGHT TO FINISH

Chicago Lithographers Are Firm All Along the Line.

There is a general feeling, among the striking lithographers of this city that the Manufacturers' Association is back of the employing lithographers seeking to break the strike. False reports about the weakness of the lithographers' union are being constantly circulated. The men, however, stand firm and are determined to win the strike.

"This has become an affair of honor with us," said an official of the lithographers' union, "and we are determined to fight it out to the end. Our men are confident of ultimate victory."

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WORKINGMEN ATTENTION!!!

By he wage slaves? When you may become independent! We have 2500 acres of land at Fairhope, Alabama, that we are developing on the co-operative plan. One hundred people, both sexes, wanted at once to work land, and in boatbuilding, fishing, canning and preserving plants, and other industries; also as teachers in Industrial School. Five hundred more wanted later. Good wages, profit-sharing. A beautiful, healthful climate; a cultured, prosperous, progressive community. We also have 640 acres in Colorado, and a large tract in Saskatchewan that we will develop next spring.

FRATERNAL HOMEOWNERS SOCIETY, 6011 November 6th, at 209, 115 Dearborn Street, Chicago After that date, at FAIRHOPE, ALABAMA

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Varicocele Restoration to a sound and healthy condition in the most of my method of treating this common ailment, when long-continued, dangerous disease. My Guarantees: Every treatment, or the cure that necessarily follows in 25 days, is not a failure. Over four thousand cases treated in 25 years. If you are looking for the treatment that has cured in thousands, write me about it. Of course, and will in years, guarantee the cure. My personal attention.

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WEAR THE JOHN F. COLLINS UNION MADE \$2-HAT-\$3 MID-WINTER STYLES QUALITY THE BEST S. W. Cor. Madison and La Salle Sts.

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SOLIDARITY OF WORKINGMEN DEMANDS THAT THEY SMOKE UNION MADE BLUE LABEL CIGARS

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If you are at all interested in the Socialist Party Organization, address as above and learn how you may become a member.

COUNTY CENTRAL COMMITTEE Meets Every Second Sunday Each Month at 55 N. Clark St.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE Meets Every Monday at Headquarters

Find your place in this organization and become identified with the greatest movement in the history of the human family.

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The Struggle for Existence By WALTER THOMAS MILLS, A. M. It contains 48 chapters, 640 pages, handsomely bound in English linen. Price, single copies, \$2.50 each postpaid. Ten copies shipped to one address, \$15 and the purchasers pay the freight. ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO CHICAGO SOCIALIST 163 EAST RANDOLPH ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

THE SENSIBLE IDIOT A BEAUTIFUL MELODRAMA IN THREE ACTS AND EPILOGUE Scenes laid in Russia, dealing with present conditions. Written and dramatized by P. Boravik. By mail, 35c. Order from CHICAGO SOCIALIST 163 RANDOLPH STREET - CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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

The Evening's Golden Thought

Endowment of some public institution.—From "Success Nuggets" by Orison Sweet Marden.

Success is a failure when you rob those who work for you of what is justly their due and then pose as a philanthropist by contributing a small fraction of your unjust gains to some charity or to the

PEOPLES' EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE

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Term commenced October 1, 1906, and will continue for eight months OPEN EVENINGS FROM 7:30 TO 10 P. M.

Lectures are held as follows:

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PHYSIOLOGY By Duncan B. McEachern, M. D.

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INDUSTRIAL HISTORY By A. M. Simons SOCIOLOGY By May Wood Simons

SATURDAYS

HISTORICAL AND LITERARY REVIEW By Laura Roe and Georgia Bennett LITERATURE (Advanced) By W. L. Richardson

Students pay a registration fee of 25 cents and 50 cents monthly for the purpose of defraying expenses. Visitors are welcome to any lecture for two evenings.

Public monthly lectures will be delivered under the auspices of this Institute in the Hull House Theatre on Sunday Evening.

FIRST PUBLIC LECTURE on Sunday Eve., November 4, 1906, at 8 P. M. Subject, THE NEW SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY. Lecturer, Geo. E. Vincent, Prof. of Sociology at U. of C.

SECRETARY'S PHONE CANAL 31

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You can put in as much or as little time at our work as you like; you get paid for just what you do.

If you do no work, your stock brings you no income; it does not draw dividends. What it does is to give you the right to buy all the best Socialist books for what they cost; if you sell them at retail prices you get the full product of your labor in hustling for sales.

Some of our partners buy books only for their own reading or to give away. They earn nothing in this way but they save a large part of what they would otherwise spend.

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What Well Dressed Women Wear

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

VII.

Dear Baby: I would certainly be angry with you were I not so sure that you are only playing with your Auntie!

Here while I was happily buying a perfect dream of a hat—a bargain at \$60—and telling myself all the while how much you would enjoy hearing all about it, and about the two walking hats at only \$30 each and the dear box of veils to go with them—while I was doing all this for you—were perhaps at that very moment writing me this letter which I hold in my hand! Do you remember what you said?

