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NEW YORK, JUNE, 29, 1907

PRICE 2 CENTS.

ORCHARD PROVEN MINE OWNERS TOOL.

First Witnesses for Defense Quickly Expose Relations of Assassin With Hirelings Employed by Corporations to Destroy the Organizations of Labor.

Weakness of State's Case Against Haywood Suddenly Exposed—McParland Failed to Deliver the Goods—Orchard Only Prop Prosecution Has to Lean On—Lid of Capitalist Conspiracy Will Be Taken Off.

By Hermon F. Titus.

(Special Correspondent of The Worker.)

BOISE, Idaho, June 25.—The defense case to-day clearly connects Orchard with Sterling, chief detective of the Mine Owners' Association at Cripple Creek, Colo., during the summer of 1904, prior to the blowing up of the Independence depot.

The witnesses are all independent, having nothing to do with miners' union. They are Mrs. King, who formerly conducted a rooming house in Cripple Creek; her daughter, Frances King, and Mrs. Alice Fitzhugh, who succeeded Mrs. King as landlady of the same boarding house; C. W. Aller, formerly a telegraph operator in the Cripple Creek station; Ira Bilzard, a freight agent employed by the Florence and Cripple Creek Railroad at the time of the explosion at the Independence depot, and Dr. McGee, a physician in the Cœur d'Alene at the time of the Wardner mine explosion.

Mrs. King testified to Orchard having visited Sterling at her house, while latter was boarding there, Orchard always coming up back stairs. Miss King corroborated mother's testimony, and Mrs. Fitzhugh said she saw Orchard in Sterling's room at least a dozen times. Also that she saw McKinney, who was charged with putting spikes on the Florence and Cripple Creek Railroad in order to cause a wreck to be charged to miners, in Sterling's room after McKinney had been released from jail.

These witnesses made excellent impression. Miss King acted more like a lady on the stand than did Governor Peabody's daughter who was so flattered by the reporters of the New York "Times" and "Sun".

Aller declared he saw Orchard in company with Sterling and D. C. Scott, a detective of the railroad company, all together in Scott's room at the Cripple Creek depot. Orchard's own testimony connected him with Sterling in the fall of 1903. He has been shown to be a mine owners' detective for many months and at exact time he made first acquaintance of Haywood and Pettibone.

Bilzard related about putting bloodhounds on the trail to get men who perpetrated the Independence depot outrage, and said he was told by Sterling to call off the dogs when they had got on the scent, Sterling saying he knew who did it.

Dr. McGee testified Orchard told him at Burke, Canyon, in summer of 1904 he was a spotter. Doctor was sure of date. Orchard's testimony places him at San Francisco at this time. Three other witnesses testified Orchard called Steunenberg vile name and wondered latter had not been killed. Orchard said he would have been a rich man but for him and he would kill him if nobody else did.

Witnesses for defense all fine looking lot, quite in contrast to mean looking men like Major Naylor of Cripple Creek.

Prosecution made hard fight against admitting evidence taking lid off the mine owners' deportations of miners in 1904. Darrow made the best speech yet made against such one-sided ruling as would exclude this important information.

Judge Wood overruled the state's objection to admitting this, but indicated he might change this ruling later.

The state is plainly afraid to have the counter conspiracy of the mine owners and Pinkertons revealed. Conspiracy by labor is all they want to show but conspiracy by capital must be concealed.

Defense is making a strong showing and visible impression.

STATE'S COLLAPSE CAUSES SURPRISE.

BOISE, Idaho, June 21.—The case of the state of Idaho, alias the Pinkerton Detective Agency, alias the Mine Owners' Association, alias "Standard Oil", alias Capital, against William D. Haywood, representative of Labor, for the alleged murder of ex-Governor Steunenberg, was closed to-day (Friday) in Judge Wood's court at Boise.

We can hardly realize the fact. Just as we were preparing to fortify our minds against a tremendous array of evidence showing "the bloody trail" promised by Hawley's opening address for the prosecution, when we were holding our breath in apprehension of the awful revelations held in reserve for seventeen months and now at last to be precipitated on us by 150 witnesses; swiftly the fear disappeared and we are left gasping with relief and joy. THE PROSECUTION HAS NO CASE! THE STATE HAS FAILED! ORCHARD IS THEIR WHOLE HOPE!

They have closed their testimony. They have sent home half their witnesses after paying enormous sums to get them here. They have not connected Haywood with Orchard's deeds—EXCEPT THRU ORCHARD'S OWN TESTIMONY. We cannot credit the evidence of our own eyes and ears. Yet it is a fact—THE STATE RESTS!

"Is This All?"

For once the motion, the stock motion, to dismiss the case without hearing the defense, is no form. Even friends of the state, the deluded citizens of Boise and of Idaho, are waking up and asking, "Is this all?" Judge Wood declined to give his reasons for denying defendant's motion to acquit. With good reason, for there were no reasons to give. If he had reviewed the evidence in order to give reasons for not stopping the case here and now, he would have been stumped. Wisely he refrained.

Now the prosecution's defenders resort to the lame assertion, "The state will have a better case when the defense has made out its case." Well!

Continued on page 6.

DARROW'S ARGUMENT TO DISMISS CASE

Attorney for Defense Analyzes Testimony of Prosecution and Shows Clearly No Evidence Has Been Presented That Connects Haywood with Orchard's Crimes—State's Showing So Weak That Jury Need Not Act.

[The following is a stenographic verbatim report of the argument made by Attorney Clarence Darrow, on Friday, June 21, 1907, in support of the motion for the Court to take the case of Haywood from the jury. Judge Wood refused to grant the motion.]

Your Honor, it is not necessary for me to go over this evidence because I think Mr. Richardson has gone carefully over the evidence of all of the witnesses in this case. I shall only attempt to notice what Mr. Borah has said in reference to connecting this defendant with the case. I take it that the reading of authorities is of very little use here. The statute is just about as plain, it seems to me, as the remarks of the court upon the statute, itself plain. The statute explains itself and when it is enlarged upon, it is possibly obscure.

Before anybody can be convicted where the evidence of an accomplice is used there must be other evidence which directly connects the defendant with the commission of the crime. I don't know how any language could make it much plainer. Before the defendant in this case can be convicted there must be corroborating evidence which directly connects his link with the murder of ex-governor Steunenberg. Now where is it? We have had a list of one hundred and fifty witnesses presented to us. We have listened to some fifty of all sorts. And in summing this up counsel only draws attention to a letter addressed to Caldwell in connection with a draft which he cannot claim by the wildest flight of imagination tends to connect this defendant directly with the commission of this crime.

What is there to show that this defendant William D. Haywood had anything to do with the murder of ex-governor Steunenberg? What is there that will, standing alone in this case, if the evidence of Harry Orchard was not admitted? Now, let us see: It takes something besides general statements and intemperate charges to make a case of murder against a citizen, especially with the court. Some of those things might go with a jury, but when it comes to connecting a man with the crime of murder there must be something specific, something definite to show that the defendant is guilty of a particular act charged.

Where is the Conspiracy?

First, we are told there is a conspiracy and the word "conspiracy" covers a multitude of sins and it always has—especially the sins of the state. As a general rule it has been somewhat discarded in more enlightened times. It always was a convenient way to get rid of someone whom the particular people in charge wished to get rid of at the time. They charge him with the conspiracy and then the court had to let it go when that charge was made.

If there is a conspiracy in this case, what is it? When was it born and who were parties to it? Is it claimed there was any conspiracy to murder ex-Governor Steunenberg? If so, when and where and who? Is it claimed that there was a general conspiracy to murder governors? Who was engaged, and when and where and what? Was there a conspiracy to kill everybody or anybody or any particular class or any particular person? If so, when and where and who, and what is the evidence upon which any such conspiracy is urged or charged in this case?

Senator Borah says away back in 1890 the governor of this state got into some difficulty with the organization of the Western Federation of Miners. Assume that is true, and for the purpose of this argument I concede, with him, that it is not necessary to go into the question of who was right or who was wrong. There was some difficulty between ex-Governor Steunenberg and the Western Federation of Miners, and a thousand of them, of the miners, according to the evidence so far in this case, were put in the bull-pen. It may have been entirely justifiable or it may not. Does it follow from that that every man who was in the bull-pen or every member of the Western Federation of Miners, or every miner, or any other large class of people entered into a conspiracy to kill a governor seven years later? It is absurd upon the face of it.

The Substance of It.

Do you suppose a miner could be brought into this court and because he happened to be in the bull-pen, and because he happened to use intemperate language in 1890 or in 1900 over a political matter upon which all sorts of people expressed their opinion in the freest possible way, that he could be charged with conspiracy? If so, there isn't a member of Congress, there isn't a senator who could not be charged with conspiracy upon the one side or the other. I undertake to say there was not a political speaker who went up and down the state of Idaho

THE "TIMES" DUPLICITY

Reached the Limit in Its Report of Darrow's Speech on Monday.

Those who believed that the New York "Times" could not sink to the lowest level of base misrepresentation in its reports of the Haywood trial must have had their illusions dispelled on Tuesday last, when the report of Darrow's opening speech at Boise on Monday appeared. That report contained absolutely no allusion whatever to Darrow's story of Prosecuting Attorney Hawley's connection with the Western Federation of Miners when it was formed under Hawley's direction in 1892. Hawley, it will be remembered in his opening speech for the state, had declared the Federation was a criminal organization from the beginning.

Since Oscar King Davis' name was not attached to that particular report it may be that the "Times" cut out all reference to Hawley rather than have its readers learn of Hawley's inconsistency (to put it mildly). This does not mean that Davis himself is deemed incapable of such deliberate distortion. He has shown himself capable of any act that would make a case for the prosecution, but he is merely given the benefit of the doubt, under the circumstances. As for the "Times", its cloven hoof has been so plainly and vulgarly displayed in this important case, that it should receive the reproach of every one capable of distinguishing palpable lies from plain truth.

The conduct of the "Times" and other daily papers of this city during this trial has brought home with added force the imperative necessity for a Socialist and labor daily paper in New York.

BLOODY SLAUGHTER OF PITTSBURG WORKERS.

PITTSBURG, June 23.—Of 2,999 deaths reported to the coroner of Allegheny County in 1906, 919 were the result of accidents in mills, mines, or on railroads.

Some of the victims were burned by molten metal, a blast furnace burst, or a huge ladle was upset in the steel mills; others were caught in the rollers in a plate mill, and some were crushed in the machinery of the rail mills. Many were killed in mines by falling slate, some by gas explosions, and others by falls from derricks, scaffolds and like structures. Not a few met their death while working about the numerous electric cranes.

It is admitted that these fatalities were mostly preventable, if proper precautions were taken by the capitalist owners of the different industries, but the people here realize that there would then be less opportunity for Pittsburg to maintain its reputation as a producer of millionaires and philanthropists. Parasitism and Carnegism must be upheld even at the cost of workmen's lives.

ONLY POOR PEOPLE—SO IT DOESN'T MATTER.

Seven lives were sacrificed in the collapse of a New York tenement building last Tuesday, six of them representing an entire proletarian family. An unsafe order had been issued against the building but owing to the negligence of an inspector and the indifference of a contractor, no precautions were taken to make the building safe or to warn the occupants of their danger. The inspector had told the contractor that he "needn't worry" when the latter expressed his doubt as to the safety of the building. The assurance of the one satisfied the doubts of the other altho both knew of the official action of the Bureau of Buildings in declaring that particular tenement unsafe.

