

SOLON ASSERTS LABOR HAS NO VOICE IN LAWS

Congressman M'Dermott Sends Plain Letter to the Chicago Federation of Labor

In acknowledging the receipt of the resolutions adopted by the Chicago Federation of Labor last Sunday, which were sent to each congressman from Cook county, Congressman M'Dermott of Chicago tells of the helplessness of the national law-making body to enact the laws desired by labor.

The letter reads: "Washington, D. C., April 22. "E. N. Nockels, Secretary Chicago Federation of Labor, Chicago.

"Dear Sir: I have your letter of the 20th and have this day presented the resolutions adopted by the federation to the house of representatives.

"As to the subject matter, I am with you and have been ever since I became a union man some fifteen years ago. Just how we are going to accomplish these things puzzles me, as no doubt it does you.

"As you know, the labor representatives in congress can do little by themselves. The Democratic members are equally helpless, because the rules of the house are such that a handful of Republicans can manipulate things exactly as they please.

"Hopes Labor Will Fight. "The people to be reached are these leaders, and I hope labor will make a strong fight against them in the coming campaign. We Democrats have been trying desperately to get some of these measures passed, but they only laugh at us. Therefore we must carry the fight into their districts if we expect to win.

"I will be home in a few weeks and shall then see you personally that we may talk over the situation. In the meantime you may count on me to work for these measures with voice and vote. I remain,

"JAMES T. M'DERMOTT."

Congressman M'Dermott is a member of the Commercial Telegraphers' Union, Local No. 1, of Chicago.

UNION WOMEN OPEN LIBRARY

Books on Socialism, Political Economy and Suffrage Are Installed.

The library for the use of the members of the Women's Union League was opened yesterday afternoon in the committee rooms of the Chicago Federation of Labor.

Mrs. Corliss Brown, chairman of the library committee, and Miss E. C. Perry, secretary, were present to inaugurate the books. A large extension bookcase has been installed.

Many on Socialism. Of the 200 or more volumes which the library now contains there are many on Socialism. There are others on the woman's question, economics, political economy and literature devoted especially to the women's trade union movement.

The officers of the league are planning by means of donations, loans and purchases to make the library one of the largest and most complete in the United States devoted to the subject of labor.

Circulation of the books will be limited to members of the league until a demand shall warrant an extension of the circulation privileges to members of labor unions generally.

A report of the library committee will be made at the next meeting of the league, following which the library will be placed in the hands of the secretary of the league, probably will be made librarian.

In addition to those works on labor subjects, a poetry and music section of the library will be established. A collection of "labor novels" and dramas also will be added.

PAINTERS TO GIVE SMOKE

Local No. 366 Will Hold Open Meeting at 12 South Clark Street Tonight.

Local No. 26 of the Carriage, Wagon and Auto Painters' union will give an open meeting to give a smoke at 12 South Clark street tonight.

The union men promise a good time to all who attend and will give non-unionists a chance to join the union before the initiation fee is raised. Good speakers will be present.

The meeting will be held at the Brotherhood of Painters, Decorators and Paper Hangers of America, which claims to be the third largest union in America, on the miners and carpenters exceeding it in numbers.

A recent show that from July 1, 1907, to December 31, the union paid \$28,725 in death claims and \$2,125 in disability claims.

What Sentinel Says. "It is understood that the six Republican and four Democratic members of the new county board have tacitly agreed to get together on all propositions relating to the welfare of their respective parties and by this means defeat the Social Democratic Party."

"In consequence thereof the two older parties have agreed on a friendly un-

ON SUNDAY AT THE GARRICK

Tomorrow will be one of the season's big days at the Garrick, for several reasons. First, the subject is of vital importance and interests everybody—"Shall We Exclude the Jap?"

Then the feeling of the audience will be taken about requesting the board of directors of the Daily Socialist to arrange Lewis' traveling for the paper so that he can get into Chicago for the Sunday mornings of May.

It was thought last Sunday to close this week and fill out the program as best possible until Convention week.

