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Corruption in the Trade Union Movement

The capitalist press of Chicago is reading lectures to the Chicago Federation of Labor because it does not devote its energies to pushing special legislation against corrupt labor leaders.

There is no question but what the corrupt labor leader should be driven out of the trade union movement. Organized labor has no greater enemy.

It was not the self-righteous Post, Tribune, News and those whom they support that put "Skinny" Madden out of the Chicago Federation of Labor.

That the Daily Socialist was correct in its prediction that the attack on "Skinny" was but the prelude to an attempt to reduce wages and disrupt the unions in the building trades has now been proven.

If organized labor DRIVES OUT THE GRAFTERS ITSELF IT WILL NOT WEAKEN, BUT RATHER STRENGTHEN, ITS ORGANIZATION.

If We All Had Been There

When the Garrick audience was told of the present critical condition of the Daily Socialist and its urgent need of assistance its members went down into their pockets and raised a sum equal to about one dollar for every person present.

If the whole great mass of the workers who have made and maintained the Daily Socialist had been present at that meeting they would all have been willing to do as much.

To these thousands of friends we say, as was said to those at the Garrick, "There is need, and urgent need, for general action. The Daily is having a hard fight.

The audience of the Garrick received nothing directly and individually for their contributions. You will receive full value directly and all they did indirectly.

Thieves to Catch Thieves

There was a suspicion recently that all was not quite right with the financial management of the Pennsylvania penitentiary.

The board of management has now passed a resolution providing that henceforth the books of the penitentiary are to be audited every six months by some banker who is confined in the penitentiary.

When Is an Income Tax Constitutional?

When the ruling class needed money during the civil war congress levied an income tax, and the Supreme court declared it to be constitutional.

Some thirty years later, when a bunch of would-be radicals enacted a similar law, the capitalists opposed it, and the Supreme court decided that it was unconstitutional.

Now the treasury is faced with a deficit, the ruling class feel that some sort of a sop must be thrown out to stop the growth of hostility to the great capitalists, and it is rumored that the Supreme court has given out a quiet tip to the effect that if an income law should be passed that it would be declared constitutional.

Hence the conundrum: When is an income tax constitutional? Answer: When they need the money.

Before the Catholic church declares war on Socialism it should read the returns from the Italian elections. The church declared war there several years ago, and its power has been growing less every year since.

It does take nerve for a street railway company to charge up the cost of getting a franchise as a part of its operating expenses that must be paid before the city gets its share.

OUR AMERICAN PEASANTRY

Being a Few Notes on "The Most Independent Man in the World," Taken at Close Range. BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

III. HIS TOBACCO, RUM AND HIS "AGENCIES." Before and after breakfast, dinner, supper, the ceaseless plug is passed around, Zene biting off where last Jeth bit, with charming, naive fraternalism.

Or mayhap the hereditary pipe comes into play, broken of mouthpiece, salivated to the muzzle and blacker than Erebus. With whittled fragments of mephitic plug, rolled in horny palms, the grand old boys fill those rickety weapons and light up, using the blue-death matches, which take an hour to burn, and fill the house with choking sulphur.

In the section where I chanced to dwell, prohibition was in force—which means that drunkness was very prevalent. You understand, of course, that theorists may opine and legislators may decree until they burst, without in any way altering the fact that among the American peasantry, as elsewhere, great numbers of persons still continue to hanker after Noah's heritage, to seek vinous exhilaration and (more's the pity!) to find it, law or no law.

INDIA FOR THE INDIANS

Mr. Buchanan, the Under-Secretary of state in Parliament for India, stated the other day that the government has under serious consideration the question whether it will any longer allow freedom of the press and freedom of speech about India to obtain in this country.

Mr. Buchanan himself is a person of no account whatever, in any respect; but we can scarcely suppose he would have been permitted to make such an announcement without due authority from his chief, Lord Morley, and other members of the cabinet.

Our concern is, of course, with our own paper. We defy Lord Morley and this whole administration of Whig lawyers, Radical turncoats, and Socialist traitors to prosecute "Justice," its editor, contributors, and printers.