But working class life is cheap, so cheap that when contrasted with the salaries of indifferent contractors and inspectors, it becomes insignificant. The city officials are more interested in providing efficient sewage and paving facilities for the "desirable citizens" of Fifth Avenue than to guard human life in the quarters of the poor.

PEOPLE OF PORTUGAL ARE ALSO REVOLTING.

The dismissal of the Parliament of Portugal by Premier Franco last week was followed by large popular demonstrations at Lisbon. The demonstrations reached their climax when the people erected barricades in the streets and fought the troops. Government by "decree" has practically succeeded the dissolution of parliament.

The Premier made a journey from the capital to Oporto expecting to receive an ovation but found the city hoisting trepe to flag-staffs instead of the national emblem. A number of people have been killed by the troops in both cities and popular resentment is at a high pitch.

DEFENSE OPENS.

World Will Now Hear Other Side—Haywood Witnesses Galore.

After weeks of publicity for the prosecution, on Monday last Clarence S. Darrow made the speech to the Haywood jury outlining what the defense expected to prove and to controvert in the testimony to be summoned in Haywood's defense. Darrow spoke for three hours and twenty minutes, and, according to the daily press reports, made a profound impression. He held the closest attention of the jurors with a clear and simple review of what had been presented by the prosecution and what was to follow.

Darrow's eloquence and wit was received at times with manifestations of approval and amusement and his earnest spirit and sincerity strengthened the position of the defense very considerably.

Next week The Worker expects to give a full report of Darrow's speech, which revealed a thorough investigation in every item of Orchard's testimony. A flood of witnesses for the defense, many of them coming voluntarily and at their own expense, are in Boise and it is admitted that the defense are going to make a powerful showing.

On Tuesday, Orchard was recalled to the stand and interrogated by Defense Attorney Richardson on several important points upon which his previous testimony will be impeached. He denied knowing or having conversations with certain witnesses with whom he was confronted, but who are prepared to testify that he made revengeful threats against Steunenberg to them.

The next week will probably see the whole story of Orchard torn to shreds and the mine owners and Pinkerton conspiracy against the western labor organizations laid bare to the world.

"CAN'T CONVICT"

Gompers Declares Testimony of Bestial Brute Not Sufficient Against Haywood.

WASHINGTON, June 25.—Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, in an editorial in the July, "Federalist", issued today, has this to say about the Haywood trial:

"Taking Harry Orchard's description of himself, in his evidence against William D. Haywood, he writes himself down the most consummate scoundrel and bestial brute the world has known."

"Murderer, bigamist, burglar, incendiary, fraud, liar, thief are his titles by crimes which he cheerfully testifies he committed."

"It cannot be imagined that upon the testimony of an incarnate villain so debased any honest American jury will convict a man, who, despite his opinions, has hitherto borne a spotless personal reputation."

ROCKLAND, ME., HOLDS

BIG HAYWOOD MEETING.
Miss Luella Twining spoke to one of the largest meetings ever held in Rockland, Me., last Sunday. The meeting had been advertised with posters which were placed in all the downtown stores and in the street cars.

The meeting was held on the post-office square and the speaker was continually interrupted with cheers and applause. The workmen of Rockland seem to be thoroughly conscious of what it means to the entire labor movement should Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone be sent to the gallows thru unfair and illegal means.

MORE TROUBLE IN JAPAN.

According to the latest advices the miners' strike in northern Japan is spreading to other districts. In the vicinity of Miyanoshiba ten thousand copper miners are out and a number of serious disturbances have occurred. Soldiers have been sent to the scene of the strike and it is claimed that the strikers are arming themselves. As in the case of the February strike at the Ashio mines, the Socialists are charged with fomenting disorder. As the Japanese organ "Hikara", now defunct, counseled peaceful methods at that time, it is more than probable that this latest charge is false.

and throughout the United States who could not be charged with being a party to a conspiracy upon one part or the other. It takes something besides intemperate language, something besides feeling, something besides a cause for prejudice to make out a conspiracy to kill, and there has been nothing else in this case.

That is followed up with reading from the "Miners' Magazine" certain articles showing that those who were then in charge of the "Miners' Magazine" used to intemperate language against ex-Governor Steunenberg. Now, what is there of that? Only one or two articles have been read from the "Miners' Magazine" since Mr. Haywood had anything to do with it, and I submit they are the most temperate of any. You could not compare them for one single moment with one single issue of the "Statesman" of this city or pretty nearly any other newspaper that pretends to discuss the issues to-day, not once for a minute. There were many of them, and the only one there that had any vigor in it was a quotation from a congressman containing a piece of a poem from James Russell Lowell that we used to recite loudly and vigorously when we went to school years ago.

Now that is the conspiracy, and that is all there was of the conspiracy. Just think of it a moment! At that time Mr. Boyce was at the head of the organization. The most vehement of these articles bore his signature. Almost everyone of them were printed when this defendant was an obscure miner working down in the bowels of the earth over here in Silver City. Not a single word from him. Not a single line from him. The articles introduced are written by someone else and are clearly in line with the articles and with the speeches that were delivered and written all over the United States at that time and with which he was in no way connected, and still we are told that everyone of these miners—everyone of these miners and everyone of these people then entered into some conspiracy to commit murder.

The Alternative.

Why, it is of a piece with the statement of one witness in this case, and just think of it. Here is a man who has been followed for years; a man whose every act and whose every word, spoken and written, has been noted for years and able men have been following his footsteps and able people have been collecting from the four corners of the United States every scrap of evidence they could get, and they brought one man here who in 1899, at the very height of this excitement here, may have heard him use some intemperate language in reference to ex-Governor Steunenberg, but not a single individual has been brought upon this stand who ever heard him say one word in the seven years since; and for four years there is not a scrap of evidence in this record that the "Miners' Magazine" ever mentioned the name of Steunenberg and yet we are told, with the possible exception of once, and that was in 1902, I think, but I am not very certain, it was one presidential campaign, and yet we are told that all these men were in a conspiracy to murder.

Supposing these men had been running a great newspaper and had made frequent charges against men high in political life or industrial life, and had published editorials day after day and cartoons day after day in reference to political men and men engaged in industrial affairs; and supposing they are killed, does that prove a conspiracy to murder? Does it prove that they had anything to do with murder? If it has any effect whatever in fastening any crime upon them, it would be safer to shut down the printing presses and forbid public speaking, forbid the discussions of public questions, if possible of any intemperate word of political discussion some one is liable to lose his life on a charge of conspiracy. It would be far better to follow that policy. There can be absolutely nothing in any theory, or the idea that a great labor organization in 1899, or in the years thereafter, soon thereafter, entered into any conspiracy against the life of ex-Governor Steunenberg. Nothing happened long after to establish the evidence to show that a number of men entered into a conspiracy. That may be the theory of the case to bring a verdict from the jury where there is no evidence, but that will not do.

The Only Theory.

That was not the evidence of this self-confessed criminal. His evidence was that this defendant and Mr. Moyer and Mr. Pettibone hired him and gave him directions to kill this man, that man and the other man, and he went here and there to execute those commands just as those commands were given for hire. He did it for so much money, but not that a large number of men or a small number of men were in any general conspiracy to do any

illegal acts, but that certain specific individuals had employed this one to go and do their bidding wherever they saw fit. One man directed him, one man told him to go there, another told him to go there—and of these three men it was generally—almost always, only Haywood or only Pettibone.

Now, that is the only theory upon which any of this evidence, I take it, was presented to this court, or could have any bearing with this jury. If there was any such general conspiracy, your Honor, I want to know why it is that just these three men, or these four men, have been singled out to be indicted and tried before this jury. If there was any general conspiracy at the time, and those men were in the bull pen in 1899, and while other men were in charge of this organization, men whose words have been read and for whom we are to be held responsible, why is it, I ask you, that only these men who at this particular time were in active charge of this organization, why have these men been singled out for slaughter? If your conspiracy is as broad as you say, why not reach out and get them?

It was not presented upon the theory that this man, confessing himself to be an assassin, confessing himself to be hired, that he was employed to do this work and that work, and the other work, and that the men who hired him were responsible for the acts as they would be if there was any legal evidence to connect them. Now, it is perfectly plain that if Harry Orchard confesses that he committed a crime in San Francisco, and then you produce evidence from San Francisco that some such thing was done, that in no way connects this defendant or any one else with the commission of that crime, and so far as that is concerned there is no evidence of crime in San Francisco if his testimony is left out of this case. There is no evidence of any attempt to compass the death of Governor Peabody if his evidence is left out of this case. There is no evidence that any members of the miners' organization ever had anything to do with the Vindicator mine, or with the explosion at the depot, if his evidence is left out of the case, and as to that the first specific charge that is made that these men ever had anything to do with any of these affairs after 1899 was at the time of the explosion of the Vindicator just in the last end of 1903.

Orchard's Story.

In 1899 it was not pretended that Orchard had anything to do with the organization whatever excepting that he had carried a card for thirty days. He knew none of these defendants. He had nothing to do with any of them, he had nothing to do with any of the active members of the organization. He simply held a card for thirty days and got on the train with those other men and went down to this mine, and you hear nothing more of him until the last days of 1903, and then he tells this court and this jury that he went into the Vindicator mine at that time, not even acquainted with any of the parties charged with this indictment, at that time having nothing whatever to do with a single one of them, and did something which not one of them knew anything whatever about; and without his evidence there is not any connection whatever to show that any crime was committed at the Vindicator mine at that time, and if so, not one of these men knew anything about it. The next he says, or while he was a miner there at Cripple Creek, in the midst of a great strike that had been lasting for months, without any specific directions from any one of these defendants, without being hired, he put some powder under the depot at Independence, but as to what he did, there is nothing in this record whatever, excepting his testimony; and he does not swear that he did it at the bidding or on behalf of one of them.

And what followed that? He says that he killed L. E. Gregory. What sort of a conspiracy could exist, or what sort of a conspiracy had been proven or could be imagined to get rid of him? If there was one, where and who was in it, and how was Gregory connected with it? According to his own testimony, he went out with one or two other men, and everything in reference to Gregory rests upon the testimony of Harry Orchard alone. Not another man saw him, not another person ever recognized him, much less connecting this defendant or any other man indicted with him, with the commission of that offense or that crime. And when it comes to the question of Bradley, where he himself has sworn that he attempted to commit a crime, or attempted to commit the crime of murder, there is no evidence in this case that could for one moment even connect Harry Orchard with it excepting the statement of Harry Orchard alone—nothing else, and much less connect any other indi-

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THE SOCIALIST VOTE. The Socialist Party has passed through its third general election. Its growing power is indicated by the increase of its vote:

Table with 2 columns: Year and Vote. 1903 (Presidential) 96,961. 1902 (State and Congressional) 229,762. 1904 (Presidential) 408,230.

Fifty young women stenographers employed by the Health Department of New York City have complained of being overworked. It is shown that the girls have been working two hours extra each day since February without extra pay for it or even for the extra meal they have to buy when down town.

"FRIENDS IN NEED."

At this time, before the presentation of the defense has given them a chance to switchback, it would be well to say something about the attitude assumed by some of the "popular" magazines toward the trial of William D. Haywood at Idaho.

THE SUFFRAGE IN JAPAN.