On the strength of this Lewis was booked by the Daily to speak in Toronto, Canada, for the Saturday evening and Buffalo, N. Y., Sunday evening of May 2-3. These dates cannot be changed now, so the Sunday of May 3 will be made Women's Day and the meeting will be addressed by May Wood Simons, Gertrude Bresnan Hunt, Corinne S. Brown, and Josephine Connor Kaneko and others.

Tomorrow morning the violinist from Poland, who entranced the audience last Sunday, will play again. It is impossible to do justice to his magnificent performance in words.

Don't forget, all Garrick pledges are due by the end of April and this is the last Sunday. Put your pledge money in an envelope with your name and drop it in the contribution basket.

Come early and take in the big musical program.

PAPER INQUIRY THOUGHT FAKE

Washington, D. C., April 25.—"Stand Pat" Joe Cannon, speaker of the house, and James R. Mann of Chicago, chairman of the special wood pulp committee, are charged with conducting a fake inquiry which will not give relief from the exactions of the paper trust.

It is planned that these two will drag the matter along so that the committee will have steam up to do something about the time that congress adjourns. This has made the capitalist press fume with rage over the obvious disclosure of the trust's titles of ownership which Cannon and Mann have been careless enough to display.

"Handing It" to Papers. These champions of the existing order are now trying to hand some of their little games of trust fostering and standing pat to the newspapers which have stood by them and the newspapers throughout the country are waking up and calling the game.

The following is part of a communication which the special wood pulp committee has sent to the Associated Press and other organizations:

"The special committee will be glad to have you or anybody else representing, or in behalf of, the American Newspapers Publishers' association or the Associated Press or others interested in the use of paper testify before it at the earliest opportunity, to the end that, if it is possible, the committee may report back to the house before the adjournment of the session of congress.

"Unbiased Consideration." "The committee especially desires to secure from you facts bearing on the question as to a combination or conspiracy of wood pulp and paper manufacturers or dealers in restraint of trade and relating to the effect of the duty on wood pulp and printing paper on the price of paper and the paper industry.

"The committee desires to give full and unbiased consideration to the subject at once. The information upon which you have based your statements must be of great value to us. When can you come?"

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"PIANO BOXER" STIRS A TOWN

T. A. Hickey Makes Big Hit With Austin University Students

(Special to the Daily Socialist). Austin, Tex., April 25.—Rah! Rah! for the Socialist soap-boxer, T. A. Hickey!

This was the yell that greeted T. A. Hickey, the Socialist "piano boxer," at the close of his open-air speech on the

corner of Speedway and Twenty-second streets. The yell was given by students of the University of Texas, and there were eight more just like it given in succession. This shows that Socialist "piano boxers" are gaining favor not only among the Texas working class, but even in the colleges.

Draws Immense Crowds. It is, however, feared that Hickey will have to get something larger than a "piano box" for his titles, for the crowds that gather around his box grow larger and larger. Even the local capitalist papers are beginning to realize that a Socialist speaker is somewhere in the neighborhood and come out with fairly accurate statements as to the size of the crowds that listen to him each night.

During one of his speeches on the corner of Seventh street and Congress avenue, Hickey was surrounded by an immense crowd, who showed that they were intensely interested in his views.

Answers Many Questions. The most of the evening was given up to answering questions such as the following, as reported by a local paper: "Is not the Democratic party of Texas thoroughly Democratic?"

"No; it is Democratic in name only, for the reason that it does not propose to democratize industry."

"Do you agree with Mr. Bryan's and Mr. Hearst's position on the public ownership of the public utilities?"

"No; because the yidomand the public ownership of electric light and gas while in the hands of the light of the middle class and the rich, and they do not demand the public ownership of oil, which is used for lighting purposes in the homes of the poor."

An Insult to Texas. "What is your opinion of the Bailey and anti-Bailey fight?"

"It is an insult to the intelligence of the people of Texas."

"Are you in favor of the United States senators by the people?"

"No; they would all be 'canned,' as the British house of lords is about to be done with."

