

THE SCARLET PLAGUE

JACK LONDON

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"I was telling about the airship," said the rich. They carried the plague with them, and no matter where they fled, they died. I never encountered but one survivor of them—Mungerson. He was afterward at Santa Rosa, and he married my eldest daughter. He came into the tribe eight years after the plague. He was then nineteen years old, and he was compelled to wait twelve years more before he could marry. You see, there were no unmarried women, and some of the older daughters of the Santa Rosas were already bespoken. So he was forced to wait until my Mary had grown to sixteen years. It was his son, Gimp-Leg, who was killed last year by the mountain lion.

"Mungerson was eleven years old at the time of the plague. His father was one of the industrial magnates, a very wealthy, powerful man. It was on his airship the Condor, that they were fleeing, with all the family, for the wilds of British Columbia, which is far to the north of here. But there was some accident, and they were wrecked near Mt. Shasta. You have heard of that mountain. It is far to the north. The plague broke out among them, and this boy of eleven was the only survivor. For eight years he was alone, wandering over a deserted land and looking vainly for his own kind. And at last, traveling south, he picked up with us, the Santa Rosas.

"But I am ahead of my story. When the great exodus from the cities around San Francisco began, and while the telephones were still working, I talked with my brother. I told him this flight from the cities was insanity, that there were no symptoms of the plague in me, and that the thing for us to do was to isolate ourselves and our relatives in some safe place. We decided on the Chemistry building, at the university, and we planned to stay in a supply of provisions, and by force of arms to prevent any other persons from forcing their presence upon us after we had retired to our refuge.

"All this being arranged, my brother begged me to stay in my own house for at least twenty-four hours more, on the chance of the plague developing in me. To this I agreed, and he promised to come for me next day. We talked over the details of the provisioning and the defending of the Chemistry building until the telephone died. It died in the midst of our conversation. That evening there were no electric lights, and I was alone in my house in the darkness. No more newspapers were being printed, so I had no knowledge of what was taking place outside. I heard sounds of rioting and of pistol shots, and from my windows I could see the glare on the sky of some conflagration in the direction of Oakland. It was a night of terror. I did not sleep a wink. A man—why and how I do not know—was killed on the sidewalk in front of the house. I heard the rapid reports of an automatic pistol, and a few minutes later the wounded wretch crawled up to my door, moaning and crying out for help. Arming myself with two automatics, I went to him. By the light of a match I ascertained that while he was dying of the bullet wounds, at the same time the plague was on him. I fled indoors, whence I heard him moan and cry out for half an hour longer.

"In the morning my brother came to me. I had gathered into a hand-bag what things of value I proposed taking, but when I saw his face I knew that he would never accompany me to the Chemistry building. The plague was on him. He intended shaking my hand, but I went back hurriedly before him.

"Look at yourself in the mirror," I commanded.

"My God!" he said. "I've got it. Don't come near me, I'm a dead man."

Then the convulsions seized him. He was two hours in dying, and was conscious to the last, complaining about the coldness and loss of sensation in his feet, his calves, his thighs, until at last it was his heart and he was dead.

"That was the way the Scarlet Death slew. I caught up my handbag and fled. The sights in the streets were terrible. One stumbled on bodies everywhere. Some were not yet dead. And even as you looked you saw men sink down with the death fastened upon them. There were numerous fires burning in Berkeley, while Oakland and San Francisco were apparently being swept by vast conflagrations. The smoke from the burning filled the heavens, so that the midday was a gloomy twilight, and, in the shifts of wind, sometimes the sun shone through dimly, a dull red orb. Truly, my grandsons, it was like the last days of the end of the world.

"There were numerous stalled motor cars, showing that the gasoline and the engine supplies of the garages had given out. I remember one such car. A man and a woman lay back dead in the seats, and on the pavement near it were two more women and a child. Strange and terrible sights there were on every hand. People slipped by silently, furtively, like ghosts—white-

faced women carrying infants in their arms; fathers leading children by the hand; singly, and in couples, and in families—all fleeing out of the city of death. Some carried supplies of food, others blankets and valuables, and there were many who carried nothing.

"There was a grocery store—a place where food was sold. The man to whom it belonged—I knew him well—a quiet, sober, but stupid and obstinate fellow, was defending it. The windows and doors had been broken in, but he, inside, hiding behind a counter, was discharging his pistol at a number of men on the sidewalk who were breaking in. In the entrance were several bodies—of men, I decided, whom he had killed earlier in the day. Even as I looked on from a distance, I saw one of the robbers break the windows of an adjoining store, a place where shoes were sold, and deliberately set fire to it. I did not go to the groceryman's assistance. The time for such acts had already passed. Civilization was crumbling, and it was each for himself.

"I went away hastily, down a cross street, and at the first corner I saw another tragedy. Two men of the working class had caught a man and a woman with two children, and were robbing them. I knew the man by sight, though I had not been introduced to him. He was a poet whose verses I had long admired. Yet I did not go to his help, for at the moment I came upon the scene there was a pistol shot, and I saw him sinking to the ground. The woman screamed, and she was felled by a fist blow by one of the brutes. I cried out threateningly, whereupon they discharged their pistols at me, and I ran away around the corner. Here I was blocked by an advancing conflagration. The buildings on both sides were burning, and the street was filled with smoke and flame. From somewhere in that murk came a woman's voice calling shrilly for help. But I did not go to her. A man's heart turned to iron amid such scenes, and one heard all too many appeals for help.

"Returning to the corner, I found the two robbers were gone. The poet and his wife lay dead on the pavement. It was a shocking sight. The two children had vanished—whether I could not tell. And I knew, now, why it was that the fleeing persons I encountered slipped along so furtively and with such white faces. In the midst of our civilization, down in our slums and labor ghettos, we had bred a race of barbarians, of savages; and now, in the time of our calamity, they turned upon us like the wild beasts they were and destroyed us. And they destroyed themselves as well. They inflamed themselves with strong drink and committed a thousand atrocities, quarreling and killing one another in the general madness. One group of workmen I saw, of the better sort, who had banded together, and, with their women and children in their midst, the sick and aged in litters and being carried, and with a number of horses pulling a truckload of provisions, they were fighting their way out of the city. They made a fine spectacle as they came down the street through the drifting smoke, though they nearly shot me when I first appeared in their path. As they went by, one of their leaders shouted out to me in apologetic explanation. He said they were killing the robbers and looters on sight, and that they had thus banded together as the only means by which to escape the provokers.