We shall continue to say what we have been saying, ever since "Justice" was established more than a quarter of a century ago: That British rule in India is one long record of wrong and robbery; that the people are being bled to death and made easy victims for the plague by our systematic extortion; that Indians are deprived of all control over their own country in that free speech, free press, free trial, freedoms of every sort are being relentlessly sup-

pressed; that wholly innocent men are being transported and kept in prison without the chance of saying a word in their own defense, under enactments worthy of a Sergius or a Plevne; that young university students, guilty only of political offenses of the mildest character, are being publicly flogged by Liberal orders till the blood runs down their backs; that torture in the British prisons, both before and after trial, has been quite common, and is admitted to have been so by British officials; and as a manifest deduction from all these facts, that such a government as this of ours in India is wholly infamous, and a curse alike to the people of India, the people of England, and humanity at large.

This, we repeat, is what we have said, what we shall continue to say, and what we challenge this Liberal government to prevent us from saying.

Furthermore, we contend that Indians, like Hungarians, Italians, Turks, Bulgars, Greeks, and so forth, South Americans are fully entitled to emancipate themselves, as soon as they possibly can, from this hideous despotism of foreign carpet baggers; and that emancipation would be in the highest degree beneficial to the Englishmen as to Indians; for the mass of our countrymen have no interest whatever in maintaining Hindostan as a happy pecuniary hunting ground for our aristocrats, capitalists and middle class.

MARCH

Who's afraid of your cold and blowing. Of your wind and hail and blowing. March? Do the worst that you can do, eh? Rave and blow! But don't I know That the spring is just a-springing? That song sparrow yonder singing? Told me so While you're howling, yowling, squalling. I can hear 't the robins calling: 'Spring! Something new comes with each corner. Bluebird brings a bit of summer. On his wing.

Rave, old wind—your roar and bluster Can't scare pussy-willow's cluster Drowsy woodchucks rouse from sleeping. Wild arbutus vines are creeping. Snowed mountain brooks are leaping. To the lake. All the world stirs, shyly peeping. Half awake. —From March Farm Journal.

Honor to Whom Honor

A Georgia paper says: "He who rides on the rail courts death." It was an Irishman, ridden on a rail, who said that except for the honor of the thing he would just as soon walk.—Houston Post.

Wished His Milkman Kept a Cow

"A lot of poor children were at Rockefeller's stock farm near Cleveland. He gave each of them some milk to drink, the product of a \$2,000 prize cow. "How do you like it?" he asked, when they had finished. "Gee, it's fine!" responded one little fellow, who added, after a thoughtful pause, "I wish my milkman kept a cow." —Sis Hopkins.

Very True

Sally Gay—What a cunning little fellow Mr. Callipers is! Dolly Swift—Cunning? Why, look at him—he's dreadfully boss-legged. Sally Gay—Yes; but that gives him such an arch look, you know.—Pick-Me-Up.

Remembrance

"Did your uncle remember you in his will?" "Yes, he directed his executors to collect all the loans he had made me." —Boston Transcript.

Legs and Legs

After the ways and means committee had been compelled to leave its old quarters and go over to the new house of representatives office building some of his friends were sympathizing with Champ Clark. "It might have been worse, Champ," they said. "Cheer up, Freddy, soon they will have the electric cars running in the subway and then you can ride over." "Yes," replied Clark. "It might have been worse. Reminds me of an Irishman I saw down in St. Louis who had both of his legs cut off by a road train. 'It might have been worse, Mike,' they said. "Sure, Mike replied, 'suppose I had seen a chorus girl.' —Saturday Evening Post.

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making melody and "larrupin" the critters"; that on such and such an occasion Jeth or Sy or Eszy was "hotter 'n a skunk" ("hot" being interpreted as an extreme case of jag); but on the whole the sick got their medicine quietly, and all things are done "decently and in order."

The local druggist pines over diminished sales; the Agent waxeth prosperous. Yet even so, the thirst is not fully assuaged, because not every sufferer can spare the time or horse flesh to drive five miles after medicine. Hence though enforcement has, on the whole, dammed up the rural thirst, it cannot prevent it running over the dam and deluging the landscape with patent medicines and Jamaica ginger, as we shall presently see.