A lecture on the "Causes of Panic" was later given by Hickey on the corner of Speedway and Twenty-second street. It was there that he was cheered by the students, after producing a veritable sensation among them by savagely attacking the professors of political economy at Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Oxford, England.

For two hours after the close of his lecture he was bombarded with questions, thus prolonging the meeting until midnight. It was at midnight that the students gave their "rah, rah's" for him and by special request forced him to call off his Fourth Worth engagements and give them some more of his lectures.

Students Send Petition. The next day he received a petition liberally signed by all units of the university, reading as follows: "We, the undersigned students of the University of Texas, request Mr. Hickey to remain in Austin over Wednesday in order that we may have another opportunity of hearing him discuss the subject of Socialism."

Hickey accepted the invitation and announced that his subject would be "Frenzied Finance From the Financial and Industrial Standpoint." The lecture was arranged to be given in the main building of the University.

FORMER SHERIFF AND SON ARRESTED AS INCENDIARIES

Paineville, Ore., April 25.—Charged with having committed arson, Sam Smith, former sheriff of Crook county, and his 14-year-old son, Stanley, were arrested on a warrant sworn out by ex-Congressman J. N. Williamson.

The father and son are accused of having been implicated in the burning of Williamson's sheep camp, thus destroying shearing plants, barns and a large amount of hay.

"QUEEN OF THE ITALIANS" ASKS A WEAPON PERMIT. Application for permit to carry a revolver was made at the city hall yesterday by Anna Carlo, better known as "the queen of the Italians." She probably will get it.

She has acquired considerable political influence by uniting the Italian vote in the First ward. When an Italian wants a job from the city street cleaning or other day labor, he goes to "the queen" and she gives it for him. In return he votes as she tells him to.

In filling out the application blank she gave her age as 44, her height 5 feet 6 inches, her weight 230 pounds, and her residence 429 Clark street.

DARROW IS TO DEFEND WARREN

Lawyer Who Fought Miners' Case Will Aid Editor

(Special to the Daily Socialist). Girard, Kan., April 25.—Clarence Darrow of Chicago, whose wonderful defense at Boise stirred the nation, will defend Fred Warren, managing editor of the Appeal to Reason, under indictment for issuing a postal card offering

a reward for the kidnaping of ex-Governor Taylor of Kentucky, shortly after the kidnaping of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone from Colorado to Idaho.

Darrow has been in Kentucky investigating the case, which developed after the shooting of Governor Gresham, in connection with which Taylor left Kentucky for Indiana, and has refused to go back or to allow himself to be extradited. The trial of Warren will open at Fort Scott, Kan., May 4.

Haywood Defense Recalled. Darrow has informed the Appeal to Reason that he will be ready when the trial is called. Interest in the approach of the shooting of Governor Gresham, in connection with which Taylor left Kentucky for Indiana, and has refused to go back or to allow himself to be extradited. The trial of Warren will open at Fort Scott, Kan., May 4.

Guilt Basis Flimsy. "That such a prosecution could be based upon such an utterly flimsy foundation is not a little strange, but when it is remembered that the president of the country has usurped the power of placing his executive heel on an undesirable publication, in flagrant violation of the law, which assures a hearing before such action can be taken, one is quite prepared to see his subordinates follow his law-defying example.

This case will not be without its compensations. Warren will be prepared to answer for himself as editor of the Appeal, and Darrow will be in his element as the champion of a free press.

LEGISLATOR DECLARES ROAD COSTS ONE LIFE A MILE. Ottawa, Canada, April 25.—Representative Blain has called the attention of the house to a report that within the northwest Indian Sunday fair, 31 fifty men had been killed through carelessness and ignorance in handling dynamite in the construction of a railroad between the Manitoba boundary and Canyon Lake.

This distance is about one hundred miles. In addition many had been injured. Cameron's jury had drawn attention to the list of lives lost, and the statement had been made that the road was costing one life per mile.