(Continued next week.)

ISRAEL WEINBERG TRIAL IS EXCITING

(Continued From Page One)

now, well-known dramatic ability, and declared that she was a "good Christian woman" and that she had made a promise to her "chee-ild" not to reveal that particular thing. Her "chee-ild" is around thirty, perhaps a bit more. The jury'll be astonished when it notes the sophistication of Mellie's offspring. Questioned about her visit to Chief of Police Petersen in Oakland prior to her attempted identification of Mooney and Billings and the visit to San Francisco city jail along with Inspector of Police Wm. H. Smith, she fell back on her promise to her "chee-ild". Questioned about whether she told Chief Petersen certain things or not, she answered, "He didn't ask me."

Draper Hand of the moral squad crept into her evidence frequently. He, it was, who visited her frequently after she consented to "star" in the FRAME-UP and it appears that he cavaliereed Mellie during the "unch hour." She admitted that she identified a suitcase in Captain Matheson's

office. She identified it by pieces of the inside, though she admitted that she had seen only the outside of the suitcase at 721 Market street. But, of course, Mellie may have projected her "astray body" into the inside of the suitcase and this spook stuff may be one of the things she promised her "chee-ild" not to reveal.

Questioned if she had seen pictures of Mooney and Billings before she had attempted to identify them, she shouted a positive, "NO". Then Tom O'Connor read her testimony in Rena Mooney's trial where she stated that Lieutenant Goff told her that she must not depend on Mooney's photograph as he was clean shaven then. Then Mellie remembered that she had seen photographs of the men. She admitted it as calmly as if she hadn't perjured herself the minute previous. Mellie can swear fifty-seven different varieties of perjury in five minutes.

When hard pressed Mellie leaned over confidentially to Seawell and whispered something to him. Defense Attorney Nae Goghan got tired of these tete-a-tetes and finally asked that they be made part of the record. This made Seawell somewhat indignant, but he repeated the last that he had with Mellie and it was made part of the record.

Visited Estelle Smith. Tom O'Connor asked if she had ever visited Estelle Smith at 721 Market street. She answered, "No". "Did you not visit Estelle Smith in company with your daughter, Sadie," asked O'Connor, "and ask Estelle Smith if there were three windows in the dentist's office, that Martin Swanson told you there were three, but that you saw only two? Didn't Sadie tell you not to talk so loud and didn't Estelle Smith explain to you that there were in reality three windows but that one of them was covered up?"

"NO," was the reply.

Questioned about a contradictory statement she made when the defense attorneys, a local newspaper editor and Oakland police officials visited her, Mellie slapped her gloves down in front of Seawell and said, "Was that the time you offered me a 'near bribe'?" O'Connor laughed and asked her how much he offered her, but Mellie began another declamation to the jury. "I'm a Christian woman so help my God," she screamed, and there isn't a man in the world who can bribe me." Then she relaxed into slang and told how she pulled a gun on O'Connor. Of course true Christian women always tote a gun.

She vigorously denied making a statement to M. W. Lynch, an Oakland coal dealer, to the effect that she saw two men and two women at the scene of the explosion with a suit case or that she ever saw them on the roof of 721 Market street.

When pressed about a statement Seawell saved her a few times. This was the last of her testimony and as she stepped from the stand Detective Ed. Wiscotschill stepped forward and linked her, out of the courtroom back to Ficket's office.

Mellie's Morning Examination. The San Francisco Bulletin gives a good report of the Oakland "stars" testimony earlier in the day, before Seawell inaugurated his "Star Chamber" policy. Part of it reads:

Mrs. Mellie M. Edeau of 2106 Baya street, Oakland, writhed and squirmed, because angry and confused, under the searching cross examination of Attorney Thomas M. O'Connor, who took her in hand after she had positively identified Israel Weinberg as the man who had driven the automobile away from 721 Market street on the day of the bomb explosion, July 22, 1916.

In her direct testimony Mrs. Edeau did not vary greatly from the evidence she gave at the trial of Rena Mooney and Thomas I. Mooney. She said that she was a seamstress that she had one daughter Sadie Edeau, and that she was a widow. In company with her daughter she came to San Francisco on July 22, 1916, and reached the foot of Market street, stood for a time in front of the Morse seed store, still accompanied by her daughter, walked up Market street, in front of the Palace hotel, and crossed the street, taking up a position in the center of the sidewalk in front of Sorensen's Jewelry store, and remained in that position until after the parade had passed.

Se said that then she saw a man on top of the building at 721 Market street, that he had a suitcase in his hand, and that he was making signals to some one on the sidewalk below. She later saw him standing on the sidewalk curb talking to Police Officer Moore, who was honking the horn of an automobile, but at that time he had no suitcase. This man she identified as Warren K. Billings.

She Saw Them All. A few minutes later she saw Billings in company with Thomas Mooney and Mrs. Mooney; they traveled together to the entrance of the Caan building, where they went inside and returned later with a box upon which Mrs. Mooney took a seat. She said that she observed Mooney closely because he appeared to be

watching the officer who was honking the horn of the automobile, he was nervous, and Mrs. Mooney's face was red. She said, "My, the parade is not on time." She then saw them pick up the suitcase and start to walk towards the Ferry building. Just then a man came out of the building and cranked the automobile of which Officer Moore had been honking the horn. There was another man with him who took a place in the tonneau. She did not observe him very closely, but she did observe the man who was cranking the automobile.

Pointing his finger at Israel Weinberg, the defendant, Assistant District Attorney Louis Ferrari, said: "Is that the man?"

"That is identically the same man who cranked the machine," was the answer to the witness.

This closed the direct examination, and Attorney M. O'Connor took the witness in hand.

Cross-Examination.

"You say you saw Warren K. Billings on the roof of 721 Market street, and that he had a suitcase in his hand?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"When was the next time you saw Warren Billings?"

"I saw him in the city jail after he was arrested."

"When was the first time you saw Thomas Mooney?"

"July 22. I saw him in the city jail."

"When did you see Rena Mooney, Edward Nolan and Israel Weinberg?"

"I saw them in the city jail about eight days before the trial of Warren K. Billings."

"Do you know former Chief of Police Walter Peterson of Oakland?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know Detective Smith of Oakland?"

"Yes, I know plenty of him."

"Why did you call upon Chief of Police Peterson in Oakland?"

"I was carrying a burden on my heart, and I came to the authorities to relieve it."

