

hood of Carpenters and Joiners and by the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners. The officials and members of the rank and file, who are providing a defense for the Altmans, are hard headed union men who are not willing to stand for a case whose sponsors are Paddy Lavin and George A. Behn, an "investigator" for the Chicago Telephone company, whose ad-

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Bombs, Gambling and the City Hall

Bombs thirty-three and thirty-four did something more than expose the existence of a gambling ring in Chicago. That scarcely needed exposing. Everyone knew of its existence except the police and city hall officials, who are trying to place the blame of these outrages on organized labor.

These bombs not only tore away the screens before the gambling outfits. They also tore away the screen from the city hall gang that is profiting by bomb throwing and gambling.

Look at the list of city officials that was uncovered by these two explosions.

One of the buildings is the notorious Powers & O'Brien saloon, from beneath whose floor the great tunnel steal was engineered. "Johnny" Powers, long the leader of the bootlegging gang in the city council, was one of its owners, although he now claims to have severed his connection.

Checks signed by William J. O'Brien, another alderman, were found in one of the gambling dens. These checks bore all evidence of being payments for bets won.

The leases of one gambling den were made out by Alderman George F. Harding, who claims to be very much surprised to learn that such a business was contemplated, although the names on the lease are those of notorious gamblers, and the rent is such as would be paid only for the privilege to conduct an illegal business.

Another building is owned by former County Treasurer Charles A. Gunther, who is also very much surprised that the men who occupied the rooms, and who have always been known as the head of one of the great gambling rings, were going to use it for any such purpose.

The bomb also brought to light 500 tickets to the notorious First Ward ball, which had been purchased by the gamblers. This is the annual orgy conducted for the benefit of Alderman "Hinky Dink" Kenna and "Bath House" John of the First ward, and the sale of these tickets is the regular method of collecting tribute in this locality.

HERE ARE SIX WELL-KNOWN OFFICIALS OF THE CITY OF CHICAGO EXPOSED BY THESE TWO BOMBS.

WHY ARE THESE MEN NOT ARRESTED?

WHY ARE THEY NOT TREATED TO THE THIRD DEGREE?

IF ONE BOMB HAD BEEN THROWN BY A TRADE UNIONIST, EVERY OFFICIAL OF HIS ORGANIZATION WOULD HAVE BEEN LOCKED UP BY THIS TIME.

The Faces You Meet

Did you ever study the faces you meet along the public streets? Did you ever look at them one by one, fixing each momentarily in your memory until at last they began to blend into one composite?

Did you ever try the same thing with a great crowd? Try it some time. No matter whether it is an audience at a lecture, a ball game, or whatever may have been the purpose that has called them together. Look at them closely. Try to see what lines have been cut deepest into the face.

You know that each emotion shows itself in certain muscular movements that leave a record of lines behind.

Every person who studies an American audience or a passing crowd in this manner soon comes to feel as if all the world were worrying. The lines that are drawn most deeply are those left by uncertainty.

Over the head of every man, woman and child of today, with the exception of a negligible few who are not seen in street crowds and popular audiences, there hangs the haunting uncertainty of the future. The loss of a job is the ghost that gibbers at the elbow of the majority. The danger of financial loss in a hundred other forms stares into the faces of others.

Even if the immediate present is secure, how about the future? If you have no worry for yourself, what will be the fate of your children?

So it is that the composite face of American society is lined deep with the marks of a worrying fear.

Yet these are the faces of a people with hundreds of thousands of years of evolution behind them. They are the descendants of those who hid from terror of the mammoth and the sabre-toothed tiger. But these few no longer lurk in the canons of the great cities.

The ancestors of these men and women with the worried, hunted faces saw famine ever at their elbow, waiting only for a drouth or flood, to rush in and seize his prey by the thousands. But the famine of scarcity, of flood or drouth is no more. We have conquered the forces of nature and made these our slaves that were once our masters. We can produce a thousand times as much per worker as the man who toiled with flint tool.

Yet the face of the man of the city streets is marked with lines of horror that never furrowed the brow of the cave-man. It is not because the worker of today cannot produce enough. It is not that beasts of prey threaten him with teeth and talons.

He shudders lest he shall not be able to use his strength to produce, lest his fellow-men take away by stealth and deceit that which he has produced.

