NATIONAL CHICAGO DAILY SOCIALIST

CAMPAIGN NOW IN FULL SWING FOR SOCIALISTS

National Executive Committee Meets. Hears Reports, Makes Plans for Big Fight

SPEAKING OF "DARK HORSES"



IDLE MAN ASKS STRANGLE BABY 'RAILROADS AS WAY INTO JAIL

Into a Cell

WITH A PILLOW

Applies to Editor to Tell Nurse in Quieting Child A. J. Sabath in Speech Says She Did as In-Him How to Get structed by Mother

PAPER GROWS INCENDIARY.

HOMEBREAKERS

Graphically Pictures Capitalism's Crimes

HUGHES OUT; 700 MARK REACHED

Running Mate for 'Injunction Bill' in Doubt: Dolliver Touted

LABOR LEADERS ARE RELEASED

ANNOUNCEMENT!

THAW IN JAIL

MITCHELL BEATS **ABOUT BUSH IN**

TALK OF BOOM

Miner Thinks He Will Do Right in Running for Office on Capitalistic Ticket

FATHER AND MOTHER HUNGRY, GIRL, AGED 10, SEEKS WORK

RICH CLUBMAN SLUGS OFFICER;

GETS OFF WITH A FINE OF \$5

Two "Down and Outs" . Give Up Bed Money

PEEL new strength and VIGOROUS BLOOD is sen

PUBLIC MEETING WOMEN'S TRADE UNION LEAGUE.

SUNDAY, JUNE 14, 3 P. M PEDERATION HALL

MR. LOUIS F. POST

"How Books Have Served the

to Benefit Seer

By F. S.

Two down-adouts—'sag' under the librois chastication, reached across shock hands with pather of Callingham. They gave their little all, which consisted of the minds of the priests, it stated in the minds of the priests, it st

THAW'S RELEASE

THAW'S RELEASE

The speech in his new cappairty as vice foreign minister, addressing a significant meeting of the chambers of commerce now in session at Tokyo, gave an earnest of his attitude toward foreign-term of the Bar association late this afternoon Justice Mornchadner of the Suprems court will hear arguments in the Thaw case. The justice will come from Pougnicepsie in order to accommodate District Attorney Jerome and the other attorneys, who live in New York. The arguments will be on the motion of Harry & Thaw's counsel to have him transferred from the Matteawan heapital for the criminal insane to some pital fo

Wisconsin State Convention to Convene in

JAP BARON SAYS MIKADO WELCOMES POREIGN TEADE

Daily Socialist Bargain Counter

The Daily Socialist is pleased to inform its many readers that arrangements have been made with one of the largest mail-order concerns in the country for the prompt filling of orders for anything that human beings use, from a package of pins to a harvesting machine.



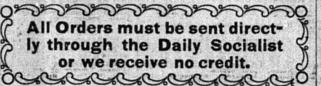
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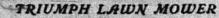
Season, \$2.60

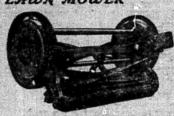
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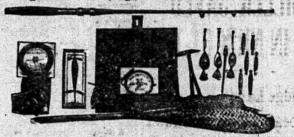
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justed under a Socialist administration.

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4. The Last Days of the Ruskin Co-

scheme practicable, they will find interesting facts in this book.

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of-government. 7. Socialism, Utopian and Scientific.
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A study of the last United States census, bringing out in bold relief the social contrasts that are purposely left obscure in the official d. uments. An arsenal of facts for Socialist writers and speakers.

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14. The Socialists Who They Are and
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Scientific, yet readable and easy;
written in a style that the man in the

15. Social and Philosophical Studies. By Paul Lafargue. Translated by Charles H. Kerr. In preparation.

Charles H. Kerr. In preparation.

This book will contain two studies entirely new to American readers, "Causes of Belief in God." and "The Origin of Abstract Ideas." It will also contain several studies reprinted from the International Socialist Review. Lafargue's brilliant style makes even the most abstract subjects delightful.

16. What's So and What Isn't. By John M. Work. In preparation.

This book was originally published in pamphlet form by the Appeal to Reason. It has proved exceptionally valuable from the fact that it gives convincing and forcible answers to all the stock objections to Socialism. The present edition is the first to be printed in library style, and it has been carefully revised by the author, several new chapters being added.