"Never mind the burden you were carrying on your heart. Why did you go to see Chief Peterson?"

"You have my answer."

"Who took you to see Billings and Mooney the first time?"

"I was taken there by Draper Hand, the detective."

"Do you mean to tell this jury that the first time you saw these men in prison you were taken there by Draper Hand?"

Mixed on Policemen. "No, no!" exclaimed the witness in confusion. "Lieutenant Goff took me there."

"Did not Detective Smith of Oakland accompany you?"

"Yes, he was there, too."

"Did anyone ever suggest to you that you go and see Chief of Police Peterson?"

"Not a soul on earth," answered the witness.

"Do you mean to say that nobody told you to go and see Chief Petersen?"

"Not a soul," repeated the witness.

"Do you recall a conversation with a man named Berger, employed by Foreman & Clarke, while you were working there?"

Denies Conversation. "I never talked with him."

"Did you have a conversation with Thomas J. Stout, employed in the same establishment?"

"I did not."

"Did you talk with Miss Steuart, employed at Foreman & Clarke?"

"I never had any conversation about the case with her."

"When you went to see Chief Petersen, did you tell him the same story you have told the jury here this morning?"

"I did not."

"Did you say anything to him about 721 Market street?"

"I did not."

"Did you say anything about Israel Weinberg?"

"I did not."

"Did you say anything about Mrs. Mooney?"

"I did not."

"Did you say anything about seeing anybody at 721 Market street?"

"I did not. I asked him if he thought it would be possible for me to see the two men who had been arrested in connection with the bomb explosion."

Not Sure of Pictures. "Did you see the pictures of these men before you saw them in prison?"

"I don't think so."

"Did you say anything to Petersen about an automobile; about 721 Market street; about Weinberg; about Mrs. Mooney?"

"No, I did not."

"Did you not tell Captain Petersen on the occasion of that visit that yourself and your daughter were at Steuart and Market streets when the explosion occurred, and that you had remained there until the ambulances had driven up, and that you had seen two men carrying a black suitcase with white metal bands, at a point on Market street between Steuart and Spear?"

"Never in God's world," dramatically cried the witness. "I only told him I wanted to see those two men. He seemed to take little interest in what I said, and I noticed it."

"Did you not tell Captain Petersen that you wanted to some over to San Francisco under an assumed name?"

"Well, I told him that I was a working woman and I wanted to keep from getting mixed up in this if I could."

"Did Chief Petersen say to you that you would have to give your true name in identifying the men in prison?"

"He never did."

"Did you tell Chief Petersen that the men you saw were middle-aged men?"

More "I Did Nots." "I did not."

"Did Captain Petersen detail Detective Smith that day to accompany you to San Francisco?"

"He did not. Detective Smith called on me the next day. My daughter refused to come with us."

"Did you tell Officer Smith that you wanted to see the men that you had seen at Steuart and Market streets, with a black suitcase with white metal bands?"

"Yes, sir."

"When you reached the city were you taken to the office of Captain of Detectives Matheson, where you met Lieutenant Goff and Captain Matheson, and were you there shown pictures of Billings and Mooney, and were you told that while the picture of Mooney showed a man with mustache he was smooth shaven now?"

"I was shown the picture, but I don't recall what was said about a mustache."

"Were you then taken up by Lieutenant Goff and Detective Smith, to see Billings and Mooney?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where were they?"

"They were in separate cells. I looked at Billings and Mooney."

"Did you then say, in the presence of Lieutenant Goff and Detective Smith: 'I never saw these men before in my life, the men I saw were much older'?"

Denies Identification. "I did not say anything of the kind. I kept that identification to myself."

"Then," said Attorney O'Connor, "if you kept that to yourself, why did you come to the city on that day?"

"Well, my daughter was bitter about getting in the case. She is a frail girl, and we are poor, and I promised her I would say nothing. When I saw Billings and Mooney I was overcome. I wanted to go away. I asked Detective Smith to let me go home alone."

"Did you mean to say to this jury that you did not say that the men you saw carrying a suitcase on Market street, between Steuart and Spear, on July 22, 1916, were much older than the prisoners?"

Switched Her Story. "Well, I did say to the officers that they were not the men I saw on Market street, between Steuart and Spear."

"You did not say anything about 721 Market street then, did you?"

"Well, I was not saying anything about 721 Market street to anybody."

"On the occasion of your first visit to Captain Matheson did you not ask to see Mrs. Mooney, Israel Weinberg or Edward Nolan; did you?"

"No, I did not. I had seen enough. I only came to see the men I had seen at Steuart and Market street, and I did tell the officers that these were not the men."

Prosecution Witnesses Weak. The prosecution had a fine chance to make a hit last week but they fell down badly. Ferrari promised, in his opening statement, to put in evidence a statement made by Weinberg whilst Matheson and other minions of "law and order" were torturing and third-degreeing Weinberg in the North End police station, which would directly contradict the alibi sworn to by Weinberg in previous trials.

When Captain Matheson was put on the stand (the man who deprived all the defendants of their constitutional rights in the interest of "justice") he had a bogus unsigned statement and announced that the original notes were "lost."

Matheson made several bad breaks on the stand, but was saved by Seawell. "Did you read this statement back to Weinberg?" Ed. McKenzie asked.

"No," said Matheson.

"Did you give him any chance to see if he was correctly quoted?" McKenzie demanded.

Ferrari interrupted.

"Were you ever told that Frank C. Oxman had offered Estelle Smith \$5000 if she would testify against Weinberg?" asked McKenzie.

Seawell ruled the question out. It was a rather awkward one for the Captain. Estelle did tell him and like a good officer he kept the whole thing secret, "in the interests of justice," of course.

Ferrari muttered something and McKenzie shouted back, "It's all a dirty FRAME-UP."

"You're a liar," shouted back Ferrari.

"He's not a liar," exclaimed McNutt.

"He is a liar and you know it," exclaimed Ferrari. "I don't intend to stand for these continual insinuations."

"I am not insinuating anything," retorted McKenzie. "I am knowing it."

McKenzie was indignant.

"I dislike to fine you, Mr. Ferrari," said Seawell, "but I may have to do so. If we were trying this case on a sand lot such methods might be sanctioned. But if there is to be any dignity in this court this must be stopped."

The battle subsided.

Other Witnesses' Testimony. "Ten-percent" Pete Vidovich of Fairbanks, Alaska, and Earl Moore of the traffic squad identified Billings as the man they saw outside 721 Market street before the explosion.