The rapid economic development of Japan is being accompanied by a number of other factors that make it similar to the development in other countries. One factor is the graft and political corruption which on all sides is acknowledged to exist and the other the growing discontent among the politically disfranchised classes, who are just beginning to agitate for an extension of the suffrage.

IRVING LEWIS.

Irving Lewis, who murdered a little child by burying her alive, howled for a bible as soon as he got into prison. Chester Gillette, under sentence of death for killing the working girl "Billie" Brown last summer, is reported to be finding his way to God thru prayer.

writer witnessing the Moyer-Haywood parade on May 4 last. This department, by the way, is supposed to be under the direction of Finley Peter Dunne ("Mr. Dooley"). True, there are some things in the article we would not stand for, but at any rate it shows that there is another side to the Colorado and Idaho affair, and this is more than other magazines have made any effort to show.

When the trial is over, and the innocence of Haywood and his colleagues of the Western Federation is firmly established, the actions of the "radical" magazines when our comrades were in danger should be remembered with profit to the labor movement and a consequent decrease in profits to the publishers.

ROOSEVELT'S NEW SOP TO LABOR.

President Roosevelt's support of an employers' liability law has elicited favorable comment from many capitalist papers, who are calling attention to a number of facts which, they hold, should commend the recommendation to the employing class.

JUSTIFYING THE "STRONG HAND."

The New York "Evening Post", which poses as a bulwark of individualism as against the encroachment of paternalism, does not hesitate to declare that "the strong hand of government" is necessary on occasion, the occasion invariably being when movements threatening the rule of the exploiting class are concerned.

ELLIS ISLAND.

All this is instructive to us. It shows plainly that the wildest howlers for "constitutional action" and "democratic government" do not intend that these precepts shall hold in the treatment by governments of movements that strike at bourgeois exploitation and misgovernment.

WE DO NOT DESPAIR.

The New York "World" has despaired of receiving a decisive answer to its interrogatory, "What is a Democrat?" The replies were so widely varied and so irreconcilable that the "World" was forced to declare: "If the 'World's' question is unanswerable, then we must conclude that the old barriers between the parties have been broken down, that the parties have merged in all except name and organization, and that there are no longer vital differences between them."

THE MOTHER.

All books noticed in this department can be obtained, at the published price, from the Socialist Literature Company, 15 Spruce Street, New York. The word "net" in the statement of price, indicates that postage or expressage will be charged extra.

THE IDEAL STATE.

The excellence of the social state does not lie in the fullness with which wealth is produced and accumulated, but in the fact that it is so distributed as to give the largest comfort and the widest hope to the general mass of those whose continued efforts constitute the present industry of the nation.

of curiosity to the people of the future, are the following: The constitution of the United States; the suspended writ of habeas corpus; suspended right to a speedy trial; a few bull-pen proclamations; a Roosevelt speech; a democratic platform; Harry Orchard's picture; General Bell's celebrated oration entitled "To Hell With the Constitution;" a plaster cast of a child slave, and any other old thing that identifies the capitalist civilization of to-day.

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CURRENT LITERATURE.

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The excellence of the social state does not lie in the fullness with which wealth is produced and accumulated, but in the fact that it is so distributed as to give the largest comfort and the widest hope to the general mass of those whose continued efforts constitute the present industry of the nation.

ought one's bread. The revolutionist fought without cease to develop every iota of his energy; he must deepen and broaden it; but this demands time. He must always be at the head, because we—the workmen—are called by the logic of history to destroy the old world, to create the new life; and if we yield to exhaustion, or are attracted by the possibility of a little immediate conquest, it's bad—it's almost treachery to the cause. No revolutionist can adhere closely to an individual—walk thru life side by side with another individual—without distorting his faith; and we must never forget that our aim is not little conquests, but only complete victory.

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able work in stirring up the working people, but it can never bring about Socialism. We will have to depend upon some other force, on the great middle class, for instance, to furnish the brains and statesmanship to bring about the transformation.

This viewpoint comes both from a lack of understanding of the organized Socialist movement and of confidence in the working class itself. Those who do not know and understand the working class as it is, who cannot grasp the extent of its inherent power and the significance of its present economic and political organization and who retain the bourgeois idea that salvation can only come thru some hero or higher power, these people cannot begin to understand that the Socialist Party, the proletarian political organization, is a party of action as well as agitation, that it proposes, not only to elect a Socialist mayor "to confiscate street railroads", but to capture the whole powers of government and administer them in the interests of the working class for immediate purposes as well as for the ultimate Social Revolution.

It cannot be denied that the Socialist Party in this country has not so far risen to its opportunities as a practical political party. We are far behind Europe in this regard. But this admitted, it must also be said that this is due as much as anything to the tendency of well known Socialists like Sinclair to declare their opinion that "the Socialist Party is a party of agitation rather than administration". This leads those agitated to the conclusion that the Socialists do not want to acquire political power for their own party so much as to elect a Hearst or a Bryan, with the result that the Bryans and Hearsts get the benefit of Socialist agitation. This also partly explains why the Socialist Party has not increased in membership and political strength commensurate with the tremendous circulations of certain Socialist papers which Sinclair loves to cite in his books as representative Socialist propaganda literature. The task of supporting the party organization, of educating the working class to its function as a political factor and administrator, is left to the few papers that struggle against the more popular and superficial and noisier agitation.

Holding the view above quoted, it is quite natural for Comrade Sinclair to devote several pages of his book to a biography of Mr. Hearst, ending with the declaration, "I believe that Mr. Hearst is to-day as sincere a man as we have in political life." And this was written within a few weeks after Hearst's disgusting alliance with Tammany in the New York campaign! After that, is it any wonder that in the elections last year the Socialist Party vote fell, while our agitation apparently only served the purpose of feeding the campaign for "Americanism" of Hearst and his colleagues in New York and elsewhere? If the Socialist Party does become the active political force it ought to be, it will be in spite of the influences which continually arise in its own ranks to retard it.

Further, there is nothing very inspiring in having the Socialist Party pictured, as Comrade Sinclair does, as an aggregation of wind-jammers with no other reason for existence than to be used as a horrible example to scare politicians into being good and into giving us "something now". Neither is it encouraging to be told that as far away as 1912, when the great crisis is on, the party will have only reached the stage where its "mayors will be confiscating street railroads and clapping obstructive judges into jail." We are not going to be the main squeeze, after all. We'll be merely hopping around on the outskirts of the political battlefield, doing guerrilla chores, while William Abraham Lincoln Randolph Hearst is the center of things, turning the crank of the machine which is to evolve the Industrial Republic, like a roll of insoucious sausage. If this is all the Socialist Party is to be in that great day, then what's the use? Why not join the Independence League and toot our horn from the front seats of the Hearst band wagon?

Incidentally, Comrade Sinclair remarks that he is "inclined to think the Democratic candidate for president next year will be Mr. Bryan; and I am sorry, in a way, because that will put him out of the race in 1912. I conceived an intense admiration for Mr. Bryan after his last speech in New York City." Too bad to have Mr. Bryan's nomination next year change the course of future history. Can't Comrade Sinclair use his influence to try and prevent it? A mere detail like that should be quite easy to one who has promulgated a whole revolution to order.

But perhaps Comrade Sinclair has only allowed his poetic fancy to run away with him. There is always a temptation to dream about the Industrial Republic, we are so anxious for it, and it seems so far away at times. And Comrade Sinclair is not an economist, but a novelist. And this book, altho not especially new, and despite some economic confusion, is readable, and actually enjoyable in the very chapter I have most criticized. Indeed, if Sinclair were at all a humorist, I would almost hazard he had attempted a whimsical satire rather than a serious prophecy.

W. J. M.

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THE WALKING DELEGATE.

(CONTINUED.)

By Leroy Scott.

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(CHAPTER XII.—Continued.)

Pete's mouth fell agape at sight of him. "Hello! You look like you been ticklin' a grizzly under the chin!" Tom noted the relishing grins of the Foley tellers. "The trouble downstairs is all over. I'll tell you all about it after awhile," he said shortly, and sat down just behind Pete to watch the voting.

Up to this time the balloting had been light. But now the hall began to fill, and the voting proceeded rapidly—and orderly, too, thanks to the policemen on the stairway and in the street. Tom, his clothes "lookin' like he tried to take 'em off without unbuttonin'," as a Foley teller whispered, his hat battered down over his eyes, sat tilted against the wall scanning every man that filed past the box. As man after man had his membership card stamped "voted," and dropped in his ballot, Tom's excitement rose, for he recognized the majority of the men that marched by as of his following.

At nine o'clock Pete leaned far back in his chair. "Lookin' great, ain't it?" he whispered.

"If it only keeps up like this." That it might not was Tom's great fear now. "Oh, it will, don't you worry." The line of voters that marched by, and by, bore out Pete's prediction, as Tom's counting eyes saw. He had the wild exultation and throbbing weakness of the man who is on the verge of success. But the possibility of failure, the cause of the weakness, became less and less as time ticked on and the votes dropped into the ballot-box. His enthusiasm grew. Dozens of plans flashed thru his head. But his eyes never left that string of men who were deciding his fate and that of the union.

At half past ten Tom was certain of his election. Pete leaned back and gripped his hand. "It's a cinch, Tom. It's a shame to take the money," he whispered.

Tom acquiesced in Pete's conviction with a jerk of his head, and watched the passing line, now grown thin and slow, drop in their ballots, his certainty growing doubly sure.

Fifteen minutes later Foley entered the hall, whispered a moment with Hogan at the door, a moment with Connelly, and then went out again. Tom thought he saw anxiety showing thru Foley's ease of manner, and to him it was an advance taste of triumph.

Tom wished eleven o'clock had come and the door was locked. The minutes passed with such exhausting slowness. A straggling voter dropped in his ballot—and another straggler—and another. Tom looked at his watch. Two minutes had passed since Foley's visit. Another straggling voter. And then four men appeared in a body at the door, all apparently the worse for Foley's hospitality. Tom saw the foremost present his card. Hogan glanced at it, and handed it back. "You can't vote that card; it's expired," Tom heard him say.

"What's that?" demanded the man, threateningly. "That card's expired, I said! You can't vote it! Get out!" "I can't vote it, hey!" There was an oath—a blow—a surprisingly light blow to produce such an effect, so it seemed to Tom—and Hogan staggered back and went to the floor. There was a scuffle; the tables on which lay the ballots toppled over, and the ballots went fluttering. By this time Tom reached the door, policemen had rushed in and settled the scuffle, and the four men were being led from the room.

Hogan was unhurt, but Jackson was soazed from a blow that Tom had to get another man in his place. The minutes moved toward eleven with slow, ticking steps. Two stragglers... at long intervals. At a few minutes before eleven the exhausting monotony was enlivened by the entrance of eight men, singing boisterously and jostling each other in alcoholic jollity. They marked their ballots and stammered in a group to the ballot-box. Two tried to deposit their ballots at once.

"Leave me alone, will youse?" cried one, with an oath, and struck at the other. The ballot-box slipped across to the edge of the table. Connelly, who sat just behind the box, made no move for its safety. "Hey, stop that!" cried Pete and sprang across to seize it. But he was too late. The one blow struck, the eight were instantly delivering blows, and pushing and swearing. The box was knocked forward upon the floor, and the eight sprawled pell-mell upon it.