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WESTERN

CHICAGO DAILY SOCIALIST ORDER FROM NEAREST OFFICE

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THE CLEARING-HOUSE FOR ALL SOCIALIST LITERATURE:



BILLEK SAVED IN NICK OF TIME

Judge Landis Grants Appeal Only 13 Minutes Before Hour Set

Just exactly thirteen minutes before as hangman's trap was to be spring alle crowds surged around the juliad Herman Billek, the seer, was ready or the death walk, Judge Landis, at 102 yesterday, stopped effectinally the eath by hanging of the necromancer e granted the right of counsel for Bilk to appeal from the decision of yested, the seer of the second of the se

Riverview

aterialized Paradise
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ed, 124@14c; new, cases included, 14@ 14½c. Butter, extra creameries, 22c, POULTRY-Live, per lb., Turkeys, 14c; spring chickens, 18272c; towls, 11½c; ducks, 8@14c; geose, doz., 24@6.

The case against W. E. Rodriquez, the Socialist speaker, who was arrest; ed Wednesday night on the corner of Western and North avenues, because he refused to move 125 feet from the corner while speaking to an audience, was continued until July S. Attorney T. J. Morgan, who appeared in defense of the Socialist party, asked for a jury trial and the postponement for lowed.

To complete final arrangements for "that" big pienie will be

SATURDAY NIGHT, JUNE 13,

I will give \$5.00 each for Card 510, "Socialism the Hope of the

Advic: miscellaneous lots, cases returned. IPAgi16; new, cases included, 149; 149. Butter, extra creameries, 22c. POULTRY-Live, per lb; Turkeys, 14c; spring chickens, 18672c; fowls, 119; c spring chickens, 18672c; fowls, 119; c ducks, 8614c; geese, dox., 1466.

BODRIQUEE'S HEARING IS

CONTINUED; JURY IS ASKED

The case against W. E. Rodriquez, the Socialist speaker, who was arrest-off-weed-spring the output of the organization. Colonel Dick and Wednesday high ton the corner of the corner

Winnebago county orace 110 worth of due stamps.

Thomas R. Trew of Tilden, Ill., remits ill for dues as a member-at-large.

Chairmen of congressional district committees will kindly take notife that the names of candidates for presidential electors do not go on the primary hallot and should be forwarded to this office. The presidential electors together with the candidates for trustees of the University of Illinois will be filed together by this office with the secretary of state at Springfied and will go direct upon the ballot which will be voted upon next November.

them back to this office with the utmost promptness, as it will take every list out to insure a state ticket for the coming-primaries.

The Socialists of Havana, Ill., secured Prank P. O'Hare of Oklahoma as a soap-box speaker recently and his talks on "Socialism and the Trusts" aroused intense interest. The clear and convincing way in which he presented the Socialist political philosophy gave strength to the cause.

dotes. His Milwankee speeches recently contained several.

Speaking of civic virtue, Bigelow said Cinemnati is the worst governed city in America. To show how wide-spread was the knowledge of the city's iniquity, Bigelow told a Cincianati commercial traveler who visited Hamilton, O., and telephoned to a customer from his hotel. The charge was 20 cents. The traveler considered this outrageous and told the landlord so.

Why, down in Charlmant I cas telephone to h— and back for a nickel, "he added.

"Well, that's all within the city limits," was the retort courteous.

CANADIAN BANK PAILS; OFFICIALS ARE ARRESTED

Montreel, June 13.—P. H. Roy, exspeaker of the Quebed assembly and
president of the Bank de St. James,
which closed its doors a few dars ago,
P. L. L'Heurex, general manager, and
Philbert Budoin, assistant general manager of the bank, have been excessed
charged with making false returns of
the condition of the bank.

PYRIFFER ELECTED HEAD OF THE UNITED SOCIETIES

George L. Pfeiffer was elected president of the Printed Societies at the meeting of the executive committee of that organi-sation last night. Anton Cernaal was re-elected accretery. The resuit of the ele-tion is a big victory for the Hungarian raction led by Cerman, which had made a fight against the rule of President

The Common Sense of SOCIALISM

CLASSIFIED

HELP WANTED

BUSINESS PERSONALS

Where To Go

them back to this office with the utmost prompthess, as it will take every list out to insure a state ticket for the coming primaries.

