







BLOODY SUNDAY

BY BEN HANFORD.

AUGUST BELMONT AND LABOR

BY ROBERT HUNTER.

Labor Accepts the Challenge

Did State's Attorney Wayman really think that the trade unions of Chicago would sit quiet and permit him and Lavin to use them as a scapegoat to cover up the corrupt alliance between the gamblers and the police?

The carpenters' union has not been content with defending itself from attack. It has carried the war into the camp of the grafters and has begun the collection of evidence of the offensive and defensive alliance between the underworld and the city administration.

They need not look far for their evidence. There is scarcely a street in the city, save in the outskirts, where protected gambling is not carried on.

Let the workers in the stockyards who fell beneath the assaults of this uniformed brute and his men protest now. Let the members of the teamsters' union, whom he hunted down with grasping vengeance, say what they think of giving Lavin the job of foisting off the bomb-throwing onto organized labor.

Let labor not deceive itself. The present alliance of exploitation between the slum and boulevard which is ruling and robbing the workers of Chicago will bend every energy to disrupt trade unionism.

The unions are recognizing this fact. They are responding to the attack with a counter-attack in the most vital spot of the present administration—its general rottenness.

There is no other power save labor that can fight this battle. All other classes are interested in the corruption and the exploitation which that corruption exists to maintain.

We predict that the day upon which the officials of Chicago and Cook county sought to shift their sins upon organized labor will be one which they will live bitterly to regret as marking the first battle in the war that shall end with the complete overthrow of the present gang and the capture of the government of this city by labor.

Reaching a Climax

The hard fight to establish a daily working-class press in the English language is coming to a climax. If such a press can be maintained but a short time longer its urgent need will be so evident that its support will be more than adequate.

There is no doubt that the next years will be stirring ones in the history of the Socialist movement in this country, and indeed all over the world.

Now is the time to make preparation for these critical times. The capitalist class is reading the signs of the times. Its agents scent the battle from afar, and they are already striking at the vital point—the labor press.

In those days there will be many who will regret bitterly that they did not do more to strengthen the hands of that press when it was in dire need. WILL YOU BE ONE OF THOSE?

This paper, your paper, OUR paper, needs your help NOW—today. It needs additional funds to carry it through the coming weeks. Most of all, its needs subscribers, and these each of us can get.

Only Socialists can read aught the signs of the times. Some of them fall to do so. Reader, turn not your eyes; do not break step, nor pause in the march, but in thought look back a few short years to Bloody Sunday in St. Petersburg.

An army of wretchedness on a Holy Day march to lay their petition humbly before their holy father, the czar. All know the result. They were met by their holy father's cossacks and shot down like mad dogs.

Leave St. Petersburg. Recall Colorado. Have we forgotten the bullpen, the derelictions, the searches of the houses of the workmen, the denial of the constitutional right of the people to have arms, the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, the violation of the rights of free speech, free press and free assembly, the kidnapping of Meyer, Hayward and Pettibone, and the use of the courts in an effort to judicially assassinate those and other labor leaders as had been done at an earlier day with the victims of the Chicago haymarket?

Do we remember that in Chicago the police denied the unemployed the right to assemble and petition and parade? Have we forgotten that the police of New York did likewise, and that death followed the police dictum that "the club is mightier than the constitution." Do we know that capitalism has planted its spies and agents provocateur throughout the labor movement—in America and throughout the world?

What for all these things mean? Others can only guess, but the Socialist should know. They mean that capitalism will make its appeal to FORCE.

They mean that capitalism will enlist every pulp that can be bought, every teacher and professor that can be seduced or coerced, every pen that can be prostituted, every coward that fears and every dog that can be induced to bark and bite—all these vile forces will work for capitalism by every vile means.



BEN HANFORD

per cent of its robber income, without the quiver of a single eyelash, in every country on earth, capitalism would make a Bloody Sunday.

Socialists should KNOW these things. Socialists should KNOW the beast, we should know the best way to oppose him.

There are many ways to fight capitalism. We can fight and get licked, or we can fight and WIN. But there is only ONE WAY to fight and WIN.

That ONE MEANS is the SOCIALIST PRESS. They constitute the power that may bring about an orderly and peaceful solution of the labor problem.