Tom and the tellers sprang from behind the tables upon the scuffling heap, and several policemen rushed in from the hallway. The men, once dragged apart, subsided and gave no trouble. They were allowed to drop their ballots in the box, now back in its place on the table, and were then led out in quietness by the officers. Pete turned about, struck with a sudden fear. "I wonder if that was a trick!" he whispered.

Tom's face was pale. The same fear had come to him. "I wonder!" In another five minutes the door was locked and the tellers were counting the ballots. Among the first hundred there was perhaps a score that bore no mark except a cross before Foley's name. Pete looked again at Tom. With both fear had been replaced by certainty. "The box's been stuffed!" Pete whispered.

Tom nodded. His only hope now was that not enough false ballots had been got into the box to carry the election. But as the count proceeded, this hope left him. And the end was equal to his worst fears. The count stood: for walking delegate, Foley 768, Keating 703; for president, Keating 763, Foley's man 595; all the other Foley candidates won by a slight margin. The apparent inconsistencies of this count Tom readily understood even in the first few minutes. Foley's running ahead of his ticket was to be explained on the ground that the brief time permitted of a cross being put before his name alone on the false ballots; his own election to the unimportant presidency, and the failure of his other candidates was evidently caused by several of his followers splitting their tickets and voting for the minor Foley candidates.

As the count had proceeded Tom had exploded more than once, and Pete had made lurid use of his gift. When Connelly read off the final results Tom exploded again. "It's an infernal steal!" he shouted. "Even if it is, what can we do?" returned Connelly.

Words ran high. But Tom quickly saw the uselessness of protests and accusations at this time. His great desire now was to take his heat and disappointment out into the street; and so he gave evasive answers to Pete and Barry, who wanted to talk it over, and made his way out of the hall alone.

Cheers and laughter were ascending from the bar-room. As he was halfway down the stairs the door of the saloon opened, and Foley came out and started up, followed by a number of men. Among them Tom saw several of the drunken group that had upset the ballot-box; and he also saw that they probably had not been more sober in years.

"Why, hello, Tom!" Foley cried out on sight of him. "D'youse hear the election returns?" Tom looked hard at Foley's face with its leering geniality, and he was almost overmastered by a desire to hurl himself upon Foley and annihilate him. "You infernal thief!" he burst out. Foley sided toward him across the broad step. "I'll pass that by. I can afford to, for youse 're about wiped out. I guess youse've had enough."

"Enough?" cried Tom. "I've just begun!" With that he brushed by Foley and passed thru the door onto into the street. CHAPTER XIII. THE DAY AFTER.

The distance to Tom's home was half a hundred blocks, but he chose to walk. Anger, disappointment, and underlying these the hopeless sense of being barred from his trade, all demanded the sympathy of physical exertion—and, too, there was the inevitable meeting with his wife. Walking would give him an hour before that.

It was after one when he opened the hall door and stepped... his flat. Thru the dining-room he could see the gas in the sitting-room was turned down to a point, and could see Maggie lying on the couch, a flowered comforter drawn over her. He guessed she had stayed up to wait for his report. He listened. In the night's dead stillness he could faintly hear her breath come deep and regular. Seizing at the chance of postponing the scene, he cautiously closed the hall door, and, sitting down on a chair beside it, removed his shoes. He crossed on tip-toe toward their bedroom, but his foot betrayed him by a creak. He turned quickly about. There was Maggie, propped up on one arm, the comforter thrown back.

She looked at him for a space without speaking. Thru all his other feelings Tom had a sense that he made anything but a brave figure, standing in his stocking feet, his shoes in one hand, hat and overcoat on. "Well?" she demanded at length. Tom returned her fixed gaze, and made no reply to her all-inclusive query.

Her hands gripped her covering. She gave a gasp. Then she threw back the comforter and slipped to her feet. "I understand!" she said. "Everything! I knew it! O-o-h!" There were more resentment and recrimination packed into that prolonged "oh" than she could have put into an hour's upbraiding. Tom kept himself in hand. He knew the futility of explanation, but he explained. "I won, fairly. But Foley robbed me. He stuffed the ballot-box."

"It makes no difference how you lost! You lost! That's what I've got to face. You know I didn't want you to go into this. I knew you couldn't win. I knew Foley was full of tricks. But you went in. You lost wages. You threw away money—our money! And what have you got to show for it all?" Tom let her words pass in silence. On his long walk he had made up his mind to bear her fury quietly. "Oh, you!" she cried thru clenched teeth, stamping a bare foot on the floor. "You do what you please, and I suffer for it. You wouldn't take my advice. And now you're out of a job and can't get one in your trade. How are we to live? Tell me that, Tom Keating? How are we to live?" Only the word he had passed with himself enabled Tom to hold himself in after this outburst. "I'll find work."

plung the comforter. Tom silently watched the workings of her passion for a moment. He realized the measure of right on her side, and his sense of justice made his spirit unbend. "If we have to live close, it'll only be for a time," he said. "Oh, my God!" she moaned. He grimly turned and went into the bedroom. After a while he came out again. She had drawn the comforter over her, but her irregular breathing told him she was still awake. "Aren't you coming to bed?" he asked.

She made no answer, and he went back. For half an hour he tossed about. Then he came into the sitting-room again. Her breath was coming quietly and regularly. He sat down and gazed at her handsome face for a long, long time, with misty, wondering thoughts. Then he rose with a deep-drawn sigh, took part of the covering from the bed, and spread it over her sleeping figure. He tossed about long before he fell into a restless sleep. It was early when he awoke. He looked into the sitting-room. Maggie was still sleeping. He quickly dressed himself in his best suit (the one he had had on the night before was beyond further wearing), noting with surprise that his face bore few marks of conflict, and stole quietly out.

Tom's disappointment and anger were too fresh to allow him to put his mind upon plans for the future. All day he wandered aimlessly about, talking over the events of the previous night with such of his friends as chance put in his path. Late in the afternoon he met Pete and Barry, who had been looking for work since morning. They sat down in a saloon and talked about the election till dinner time. It was decided that Tom should protest the election and appeal to the union—a move they all agreed had little promise. Tom found a soothing gratification in the verbal handling of the affair, there was an ease, a broadness, a completeness, to Pete's profanity that left nothing to be desired; so that Tom was prompted to remark, with a half smile: "If there was a professorship of your kind of English over at Columbia University, Pete, you'd never have to put on overalls again!"

Tom had breakfasted in a restaurant, and lunched in a restaurant, and after Pete and Barry left he had dinner in one. It was a cheap and meager meal; with his uncertain future he felt it wise to begin to count every cent. Afterwards he walked about the streets till eight, bringing up at Ruth's boarding-house. The colored maid who answered his ring brought back the message: "Miss Arnold says will you please come up."

He mounted the stairway behind the maid. Ruth was standing at the head of the stairs awaiting him. She wore a loose white gown, held in at the waist by a red girdle, and there was a knot of red in her heavy dark hair. Tom felt himself go warm at sight of her, and there began a throbbing that beat even in his ears. "You don't mind my receiving you in my room, do you?" she said, opening her door, after she had greeted him.

"Why, no," said Tom, slightly puzzled. His acquaintance with the proprieties was so slight that he did not know she was then breaking one. She closed the door. "I'm glad to see you. I know what happened last night; we heard at the office." She held out her hand again. The grip was warm and full of sympathy. The hand sent a thrill thru Tom. In his fresh disappointment it was just this intelligent sympathy that he was hungry for. For a moment he was unable to speak or move.

She gently withdrew her hand. "But we heard only the bare fact. I want you to tell me the whole story." Tom laid his hat and overcoat upon the couch, which had a dull green cover, glancing, as he did so, about the room. There were a few prints of good pictures on the walls; a small case of books; a writing desk; and in one corner a large screen whose dominant color was a dull green. The thing that struck him most was the absence of the knick-knackery with which his home was decorated. Tom was not accustomed to give attention to his surroundings, but the room pleased him; and yet it was only an ordinary boarding-house room, plus the good taste of a tasteful woman.

Tom took one of the two easy chairs in the room, and once again went over the happenings of the previous night. She interrupted again and again with indignant exclamations. "Why, you didn't lose at all!" she cried, when he had finished the episode of the eight drunken men. "You won, and it was stolen from you! Your Mr. Foley is a—!" Whichever way she turned for an adequate word she ran against a restriction barring its use by femininity. "A robber!" she ended.

"But aren't you going to protest the election?" "I shall—certainly. But there's mighty little chance of the result being changed. Foley'll see to that." He tried to look brave, but Ruth guessed the bitterness within. She yearned to have him talk over things with her; her sympathy for him now that she beheld him dispirited after a daring fight was even warmer than when she had seen him pulsing with defiant vigor. "Won't you tell me what you are going to do? If you don't mind."

(Continued next week.) [This novel began in The Worker of April 6, 1907. Back numbers can always be had.]

Pity the hiring journalist! The more he writes the more he wrongs.—Brisbane Worker.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

Eugene Wood, in the Sunday Magazine.

Did you ever play a game called "arguing politics" or not? If not, you ought to, for it is good fun, and is considered to be improving to the mind, if not to the temper. It is best as a two-handed game, though it is livelier if more engage. I am not going to describe it particularly, beyond saying that if A, for example, leads out a strong argument, and B happens to hold a quotation from something that George Washington said in one of his State papers, or Alexander Hamilton (it's the same thing), or Thomas Jefferson, or Benjamin Franklin, or one of the Adamases, or any of that crowd, and B thumps that quotation down on the board, it takes the trick. And if B holds a handful of such quotations, then A might as well go on alone home and not keep supper waiting, for he is a beaten man!

The general understanding is that those old fellows just about knew all there was to know about government, and anybody who will not take their opinions for the Lord said unto Moses is inclined to be slightly. Personally, I haven't much respect for these games that have a "Joker," or cards that hold sudden values out of their reasonable order, or men that hike across the board every which way because of special privileges, due to class and not to achievement, like getting into the king row on their merits. And at the risk of being thought flighty, I make bold to say that I don't think much of the opinions of the Fathers of the Constitution. We are not bound to assume that they knew it all. It doesn't prove anything.

They were all right in their day, no doubt; I am not disputing that. But their day is so remote from ours (in years it is not a century and a half; in achievement it is a millennium and a half), and men's hearts and minds and ways of looking at things are so different, that we ought not to pay any more attention to what they said than we do to what any other man nowadays says when he hasn't the slightest understanding of what he is trying to talk about.

They Cut No Ice Then.

Like enough you will balk at my statement that men's hearts and minds have changed materially since the days when some of Washington's compatriots were trying to make up their minds whether "His Majesty" or "His High Mightiness" would best fit his case. "Human nature," you will say, "is just about the same now as it has always been." Well, maybe that is so to a certain extent; but a man's surroundings are bound to have something to do with his general disposition, his principles, and his actions.

For example, I don't suppose I could get you to consider seriously the advantages of a cannibal diet. And if anybody should happen to say how much young monkey tastes like chicken, you would put out your hand to bid him stop. The looks of it—ugh! And yet, if you and I were alone in an open boat in mid-ocean, say, for about ten days, and all there was for dinner was a piece of a shoe upper, you couldn't keep your mind off the thought that if I was boiled I'd go pretty good with horse radish. That is a rather violent illustration, I admit; but I think it goes to show that our surroundings, and especially the way we get our living, affect our conduct and our principles. The people who lived when this Government was first organized couldn't possibly think and feel the same as we do, because they lived so differently. We don't realize how differently, because the change has been gradual, although here lately things have been moving along pretty rapidly.