Prize orations given at the Illinois College of Lew, including a good program, will be given at the Settlement House, and North Humboldt street, touight at the Settlement House, in North Humboldt street, touight at the Settlement House, in North Humboldt street, touight at the Settlement House, in NewSpical R. Cio. 206 W. 12th st. Chicago.

SCOCIALIST NEWS

O'Hare Arouses Interest.

The Socialists of Havana, Hl., secured Frank P. O'Hare of Oklahoma as a sosp-box speaker recently and his latter of the Socialists of Havana as a sosp-box speaker recently and his take of the Settlement House, in the Market Hall.

SCOCIALIST NEWS

O'Hare Arouses Interest.

The Socialists of Havana, Hl., secured Frank P. O'Hare of Oklahoma as a sosp-box speaker recently and his take place Wednesday, June 17, at 8:15 p. m., in Handel Hall.

Sample Clothing

UNION MEETINGS

oodworkers' Local No. 4 (Bohemian) meet Sunday, June 14, at 400 West hteenth street.

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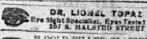
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Sample Clothing ANNUAL PICNIC

Cigar Makers Union At ELM TREE GROVE, DUNNIN G \$15.00 SUNDAY, JUNE 14. 1908

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Tickets: 15c from members; at the gate, 25c, Take any car running north to Irving Park boulevard and transfer.



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The Chicago Daily Socialist will be open for burnish on Run announce that He book departs III be open for burnish on Run exceptor between the house of 8 as

HAL DEDG CO. MO STAT

Selling the Goods

There is an old and well traveled road over which the feet

There is an old and well traveled road over which the feet of thousands of the "leaders" of the masses have passed during the centuries gone by.

Whenever any man gains prominence among the oppressed of any time or nation, especially if that prominence is gained in fighting the battles of the workers, there comes a time when the master class decide that it is better to buy him than fight him. Sometimes he is only a cheap crook who has been gathering his influence among the members of his class only as he would gather any other commodity for the market. If this is the case a plain cash transaction ends his activity as a leader of revolt.

Such cases, however, are exceptional. Ordinarily mankind is made of better stuff. Most men who take up the fight of labor do so because they wish to better the condition of themselves and their class. They do not willingly give up the fight for a simple bribe.

These must be approached in another way, if their strength is to be secured for the masters. But the master class is cunning in this game. It has played it for centuries. It sends its emissaries to the men who has gained power and influence among the workers and tells him that there is a short road to success. "Come with us," they whisper to him. "We have all power and you can share that power and use it for the good of your class. Moreover, if you do this, you will be hailed as one of the gread. But if you start do the pale." "A plach—come on, fellers—it's a pinch!" yelled the delighted listel news." "A plach—come on, fellers—it's a pinch!" yelled the delighted listel news! to him, say and the delighted listel news! to him pale. "A plach—come on, fellers—it's a pinch!" yelled the delighted listel news! to his pale. "A plach—come on, fellers—it's a pinch!" yelled the delighted listel news! to his pale. "A plach—come on, fellers—it's a pinch!" yelled the delighted listel news! to his pale. "A plach—come on, fellers—it's a pinch!" yelled the delighted listel news!" to him yelled the delighted listel news!" to him yelled th

that power and use it for the good of your class. Moreover, if you do this, you will be hailed as one of the great. But, if you stay with the workers, your efforts are hopeless, and you are yourself doomed to ignomy, for we control the organs by which public opinion is made."

Through all the ages there have been those that have listened to this siren song. They have left the camp of labor to "work for Labor" in the camp of the oppressors. They have found honor the special special

for Labor" in the camp of the oppressors. They have found honor and glory, sometimes, for themselves in so doing. Their miserable followers have been driven from the doors behind which their former leaders are now sheltered. A disorganized mob, their defeat was but an incident in the onward march of the masters.

