

CHICAGO SUNDAY SOCIALIST

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CITY COUNCIL CRINGES WHEN BIG STORES CRACK WHIP

Laws Conform to Field's Building Instead of Field's Building Conforming to Laws.

"Marshall Field is the greatest violator of the law of all the downtown stores," said Building Commissioner Bartzen. "Building ordinances are constantly disregarded." The following facts concerning the struggle with the State street stores, to compel them to comply with building ordinances relating to stairways and fire escapes, comes from the office of the present Commissioner of Buildings.

"More trouble has been caused by the stores than any other class of buildings. The theatres have spent thousands of dollars to meet the demands, but the stores have fought at every step. All department stores were found deficient in stairways. Two, Mandel's and Hillman's, have not complied with all requirements. The Fair and Rothschild's are building twelve-foot exterior stairways."

Law a Mere Nuisance to Field. The Building Department has had more of its trouble with the firm of Marshall Field. A concession was made to Field's when the northwest store went up new, allowing two stairways although more were required, because Field's claimed that in case of fire, fireproof doors could be closed, shutting off one part of the store from the other. The new building at the southwest corner is now being constructed. It is being built with ONE STAIRWAY ONLY, because Field's went before the City Council and persuaded it to make this special concession in their favor.

Field's employs 8,000 men and women in their retail house. They estimate that 250,000 customers pass into the store daily. Yet with the store filled with inflammable materials, they tell the Council that, in case of fire, they can handle this throng of shoppers. This is not only disregard of law but deliberate obtaining of legislation for special interests.

Law O. K., but Not Enforced. In the Revised Code of Chicago it reads:

"1101. SEATS FOR FEMALES. It shall be the duty of all employers of females in any mercantile or manufacturing business or occupation to provide and maintain seats for the use of such female employees, and to permit, to a reasonable extent, the use of such seats by such employees during the hours of their employment, for the preservation of their health. All mercantile and manufacturing occupations and establishments where females are employed shall be inspected by officers of the health department to ascertain if this section is complied with, and any employer found violating any of the provisions of this subject shall be subject to a fine of not less than five dollars nor more than one hundred dollars."

This remains a dead letter. Seats are provided in Stevens', but a woman clerk said to the writer, "Of what use are they? They see we are kept so busy that we cannot sit down." The same is said by Mandel's and Field's clerks. In Hillman's, Rothschild's and the Boston Store, no seats are provided for the clerks at all. A clerk in the last mentioned store not long ago sat down on a box while no customers were to be attended to. Mrs. Netcher, owner of the store, saw her sitting. She demanded at once that

the girl be discharged. The manager removed her to another department. When this was brought before the Health Department, that office answered "What are we to do to enforce this ordinance, when the press of the city is throttled by the Big Stores?"

The City ordinance stipulates that at least 500 cubic feet of air space for each employe shall be provided, and that this air shall be changed four times per hour. The test made of the air is one of "stiffness" with an occasional chemical test. On this basis, this ordinance is disregarded in the basement rooms of The Fair, the Boston Store, Hillman's and Rothschild's.

No Seats for Tired Girls. Health Commissioner Whalen says, by Section 1209 of the Revised Code, the downtown stores are required to provide rest rooms, with a cot, for girl employes. Girls too ill to stand have been found sitting on the floor of the cloak room in Hillman's and the Boston Store, this ordinance being completely disregarded.

Nothing better illustrates the power of the great stores than their attitude in the recent Lavin case. Every one of the Chicago dailies was brought into line to support Lavin, a professional go-between, who had helped the Big Stores out in the teamsters' strike. In this same strike, the Hearst papers at the beginning were favorable to the strikers, but suddenly turned face and to the end of the struggle stood with the employers. Hearst too was whipped into line by the State street stores.

BOARD OF TRADE BROKERS QUARREL

Big Gamblers on the Chicago Board of Trade Fighting Over the Distribution of Results of Shearing.

Millionaire gamblers on the Chicago Board of Trade are calling each other perjurers, liars and other ill-sounding names because they cannot find a way to get more lambs to contribute to the spoils of the big game in grain. There is dissension in the ranks of the members and men age taking sides against each other in the fight.

Merry Little Party. Friday afternoon there was a closed meeting of the board for the purpose of putting on the carpet J. Ogden Armour, George Marcy, A. I. Valentine and other men who have made famous the huge gambling deals of the house of Armour. John Hill, Jr., who has been busy stirring up trouble for the bucket shops for some time, was there to poke up the lions.

All the reporters of the capitalist press were barred from the meeting, but the members of the board, in spite of warnings not to talk of the troubles of pit, gossiped in their clubs over the recriminations of the speculators.

Cicatrize George Marcy. George Marcy, who runs the Armour Grain company for the millionaire packer, was cicatrized for testifying adversely about the Board of Trade before the interstate commerce commission recently concerning elevator combinations in restraint of trade.

John Hill, Jr., did much of the talking and during the row he is alleged to have called Marcy a perjurer. So, as the story runs in the brokerage offices, Millionaire Marcy promptly called Detective Hill a liar several times over. Thereat President Walter Fitch of the Board of Trade gave them both a fatherly lecture and told them to shut up and sit down.

Then the meeting was adjourned to another day when the gamblers could assemble with decorum befitting ordinary gentlemen or workmen.

JUSTICE IN NEW PAINT.

Municipal judges under the new law are to be made dignified by fresh paint and new furniture. City officials are remodeling and renovating all old police court rooms. New "benches" will be supplied, each judge will have a new chair, and prisoners are expected to be awed into respect by this change. Even the ancient Harrison street courts are to be refurbished.



AN OPENING FOR AMERICAN FARMERS

Chickens and Garden Truck Needed Along the Panama Canal.

[Scripps-McRae Press Association.] Washington, Oct. 28.—Truck and poultry farms are wanted in Panama, according to a report from Consul James C. Kellogg, of Colon, to the Department of Commerce and Labor. The supply of vegetables on the isthmus, he says, does not meet the demand, and much of this supply is shipped from Jamaica, New Orleans and New York, causing high prices. "Modern truck farms situated in the canal zone along the line of the Panama railroad," he declares, "would undoubtedly become profitable investments, and would contribute much toward solving the food problem on the isthmus proper, which continues to be a difficult proposition." Chickens cost 90 cents to \$1.50 gold each.

STOLEN COW WEARS BOOTS

Poor Thief Works Clever Scheme; But Doesn't Get Away With It.

HE HAD NO PULL.

[Scripps-McRae Press Association.] Madison, Ind., Oct. 27.—It developed yesterday in the trial at Madison of John Cain, who stole a reed organ in Jefferson county two years ago and hauled it 55 miles to Shelbyville, where he sold it, that he once stole a cow, and put boots on her to prevent being tracked.

He had been out of the penitentiary only a short time after being sent up for stealing the cow. The authorities were baffled in their quest for the stolen cow by seeing nothing but men's tracks. Cain had taken to the stable from which he stole the cow two pairs of men's boots, which he put on the cow's feet. He tied the uppers securely about her fetlocks and drove her away.

MORAL : UNIONIZE

Scrub-Women Are Organized and Get Better Pay Than Shop Girls Who Aren't.

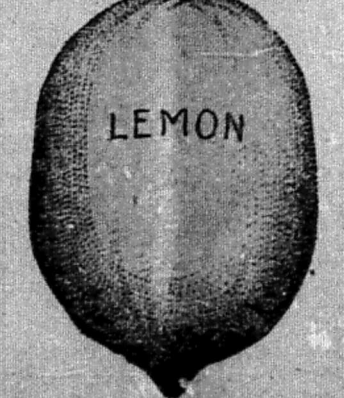
The great office buildings of Chicago seemed deserted last night. Lawyers and brokers had taken train and gone to their families in the suburb. The throng of clerks and stenographers with a wild scramble had emptied itself into street cars. Then strange, bent, gnome-like figures began to prowl around dark corridors and rooms. These are the night inhabitants of the buildings. The trim figure of the stenographer had given place to the ragged dishevelled form of the scrub woman. They belong to the shadows and dark places.

The dim light does not fail to reveal that these women are not young. Some are old, pitifully old, tattered, worn with scanty grey wisps of hair creeping out from under faded shawls. Almost all are mothers of families, widowed mothers who work at home days and clean offices at night. They are the left overs of all working women and perform the most menial and disgusting of all tasks. They work not upright on the feet, but with wet spattered skirts on their knees.

Yet Chicago's big offices would close if these women did not do their night work. Their occupation has not crushed them. They are the best organized union of women in the city, and the shop girl does not carry home as much money at the end of the week as do these bedraggled scrub women.

[COMMENT: "False pathos," you say? You would find the pathos and you wouldn't call it false if you did this work for half of one night.]

WHAT LABOR GOT FROM LAST CONGRESS.



EUROPEAN NATIONS IN NEW PACT

England, France and Italy Arrayed Against Germany and Russia.

[Scripps-McRae Press Association.] London, Oct. 27.—Europe is to be adjusted and a new alignment of the powers has been effected, materially changing the balance of power which was greatly affected by the paralysis of Russia as the result of the Russo-Japanese war. In the future England, France and Italy will be bound together in a defensive alliance and the making over of Europe in a political sense is necessitated.

This change is wrought through a military convention arranged between Great Britain, France and Italy, announcement of which has been made today. Secret negotiations, however, have been in progress for months. The convention, it is claimed, practically amounts to a defensive alliance and the practical breaking of the triple alliance between Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy.

Germany is expected to view the convention unfavorably, but as the alliance is intended as a peace guarantee, it is hardly believed the Kaiser can find ground for objection.

WASTE COIN ON SPIES

Railway Unionists Investment Worthless—Traitors Know.

Union railway employes have found a way to defeat the transportation corporations' spy system. In every railroad union there are paid agents of the railroads. This service costs the companies millions every year, and they consider it worth the money. It is not worth five cents, according to leaders of the unions. When these spies first were discovered they were thrown out of the unions. This cost the traitors their jobs with the companies, and others were hired.

Now the unions know every spy. Every "confidential" report to the companies first is looked over and passed upon by the union's executive board. In this way only such facts as the workers want the companies to know are sent in. Many other unions are doing the same thing, and the spy system is of no assistance to the labor exploiters.

DRIVEN INSANE BY HORRORS OF DEPORTATION

Daughter of Cripple Creek Miner Loses Mind as Re- sult of Persecution by Mine Owners' Asso- ciation.

Denver, Oct. 28.—For three weeks in a ward at the county hospital, Mary Harney, daughter of John Harney, one of the miners deported from the Cripple Creek district at the time of the labor troubles, raves and lives again the scenes of the night when she, her father, mother and five brothers and sisters were taken to the station at Goldfield by armed men and military officers and told to get out and never come back again.

Since the night, two years ago, Mary Harney, the mainstay of the large family, has brooded over what she believed to be the fearful injustice and cruelty in turning them out of their poor little excuse of a home on the hillside—brooded and suffered until the mind toppled into acute insanity from which the physicians and nurses are endeavoring to rescue her.

Coming to Denver after the deportation, without money, clothing or any single necessity, Mary, aged 22 years, laid out the plans by which the conduct and action of the family was regulated.

Children Driven to Toil. John Harney, who had been employed at the Independence mine, went on the streets and got work by the day; two younger daughters went from store to store seeking employment and finally were given odd jobs of sewing in various dressmaking departments. Mary secured employment at Daniels & Fisher's as helper in the sewing room and contributed to the maintenance of the little home over which her mother presided, doing her share to help by taking in washing.

Broods Over Suffering. There was never a day went by in the sewing room, when the lunch hour arrived, but Mary Harney would get some girl to listen while she told of the fearful sufferings she endured with her family, the days preceding and at the actual moment of exile. The occurrence became a mania, and with each repetition of the story new and more gruesome features were added, until one day Mary did not report, and her friends found that she had been taken to the county hospital, raving mad.

RAID TENDERLOIN

Controversy Between Bingham and Parkhurst Lands 100 Unfortun- ates in Jail.

[Scripps-McRae Press Association.] New York, Oct. 26.—Tenderloin habitues are to-day seeking cyclone cellars to hide until the storm raised by the war to the death between the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst and Police Commissioner Bingham blows over. Such a crusade against the unfortunates in the resorts of the district of variegated lights, as has been started by the controversy in which the Parkhurst society and the police department are engaged, has not been witnessed in years.

One Hundred Arrested. The storm broke with a fury which outdid that of the recent southern hurricane, and 100 women who faced the bar in police courts to-day bore its evidences.

With Police Commissioner Bingham's retention of Captain Schlottman in command of the Tenderloin station, because of the good work the commissioner says he has performed there, in the great shake-up of the department yesterday, Bingham opened up the way for a Parkhurst attack.

To prove that vice exists almost unchecked in Schlottman's precinct was the objective of the Parkhurstites. Early this morning agents of the society began making raids in Schlottman's precinct.

Word of the Parkhurst raids was not long in reaching the tenderloin precinct, and immediately the police hurried out to beat the Rev. Parkhurst to it.

Mud-Slinging Contest. When the police and society agents got through the tenderloin station house was crowded with women.

Only one interpretation is placed on the crusade by the tenderloin. It is a fight between Parkhurst and Bingham, in which each is trying to discredit the other in the vice controversy which has arisen.

NEW YORK'S CAMPAIGN GETTING VERY HOT

Hearst Campaign Pro- duces Plenty of Shout- ing—Will He Get the Votes?

[Scripps-McRae Press Association.]

New York, Oct. 27.—With the most keenly contested State election in many years but ten days away, the political situation in New York city and up the state is today more muddled than at any time since the conventions named the candidates. In times of drought all weather signs fail; when Hearst is running, for office all political forecasts are futile.

Political Prophets at Sea.

This summing up of present conditions is the frankest expression which any of the sharps can arrive at. Hughes may carry the state by a landslide; Hearst may have a plurality above the Bronx and be defeated in the city, or he may have on election day his last year's municipal ownership following in the city. ad the majority up the state, which his henchmen claim for him, and which would undoubtedly afford him a substantial plurality.

The democrat and Independence League of today has, without question, crossed a favorable drift in the past week. This has led to a lowering of the Wall street odds against his chances and has infused the candidate himself with a confidence which in the earlier days of the canvass he appeared to be lacking.

Hearst's Expectations.

Hearst is convinced that he will carry the state by 150,000 majority. In order to win by that figure, he will have to carry the city by an unprecedented majority and at least break even with Hughes in the up-state counties. One fact which he expects to operate in his favor and which is very likely to be realized, is heavy support of the industrial centers from Troy and Cohoes in the eastern part of the state to Buffalo in the west.

The Hearst drift commenced with his successful up-state meetings over a week ago at Ogdensburg and Saratoga, followed by a mass meeting at Madison Square Garden, with which he was welcomed back to New York city. Then followed good meetings in the east side, indicating that his heavy following of a year ago in that quarter was still at his back.

Labor Demonstration Large.

Thursday night's labor demonstration at Madison Square Garden was not the most successful meeting as to speeches the campaign has developed, but there was a tremendous outpouring of people.

Hearst made a whirlwind dash last night into Albany and Rensselaer counties and encountered the most enthusiastic receptions he has received outside of New York City. Albany county has for years been solidly Republican and has displayed stolid indifference to the stamping of its historical capital city by Democratic candidates.

Last night the Broad avenue in front of Hearst's hotel at Albany was choked with thousands of cheering men and women, the half mile of streets to the hall was a solid line of people through which Hearst drove amidst constant applause.

No Hughes Enthusiasm.

In the meantime Hughes' up-state tour has shown no more than normal republican sentiment in the republican strongholds. Observers who are intensely in favor of Hughes are sounding notes of warning to the effect that Hughes is as well received as Hearst was in the same towns, and that republican organization indifference is dangerously imperiling the insurance inquisitor's chances of election.

W. W. ASTOR MENDING OLD ENGLISH CASTLE

Glue Supplied by Tenement Dwellers of New York City.

(Special Correspondence.) London, England, Oct. 13.—Mr. William Waldorf Astor is applying his American millions to turning back the hand of the centuries in the garden of England.

WHY THE DUMA WAS DISSOLVED

Because It Was Headed Straight For Revolutionary Socialism.

The Duma was dissolved not on account of the revolutionary political measures or the radical social reforms of the constitutional democratic majority, but because the peasant deputies were making ominous preparations for social revolution.

Peasants Are Revolutionists. The men the peasants first and to whom they sent their delegates and delegations are revolutionists.

Peasant Group in Duma Socialists. The peasant group were also Socialists—often former members of the Socialist Revolutionary or Social Democratic parties.

GERMAN UNIONS GROW Berlin, Oct. 26.—Trade unionism has increased from 1,466,255 in December, 1905, to 1,822,343 in December last.

GOVERNMENT OFFICE NOW SCAB SHOP Washington, D. C.—Public printer, Charles A. Sellings, has now definitely decided that henceforth the printing of the United States government will be done in a scab shop.

TERRIBLE POVERTY OF SPANISH WORKERS

Steady Growth of Socialist and Trade Union Organizations.

Madrid.—The slow rate of movement of industrial development in Spain, the conservative and backward character of its capitalist class, the continuous employment, the shameful illiteracy; all these causes place almost insurmountable difficulties in the way of the formation of a labor party or even a labor organization of the workers.

Poverty of Workers. It is almost impossible to realize the poverty in which the Spanish working-man lives. Many of the laborers are forced to wander hither and thither throughout Spain, spending the summer here and the winter there, and everywhere working as wages that in any other country would be considered below the subsistence point.

Socialists Gaining. Nevertheless, in spite of all these difficulties, the socialist and trade union propaganda is constantly gaining ground throughout Spain. The socialist movement in Spain has to battle not only against their legitimate enemies with the ruling class but also against other elements, which although they have the appearance of a progressive and revolutionary character are nevertheless most valuable auxiliaries of the capitalist.

Why the Duma was dissolved. Because it was headed straight for revolutionary socialism. The Duma was dissolved not on account of the revolutionary political measures or the radical social reforms of the constitutional democratic majority, but because the peasant deputies were making ominous preparations for social revolution.

Peasants are revolutionists. The men the peasants first and to whom they sent their delegates and delegations are revolutionists. The Duma was in session they insisted on a peaceful revolution, an immediate constitutional assembly, but they expected and predicted that the Duma would be dissolved before anything could be accomplished.