"..... to me it seems horrible, incredible, that grown men and women should spend their lives in thinking of such



Princess gown of velvet and lace. Brilliant Buckles.

things as these, and that people who have the time and the ability to do so much for making this world a better place to live in should wish to accomplish nothing by their having lived—except perhaps to make it all worse!.....

Now what can you mean by that—less it is meant to be a reflection on an aunt who has loved you as her own ever since the death of your mother? I suppose your never having lived for long anywhere but in that little town is responsible for your knowing nothing about life as it is, and it prevents me from taking you seriously and being angry with you. Besides, you are young. One winter with me, my love, will cure all that. And what I am unable to do for you I am sure can be accomplished by Mr. Acton, the distinguished personage of whom I wrote you in my last letter.

I will confess, dear, that I had thought before of dear Bertie Kimble for you—he is so merry and witty that he would be a fitting contrast to your puritan airs. But since meeting Mr. Acton again—we used to know each other years ago in Paris—I feel after all that you would be just the one to appreciate a man of his attainments. For although it is so many years since your father was among our men of wealth, he has managed to save enough from the wreck to give you as much French and music and general travel as the average, and you have had so much more of other things—your college degrees haven't spoiled your manners a bit, my dear, nor your hair and complexion, so far as I could see. I really think I may be able to make quite a fad of you—if you will only omit hunting up lazzettos and ghetos and be more interested in what other people are interested in, instead of caring only for what interests yourself.

We don't care, my dear, about these things you fill your letters with, about the death rate in some unheard part of the city. Or whether clerks have to stand up all day. Or whether some factory hand or another loses a position! Do try to inform yourself on what people are really interested in. I have not heard you mention it, but I dare say you have an automobile. And your father always could tell a good horse if he heard it stamping with the stable door closed—and I know you had some awfully good dogs, and then there are peo-

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ple! But you must learn them at first hand.

Mercy! What a preaching I have indulged in! But it is only fit for you after your last romantic, puritanical outburst at me! Now to my real subject:

I got the hat I told you of at the beginning of this letter. It is a velvet hat of shaded mauve to go with a mauve costume de visite that I recently achieved. It is a very large hat in the picture style. The brim is shorter in front than at the back, tipped up slightly in front, and gradually increasing the tilt toward the right side, where, just under the brim, there is a long narrow buckle of tiny amethysts holding masses of violet tulle. On the left side are shaded violet ostrich feathers. Two run straight backward and hang down over the hair at the back, and the rest are arranged to cover the crown except for a little patch at the right, where it is made of tiny shirrings of tulle.

The edge of the brim is faced with little quillings of silk of the same shade, stitched down flat.

I have grown into the habit of always wearing a veil—as most of the women one meets have—and I shall follow My Dear Friend in wearing just a fine white maline next the face with this hat. Although I have, if need be, two lovely automobile veils in the two different shades of violet, one light and one dark. They are a trying color to most complexions, but I find them becoming. And I know how to wear a veil!

So many women tie them on as if they were washwomen going to market in a hurry and tying on a shawl! I take my veil first up under my chin tightly, cross it on the hat, and bring it from there toward the back and down again in front, tying it there gracefully.

This reminds me of how one can be misunderstood. I was tying my veil in this way the other day, when My Dear Friend came into the room.

"That is so clever of you!" she said in her sweet way. "It holds up the wrinkles under the chin. It is quite the best way for an elderly person."

My dear Josephine, if I were not so fond of My Dear Friend I should sometimes call her "sweet way," her "cat way."

Why, I can hardly remember the time when she was married.

Just a word about my mauve suit and I will leave the rest until another time, for I am as usual devoting time to my dear niece which should be given to my toilet for dinner.

Imagine a princess frock of violet chiffon velvet, slashed up the skirt so that it forms long rounded panels. The edge of these panels is heavily embroidered with chenille in a rich design, and the top of the corsage where it opens in panel form over the under-bodice is embroidered in the same way. The frock which goes with this princess gown of velvet, for going under the dress, is of point d'angleterre over violet chiffon, over violet chiffon of darker shade, over liberty silk of a darker shade. This sounds as if it would make me look stout. It does not. The frock is, of course, a tight lining merely, under the panels of the overdress, and the frills and fullness come between the slashes. The collar



Picture Hat in shades of violet with shaded violet plumes.

is very high and tight, and made of the lace and embroidered in shades of violet.

I have to be laced into this gown, and my poor maid hates it, for we both lose our tempers, and it takes so long to get it just right. The other day I was almost an hour just getting into it correctly.

Really, my dear Josephine, those people you talk about have no idea what it means to really keep up one's position. We have our trials as well as they!

So write more cheerfully next time to your devoted aunt CASSANDRA.

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California Prunes, per lb.....3 1/2 cents
20-lb. Box Fresh Soda Crackers for.....98 cents
No. 3 Cans California Plums.....9 cents
No. 3 Cans Solid Meat Tomatoes.....9 cents
H. R. E. Co.'s Best Patent Flour, guaranteed to be the most satisfactory flour made; per barrel, \$4.29; half-barrel, \$2.29; quarter-barrel.....\$1.19
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H. R. EAGLE CO.