Whether INTENTIONALLY or INNOCENTLY the leaders simply BARTERED FOR PERSONAL PREFERENCE THE STRENGTH THEIR FOLLOWERS HAD GIVEN THEM.

by pushing them to the front in its battle for freedom are confronted with this temptation. Labor is restless. It is suffering
deeply. It is feeling its wrongs and its buength. It is proposing
they parted.
After that, whenever he passed Jake's afternoon corare, Gruny Bill grinned down and shouted:
"Hello, Jake! How's t'ingst'
"Fine—t'anks."

that promises but a momentary success for the ruling class. That method is the old, old one. IT IS TO DECORATE THE POLIT-ICAL CAMP OF THE ENEMY WITH THE HEADS OF CAP-TURED LABOR LEADERS.

It is hoped that when the political army of Labor makes its attack at the polls that it will not be deceived by the appearance of the heads of their leaders and lend their aid to those whom they are trying to fight. A labor leader's name upon a capitalist ticket is simply a sign that consciously or unconsciously HE HAS USED THE POLITICAL POWER THAT LABOR HAS GIVEN HIM AS CAPITAL WITH WHICH TO PURCHASE INDIVIDUAL HONOR FROM THE ENEMIES OF THOSE HE HAS BE-

It is no act of friendship either to the individual labor leader or the cause of the working class to assist him in making this disgraceful bargain. For workingmen to help an officer of a trade union in his efforts to secure political preferment from the Republican or Democratio ticket is simply to help along the treason of

Because of this fact the Daily Socialist does not "hail with joy" the proposal of the capitalist politicians to place the names of labor leaders upon their tickets.

Such political preferment is only given in return for a delivery of organized labor into the political camp of its enemies.

Saving Billek

The Daily Socialist does not know whether Herman Billek is guilty or not. It is probable that, being a poor man, he has had none too good a show before the courts. At any rate, the Socialist is always of the opinion that the worst possible use to which any man can be put is to hang him. In all countries Socialists do now oppose and have always opposed capital punishment.

But from the hysterical, theatrical excitement that has been raised about Billek one would think that the sight of a man doomed to death was a most unheard of thing in our present society. There are in the city of Chicago today more than a thousand men, WOMEN AND CHILDREN who are condemned to death. These persons have not been tried and condemned by any form of law. They are not accused of any crimes, unless it be of that worst of all crimes today-poverty.

Some of these condemned ones will be killed by tuberculosis, brought on by being compelled to live and work in rooms and an atmosphere laden with germs. Some little ones will be killed with foul milk. Many more will slowly starve because they or those upon whom they depend for life cannot secure an opportunity to use their strength and skill for the production of the things for lack

Yet there are no frenzied appeals in behalf of these fated ones.

There are no wild demands that their lives be saved.

The only ones who are interested in them are the Socialists and the working class organizations.

Action Needed

Of what sort of action are the Chicago Socialists capable? The

Of what sort of action are the Chicago Socialists capable? The next week will tell. To make the picnic of Sunday, June 21, a success is going to require the most sudden, effective organized action by the Socialists of Chicago ever attempted.

Yet it is going to be a success. Everything shows this. Special branch meetings are being held all over the city. Thousands of workers are making their preparations to be present. The Saturday mass meeting promises to be a hummer.

This occasion should bring in enough money to place the Daily on a firm foundation for the whole campaign. It can do this without any expense to the Socialists, save the decision to take this one day of pleasure in common with a big crowd of other Socialists.

Not Dery Helpful

ELLIS 0. JONES

The washington Post, in a leading article on the subject of Papital.

The Washington Post, in a leading article on the subject of Papital.

The Saturday of sum the strange mystery of simpasses us, and the old smile so long history in the strange mystery of simpasses us, and the old smile so long tithed bursts forth in greeting.

Threading the narrow, graysgrown graysgrown of the scenes about a silence. The many wasted years kept to the place, and easy chairs invite friends.

The statoroom is fitted with the nrecestay equipments and showy line of evitable withing the road and we drink in the strange mystery of simpasses us, and the old smile so long tithed bursts forth in greeting.

Threading the narrow, graysgrown graysgrown of the scenes about a silence. The many wasted years kept to the place, and easy chairs invite friends.

The statoroom is fitted with the nrecestay equipments and snowy line of evitable withing the road and we drink in the strange mystery of simpasses us, and the old smile so long tithed bursts forth in greeting.

Threading the narrow graysgrown passes us, and the old smile so long tithed bursts forth in greeting.