German unions grow. Berlin, Oct. 26.—Trade unionism has increased from 1,466,255 in December, 1905, to 1,822,343 in December last.

Government office now scab shop. Washington, D. C.—Public printer, Charles A. Sellings, has now definitely decided that henceforth the printing of the United States government will be done in a scab shop.

RENTS HIGH IN KANSAS CITY

Lots of Prosperity; But It's Divided Among a Few.

Kansas City, Oct. 27.—(Special Correspondence.)—Free recipe for making millionaires: Get between the people and what they are entitled to, and hold them up for a rake-off.

The strong man stepped from his toil of picking the apples of gold, to look angrily down on the men beneath to whose shoulders he had recently climbed, and who were grumbling because his boot heels hurt their necks.

In a Sunday afternoon's ramble I found it—a little, coarse board, half-roof shanty in a little open space scarce a stone's throw from the heart of Kansas City. An express wagon could carry its lumber at a load.

Were anyone to publish that Kansas City is not prosperous, hundreds would lift their hands in holy horror; and yet, it is a case of a rapidly-growing city in which the mass of the people is not keeping pace with the city growth—in fact, the surface prosperity is being promoted at the expense of the working class.

But who is building them? Syndicates of capital under various titles. They are not being added to the number of residences for occupancy by the owners, but by capital for the purpose of wringing exorbitant rent money from salaried people whose present conditions do not permit enough surplus to build their own homes.

Oh, yes, but they will be very careful not to give the list of those who have had dozens of such "monthly payments" absorbed in taxes, water-rents, interest, improvements, repairs, etc., and finally have been compelled to drop a too-heavy burden, which had looked so alluring and easy, and have "lost their homes" because of the payment-failure joker in their contract.

Oh, the beauty of our legal machinery which is supposed to be for the protection of our people! Of course you are entitled to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Doesn't the great constitution declare it? Is there not our great and wonderful judicial structure to which the weak may appeal against the aggressions of the strong?

Of course, there's the blind goddess of justice, waiting to punish the criminal negligence which leaves a mother's arms aching with emptiness. But the mother and father cannot set it to work in their behalf, because the attorney of the great corporation deprived the court of its only witnesses by instructing them to "stand on their constitutional rights" and refuse to testify.

They were the only ones who saw the car run down the little child except a policeman who has, of course, disappeared in the city jungle. But there's the city prosecutor for the people! Of course he heard those car men state to the court that if they were to talk they would incriminate themselves. He heard that confession of guilt. Of course he will order their retention that they may answer to the court. He hasn't waked up yet, and apparently the great corporation is holding "the pipe" for him.

Then there's the honest hard-working colored man who was sent over to the penitentiary the other day. He had not committed a crime. That requires "an intent." He was not sent because the welfare of the people demanded that he be deprived of liberty, but because he was preparing "to vote the other ticket."

Away back at the time of the great Kansas City flood, which has strewn the low lands with jersam much of which no one could claim, he had picked up a piece of copper wire.

No one claimed it. No owner came forward to prosecute; but there was a policeman whose record of arrests was languishing and needed looking after. On whom could he better "fatten" his arrest score than on a "nigger?"

MISTRESS OF SEAS GOING CRAZY

Lunacy Percolating Veins of Britannia.

London, England, Oct. 8.—England is a great manufacturing country. As a manufacturing of lunatics it stands in the front rank.

In 1859 the total number of registered lunatics in England and Wales was 36,762; to-day it is 121,970. In 1859 there was one person of unsound mind to every 536 of the population; to-day there is one to every 283.

On Jan. 1 of this year, England and Wales contained 121,979 idiots and lunatics or persons officially certified to be of unsound mind. Ninety-one per cent of these numbers were paupers.

The principal occupation of the house of lords in recent years has been one of obstruction. It has killed, maimed or changed nearly every bill of importance which has affected the welfare or happiness of the people.

WILL IMPRISON SOCIALISTS

Russian Government In Desperation Adopts Severe Measures.

Odessa, Oct. 25.—The governor general to-night had posted throughout the city a proclamation to the effect that any demonstrations on Oct. 30 would be dispersed by troops.

Warsaw, Oct. 2.—Wholesale arrests and domiciliary searches continue in this city. The police, aided by troops, are vigorously running down all information obtained from former terrorists who are now serving the government as detectives.

SPAIN'S QUEEN IS NINETEEN

Celebration for the First Birthday She Has Spent in Spain.

Madrid, Oct. 27.—The Queen's nineteenth birthday, the first that she has spent in Spain, was celebrated enthusiastically today here and in the provinces.

THE SOCIALIST PRESS OF CHICAGO

Chicago Daily Socialist (and Sunday). The Chicago Socialist (Weekly). Neues Leben (German Weekly). The Spravednost (Bohemian Daily and Sunday). Robolnik (Polish Weekly). Gios Svoboda (Slovakian Weekly). International Socialist Review (Monthly).

HOUSE OF LORDS MAY VANISH

Let Our House of Plutocrats Follow Suit!

London, Oct. 16.—It looks as if a serious effort might be made at the present session of parliament to abolish the House of Lords.

John Ward, the labor leader, has asked the government to introduce a measure providing that bills which had received the assent of the representatives of the people should become law without unnecessary delay.

At the trades union congress concluded recently in Liverpool—where millions of toilers throughout the United Kingdom were represented—the house of lords was severely censured for the stand it has lately taken over matters affecting the working classes.

The upper house does not depend merely on its part for the potentialities of its power. The house of lords represents to-day the vast wealth of one of the richest countries in the world.

The aristocratic chamber has justly been called the house of landlords. Out of 593 peers, 438 hold 14,250,000 acres of land; and to these 438 untiring lilies of the field the farmers and farm laborers of England pay to-day an annual rent tribute of \$60,000,000.

Morrison Davidson, the distinguished barrister, in his "Book of Lords" is a work of great accuracy on this particular subject gives five principal sources of most of the titles to estates owned by members of the house of lords.

Vote by ballot vigorously opposed by the lords, but they were finally compelled to pass the bill. Opposed the bill for the admission of students of any faith to English universities. The bill was rejected twice by the lords, twice was brought back by commons and finally carried.

Opposed the criminal law amendment act and declared "picketing," as distinct from conspiracy, to be a penal act.

By violent and unreasonable opposition, has caused all the trouble in Ireland during many years.

Systematically opposed the extension of the franchise, the protection of voters in the discharge of their duty, free education, the making of the transfer of land free, the liberation of the tenant from actual practical slavery, and many other measures affecting the vital interests of the country.

The house of lords stands to-day Europe, as directly representing, not the will of the people, but the hereditary baronage of fourteen centuries feudalism.

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Patronize our advertising columns and make the daily permanent.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS AND MAKE THE DAILY PERMANENT.

H. R. EAGLE COMPANY 19 EAST RANDOLPH ST.

Table with multiple columns listing various grocery items and their prices, including flour, sugar, beans, and other staples.

UNHEARD OF PRICES IN GRANITE WARE FOR MONDAY

Table listing granite ware items such as kettles, sauce pans, and coffee boilers with their respective prices.

H. R. EAGLE COMPANY, 19 East Randolph Street

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS AND MAKE THE DAILY PERMANENT.

Advertisement for Conklin watches, featuring the text 'WATCHES AT SLAUGHTERED PRICES' and a list of various watch models and prices.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS AND MAKE THE DAILY PERMANENT.

Advertisement for buttons, featuring the text 'Buttons Buttons Buttons' and 'STAND UP AND BE COUNTED' along with a list of button prices.

Trusts and Socialism

Socialists claim to speak with authority on the trust question. They base their claim to so speak on the fact that for half a century they alone of all writers on economic subjects have been able to foretell the next step in industrial development.

In 1848 they foretold the coming of the trust. At this time every other school of political economists was talking of the eternal and universal laws of competition. The Socialists, however, pointed out that competition was necessarily self-destructive. They declared that insofar from these laws being universal and eternal they were confined to a limited portion of the civilized world and were even then preparing the way of their own destruction.

During the next forty years a whole generation of political economists arose and preached a philosophy, elaborating their supposed-to-be eternal laws. In the legal world a whole system of common law grew up, assuming that competition could and must be preserved. The "great men" who occupied the legislative halls of capitalism enacted legislation based upon the supposed permanence of competition. So fundamental and eternal a thing did this appear to the supposed great theorists that they even designated the age in which they lived as the competitive age.

During all this time Socialist writers were elaborating another system of thought, based upon the discovery they had made in 1848: that competition was but a temporary stage on the road to monopoly. Socialists pointed out that competition was essentially a race for cheapness and that every race naturally had one winner and numerous failures.

In the race for cheapness, adulteration, chicanery and dishonesty of every form were distinct advantages, while honesty, decency and humanity were heavy handicaps. Most important of all, as machinery increased in complexity and the whole system of production became more extensive, size itself gave the greatest possible assurance of still larger growth.

The large industry being the cheaper and more effective producer it grew ever larger, produced ever cheaper, grew ever larger and so on ad infinitum.

The logical conclusion of this process was the one great industry, or combination of a few industries under a single head in each field of production. This was the trust and such was the logic by which Socialists foretold its coming and analyzed its character.

Nevertheless, when this process had reached the stage where the trust began to appear, when the logic of the Socialists had been verified by experience, when their prophecies had become history, still the wise men of capitalism continued to sneer at the philosophy of Socialism.

As the waves of monopoly beat high upon the shores of competitive industry, there arose a host of political Mrs. Partingtons, who bravely set about sweeping back the trust ocean with their little anti-trust brooms.

Bryan and Roosevelt, Cleveland and Hearst, and the whole army of "great men" still prate about restoring competition, "busting the trusts," protecting the small dealer and regulating monopoly, just as though the whole philosophy of the permanence of competition had not long ago crumpled beneath their feet.

Once more the Socialist comes forward to speak on the trust question. He no longer warns of the coming of monopoly. Its coming is now history. He no longer preaches the transient character of the competitive system. Its disappearance proves that point. Much of the prophecy of 1848 has become history. But the logic which made that prophecy possible is still with us and its conclusions are as inevitable as ever. The large monopoly is here and it can no more be pushed back into the competitive system than the latter could have been driven back into feudalism.

The stage of monopoly like the stage of competition is also a transitional stage. It is a transitional stage on the road to that co-operative production which men call Socialism. The trust is hurtful to-day only because it is owned by the few as a means of exploiting the many.

The trust is a good thing for those who own it. WHEN ALL OF US OWN THE TRUST IT WILL BE A GOOD THING FOR ALL OF US. THAT IS THE NEXT STAGE IN SOCIAL EVOLUTION.

Politics in Chicago

However much Republicans, Democrats and Hearstites quarrel among themselves, they have a bond in common. That is that they arrange themselves and are judged according to their relation to the Socialists. Some of these parties are trying to see how close they can come to making the lion's skin of Socialism cover up the braying ass beneath.

But every party, except the Socialist, maintains that private ownership is right and just. They all agree that a man or woman who is born into the world possessing nothing save strength of muscle and skill of brain, shall be cut out from a chance to live except as he or she can sell his labor power to those few who own the wealth of the world.

It ought to be very easy for you to decide which ticket to vote. If you obtain your income because your ownership of wealth gives you the power to take somebody else's product from him, then your immediate interests place you outside the Socialist camp.

Truly you may be far-sighted enough to see that there is much for you and your descendants in the program of Socialism. But the Socialists do not expect you to make any effort to get your vote.

If, on the other hand, you are a working man and you wish to express your own interests by the mark which you make on your ballot, mark your cross at the head of the Socialist column. This will indicate that you believe that you have a right to what your strength and skill produces, and that you realize that the only way you can ever get that product is to own in common with your fellow workers the means by which the product is created.

The Individual Capitalist

The Socialist has no quarrel with the capitalist as a man. When he is going fishing or to eat a dinner he would just as soon have a capitalist as a working man for a companion, provided the individual was congenial in other matters.

Further than this, the Socialist does not blame the capitalist for taking an income from his ownership. He recognizes that it would be the height of foolishness for any individual to refuse to play his game while he is compelled to live in present society.

The fundamental interest of the capitalist is to keep rent, interest and profits going into his pockets. This he will do so long as private ownership of land and machinery continue. Therefore, it makes no difference to him what candidates are picked so long as they stand for the continuation of the present system. Within the ranks of capitalists there will arise an occasional quarrel.

Some capitalists will want Cleveland, some Hearst, some Bryan, some Roosevelt, but all capitalists will agree that they would rather have any of these men than a man who stood for the workers' interests. However much their papers may storm about it, the capitalist class as a whole cares little which individual is picked.

OFFICIAL REPORTS ON RUSSIA



Official—"I have not yet received news of any massacre of Jews."—[SIMPLICISSIMUS.]

A Laugh or A Smile

By QUIZZ TZZIT

A Well-Known Trait. "There is a man outside," said the office boy, "with a bill, and he says he wants everything that is coming to him." "Wants everything that is coming to him?" exclaimed the boss. "Then he must be one of these blankety-blanked Socialists."

In New York Hearst preaches daily of purity. In San Francisco all his minions are mixed up in a stupendous graft scandal.

Mrs. Russell Sage has been giving away a part of the Sage fortune to the Sage employes. She certainly was the better half of that old financier.

The democrats want it understood that the spelling reform crusade is not going to turn them aside from the great, glorious and time-honored tariff reform issue.

If you have been watching matters closely you will see in the dim distance the shadowy and ominous outlines of a new presidential possibility, and its name is Cortelyou.

Now that the cold blasts of winter are coming, perhaps the Chicago papers will quit making jokes about the voluminous whiskers of Col. J. Hamilton Lewis.

Retaining His Right Mind.

The wife who had always brow-beaten her husband stood over him as he was dying. "Some day I will follow you to heaven," she blubbered. "Never mind now, Elvira," he murmured weakly. "It is my desire that you take all the money I have left and go and have as wicked a time with it as possible."

Do you recall the line your teacher used to give you to copy? Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party?

What sort of implement is Thomas W. Lawson going to use in writing that novel, a sledge hammer or a pile driver?

The quarrel with Japan is due to the labor trouble. If Japan can help this country solve the labor problem this country's politicians will thereafter forever pay her tribute.

Why shouldn't New York claim to be the most important part of the United States when it is the only section able to pull off an unsafe and insane campaign?

Maxim Gorky landed in Italy and was accorded a demonstration at the Cocks. At last he is in a country where people are polite, if not puritanical.

Utmost Confidence. "My father has failed in business, and has lost all his money. Do you love me still?" "Of course I do. Your father will have it all back again in five years. I know him."

The Socialist wants the full product of his labor; he doesn't want to own the whole earth, as the capitalist does.

Department store employes are about the worst off wage slaves in town, but the workman in the ditch sees the truth of Socialism sooner than the counter jumper.

When the white house children fail to be good these days they are quieted by being told that Hearst will get them.

Ambassador Aoki of Japan, true to his name, was short and to the point when

he came to discuss the insults suffered by the Japanese in San Francisco.

Who wants to waste sympathy on the poor millionaires when one of them, J. Pierpont Morgan, is able to pay \$20,000 for a Bible?

A Glimpse of the Future.

"It says here in de paper," says the first hobo, "that in a few years airships will take de place of trains and automobiles." "Cut it out!" exclaims the second hobo. "How's a man goin' to steal a ride on one o' dem tings?"

Mr. Fish ought not to be so hard-hearted. If Mr. Harriman does not get the Illinois Central railroad he will probably starve to death this winter.

The Chicago Merchants' Club is considering plans to make Chicago the ideal city. It needn't hurry. The Socialists will take care of that in good time.

More than a hundred years ago the American people fought with guns to achieve political liberty. A momentous struggle for industrial liberty is now being fought with ballots.

No matter whether it be spelled Hearst or "Herst" the name sounds just as bad to Mr. Roosevelt.

No, gentle reader, snow it" in Oklahoma just before Fairbanks spoke there and not just after.

Incentive.

No, Socialism will not destroy incentive to do one's best.

Capitalism destroys incentive to do one's best.

Socialism will destroy incentive to do one's worst. For example, it will destroy the incentive to kill off the people by food adulteration. It will destroy incentive to overreach one's fellow men, and to pinch and cramp and brutalize them by the myriad means now in use.

I am not going to give you a heart ache and a stomach ache by describing the things which you are compelled to eat day by day and which cause the death of thousands of people and the ill health of many thousands more, but I want to say that you can pass pure food laws until you are blind and you will still continue to eat adulterated food just as long as the food factories are in control of private parties who have every incentive to adulterate the food in order to make money out of it. It is to the interest of the manufacturers to bribe the inspectors. And even if they did not bribe them, it is a sheer impossibility to have an inspector on hand at every stage of the process. When the adulteration is not made at the stage where the inspector is getting in his work, it can be made at some other stage. There are dozens of opportunities to adulterate, in spite of the most rigid inspection, before the product reaches the consumer.

The groceries you buy are adulterated. The drugs you buy are adulterated. The meat you buy is tainted. The clothes you buy are shoddy. The shoes you buy are a swindle. The furniture you buy is poorly constructed.

The house you rent is cheaply built, cold and unhealthy. It was built to rent, not to live in.

Almost everything you buy is fraudulent. You will use adulteration, taint and shoddy until capitalism is abolished and Socialism is introduced. And the hearse will continue to drive up and take away the bodies of the victims of food and drug adulteration, until that time.

When the public owns the packing houses, there will be no incentive to can tuberculous steers, nor to sell filth for food. There will be every incentive to make pure food and to keep the factories in a clean, healthful condition.

But I promised not to give you a stomach ache.

The Man On The Storebox.

Washington, D. C.—I saw William Waudly going up street the other day and the sight of him reminded me of a neat bit of poetic justice, or rather poetic retribution, for justice has not been done as yet.