Who shall measure the terrible waste of energy that has drawn the lines so deep in a million brows?

Who shall say what evils might have been written, what truths added to science, what inventions to industry, what colors to canvas, had the energy that has been exhausted in painting those worried faces been applied to tasks that would have benefited the world.

That worried face is the product of capitalism, of a society that creates its own famines, that forms its own horrors, that breeds its own wild beasts to prey upon its members, that is rushing on, it knows not whither, pursued by the horror of its own uncertainty.

THE STATE OF OUR COUNTRY

BY ROBERT HUNTER

The president has been making his triumphal tour.

In reading the accounts of that tour I rub my eyes to see if I am actually awake.

Our president calls himself a Republican. That word has meant much to us as a people. For the idea that that word expresses men have gladly laid down their lives.

Lincoln and Jefferson were Republicans. Forer, the Spaniards martyr, was a Republican. Thousands of poor Russians, hunted from pillar to post in this and other countries, are Republicans.

Mexicans lying in the jails of the southwest, starving in the prisons of Diaz, are Republicans. The only hatred that ever endangers the life of a true Republican is that of rulers and oppressors. And Mr. Taft calls himself a Republican.

Yet he moves among his fellow men, not as a friend and comrade fighting the battles of a Republic, but as an emperor of blood.

He dares not move from under the constant guardship of troops, bayonets and secret service detectives.

He is so guarded that nearly every one of his traveling suite has been assaulted and told to move on by his guards.

Cecil Lyon, Republican boss of Tex-

as, left Mr. Taft's party for a moment and when he attempted to return he was assaulted by two deputy sheriffs who thought him a "bad man" with a bomb.

Dr. J. J. Richardson, the president's physician, tried to go through a line of soldiers to his carriage and was assaulted by the soldiers.

Gerrit Fort, of the New York Central railroad, placed in charge of the president's train, was forced to move on by militiamen. John Hayes Hammond was shoved off a hotel sidewalk with the butt of a militiaman's gun.

The meeting between the presidents of "the two Republics" was a military spectacle passing description. Thousands of soldiers with loaded muskets stood guard to protect, to protect the presidents from their own people. Advance agents went ahead to throw men into prison until the imperial train was safely out of the way.

The king of Italy goes anywhere in Italy on foot. He never has a guard. He goes about the slums of Rome and of Naples, walks into a meeting of Socialists or Republicans to hear their discussions.

The Kaiser of Germany drives or rides daily in Berlin unguarded. I have seen him again and again drive down the Unter den Linden with the empress. I could have touched his coat sleeve.

Yet the Kaiser knows that 75 per cent of the people of Berlin are Socialists. They do not like the Kaiser. They do not assemble to see the Kaiser when he appears anywhere in Berlin.

If Bebel appears, scores of thousands go to see him and to hear him. The Kaiser knows that Berlin is hostile to him, yet he walks its streets, drives through its parks, as you or I might do.

Diaz, president of "a republic," is surrounded by guards ready to shoot the first man that raises a hand. Taft, president of "a republic," is not only surrounded by regular army officers and police, but also, he is guarded by the quickest shot in the west.

He has had with him Major Busham, a gentleman with a record of having killed twenty men. He is now a scout and agent of American interests in the Yaqui country of Mexico.

Taft, Republican, guarded like a czar, travels about his dominions in fear of his life as if he were the most terrible tyrant the world has ever known.

I wonder if Lincoln could see this what he would think. I wonder what Jefferson would think.

I wonder if either of them would admit that country a republic when its chief official is not free to shake hands with the people except when accompanied by guards prepared, at the drop of the hat, to shoot.

The Boulevard and Its Builders

By Charles Iden

Wide, arching and smooth are its reaches,
And shaded in state by old elms
That stand by the cold granite gateways
Of gardens whose grandeur overwhelms.
Here wealth is at home, and the music
Of Mozart and Chopin runs wild,
As night, with its banquet of orgies,
Is flung to the winds and defiled.
And scattered afar are the hungered,
The weary and worn who have toiled,
And sown their best years for this harvest
Of fruit that the reapers have spoiled;
Their hope ground to dust for a pittance—
Yes, bartered their lives—and the greed
Of those who have compassed their bondage
Takes toll from their uttermost need.
The feet of the lowly are heavy,
And tramp to the wail of a dirge.
At dawn, or at dusk, as they enter
Where labor and death are a surge—
For death is at home in the workshop
Of these who are ground in despair,
Whose childhood is forged into profits,
Made strangers to God's open air.
These, who have made for their masters
The comforts they need for their own,
Are sifting their souls and are making
The Boulevard's cold paving stone.
But Egypt shall rise from the ashes
Of cons of desolate years,
And wrest from the sons of perdition
The peace she has bartered for tears.