The statoroom is fitted with the nrecestay equipments and snowy line of evitable within the strange mystery of simpasses u

The Washington Post, in a leading article on the subject of "Capital, Labor and Wages," offers the following sequence of cause and effect:

liquidation; liquidation paralyzes the energy of capital; para-lyzed capital makes the silent shop and the closed mine, and these

in turn cause reduction of wages.

That may all be true. The real question, however, is: What causes the The istrial depression? That is the nigger in the camemic wontpile. Let us fing find that cause, remove it, and then we will all live happily ever after.

THE CRATITUDE OF JAKE

The shrewd, white hair-d, little judge watched the three faces over his spectacles. The teamster was talking, carnestly, frankly, profanely, honestly. Isaae was scowling all over his fat, bandaged cheeks. Little Jake was listening, breathlessly—his gray derby cocked down over one eye in miserably assumed indifference. 'Dischargedi' said the judge, with a smile.

On the broad steps of the jail the big teamster looked down at Jake. 'Say, this is yourn,' He poked a dollar bill into Jake's cold hand.

down at Jake. 'Say, t dollar bill into Jake's cold "Why for?" cried Jake "For de art mosseum."

Jake—bewildered, relieved and free—suddenly stopped ad poured out his soul in Yiddish words, rapid gestures and flashes from his bright, black eyes. The teamster ally looked sheepish and said: "Aw, hell!" And so

"Fine—t'anks."

Soon they began to look for each other.

Late one Saturday night Jake was wearily trundling his cart back to the celiar under his tenement. His hat had slipped down far over his dark, hooked nose. With ears janued inside the hat, lean jaw shut tight and eves half closed, he leaned heavily on the cart, himping. It was half-past 11; the long Saturday night rush was over. Jake ached and felt blue; he was lonely; he never had any time to make friends or keep them; he thought of his bare tenement room, eight feet square—and limped worse. Once he heard jolly shouts and langhing above him. He looked up, and through two curtainless tenement windows he saw a big family of hil sizes going to bed all over the room. The room was simply overflowing, the kids were raising the old Nick. Jake thought of his own tiny room, and it seemed suddenly big and bare and empty.

own tiny room, and it seemed suddenly big and bare and empty.

Then he saw a man sitting on an usb barrel. The man's strik were folded and his huge body swayed slightly. He was watching with an ominous grin a policeman who slowly approached, carelessly swinging his clab, unconscious of danger. Jake seemed trouble and pushed faster to get past before the fight. Jake pushed frantically, never taking his exes off the figure on the barrel. He came opposite.

Then he stopped so short that the heavy cart nearly jerked him off his feet. He pushed up his hat and looked hard. He ran over to the barrel. It was Bill!

Bill stared blindly at Jake and gave him a solemn wink. One grimy thumb pointed backward at the officer. Washme soak cop." Bill hiccoughed. "Soak copsoak—shoak—shoak—cop." Bill hiccoughed. "Soak copsoak—shoak—shoak cop." "Fine—fine!" murmured Jake. He was thinking quick, with his black eves on the dreaded officer, still a half block away. "Say," he cried, sharply, "You get in quick!" He had his empty cart alougaide in an instant and held up the black rain cloth. "Fine—fine—an't it fine? You shump in and hide. I push. Ve sneak to de cop und you soak him! Ain't it?" He looked at Bill, anxiously. "Ain't it? Ain't it?" He looked at Bill, anxiously. "Ain't it? Ain't it?" He looked at Bill, anxiously. "Ain't it? Ain't it?" He looked at Bill, anxiously. "Ain't it? Ain't it?" He looked at Bill, anxiously. "Ain't it? Ain't it?" He looked at Bill, anxiously. "Ain't it? Ain't it?" He looked at Bill, anxiously. "Ain't it? Ain't it?" He looked at Bill, anxiously. "Ain't it? Ain't it?" He looked at Bill, anxiously. "Ain't it? Ain't it?" He looked at Bill, anxiously. "Ain't it? Ain't it?" He looked at Bill, anxiously. "Ain't it? Ain't it?" He looked at Bill, anxiously. "Ain't it? Ain't it?" He looked at Bill, anxiously. "Ain't it? Ain't it?" He looked at Bill, anxiously. "Ain't it? Ain't it?" He looked at Bill, anxiously. "Ain't it? Ain't it?" He looked at Bill, anxiously. "Ain't it? Ain't it?" He looked at Bill, anxiously

held it, for a frightful idea had struck him. A dead body found in his cart—murder—Sing Sing! In an instant he repented his rash act of kindness. But now it was too late to dump out Bill. The policeman was but twenty feet away. One moment more and all would be safe. One moment—one—

A deafening clatter! Jake's unwary foot had struck an empty tomato can. It was the finishing jar to his nerves. With a shivering cry he fell forward on the cart, his head struck Bill's leg and Bill sat up.