Mr. Waudly has been for years a special agent of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, and through natural ability and long and pains-taking study loomed large as an ideal candidate for the chieftainship of that Bureau when Carroll D. Wright retired. The labor men of the United States foolishly thought that the Bureau of Labor Statistics was not organized for the purpose of paying political debts but for the benefit of labor, and that a workman who was thoroughly competent would certainly get the place—and Waudly was just exactly the man. He received the indorsement of practically every trades-union in the land, and was without question one of the best indorsed and best equipped candidates ever put forward for an appointive office; but Waudly was not only a trades-unionist, he had written articles that showed, to say the least, a leaning toward Socialism, and the president who will be remembered by the workmen of the country as the man who "ratted" the Government Printing Office decided that Waudly "was not the sort of man for the place."

So the workman's candidate was turned down and the place given to a nice, Vandyked young professor who could be depended upon to get the right kind of labor statistics, especially the perennial bulletin issued just prior to the election to prove that the workers' wages have been frequently increased and the cost of living reduced. (My! How the toilers wait and watch for that bulletin!)

SOCIALIST MEETINGS TONIGHT.

DELVEY HALL, 12th Street and 40th Avenue, 2.30 p. m.—Speakers: May Wood Simons and Walter Huggins. SAN DIEGO HALL, Honan and West 26th Street, 2 p. m.—Speakers: John Collins, Thos. J. Morgan and J. J. Kral. HERMOSA LODGE HALL, 1590 Armitage Avenue, 2.30 p. m.—Speakers: Chas. L. Brecken and George Koop. BURKE'S HALL, 38th and Halsted Streets, 8 p. m.—Speakers: James McCarthy and L. Dalgaard. CHICAGO HEIGHTS, ILL., 3 p. m.—Speaker: W. E. Rodriguez. MCCARTHY'S HALL, Halsted and 47th Streets, 8 p. m.—Debate between James McCarthy, Socialist candidate, and Congressman Wharton, republican; B. Berlyn will speak. FIRST WARD BRANCH—Will meet at 2.30 p. m. at 419 State street. All members and friends urged to be present.

Daily Reminder

May Russ Sage's death remind us, When life rolls on like a song, That we must leave that behind us Which we cannot take along.

Foolishness from John R. Walsh

As an "awful example" of what the editor of a capitalist daily can do when his boss tells him to hit Socialism, we offer the following extract from a recent editorial in the Chicago Chronicle:

We differ from savages, who have almost no wealth and are continually on the verge of starvation only because some of our forefathers and of ourselves have by industry, capacity, foresight and self-denial accumulated useful things and made them highly serviceable in augmenting the supply of useful things.

In a material sense the men who have possessed and exercised the qualities enumerated have been the greatest benefactors of the human race. They have made civilization possible. They have made it possible for the earth to support at least a hundred people where it could have supported only one but for such service as theirs.

The men who have rendered these great services are called capitalists. They are hated and reviled and threatened with destruction by increasing numbers of men and women called socialists, who but for capitalists could not have existed on this planet and who could not exist long if they had their way and exterminated capitalists by taking away and "dividing among themselves" all their accumulations that are susceptible of division.

We might raise the question as to where the laborers were who produced all this wealth which the capitalists so kindly "saved" for them.

We might point out that the whole theory that capital was due to saving has been dropped by every political economist of repute to-day, no matter how ardent a defender of capitalism. That theory is only used for those who are supposed to be particularly "easy marks." A fine tribute by the way to the estimate placed by the editor of the Chronicle on the intelligence of its readers.

The last paragraph is the particularly interesting one. When did capitalists become necessary to the existence of the working class? Was it not when fleas became necessary to dogs? It is the working class, socialist and non-socialist, who support the capitalist class with all their lackeys, footmen, boot-blacks, and editorial writers.

When and where did Socialists propose the "dividing among themselves" of anything. Socialists only believe that the men and women who made the mills, factories, stores and machines, with which the work of the world is done can also hold the title deeds and spend the products. They do not propose to divide up that ownership, but to consolidate it and make it collective.

In the last number of "charities" Graham Taylor repeated the falsehood that the Gompers political plan is copied from England and that "It is the way in which the 'laborites' have come to power in the British Parliament." It is to be hoped that the statement of Kier Hardie, which appears in another column, will stop further circulation of this mis-statement.

The Army of the Unemployed

The army of the unemployed. It doesn't do no fighting. But still it has, in spite of that, Some moments quite exciting. At morn and night and in between, Its chief concern is chewing, It looks in at the restaurant, But there is nothing doing. In your threadbare coat with the elbows out, Hike, ye bums, on the free lunch rout, If they turn you down raise your voice and shout, Hurrah for prosperity. The army of the unemployed It doesn't do much thinking It knows that something's wrong because It feels its stomach shrinking. It thinks it has a right to eat, A very foolish notion, It has a right—its only one— To jump into the ocean. Hike, ye bums, on the free lunch route, Pike for the next if they put you out, On your merry way don't forget to shout, Hurrah for prosperity.

-D. U. S.

Growth of Socialist Vote

Table showing the growth of the Socialist vote in Germany, Italy, Belgium, France, Austria, and the United States from 1867 to 1904. Columns include Year, Vote, and Reprs.

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

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

[Jim Jackson who has been condemned to death for killing his old friend, asks his old friend Hank Cleary to visit him in his cell, and they talk over the crime.

Jim, who was born in Chicago, went out on the stockyards strike. He goes on with his story.]

"Well, you know after the strike was over none of us could get a job anywhere, but finally I changed my name and managed to get in again. I believe the yardmaster knew who I was and felt kind of sorry for me. Anyhow, I got the job. Then, you know the time Jimmy Carroll got run over by that limited train. I sort of lost my nerve. I wouldn't have thought about it if all the cars hadn't run over him; but when we had to pick up his head and his legs and his arms and his body all in different places, I somehow got scared and couldn't switch any more. So I quit the yards. But I've been running along so over things that really don't have anything to do with the case that I've almost forgot the things I wanted to tell you about. But just wait a minute; I hear someone coming down the corridor and I want to see who it is. No, it's only one of the guards. I didn't know but possibly my lawyer might have sent—but I guess it's no use.

"Let me see, I was going to tell you about getting married. You know her, Hank. You remember when we got a job again after the strike and you know the little restaurant where we used to board? Well, you remember she was waiting on the table. All the boys knew her and they all liked her, too; she was always real friendly and jolly with all of us, but she was all right. Of course, she couldn't have got much wages there, for it was only a cheap place where the railroad boys eat, but somehow she always seemed to keep herself fixed up pretty well. I never thought much about her, only to kind of jolly her like the rest of the boys, until that time she got that red waist and done her hair up with them red ribbons. I don't know anything about how it was, but then she seemed to catch my eye, and I commenced going with her, and used to get off as early as I could from the yards, and when she got through washing the supper things we used to go out and take street-car rides, and go for walks in the parks, and stay out late almost every night.

"Finally I made up my mind that I wanted to settle down and have a home. Of course I knew 'twould be more comfortable, but then, I thought 'twould be better. So one night when we was out walking I kind of brought it round some way and asked her to marry me. I was surprised when she said she would, because she was so much nicer than me or any of the rest of the boys; but she said she would right straight off, and then I asked her when it had better be, and she said she didn't see any use waiting, so long as it was going to be done. Of course, I hadn't thought of its coming right away, and I wasn't really prepared, because I was considerable in debt and would like to've paid up first. I told her how I was fixed and she said that didn't make any difference, that she'd always heard that two could live as cheap as one, and that she was saving and a good manager and it wouldn't cost us much to start, for she'd noticed the signs in the street cars about four rooms furnished for ninety-five dollars, with only five dollars down, and we wouldn't need but three rooms, anyway. Then, after I'd asked her to marry me and had made up my mind to do it, there wa'n't no excuse for waiting, so the next Sunday we went over to St. Joe and got married. She asked me if I didn't think that was just as good as any way.

"When we come back we rented three rooms down near the yards for ten dollars a month, and went down to the store to buy the furniture, but the clerk made us think that so long as we was just starting and I had a good job we ought to get better things than the ninety-five dollars, so we spent one hundred and fifty dollars and agreed to pay ten dollars a month, and the furniture was to be theirs until it was paid for.

"Well, we started in to keep house and got along pretty well at first. She was a good housekeeper and savvy and I kind of liked her married. Of course, it cost us a little more'n I expected, and when I came to buy clothes and shoes and pay grocery bills I found that two couldn't live as cheap as one, but I hadn't any doubt but that she thought they could. I guess all women 'es. Then I got hurt and was laid off for two months and couldn't pay the installments, and got behind on my rent, and got in debt at the store, and this made it pretty hard. When I went to work

I paid all I had, but somehow I never could catch up. "Well, about that time the kid was born, and then we had to have the doctor and I had to get a hired girl for a week, for I wanted to do everything I could for her, and that all kept me back. Then they commenced threatenin' to take the furniture away, and every week the collector came 'round and I did all I could, but somehow I couldn't make it come out even.

"I s'pose you don't see what all this has got to do with my killin' her, and I don't think I quite see myself, but still I want to tell it all. Sometimes I think if I hadn't been so poor and in debt I never would have done it, and I don't believe I would. I was so much in debt that I felt sorry when I knew we was going to have the child. I didn't see how we could bring it up and make anything out of it, and how it could ever have any better chance than I had. And then she'd been doin' a little work to help out on the furniture, and I knew that she couldn't do any more after that. But still, as soon as the child was born I was always glad of it, and used to think more about him than anyone else, and I would have done anything I could for it. She liked him, too, and was always good to him, and no matter what I say about her I can't say that she didn't treat the boy all right.

"Well, after the kid was about a year old we began to have trouble. She was always complainin' that I didn't bring home enough money. She said I went 'round too much nights and that I drank too much beer and chewed too much tobacco, and smoked too much, and she complained most all the time, and then I got mad and we had a row. I don't mean to blame her, specially after what happened, and since I've been here so long doin' nothin' but countin' the days and waitin' for my lawyer to come, I've had time to think of ever' thing a good deal more than I ever did before. And I don't say she was to blame. I s'pose it was hard for her, too. Of course, the room was small and they was awful hot in the summer and cold in the winter, and then the collectors was always comin' 'round, and I used to be tired when I got home, and I was so blue that I said things without really knowin' that I said 'em. Ain't you done that when somebody was talkin' to you and your mind was on something else kind of answered 'em back without knowin' what they said or what you said? I presume I was cross a good many times and maybe it was as hard for her as 'twas for me. Of course, I need to wish I'd never got married and that I was boardin' back there at the restaurant when I didn't have all the debts; and I s'pose she'd been better off back there, too, waitin' on the table; anyhow, she always looked better in them days than she did after we was married, so I guess she must have got more money at the restaurant than I gave her. But after the boy was born I never really wished we wa'n't married, for I always thought of him and knew he never would have been born if we hadn't got married; but, of course, that didn't keep us from fightin'.

"I don't mean that we fought all the time. Sometimes when I got home she was as nice as she could be, and had supper all ready, and we'd read the newspaper and talk and have a real good time; but then, again, somethin' would happen to put us out and we'd fight. I can't say that she always begun it. I guess I begun it a good many times. I found fault because the bills was too big and the way things was cooked, and the way she looked, and, of course, if I said anything she got mad and answered back. I've thought a lot about our nights and that awful one we had last, and I don't believe one of 'em would have happened if it hadn't been for the money. Of course, I s'pose other people would make some other excuses for their rights and that no one would be to blame if you would let 'em tell themselves, but I'm most sure that if I'd only been gettin' money enough to keep a hired girl and live in a good place, and get good clothes and dress her, and the boy the way they ought to have been, and not get in debt, we wouldn't have fought.

"The debt kep' getting bigger all the time and I began to get scared for fear the furniture would be took away—we hadn't paid more'n half up and then there was a good deal of interest. I went one day to see a lawyer, but I didn't tell me anything that done me any good, and I had to pay him ten dollars out of my next month's wages; so that made me all the worse off. Lawyers get their money awful easy, don't they? I always wished I could be a lawyer, and if I had my life to live over again I would be one if I could.

"It seemed as if things kep' gettin' worse at home and I stayed out a good many nights because I didn't want a row, for I knew there'd be one as soon as I got home. So far most of our fightin' had been only jawin' and talkin'. Once she threw a dish at me and I slapped her in the face, but didn't hurt her, and I guess she didn't try hard to hit me with the dish; anyhow, if she had wanted to, she was near enough so she could.

"One night, though, I came home pretty late. I'd been out with the boys to a causer and we had drunk quite a bit. The Alderman was running again and had got us a keg of beer. I didn't really know what I was doin' when I came in. I was hopin' she'd be in bed, but she was waitin' for me when I come in and said, 'There comes my drunkard again. This is a pretty time of night to get home!' You'd better go back to your drunken cronies and stay the rest of the night, and I had more things like that. I told her to shut up and go to bed, but that made her madder and then she called me a lot of names. I told her to stop or I'd choke her, but she kep' right on talkin', callin' me a drunkard and all kinds of names, and tellin' me how I'd treated her and the boy; I couldn't make her keep still, the more I threatened her the more she talked. Finally she said, 'Now, you cowardly brute, I dare you to touch me!' and she kind of come right up to where I was. Of course, I didn't really half think what

I was doin', but I drew off and hit her in the face with my fist. I guess I hit her pretty hard; anyhow she fell on the door, and I ran up to her to pick her up; but she said, 'Leave me alone, you coward,' and then I was madder'n ever and I kicked her. The next day she went to the police court and had me arrested. The judge was awful hard on me, told me if he had his way 'bout it he'd have a law made to have wife-beaters whipped with a cat-o-nine tails in the public square, and he fined me one hundred dollars.

"Of course, I hadn't any money, so I went to jail, but in a day or two she went to the judge and cried and told him I was all right when I wasn't drunk, and she got me out. I wasn't thought that judge done right to lecture me the way he did. I don't think that strikin' your wife is as bad a strikin' your child, and still most everybody does that. Most women can defend themselves, but a little child can't do anything. Still, of course, I don't defend strikin' your wife, only one word kind of brings on another, and it sounds different in the newspaper from what it really is.

"Well, after I got home from the jail we talked it over together and made up our minds we'd better part. Things had gone so bad with us that we thought it wa'n't worth while to try any more and maybe we'd both be better off alone. She was real sensible about it and as goin' to keep the boy. I promised to give 'em half my wages and was to see him whenever I wanted to.

"When we got our minds made up we went to see about a lawyer. She'd been goin' over to the Settlement a good deal for advice and they'd been good to us, but they didn't like me; they blamed me for ever' thing that happened, and of course, the Settlement ladies wa'n't none of 'em married and they couldn't understand how a feller would drink or fight with his wife. 'They didn't know what allowance a woman has to make for a man, same as a man 'oes for a woman—only a different kind. When she told 'em what we were goin' to do they all said, 'No, you mustn't do that. You must make the best of it and stay together; they said that even if I promised to give her half my money I never would do it, but would go off and she'd never see me again. If they knew anything about what I thought of the boy they wouldn't have said it. Then they said it would be a disgrace and that it would disgrace the child. I wish now we'd done it anyway. That would have been better for the child than it is now. Then she went to see the priest. We were both born Catholics, although we hadn't paid much attention to it. That was the reason we went to St. Joe to get married. The priest told her that she mustn't get a divorce, that divorces wa'n't allowed except on scriptural grounds. Of course, we couldn't get it on them grounds. There never was nothin' wrong with her—I'll always say that—and, as for me, I don't think she ever suspected anything of that kind. Even if I had wanted to, I never had any money, and besides I've had to work too hard all my life for anything like that. Then when I went to the lawyer he said it would cost fifty dollars, but I hadn't any fifty dollars. So we made up our minds to try it again. I don't see, though, why they charged fifty dollars. If a divorce is right a feller ought not to have it just because he's got fifty dollars, when a poor man can't get it at all.

"It was a little better for a while. We both had a scare and then when we talked of quittin' I s'pose we thought more of each other. Anyhow, we lived together so long that we'd kind of got in the habit of it. But still it didn't last long; I don't believe 'twas right for us to stay together after all that had happened and the way we felt and had lived up to that time. If we'd only separated then—but we didn't, and it's no use talkin' about it now.

"It was just about this time that Jimmy Carroll was killed, and she didn't want me to work in the yards after that. She was most as 'raid as I was, so we made up our minds that I'd quit. It was then that I went to peddin'; but wait a minute before I tell that, let's go and speak to the guard.

"The two men got up and went to the iron door and looked out through the bars at the shining electric lights in the corridors. The guard sat near the door talking with the prisoner in the next cell. He looked up and put two cigars through the grates.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Jackson?" "No, I guess not. Nothin' more has come from him, has there?" "No, but it's early yet."

"Well, I guess it's no use."

"The men looked out a moment at the iron corridor and then lighted their cigars and sat down. Hank could hardly speak. Somehow this simple contact with his old friend had driven away all the feeling of the crime that he had brought with him to the jail. He no longer thought of him as Jackson, the wife-murderer, but as Jim, the boy he once knew, and the man that had worked in the switch-yards and grown up by his side.

"Out in the street they heard a steady stream of carriages and the merry laugh of men and women passing by. Hank listened to the voices and asked who they were.

"Oh, the people drivin' past in their carriages to the theater. You know, all the north side swells drive down Dearborn avenue past the jail. I wonder if they ever think of us in here, or if they know what is goin' to be done to-morrow. I s'pose if they do they think it's all right. What a queer world it is. Do you s'pose one of them was ever in here? Well, I don't believe I'd be either if only I'd had his chance!"

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BOOKS WORTH READING

If You Want to Understand the Socialist Movement.

FOR SALE BY CHICAGO DAILY SOCIALIST.

3. The End of the World. By Dr. M. Wilhelm Meyer. Translated by Margaret Wagner. Cloth, illustrated, 50 cents.

The central thought of this book is that the earth itself, solid and permanent as it appears to us, is subject to the same forces, moving in cycles of evolution, dissolution and new evolution which operate on everything great and small throughout the universe. The matter of which the earth is composed is indestructible, but it existed in different forms before the earth was, and it will exist in different forms when the earth has ceased to be. Moreover, time was when the earth had reached almost its present form and yet when the existence of human life on it would have been impossible, and a time is coming when forces now at work will put an end to the cycle of human life on this planet. It is a study of the world itself in the process of evolution. Neither storms nor earthquakes nor volcanic outbursts, however terrible they may appear to those who come within their scope, can be considered as possible destroyers of the earth. We must look to deeper, more cosmic causes. The author passes over the idea of a comet striking the earth as of little probability as a means of bringing the end of the world, although the collisions of heavenly bodies are by no means impossible or even unknown, and such a collision could easily generate a heat that would at least destroy even the lowest germs of life. Finally he considers the gradual decline of heat, which in turn can be revived by collision with some other celestial body, which would again wake it to life. "But here, just as in the world of living organisms, death does not signify a final end. The atoms merely surrender one form of organization, in which they have expended living energy, in order to enter into another different combination. Every death is at once a rebirth, and out of each dissolution springs new life."