It is warm weather now. You have a refrigerator in which you keep butter and milk and meat and other creature comforts. The ice man comes and slams in the ten-cent chunk. Ice in summer is a great convenience. The butters comes on the table nice and solid instead of being a gob of yellow grease. But you have to consider more than that. Where would you get your fresh meat otherwise? You could choose between eating beef that hadn't got done bawling when you put it on the fire, and was tough as sole leather, or beef that— But we'll not go into that. Not to expatiate too much, what would love, courtship, and marriage be without the soda fountain and the ice cream parlor, institutions absolutely dependent on the ice supply? Look at all the fruits and vegetables that you have that come from afar, away in advance of the brief local season, away from the local season. And it isn't only diversified diet and comfort and luxury. It is life and death. What would become of all the bottle babies if the milk they drink came joggling down from the country without ever being chilled? Think of all the sick folk burning up with fever. Just that one item of ice in summer makes this a far different world from the one that Washington and Hamilton and Jefferson and all the rest of them took up so much room in.

There Are No Flies on Us.

When the Continental Congress was in session in Philadelphia a hundred and thirty years ago, at this season of the year, when they didn't have screens, the flies bit viciously through their thin silk stockings, and they brought in typhoid and cholera and what not. The screens keep out mosquitoes too. In the days of the Continental Congress, New York had yellow fever epidemics every summer. Some credit for our present exemption must be due to window screens, even admitting the fact that we are the least bit tidier in our ways. We are not allowed to throw slops out of windows as they were. George Wash-

ington's picture comes up on the stereoscopic screen as pink and fresh colored as you please; whereas the real George was as white as bone, and pockmarked, as everybody was in those days, and as almost nobody is in these days. A world in which small-pox and cholera and yellow fever are practically unknown is a different world from one in which these pests are a constant menace.

During warm weather, the madam does her cooking with gas or gasoline, or on the oil stove. The Colonial dame did her cooking the same in summer as in winter. On a range? No, indeed. No range for her. At an open fireplace. If she remembered the dying woman's advice—"Always put the dish water on to heat before you sit down to a meal,"—she had to hang a kettle of water on the sooty crane. No hot and cold water laid on for her, no sink, no stationary tubs, no bath tub, no plumbing of any kind, no kitchen pump even. Wash day must have gone pretty hard with her, having to carry every drop she washed with, having to rub out everything between her hands, or "bathe" it, pounding the clothes with a big stick. There were no wash boards, or clothes wringers, or clothes lines, or clothes pins, or bars of laundry soap, or washing powders. That battling of the clothes must have been rough on buttons, and in those days there were no shirt buttons that could be removed; they were all sewed on.

And the Colonial dame had to make them, as she made everything else, without the help of tissue paper patterns, without a sewing machine, all by hand, every stitch. She probably wove the linen, and bleached it, and spun every thread of it. You have seen a spinning wheel, no doubt, and huddled the flax. The women must have been made out of iron in those days, to work as hard as they did, and raise a family of ten or fifteen children into the bargain.

It was a regular slave's life, you say. So it was. A wife was practically a slave, and there was no other way for a respectable woman to make a living except to marry. The way it is now, if your husband wants to sell a piece of property, he must get your signature to the deed; but he hasn't a word to say when it comes to your disposing of your property. What is his is yours, and what is yours is your own, madam. But it was just the other way round with the Colonial dame. And perhaps that doesn't make a different world! The Fathers of the Constitution might have thought differently about Woman's Rights if they were alive to-day.

George Washington was the richest man in the country. He was the John D. Rockefeller of his day but he was too poor to buy a box of matches. He was too poor to buy a glass lamp chimney. He couldn't afford to have gas in his house, let alone electric lights, or a battery under the cellar steps that rung the front door bell. In those days, if you wanted to read at night, you got right close to the candle or a saucer of lard with a rag hanging over the edge, or you saved up chips and pine knots, and put them on the open fire, lying down on the floor in front of it, and cooked the top of your head while you pored over the page printed on an old hand press, a page as rough as a nutmeg grater. And what was there to read? Not a daily newspaper in the country, and what weeklies there were you wouldn't call newspapers at all. Not a novel. There were volumes of sermons and such, and if you were reckless and abandoned and didn't care what became of you, there were plays to read, which were just a shade duller than the sermons. If you were lucky as well as reckless, you might get a chance two or three times in your life to see a play, performed without scenery, with tallow candle footlights. —Hamlet, for example, costumed like a British army officer.

They Had No Opera Wars.

Musical wasn't in a much better estate. Our Revolutionary sires and dames never heard a brass band, for the sufficient reason that not until 1814 was a horn invented upon a simple scale. Colonel Pitcairn, when he marched out to Lexington and Concord, was accompanied by the regulation full military regimental band of the British army of those days. It consisted of eight pieces, two oboes, two bassoons, a clarinet—I forgot the full roster, but it must have sounded pearly as loud as a good accordion. And the march they played out of Boston was "The Black Siren," which is the nearest to nothing of a tune that can be called a tune. There were no pianos for anybody but the Rockefellers, and of course no record organs, and few organs in the churches.

You might go for a walk in those days; but there were no paved streets or sidewalks. Macadam was in this country; but he was a loyalist and had to get out of the country when the Revolutionary War was over, so there was nothing but mud roads. Street lamps were a new thing, and the lantern you carried when you ventured out after dark was a tin thing punched full of holes in patters. If you were invited to a party, the invitation was written on a playing card, for there were no other cards—visiting cards, business cards, or anything of the sort. There were no letter envelopes, or postage stamps. The mail left for Boston from New York three times a week, and it took the postman six days to get there. All the news came by private letters, and you can imagine just about how long it would take for the news of the San Francisco earthquake to reach the Atlantic seaboard. Don't

you suppose the telegraph, the telephone, daily rural free delivery, the newspapers with their despatches from all over the world, have changed human nature?

Washington and Jefferson were Virginians—Southerners. They never saw or heard of a field of cotton in this country. Cotton, with them, was a garden flower. When the first eight bags of cotton from the Southern states reached London, the merchant to whom they were consigned thought there was some shenanigan about it, and the cotton kicked around in his warehouse for months before he would turn a hand to try to dispose of it. Has the growing and manufacture of cotton been without its influence upon the American character?

Had to Lead the Simple Life.

If cotton was an ornamental garden plant, the geranium and the verveina were not. Almost all our garden flowers are new. Washington or Jefferson never ate a cantaloup, or riubarb, or cauliflower, or head lettuce, or home grown table grapes, and certainly no tomatoes. Tomatoes have a terrible effect upon the system; you'll go crazy if you eat them—so they thought in those days. They never ate any kind of canned goods.

They never wrote with a lead pencil, or a fountain pen, or a steel pen, and certainly not with a typewriter, and the paper they had was just about the quality of grocers' wrapping paper. They never carried an umbrella, or wore rubber overshoes. They never had anything made of rubber. Just let your mind wander a moment, and try to figure out what it would be like if everything you have that is made of rubber should vanish.

They never wore a suit of woven underwear, woolen or cotton, or a pair of suspenders, or a silk hat, or a pair of shoes ready made, or laced them up with woven laces with a metal tip thru metal eyelets; never wore a horn button, or a cloth covered button; never hitched up a horse with leather harness; and the horse couldn't trot; and there were no spring buggies; they never used a tooth brush or saw a dentist; never took a dose of quinine, or dreamed of ether, chloroform, cocaine, or laughing gas—so you can imagine what surgery was like—never had fewer than six panes of glass to a window sash; and their wall paper did not come in long rolls, but in squares; never slept on a spring mattress, or drove a wire nail; never saw anything that was nicked, or made of galvanized iron, or malleable iron, or cast steel; never handled a revolver, or a cartridge, or a gun cap, or a breech loader; never went to a baseball game, or a circus, or a minstrel show; never used a monkey wrench, or a safety pin, or a pasteboard box; never saw a ship with red and green lights for port and starboard; never saw a Christmas tree, or a picture card printed in more than two colors; never put any money in a savings bank or a building and loan association; never had a photograph taken—oh, well, what's the use? One might go on for an hour like this. You can see what a different world theirs must have been from ours.

You can see too that I have been holding out on you, that I have been dodging and evading the one great thing that made their stage of culture as much below ours as the Indians' was below theirs. Indeed, they were nearer to the Indians than to us. Whenever an Indian wanted anything, he made it by hand. So did they. We never make anything by hand. Think of everything that is in your house, from the shingles on the roof to the cement in the cellar floor—and what is there that is not made by machinery? Every nail driven in their day was hammered out by the blacksmith on his anvil; the modern nail maker with machinery turns out fifty-five hundred pounds of nails a week. I wonder how long it would take a blacksmith to do that much?

A Century Lends Enchantment.

They didn't see much money in those days. Each family was its own factory. They didn't produce much compared with now, but what they did produce they got practically at cost. We produce with powers enormously multiplied and cheapened; but the cost of selling a thing is from four to six times as much as the cost of making it. The little comforts I have been telling you about are additions to life—the steam engine in the factory turning long lines of shafting; the steam engine on tracks pulling long trains of freight cars; the steam engine in boats carrying water borne commerce—the mechanical devices for saving labor have been more than additions; they have been multipliers. But the multiplied product is not for the benefit of the people at large, that the Scripture might be fulfilled which saith, "Unto him that hath shall be given; and from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath."

Lately it has occurred to me that perhaps that isn't the best way to have things. There is something wrong. There is talk about the tyranny of the trusts; there is talk about the tyranny of the labor unions. The man who can thump a quotation from Washington, or one of the Adamases, or Thomas Jefferson down on the board does it as if he played the ace of trumps. I don't think it is. None of those men knew the first thing about either subject. There weren't any combinations of capital in those days, because there wasn't any machinery. The rich men were landlords, and the Revolutionary War was a land speculating war. Poor people kept coming to America after the colonists had taken up all the land in their grants. If you wonder why the pioneers should have been so crazy to leave Christian neighborhoods, to live in such hardship on the frontier, where

the Indians might swoop down on them at any moment, burning and murdering and plundering, I'll tell you why. They took a chance with the Indians, and anyhow it was soon over. But in the neighborhood of their own people misery unspeakable was an absolute certainty, and it was lifelong. We don't begin to understand the horrible wretchedness of the people who worked for wages in those days. You wouldn't treat a dog like that now. They were a lot worse off than negro slaves. They were wild to get out where they could have land of their own, and Washington Franklin and Jefferson and all the rest of the fathers were equally wild to get their hands on the land first.

When Is a Republic Not a Republic?

The fathers of the constitution had no use whatever for a man who didn't own property. They wouldn't let him vote, and they built a government which is full of devices to keep the mass of the people from having a direct say in things. You are not supposed to have sense enough to choose a president, and you never really vote for one. You vote for electors, and there is no law to prevent their choosing somebody else for president than the man you want. The fathers too; the ruling power away from an aristocracy, and put it into the hands of property owners.

The problems of to-day are to-day's problems, and we shall have to work them out ourselves. What those old fellows thought and said doesn't cut any figure. They built them a government that did very well for them and their age. They built them houses that did very well for them and their age. But if you came into the possession of such a house, you would probably consider whether it would be better to keep on patching it up, putting in steam heat and gas and sanitary plumbing and all the modern conveniences, or whether it wouldn't pay in the long run to tear it down and put up a new one on the same site, a good deal on the same plan of architecture, but better arranged and more comfortable to live in.