The policeman walked over startled. "Jay, what's wrong here!"

"Yo troubles—no troubles."

"No troubles—no troubles," murmured the dazed little Jake. He threw the cloth far up over Bill's swaying head, then took off his hat, politely, to the efficer. "No troubles—goot night—no troubles." He started ft ward. "Goot night!" he cried, cheerily. "Hold on!" cried the officer. "No!" The efficer seized Jake's trembling, hony arm and jerked on the cloth. Bill ducked like a baby hiding, tucking with delight. Jake's eyes grew wild. "Say!" cried the bewildered officer. "Where you akin' him?" Jake's mind was now a dark ches.

destial tones.

"Look here, little 'un, I guess you're crazy."

"He's he's "' giggled Bill. "He's dumpin' me into de river."

'No troubles—no troubles!'

At last Bill sat up, stared at Jake, and cried, "Stop!"
Jake stopped. Bill stared close, and again his smile

lean, haggard face. Jake's teeth chattered slightly and his knees sagged in.

Bill's jaw set hard. "Heigh—get in here." His voice, was so changed and soher that Jake climbed slowly is and collapsed in a heap. Bill clambered out, recled a moment, grabbed the cart handle, leaned over and wrapped the cloth around Jake's thin, huddled figure, then spat on his hands as though preparing to shovel coal, and trundled unsteadily off toward Cherry Hill. He trundled on for blocks and blocks. At times the cart slowed down—slower—slower. Bill's eyes grew drowsy and wandered longingly toward good, wide, comfortable ashboxes. Then he looked at Jake, his face tightened and on he went, painfully reading the street signs at each corner.

on he went, painfully reading the street signs at each corner.

At last Bill reached a battered frame structure with Brooklyn bridge looming huge and black above up near the haif moon. In the street a few drunken figures livrehed slowly how ward. Bell gave them no change, He grabbed Jake, coth and all ran up the rickety steps on the stairs, ran back and pushed the cart through the and plunged into the dark entrance. He laid Jake gertly on the stairs, rain back and pushed the cart through the narrow passage into the air shaft. Then he ran up, lifted the unconscious Jake and carried him up the dark, foul, noisome stairs, past the lights and yells which came through the cracks in doors on landings. At last he opened one door, entered and shut it quickly with a deep breath of relief. He felt his way to the bed. His step now was steady. He laid Jake softly on the tumbled blankers, then seratched a match and lit the gas. The room was bare and squalid. A few gay Bowert prints on the walls, a table with one leg gone and leaning against the wall, dirty cloths lying about. On the table was a bottle.

Bill watched Jake's face. Jake's eyes were open now and conscious—but dazed. His teeth chattered violently. Bill took the bottle and held it to Jake's blue lips. Jake struggled hard. "Aw, drink it!" said Bill, encouragingly. "Hot—good—bully." As he saw Jake's eyes suddenly shine, he grinned. Jake lay back and closed his eyes and took a long, comfortable breath. His clenched hands relaxed. His faithful derby slipped down over one ear. He licked bis lips, coughed violently, then opened his eyes and smiled.

Bill looked down with a curious grin. A moment

his eyes and smiled.

Bill looked down with a curious grin. A moment Bill's eyes glistened. "Hello, Jake. How's t'ingst".

"Fine—t anks—fine—fine." And Jake fell, smiling,

<u>|</u> Anarchy, Oligarchy, Socialism

By Robert Hunter.

· If you read Carlyle you will find that again and again he speaks of America as the Great Anarchy. It is Liberty gone mad. It is the liberty which says to the stronger "Do

as you please"; to the weaker "You shall be slaves. It is "Anarchy plus the street constable," Carlyle says.