4. Science and Revolution: A Historical Study of the Evolution of the Theory of Evolution. By Ernest Untermyer. Cloth, 50 cents.

In this work the author traces the development of the evolution theory from the earliest scientific writings that have been preserved down to the present time. He shows that throughout history there have been two opposing tendencies in the interpretation of the facts of the universe. Ruling classes, living on the labor of others, have constantly supported in some form or other the idea of a supernatural power to be recognized as supreme, while the rebellious workers have slowly been evolving the conception of the universe as one and self-controlled. In his concluding chapter, Materialist Monism, the Science and Religion of the Proletariat are shown more adequately than any previous writin', that the philosophy of Socialism is the necessary outcome of modern science.

"To those who wish to see in the socialist thought of this country a full and explicit recognition of the materialist conception of history, with its far-reaching relations to science, history and philosophy, both ancient and modern; to such nothing has happened recently, so entirely welcome or of so great importance, as the appearance of Untermyer's Science and Revolution. Those who wish to see American socialism thinking develop to the same scope and caliber as that of continental Europe will do everything in their power to give this work the widest possible circulation. It would be a source of much self-congratulation if this book were only a thorough native, but we cannot forget the author's German education. The book itself renders such an oversight impossible, for notwithstanding the popular style, consciously adopted, there stands revealed on every page a scholarship and a fearlessness of the theological world that one seeks for with small success among native writers."—Arthur Morrow Lewis in the International Socialist Review.

5. The Triumph of Life. By Wilhelm Boelsche. Translated by May Wood Simons. Cloth, 50 cents.

The German critics of this book all agree that it is more interesting than his previous work on "The Evolution of Man," and those who have read the former work will realize what this is. The book is the story of the victory of life over the planet earth and is told in a marvellously vivid and picturesque manner. The reader is introduced to the planet as it approaches it on a meteoric which falls into the ocean. The ocean is glowing with microscopic phosphorescent life. This life has pressed down five miles deep to the bottom of the ocean, changing and adapting itself to conditions, until in the eternal darkness that reigns in the lowest depths we meet with great fishes carrying automatic lanterns, by whose light they pursue their prey, who are in turn illuminated and who have the power to extinguish their lights when necessary for safety to themselves, or to use them when searching for smaller prey.

Out of the sea the reader is taken on a coral bank, itself a product of life, and teeming with living creatures. In the toms back of the coral is a great cave in the walls of which he

buried the records of geologic monsters who contributed to the building up of the planet itself. In these caves also we meet with the first trace of man and come down with him in time from the glacial period. We enter into the tropical forests of Brazil, study the blooming palms of India, the wonderful giant trees of Mariposa and the grotesque cactus forms of Mexico. Everywhere, under all conditions, life has found a way to crowd itself in and conquer the organic environment. Seldom have the facts of science been presented in so entrancing a form as in this little work, and the reader has at rare opportunity of combining keen enjoyment with valuable instruction.

In the German text work contained no illustrations, although these were very essential to the understanding of the work. The English edition is richly supplied with illustrations, taken from Haeckel's "Art Forms in Nature," a collection of drawings admitted to be the most beautiful illustrations of living forms ever issued. These illustrations not only add greatly to the intelligibility of the book, but are in themselves of exceptional interest as showing how marvelous are the artistic creations in the realm of life.

6. Life and Death, a Chapter from the Science of Life. By Dr. E. Teichmann. Translated by A. M. Simons. Cloth, 50 cents.

This book deals with the old, old questions of what constitutes life, how it is maintained and perpetuated and why it finally dies out. Life first makes its appearance in simple uncellular, microscopic, apparently structureless, animals, and these are carefully examined to determine just what are the indispensable qualities of life. It is found that at the very beginning we have the power of eating, multiplying, moving and even feeling. Much space is given to the methods by which life is produced. This leads us to the laws of inheritance and a study of reproductive cells to determine just how the characteristics of the parent are transmitted. But life does not simply increase, it changes or evolves from a lower to a higher stage and we consequently have a discussion of the methods through which this evolution takes place. This does not in any way duplicate such a work as Boelsche's "Evolution of Man," but rather a study into the laws and methods by which this evolution operates. Death is commonly thought to be a characteristic of all life, yet with the lowest organisms we find continuous division, but nothing that could be called death in the modern sense. In a way it is always true that the stream of life moves on, and only the individual casing or body in which it is enclosed during a certain period, disappears. With human beings this dissolution of the individual always takes place long before it is biologically necessary, and a most interesting chapter is devoted to the reasons why this is so and to the possibility of greatly extending the span of life. It is interesting to note that in connection with this premature death of man we also find that the fear of death is a peculiar character of man, being unknown in any other animals. Some facts are brought out which would tend to show that could life be extended in man to its natural limit the fear of death would be found to disappear. The whole book is a condensed mass of interesting information told in simple, striking language.

7. The Making of the World. By Dr. M. Wilhelm Meyer. Translated by Ernest Untermyer. Cloth, 50 cents.

This is a companion volume to "The End of the World," the fourth volume of this library. It will be fully illustrated, and will contain a history of the process through which this earth passed to the appearance of man. It is thus an important link in the chain of scientific facts, explaining how the universe and man came to be what they are.

1. The Changing Order. A Study of Democracy. By Oscar Laell Triggs. Pli. D. Cloth, \$1.00.

If it is possible to obtain a large circulation for "The Changing Order" among the school teachers of this country, it will do a great work. It is the first book in this country treating directly the American conditions and touching on the questions which should be of the most vital interest to the men and women who have the most important social work of the world intrusted to their generally indifferent keeping, that is, the education of the children.

Mr. Triggs speaks from a scholar's resources, with an artist's insight and a constructive critic's point of view. The book deserves careful reading and is a valuable contribution to the list of American books on social and industrial subjects. It is a series of essays, treating mainly of art and education in their largest sense in relation to the social structure.

The first essay, on "Democratic Art," is instructive as well as suggestive to him who asks, "How will Socialism promote the fuller development of life?" He analyzes carefully the distinction between aristocratic and democratic art; the prevailing characteristics of the former, the employment of typeforms, exclusion and satisfaction with things as they are, as opposed to the individualism, equality and hope of realization in the future of the latter. He gives briefly the history of the democratization of art successively through first, architecture, beginning in the Gothic forms of the middle ages, when, for a few centuries, the workman had comparative freedom of labor; second, music, the most democratic expression of which is found in Wagner; third, painting, typified in Millet; fourth, poetry, in Burns and Whitman; and lastly, prose literature as seen in Dickens, George Eliot, Thackeray, Hugo, etc.

The following lines from the closing paragraph of the essay show Mr. Triggs' ideal of the process which is at present in so transitional a condition: "Art is the answer to a need felt in the popular heart. The people create; they furnish life for art's impulse, freedom for its atmosphere, patronage for its support. From them alone can come the impulse that shall hasten the production of a genuine democratic art." It seems to us that the only point which Mr. Triggs fails to bring out and which is vital, is that the poet of democracy must not only reflect the realities of the workers, but must come from among the workers. Of especial clearness of insight and of great educational value are the essays on "The Critical Attitude," "The Philosophy of Play," "The Sociological Viewpoint in Art," and "Industrial Feudalism—and Art."

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Sunday's Golden Thought—

In the Twentieth Century, War will be Dead, the Scaffold will be Dead, Frontier Boundaries will be Dead, Dogmas will be Dead; Man will Live.—Doctor Hugo.

ANOTHER WINTER ON GOLD TREADMILL

New York's Weary Pleasure Woovers Seek New Thrills.

Mrs. Fish has sailed away on the "Varuna" and Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. Clarence Mackay are still in half-mourning. But Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt will doubtless return with Miss Gladys; Mrs. Ogden Mills, whose invitations for dinner carry great social prestige and Mr. and Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry, who stand for everything proper and a careful discrimination in their guests, are among those who will place the proper pillars underneath the social structure of 1906. As for a social leader, one would judge from some of the stories about social leaders, that New York's social leader must be something like a warlike Joan of Arc, not a dignified Joan of Arc, but one who with clash of cymbals and the martial music of brass bands goes on ahead, leading her followers molens volens through a tortuous maze.

Full of Surprises.

A society leader would seem to be an eccentric creature with big surprises up her sleeve in the way of entertaining. But New York's social leader is not a queen of a gay riotous carnival. She is quiet, with calm judgment and dignified. Her dinners must be conventional. She is a social mentor more than a social leader. Mrs. Astor has never had a predilection for the spectacular. Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. John Jacob Astor—these may be mentioned among social powers. Mrs. Clarence Mackay could make of herself a social power, but one characteristic remains an obstacle—Mrs. Mackay admires genius, and if genius happens to possess a correct evening attire and keeps his nails nicely, she would consider him most desirable for a dinner-party even vis-à-vis a pedigreed person with a temperamental like a lemon-ice.

Genius Bore Society.

New York, of course, accepts, and makes a great fuss over genius, but as for the broad-minded hostess, of liberal views, her opinions do not carry the greatest weight in a worldly society. Traditions, as unjust as they are old, the power of wealth and a certain discrimination between divorcées, inexplicable perhaps to the outside world, all these go to make a modern social code. The hostess who is severe and not so broad-minded is the one whose opinions count when there is something to be forgiven. If she forgives, others are brave enough to follow.

CABMEN WANT NO METER

Objects to Ordinance Pending in City Council.

Great opposition is developing among the carriage and cab drivers of this city to the proposed introduction of taximeters for the purpose of ascertaining the distance made and determine the price to be paid this way.

"This would simply be a waste of money for the cabmen who are not over-prosperous as it is," said W. J. Gibbons, business agent of the Carriage and Cab Drivers' union, yesterday. "Such a meter would cost from \$75 to \$100 to every cabman, and then it would cost again as much to keep the meter going any length of time, for a meter fixed to a cab or carriage is bound to get out of order every little while."

SLAUGHTER OF INNOCENTS

Baby Farms Kill Children Committed to Their Care.

Rev. Charles Virden, chairman of the Committee on Child Visitation, gave a glimpse of the way in which capitalism treats its child population. "Baby farms" are established to trade in new born infants as fish are traded in on the market.

"These institutions," he said, "usually are conducted by quack doctors. The babies taken into these places are poorly cared for and starved. The proprietor often purchases children that the parents do not want at \$25 a head. The parents relinquish all claims on the child, who afterward is 'placed out' as a common drudge or slave."

"Such hospitals sometimes do a different kind of work. I have seen vast quantities of quick-time in these institutions. The proprietor will explain that the quick-time is used for sanitary purposes, but you and I know what they are for. Such vast quantities of evidence to tie a rope around a man's neck, or to send him to the penitentiary for life."

GLASS WORKERS VOTE SOCIALIST TICKET

Strike Makes Socialist of Seven-Eighths of the Men.

According to statements made by the officers of the Amalgamated Glass Workers, the strike for a closed shop, which the organization has been engaged in for the last eleven months, will result in seven-eighths of the men voting the Socialist ticket at the coming election.

"While we have had no injunction issued against us," said William Figolah, secretary of the organization, "many of our men have been frequently arrested without any reason. Most of us see now what we can expect from the present judicial system, and we are going to strike for something better. We will prove this at the next election, when, I believe, fully seven-eighths of the members of the organization will vote the Socialist ticket."

PLEASES STANDARD OIL

Wall Street Approves of Cortelyou's Financial Policy.

WHO PAY HIM RENT

(From our Special Correspondent.)

New York, Oct. 27.—Prominent men in Wall street are well pleased with President Roosevelt's selection of George Cortelyou for secretary of the treasury. He is here now and has met men connected with the New York City bank and other large financial institutions. Officials of the Standard Oil bank especially are well pleased with Mr. Cortelyou's policy, explained to them privately.

It is understood here that Leslie M. Shaw will become president of the United States Trust company, the secretary of which killed himself and a working girl in a hotel here today.

Shaw has made many friends here since he went into the cabinet and it is said he can get anything he wants from Wall street. His fortune has increased \$2,000,000 since he began working for \$8,000 as a cabinet minister.

PLENTY OF UNEMPLOYED

No Difficulty in Finding Men to Take Place of Strikers

(Scripps-McRae Press Association)

New York, Oct. 27.—A strike of all union cab drivers in New York is threatened as the result of the walkout of three hundred chauffeurs of electric cabs employed by the New York Transportation Company. If necessary to assist the chauffeurs to win the fight it is asserted that all the cab drivers will go out on a sympathetic strike. This would mean a practical tie up of cab traffic throughout the greater city.

President Mead, of the transportation company announced today that he will have no difficulty in filling the places of the strikers and that as soon as adequate police protection is furnished he intends to send out all his electric carriages, despite the strikers.

In response to this threat an appeal to drivers of all cabs to quit in case strike breakers are hired by the transportation company was made.

BOOKBINDERS ARE WARNED

R. Glocking, president of the International Brotherhood of Bookbinders, has issued the following circular to all local unions of the organization in the country:

"Information has reached this office which indicates clearly that a movement is in operation looking to making of contracts between our locals and employees for two or more years on a nine-hour basis, the ostensible purpose being to circumvent the movement on the part of our brotherhood early in 1907 for the eight-hour day.

"Instances are also reported of attempts to make individual contracts with our members with the same object in view. I desire to warn our locals and members that such action on their part would not only be a violation of the constitution, but will also be a serious menace to a successful issue of our shorter workday campaign."

NEW YORK CITY MAY ELECT SOCIALIST CONGRESSMAN

Trade Unionists, Professional Men, and Even Women and Children, Organize for Socialist Campaign.

New York, Oct. 28.—(Special Correspondence to Daily Socialist.)—The East side of New York seems certain to be represented in the next Congress by a Socialist. Morris Hillquit, who is running in the Ninth Congressional District, is meeting with a most enthusiastic reception by the voters. A thorough house to house canvass has been made of the district, large quantities of literature have been distributed; literally thousands of open-air meetings have been held, in addition to numerous hall meetings.

Arrangements have been made for the publication of two special issues of "The Worker" and of the Jewish "Forward," both to be devoted exclusively to the campaign in the Ninth Congressional District. A copy of each of these, with some other campaign material, will be delivered to every voter in the district on the two Sundays preceding the day of election.

Trade Unions All Helping.

All the more intelligent workers in the district have been roused to an unprecedented pitch of enthusiasm for the Socialist campaign. Nearly all the trade unions represented in the United Hebrew Trades have endorsed Comrade Hillquit's nomination. This endorsement was not put through in any case as a snap judgment, but was passed at special meetings called to discuss the issues of the campaign.

A Trade Union League has been formed for the purpose of carrying on the campaign among trade unionists in the Ninth Congressional District. They held a parade on Saturday night with fully 10,000 men in line. The doctors and other professional men in the district, many of whom have been at one time or another actively connected with the Socialist movement, either here or in Russia, have organized a "Professional League" in order to better conduct the campaign among this class of people in the district.

Women to Help Socialists.

A Socialist Women's Campaign League has been organized by the women, who are doing their share to distribute literature and arouse interest. Finally, the children have organized a Juvenile Campaign Club, consisting of about 100 boys between the ages of 13 and 17, who have taken hold of the distribution of literature with enthusiasm, many of whom are already making street corner speeches. Reports of the canvassers predict the success of the Socialist candidates.

A BUTTER AND EGG TRUST

Stock Yards Control Seen in the New Combination.

New York, Oct. 26.—Products of the farm—butter, milk, eggs, cheese and poultry are the objects of the latest trust which has just been organized under the name of the "American Produce Company." Through the purchase yesterday of James Rowland & Co. of this city the first step was taken toward securing control of the trade in the east of the commodities mentioned. It is expected that within the next few weeks other concerns will be taken hold of. The company is capitalized at \$2,000,000 in preferred stock, and is said to have \$100,000,000 back of it. Common stock to the amount of \$15,000,000 may be issued.

Big Men Backers.

The financial backers of the new enterprise are Thomas F. Ryan, Anthony N. Brady, Harry Payne Whitney and Levi P. Morton. Their purpose is to corner the market in farm products and reap the profits of their sale. The principle office of the trust will be in Chicago. On its board are such men as Sir Frederick Borden, John A. Speer, president of the Chicago Stock Yards, Thomas Sturgis of the Continental Finance Company, L. H. Amy, New York banker, Paul D. Beresford of New York, James R. Morse of the American Trading Company, William C. Lane of the Standard Trust Company, and Francis Henderson. An examination of this board shows that the proposed trust is really an offshoot of the Union Stock Yards.

AMERICANS WHIP IMMIGRANTS

(Scripps-McRae Press Association) Philadelphia, Nov. 27.—Carlisle Indiana, 24; University of Pennsylvania, 6.

CALCULATE PROFITS OF PANIC

Prepare to Reap Gold From the Smash That is Coming.

This is a forecast of the profits to be made out of the next commercial crisis. It is not a socialistic theory but a statement of the outlook from the viewpoint of a prominent capitalist who talked to a representative of The Chicago Daily Socialist without knowing it.

"We have a boom all along the line," said the capitalist. "It is a bubble that will be pricked sometime. But just when is the thing that I want to know, for I can make a good thing out of it in the market. The big guns like Harriman, Frick, Stillman, Morgan, Rogers, the Rockefellers and the rest of those who get a peep into the inner sanctum of Wall street, will profit by it. Why should not I as well?"

"Much of the boom at present is caused by the extension of railroads in the west. Harriman and Hill are competing for supremacy along the Pacific coast and this with other things makes a great demand for materials of all sorts in construction. Here is one of the reasons why pig iron is selling at 50 per cent more today than it was last June."

Signs of Coming Crash.