Both contradicted one another as the kind of clothes Billings wore, and judging by his testimony when "Ten-percent" saw Billings he was three inches taller than when Moore saw him. They contradicted one another delightfully.

Charles Von Moss, who was injured in the explosion, testified that though he was standing at the scene of the explosion for fifteen minutes before it occurred, he saw neither Mooney nor Billings.

Army Surgeon Joseph Mora Moss swore positively that a thrown bomb caused the explosion. He was marching with the Sons of the American Revolution and was looking directly at a cylindrical shaped bomb, according to Surgeon Moss.

Edward I. Levy, suitcase manufacturer, swore that exhibits supposed to be parts of the suitcase which contained the bomb were in reality parts of two suitcases or satchels and were of different quality. The parts, he said, were never used in the manufacture of cheap suitcases. The prosecution contends that the bomb was contained in a cheap suitcase.

W. C. Bodetel, clockmaker of fifty years' experience, was shown rings supposed to be "found" at the scene of the explosion. Two of them belonged to different clocks, the witness testified, and the third didn't belong to a clock at all.

Holdar Lyndbak, a waiter of the Alameda Cafe, "found" exhibits on the roof of the cafe after the police had searched it twice. Pretty obliging of Holdar, wasn't it? He was very nervous on the witness stand.

All of these witnesses, with the exception of Surgeon Moss, were put on the stand by the prosecution. They all served to emphasize the utter falsity of the case against Weinberg.

Federal Commission Here Soon. As I write the Federal Industrial Commission is billed to arrive in San Francisco. The commission consists of Secretary of Labor Wm. B. Wilson, E. P. Marsh, president of the Washington State Federation of Labor; John H. Walker, president Illinois Federation of Labor; Colonel John Spangler of Pennsylvania and Verner Z. Reed of Colorado, who is already on the battle ground. Felix Frankfurter, late of Harvard Law School, is secretary.

Supreme Court Denies Billings' Appeal. The State Supreme Court denied Warren K. Billings' appeal on Monday last without any comment. No written opinion was returned. All the "justices" concurred in the decision.

The case next comes up before the Federal Industrial Commission. Ever since the appointment of the commission both the defense forces and the heads of the San Francisco police department have been busy investigating all the angles of the situation and it is rumored that several sensational discoveries were made regarding the conduct of the different trials and the building up of the entire FRAME-UP. These will be given to the public through the medium of the federal investigation and it is very likely that they will have an important bearing on the ultimate fate of Billings.

In presenting the appeal on last Monday Maxwell McNutt pointed out that the three main witnesses or the prosecution had placed Billings in three different places at the same time, two of these locations being more than one mile apart. McNutt also pointed out that these witnesses had subsequently changed the time they alleged they saw Billings, so that their stories would dovetail that of "honest cattleman" Oxman.

The court seemingly held that nothing except an error in the record of the case would entitle Billings to a new trial. Judging from the way the courts are handling the appeals, not even the confession of the real criminal can save the boys. We must depend on the Federal Commission for a fair and impartial consideration of the cases. On their hearing depends the ultimate result of the fight.

The dogma expounded by the local courts is bewildering to the average citizen. It seems that so long as there is no error in the record any one can safely be hung. A packed jury and a bevy of perjurers can turn the trick. Their errors don't count. Assistant Secretary of Labor Louis Post's paper, The Public, aptly terms this procedure, "Lynching without error of law." That is a very appropriate title.

The Bomb That Didn't Go Off. J. C. Costello, explosion expert for the prosecution, made a bomb lately. He did it in response to the request of Defense Attorney Ed. McKenzie. At first it was to be exploded down at Merced. Then the scene of the experiment was changed to Sutor Forest.

Judge, jury and attorneys went out there with the infernal machine to see if the smoke would be gray or black and whether the fragments would be scattered over a wide radius or not. When the crowd got out there they couldn't find a good place to hide. Then again they were afraid that some one would come along just as the thing went off. So it didn't go off. Mr. Costello packed the bomb up gingerly and back it came to town.

It is doubtful if the experiment is ever carried out.

Ficket Subscriber to "The Blast." Ficket wants Weinberg hung because Weinberg had an unused ticket to the "Blaster's" picnic in his pocket when he was arrested. Now it appears that Ficket's name was on the Blast list of subscribers. According to his own theories he should be indicted too.

It was also disclosed in court recently that Superior Judge Dunne, Alexander Berkman and Federal Judge T. M. Dooling attended a large public dinner together during the exposition and exchanged courtesies.

"The banquet did not make them any the wiser or better men," said Judge Seawell when Waxill McNutt mentioned this incident.

"Birds of a feather all flock together," was the rather mysterious comment of Assistant District Attorney Ferrari.

"But still they hanged Christ between two thieves," chipped in Ed. McKenzie.

And then there was peace.

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DEFECTIVE PAGE

ARE WOMEN PEOPLE

WASHINGTON—Forty-one women, representing 14 states and the District of Columbia, were arrested for picketing the White House gates, carrying banners urging President Wilson to include the federal women suffrage amendment in the legislative program which he will recommend in his annual message to Congress when it convenes in December.

The banner, which was carried by 10 women in the picket line, bore this inscription: "Mr. President, in your message to Congress urge the passage of the federal amendment enfranchising women."

The remaining 31 pickets carried the purple, white and gold banners of the National Woman's party. The pickets mobilized at Cameron house, just across the park from the president's official residence. Shortly before 4:30 o'clock, the time when the government departments disgorge their thousands of employees into Pennsylvania avenue, the first group of militants, 14 in number, marched from Cameron house to Pennsylvania avenue and wheeled up to the White House gates in military formation.

The group was made up of 12 women from New York city, where the Socialists and suffragists recently won a striking victory for political liberty for women, and two women from Buffalo. The banner urging President Wilson to approve the federal amendment flung itself vigorously to the breeze, flanked on either side with the softer purple, white and gold banners of the National Woman's party.

"I went on the hunger strike in order that the women suffragists imprisoned in the District of Columbia jail may be classed as political prisoners and so be accorded the rights accorded to political prisoners in other countries," explained Miss Alice Paul late last night to her sister, Miss Helen Paul, whom the jail authorities permitted to talk to Miss Paul through a window in the psychopathic ward of the jail hospital.