I think we have sense enough to do it.

ARMOUR AND HIS WORKERS.

J. Orden Armour is spending about \$2,000,000 for a palace home in Lake Forest. It will be the most expensive home in America and will equal almost any royal palace in the world. Hundreds of men are working there every day, simply to create a palace for the stock yards king. Most of these men live in small flats or small houses, but they are ready to work all summer, or for any length of time, to make a home for a man most of them never saw.

Armour is having an embankment fifty feet high erected to hide the railroad from the eyes of the stock yards aristocracy. He has a private railroad to use in the construction of this home. He is building a private lake in the midst of his estate. It will be hundreds of acres in extent, and great pumps will have to be kept going day and night forever to keep it filled with water.

Armour has made all this money out of the stock yards teamsters and the other workers in the yards who spend their days wading in blood for him and their nights in miserable homes—so miserable that Armour would not permit his dog to stay there a minute. If the dog should spend a night in some of the homes occupied by teamsters and other men who make the millions Armour would have him killed to prevent contamination of the sacred palace of the Armours.

In addition Armour is investing just now in the Chicago subway, which was stolen by bribery and other crimes. He is taking the surplus produced by the stock yards workers and putting it into subway stock. He is to be the head of the subway company. He uses more of the surplus to speculate in wheat, leaving a tax on every loaf of bread consumed in this country.

How millions in railroad stocks, all taken from the workers. His household expenses are more than \$200,000 a year. Heads of departments, the skillful men who plan his great business ventures, get small pay. One man who does more than \$3,000,000 worth of business for him every year, is paid \$30 a week and thinks he has a good job. Don't blame Armour for this. He is looking out for himself and his family. The workers must do the same.—Chicago Daily Socialist.

THE PROFESSIONAL IDLERS.

Another group of persons who have no calling is formed at the upper fringe of society. I mean the professional idlers who live on their interest and absolve themselves of the duty of having a calling. Looked at from the outside, their manner of life differs from that of the other class; seen from within, however, it shows many points of resemblance. Besides, these two classes come into personal contact with each other; they meet in the demi monde and among the gambling fraternity. Both congregate in large cities, both have perfectly perverse notions of honor, both, above all, are restless in disposition and unsettled in their movements. Just as a ship without a cargo is aimlessly tossed about by the wind and the waves, so the life of the rich idler is the plaything of every whim or mood that happens to strike him.—Paulson, "A System of Ethics."

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Standing advertisements of Trade Unions and other Societies will be inserted under this heading at the rate of \$1 per line per annum.

LABOR SECRETARIAT. Delegates meeting the last Saturday of the month, 8 p. m., at 243 E. 84th Street, New York. Thursday of the month, 8 p. m., at the office, 320 Broadway, R. 703. Address correspondence to Labor Secretariat, 320 Broadway, Telephone 3317 or 3318, Work.

Local Troy, N. Y., Socialist Party, meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays in Germania Hall, Secretary, W. Wollnik, 11 Hutton St.

UNITED JOURNEMEN TAILORS UNION meets second and fourth Mondays in Links Assembly Rooms, 231-233 East Thirty-eighth street.

CIGARMAKERS' PROGRESSIVE INT. UNION No. 10—Office and Employment Bureau, 241 E. 84th St. The following Districts meet every Saturday: Dist. I (Hoboken)—301 E. 71st St., 8 p. m.; Dist. II (Gerritsen)—52 E. 4th St., 8 p. m.; Dist. III—Clubhouse, 243 E. 84th St., 8 p. m.; Dist. IV—342 W. 42nd St., 8 p. m.; Dist. V—2309 Third Ave., 8 p. m.; Dist. VI—2058 Third Ave., 8 p. m. The Board of Supervision meets every Tuesday at Faulhaber's Hall, 1561 Second Ave., 8 p. m.

CARL SAHM CLUB (MUSICIANS' UNION) meets every Thursday of the month, 10 a. m., in the Clubhouse, 242-243 84th street. Secretary, Hermann Wendler, address as above.

SOCIALIST WORKING WOMEN'S SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.—Branches in New York, Brooklyn, Paterson, Newark, Elizabeth, Syracuse, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis. Control Committee meets second Thursday in the Labor Temple, 243 E. 84th street, in the Labor Temple, 243 E. 84th street, New York City.

UNITED BROTHERHOOD OF CARPENTERS & JOINERS OF AMERICA, LOCAL UNION NO. 476, meets every Tuesday at 8 p. m., in the Labor Temple, 243 E. 84th street, William L. Draper, 432 W. Thirty-eighth street, New York City. Secretary, H. M. Stoffers, 221 East 101st street, Financial Secretary.

Workmen's Childy Death Benefit Fund of the United States of America. The address of the Financial Secretary of the National Executive Committee is: HENRY HAUPT, Bible House, Room 42, Astor Place, New York City.

Arbeiter - Kranken- und Sterbe-Kass für die Ver. Staaten von Amerika. WORKMEN'S Sick and Death Benefit Fund of the United States of America

The above society was founded in the year 1884 by workmen imbued with the spirit of solidarity and Socialist thought. Its membership strength (at present composed of 233 local branches with 31,007 male and 4,008 female members) is rapidly increasing among workmen who believe in the principles of the modern labor movement. Workmen between 18 and 45 years of age may be admitted to membership in any branch in the United States. The initiation fee of \$4.00 upon payment of an annual fee of \$3.00 for the first year and \$2.00 for the second year. Members belonging to the first class are entitled to a sick benefit of \$3.00 for 43 weeks and of \$4.50 for another 40 weeks, whether continuing or with interruption. Members belonging to the second class receive under the same circumstances and length of time \$2.00 and \$3.00 respectively. \$250 death benefits guaranteed to the beneficiaries of every member, and the wives and unmarried daughters of members between 18 and 45 years of age may be admitted to the third class upon payment of an initiation fee of \$10.00. The above society is divided into three different classes of members, the 15 cents and 25 cents respectively. Membership is large and fast increasing. All candidates have to join existing branches in cities and towns where no branch exists, a new branch can be formed by 15 workmen in good health, and men adhering to the above principles are invited to do so. Address all communications to William Meyer, Financial Secretary, 1-3 Third Avenue, Room 2, New York City.

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"NELSON'S UTOPIA"

To the Editor of The Worker.—Some of your readers know personally Mr. N. O. Nelson of St. Louis, who was attacked recently in the article and editorial note in The Worker, entitled "Nelson's Utopia"; therefore further information about the strike at the works in Le Claire will interest them.

Upon first view Socialists properly assume that striking trade unionists are justified and that an employer who refuses the union demands deserves no sympathy. If Mr. Nelson were running the Le Claire business for personal profit I should make no argument to Socialists upon the recent strike; but his case is unique and raises problems of special interest to Socialists. Since 1886 Mr. Nelson has been giving his own stock in his company away to the employees and customers as an annual bonus upon wages and sales. Last year the bonus on wages was 25 per cent, so that a man earning \$15 a week got stock worth \$188. Dividends of six per cent are paid on this stock in cash, not in more stock, as the article by Mr. Kopell declared.

Today Nelson has transferred so much stock in this way that he no longer owns a majority and could be ousted by the employees and customers any time.

Further, and more remarkable, he receives himself neither dividends on the stock he still owns nor interest on the working capital he supplies. All that he takes out of the business is his salary and he is chief manager, his salary is less than is paid to three or four other employees of the company. Therefore this is a case in which the employees are self-employing. No capitalist is exploiting them, for the capitalist takes not a cent beyond his wages and the fact that other men holding inferior positions get higher wages than his seems to show that he is not overpaid. Against him the wage-earning stockholders can have no complaint except that he is not earning his salary; and if they hold that view they can combine and displace him.

from the exploitation of his labor, except possibly by his fellow members. Only with them need he bargain as to wages. So Mr. Nelson is logical in excluding unions from a share in the control of the Le Claire co-operative works. He is claiming that each man can get justice from his fellow workmen on the spot and that outside pressure for the advantage of the most favored workmen is unjust to the remainder.

Of the dangers and the merits of establishing such a co-operative group I have not space to write. That is another matter. But, whether or not N. O. Nelson has chosen the wisest possible method of advancing the march to the national co-operative commonwealth, at least the generosity and sincerity of his method need not be denied. There are so few employers like him that his scheme has no general significance, while trade unionism is universally applicable. Therefore the union cause must be dearer to the heart of Socialists than the co-operative cause. But Nelson is doing the best he can; probably more than any other employer in the country. He is a social hero, not a miser. There is no grad of hypocrisy in his making up. Surely Socialists should be the last to complain of him for honestly trying to transfer the ownership of a factory to the workmen themselves and Socialists of all people should not curse the man who refuses to receive interest on his capital.—Yours, JOHN MARTIN, Grymes Hill, S. L.

WOULD CHANGE NAME OF THE WORKER.

To the Editor of The Worker.—The approaching change in the business relations of The Worker would seem an appropriate occasion to seriously consider a change in the name of the paper. I have no desire to criticize those who chose the present title, as doubtless it was suggested by considerations of expediency at the time. All must admit, however, that the name is somewhat ambiguous, and that it gives no indication to the general public of the principles of which the paper is so able an exponent. Great changes have been wrought in public sentiment since The Worker was established. Socialism has been and is now being so widely advertised that the desire or perhaps curiosity to know something of the movement is quite general. This being true, would it not be wise, proper and politic for the publishers to come right out into the open and adopt some such name as, say, the New York Weekly Socialist, and thus remove all uncertainty regarding its character. There must be many non-Socialists who would buy a Socialist paper from the newsstands if it were so named as to attract their attention. And its appearance in the hands of readers would be an advertisement of very great value to the movement. The time has gone by when one need be ashamed of the cause, or need fear ridicule for reading a Socialist paper.

Nothing succeeds like success, and if papers bearing the title of "Socialist" are found on newsstands and are seen in the hands of people in street cars and other public places it will help very much to remove that prejudice which still exists among those who know nothing of its meaning.—Yours respectfully, L. JULIAN MCINTYRE, New York, June 23.

FAMOUS PEOPLE AND SOCIALISM.

The undersigned has been authorized by Local Kings County to establish a Socialist lecture bureau, the purpose of which will be to offer Socialist speakers to the various labor, religious, fraternal and civic organizations in Brooklyn during the coming season. It is believed that if we make it convenient, and as inexpensive as possible, for these societies to have the philosophy of Socialism presented to them at the various meetings set apart by them for economic discussion, we shall be able to reach, in the course of the year, scores and possibly hundreds of different audiences consisting of people who could not be induced to attend an avowed Socialist propaganda meeting. Furthermore, if the plan could be enlarged to cover Greater New York and vicinity, we could reach possibly five hundred such audiences without any expense to us for rent, advertising or even of the energy which ordinarily consumes the funds and vitality of our workers. Accompanying the letter offering these speakers should be a small booklet containing brief opinions of Socialism by famous clergymen, scientists, authors, etc., together with the statistics of the world strength and authentic convention and dictionary definitions of Socialism.

CAPITALIST PARASITISM.