"Now, the time will come when, somewhere along the line, this abnormal demand will show signs of slowing down. Nowhere is a drop in iron or steel more quickly reflected than in the stock market. The stocks of the great steel trusts were the guide to the stock market in 1903, when prices dropped until \$5,000,000,000 of watered stock valuation was wiped out. The world over, the iron and steel industry is called the "price or pauper trade," for it is either booming or breaking. When the orders in the trade begin to fall off steel stocks will slump and then the whole stock market will go to pieces again."

"But don't think the 'big ones' won't make a pot of money out of the collapse. I firmly believe they will facilitate the collapse for the sake of making money out of it. Long before the prices of pig iron begin to fall from a slackening of the demand for actual consumption, the men who make the quotations on the Wall street tickers do their bidding—will have sold millions of shares of stocks they own and do not own. When the real high financiers of the country have 'shorted' the stock market as much as it will stand without going to pieces, they will call in their lieutenants to complete the work."

Managers Only Clerks.

"You should know that President Earling of the St. Paul road really is little more than a clerk for the Rockefeller who own the road. Therefore, Mr. Earling, who is supposed to be the guiding genius in building this road westward to the Pacific coast, really takes orders from the owners of the road the same as any other clerk. The same thing is true of all the managers of E. H. Harriman, who dominates the Southern Pacific, Union Pacific, Chicago & Alton and other roads. What is true of the systems is true of all Wall-street controlled industries."

"Now, when the real capitalists of the country have prepared for their own immediate safety during a crisis, the railway president-clerks will be called into Wall street offices and told that 'perhaps it would be better if, in view of the uncertain outlook, further work on the Pacific coast extensions be suspended for the time being'."

Ready to Precipitate Smash.

"The instant the stock market gets this word there will be a crack worse than the one that it would feel if Hearst is elected governor of New York. Orders for pig iron and steel and cement and all sorts of building materials, will dry up like water in the desert. Men who have buying contracts will refuse to fill them. Building will stop or will be greatly checked. New enterprises will be postponed until men can get their nerve back again. All this time the stock market will go on plunging down and down, taking away the investments of the small investors of the country at ruinous prices. But Rogers, Harriman, Frick, Rockefeller and the rest of them will have added several billions to their wealth."

Will Fix Trade Unions.

"One good thing about any shakedown such as the one that is coming in a year or so, will be that the cursed labor agitator will have to shut up for awhile. When there is no alternative between closing down mills and factories and cutting wages, the workman accepts the inevitable. Wages are too high now and if we can get them on a level where we can make decent profits on our investments we may be able to hold them there for a while."

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISING COLUMNS AND MAKE THE DAILY PERMANENT.

FAMILIES BREAKING UP

Steady and Rapid Increase in Cases of Wife Desertion in Chicago.

President Brundage, of the Cook county board, reports that there is a steady increase in the cases of wife desertion in Chicago.

During the year 1905 County Agent Belmont gave assistance to 939 women who had been deserted by their husbands. Of this number 891 had from one to seven children. The charity reports for 1902 show that 557 deserted wives applied to the county agent for relief.

Increase in Desertions.

These figures show an increase in wife desertion of nearly 70 per cent in three years, and these were years of prosperity, when scarcity of work could not be given as an excuse by the husband for failure to provide for his family. According to County Agent Belmont's report it cost \$15.14 for each family assisted in 1905. The 939 deserted families, therefore, cost Cook county that year the sum of \$14,216.

Nearly 1,000 families are county charges because husbands have abandoned their wives and children. The support of these families has taxed the county's resources for outdoor relief and proved a heavy burden for the Juvenile Court workers. A few months ago a husband deserted six children, ranging from 14 months to 13 years of age, who are now costing the county \$60 a month for their support. This is only one of hundreds of similar cases.

Appeals Are Received Daily.

Scarcely a day passes that some deserted wife or child does not appeal to President Brundage or the Juvenile Court for assistance. Scores of deserted wives have asked the president of the county board to cause the arrest and prosecution of the delinquent husband, in the hope that he might be brought back to support his family. The county has no funds to pay the expense of sending to other states or cities for absconding husbands, and when this action has been taken it has proved futile.

Several months ago President Brundage caused the indictment and prosecution of deserting husbands under the act of 1903. Under that act the husband who deserts his wife may be indicted, fined and imprisoned. Under his promise to support his family the court may release him. The law-makers expected this act to make bad husbands good ones and relieve the county of the cost of supporting their families.

Law Does Not Help.

President Brundage's experience proves that the law does not make them better, but possibly worse, husbands. In nearly every instance the husband preferred to go to jail to supporting his family. The result was, the county not only had to support the family, but also the husband. In a few instances where the husband promised to support his family, and was released from jail on parole, he lived with his family a month or two and again abandoned it.

Every strike and lock-out sends a few hundred more men out to tramp the streets looking for work, leaving "deserted wives" behind. Every season of extra unemployment, every spell of hard times, adds to the number.

Even when the "desertion" is not simply a case of being driven off by capitalism to hunt a new master, it will generally be found that the home life was rendered miserable by the constant pressure of poverty.

UNION MEETINGS TO-DAY.

Greenwood Market Drivers and Salesmen's Union, Local 752—Meeting Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at 10 Clark street. Committee on ball to be appointed. A. J. Dean.

Keg Beer Wagon Drivers' Union—Meeting at 2 p. m. Sunday at Horan's Hall, Martin McGraw.

Truck Drivers, Local 705, I. B. of T.—Meeting Sunday at 2 p. m., at 122 La Salle street. J. J. O'Connor.

Packing House Teamsters, Local 710, I. B. of T.—Meeting Sunday at 2 p. m., at Forty-seventh street and Princeton avenue. Geo. F. Golden.

Ice Wagon Drivers and Helpers—Meeting Sunday at 2 p. m., at Bricklayers' Hall, C. G. Sagerstrom.

The Woman's Union Label League will give a ball Saturday, Nov. 24, at Illinois Hall, Ogden avenue and Madison street.

EXPELLED FOR ATTENDING IND. LEAGUE CONVENTION

(Special to Daily Socialist.) New York, Oct. 28.—J. B. Eagan, formerly a member of Local Port Jarvis, N. Y., was expelled from the party for participating in the convention of the Independence League.

HOGS FAIRLY ACTIVE

No Marked Change Is Shown From Thursday's Range of Quotations.

SHEEP VALUES MAINTAINED

Dullness in the Lower Grades Prices Largely 25c Lower This Week.

(Scripps-McRae Press.—Revised by Special Expert.)

Union Stock Yards, Ill., Oct. 26.—Market strong and steady.

Hogs—Receipts, 15,000; estimated for tomorrow, 14,000. Market 5c higher. Light, \$6.05@6.25. Rough, \$5.85@6.15. Mixed, \$6.20@6.32 1/2. Heavy, \$6.15@6.52 1/2. Pigs, \$5.40@6.15. Sheep—Receipts, 10,000; estimated for tomorrow, 3,000. Market steady.

Native sheep, \$3.85@5.60. Western sheep, \$4.10@5.60. Native lambs, \$4.60@7.65. Western lambs, \$4.10@7.55. Wall street lambs, 30c. Laborers voting capitalist ticket—One Beer.

SCAB LABOR NO GOOD

Firm Trying "Open Shop" Plan Goes Into Bankruptcy.

That scab labor can not be relied upon even though you make contracts for years, was proven by the bankruptcy last Monday, of the Detroit Cap company, one of the largest cap manufacturing concerns in the country.

The Detroit Cap company has done business as a union shop for ten years. Last January the company attempted to introduce the open shop policy. A strike lasting four months followed. In May the strike was lost, the company having made contracts with scab labor for a term of five years.

Yesterday word was received by the Cloth and Cap Makers' Union of Chicago to the effect that the company went bankrupt, partly from the loss incurred during the strike and partly because it lost all competent workmen and had to employ poor scab labor.

DISRUPTS N. Y. UNION

Capitalist Politicians Start Fractional Row.

Labor union circles are now disrupted over the accusations which were made on all sides by labor leaders against fellow delegates to the Central Federated Union on Sunday as a result of W. R. Hearst's attempt to obtain an endorsement by that body.

From both the anti-Hearst and the Hearst camps admissions came yesterday that as a result of the orders given to his employees who fought for his interests in the Central Union, Hearst by one stroke had done more injury to the union interests of New York than have all the labor troubles in the last twenty years.

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ING COLUMNS AND MAKE THE DAILY PERMANENT.

CONFESSIONS OF A DRONE

Marshall Field's Will and The Socialist Machine, three articles by Joseph Medill Patterson, are printed together as No. 45 of the Pocket Library of Socialism. This is a series of booklets, each containing 32 pages, just the right size to slip into a business envelope, and each telling the story of socialism in a different way. Any one of these booklets will be mailed for five cents, or the whole set for a dollar. A stockholder in our co-operative publishing house buys these books at 80c a hundred by calling for them, or a dollar a hundred postpaid. A dollar a month, ten months makes you a stockholder. Let us tell you more about it.

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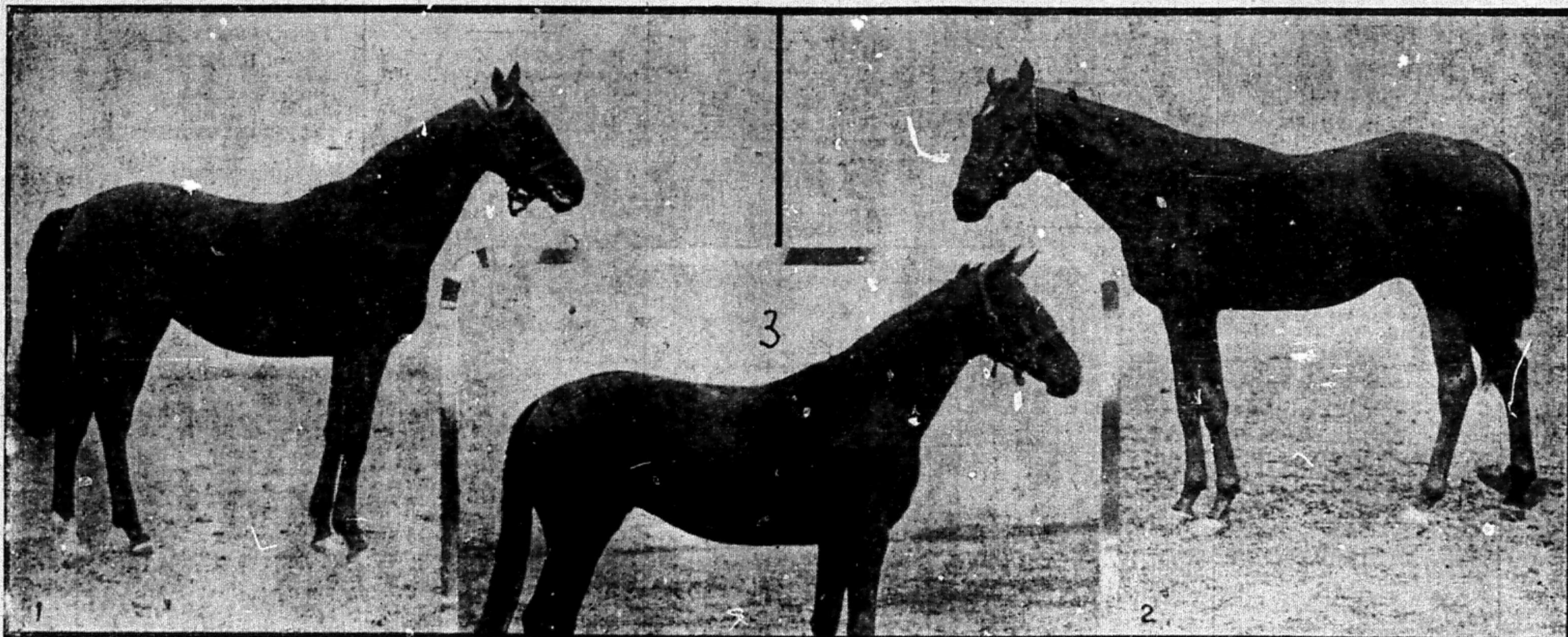
WORKINGMEN ATTENTION!!! by wage slaves? When you become independent! We have 2,500 acres of land at Fairhope, Alabama, that we are developing on the co-operative plan. One hundred people, both sexes, wanted at once to work land, and in boatbuilding, fishing, canning and preserving plants, and other industries; 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 HOMEMAKERS SOCIETY, 2111 North 6th St., 115 Dearborn Street, Chicago. Apply for chart, at FAIRHOPE, ALABAMA.

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Silken Equine Toys of Kings, Kaisers, Czars and Plutocrats

Horses that have Three Valets Apiece and Travel in Private Cars, Wreck Banks and Fill Jails of Merrie England.



England is the greatest sporting country in the world. Horse-racing is the greatest sport in England.

Ormonde, a racehorse, was sold for \$150,000, after his racing days were over.

Within the month of August, Belmont has taken \$125,000 worth of the nickels of the people, who stand in the cars that rush through his foul-smelling New York subway, and gave them to the English gentleman who owned the thoroughbred stallion St. Simon. St. Simon is now cared for by his own body valets at Belmont's Kentucky stock farm.

The people continue to stand in the New York subway.

Racing has been called "the

sport of kings." So it is—of kings financial and political.

War has also been called the sport of kings. So it is.

The swish of the ticker is the music of the third, most recent, great kingly sport.

The three royal games are much alike. Chance presides over all of them. The common people are the counters in each game.

In war, people are slaughtered, on the stock market ruined, by racing plucked.

We show a few wonderful horses on this page—horses that can run almost as fast as a locomotive and that will run until their hearts explode.

We subjoin the prices paid for



SAINT SIMON, THE \$125,000, 25 YEAR OLD STALLION.

these horses—the apparent prices that is.

The real prices were not paid by Mr. Sherwood, Baron de Forest, Sir Ernest Cassel and the other gentlemen, but in the tears, wretchedness, starvation and disgrace of hundreds of thousands of human beings in Merrie England.

- 1. Sir John Robinson's bay filly by Desmond-Pilla, sold to R. Sherwood for \$5,250.
- 2. The Sledmere bay colt by Flying Fox-Orlet, sold to J. Reid Walker for \$8,500.
- 3. The Sledmere brown filly by Gallinule-Little Eva, sold to Baron de Forest for \$10,000.
- 5. The Sledmere bay filly by

Ayshire-Maid Mint, sold to Sir Ernest Cassel for \$17,500.

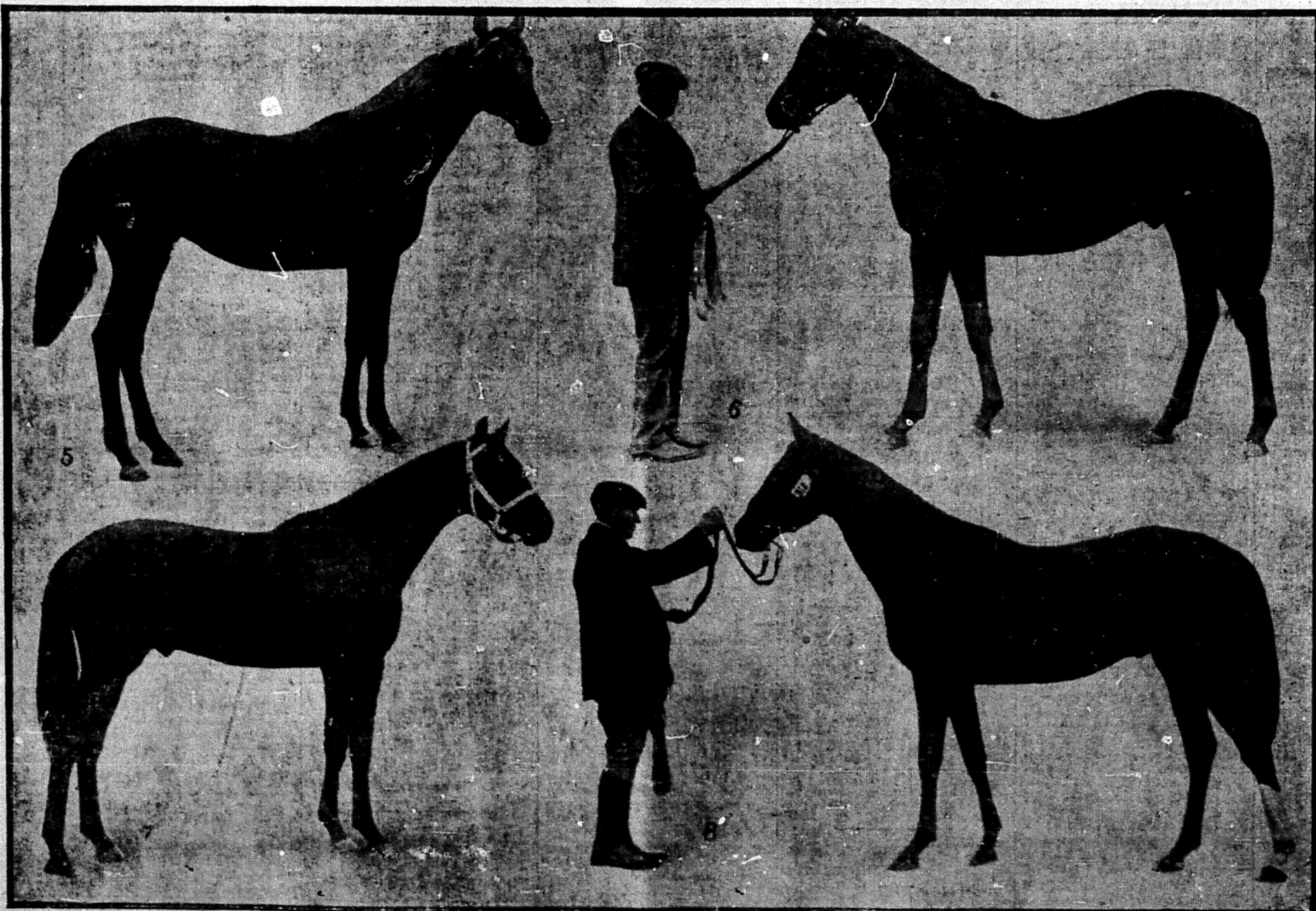
6. Sir John Robinson's bay colt by Ayrshire-Findi, sold for \$12,500 to W. Clark.