19 EAST RANDOLPH STREET

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F. W. JOB,

HUMAN FERRET

FOR BOSSES

Employers Spend Millions

Through Him to Brack

Labor Organizations

in Chicago.

Scores of spies watch union teamsters in Chicago. Every man who wears a union button is listed by the Chicago Employers' Association and his employer requested to discharge him. This system of ferrets is only part of the greater one that maintains traitors in every labor organization.

This is all done to prevent wage workers from organizing or if they are organized to prevent the unions from doing anything to improve the conditions of its members.

In the department stores hundreds of girls work for starvation wages, as the Chicago Daily Socialist has shown by figures. From the labor of each one of these girls the owners of the stores make a profit. A part of this profit is set aside to keep up the Chicago Employers' Association, of which Frederick W. Job is the paid head.

Going in and out of his office on the eighth floor of the Marquette building may be seen at any time of day these spies. They are of the worst classes in society, but are well paid. Any person that can do anything to keep down wages for the employers is well paid. The members of this organization will pay well for any work except useful work.

\$10,000,000 to Keep Wages Low.

At every railroad station agents of the employers are stationed to watch for union buttons. Many a hard working teamster has been discharged recently for no reason that he knew.

Since the big strike a year ago this organization of lookouts has been working. The employers spent more than \$10,000,000 to defeat the drivers, and they do not propose to permit the fruits of their victory to go away.

Drivers forced to give up their liberty to wear a union button are in the habit of placing these honorable emblems on the caps when they get away from the barn bosses. This is the time they are caught by the spies.

"The union button is one of the greatest helps to labor organization," said a union driver today. "It is the same as a flag to an army, and around it workers rally. Now the employers realize this and are trying to suppress the buttons. They have succeeded in some barns and they are trying it everywhere."

Many Button Wearers Discharged.

The original of the letter published yesterday is in the possession of the Chicago Daily Socialist. It is a form letter and Mr. Job's name is printed in script. So frequent are the union button reports that the letters are printed, and only the name of the employer has to be placed at the top when a driver is to be reported and of course discharged.

Many concerns refuse to deliver goods to a teamster wearing a union button, even if his employer has no objection. This is said to be illegal by learned lawyers, but that makes no difference.

SHOULD TAKE A PULLMAN

Would Thereby Avoid Danger of Fine and Jail.

[Scripps-McRae Press Association.] Omaha, Oct. 31.—Four unknown men had a narrow escape from death near Emerson, Neb. They were beating their way in a box car, when a switchman locked them in. It is supposed that a lighted cigaret set fire to some excelsior in the car. One of the men, H. E. Foss, was so badly burned that, after escape, he was captured by the trainmen and is now in jail.

[Scripps-McRae Press Association.] St. Louis, Oct. 31.—Emaciated from hunger and almost dead from fever and exposure, John Ayers, who states that his home is in Toledo, O., was found last night in an empty box car in East Madison, Ill. His relatives were notified. He did not know how long he had been in the car.

MOTHER WORKS, CHILDREN BURN.

[Scripps-McRae Press Association.] Laurel, Mass., Oct. 31.—Two children of M. R. Plassans were burned to death today. One child two and a half years old, and another an infant, were left alone in the house which caught fire and burned the little ones to death before their parents could reach them. The mother of the children is prostrated.

ODDS AGAINST

HEARST SHORTEN

Betting Now Five to Two On Hughes.

New York Oct. 31.—Betting odds shortened today on the results of the contest between Hughes and Hearst to 2 1/2 to 1. These odds prevailed during the day and all the important bets were laid at those odds. A few small bets were made at 2 to 1 on Hughes. At the close Hughes money was offered at 2 to 1, but Hearst bettors demanded 2 1/2 to 1. All the important bets yesterday were laid at 3 to 1 on Hughes.

The shortening of the odds on the republican candidate was generally attributed to the declaration of Nathan Straus in favor of Hearst. In addition there was a preponderance of Hearst money at the outset and brokers with commissions to lay sums on Hearst were content to accept shorter odds.

SCHOOL BOARD ROW

Features Long Familiar in Industry Appear at School Board Meeting.

The class struggle, the hard, sharp outline of the battle between the master class and the working class, was evident at the open meeting of the Chicago school board last evening. Consciously, or unconsciously, the speakers lined up on opposing sides of this fight.

There was all the phenomena that have grown so familiar on the field of labor. There was a representative of the organized workers in Miss Haley pleading for the right of the teachers to have a voice in their own life. There was the representative of the toadying, hired, slave driving class, unconscious of its own slavery, because of the workers beneath them in the representative of the principals' organization.

Smug Capitalism and Yellow Union.

There was smug capitalism in the form of a previous member of the board who had grown rich on selling houses on the installment plan.

There was even a representative from the teachers' "yellow" union to abuse herself and those who followed her by parading their love for the hand that ruled them.

BUILD WAR SHIPS

IF PEOPLE STARVE

Russia, Bankrupt and Famine Stricken, Plans New Navy.