LABOR TRIUMPHANT

BY EDMUND DEFREYNE

Hail! mighty thing of brain and brawn,
Whose head and hands uphold the
world,
Hail, Conqueror! Awake! the dawn
Of thy day comes apace, and hurled
into the limbo of the past
Will be thy wrongs, if thy strong
hands
But pull together and hold fast
Each right when gained. But thy de-
mands
Backed by thy manhood's might must
be;
Thou canst not win with half thy
power.
Waken! Unto! Then, like the sea,
Thou art restless. Lo! the hour
Is ripe. The hands of Time and Fate
Point to the dawn; and from its sleep
Of ages, heavy-eyed and late,
But not too late its cry to keep—
Great Labor wakes, and with wide eyes
Of wonder, sees his giant form,
Begins his force to realize:
And, looking on the pygmy swarm
Which fattens on him, and with chains
Of golden tissue binds his brawn
And its colossal strength restrains,
Laughs, half in rage and half in scorn;
And, breaking, one by one the bands
Of minted gold his own hand wrought,
Rises triumphant, proudly stands
Upon the world his toil hath bought
And paid for many times in coin.

ANOTHER RELIC OF BARBARISM

Rocco Racco, an Italian who had been living in New Castle for nearly nine years, was hanged recently in the Lawrence county jail, Pennsylvania.

He died like a man, maintaining to the very last moment that he was innocent of the crime of which he was convicted.

Rocco was forty-two years of age and married, and was a most courageous character. He has been twenty-two months in jail and from the first protested that he was innocent, but yet was not afraid to die. Many thought that he would make a confession on the scaffold but were disappointed.

The following are the words he uttered in broken English, yet with a nerve and steadiness almost beyond comprehension, after which the black cap was placed over his head and the trap sprung: "Gentlemen, I no saw Seelye Houk killed. I know nothing about it. I no even suspicion anybody for that. I never seen nobody killed. I pardon everybody that convict me; the judge, the district attorney, the juryman, the witnesses, the pardon board—everybody. I pardon him all. Goodbye."

The man's courage and the fact that he was convicted upon circumstantial evidence has created considerable discussion and indignation on the part of many of the citizens in the county.

Perhaps there was not one man present who would not willingly have said the word that would have spared Rocco from the fatal noose, had it been in his power to do so.

This is the story of the case:

On March 2, 1906, Seelye Houk, then game warden, disappeared from view. On the 24th of the next month his body was found in a stream near Hillsville,

an Italian settlement in a New Castle suburb, bearing evidence of death from gunshot wounds.

Feeling at the time was running very high against Italians, because of a recent Black Hand scare epidemic, and suspicion was at once directed to this man Rocco, whose dog was said to have been killed by Houk in the discharge of his duties.

A little later two Italians named Serace and Cutrone swore that Rocco told them he had killed Houk. It was shown at the trial that Serace and Cutrone were both unfriendly to Rocco, but for all that he was convicted upon this shallow testimony.

Serace and Cutrone were afterwards themselves convicted of robbery and are now in the pen for ten years each.

It is the opinion of the reasonable citizens of New Castle that the man should not have been hung. Whether he is or is not guilty is not the point in question in the minds of many. The point is he was not proven guilty. If he were an American he would doubtless not have been convicted. Moreover, had it not been for the fact that at the time of the death of Houk feeling was running high against Italians, because of the Black Hand scare, and there was a feeling in favor of "hanging a Dago, anyhow," for the murder of Seelye Houk.

Houk was known to be a bad character himself. His record for years was not that of the best, while that of Rocco's has been that of a peaceful citizen during his eight years in America, most of the time of which he kept a small grocery in New Castle.

Rocco is the fourth man that has been hanged in New Castle, two of the three others being Italians, also. He leaves a wife behind who suffered more because of his conviction than he

did himself. Rocco's statement that he was not afraid to die and that he would make a speech from the scaffold was carried out.