7. The Strafran Station Stud's bay colt by Revenue-Pet, sold to H. F. Smith for \$5,500.

8. The Marquis of Londonderry's chestnut colt Rambling Rector by Florizel II-Wise Flower, sold to W. Clark for \$10,000.

All the racehorses on this page, save one are yearlings and have never even been raced. These enormous prices are paid on the chance that they will be in the first flight.

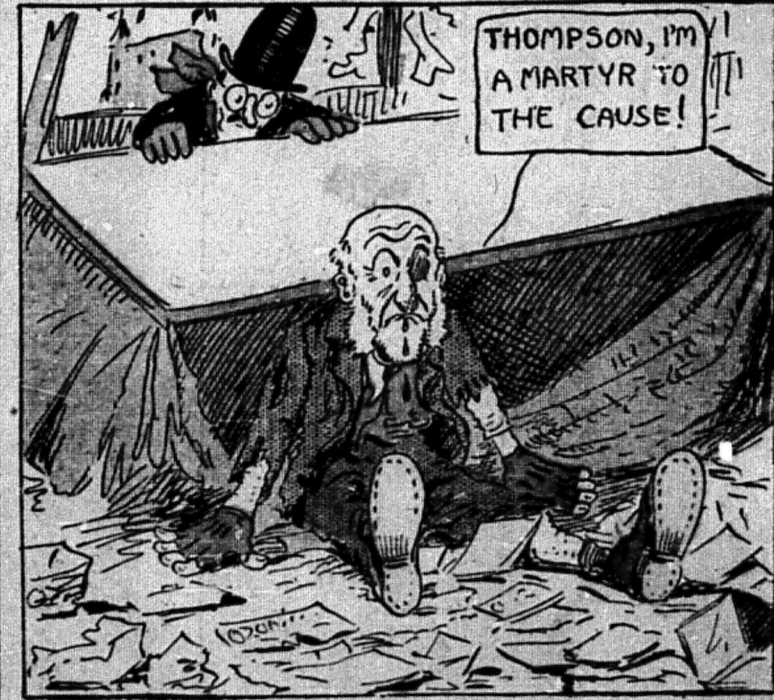
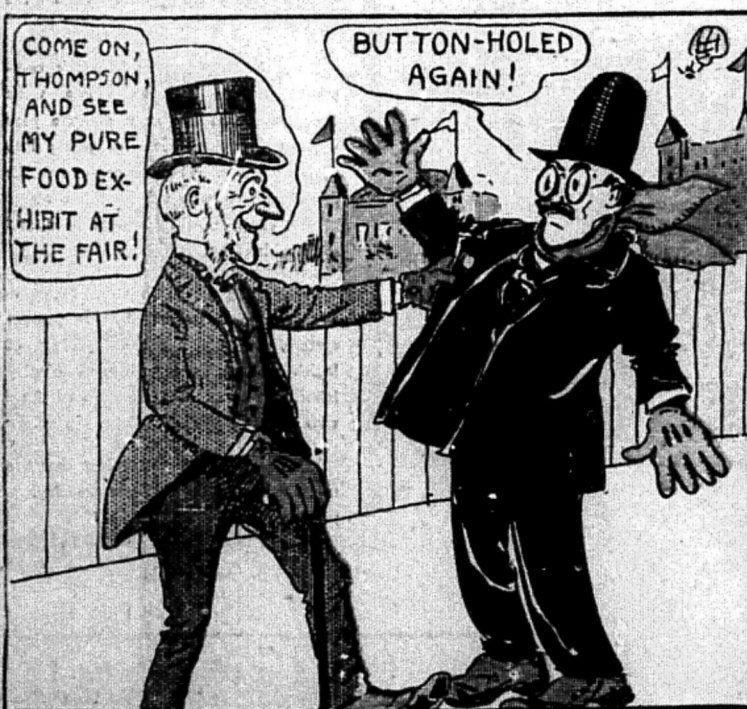
The one exception is St. Simon, who is 25 years old, having been foaled in 1881.



SAY!! DID THIS EVER HAPPEN TO YOU??



MAJOR OZONE'S FRESH AIR GRUSADE



Those Who Toil to Make us Smile

There are forty-two places in Chicago where, six nights of the week, talented men and women are working to add joy to life. These are the makers of the mimic world



Kyrle Bellew and Elsie Ferguson in "Brigadier General Girard."



Chorus Girls at the LaSalle.



Cecil Lean and Georgie Drew Mendun in "The Time, the Place and the Girl."

The chorus girl is one of the most interesting types upon the stage. She is called upon to wear exquisite gowns and to look as if she never wore anything else. She is like the cashier who gets \$15 a week and has to handle a million. She must look like \$600.00 a week and she gets \$12—or less. True, her costumes are supplied, but she has to get her own wigs and shoes, and that means two weeks' salary at the very least.

True, her railway fare is paid, when the company is on the road, but not her hotel bills, nor her meals nor a ticket for a berth in the sleeping car.

And What the Manager Gets?

And what does the manager of this same successful show get—the owner, that is, not one of the innumerable under-managers who are attached as employees? Of course it varies, but \$60,000 in one year is by no means an unheard of figure, and where a "show" is unusually successful, he may get two or three times as much.

It is safe to say that the only case in which an actor or actress gets rich upon the stage is where he or oftener she, has an interest in the business,—in other words when he is himself an employer.

To the rank outsider it seems as if the life behind the footlights were one giddy gilded dream. For although much has been said about the hard work of the performer, it is always hard to convince one who sees them always smiling, or with tears induced only by the most romantic incidents, that theirs is not a carefree existence, or at least an easy form of work.



Scene from Ben Hur at the Auditorium.

When They Lose Their Jewels.

Moreover, the frequency with which jewels worth countless thousands are lost and the many brilliant matches made by actresses tend to keep the public convinced that the green room is the treasure house of easy money.

Besides all this, the more glitter and dazzle of the life scenery, the costumes, the flashing lights and bright music, throw a glamor over all.

But a peep at the salary roll of the theatrical manager will show that this is a great mistake. For here as in every other paid business or profession, it is the little employe who gets the short end and who carries indelibly stamped upon his pocket book the figures "2" and "3."

Some leading women in stock companies get as high as \$75 a week—and they can last at it about a year without breaking down or going into something else. They correspond to the piece workers who achieve high wages at the expense of their own lives and the health of others.

Fairly judged, the so called "encouragement given to art" by the present system, amounts like the "giving of lavish entertainments to help to employ labor," just to the exploitation of those who toil.

Here it is beauty and talent that are sacrificed to make a Roman holiday.



Cora Daigneau.



Mrs. Fiske in "The New York Idea."



At the New Theatre.

Castles of the Rich and Palaces of the Poor

With Contrasting Pictures Taken From Real Homes of Real People Who Breathe the Same Air and Are Supposed to be Made of the Same Flesh and Blood.

We do not tell of these houses from personal observation. The descriptions have been taken from a new and sumptuous volume published by Munn & Co., so that they may be relied upon.

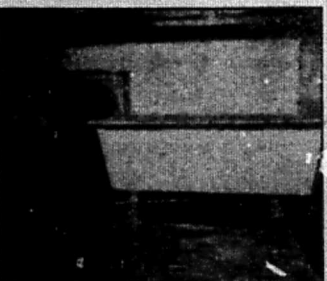
A Group of Newport Palaces.

A community of wealth and pleasure, Newport is the chief city in the United States in which these characteristics are thoroughly dominant. The social aspects of the summer capital—for its gatherings of pleasure-loving people are truly national—are known of all men; but the highly important fact that this great social activity needs and necessitates an architectural background, a habitat, a scene and setting commensurate with its splendid pleasures, is less generally recognized, or certainly very much less heard of. Yet the houses of Newport are most important to the gay doings of this beautiful city; for the life of Newport is concerned solely with pleasure and with entertainment, and fine houses, richly furnished and decorated, spacious and elegant, built and adorned with a delightful disregard of cost and expense, with beautiful grounds arranged in a sumptuous fashion—these are the requirements, and the legitimate requirements, of Newport palaces.



Mrs. Clarence Mackay's bathroom. (Munn & Co.)

cerned without. One naturally lavishes decorations on an interior that one refrains from exposing to the vulgar eye outside. The inside of the house is, therefore, very much more splendid than the splendid outside. Broad corridors, lofty ceilings, large rooms, gilding, precious marbles, superb tapestries, rich furniture, fine paintings, costly carpets—these form the contents of every great house, the individuality depending upon the taste of the owner and the architect, and the particular kind of rich possessions available. All these adjuncts to splendid living are well used in Mr. Berwind's house, which is richly furnished and decorated and contains many notable works of art.



Mrs. Pusezhk's Bathroom.

The stairs rise directly from the main hall, which in itself is a spacious apartment, richly decorated and furnished. The ballroom is a very beautiful apartment, paneled throughout, and with paintings let into the panels above the great double doors. The dining room is one of the finest rooms in the house, with a coffered ceiling, monumental mantelpiece, decorative panels, and fine paintings. It is truly a "state" dining room, ample in size, and admirably



"The Deadbroke" West Polk Street.

adapted to the giving of large dinners and elaborate entertainments.

"Biltmore," the Estate of George W. Vanderbilt, Esq.

The best use has been made of the surrounding grounds by a formal treatment with terraces and stairways, vases, statues and shrubbery balustrades, and a free use of shrubbery and plants. The garden is not large, for the comparative smallness of the Newport gardens has been frequently criticised, but it has been very beautifully treated and forms a very happy setting for the mansion for which it has been created.

It is a flattering comment on the architectural splendor of Biltmore that, while

not large for the simple purpose of impressing the wayfarer, but because great spaces are needed within them. Newport, at all events, illustrates a splendid living in the most splendid fashion it has yet attained in America, so far as a group of houses and a group of people are concerned.

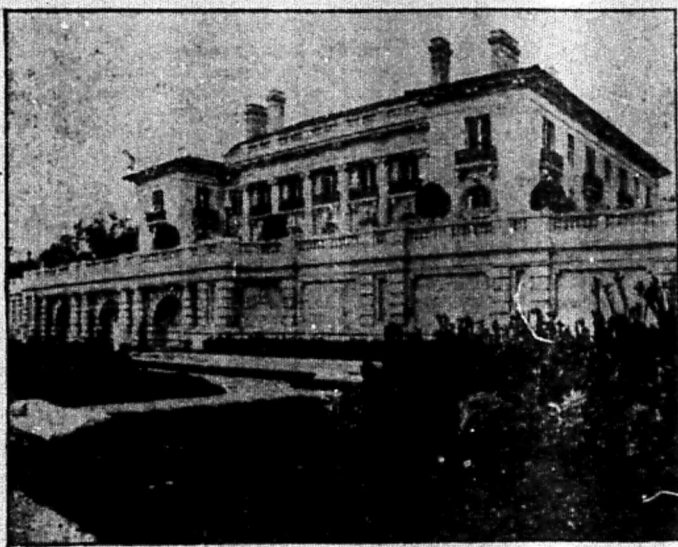
"The Elms," the House of E. J. Berwind, Esq.

"The Elms," the house of E. J. Berwind, Esq., is a very recent addition to the great houses of Newport. It is state-of-the-art in design, and is in the sumptuous Renaissance style which has become a favorite vogue in residences of this class. The house is of great size, broadly treated; the horizontal lines are well marked, and the windows large. The central part, projected just sufficiently to make the entrance and to emphasize it, is well conceived and well carried out. The rising ground on which it is placed adds materially to its dignity.

That the interior is ornate the exterior has already told us. No one builds a house of this design in such a place without preparing for greater sumptuousness within than may be dis-

Mr. Vanderbilt's great house is not new as new houses are now counted, public interest in it as the greatest of American country houses has never languished.

The supreme attraction of "Biltmore" is the wonderful scenery—for the house has a site that at once commands the loveliest views, and gives it as a dwelling



House of W. L. Stow, Esq., Roslyn, N. Y. (Munn & Co.)

the best possible situation and the greatest advantage.

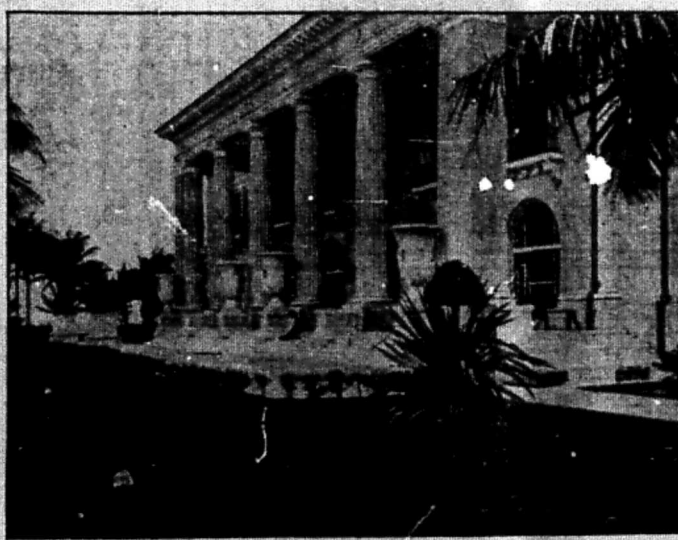
The circumstances that led to the foundation of this great estate are well known. Mr. Vanderbilt was attracted to it by its wonderful scenery and fine climate. The accumulation of land proceeded at a rapid rate, until now the estate comprises an area of one hundred and forty-seven thousand acres. Unless the size of this great property is realized its very unusual character will not be comprehended. To say, therefore, that the park contains thirty-eight miles of macadamized drives offers a guide to determining the scale of the property.

estates, and farther on, again, if the day be clear, the view is veiled by the ocean.

Down below, immediately in the foreground, is a second space, enclosed with a hedge of evergreens. At the foot of each flight of steps is a pair of marble lions, standing on the high pedestals of the balustrade. The upper terrace is

supported by a wall, carried wholly across the front, the center marked with three great arches. This lower space is a simple formal garden, and with old Italian well-heads, great marble vases, and other decorative adjuncts. One can here realize, if one has not realized it before, that this is a superb mansion, a veritable palace, happily designed, finely placed and suitably environed.

The house is palatial because it is large, excellently designed, and handsomely furnished. The main doorway leads immediately into an entrance or stair hall the full height of the house, and lighted above as well by a window immediately over the door. A flight



House of Henry M. Flagler, Esq. (Carriere & Hastings.)

Mr. Vanderbilt has, and perhaps wisely, chosen to regard the interior of his magnificent dwelling as personally belonging to himself. Freely permitting the photographing of the exterior, he looks upon the interior as having interest only to himself and his friends.

The house speaks for itself. It is a great house of great estate, and as such it stands alone among the great houses of America. It expresses that idea very fully, and, if it expresses it well and artistically, it surely has achieved a very marked success. Nothing has been spared, neither within nor without the house, nor in the large private grounds that surround it, that might add to its beauty or make it admirable as a place of residence.

Mrs. A. Cass Canfield's House—Roslyn, New York.

Mrs. Canfield's house is a building of vast size, all of brick, red with spots of black, presenting a stately spreading front, and so pleasantly environed with lofty forest trees as to seem to be just the sort of house one might naturally look for in this lovely spot.

It consists of a large central building, three stories in height, with whole front being of great length, while the additional height in the central part adds very materially in the majestic effect.

The House of W. L. Stow, Esq., at Roslyn, New York.

Mr. Stow's house is an Italian palace, adapted to the exigencies of the American climate. Very large it is, and splendidly environed, and best seen from the south, although entered from the north.

The south side is palatial, with an effect of quite monumental grandeur. And most happily this has been arranged. A spacious area is enclosed within a balustrade, with a flight of steps at each end. A wonderful space this is, with the great house immediately behind, the steep cliff below, and beyond the rich farming lands of the near-by

crystal lights hanging from the walls. Three rooms on the end of the house open from the hall and join the Salon. The central one is a billiard room; at one end is a conservatory, at the other a smoking room.

The dining room adjoins the hall, and is nearly of the same size. It is a large apartment, brilliantly lighted by the spacious windows by day, and at night by great electric standards, placed in each corner. It is sumptuously furnished, and that many fine works of art enter into its adornment is thoroughly in keeping with the splendid manner in which the whole house has been planned and arranged. The floor is marble mosaic. The door frames are of marble, carved and ornamented with rich panels and friezes. Marble pilasters mark off the division of the walls, which are covered with green velvet brocade. There is a dado of green and black marble, and the same material appears in the serving tables or sideboards, each of which is supported by white marble pedestals. The ceiling, in green and gold, is decorated with small squares; in the center is a large square painting by Domenichino, the "Youth of Bacchus"; each of the four corners has round allegorical panels, painted by Claudio Francesco Beaumont. On one wall is a painting of the "Rape of the Sabinas," by Vasari, and a number of old Italian portraits are hung in the adjoining spaces. A small breakfast room opens out of the dining room; and then, beyond it, are the apartments devoted to the service, pantries, a dumb-waiter to the kitchen, which is placed below, where there are more pantries, storerooms, ice chest, servants' dining room and other offices, all so needful to the inhabiting of the house, and here down below, but with their own opening to the outer world, which the location of the house on a hill permits most conveniently.

Beauties of the Library.

To the left of the entrance hall is the library. It is prefaced by a small recess. The walls are lined with bookcases, above which are dark oak panels; the plastered ceiling is decorated with geometrical designs. The conspicuous feature of this room is the superb mantel and chimney piece, the richest in the house, magnificently carved with crowded panels in relief, and a veritable masterpiece, brought from Venice. Above it are three consoles with gilt busts. The furniture is chiefly old, and the walls are hung with old portraits. In each corner hangs a large German silver lamp, connected with the electric light.