In the factory system the evolution towards parasitism goes its way in open daylight, and under a variety of forms. In proportion as the extension of the market calls for an increase in the scale of production, the more marked becomes the separation of the wage-earners, who are engaged in the actual work of production, from the capitalist master, who retains to himself the task of direction alone. Then comes the moment when those capitalists of industry delegate their functions to rentiers, reducing their personal interference in the business to a minimum. One step further and we have the parasitic condition fully achieved; on the one side, work and no property; on the other side, property and no work. Then the workers do not even know who the capitalists are by whom they are exploited, and the exploiters have perhaps never even seen the industrial black-hole or factory of which they are the shareholders.—Massart and Vanderveide, "Parasitism, Organic and Social".

TO FIGHT TUBERCULOSIS.

The Committee on the Prevention of Tuberculosis has issued a special appeal to labor organizations in New York and vicinity, urging them to assist still further in the warfare against tuberculosis in tenement houses, shops and factories. The appeal acknowledges the aid the trade unions have already given in the crusade and states that eighteen unions in the first week of April gave the privilege of the floor at meetings to the short talks with stereotyped views which are arranged by the committee. The appeal concludes:

"But we cannot be satisfied with what is being done. After all, and in spite of the numbers who have given us a hearing, far more unions have not yet responded to our request for permission to address them. We want to have extended to us the privilege of the floor by every union in this city. We will furnish a speaker in any language desired, and where our lantern is not in use at other lectures we will illustrate our talks with stereotyped views at our own expense.

"It is to the union's own interest to learn of this preventable disease which at present is costing them far more in members' lives and union funds than any other cause.

THE GREAT ENEMY.

Chances of being maimed or mangled, of contracting tuberculosis and all the long train of diseases that send a girl into womanhood depleted and defeated—these are the burdens we add to the labor weight laid upon the little maidens who work in the silk mills. But worse than all these hurts of the flesh are the injuries imposed upon the soul. Incessant drudgery at day-work robs a girl of play and rest, and often makes her feverishly eager to rush into coarse evening pleasures, which often are the only pleasures her training seems to fit her to enjoy. But the girl who works nights is under still more dangerous influences. The moral evils that stalk in darkness dog her path.—Edwin Markham.

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GORKY TO THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.

Will They Support the Russian Tyrant or the Growing, Glorious Young Democracy?

LONDON, June 22.—Maxim Gorky in a letter to the "Nation" denounces the Anglo-Russian entente and puts forward reasons why England should refuse the Russian government money.

"A degenerate, as egotistic as an animal, and equally ignorant of every principle of justice, he is incapable of work and is guided solely by the instinct of self-preservation. Apart from this instinct he has neither aim, idea nor duty. His business is in disorder and on the very verge of bankruptcy. Every day he seems to be approaching nearer and nearer to ruin."

"He is a tyrant in his home, a cruelly, sensually diseased man, hated by and repugnant to all, incapable of high aims and lost to all human feelings. He is still physically strong and the knowledge of his approaching annihilation is no secret to him. It arms him with the courage of despair. He has no scruples and fights like a wild beast. He already shows, however, signs of weariness, and the end, which he so well deserves, is drawing near."

"The Russian people are struggling for freedom to learn, the Tsar for freedom to rule, the bureaucracy for freedom to steal."

Gorky explains the Tsar's "cruel obstinacy and struggle for power" by an analysis of the last of the Romanoffs. He says: "The confidence of the Tsars in their rights to the throne has been shaken. Paul I, who was murdered by his nobles, was the son of an unknown father. That thought tormented him all his life and finally drove him to madness. Alexander I suffered the same doubt as to whether he was entitled to the throne or not. That uncertainty found expression in Nicholas I. The vacillation of Alexander I between liberalism and autocracy is explained by the same doubt as to whether he was a Tsar by right."

Gorky charges direct that any alliance with the Russian despot amounts to complicity in his views, and continues:

"Your future ally, O you English, who are so proud of your ancient civilization, is drenched from head to foot in the blood of the Russian people, without discrimination, to attain the complete autocratic power to uphold a form of government which has clearly grown old. Spiritual and economic progress is at a standstill in the land. The autocratic form of government is only useful to the Tsar because it gives him unlimited power, and to the bureaucracy because it enables them to steal without limit and without control. The people have very little education, but they begin to value knowledge and are greedy for it."

"The struggle is of general European importance, for if the government should temporarily conquer, a hearth will exist at your doors round which all sorts of catastrophes will gather. Britons, you have your choice to make. Will you support the tyrant with his satellites and their anti-civilizing plans, or will you support the growing young democracy capable of life, rich in the strength of its spirit?"

Gorky says the struggle will last long and will end, either in the formation of a great Russian democracy or the ruin of Russia as a political entity. "With whom," he asks, "do you wish to make an alliance? There are two Russias. One is the Emperor Nicholas, the bureaucracy and the union of the Russian people, some 10,000 of the lowest classes led by evil, ruthless people. The other is composed of about 100,000,000 Slavs, about 50,000,000 belonging to other nationalities within the Russian Empire. All this mass with one accord hates the Tsar and those who are with him and for him. Which Russia do you consider as the real Russia capable of life and work for that civilization which you so love and cherish?"

NATIONAL CONVENTION OF WOMEN UNIONISTS.

The Women's National Trade Union League has issued a call for a convention of women unionists, for the purpose of considering ways and means of stimulating women to a more active interest in union affairs.

The convention will meet Sunday, July 14, simultaneously in New York, Chicago and Boston. Local unions which have received no official notice should write at once to Miss Helen Marot, Secretary of the Women's Trade Union League, 220 E. Fifth Street, New York City.

The committee having the convention in charge is Miss Rose Schneiderman, Cloth Hat & Cap Makers' Union; Miss Mary E. Dreier, President of the New York Women's Trade Union League; Miss Gertrude Barnum, Miss Ida Rath, Miss Mary E. McDowell of Chicago; Miss Rose Brennan, Textile Workers, Fall River, Mass., and Miss Mary K. O'Sullivan, Writers' Union, Boston, Mass.

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The stronger the Socialist Party organization the more powerful the whole movement.

ORCHARD PROVEN MINE OWNERS TOOL

Continued from page 1.

by the Western Federation entered into far back in 1880, to exterminate all opponents. Darrow answered this in a masterly speech, the first we have heard from Darrow.

I send this speech in full. This is the only report secured by any correspondent of either Richardson's or Darrow's speech. The local papers give Borah's in full, but the speeches of the defense are only epitomized. If no Socialist reporters were here, the world would hear far less, even in capitalist papers, of the side of the defense, than it does now.

Absolutely the only definite circumstance in evidence pointing to Haywood's connection with Orchard—indeed independent of Orchard's own word—was Sheriff Nichols' copy of a letter sent from Denver, Dec. 30, 1905, but unsigned, alleged to be from Pettibone, and reading as follows:

"Friend Tom:—Your letter received. That was sent to Jack Dec. 21 for you. He should have sent it so that you would have it by this time. Will not write any more this time. Write me as soon as you get to your new field."

This letter, to meet this case, must be absolutely inconsistent with the innocence of Haywood. It must be incapable of explanation on any other theory than Haywood's guilt!

The Mountain Labored.

AND THIS IS THE STATE'S CASE! Truly the mountain labored and brought forth a ridiculous mouse!

What explanation the defense will make of the above letter, or of the general close relations between Pettibone and Orchard, the argument of counsel for defense before Judge Wood in support of motion to dismiss, did not attempt to say. They are not giving away their case in advance. Next Monday, June 24, Darrow will make the opening statement for the defense and then you will see the far cry.

I will only say that another letter of Pettibone's, introduced by state, proves that Orchard was one of Pettibone's agents or solicitors to sell "household specialties," like clothes wringers, carpet sweepers, etc.

We shall wait and see what we shall see.

This much can now be said. Unless something unforeseen and unsuspected so far, shall be developed, or unless some jurymen is "fixed," I look for Haywood's triumphant acquittal about Aug. 1. And then Boise cannot hold us!

Meanwhile read Darrow's speech, exclusively provided for the readers of these reports.

NOTES ABOUT CHIEF ACTORS.

Adams is the court talk since Orchard stepped down. He was led into court last Friday to be identified by an Ogdén detective who was testifying. He is as unlike Orchard as a goat is unlike a sheep. Orchard looks like a bank president. Adams looks like a brkeman. He is of medium height, light complexion, smooth, thin face, about thirty, walks with a swagger. His wife says, "he's always good to me". He has a reputation for drinking too much sometimes, certainly not a mark of meanness.

The state dares not call him. He said, when he was habeas-corpus-ed out of the penitentiary months ago, that he was forced by threats to sign the confession which he afterwards repudiated. Whether that confession which Orchard assisted in getting would help or hurt the state's case, is the doubtful question.

It is altogether probable Adams will go on to testify for the defense whenever they call him. His wife, who has the greatest possible influence on him, is here in Boise and there is no doubt whatever about her position. She is a constant companion of Mrs. Pettibone, and the detectives of the state can do nothing with her set jaw, which is one of the most powerful you ever saw on a woman.

Gooding and McParland.

It is common gossip that Gooding yesterday gave McParland some well merited curses. Certain it is the lawyers for the state have sent home some two score witnesses not found available, whom the Pinkertons brought here at great expense to the state. Five thousand dollars uselessly spent don't look good to Gooding and his tax-paying supporters.

Besides, the state looks ridiculous to find a swarm of its called witnesses, advertised so extensively, useless to convict Haywood. The lawyers have evidently depended wholly upon the mighty McParland and his "Pinks" to furnish the evidence. What else are they paid for?

Now they find the goods spoiled, and they curse the salesman.

What will become of McP. if he fails to convict Haywood? He will go down with sorrow to the grave, "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

Borah, Senator Borah.

And what, Senator Borah? This young hero of Idaho, the W. J. Bryan of the state, a Roosevelt son of Bryan to enter on his Washington career, "our Mr. Borah," as Idahoan ladies say, if he fails in this critical case he has stood sponsor for, "23 for him," as the boys say.

For an indictment hangs over Borah like a sword of Damocles. This miners' case is the slender thread that suspends that sword over poor Borah's head. If it holds, all right.

dlet of guilty in northern Idaho against some prominent bankers for fraudulent entries on public lands and United States District Attorney Ruick is now in Boise to prosecute indictments now held in Judge Dietrich's court.

One of these is against Senator Borah. This state of affairs may have more to do with the Haywood case than appears on the surface. Borah is not making any more enemies just now than he has to. The defense has a pretty powerful array of legal talent around its table. These men, Darrow, Richardson, Wilson, Breen, Nugent, Miller, can easily force this matter of Borah's indictment on public attention and compel him to come to trial.

This is what Borah dreads. He would give half of his life to hush up this case. His friends are denying there is any indictment in existence. But there is. Borah is a very ambitious and popular young man. And he has been known to trade in politics. He may even be willing to let the great case fall by McParland's bungling, if he can avoid his own indictment and escape political ruin. So political gossip runs.

And Judge Fremont Wood, Too

If Borah falls, Wood also. A United States Senator holds the state patronage in his hands. Postmasters, United States marshals, even United States judges have to secure his endorsement before confirmation by the Senate. Judge Dietrich, now United States judge, would make a fit successor to the unpopular and decrepit Heyburn. This would leave a vacancy on the United States bench for Borah to fill. Who more appropriate than his personal friend, political benefactor and complainant judge in the Haywood case?