Miss Paul, who organized the White House picketing campaign some months ago as a protest against the refusal of President Wilson to support federal enfranchisement of women, gave her sister the following statement:

"I came to prison intending to obey all the rules. I soon found, however, that I was the object of special rulings, which amounted to an unfair discrimination against me and the other imprisoned suffragists. There are apparently no set rules for the prison. The word of the superintendent constitutes the only rules there are, and hence are quite changeable.

Dying Under Treatment.
"I found I was dying under the treatment given me, for it was evidently the prison policy that I must be so depressed by insufficient food, air and exercise that I would be ruined for actual work. This is a punishment they have no right to inflict, under the sentence given me by the court.

"I could not eat the prison food, and grew thinner and weaker. Knowing that my companions and I would certainly sicken, and might die under the treatment, I felt I must make some resistance, and the only thing in my power to do was to go on a hunger strike. I am striking merely that we may be classed as political prisoners, and so be allowed the rights accorded to political prisoners in other countries, namely, to be allowed to buy our own food, wear our own clothes and receive callers, books and mail."

The strongest protest against the imprisonment of Alice Paul, the militant leader of the suffrage pickets, and her companions will be launched Saturday.

Money and volunteers were gathered at the rally of the National Woman's party at the Ritz Carlton yesterday afternoon. More than \$5,000 was collected in pledges, besides \$400 in cash. The women who volunteered to picket are Mrs. Henry Buttermann, Ella Week, Mrs. Thomas Holme, Dora Wenda and others.

Mrs. Fredrik Kendall, wife of the editor of the Buffalo Express, who received a 60-day sentence and lost 25 pounds in 30 days, told of the horrors of Washington civilization.

How sailors had spit upon the pickets as they left the train, how a young girl had been very ill in the morning and was on the cleaning squad in the afternoon, formed part of her revelations.

Mrs. F. N. Hepburn, who resigned from the American Woman Suffrage association because of her sympathy with the methods of the Woman's party told of the education of the president.

Dudley Field Malone spoke of his trip to the women's delegation of 1,800 in Chicago in 1916, to tell

them why President Wilson should be reelected. This was his first glimpse of the Woman's party. There he experienced the strong, sensible opposition of this brand of women.

"When these same women came later to the reelected president he told me that he had nothing to say on the subject," said Malone.

Continuing, he said: "Picketing is legal. No one has ever been arrested for it."

He denounced the jailing of innocent women demanding political liberty on the "euphonious charge of obstructing the traffic."

"When men and women," he said, "have full political emancipation, then will they teach true democracy to lay the basis for perfect peace."

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont acted as chairman.

The former night matron of Ocoquan was dismissed because she was sympathetic toward the suffragists. She is now in New York lecturing on the treatment given the suffragists.

You Will Find It Here

Scott Nearing was royally entertained at the station last Monday evening, all night. He was placed in the select quarters. Funny but you can find the class lines even in the jail. They have quarters with decent bunks, with blankets and pillows and they have the "bull pen." We drew the bull pen as our quarters and were given our choice of two or three fine hard wood boards or a whole cement floor to sleep upon. The officer in charge was kindly and courteous. We asked him to buy tobacco and matches for us and he did the errands quickly and friendly. We refused the bull pen ration of the small can of sardines and four slices of black bread. We were given an opportunity to send out for our meals. Both night and day men on duty at the station are decidedly human. We took note of several little kindnesses which were shown that impressed us with the fact that the ordinary man in uniform isn't a half bad sort of a fellow.

Mrs. Jim reported kindly and courteous treatment for herself and Miss Baxter while "guests" of the matron in the city bastille.

Joel Lichten was booked as "Vagrant." It kinda got Joel's goat. He didn't take kindly to being called such names. Rumor has it that on returning to work the following day, he was fired by the BOSS on account of his arrest, but when his fellow workmen heard of it they too laid down their tools and refused to work until he was re-instated. A fine example of solidarity.

If Captain Fiskett doesn't look out he is going to swell up and bust with pompous officiousness some day! My but that man does take himself serious!

Frank Wasserthal, known to his associates as Frank Reed is being held in the bull pen incarcerated suspected of being a German agent. That's official. The real reason for holding him according to our opinion is to be found in the fact that he was the moving spirit of the striking freight handlers. He has been a resident of Duluth for some fifteen years according to his story. He stated that the old rate of 50c an hour would have been satisfactory if they would have secured steady work, but on account of the big and fast freighters being called into handling iron and grain the tubs were left for the merchandise and as a result they could not secure steady employment and HAD to have more money when they did work in order to live. He is of the opinion that the railroads and lake carriers are much more interested than the federal officials. Later he has been interned upon order of the President.

Last week for the first time in the history of the A. F. of Labor movement, they were officially addressed by the President of the United States. Labor after all is getting to be of some consequence.

Somehow the city police officials seem to have forgotten what happened to them the last time they tried to make their illegal and fake "vagrancy" ordinance stick. They will have their memory refreshed. They can not make it stick this time either. This is prophecy now but time will make it a fact of it.

Some of the Socialist comrades who went to the city hall the night of the raid on the Woodman hall are somewhat peeved because somebody down there called them "cattle". Probably under the impression that they were only workingclass anyhow and cattle are only to be milked and slaughtered.

Dissatisfied and disgusted at the whole illegal and disorderly proceedings on the part of city officials last Monday night? The best way to show it will be to go out and get us a big bunch o subs. Give us the publicity, the circulation, and then after the people know the TRUTH it will be easy to bring the offenders to time. Get that sub today.

Now is a good time to make application to join the party of the workingclass, the Socialist party. Line up and help. And organize on the job too!

Jewish Socialists held a recent entertainment raising money to assist in the New York campaign.

Finnish Socialist Local report an excellent attendance at their propaganda meetings Sunday evenings. They are planning on staging a big play Sunday, November 18th.

Several of the comrades took in the opening of the Smithville College.

The Finnish Workmen's Association is growing rapidly. Recent reports are to the effect that they will have to seek a larger hall to accommodate their Sunday evening audiences.

The Scandinavian play given in Woodman Hall Nov. 4 evening was greeted by a crowded house. Over eight hundred people were reported to have been present. There is a marked increase in the attendance both at the propaganda meetings on Sunday and also at the Tuesday night business meetings.

Audiences are growing steadily at the afternoon lectures and study classes at Woodman Hall.

Union musicians say that Safety Commission's Order No. 14 might as well have read "The Musicians' Union must go out of business". The musicians greatest income comes from playing for dances and with dances closed at ten o'clock there'll no demand for musicians. Economic Determinism all right.