What Carlyle defined half a century ago, Am- cans begin now to understand

Rockefeller and other great trust magnates have tried to overcome anarchy in industry by monopoly. Lawfully and unlawfully they have fought to create these gigantic aggregations of capital.

Mr. Bryan wants to break up monopoly and re-establish the old industrial anarchy. Instead of one billionaire he wants a thousand millionaires, each one robbing the people, each one corrupting legislatures, and all of them trying to bankrupt each other. He believes it would be a great achievement to distribute Mr. Rockefeller's billion among a thousand exploiters of labor.

Of course, Mr. Bryan's party does not agree with him. Mr. Ryan, Mr. Sullivan and other leading Democrats, are monopolists themselves, and they do not intend to destroy

Nor does Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Taft want to destroy the trusts. They only want to destroy bad trusts. They are satisfied to have an oligarchy own this country providing that oligarchy is honest and high-minded.

Mr. Bryan thinks if we could re-establish the old stage coach and the old competition our economic problems would

Mr. Roosevelt thinks the railroads are all right as they are, but they ought not to be in the hands of men who lie and steal and oppose Mr. Roosevelt.

Now, what advantage will either Mr. Roosevelt's policy or Mr. Bryan's policy be to the masses of the people? Were the people better off in the days of the stage coach, of small rolling mills, of competing oil merchants, of horse cars, and of home workshops than they are now?

We know the people were poorer if anything. We know their life was more miserable and their servitude greater than

The people then have no interest in going back to com-

But the Republicans say the trusts are all right; we must help them all we can. Let them make their millions and their billions; but they must make them honestly.

Now what does that mean? It means that the country is to be owned by a few and that the people are to be slaves. It means that out of the COLLECTIVE toil of this nation a few are to make billions while the people toil and suffer. It means that political freedom is to pass from us, and that we are to be helplessly dependent upon the whims and caprices of a few ruling families.

For the one or the other of these propositions the people vote. The millions who must labor without hope under a competitive anarchy just as they must labor without hope under a monopolistic oligarchy choose which of these slaveries

Millions shout themselves hoarse, march with lighted torches, fight their comrades, and go into wild hysterics, to support Mr. Bryan and his slavery of competitive anarchy.

Other millions will shout then selves hoarse, march with lighted torches, fight their comrades, and go into wild hysterics to support Mr. Taft and his slavery of monopolistic

The Socialists alone fight intelligently. They alone say wish neither the rule of the few nor the rule of the many. We intend that ALL shall rule. We have no desize to replace one slavery by another slavery. We fight all slaveries.

We believe in the trusts, but not trusts in the hands of

oligarchs. We believe in capital, but not capital in the hands of com-

peting anarchists. We want the capital and the trusts, we want the means of life, the instruments of production, the natural resources,

to be owned by the people. Mr. Bryan wants to go back to "anarchy plus the constable." Mr. Tait wants to put industry in the hands of good oligarchs. The Socialists want to go forward to industrial order, peace and plenty-in other words, to Industrial Democracy, where the people shall own the trusts and rule.

THE JIMMY HIGGINSES

BY BEN HANFORD.

TO THE COMRADES

BY EDWIN BJORKMAN.

Forward comrades, forward!
Strike home for human right;
One last united effort
Should end the age-long fight.

Forward, comrades, forward: That bloodless victory, May leave no cause for buttles Nor leave one man unfree!

Jake's mind was now a dark chaos.
''Murder-body-Sing Sing,'' he remarked, in confi-

"Oh, he is, ch? Looks as '! you're wet enough al ready! You're a great pair! A crazy fuol and a drunk! You jest come along with me!" He took hold of the

ready! You're a great pair! A crazy feel and a drunk! You jest come along with me!" He hok hold of the cart.

Then Bill for the first time noticed Jake's face. He leaned forward, stared hard, recognized Jake, and then sat suddenly stiff. His smile had vanished.

"Look—look 'cre." With an effort he hoked steadily at the officer. "Lea we—Jake along Look—look aty—Jake. He ain't'—hic cough—"crazy. Jest scared at you. Ain't he! Look at his—Seared—the's all! He's a takin' me home to me starvin' wife and kids—see! Me poor little Jinny an'—an' our haby Lu." He sobbed. "Poor lit le Jinny an' baby—baby Lu."