It is quite probable that new laws in regard to capital punishment will be enacted in the state of Pennsylvania, as a result of the developments of the Rocco execution. The solemnity of the man, and the fact that he was hung upon circumstantial evidence has aroused public sentiment. It may be that the blood of Rocco was the price for the abolishment of capital punishment in the state of Pennsylvania.

One spectator standing with his hand resting on the gallows when the trap was sprung, during the intermission of silence after the body dropped, said: "We are still living in the jungle. This is another relic of barbarism." Several broke the silence and turned their eyes to the speaker—then walked out.

An interesting phase of the execution is the fact that Sheriff John Waddington, the man who was commissioned by law to do the killing, is the man that the Free Press, the local organ of the Socialist party of Lawrence county, exposed as a "desirable citizen, honest among women and rank among the working class of New Castle."

It was shown by the Free Press, and the paper dared Waddington to disprove the statements, that he was not only personally one of the vilest men of the community, but he was in league with the American Sheet and Tin Plate company, and did all in his power to defeat the workers in the present strike. He deputized strangers who were brought into the city as "bulls" and discharged Amalgamated men. He was the tool entirely of the steel trust.

HIGH BROW VS. SQUARE JAW

(A Conversation)

BY MILA TUPPER MAYNARD

Questioner—"Did you see this Kaufman article in the Sunday paper? Here is something you Socialists forget. This writer shows that all strength comes from struggle and that even a rich man left his fortune to charity and his son nothing in order to prove the metal that was in him and make it necessary for the son to grow strong by conquest."

Socialist—"Yes, I saw the article. I noticed that it had the father confess that he had made his money from those weaker than himself and so would give it back to them by charity. And yet he wants his son to repeat the same story and make his money out of those weaker also."

Questioner—"But what struggle can there be, except between parties, one of whom will be proven the weaker—face facts! Don't be sentimental."

Socialist—"All right. I admit that you are right there. I do not like the idea and I do not believe you do, but I admit that that's no proof; it may not be necessary and best. I believe, however, that overcoming the weak will not long be necessary."

Questioner—"But it always will be if we are going to have a strong race. Security of maintenance which this father feared would weaken his child, would weaken the race. You Socialists always talk of wanting to take away the insecurity of the present system."

Socialist—"Insecurity in what? We have no desire to disturb the present secure without work except for youth, old age and invalidism. All we insist upon is security in the chance to work, which is a very different thing."

Questioner—"But surely there will always be stronger and weaker, energy and laziness? With no prizes for the strong, how can you avoid having all drop to a level of weakness?"

Socialist—"Do you really think fear of starvation or dependence is the only incentive for ambition and energy? There is every probability that differences in wages and hours of work will continue for a long time after Socialism is well established. They could always be retained as incentive if necessary, but even the least competent will have a minimum wage that will insure decency and comfort—luxury most of us would call it today."

Questioner—"But I fear the result." Socialist—"You really think human nature needs the threat of capital punishment through the lost job and starvation to make it work, do you? They used to claim the trades unions would demoralize labor by insisting on a minimum wage. Facts prove the folly of this, however. To allow employers to pay any price puts a premium in the poorest work."

Questioner—"But if all were sure of a job, would not work differently? Encourage idleness and laziness!"

Socialist—"Men could starve under Socialism as easily as now if they chose. If a man will not work, neither shall he eat, is a good law, which can not now be enforced, but which could be if all knew that unwillingness to work was the only cause of poverty."

Questioner—"But how about the best developments? We never want a system which will not stimulate the very highest achievements and individual development."

Socialist—"You are right there. But the question remains, What constitutes the highest achievements and best individual development? I notice in this article Kaufman sneers at the 'high brow' and says the age wants 'square jaws' not 'high brows.' He tells the truth there. Today the bulldog type has a far better chance than the strictly humanist."

"The high brow is the acme of creation, the goal toward which all creation has moved. Yet in our present civilization even our moralizers on success have to sneer at anything which interferes with the square jaw, even though it is that which stands for all that is truly human, brain, taste, spiritual force."

Questioner—"But you know he meant determination, strength, without these the high brow does not count."