Forty dollars was taken at the door at the Superior comrades benefit given for the Milwaukee Leader. Over one hundred dollars has been raised and forwarded by the live bunch of Socialists across the bay.

BUTTE TODAY

By John De Quer.

The Hon. Mr. Maloney, mayor of Butte, is a real patriot. He told the departing soldier boys to go to the saloons, take what they wanted and charge it to the city. This is real generosity. A porter was nearly killed on the train that bore the soldiers to Camp Louis. The mayor is reported to be sleeping well.

Chief Murphy of the Butte police ordered his cops to buy Liberty Bonds "No officer will work for me unless he does so," the chief is quoted as having said. All his cops are supposed to have invested. The chief is right. Compel the cops to buy liberty. They have been curtailing liberty in Butte, lo, these many years.

Butte is a young city. A small city. A man's city. There are one hundred and eighty thousand graves in one cemetery. You seldom see a gray haired working man. Industrial conditions, however have nothing to do with this(?)

It is open season the year round for I. W. W. While I was there, one was shot in broad daylight. The papers all but condoned the crime and representative citizens bailed out the murderer.

The ghost of Frank Little broods in terrible majesty over the hearts and brains of thousands of miners. One fancies he can see the glow of a dawning judgement day.

They locked Shannon up the day I left Butte. They may jail their leaders but working conditions in the mines will keep them on strike and kill off the scabs.

And the copper strike is still on in Butte.

WHAT HE WISHED.

The freight-paying end of the matrimonial combine had been trying to read his paper for an hour, but was frequently interrupted by his wife's remarks. Finally he gave it up. "I wish," he said, "that I possessed the knowledge of the ancient Egyptians."

"Why?" queried his better half. "Judging from the mummies I have seen," he replied, "they understood the art of making a woman dry up and stay dried up."

THE WORLD OF LABOR A CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTION

Oregon City and Camas, Ore., Paper mills on strike for higher wages end eight hour day.

Canada, The Great Northern Telegraph Company of Canada has granted all demands as the result of a recent strike in which 95 per cent of the men and women employed walked out. This is the first strike which has been won by the Commercial Telegraphers' Union in many years.

Boston, Mass., Street car men are agitating for different conditions.

Bellville, Ill. After a one day's strike, the Plumbers and Steamfitters' Union established a flat rate of \$6 a day. Old rates were \$5 for plumbers and \$5.50 for steamfitters.

New York. Hundreds of organized milk wagon drivers employed by the Borden Farm Products company have returned to work. The union is recognized and it was agreed that a joint committee should decide the question of wages. In the event of a deadlock a neutral will make the final decision.

Organized plumbers of Port Arthur and Beaumont, Texas, have secured a new agreement after a week's strike. Wages are raised from \$6 to \$7 a day, with double time for Sundays and holidays.

Montreal, Can. After three months striking, the fur workers won a complete victory. Union recognition, 48 hour week and 20 per cent increase.

Seattle, Wash. The high school teachers here voted on Oct. 20th to form an organization the same as other union workers have. Every high school teacher was present.

Philadelphia, Pa. The painter's union has secured union shop contract, a forty-hour week, minimum wage of forty-four cents, with time and a half over time and double time Sundays and holidays.

Sioux City, Iowa.—The Packing house Union has broken one organized labor record in this city. In the last two meetings its membership has increased 402.

Kansas City, Mo.—Soap makers win right to organize.

Indianapolis.—Officers of the United Mine Workers announce that the miners of Eastern Kentucky have won their 18-year fight for collective bargaining. A strike was declared August 11, and 22,000 men suspended work.

The settlement includes the right to belong to the union, wage increases, checkweightmen and an arbitration board that will pass upon the question of shorter hours.

The victory is the most important the United Mine Workers ever secured south of the Ohio river.

Such as these are the torch bearers of a new society. It pays to organize.

Are you a union man?
Are you a union woman?

When did that West End English Local meet last?
When will it meet again?
Is it growing or marking time?

Next month the Canadians will have a chance to pass judgment upon the Borden Administration. A general election is to be held at which questions in connection with the conduct of the war will form the principal issue. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the veteran Liberal leader, is already out with a manifesto, in which he outlines the policy of his party, should it win at the general election. He declares that in that case a referendum will be taken on the question of conscription. In reference to this question the manifesto states that the Liberal Party, if successful at the polls, will proceed no further with the carrying out of the Conscription Act "until the people have an opportunity to pronounce upon it by way of a referendum." Then follows this personal pledge by Sir Wilfrid Laurier: "I pledge myself forthwith to submit the Act to the people and with my followers to carry out the wishes of the majority of the Nation thus expressed."

The election at which the question of enforced military service will be determined will be held on December 17. It is well known that French-Canadians are strongly opposed to conscription. They will cast a practically solid vote against it. There are thousands of Canadians of non-French descent who also disapprove of the policy of forcing young men to go the firing line. It is certain that anti-conscriptionists will poll a big vote. If they carry the general election, the repeal of the Conscription Act will follow automatically, which will mean a big falling off of Canadian soldiers for the British army.—Irish World.

ELECTION ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

(Continued From Page One)

ists made a gain of 30 per cent over their vote of last year. They received a total of 13,633 votes.

Eighteen state and city offices were won by the New York Socialists—ten state assemblymen, seven city aldermen and one municipal court judge. Another Socialist candidate for the state assembly tied his strongest opponent. The remarkable rise in the Socialist vote in New York is one of the most tremendous things recorded in recent political history.

In Toledo, Ohio, the Socialists elected three city aldermen, and one other candidate lost by half a dozen votes. The Socialist vote in Toledo jumped from 2,500 two years ago to 12,000 in this year's election; the Socialist candidate for mayor, however received 14,903 votes.

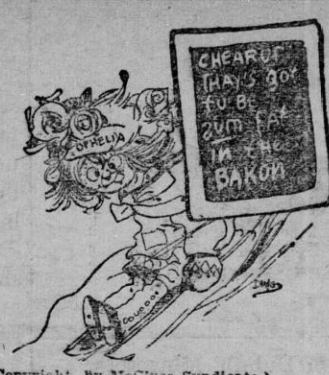
In Cleveland, Ohio, the Socialists elected two members to the city council, and C. E. Rutherford, Socialist candidate for mayor, was given 27,685 votes. The Socialist vote in 1915 was 6,014.