Mr. Graham said it was a matter of considerable seriousness and suggested to attract an investigation of the government. He had interviewed the chairman of the transcontinental commission and hoped shortly to be in a position to make a statement that would clear the air.

THE WEATHER. Official weather forecast for Saturday and Sunday: Illinois—Showers and cool; Saturday with high southwest to northwest wind; Sunday fair.

ASK BOYCOTT OF CHESTER PAPERS AGAIN

Western Federation of Miners Is Represented as Taking a Slap at Socialism

(Special to the Daily Socialist). Chester, Pa., April 25.—The striking street railway employes here have refused the compromise offered by the board of trade, which proposed that the men accept a scale of 16.23 cents an hour with an increase to 18.75 cents with the next year and a half. In rejecting this proposal the men called on the citizens to boycott the company's lines.

The state cavalry troopers are still here, but there has been no bloodshed lately. The union issued the following statement to the citizens of Chester: "The board of trade of the city of Chester, Pa., has proposed that the striking street railway employes here accept a scale of 16.23 cents an hour with an increase to 18.75 cents with the next year and a half. In rejecting this proposal the men called on the citizens to boycott the company's lines."

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SPEAKING OF "PERSONALLY CONDUCTED" WALKING TRIPS



HOW ABOUT THOSE THAT HAVE BEEN GOING ON ALL WINTER?

800 ANSWER ONE WANT AD

Request for Machinists Answered by a Large Mob of Jobless

Times are not hard, for it is the easiest matter in the world to get men for work. If you call for a few men, you will get hundreds. This fact was proved by the following advertisement that appeared in the Daily News:

MACHINISTS WANTED (railroad)—Nonunion; hotel, 250 State street.

Mob Calls at Hotel. The hotel keeper was told to send all the applicants to the parlor and she willingly agreed. Pretty soon she heard a tramping of feet and got ready. The next minute a crowd of men burst into the hotel, and she threw up her hands in dismay. In back of the first crowd hurried another, and more. She was another, a much larger one. She hurriedly directed them to the parlor and drew a deep sigh of relief.

Her relief was short lived, however, for the next minute there was more tramping of feet on the stairs, and more men burst into the room. As soon as he saw the crowd that was pouring in he whined and begged her to send the men away. He told her that he had already hired more men than he needed.

All that evening the men kept pouring in and in his despair the advertiser took an early train that night. When interviewed the hotel lady gasped: "Oh, my! It was terrible! The men kept coming along until the next day, I never imagined that there were so many unemployed men in Chicago. Why, there must have been eight hundred of them here!"

N. Y. TRACTION COMPANY MUST PROVIDE MORE SEATS. New York, April 24.—The public service commission has issued an order providing not only that seats shall be furnished for every passenger on the Twenty-third street crosstown line, the Lexington avenue line and the Grand street surface lines, but that the accommodations on these lines shall be 50 per cent in excess of the average number of passengers carried.

This order, which will go into effect on April 27, is the result of a series of public hearings which have been held by the commission on complaints of the inadequacy of the service provided on the three lines.

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Institutions, Individuals and Systems

The fact that the Daily Socialist has frequently published news of abuses by certain institutions or of the actions of individuals has led to a misunderstanding among some of our non-Socialist readers.

A concrete instance of this misunderstanding is found in relation to the attitude of the Socialist toward the Chicago department stores.

It is an interesting commentary on modern business life that there is no place in it for the old, life wisdom, mature judgment, soil poise are not of commercial value.

The fact is, as every Socialist knows, that the department store, like the trust, is simply a more effective and economical method of doing work.

Others have seen in the fact that the Daily Socialist has published certain things detrimental to the character of the department stores an attempt at blackmail.

The Daily Socialist, however, does not ask for advertising as a reward for censoring its columns, but only as a commercial transaction for which it expects to give value received in patronage.

While the Daily Socialist and its readers will take more than ordinary pains to give value received for money expended for advertising, it is firm in the position that the advertisers purchase only the space paid for and have no control over the news or editorial columns.