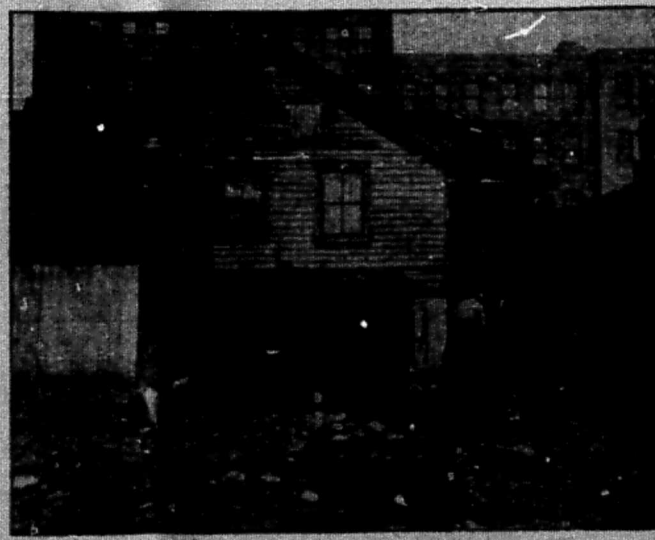
Upstairs are bedrooms, boudoirs and bathrooms. A great corridor runs through the house from east to west, opening onto the entrance hall, with a central balcony, whence one may look across at the tapestries which this part of the house is decorated. The bedrooms are mostly hung with silk or other material, all delightfully furnished and each with its own color scheme and attendant bathroom. The third floor does not appear in the outward design, as it is hidden by the cornice and roofing; it is entirely given up to the servants' quarters.

These little sketches of some of the palaces of the poor have not been taken from a description in a book, but are the result of personal observation.

One of the most attractive residences on the West side is the home of Mrs. Anton Publessck in West Polk street.

Even at a distance one may know that he is approaching this charming estate from the odor of fried garlic proceeding from within, as well as from the delicate scent of abandoned antiquated vegetables that adorn the premises.

Approaching from the east, one is struck at once with the dignity and squalor of the facade. There is a charming negligence about the way in which the residence leans slightly to the west. The exterior is finished in that weather-beaten board effect, so popular at pres-



View from the library, home of Mrs. Pusezhk.

ent and the whole building is quite destitute of any vulgar ostentation in the way of paint or "gingerbread" trimming.

A flight of steps in the medieval man-

ner at once attracts attention. They were imported at great expense of time and labor by young Anton Publessck, Jr., from a nearby railroad shed. Across one side still may be seen the very original and interesting marks thought to be an ancient runic inscription, as their meaning has completely been lost. They look something like this:

Use P. R. Soap
and have been the object of much curious search and many pilgrimages on the part of Mrs. Publessck's neighbors.

One of the objects of interest which meet the eye in the hall is a structure of wood square in shape and also in the attractive and artistic paintless manner. It is charmingly carved by hand, one of the artists employed upon it having been the famous Lady Bridget O'Malley, who achieved so much comment among her friends in society by giving up a lucrative position in the Franklin street box factory to become the bride of young O'Malley—whose father had cut him off literally without a penny.

Description of the Structure.
This structure, one later learns, has been used for many years by the Pub-

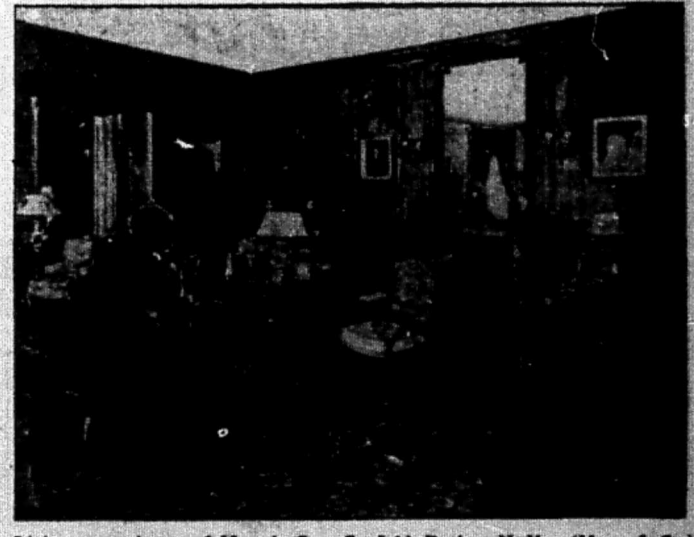
really adequate and soul satisfying view of the grandeur of the Joe Slabonski abode can be gained. From this point the dull brown of the walls, the roocco effect of the broken panes and the distinguished crosswise setting of the back steps can best be seen.

Library of the O'Rourke's Palace.

The O'Rourke's is one of the most exclusive mansions in the quarter. Indeed, so reserved and seclusive are the O'Rourke's that no photographer is ever permitted to intrude within that classic domain, our own representative being chased away by Mrs. O'Rourke, armed with a rolling pin.

It was impossible, therefore, to gain admission to the O'Rourke library, and a description of it hardly will give any idea of the wealth of color, the display of objets d'art and the lavish array of rare and antique books to be seen.

In color the room is of a rich brown, from the bacon fat fried daily in the rear by the O'Rourke's lodgers the Cellinis. A rich crimson gives the necessary relief, being carried out in the red flannel petticoat draped upon one



Living room, house of Mrs. A. Cass Canfield, Roslyn, N. Y. (Munn & Co.)

sketches as "the family bed. The carvings are very interesting, consisting of mottoes and comments upon society of the neighborhood in Lady O'Malley's most piquant style.

Another ideally charming dwelling which we are permitted to describe is that of the Joe-Slabonskis. It is situated in the heart of the most desirable residence quarter of South Chicago, where every window commands a charming view of great mountains of ashes, swelling dunes of garbage and the lovely rippling course of the sewers in the streets beyond.

Excitement of Life Here.

The constant passage of locomotives running at grade through this section, offers one of the most delightful sporting features to be had on any estate in the country. In fact the Joe-Slabonskis have given up the idea of automobiling altogether in order to enjoy the much more thrilling pastime of dodging locomotives.

While the surroundings are what really make the estate most interesting they can hardly be called really unique, as they are shared in by almost all of the

Living Room in South Chicago.



Living Room in South Chicago.

Books to be Seen Here.

Among the antique volumes collected by the O'Rourke's in the course of their foreign travels are some rare prints of "Timmie Bludsoe, Chief of the Western Rangers," "Bloody Bandits of the Fiery Five; or, How Lucky Little Leo Looed the Cowboy," and various more recent



Well known estate near the river.

Joe-Slabonski's acquaintances.
But Mrs. Joe-Slabonski's bath and the kitchen of the mansion are especially attractive, the former consisting of a small, round bowl, which Mrs. Joe-Slabonski is generous enough occasionally to lend to her neighbors, and the latter of two packing boxes, of most unusual design, and a charming oil stove in the arty renaissance manner.

The Joe-Slabonskis are the most hospitable people in the world, entertaining sometimes as many as eighteen or twenty people in a single room of their charming mansion.

In the rear is the lovely stable in which Leon Joe-Slabonski keeps his team of pedigreed goats. From the stable a

and current publications.
Taken for all in all, there is little in the way of elegance that is spared in the O'Rourke library, so that it may be taken as typical of the most palatial residences of the highest society of this quarter, the fashionable regions north and west of the river.

The O'Rourke's have been for some time living in their town house, the living room of which we reproduce. But they feel very strongly that desire for the simple life which is animating our higher circles everywhere and will shortly bring to town their stable of pedigreed pigs. Several of these will be entered in the coming show and are certain of several pink ribbons.

Rare Golden Pheasants Born Every Year In Chicago

Within a Few Miles of the City Hall Brilliantly Colored Birds Are Raised to be Exported to England and Fill American Game Preserves

SUNDAY BIRDS.

One of the strangest as well as one of the most interesting enterprises operated by workers of Illinois is the "game farm" of Wallace Evans. On 180 acres of wooded land up the Desplaines river about three miles above the Lake street bridge are raised forty-five different varieties of game birds, deer and as a by-product mink, weasels and mink rats. Birds from this farm have stocked scores of landed estates in the east with brilliantly colored pheasants and state game wardens in many states get fowls to stock forests "shot out" by too energetic hunters.

golden pheasants which was a diversion of his school days. At the present time it requires about \$10 a day to buy feed for his stock. In the breeding season he will allow no one else to feed the young birds. He will trust that important duty to no one else and to perform this task he must walk eleven miles in his trip from field to field.

Great Stock of Golden Pheasant Cocks

In one of his fields, now covered with brown grass and bright colored leaves from small oak trees, may be seen 1,200 golden pheasant cocks. These creatures are perhaps the brightest colored birds nature produces. Each cock is so vain that when no female is present he struts and displays his golden "cape" in front of another as bright as himself. Indeed they seem to spend more time in dancing and strutting than in feeding or other activity. This is the largest flock of golden pheasant cocks in the world except those that live in a wild state in Manchuria. Parks, wealthy men with

great estates and fancy poultry breeders demand more of these fowls than can be produced and the price is from \$10 a pair up.

Besides the pheasants called "golden pheasants" the farm produces other types such as "Reeves," Amerest, Silver and English rim rocks. Each of these types originated in Asia as did the common barnyard fowl. The tail feathers of the Amerest variety grow six feet in length and the male is careful of his decorative plumage. The Reeves and silver birds are lavishly decorated. That is, the males are; the females of each type are

the commonest sort of little brown things.

Plymouth Rocks Do Hatching.

None of these little hens are permitted to mother or even to hatch their eggs. In the spring and summer all eggs are gathered and common Plymouth rock hens hatch them. Often Mr. Evans gathers a thousand of these eggs in one day.

The English or "rim neck" birds are the most popular for stocking game preserves. They are beautiful things and are of the same kind that supply sport for the landed gentry that British work-

ing men permit to monopolize thousands of acres in their crowded isle. Since Oct. 1, Mr. Evans has shipped 2,000 of the rim necked variety to Iowa state game wardens.

Never for a moment does the game farmer relax his vigilance. He keeps a score of dogs and men asleep in the in a fence. The increase will be sold to parks and wealthy men. He keeps fields to guard the valuable feathered stock from mink, weasels, rats and hawks. One mink a day is the average for his traps and dogs. Those taken alive are sent to Hagenbeck who sells them to park menageries.

In the Waterfowl Preserve.

Across the road from the pheasant farm is the "waterfowl" department. Here there is an interesting artificial pond in which thousands of wild geese, and every variety of wild duck sport. Until Mr. Evans took up the work it was thought that these wild things could not be domesticated—but he has solved the problem. Last summer when the weather was too dry he pumped 100 barrels of water every hour from the Desplaines river into his pond in order that the young ducks might have a place in which to swim. The overflow from this pond turns the water wheel which grinds corn, wheat and other grains for feed.

Although he produces many hundreds of wild ducks every year, Mr. Evans cannot supply the demand for these creatures which are used to renew the supply destroyed by hunters with their "pump" shot gun. The farm is growing, however, and next summer will be able to produce a great many more fowls of all kinds than ever before. The young game producer does not fear competition for the reason that to operate such a

business requires knowledge that can be secured only after years of the most complete experience.

His deer pen is a recent addition to his estate. Ten wild things live there now and appear contented to exist with-

Many Kinds of Dogs to be Seen.

His collection of dogs would be worth a visit if there were no birds and deer.

In the park can be found almost every variety of bird dog and mongrel. The mongrels do the best work as guards and sentinels. The setters and pointers are used to find stray birds. When they locate the deserters their master accomplishes a capture by means of a net at the end of a long pole. He sometimes catches birds on the fly so skillful has he become.

The curs spend their days searching for vermin that might destroy the birds. At night they patrol the fences.

Each dog is chained, but in the end of the chain is a ring that slides upon a long wire. In this way he may run along the fence, but no where else, and so well does the scheme work that few of the ducks and pheasants are lost.



Hundreds of Ducks on the duck pond.

FIVE CENTS TO THE AUTUMN WOODS

Dead Leaves and Ancient Path Make Pleasant Car Ride and Rural Stroll.

One car fare will take any flat dweller from any cliff-like West side street to within a few minutes walk of the woods that are said to be the most beautiful in the vicinity of Chicago. Although this is a prairie country there are a few bluffs and ridges and in the river bottoms are found trees that were middle aged when Fort Dearborn was being built. Some of these ancient inhabitants of this land, fast being turned into an ugly industrial center, still stand on the banks of the Desplaines.

At this time of the year the banks of the river, with the trees, brilliant underbrush and pleasantly rural lands adjacent, gives a pleasure to those who love the open country. In every brick paved and brick walled street there live thousands who long for a sight of the country. To these persons the advice may be given—"go west." Take any West side surface car, get the necessary transfers to the Lake street electric and in course of time the Desplaines will come into view.

At the bridge the adventurous city person will find the river's edge to the north fenced in. A wealthy man who loves the country has built a mansion there and hoping to protect his legal rights to the views, the red leaves and the songs of birds, has built a many-barbed fence about his estate. His purpose was to keep others out; instead he has only locked himself in. If the pilgrim retraces his course a block or so he will see a River Forest street leading upstream and acting as if it would like to be a country road. Three or four blocks beyond, it does, in fact, become a road with a brown grass fringe. This certainly will lead the West sider on, for the soft turf will be welcome to his pavement-tired feet. City houses, some strangely out of place with their jagged decorations, are passed and at last the big woods is discovered. For a moment the smoke and cinder-soared eyes of the walker light up with delight. He is about to enter and begin exploration of a most interesting path

that leads toward the river bank. But he stops suddenly. Overhead, hanging like a shroud, is the white man's trail. The path is an old one. It was first laid out by prehistoric animals and since has been used in turn by deer, men and cattle. In the past wildcats and other untamed things crept along that way to the water's edge, there to slake thirst and perhaps pounce upon a timid deer. Indians followed the other wild things. He passed and the white man was on his trail. This intruder has the path now and it is used chiefly by his cattle that find pasturage within the wire fence. The aged pass winds its way along the river bank. There is no bluff on the east side of the stream but opposite

there is an elevation that appears lofty to the prairie-bred person. Here and there in the still water dead leaves float—gay in their shrouds, as shrouds for such useful creations should be. Overhead their fellows still clinging to their branches rustle sadly as if they knew their end is near. Others are underfoot. They are no longer alive but not being with a shamed face, is a sign: "Private Property—Trespassers will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law;" is the inhospitable greeting.

"Shall I be law abiding and miss a walk through the woods, or violate law and spend a pleasant Sunday morning?" the stranger meditates after seating him-

self upon a stump to consider. City parks with their tiresome geometrical walks and drives and their "keep off the grass" signs are familiar to him and he has a dread of a policeman. His ancestors, perhaps were pirates and his inherited badness decided the question. He decides to violate the law and the landlord's legal right to the property and all views of the woods, except that which may be secured from the roadside. As the law breaker boldly passes the fence he finds evidence of many crimes similar to the one he is committing. Everything indicates the owner's threatening sign is without influence. Once the die is cast, your outlaw



8,000 pheasants in one field.

pushes on into the depths of the forest, encased in metallic casings or entombed within stone walls, will be useful after death and enrich the soil that gave them life.

Your city traveler may not observe the dry leaves but the natural beauties spread before him will be recalled for days as he rides between his flat and his shop or labors over a machine that forever is the same.

If your inclination turns you towards the north, there is something awaiting you here.

Although rapidly disappearing, there still remain within the city limits upon the north, a few stray patches of yet untouched woods whose coloring has been more gorgeous this year than it has been for a long time. Although it is even now growing a little late for color, there are to be found close to the ground many patches of richly toned oak leaves growing close to the roots of the tall trees, and even an occasional stray wild aster or bit of golden rod.

Beauty of Form to be Found.

But after all, from the time that autumn begins to wane the real beauty of the woods is to be found not so much in the blending of the softer tones as in the wonderful variation of line that is to be studied. Here is where the Japanese teacher is to be followed; the debt we owe to him is very great, for having shown that so subtle a thing as an appreciation of mere line and form can be popularized to a wonderful extent.

Turn Ye to the South.

On the south there is the Calumet river, which in spite of the encroachments of factories and shipping has still a few miles of marshes and, sparsely trimmed with trees, offers a pleasant respite to the tired worker.

These are the out door regions of Chicago, which are more interesting to many than the parks, because they are in most cases a nearer approach to the beautiful crudity and simplicity of nature.

Lucky Workers May Own Their Homes and Gardens. How To Do It.

Do you want to own your own home? If you don't, you ought to! You ought to have so seen a longing for the experience of living on your own land that you would make the sacrifices necessary to satisfy the desire. As long as private ownership exists it is probable that the majority will belong to the tenant class. But while waiting for the abolition of this ancient and unjust system, every

There is nothing material of more importance. The landless man is at the mercy of the man who does own land and it is the duty of every man to get a home of his own and to vote for a system that will make it impossible for one man to own the land another man uses.

It is safe to say that practically every member of the tenant class and espe-

cially those who live in dark flats want a home with a garden. The question is whether this great thing be accomplished by the wage earner. It is possible, but it will require the greatest frugality and good luck in being free

Buying on the Instalment Plan.

Houses on the instalment plan are offered in all parts of the city. These offers should be taken up by the home hunter only as a last resort. Good houses are sometimes built by the land-trader but he would not be in the business if he did not make a profit and this profit should be saved for the home seeker if possible.

The first thing to do is to choose your lot. No land should be bought until the entire city is gone over. The land situation as to prices and possibilities of development should be studied carefully for once the lot is bought it is a deal that cannot well be undone.

Before deciding on the design for your new home take trips to the suburbs, to Oak Park, La Grange or North Shore villages. In these places where beautiful houses have been built by traders and shrewd and producer, of course with less money, can find many ideas of value. He will see some of the best samples of domestic architecture in this country and will learn things of value when he constructs his more humble abode.

Ready-made houses are commonly built on lots less than fifty feet wide and they are exactly alike or resemble so closely others in the same row that they

lack individuality and the home character. Everywhere the wage earner is being reduced to a dead level. Everywhere are rows of flat buildings, all exactly alike or rows of houses that express nothing of the tenant's or owner's character.

For this reason the working man who would own his own home should accumulate, if possible, enough money to buy a lot and pay all taxes and special assessments.

After this is done accumulate \$100 more. Find an architect and have him work out your ideas. Then get some money lender to loan you the money to build your home.

How and Where to Choose a Lot. The lot should be as far from the smoke, dirt and noise of the city as the nature of the purchaser's employment will permit. Of course the cost of car rides to and from work must be figured in the cost of the new home. If the lot is more than five cents a ride it makes a difference at the end of the week and in the year of much importance.