[Scripps-McRae Press Association.] St. Petersburg, Oct. 31.—The Russian admiralty has determined to carry out its original program of reconstruction and enlargement, despite the fact that the condition of the finances of the country have compelled the curtailment of the naval appropriations of 1907, by \$11,000,000.

Besides the Rurik of 18,000 tons now building at Vickers, England, and the Admiral Makaroff of 27,500 tons, building at Toulon, the new admiralty works are engaged on the Bayan and Pallada, which are well advanced.

The Admiralty and private yards are engaged on the gunboats Gilyak, Korieitz, Bobry and Sivuch and a number of torpedo boats. The admiralty feels keenly that the rate of construction does not correspond with the war losses to be made good and it is hastening the revision of the personnel of the navy preparatory to systematic work in restoring the empire to its former rank as a naval power.

CHICAGO SWEDISH ORGANIZE.

A Swedish branch of the Socialist party has been organized on the East Side of South Chicago, starting off with twenty-five charter members. It is a great contrast to the original branch that was formed several years ago with only five members. The 8th ward Socialists are enthusiastic over the new branch, which gives promise of soon becoming almost as large as the English organization.

DECLINED AS USUAL.

Cincinnati, Nov. 1.—(Special.)—Nicholas Klein, candidate of the Socialist Party in the Second Congressional District of Ohio, has challenged his democratic and republican opponents to debate the question: "Resolved, that the Socialist Party best represents the interests of the working class." Nothing doing in the debating line, however.

WANT EIGHT-HOUR DAY.

There is a general movement among the telegraphers of the country looking toward the securing of the eight-hour day by legislation.

WE HAVE THEM

BADLY SCARED

Milwaukee Capitalist Politicians Refuse to Alter Gerrymander.

Milwaukee, Oct. 31.—(Special.)—Another proof of how badly the old parties are scared! In the Milwaukee city council, the Republicans and Democrats, in about equal numbers, voted down the redistricting of the wards of Milwaukee. Now this redistricting is very badly needed, as some wards in the workingmen's district contain two or three times as many inhabitants as some wards in the business part of the town. But Republicans and Democrats are now afraid of the Milwaukee workingman. They suspect him of being a Social Democrat, and with good reason. The redistricting of the wards of Milwaukee according to the population would have given us at least six more Social Democratic aldermen in addition to the twelve Social Democrats in the present council. And that is the reason that the Republican and Democratic aldermen voted against redistricting the city. They don't want to give the workingmen equal representation in Milwaukee.

Breaking New Ground.

The Social Democrats recently held a meeting for the first time in West Bend, a small town in Washington county. The meeting was a tremendous success and alarmed the enemy. The Catholic priest of the town is now making a house to house visitation of his flock, warning them that the Socialists are "infidels" and "free lovers" and want to divide up. Which simply goes to show that the anti-Socialists are in a panic.

L.M.O. POSTPONED AGAIN

Why Not Vote for Socialism and Get Whole Thing.

[Scripps-McRae Press Association.] Washington, Oct. 31.—Mayor Johnson of Cleveland, met temporary defeat in the United States Supreme court today in his great street railway fight in the forest city.

Chief Justice Fuller today directed the clerk of the Supreme Court to issue to the city of Cleveland and the Forest City Electric Railway Company a rule to show cause, within ten days, why a permanent injunction should not be granted, to prevent them from interfering with the Cleveland Electric Railway company, in the use of its street railway tracks in Cleveland. He also granted the motion for a temporary injunction, effective at once.

CLEAR \$5,000,000

WITHOUT WORK

Broker Clears Up Nest Sum by Selling Nature's Treasure.

Friends of W. B. Thompson of Hayden, Stone & Co., brokers, are congratulating him on his coup in Nipissing mines, which, it is stated, has netted him nearly \$5,000,000. The profits of his investments in Nipissing mines, the curb silver property which has had a remarkable rise in value in the last three months, have placed Mr. Thompson in the limelight of Wall street. It was mainly through his negotiations that the Guggenheims obtained control of the property.

Mr. Thompson is a mining engineer and a graduate of the Columbia School of Mines. He is a native of the Montana mining district and is said to have been the first white child born in the Butte camp. When he was asked to make a market on the curb for Nipissing stock he sent his engineers to examine the property, and he personally made an investigation. The result was that he bought very heavily. The stock has risen from \$4 a share to \$33 1/2.

JOHN COLLINS ENDORSED.

The 17th Ward Community Club includes in its list of candidates endorsed, that of Comrade John Collins, who is running for the Legislature in that district. Comrade Collins' chances of election are very good since the republicans and democrats have nominated two candidates each, which, under the proportional nomination plan, gives Socialists something of an advantage.

ELECTRICAL WORKERS GET INCREASE.

The electrical workers of Wilmington, N. C., have been granted an increase of 50 cents a day and a reduction of one hour in their working time.

An Ohio judge has decided that, while the Standard Oil had incurred penalties of \$6,000,000, that it need pay only \$5,000.