Socialist—"But there is ample room for these even though one is free from the terror of starvation. Had Darwin's father felt as this Henry Harper did and refused to leave his son a maintenance, where would the science of the nineteenth century have been? Because Darwin was sure of his bread

and butter he could afford to roam the world studying nature for twenty years before he ventured to announce his great generalizations.

"What there is no square jaw in the make up of Herbert Spencer, Robert Browning and Emerson, because they had high brows? Yet the high brows would probably have been their ruin, true enough, had they not had a competence to help them out of the bulidog arena."

Questioner—"I admit the literary fellows and big philosophers need to be out of the scramble. Perhaps the European governments are wise to pension their high brows. Iben would have made a pretty mess of life had he not had a government pension, and a political office saved Hawthorne genius to the world. But how about practical matters?"

Socialist—"Saving human life is about as practical as anything, is it not? In Panama they have changed a disease ridden country into one as healthy as the Mississippi valley. Because science was given a free hand with ample support. The best medical and surgical discoveries lately have been made in institutes where scientists were told they need not rustle a living, but just live on a good salary while they worked for humanity, science and their own reputation."

Questioner—"On Rockefeller's money." Socialist—"To be sure. Since we let private citizens own the earth and fence it in, they naturally have to do for us what we ought to do for each other. Since they own the social wealth it is well that they perform some social services. But their service is fragmentary compared with what society ought to do for itself."

Questioner—"But come down to what the world calls practical—this empire building and the like."

Socialist—"In what line—the biggest things being done today are government or uprisings. The Panama canal and government irrigation in the west are huge enough affairs. Of course is the midst of capitalism no government enterprise is a test of Socialism, but in both these lines there is daily proof that constructive genius and enormous energy may be hired in the open market place at no great financial incentive."

"The other follow of railway and steamship company, who has done none of the work, will reap the chief benefit of new ocean highways and new farming empires. But the work is done none the less. Did you read the article on the 'Heroes of the Gunslon Tunnel,' in an October magazine? It is a thrilling story of how government engineers braved the death canon in order to see if a great irrigation project was feasible. Such heroism is hard to conceive. They had to plunge into roaring whirlpools that dropped out of sight under rocky ledges and whose outlet no one knew. They had to endure indescribable suffering and hardship and toss their lives about like a chip on a log. And one of them actually undertook the task a second time after having failed once and barely escaping with his life. For what?"

"Ask human nature, not the square jaw philosophy. These men did not even get a raise in salary, so far as anybody knows, and the honor has been kept pretty close. I never heard of the matter, though I lived near and knew the men, till their magazine men told me of it. Meanwhile I had heard a plenty about one Dave Moffett, empire builder, who stole Denver franchises that he might finance a railroad. By the way, that same hero and his road stole the best site for an irrigation reservoir in the west. He spoiled the chance to create millions of acres of fertile farm land that he might swing more capital as an 'empire builder.'"

"No, friend, some day it will be seen that the worst indictment of this order of things is the waste of human values it brings. It puts a premium on the square jaw at the expense of both high brow and high service. Under just conditions there would be every incentive for real service there is today, and the millions now out of the game of such motives because of underpay and overwork and lack of education would be lifted to the human plane where incentive operates."

TO THE EDITOR

Would Have Co-operative

In view of the many letters now appearing in the Socialist press on co-operation, and especially with reference to the letter of Gustav Schulz in the Daily of October 26, I should like to say that I think the time is now ripe for a co-operative business being started by Socialists.

As a one-time member of the English Co-operative Stores (Limited) permit me to say that it is a good paying proposition when once under way, as witness the \$200,000,000 concern in Great Britain. This movement was started by a handful of poor men, and today it is the leading grocery and dry goods corporation in that country. It runs huge model flour mills, clothing factories of all kinds, manufactures shoes, etc., and operates its own coal mines, steamships, and so forth, totaling \$300,000,000 worth of trade a year.

This vast system, run entirely by the working class, is, however, not ideal from a Socialist point of view. To be a member one must show \$50 worth of trade a year, take out a membership blank, and then the dividends are paid in cash under certain restrictions which it is not necessary to enumerate here. The "society," as it is called, is really a working class capitalist concern, as a great number of its members allowed their dividends to accumulate until they could place the money in other investments, and so climbed into the capitalist class.