At the same time the greatest trouble is taken to ascertain the exact facts concerning any item having a class bias. In all stories published concerning the department stores, for example, it is a rule of the office that the employers shall be communicated with before publication and that if they have any statement to make that this statement shall appear with the article.

Patriotism to Order

Just in proportion as the genuine sentiment of patriotism declines does the effort to increase the "forms" of patriotism increase.

In the days when nations were being built, and when the fundamental rights of man were being achieved by that building there was no need of organizing societies or enacting laws to enforce patriotism.

But when the powers of government are used principally in defense of "predatory wealth," and in suppression of those same fundamental rights, it is necessary to enact laws in order to secure even the forms of respect for the institutions of government.

So it is that we see an increase of "flag laws" compelling an outward form of respect for the symbol of power. It was not until that flag began to float above pulpens and soldiers shooting down unarmed strikers that it became necessary to enact laws to insure its respect.

Now "patriotism" is to be taught in the schools. The children are to be compelled to repeat the forms of a respect which they no longer feel for the institutions of government. The "Daughters of the Revolution," who are perhaps the most unlike their forefathers of any portion of present society, are forming societies among the children with elaborate rituals in which the flag plays a very prominent part, and which remind one quite forcibly of the voodoo practices of some savage tribe.

In the same way when respect for the uniform of the soldier is destroyed by his becoming an instrument for internal class wars, efforts are made to compel the observance of the forms by the enactment of laws forbidding any discrimination in places of amusement, etc.

If a ruling class ever learned anything it would seem that the present one might learn from the past the lesson that when the substance has disappeared the form becomes but a hollow shell whose retention serves but to emphasize the disappearance of the reality.

The old form of patriotism has gone never to return, so far as the mass of the workers are concerned. It may be fanned into a fitful flash occasionally by some jingo outbreak, but in its old devoted form it is gone. It can never return until government ceases to be a class institution.

Even now the new patriotism that is to take its place is arising. This new patriotism is not national selfishness, but international brotherhood. It is not based upon class rule but upon world-wide justice.

Just as the old patriotism is dying in spite of compulsory observation of its forms, so the new is growing in spite of compulsory suppression of many of its manifestations. Just as the old was built on the interest of a ruling few, so the new is based upon the freedom of the many.

In the broad, internationalism of the labor movement of the world this new patriotism is being born. It is spreading and growing with every day. It needs no laws to assist its growth for it is built on the interests of the great mass of mankind.

Having a Fit

The Socialists' propaganda in this country has every manifestation of the dark, sinister, plotting characteristic of the Old World. The circulars and other literature are never signed by the authors in the open, frank, American fashion, but usually bear no signature than "The Committee" or "The Central Committee."

Here is a brand-new specimen of editorial idiocy—or worse. Charging secrecy to the Socialist Party is certainly a new one, when it is the only political party that has no secret sessions, every one of whose committees is elected in a regular, public manner and is held absolutely responsible to the membership.

THE CREEPING DARK

BY FRANKLIN H. WENTWORTH

Students of the University of Chicago were instructed yesterday in the management and operation of great railroads. In the address by the assistant second vice president of the Illinois Central, the statement which apparently impressed the students most was that the age limit at which men were taken into railroad employ was 35 years.

It is an interesting commentary on modern business life that there is no place in it for the old, life wisdom, mature judgment, soil poise are not of commercial value.

In the current industrial organizations, at the moment at which it would seem that a man is best equipped for efficient service, he ceases to be of use.

Among railroad employes there survives a fragment of a traditional dialogue between the general manager of a great railway and an employe whom he was reprimanding.

The Employe: "But, sir, I thought—" The General Manager: "Damn you, you are not paid for thinking."

Under a military despotism the soldier is not paid for thinking. He marches without consultation men who never did him any harm at his superior's command and gives his life in battles for his own.

Under an industrial despotism the worker is not paid for thinking. He tows, gives his life in battles not his own.

For Profit's sake the workers produce, and produce and produce; and when they are old they are cashiered.