Our present government is not only a government of interests, but of rent and profit as well.

CHICAGO BAKERS

FOR SOCIALISM

Other Parties Are On the Unfair List This Fall.

Neither the Republican nor the Democratic parties will pull a single vote from the members of the Bakers and Confectioners' union of Chicago. The Independence League will not share any better.

According to statements made by members of the union the bakers will vote the Socialist ticket practically to a man.

"The old parties," remarked one of the members, "are on the 'unfair list' with the Bakers, and the Independence League is classed among them."

UNIONS OPPOSE JAPANESE

Say They Are Being Imported Under Contract.

Denver, Colo., Oct. 31.—The Denver Trades and Labor Assembly have decided to support the movement for the exclusion from this country of cheap Japanese and Korean labor. It was decided to work for legislation which will bar the lower classes of Japan and Korea from entering the United States.

One of the arguments for urging such legislation is the fact that the Japanese contracting companies in this country, especially on the Pacific coast, are importing large numbers of Japanese laborers and supply them to industrial corporations at extremely low prices.

CLASSIFIED

SHORTHAND

BEST OPPORTUNITY AND SPECIAL INCENTIVES to young men and young women who desire to become stenographers and typists; send for particulars. Chicago Railway and Commercial Institute, room 38, 85 Washington Street.

LAWYERS

STEDMAN & SOELKE COUNSELORS AT LAW 94 LA SALLE STREET CHICAGO

PETER SISKMAN, Attorney

### State Savings Banks

Paul O. Stensland is in the penitentiary; Bigelow is in the penitentiary; Dougherty and a long list of others might be added who have looted banks and robbed the depositors. Some are in prison and some, like Walsh, are at large.

Government ownership of savings banks is not an untried experiment; they are successfully operated in all the enlightened countries of the world, excepting Germany, Switzerland and the United States.

In the United States no such provision is made; you must trust your savings to the stock shark, the gambling speculator and fashionable rounder.

The wage worker in the United States can find no place to deposit his small sums of one dollar, \$10, \$20 or \$100, as a protection against the misadventures, sickness and accidents incident to life. He is not furnished employment by the Government when out of work; he is not furnished a place to rest when impoverished or injured and has no place to deposit his savings, a pittance which he may keep and lay aside from hard earned, but small wage.

It is impossible for any sane man to expect the United States Senate, that asylum of senility, of conservatism and dry rot, to institute any novelty or innovation that will disturb the vested interests of the bankers of this country.

But States may institute at an early date savings banks and the Socialists propose that the State of Illinois shall do so now. The state of Illinois should institute a bank in the county seat of every county. It should receive deposits and pay a fair rate of interest. It should loan the money on good security to farmers and home builders at actual cost. It should loan the money to cities and townships which may require the same for the purpose of aiding the cities and towns in acquiring by purchase building or equipping municipal enterprises.

With a state's savings bank in Chicago there would be sufficient funds to enable the city to borrow, giving good security and establish the municipal ownership of the street car lines, the gas plants and telephone systems and other organized industries operating within the city, and what would apply to Chicago would apply to every other city in the state.

The Socialist party stands for the institution by this state, of postal savings banks NOW.

### Cause, Effect and Cure

If there are millions in franchises, thousands will be used as bribe money to get them. If poisoned food brings a profit, poisoned food will be sold. If bawdy houses bring high rents, houses will be let for vile purposes. If life is cheaper than the dollar, life will be sacrificed to the dollar. If profits counterbalance ignorance and vice, children will go into the factory and afterwards to the scrap heap. If the financial kings choose the judges, justice is raped and chained to do their bidding.

Conditions must be changed—or all this agitation will pass away and the hold of the exploiting class on the means of our life strengthened. This will mean slavery for the mass.

Conditions must be changed. There will be no bribery when all public utilities are publicly owned and publicly operated. If the people in their collective capacity owned and operated the stock yard there would be no poisoned meat for sale. There could be no immoral use of the people's land or the people's property, if the people operated their own industry; no children would work in factories, they would go to school. No impure milk would poison them, no shoddy goods would clothe us, no hovel would house us, no idle class would degrade honest labor.

### Franchises

Franchises to use the streets and highways, to supply counties with water and gas, heat, coal, communication, etc., were given by legislative bodies to individuals and corporations, without regard to the right of future legislative bodies or future generations.

Those holding permissions which were in their very essence monopolistic in character, by a systematic over-charging and over-valuation, gained wealth beyond that of any other time or people in history.

All our great fortunes are built out of Public Service and in every case the wealth so gathered, which is such a menace to our institutions, could have been kept among the common people by a well-developed system of public service.

### Democratize Schools

What is the matter with the Chicago school board? It has been hit with the class struggle.

Perhaps the parties on neither side fairly recognize it. We have our doubts if Mr. Post or Mr. Robbins realize that the principles for which they are contending—the democratization of education, the recognition that the interests of the working class, who furnish 90 per cent of the pupils and of the teaching force, are more important than those of the handful of capitalists, who dominate politics in Chicago—are principles for which the Socialist party has been standing all over the world for a quarter of a century.