The political complexion of Idaho for years to come depends on the issue of this case. Borah is in fact between the devil and the deep sea. If he pushes this case to the utmost, it is practically certain his own case will be pushed to the utmost. He cannot escape the indictment for land frauds. On the other hand, if he fails in the Haywood case, everyone will be down on him, and his indictment will be pushed.

Horah, and with him his judicial friend Wood, are in a bad way, anyhow you look at it.

Present Prospects of Haywood.

There is a fall-to-day, (Monday), while Judge Wood goes to Caldwell to set Orchard's trial over another term. In this day's respite, speculation is rife as to present indications. Great excitement was occasioned by State's announcement on Saturday that defense should get its witnesses here by Wednesday, while the state will conclude its case in one more day.

But every one expects the Prosecution to continue for several weeks more. It has presented only about 15 of its announced 150 witnesses.

More important and significant, the state, ever according to its own friends, has not yet made out any sort of a case against Haywood. There is practically nothing except Orchard's testimony and some corroborations of his accounts of his crime. BUT NONE WHATEVER TO CORROBORATE ORCHARD'S WORD AS TO HAYWOOD'S CONNECTION WITH THOSE CRIMES.

Friends of the Prosecution are dazed and amazed—but claim the state is holding back to present its full case in rebuttal after the defense has shown its hand. This seems incredible, after all these months of delay and secrecy. Even friends declare such action must show a bluff game.

Friends of defense are jubilant, hardly able to credit their senses. It is possible this is all the terrible proof Gooding and McParland promised? Haywood declares he will be set free in six weeks. The crowd of witnesses the defense has ready will overwhelm Orchard's own contradictions and expose him as the most monstrous liar of all times.

So we wait for the next few days. This week will show whether the state is really weak and pusillanimous as appears likely to-night.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL vs. SOCIALIST SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

The London County Council has decided to refuse the use of the public schools for the Socialist Sunday Schools, chiefly on the ground that Socialism is a political theory and not an ethical one. In the debate, the Socialist side of which was led by Sydney Webb, the opponents of Socialism had to admit that the ethics taught by Socialists were beyond reproach, but the Moderates had determined to exclude the Socialists and this was done. The question aroused great interest in London and will not be without its benefit to Socialism.

PAWTUCKET MACHINIST'S STRIKE.

The employees of the Waragonett Manufacturing Company of Pawtucket, R. I., are on strike for a shorter work-day and better conditions. The company are manufacturers of the Babcock printing press and is circulating the story that there is no trouble with its employees. Many workmen have been deceived into going there only to be disappointed when learning the truth. Union men are requested to make the facts known as widely as possible.

"ORCHARD"

What a pleasant reptile a Gila monster is! what a companionable thing a rattlesnake is! what a joy to heaven and earth a culture is—beside this atrocity. An "Orchard" of upas trees.—United Mine Workers' Journal.

DARROW'S ARGUMENT.

Continued from page 1.

varied and so irreconcilable that the mentioned. As to Jack Simpkins, the evidence in this case has shown that he was in the bull pen in northern Idaho in 1880. If he had anything whatever to do with the Caldwell matter, his motive was plain, his reason was plain, but without the testimony of Orchard there is nothing to connect him excepting that he went down to Caldwell and registered under some other name upon the hotel register. I trust we have not got to where a man can be convicted of murder merely on the false registry of your name on a hotel register. There might be any number of reasons falling far short of murder, and there is no presumption whatever because a man registers some other name than his own that he is present in a town to commit murder, but if he were there and there for that purpose, what is there that directly connects this defendant with him or with Orchard?

Why, your Honor, it is said that Simpkins was one of the executive board of the Western Federation of Miners. Well, now, is it possible that any one could say for a single moment that because a certain member of the board, whether it is an industrial organization or a business organization, or a political organization, that because one of the members was guilty of a crime that every member of the board was in a conspiracy with him to commit that crime? I take it that there is nothing in this case to show that the main purpose, or certainly the sole purpose in this union was murder. Their membership consisted of some 40,000 men; it was a regular labor organization formed like any other and operating like any other for the benefit of the class to which they belonged. It might be true that some member of the organization would be guilty of crime, that he might have committed murder, but it could not follow from that that every member of the organization, or even every director of the organization, was in a conspiracy with him to do it.

Orchard's record.

Where is there a scrap of evidence that could tie Haywood to it—directly to him with it? Why, it is a strange thing, if true—Suppose Senator Borah's statement is true, or his theory is true, that there was an organization that for several years was bent on murder, and that these men who have been indicted here were the leading spirits of that organization that they had killed some twenty people and committed crimes without end, and yet in what year—in what year—were those men who were connected with this organization—who they engaged in this business? Not one person ever saw one of these men with a stick of dynamite; ever heard them use a single word by way of making a threat, have listened to a single syllable connecting them with any one of these crimes. Where is there one single witness in this case who has ever heard a whisper connecting Haywood with it? And yet we are told that for ten years, or for eight years at least, he has been an active member in this plot of assassination, and we have got nothing excepting the statement of a man who is testifying against the lives of three other men to save his own as coolly and deliberately as he ever tried to murder any human being in his life, excepting to his own statement; and who is testifying for a bigger reward than he ever received for any murder before.

When they sum up this testimony, out of the whole mass of passion and feeling and prejudice, out of the whole Detective-made case from the beginning to the end, after five years of following these men for the purpose of getting incriminating evidence, and are then asked to lay their hands upon it they say what? That Haywood sent a draft to Jack Simpkins on the 21st day of December, and that on the 30th day of December Pettibone wrote a letter to Orchard in Caldwell saying that something had been sent to Jack for him.

A Supposition.

Now, for the purpose of this action, we will construe that the strongest it could be construed in favor of the state, without discussing the question of whether Pettibone wrote the letter, without discussing why it was that Haywood sent the draft, without discussing why the letter was written, let us make it just as strong as the state could possibly imagine, and then see if there is a single thing in that evidence which could connect Haywood with killing ex-Governor Steunenberg in Caldwell, and that is all there is in this case, and they have not been able to lay their hands on a scrap of evidence that they could argue could directly connect him with it. Now, what they would argue as to this circumstance seems to be something like this—and I put it as strong as I think they would dare to put it even if we put in no evidence whatever—that on the 21st day of December Mr. Haywood sent a hundred dollars to Jack Simpkins, that a little later than that time Harry Orchard wrote a letter to Pettibone asking about some money, asking for a hundred dollars—put it as strong as Orchard put it, and that is as strong as could be imagined—that thereupon Pettibone either went or called up by phone and found that a hundred dollars had been sent, and he wrote Harry Orchard telling him that the money had been sent. Now, what of it? Suppose, your Honor, that Mr. Haywood had sent a hundred dollars direct to Harry Orchard at Caldwell while he was there to murder ex-Governor Steunenberg, is that evidence against him? And could that by any possible

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means connect him with the crime? Gus Paulson gave Harry Orchard the \$300 with which he went to Caldwell to murder Steunenberg. Is there anybody in Idaho or anywhere else that believes that Gus Paulson was guilty of murder because of that? He took dinner with him; he gave him \$300; he took that and bought a ticket to Caldwell and paid his hotel bill with it, and he murdered Governor Steunenberg. Does any inference follow from it? Suppose he had bought a ticket and given it to him—does any evidence of guilt follow from it? How far is it, your Honor, between giving a man a hundred dollars and making him guilty of murder, because the man who receives that hundred dollars commits a crime? Why, I take it, your Honor, that no person could be safe under the law of the land if a circumstance like that could incriminate him. And yet with all their watching and work they have not had a slip, they have not had a line or a letter, they have not had a word to connect him with it.

The Letters.

One more circumstance which the Senator seems to think was worth arguing to this jury: A letter, or two letters, were supposed to have been written by Harry Orchard in April or May to his wife. These are Orchard's statements. But, in November, after Orchard had been away from Denver since August, two months after Orchard had disappeared from Denver, Mr. Haywood writes a letter to his wife saying that he had heard that Orchard was up in Alaska. Could you hang him on that evidence? Suppose that Orchard had been at his elbow and had asked him to write—but he don't—is it evidence of murder? Is it anything whatever? Suppose he knew it was a lie; what of it? And yet there is not a scrap of evidence in this case that he knew it was a lie. At the most, under any inference in this case, he had written a letter to Orchard's wife because Orchard wanted him to do it. The chances are that he wanted to get away from her—that is perfectly plain under the evidence—and he asked somebody to help him do it. Now, what of it? The evidence in this case does not even show that when Orchard's testimony is stricken out a man writes to a woman who has made an inquiry about her husband, and he says: "The last I heard of him he was in Alaska;" and it is perfectly plain he had not heard of him for three months, and is presumed to be direct evidence connecting Haywood with the commission of this murder.

Now, your Honor, it seems to me that it is perfectly plain in this case that from the beginning to the end there is nothing of this case but Orchard; that in a case where every eye has been opened and every ear alert to catch something, to see something, that after months of arrest and imprisonment and waiting for trial they come into this court with nothing but Orchard, not one incriminating circumstance, not one fact that could rise to the dignity of evidence if it was unconnected with anything else, and when those scraps and odds and ends were introduced into this court, counsel says, we will connect them, we will connect them, we will connect them; connect them with what? With the rotten thread of Orchard's testimony and nothing else—and not one of them would be competent without it.

The Statute's Meaning.

The statute of the state of Idaho ought to mean something, and it does. It means that the legislature of this state has crystallized into a statute that which every lawyer and every judge and every well informed student of history knows is what it ought to be. No man's life can be taken from him, no man's liberty can be taken from him upon evidence which comes from such a polluted source as this—an informer, a traitor, an assassin, an accomplice, can take away the life or liberty of any man. There must be some other evidence, something which stands alone, which standing alone directly connects the defendant with the commission of the crime. From the beginning to the end I insist there is not a syllable of evidence in this case which does connect this defendant with this crime excepting the statement of Orchard, and that for this reason this case should not be submitted to the jury. This case should not be submitted to the judgment which naturally and inevitably must be largely influenced by the passions and feelings and prejudices of the day, but if ever in any case the court should insist upon the clear letter of the law being obeyed, in order to preserve its principle and its intent and purpose, it should be done in a case as clear as this case is, and your Honor should take this case from the jury at this time.

BAKERS STRIKE IN ITALY.

ROME, June 22.—The government having postponed consideration of a bill prohibiting night work, the bakers to-day declared a general strike throughout the whole of Italy.

GRAND VOLKS-FEST

ARRANGED BY THE UNITED BRANCHES OF THE Workmen's Sick and Death Benefit Fund OF BROOKLYN AND VICINITY. — ON SUNDAY, JUNE 30 — HELD AT GERKEN'S RIDGEWOOD GROVE Cypress, near Myrtle Ave., Evergreen For the benefit of the United Branches Sick and Death Benefit Fund and the SOCIALIST PARTY. AMUSEMENTS FOR YOUNG AND OLD CONCERT AND BALL ADMISSION, 10 CENTS A PERSON. COMMENCING AT 10 A. M.

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GUANO CIGARMAKERS STILL OUT. HAVANA, June 24.—The striking cigarmakers notified Gov. Magoon this morning that they had decided to reject the cigar manufacturers' proposal to arbitrate and insisted on their original demand—that the payment of wages be in American currency. The prospect of a settlement of the strike is now considered to be remote.