One of the comrades in Detroit explained a co-operative system in some time ago which I believe to be the best form a business and Socialist standpoint. It embodied the idea of uniting politically, industrially and fraternally. The scheme was tried, I think, in Port Huron, Mich., under very adverse circumstances, and even then proved a success until the membership entered the speculative field, and with a run of bad luck they went under. However, a business of this character, starting with food stuffs and necessities, owned and controlled by earnest men and women of the Socialist movement, should soon be on a self-supporting basis, and once the ball is started rolling in the right direction, I think it will grow very rapidly.

So let us hear from you, Comrade Q. I. Richardson. Explain your scheme to the readers of the Daily so that we may when the road a little more clearly is leading us to the great co-operative commonwealth.

Leading, Mich. ERIC WIDMAR

On Woman Suffrage.

In your issue of 13th inst. appeared an article criticizing the woman suffrage movement.

I am willing to concede that the movement in England would have been stronger had they demanded universal suffrage for men and women.

They, however, seemed to think that they would win the sooner if they put it upon the theoretical ground that women are entitled to the same rights as men; and so demanded for women the same right to the ballot as the men now possess.

It is difficult to understand why any Socialist—and especially a woman—should oppose women enjoying the same rights as men.

But this is not the point I am after now. The article referred to above contains this passage:

"Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, being a rich woman is satisfied with enfranchising rich women only"; the writer leaves the impression that this is the position of the American suffrage movement.

As to Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's opinions, the New York Call, a few days ago, published an interview with her in which she stated that she was opposed to a limited suffrage bill, and demanded the right for all women.

Furthermore, the American suffrage organization has never favored votes for privileged women only. On the contrary it has opposed bills for limited suffrage. Some time ago the Illinois legislature was ready to pass a law giving the right to vote to all tax-paying women, and Mrs. Shaw, acting officially for her organization, wired "Kill the bill." And on numerous other occasions the American suffrage organization has emphatically stated that they demanded the ballot for woman not because she possesses property, but because she possesses a brain.

Recently in Louisiana the legislature was on the point of enfranchising white women only, when again came the word from the headquarters of the national suffrage society that they wanted no rights for white women that were not granted to black women as well.

Now, let us be fair. As an old dues-paying member of the Socialist party I object to misrepresentation.

GEO. W. DOWNING
Los Angeles, Cal.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Mrs. Pankhurst at Carnegie Hall

BY THERESA MALKIEL

A quarter of a century ago it would have been impossible to imagine even a gathering similar to the one assembled at Carnegie hall on Monday, October 28th.

Four generations of women came out by the thousands from their places, homes and hall bedrooms, to hear one of their fighting sisters from abroad plead the justice of her cause, as well as the necessity of the stringent measures adopted by the women in England. The great grandmother, her dress trimmed with the suffrage colors, was as eager to absorb all that she was being taught in her declining days, as her eighteen year old great-granddaughter, who, dressed in the cap and gown of her alma mater, a broad yellow sash across her shoulders, acted as usher.

Wherever the eye rested it was confronted by an intelligent woman, her gaze directed expectantly toward the clearing horizon of new emancipation. The sturdiest opponent of woman's enfranchisement could not, looking upon that host of people, deny that womanhood is finally rising from its long sleep.

Mrs. Pankhurst did not tell them anything new. Everything she related during the evening concerning the skirmishes between the suffragettes and the government had been, at one time or another, reported in our daily press. But, as the German saying

goes, "A stick has two ends to it," the press had hitherto shown us the stick up side down. Mrs. Pankhurst placed it in the right position, convincing her audience with the skilled ability of a master builder, that the women in England have reached finally the point where they had to rebel against the injustice of being compelled to obey laws enacted without their consent. At first they pleaded their case peacefully before the government in power, but the latter only ridiculed them and refused positively to listen to their cry for justice.

When the women saw that the government was withdrawing from even the long adopted method of protection—they declared war. So far a bloodless civil war.

Every word that the speaker uttered was full of earnestness, determination to fight to the bitter end and carried with it a conviction of the truth of her assertion.

A conviction which spread in every corner of the hall, from the conservative pink tea party suffragist of a decade ago to the class conscious Socialist women who realize at the same time that the struggle of the English suffragettes is based on POLITICAL EMANCIPATION ALONE, WHEREAS THE ECONOMIC SLAVERY OF MEN