Did they realize this, their actions and their fighting would be more intelligently directed. They would see that the measures, for which they are contending, are but parts of one single, great program.

**THEY WOULD THEN BE SOCIALISTS.**

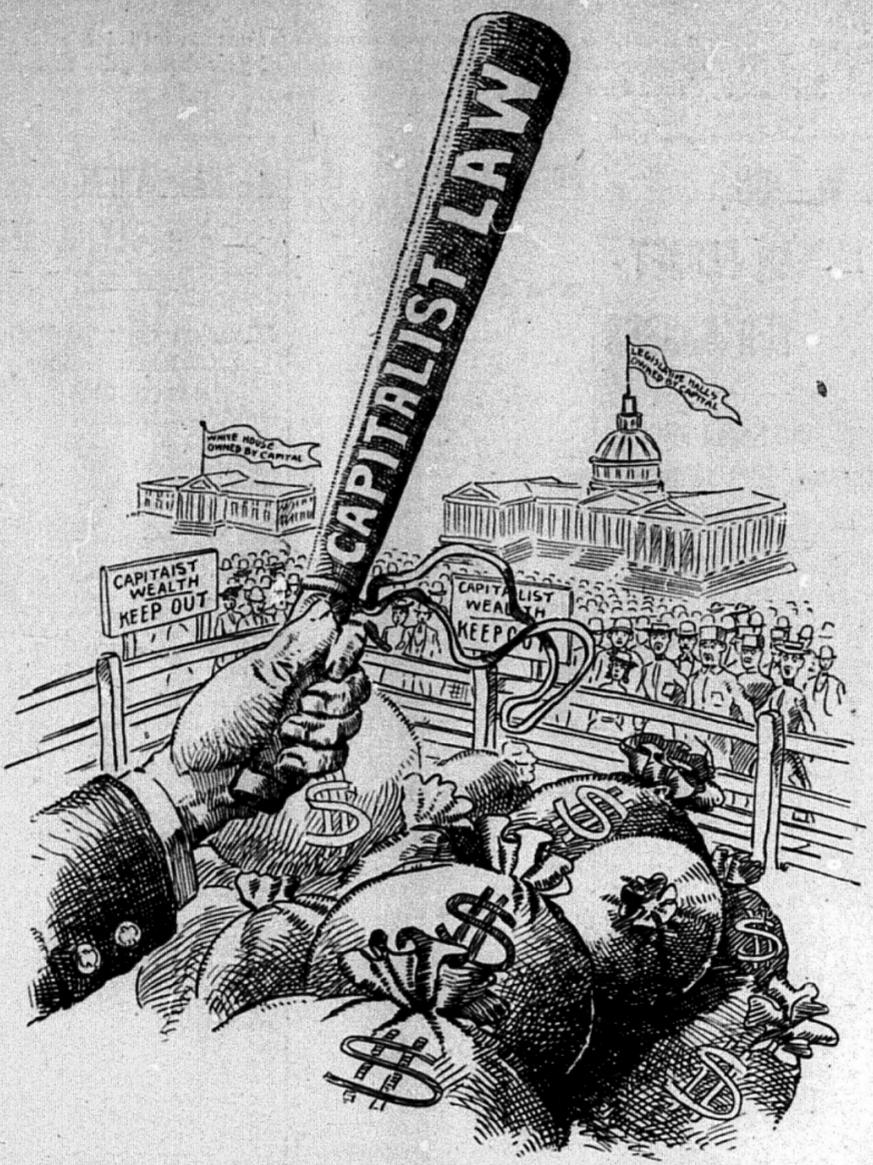
### Don't Throw Your Vote Away Again

A year ago last spring many persons voted for Dunne because there was some chance of electing him, and he was going to "do something right away." He was going to have municipal ownership before snow flew. Well, snow has come and melted and come again, and now we are told that the mayor and the traction companies have at last agreed upon a "license" plan that is so near like a twenty year franchise that the keenest lawyers are unable to see the distinction.

It is remarkable to what a pass our Socialist ideas have brought the two old parties. The one out of power, of course, is the more radical in its intemperance. But the people cannot forget that each tried to outbid the other for the support of the corporations, and that political power and position in both are made subject to personal and corporate ambition and greed.

Not only does the "reform" movement fail to avail itself of the most effective means for real reform, but the measures are absurdly inadequate as remedies for the evils it attacks.

Why have all the Chicago daily papers suddenly shut up on Socialism? Is it because they realize the Socialists could now talk back through a daily paper?



Labor Produces all Wealth under the Present System, the Capitalist Class gets it. Find a Capitalist who will NOT Vote the Socialist Ticket.

**A Laugh or A Smile**  
By QUIZZ TZZIT

**A Friendly Tip.**  
"Be honest and industrious and save your money, and some day—"  
"Some day I will be rich, eh?"  
"No, some day you will find out you have been hoodwinked and your Socialism."