Little kindly amenities take place, these days, between neighbors regarding the Agent, little friendly efforts of the one to save the other from too much medicine. For example, Jeth's woman may object to Amos bringing medicine home and exclaiming Jeth therewith, up in the hay loft, wherefore both good souls are placed on the dry list and must thenceforth have recourse to Zene, their common friend.

Zene takes it upon himself to be sick all three until some other misery knocks him also into the ranks of the compulsory health brigade. Were the "dry" part of New England built along Kentucky lines, picturesque feuds and lots of radical practice would result; but these cooler northern folk take it all out "a-cussin'" and neither blood nor liquor flows. The system is admirable save for the following two or three little points: It fosters ill feeling, promotes hen house conviviality, and is most extremely fatal in its medicinal purpose. Otherwise it is much to be commended.

STRUGGLING FOR EXISTENCE

By JOSEPH E. COHEN Our two Socialist dailies, the Call and the Chicago Daily Socialist, are not the only papers struggling for existence.

Every revolutionary organ is fighting for life. Every conservative mouthpiece is trying to keep from slipping into the quicksand.

Every "independent" journal is striving to keep its head above water. The reactionary, conservative and independent press are at their wits' end. They must maintain their circulation and prestige at all hazards. They have no end of schemes to secure readers and subscriptions and advertisements. They offer all manner of premiums, discounts and prizes. They have contests to learn who can secure the most coupons. They write columns of fulsome praise of every two-by-four society in town. They flatter the ministers of the gospel and print pictures to appeal to the most degraded tastes.

BECAUSE NATURE PLAYS NO FAVORITES. However successful a paper may be, in order to live it must grow more successful. It must not stop growing, or it loses its grip.

The more important struggle, however, is that between the Socialist press on the one hand and the non-Socialist press, whether reactionary, conservative or independent, on the other.

It is the struggle between the makers of wealth and its takers. It is a struggle between the powers of light and those of darkness.

It is a struggle on the part of the Socialist press to tell the truth, the plain, unvarnished, naked truth.

The non-Socialist press tries to turn its eyes from the sunset. The Socialist press haunts the dawn.

It is not a contest for a day or a month or a year. IT IS A LIFE AND DEATH GRAPPLE. Whichever side you take, you will have to fight to the end. One must perish if the other is to survive.

Every ounce of support you give to the Socialist dailies is that much and more taken from the non-Socialist press. Every ounce of support you give means that you will have to give two ounces tomorrow and a pound the day after.

The support, the encouragement, the sacrifices, you make today are not all that will be required. They are only an earnest of the greater support and encouragement you will give and the more splendid sacrifices you will make tomorrow. That is how your papers will live. That is how your cause will prevail.

Are you in the fight to the finish? IS YOUR FREEDOM WORTH ALL THAT?

MUNICIPAL WIRELESS WANTED

A municipal wireless telegraph station on top of City Hall tower of Philadelphia, to be established by the Central High school, will be recommended in the annual report of Chief McLaughlin. The top of the city hall tower, Sullivan of the electrical bureau when it goes to Director of Public Safety Clay next week.

More than ordinary interest is aroused in this proposition, in view of the fact that in the interruption of ordinary telegraph service with Washington and other points last Thursday the government wireless station at the Philadelphia navy yard was the only direct source of communication with the national capital.

With the city owning and operating a wireless plant from the top of City Hall tower, Chief McLaughlin says, it would have been possible to have received all the messages sent from the Washington stations.

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THE TRUTH OF IT

A shadow is our little hour Within Life's lifted light; A shifting of the lamp, and lo! The shadow sleeps in night.

A pressure at the heart is life; A longing in the eye; A word unspoken, quivering Upon the lips a sigh;

A sunbeam on a billow's crest That dies when falls the wave; A breath of evanescent wind Blown over Summer's grave.

If life so brief a thing may be How firmly should we hold The treasure that is ours today, The noontide with its gold!

For all we hold of life and time May suddenly depart When Death's voice, passionate and strong, Calls to the wayward heart.

Legs and Legs After the ways and means committee had been compelled to leave its old quarters and go over to the new house of representatives office building some of his friends were sympathizing with Champ Clark.