THEY MUST AND SHALL BE MAINTAINED.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Vera Figner on the Horrors of Her Life in Schlusberg

On Wednesday, June 23, a crowded and eager audience assembled at the South Place Institute, to greet the famous leader of the Narodnaia Volya, Mme. Vera Figner, who, after being confined for twenty-two years in the Schlusberg fortress, the Russian bastille, came out shortly before the revolution and, after traveling on the continent, arrived on a short visit to this country.

question, one could see by their stony faces that they had been forbidden not only to speak but also hear.

and said, "Here is Sophie Perovskaya, she is Zhelyaboff, and here are you! Here was deeply touched by the fact that she was still living in the memory of the people, but also by the enormous progress that the mind of the masses had made in the interval.

Without disparaging either the abilities or the services of the other leaders of the Narodnaia Volya, either living or dead, it is no exaggeration to say that Vera Figner excelled them all in her genius for organization, and in the influence she wielded on the personnel of the party. It was a happy thought on the part of the Russian "Herzen" Circle in London to arrange for her a meeting in order that Socialists and all lovers of freedom might have an opportunity of welcoming her, and the endless rounds of cheers which greeted her appearance on the platform showed that the idea was approved of by the numerous people present.

The harrowing screams of the latter were the only sounds that pierced the air, and frequently they would hear the doors of some cell being opened and the unhappy prisoner dragged out in order to be placed in the disciplinary cell and put into a strait-jacket.

And now—Vera Figner concluded—our hopes are once more blighted. But what has once passed through the people's mind will not be eradicated, and if the seed sown by the small group of the Narodnaia Volya brought such an abundant harvest, the toil of the millions during the ever-memorable year of 1905 is bound to bring in due time its fruit in the shape of complete freedom for the Russian nation.

Felix Volkovsky introduced her, clad in a white robe and still youthful and beautiful as of yore, in a few well-chosen words contrasting her visit with the one impending from the czar.

The prisoners were in continual revolt against him, and two—Minkoff and Myshkin—were shot for attempting to obtain his removal by deliberately insulting him. Ultimately he was removed, but after a third and most horrible sacrifice of all, Drachevsky, another of the fellow prisoners, poured kerosene oil all over his body and set himself on fire.

The audience rose and made an ovation to the speaker when her words had been translated. The concluding speeches were made by Sokole, Tcherkoff and Aladdin, and it was past 10 o'clock when the audience began to disperse.

Two years the struggle lasted, the revolutionists thinking all the while that when the supreme moment arrived the remainder of the educated classes would rise and join them in revolt. No one rose to support them. The nation kept silent and the revolutionists felt themselves isolated.

Subsequently they received permission to write to their relations twice a year, but so blighted had become their feelings, so loose their attachments to the world outside the prison walls, that many of them did not avail themselves of the new privilege. They just continued to exist, and then died.

The new prisoner brought them strange and joyous tidings. He had been sentenced, he declared, for twenty years, but he would not stay longer than five.

The cells were painted black, and the small windows were so situated that never through them long rays of light could see far over the passing clouds or the starry skies. It was one long dark winter to them.

The working class had risen and gathered under the banner, "Proletarians of all countries, unite!" The peasants, too, had risen in revolt for a better life and for political freedom.

All orders and patterns shown in this column should be sent to the Chicago Daily Socialist, 284 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. The sleeves are also trimmed with the insertion of narrow edging.

TIME AND MONEY, VERY WAGGY, REALISM, She Might Have Helped. A collection of short stories or vignettes.

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GIRLS' DRESS, Paris Pattern No. 2938. Description of a dress pattern with measurements and pricing.

TO THE EDITOR. A decorative header for a letter or article.

Effective Work for Socialism. Permit me space to draw a lesson from two facts that have come under my observation.

I can put my finger on several Socialists who got their start through his efforts. Through the work of the second party I can put my finger on several disgraced Republicans and Democrats.

Heredity. Professor Humpnickel was a great authority on heredity. He had compiled a work running into 100 volumes on "The Principles of Heredity—Applied to Centipedes, Pops-Cats, Mules and Sponges."

An Excuse That Held Water. "Water!" roared the diner. The waiter looked intently out of the window, pretending he hadn't heard.