The officer took one more bewil lered look at big, grimy, sobbing Bill and the white little Jake, then he burst into a roar of laughter and walked on.

Jake stared motionless. Then came a sob behind him. "Poor lit'le Jinny an' baby—baby Lu." Then a low chuckle. "Ain't got no wife, never had no wife—ain't got no baby, never had no baby!"

—ake grabbed the handles and started briskly on. He leaned far down, pushing till his snees bent, taking long, unsteady strides, breathing hard—trying to think. On and on toward the East river docks. Now and then Bill would sob out, his thick voice shaking with the bounce of the cart. "Poor—lite Jinny—an' baby—baby Lu." Then an ecstatic chuckle. "Ain't got no wife, never had no wife!"

"No troubles," pleaded Jake, his weary voice shaking. No troubles," pleaded Jake, his weary voice shaking.

"Say. Wot you t'ink ver doin'!".

Jake only smiled affectionately. "No troubles."

"Takin' me home? Dat's wot's it! No trouble, eh?
Say, let me see you close!" He took a long look at Jake's
lean, haggard face. Jake's teeth chattered slightly and

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

ERMA VIVIAN JOHNSON

Come, let us away you and I-to It is a cozy place. We have a cabin the meadows and the hillsides; away for longing, a stateroom for sleeping where the country with outstretched and a small room for cooking and hospitality waits to welcome us.

we have scarcely noticed the next and same new tooks. In a case of dear, of life about us. The fresh air fills and refills the lungs as if attaines to bookease in the opposite corner. But store our frail bodies with a condition of curios and danty draperies add a not to be ashamed of.

eyes and the expression tells much.

The anticipations of the coming days reflect the strange, childlike emotious of a fairyland realized.

Look! The water dazzles our eyes. A few more steps and we reach our houseboat.

They comes the same rouse of the combination is excellent. The rhubarh is

or Ther comes the eager right of unbar acraped and sticed thinly, and to each ring windows and doors and proparing bound of fruit is added it pound of our homes for the summer days.

- euger, and the sum and thin rind of 2

I-OUR HOUSEBOAT

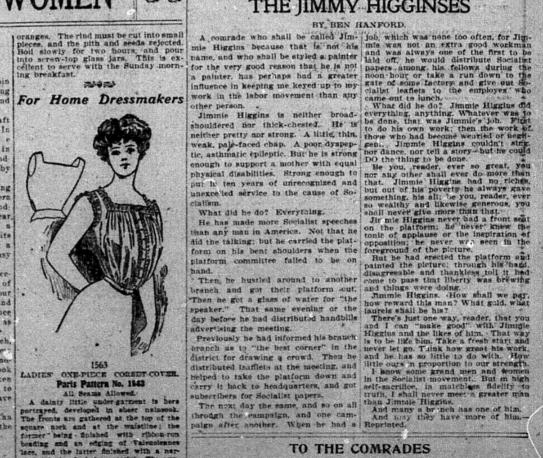
hospitality waits to welcome us.

These are the days when summer there are the fore-and aft breezes, perfume laden, make the youth, decks, with their tasty awnings. In and rigor of man a reality; when the full pulse responds to the animation of all things living.

Is this road not pretty! It is almost noon and the hot sun is full on our backs as we climb the small till which leads to our destination.

We have scarcely noticed the heat and some new books—the sitter find any interest in the music ing their way later into a case of dear.

4 4



LADIEN ONE-PIECE CORSET-COVER.

Paris Pattern No. 1843

All Seams Allowed.

A dainty little under garment is here portrayed, developed in sheer nainsook. The fronts are gatheed at the top of the square neck and at the waistline; the former being finished with ribbon-run beading and an edging of Valenciennes lace, and the latter finished with a narcow waist-band of the material. The srunholes and centre-front platt are trianned with an edging, and the poplum may be centred if desired. The partern is in 8 sizes—32 to 42 inches, bust measure. For 36 heat the conset-cover requires 14, yard of material 35 inches wide; as illustrated, 51, yards of safang, 24, yards of basing and 25, yards of ribbon to trian.

Price of pattarn, 10 costs.

Forward, comrades, forwardt The cunning fee to feet.

The cusning few to fall-or, mind ye, pen and hammer Are prothers in the toll.