The St. Petersburg workmen declined to get out in the street and be shot at on "Manifesto Day." No good. Socialism can afford to be shot at this stage of the game. The future is too interesting.

Phonographs are being employed to make campaign speeches in New York. This is machine rule with a vengeance.

The man who has to work on election night and is denied the privilege of standing in front of a bulletin board ought to be allowed triple pay.

Simultaneously with the open season in the northern woods comes the open season for grafters in San Francisco.

Those capitalists are proceeding with the formation of that \$20,000,000 telephone combine in Chicago just as if the Socialists were not going to come along some day and take it.

**As a Reminder.**  
"Yes, sir, I was in a wreck, and it took off both of my legs and one arm. There wasn't much left of me."  
"I see. What was left I suppose you regard merely as a souvenir of the occasion."

The big papers fail to tell who the candidate is down at Danville who has given "Uncle Joe" Cannon such a scare. It would hurt too much to print the fact that he is the Socialist nominee.

When the temperature is above freezing, have you ever noticed what a contrary effect a fall of "the beautiful" has?

New York's political problem is too deep for old politicians to solve, say the dispatches. It takes the poor fool with money to bet to solve it.

When the silverware of a New York medium was stolen the medium refused to believe the police when they said that spoons had done the job.

Anthony Comstock has so much energy that if he would adopt a respectable calling he would undoubtedly achieve real distinction.

What good does it do the president to use spelling reform in all his documents when the newspapers in publishing them insist on spelling every word correctly?

When the working class finally becomes convinced that not one in 10,000

has a chance to become rich, then will it join the Socialist movement in a body.

It is good sport to guess on the outcome of the New York election, provided you don't back your guess with all of your available cash.

**Sawing Him Off.**  
"Yes," said the important individual, "I was down your way once, and I met quite a good many fools down there."  
"Well, there are not so many now as when you were there."

With a crisis in his cabinet, King Haakon of Norway at last begins to feel as if he were a real monarch.

If the duke of Marlborough had turned out to be an altogether model husband, the United States would have been greatly disappointed.

**Modern Mutability.**  
"We will send the package if you desire it, ma'am. What name shall I write on the parcel?"  
"I really don't know. You won't deliver the package until to-morrow, and my divorce case is to be decided this afternoon."

One good Socialist congressman at Washington can do more propaganda work than a dozen orators traveling up and down the land, for he will have the whole nation for an audience.

Think about it. The craze for graft scandals has traveled across the whole continent, even so far as San Francisco.

Wouldn't it be sad if some poor American girl without money enough to buy her release should some day marry one of those horrible dukes?

Remember, that in order to avoid the rush you had better do your Christmas shopping early, even if you have to borrow the money.

The chief pleasure the Socialists get after rolling up an increased vote at an election is to read the editorials of alarm appearing in the capitalist papers for the next week.

**FROM CORINNE BROWN.**  
Editor Chicago Daily Socialist:  
What a joy it is to receive a Socialist message every day, to read a Socialist headline, to see a Socialist interpretation of events. What a clear, definite hitting from the shoulder that editorial of Thursday was. No wabbling, no double meaning, but the straight goods! And the relief to begin an article without being obliged to read between the lines and to know that all the magnetism and hypnotism of the printed word is illuminating the truth and doing it every day.

Here's to our side.  
Here's to the editor.  
Here's to the cartoonist.  
Here's to the funny man.  
May you keep it up until we win out.  
Your comrade,  
CORINNE S. BROWN.

### "How I Became a Socialist"

About twelve years ago a friend of mine lent me a book, entitled "Progress and Poverty," by Henry George. I had just finished one of Thomas Paine's volumes, entitled "The Rights of Man," which impressed me very much. I was just beginning to realize that something was wrong with our industrial system, and began to search for literature that would educate me along these lines.

After reading these two books carefully, I purchased Edward Bellamy's two volumes, entitled "Looking Backward" and "Equality," which were carefully studied from cover to cover. In fact, I read them twelve times—six times to prove the contents merely a dream, unworthy of consideration. The more I read these two books, the more I became convinced that it could be made practical, yet I was not satisfied.

At that time I began to study anatomy, to make me competent in the vocation I now follow, and Darwin's "Origin of Species." These subjects proved to me beyond a doubt that socialism could be made practical and would eventually be carried out.

I had often read of boys and girls at the age of ten and twelve being ground into profit in the large factories of the East and South, and thought the reports exaggerated, but when I went to these cities and visited the various factories, I found to my amazement they were correct. These discoveries more than convinced me of the necessity of a change and I immediately began to work to establish Universal Brotherhood. After carefully reading Carl Marx's volume entitled "Capital," I was positive that we would, by collective effort, win our cause.

PROF. OSCAR H. HOY,  
Waterloo, Iowa.

Until Oct. 2, 1906, all I knew of the modern Socialist movement was derived from the daily papers. On the evening of the above date I heard a Socialist lecture and bought a couple of books, then borrowed more literature. And in this literature I found the same conclusions that I had arrived at in my study of the cause of disease.

Now, will some one tell me why I should not be a Socialist?