It should be kept in mind that land may increase in value but it is hardly probable that your house will ever be worth more than you put into it. So all the land should be purchased that the purse will permit. The larger the lot the more room there will be for the

children to play, the more places for flowers, shrubs, trees and the vegetable garden. Also there will be more sunlight in the rooms of the home, an item for those who would be healthy and happy.

If the architect is not of the right kind he will want to put a lot of fancy work inside and outside of your home. This makes it more expensive and detracts from the home effort. The best decorations are simple construction and angles, not curves and scroll work. The best material of course is concrete which is sometimes expensive but everlasting if properly mixed. There should be a living room but no parlor. In this day the parlor is being discarded. It never had a place in any home but that of a French king and spoils the working man's cottage.

Next to concrete comes perhaps the plastered house. It is warm and requires no painting. If, however, you prefer weather boarding for the outside it would be well to have it stained with a wood preserving liquid. This does not cause dry rot as paint sometimes does and it brings out the beauties of the grain in the lumber. It is also more easily put on by the inexperienced painter.

Among the things the home owner gains are the following: He does not contribute to support

of a land lord or money lender after his home is paid for.

He is more independent.

Repairs, taxes, insurance and special assessments do not cost one-fifth as much as rent.

He may cultivate flowers.

He has a fixed habitation and is no longer a nomad.

His children can look back when they are men and women and think of their home. Flat children will be denied this, for how can a child that is moved every two or three years recall pleasantly the dwelling place of their youth?

When old age comes he cannot be turned into the street by a land lord. Hundreds of working men have paid



man of family and every man who expects to have a family should put forth all his energies to secure a home of his own, one located in a pleasant place where he enjoys living and possessing the common luxuries.

cially those who live in dark flats want a home with a garden. The question is whether this great thing be accomplished by the wage earner. It is possible, but it will require the greatest frugality and good luck in being free

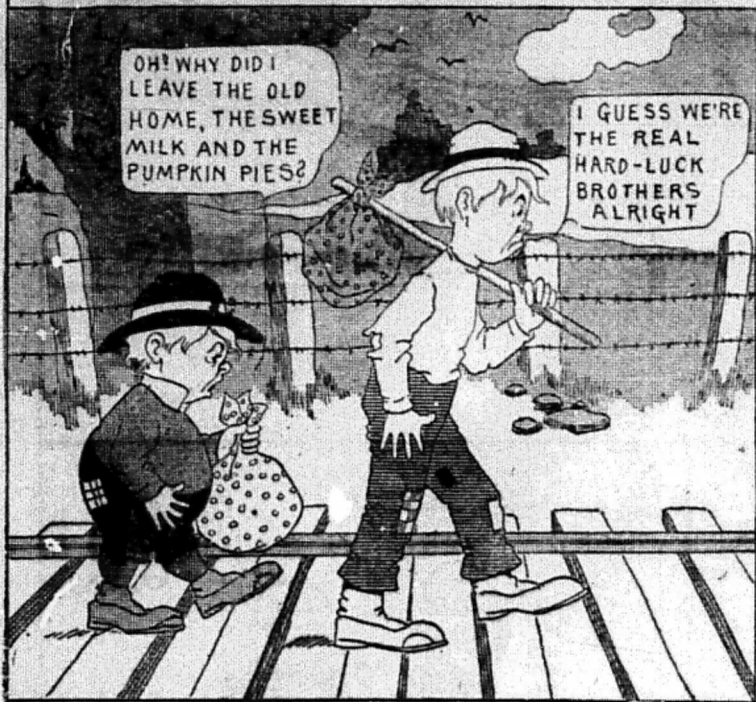
Cottages like these are within reach of the better paid workmen. In Chicago and vicinity they will cost between \$3,000 and \$4,500 to build. In other places, where materials and labor are cheaper, the houses can be erected at less cost. But where labor is cheap fewer houses are built. The designs illustrated are by Talmadge & Watson.



He has a garden which produces fresh vegetables in season, gives pleasure exercise and a satisfaction that makes life happier. He has fruit trees and fruit producing vines.

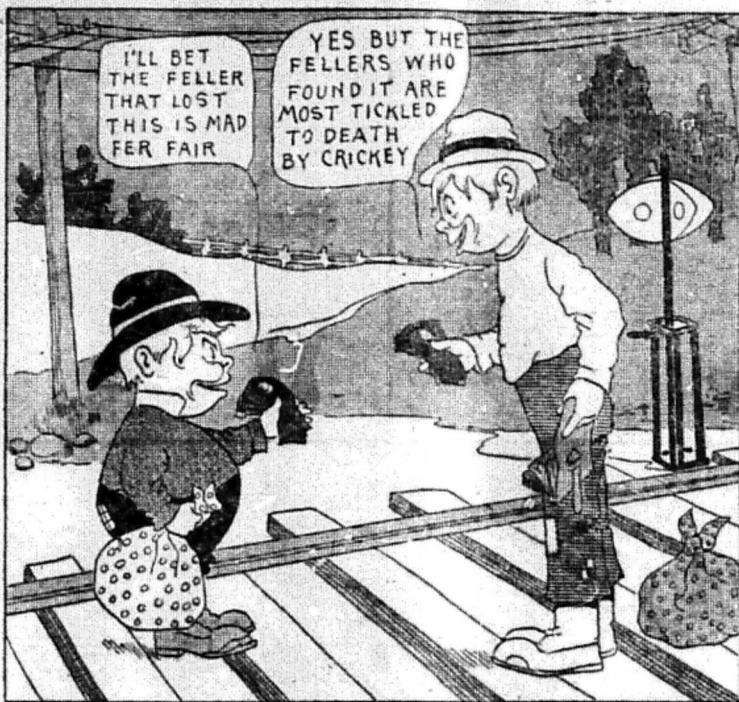
for their houses and hundreds of others could do the same if they once realized the importance and pleasure in such a step. Ownership will pay big dividends on a big investment of frugality and painful saving.

GOUSIN BILL ~ FROM THE CITY



OH! WHY DID I LEAVE THE OLD HOME, THE SWEET MILK AND THE PUMPKIN PIES?

I GUESS WE'RE THE REAL HARD-LUCK BROTHERS ALRIGHT



I'LL BET THE FELLER THAT LOST THIS IS MAD FER FAIR

YES BUT THE FELLERS WHO FOUND IT ARE MOST TICKLED TO DEATH BY CRICKETY

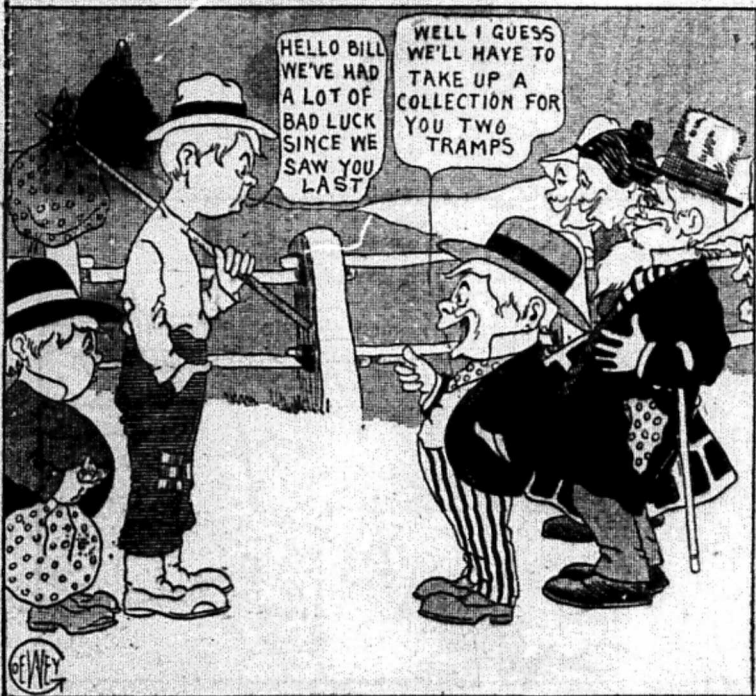


HI! GET READY FOLKS - HERE COME THE PRODIGAL SONS

WE STAYED HOME AND WORKED WHEN I WAS A BOY

BET THEY'RE SORRY THEY WENT TO THE CITY

IT SURE BE THE BOYS



HELLO BILL WE'VE HAD A LOT OF BAD LUCK SINCE WE SAW YOU LAST

WELL I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE UP A COLLECTION FOR YOU TWO TRAMPS



OH! I GUESS WE AIN'T SO AWFUL POOR

AND NOW SMARTY WE'RE GOING TO TAKE EVERYBODY BUT YOU OVER TO THE STORE AND BUY THEM SOMETHING GOOD



WELL I GUESS THAT'S A COUNTRY JOKE ON ME ALL RIGHT

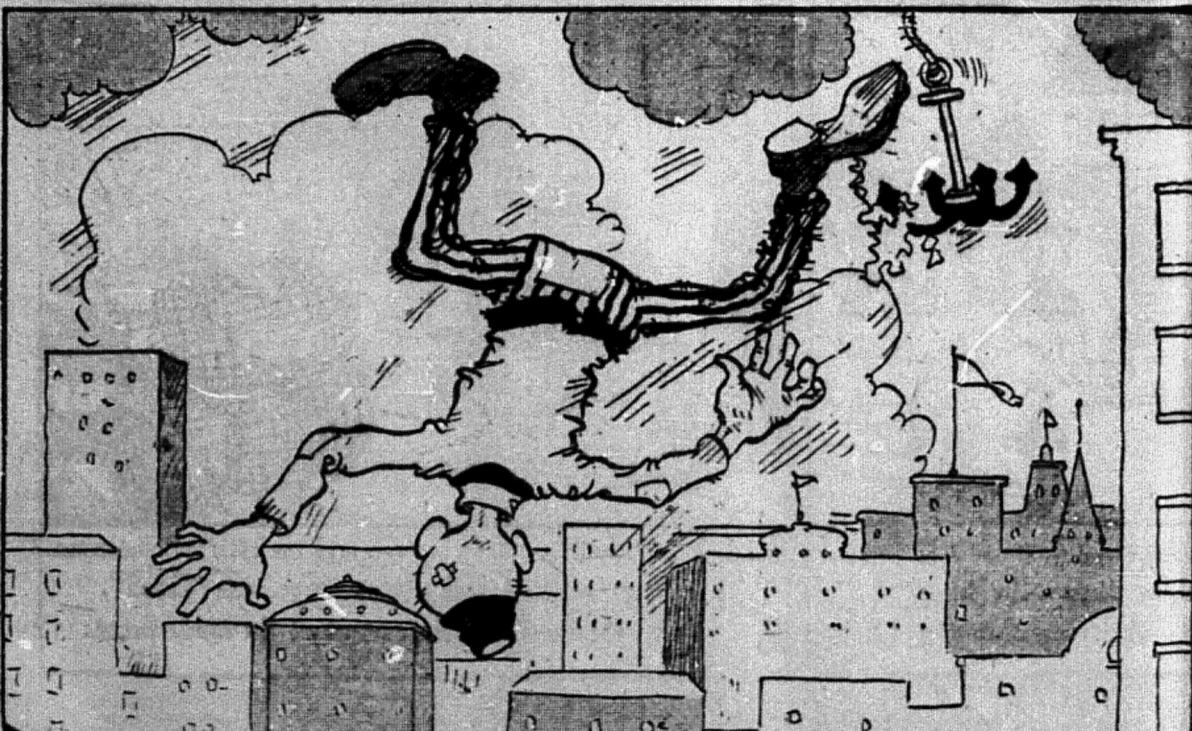
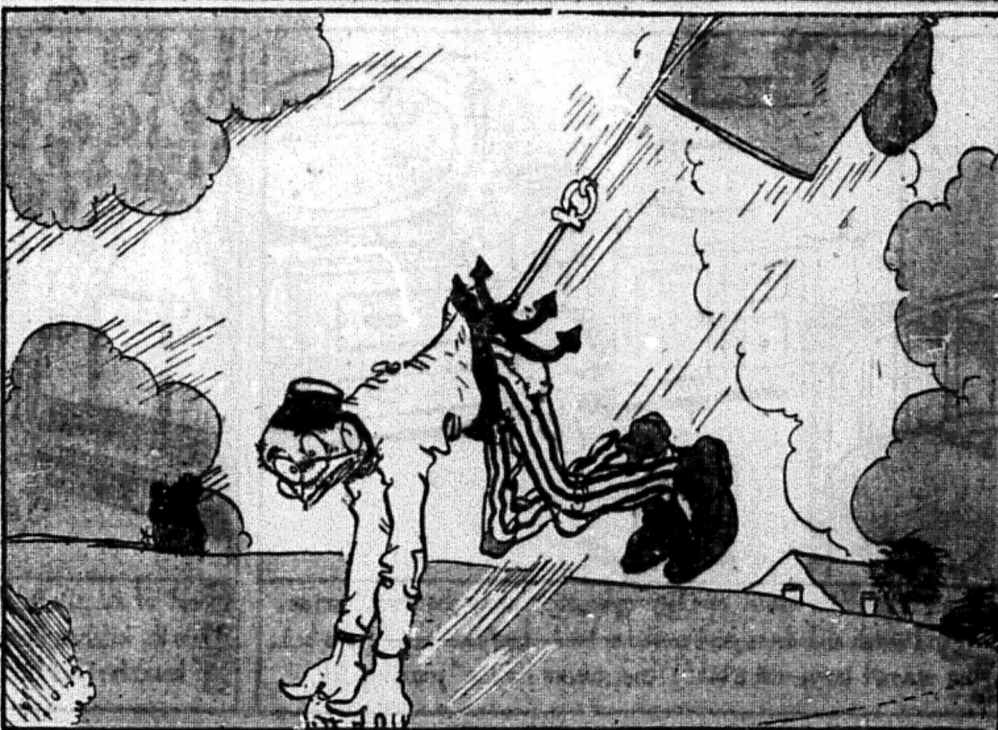
I ALLERS SAID THEM WAS MIGHTY SMART BOYS

THIS PAYS BILL UP FOR SOME OF THEM CITY JOKES

MOONEY MIGGLES AND THE MAGIC GAP



AW, SAY DIS LIFE'S TOO SLOW, I WANT SOME EXCITEMENT.



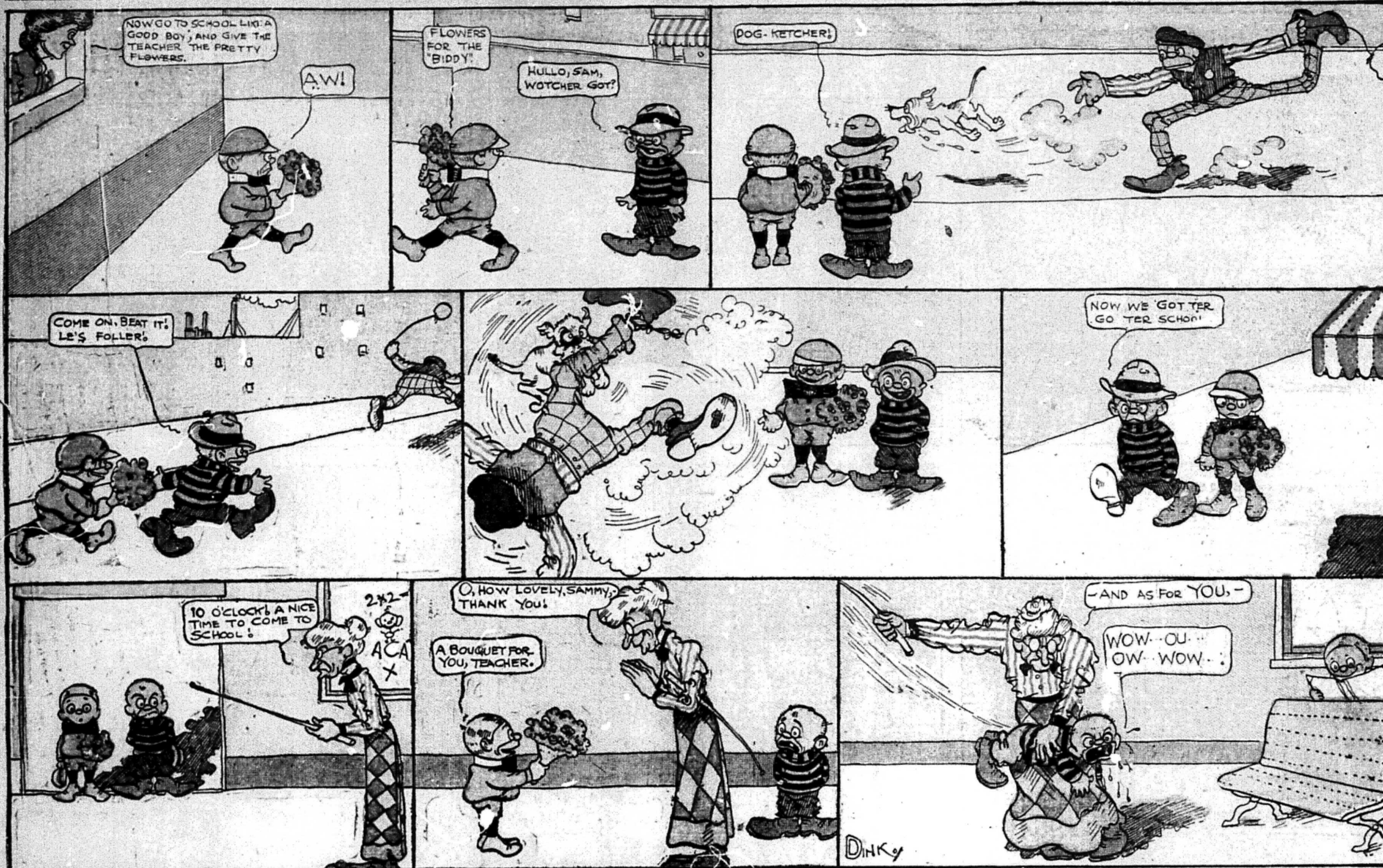
I'VE HAD ALL DE EXCITEMENT I WANT I WISH DIS WUZ ALL A DREAM.



JEE, DAT DREAM HAD ME UP IN DE AIR, ALL RIGHT.

DINK

SAMMY SMALL



PINKIE PRIM