In Allentown, Pa., the Socialists elected a member to the city council, receiving 4,172 votes.

In Sandusky, Ohio, the Socialists elected a member to the city commission by 1,500 votes.

In Cincinnati, Ohio, the Socialist vote soared from 2,800 in 1915 to 15,000.

In many smaller cities similar large increases in the Socialist vote are reported. The November 6 elections show unmistakably that sentiment is swinging strongly to the Socialists.



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W. E. REYNOLDS, Editor and Business Manager.

EDITORIAL



CLASS INTERESTS ALWAYS PRESENT.

The tendency on the part of preachers, editors and teachers to ignore the basic division of society into two separate and hostile classes, divided upon the basis of buyers or sellers of Labor Power does not alter the FACTS of the class struggle. The classes are there even tho the fact may be more or less successfully ignored.

All of the spokesmen for the working class whether they are speakers, teachers, writers, editors, organizers or Jimmy Higgenses are accused by the spokesmen of the established order as being traitors and spreaders of sedition, whenever the basic fact of the class lines is pointed out. To keep still however does not alter the line-up but only caters to the already economically dominant class, the master class. It is identically the same proposition as tho an agitator in a wet country should be made to keep still on the basis of "this is a critical time and we must not have any agitation now". That you see would be just what the wets would want.

The capitalists are in the saddle and they want no agitation, giving the war as an excuse for throttling the telling of the TRUTH about labor conditions and the class war. They are not sincere, in their brazen claims to patriotism. While the workers have by the thousands put up with almost unbearable working conditions, in order NOT TO HAMPER the government "at this critical time", the members of the capitalist class have brazenly exploited the misery of the nation to pile up a greater stack of unearned profits than ever before in the nation's history. We are informed on what seems reliable authority that there isn't a member on the executive board of the national council of defense, who has not "made" at least a million out of the war. To offset this profit hog story there is the story of one hundred and sixty organizers and members of the I. W. W. in the Cook County Jail, at Chicago, and they are not treated as political prisoners either, but the same as the lowest of the offscourings of crime. It is not even pretended that they really ARE criminals, their chief crime having been the interference, on their part in trying to get some of these millions which now roll unearned into the pockets of the profit hog paid out as better wages and better living conditions for the ones who DO THE WORK.

Yes, by all means keep still. Agitation at "this critical time" must not be permitted, because if it should be permitted the profits of the profit hog would have to shrink.

THERE IS MANY A LITTLE TRUTH SPOKEN UNAWARES.

Down at the station the other night, after the arrest while we were waiting to be frisked and piloted to the bullpen one of the officers asked another, "Who will get the credit for these arrests?" Some discussion followed and then this unconscious truth was uttered, "Well then, nobody will get any credit for the arrests."

LET US BE SANE.

The recent outrage upon Herbert Bigelow the Christian minister who believed with Christ, that "Blessed are the peace-makers", the whipping and application of tar and feathers to Frank Ryan, the hanging of Little, and all such mob outrages so prevalent these days are the outgrowth of editorial utterances of the plute press which urge them openly. It is a dangerous precedent. The guilt or innocence of an accused man or woman ought not to be decided by the inflamed passions of the mob but in an orderly trial. The best interests of the country can be served by an insistence on the maintenance of law and order. It is said that even a worm will turn, and at this critical period of the world's history let the master class take a lesson from the Beware history of the past and refrain from bringing about the conditions which make for a reign of terror of the discontent of the masses of the common people, and giving history another chance to repeat itself. Let's be sane.

Tramps have sisters. Where are they?

The worker who loves his boss ought never to kill a bug.

When the demand for the abolition of the wages system gets strong enough the capitalists do a lot of wage-tinkering.

Tolstoi was right. The Capitalists will do anything for the workers—except—get off their backs.

The employing class and the working class have nothing in common. If you will remember that simple truth you will not be bamboozled by the cleverly disguised buncombe the master class holds out to you from time to time.

The burglar with a gun and the man with a factory are quite similar. Both are hold-up men. One relieves you of a little small change occasionally and is illegal, and if caught, is sent to jail. The other holds out four fifths of the value of the products of your toil all your life and then wills his factory to his son so his son can rob your sons all their life. This is respectability—from a master class point of view.

BRUTE FORCE INTELLIGENCE

By LAURA REYNOLDS

From the reports from Washington, it seems that the suffragists who are demanding the Susan B. Anthony amendment be passed, are to be killed by indigestion. They have been given cabbage and salt pork day after day. This resulted in sickness and as a protest Alice Paul and Rose Winslow are on a hunger strike. Miss Paul has been in hunger strikes in the English prisons.

Anyone with a bit of sense can understand that a real democracy should permit all its women to vote. How it happens that politicians are so stupid regarding this question in this year of war for democracy is a puzzle to the feminine brain.

In the eleventh century the fathers of the church held a very serious debate regarding woman's possession of a soul. They discussed the pro and con of that and in spite of that high brow argument, women continued to live their lives as best they could.

In this supposed intelligent age we are still fighting these higher creatures, whom we feel like dubbing 'scared old women', and from the latest news dispatches we learn that these reactionary politicians are more scared than ever of the women getting the vote as they can't say and get away with it 'WE ALWAYS were for women suffrage.'

The suffrage movement, like the labor cause, has the advantage of being abreast with the times. Even the parrot politicians keep on repeating, 'This is a progressive age'. We'll make them progress in fact as our arguments are invincible.

The powers of the old barbarism are trying the brute force method. These poor little sumps do not know that this is the age wherein logic will be the winner.

THE WAY IT LOOKS TO US.

If we kept a saloon in a wet town and a move came up to bar all agitation about either wet or dry, we would be for it, because that move would be the equivalent to a move to always keep the town wet.

If we were capitalists instead of Socialists, we would back the present move to abolish all agitation, because that is the equivalent to a move to make capitalism perpetual. That is why the Capitalist is so strongly in favor of no agitation. He hides his capitalistic self-interest behind a pseudo-patriotism and has high hopes of filling his coffers with high profits wrung from the woes of the world's people.

Alas for the hopes of the Capitalist. Economic Necessity, that master agitator will still keep working even though the gag is placed in the mouths of all the people.

WE ARE LUCKY AFTER ALL.

Things are never so bad but they might be worse. Just think, under a different environment, we might have grown up and become a foreign missionary and swapped booze and bristles to the heathen for their land and freedom!