DR. L. O. ALLEN,  
Centerville, Ind., Oct. 27, 1905.

British trade unionists tried the lobby method with the "friends of labor" attachment for twenty years and ended with a Taff Vale decision. They have tried the Socialist method of electing their own men to office for one year, and have reversed the Taff Vale decision, and are well on the way toward pensions for workmen, relief for the unemployed and numerous other measures for which they had been begging for a generation.

### About the Big Stores

Many people reading our expose of conditions in department stores might think we are fighting concentrated industry.

We are doing nothing of the kind. We recognize that the department store survives because it can produce cheaper.

One of the sources of this cheapness is the low price at which it can buy labor power.

The little store would buy it just as cheap if it could.

We shall point out abuses wherever we find them. We shall fight the battles of the working class against small employers as well as large.

We recognize that in attacking the department stores we were attacking something that no other paper dared to even criticize.

We do not propose that department stores should be dissolved into a host of little labor-exploiting stores.

We do propose that these instruments for the distribution of products should be made as concentrated as is economical and should then be operated by all the people.

### Past the Dead Line

I'm getting old and feeble now, I cannot work no more,  
For I was 45 a week ago;  
No longer will they have me in the workshop or the store,  
Although my hair ain't quite as white as snow.  
For twenty years and better I have been a faithful slave,  
But now, alas, they've thrown me in the scrap;  
The only thing for me to do is find an early grave  
And lay me down and take a lengthy nap.

Oh I used to earn fine wages, they  
Were fifteen bones a week,  
And lavishly those wages I would blow,  
But now I cannot get a job,  
No need for me to seek,  
For I was 45 a week ago.

I should have saved my money, now I see I was a chump;  
I let the stuff so easily take wings.  
I might have been a millionaire instead of going bump,  
And had some watered stock and such good things.  
I might, perhaps, cut off a leg and throw the end away;  
Then I might get a job at tending switch.  
The pay, I hear, is ample—being 70 cents a day—  
Then I could save my money and get rich.

I used to earn fine wages, but  
I do not draw them now;  
I'm on the superannuated list,  
And as I did not save enough  
A college to endow,  
I greatly fear those wages will be missed.

—D. U. S.

### When Will You Get Tired?

When you, the workingmen and farmers, are tired of being exploited, and have learned the socialist ideas, socialism will come. It is inevitable. The giant strides of capitalism the last few years, the gathering into a few hands of the wealth of the nation, show that the end is near and a change inevitable. Everybody feels it. Socialism is the only antagonist in the field against the dying capitalistic system. The Socialist party is the only weapon with which you can effectively combat for the preservation of your liberty and for the welfare of your loved ones.

You can elect it to power whenever you will—when you make up your minds to do so, it will be easy, because of your numbers.

### Socialism Now a National Issue

For the first time in the history of the United States, Socialism approaches a national issue.

With the leader of the Republican party fighting for political life with no opponent save a Socialist; with Idaho and Colorado torn to pieces over the same question; with several districts in Wisconsin liable to send Socialists to Congress; the question of Socialism has truly become a national issue.

The Independent League pretends to believe in Democracy and the Referendum. Does it apply these principles in its own ranks as does the Socialist Party?

### 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	3
1878..... 437,158	9	1895..... 79,434	7
1881..... 311,961	12	1897..... 137,852	15
1884..... 549,990	24	1900..... 215,841	16
1887..... 763,128	11	1905..... 301,525	33
1890..... 1,427,298	35		29
1893..... 1,876,738	44	<b>BELGIUM</b>	
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
		<b>FRANCE</b>	
		Vote. Reprs.	
1887..... 47,000	19	<b>THE WORLD</b>	
1889..... 120,000	9	1867..... 30,000	
1893..... 440,000	49	1871..... 101,000	
1898..... 790,000	50	1872..... 101,268	
1900..... 880,000	48	1874..... 352,230	
1906..... 1,100,000	56	1876..... 353,028	
		1877..... 494,364	
		1878..... 438,234	
		1881..... 373,850	
		1882..... 423,004	
		1884..... 666,150	
		1885..... 667,614	
		1887..... 931,454	
		1889..... 1,109,891	
		1890..... 1,794,060	
		1891..... 1,799,060	
		1892..... 1,798,391	
		1893..... 2,585,896	
		1894..... 2,914,506	
		1895..... 3,033,718	
		1896..... 3,056,873	
		1897..... 3,896,602	
		1898..... 4,515,591	
		1899..... 4,534,591	
		1900..... 4,874,740	
		1901..... 4,912,740	
		1902..... 5,253,054	
		1906..... 6,285,374	
		<b>GREAT BRITAIN</b>	
		Vote. Reprs.	
1888..... 2068	—	1890..... 100,000	—
1892..... 21,512	—	1902..... 510,000	29
1894..... 30,120	—		
1895..... 34,869	—		
1896..... 36,275	—		
1897..... 55,550	—		
1898..... 82,204	—		
1900..... 98,424	—		
1902..... 225,903	—		
1904..... 441,000	—		