"It might have been worse, Champ," they said. "Cheer up, Freddy, soon they will have the electric cars running in the subway and then you can ride over."

"Yes," replied Clark. "It might have been worse. Reminds me of an Irishman I saw down in St. Louis who had both of his legs cut off by a road train. 'It might have been worse, Mike,' they said. "Sure, Mike replied, 'suppose I had seen a chorus girl.' —Saturday Evening Post.

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EXTRACT FROM A NOVEL

"He felt that she was above him."

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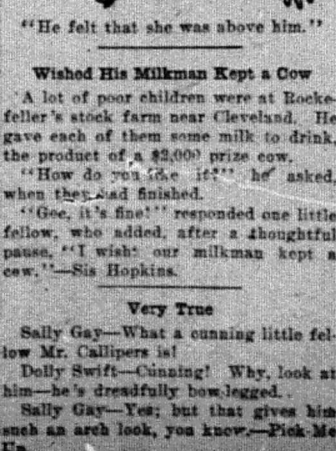
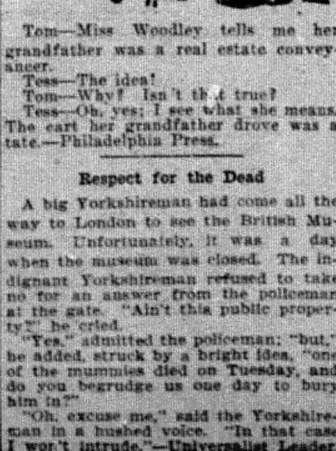
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Is Kindness Financially Profitable? The opposition to Judge Cleland's probation system of administering justice do not wish that wrong shall prevail; they think the old way right and the new way wrong.

When they come to see that cruelty and revenge can never be right, that it is always wrong to oppress the weak and unfortunate, then they will be in favor of that love and kindness which is the basic principle of Judge Cleland's probation plan.

As a "charity," the banks near Judge Cleland's Maxwell street court offered to donate \$5 to every probationer who would deposit his savings and keep his promise to reform for one year.

The actual demonstration of this bank plan proved it was not charity at all, but a financially profitable business for the banks. The probationers became good, industrious citizens; they earned more money than they spent; they deposited the surplus in the banks; the banks loaned the money to the local merchants at a low rate of interest.

Somewhere I read that "Godliness is profitable." Now, God certainly never intended that thousands of Chicago's men should be locked in the bridewell every year and their families left to spend "on charity" because the husbands and fathers were not able each to do his duty and costs for violating some city ordinance, was in many cases the offender never knew such a law existed. I think God never intended this, because it is not profitable.

The treating of these people right has proven itself to be profitable to the people themselves, to the taxpayers and to every other living being; and I would go farther and say that the thought of government by kindness, that Judge Cleland administers every day in his court, goes on, and fills not only the man who formerly beat his wife, and now treats her like a queen, but that man will treat every man and woman as he would wish to be treated with kindness all his life, and on and on will go the thought of kindness, till all shall know that God is love, and love is kindness, and kindness is justice—and the kind of justice that will prevent crime, and the prevention is what the world has been looking for for thousands of years.

Christ, who lives, does not give us the right to sin no more. So, while we look for the answer to the question, "What shall we do with our criminal classes?" suppose we try Christ's method—substitute love and kindness for cruelty and revenge, and see how that works.

The old cruel method is an absolute failure—always has been and always will be. The new method can be no possibility be worse, so no harm can come to anyone by trying the profitable plan.

So men voted that Judge Cleland's picture be taken down publicly from the courtroom where he first tried the "love and kindness" method, and afterward their hearts failed within them, and they refused to sign the official order to take down this picture. No man or combination of men can lessen the influence for good of Judge Cleland's law of love. By ordering his picture down, and leaving it up, they only exact the reward of respect that that picture was put there to represent.

That picture is not Judge Cleland's picture—it is a human effort to exact the newer justice that he is preaching in court and out of court.

Some judges have said, "Yes, he is doing that, but why does he go about telling everyone about it? We all do the same thing sometimes." These same judges will soon see that love and kindness is real justice. Then they will do this same thing all the time, and will tell the good news of the gospel of love and kindness for the good of all.

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