HE HAD ONLY BEEN TAUGHT ONE SIDE OF THE STORY.

Upon reading the headline in the plute press, "President Wilson will not allow the railroad men to strike" a well dressed young wage slave remarked, "That is good. Any man that would strike now ought to be drafted and sent straight to the front." Whereupon ye ed remarked, "You would make good czar or kaiser timber but that remark shows you know but little of Americanism." Of course an argument followed.

He contended that all strikes were engineered by foreigners, enemies of the country, and most probably people who were receiving German gold for their dirty work. We contended that in war time as well as in times of peace the natural laws still held good; that wages were paid, based upon the average cost of the accepted standard of living; that the cost of living had risen to a point dangerously near double the old time cost of living while wages had risen but little and it was this economic pressure brought about by attempting to stretch one dollar in wages to cover two dollars' worth of commodities which was the CAUSE underlying the strike activities.

He contended that it was unpatriotic to strike, and that all strikers should be drafted and forced to either work or fight. We contended that it was unpatriotic for the employer to refuse to grant the strike demands, and that all employers of labor who refused to grant the strike demands should have their plants drafted and put to work and the owner made to fight. Whereupon he left in a hurry. He ignored the class lines. We recognized class lines and built our arguments from that standpoint. He is a Nationalist and we are Socialist. Who is right?

"Copper is a fundamental necessity in war. Our Allies depend on the mines of the United States. Production of copper in September was 30,000,000 pounds under that of the previous months and 70,000,000 pounds under that of May, 1917.—WALL STREET JOURNAL.

It hates to add that the reason for this is because those insignificant hoboos, the I. W. W., are on strike in Butte and the workers were chased out by the loyalty league in Bisbee. Strange, that these I-won't-works can make such a difference in the production of copper. Why does not Wall Street get busy and do some necessary work? The overalls and tools are ready for them.

"Profits of the United States Steel corporation for the second quarter (three months) of 1917 were \$144,497,204.—THE ANALYST.

We ask WHO made this wealth? Did they get any more in their pay envelope to meet the high prices?

"The war has given the trusts a 'new freedom.' They are now spoken of officially at Washington as 'highly organized industrial units.'—WALL STREET JOURNAL.

In Europe it is an open secret that the workers are seriously considering the taking over of their said 'highly organized industrial units'.

"It is a matter of little comfort to the steel manufacturer to be told that if he is good, the Federal Trade commission will reward him by paying prices that carry a fair margin of profit. Who wants to work for a fair profit in these days? Suppose the commission were to decide that a fair price would be the actual cost plus 10 per cent? That would not pay current dividends."—THE NEW YORK TIMES ANALYST.

Who wants to work for wages that can't be converted into a living? The working class is getting ready to relieve BIG BIZ of its dividend trouble by using the Alexandrian method of cutting the Gordian knot.

Capitalists reproduce themselves as Capitalists. Wage earners reproduce wage earners. Look up the facts and figures and you will find out how you have been fooled by the capitalistic minded teachers.



THE H-LL BOX

BOOSTS, BRICKBATS and BOKAYS

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With Our Exchanges

The Erie TRUTH, a rival namesake of ours, reaches this office weekly. It is one of Pennsylvania's best papers. And it hasn't hauled down the flag of revolution from its masthead. It uses the literary jimmie on us occasionally and forgets to give us credit, but then we presume they figure that truth is truth no matter where you find it, besides we are rather glad to be able to get out a paper worth using the literary jimmie on.

At last it has arrived. We refer to the Cleveland Citizen which makes the proud claim of being the oldest labor paper in America. It is full of A. F. of L. trades union dope. A good paper and worth the price they ask for it, but we don't like their make up—they stick local business ads all over the front page and make it look like they were keeping a pig in the parlor.

We get the Social Democrat, the Svenska Socialisten, Tyomies, and the Duluth Scandnav. Guess its all right but we don't know whether they are good papers or not—we can't read 'em.

Industrial Worker, bright, full of pep, scrap and ginger, reaches us regularly each week. It is published in Seattle Wash. Some paper believe me, some paper. If we were asked how to improve it we would answer "give us more of the same thing."

Solidarity used to get here. It must be defunct, deceased, or dead. Probably got a fierce look from the august Mr. Burleson. We miss its weekly tale of the official doings of them pesky goabouts.

The Seattle Daily Call whose application for second class entry has been hanging fire these last nintey-five days is a great little daily socialist rebel from the great and growing west. While only a kid in the journalistic age it is a great and fine and dandy young huskie. It says it is printed to carry the truth to the people and it sure does. It has a habit of calling spades, spades and not garden implements. It costs 50c a month. Slip 'em a four-bit piece. You need the paper and as they are a Socialist paper we'll gamble they need the money.

The Woman Citizen, solid, staid and conservative journal of the respectable suffragists is a treat from a typographical viewpoint, but our preferences here at the office go to the Suffragist the organ of the militant or direct action suffragists. We're glad to get 'em both.

Kelso News, published at Kelso, Washington by Logan Ellis, a whole year for 15c and worth it, is another valued exchange of ours. Its only fault lies in the fact that it only comes once a month. Wish all the Truth readers would send Ellis 15c for the year's treatment. Do it. You'll be glad you did.

I. W. W. FIGHT FOREST FIRES.

Missoula, Mont., Chief Forester Silcox says that every fire-fighting gang working out of Missoula this summer, had an I. W. W. foreman, and was composed largely of I. W. W. members.

He never had such an efficient bunch. The I. W. W. leaders sent out orders that the preservation of chief concern, and that wherever the forests and harvests were the fires occurred, all the members were to be busy immediately in fighting them.

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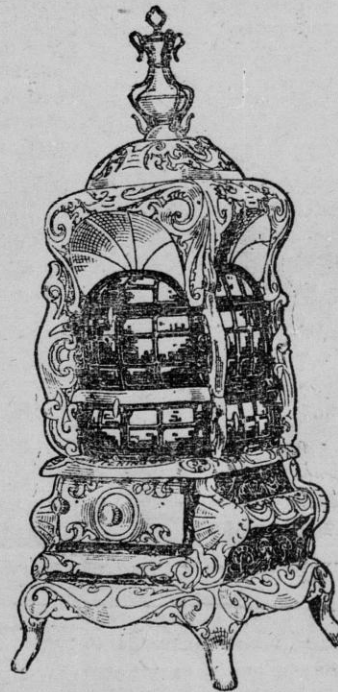
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