When they have given their lives in service to society, society does not look upon them with the same respect as it does when they are young.

Society has no place today for the old. The great wholesale houses of Chicago take boys at 16 years of age.

Inside of a year they are doing a man's work—at a boy's pay.

From 16 to 35 they work hard and faithfully, but at the end of the period of their lives they have hope in their hearts; the inevitable has not yet bulked against their horizon.

Before their reason awakens with the judgment of manhood, and they realize that they have given the best part of their lives to a causeless, gratuitous, for other men's profits, and that it is now too late to do anything for themselves.

If before hope expires they look about for new relations of service they find that the social order, the social order, is as operative in the Illinois Central.

At the moment when, under a rational social order, a man's years would best qualify him for mature judgment as a present and intelligent decision, the present social order meets his application to serve it with the curt and positive assurance that he is too old.

What, then, are they to do? Stay in the rut, die in the rut, or starve to death?

From the moment that an intelligent man awakes to the realization that he has no future save one of routine, treadmill plodding, he gets his bread at the price of manhood. The life flame flickers and goes out. His eyes no longer shine. His tale is told. He then begins a long period of waiting; waiting for death. He may indulge himself with a few regrettably comfort, but he has no longer to be reckoned with. He may go on to stay.

So he continues at his boyhood's employment; at his boyhood's wages, or very little more; until he gets to the end of his rope.

Then his store clock, worn at the elbows, is gone from the hook. He doesn't come any more. His food mates forget about him.

During the ambitious period of a man's life today his energies are sapped by a system which throws him away like a limp rag as soon as the sap is wrung out of him, or awakens intelligence provokes a normal dissatisfaction.

Thousands and thousands and thousands are thus ground through the frightful, impersonal, the mere dry grist of a profit-making civilization which has no use for the thing that life is meant for—the human soul.

When your soul steps reaching out for higher things; when your hope is gone and your ambition is gone; you may be waiting about the streets and riding on trains, but you are a dead man. Your life is behind you.

A society which reduces human beings to the dead level of a machine-like routine, plodding slaves, dulled by routine and quenched by years of exploitation, who are keeping their fellows in slavery. They look with dull eyes upon ideals for a ransom society. They do not think of the benefits that they do not think of at all. Dead men do not think.

A clerk who has worked ten hours a day for twenty years without a day's vacation, looks at a caged canary and exclaims: "Poor imprisoned little thing!"

There is never so sorry a slave as the slave who imagines he is free. And day by day, step by step, age is creeping on.

It is a sad thing, this realization that the world has no place for the old.

The little children still love grandfathers and grandmothers. But their place by the fireside is gone.

The fireside itself is gone. Hurry into your grave, old man. You have worked hard, it is true; you have been making things for others' comfort all your life.

But this is a busy world. There are profits to make. And you are in the way.

METROPOLITAN REFLECTIONS

FROM THE TWENTY-EIGHTH TO THE FIRST WARD.

BY W. B. MICKERSON

It is my good fortune to reside at the intersection of two windswept, white-painted, boulevard-like streets, one of which, for another one comes in at my back door. In Chicago a street is termed a "boulevard" when it has been built of crushed limestone. When it is full of holes between the paving blocks it is an "avenue." However, it is a sunny, slightly corner where we live, and the first "Reflection" that I get in early spring is of the good blue sky in a common prairie pond, a tiny pool, which soon dries up, crackles over and lies fallow until perhaps some midsummer downpour fills it again to its shallow brim.

Every morning and each night my way leads me over the dusty boulevard, down on to the primeval "prairie" level of prehistoric Chicago, wherein lies my pond. It is but a tiny remnant of that rolling prairie upon which Chicago was built—a mere range of vacant lots, in fact, and traversed by a noisy "L" line, but it still remains, in Chicago parlance, the primordial name of prairie, and as such it is still haunted with the shadow of primitive man, all that is left to us of our freedom, the small boy.

The wild rose no longer waits its perfume aired in the midsummer, nor does the violet now bloom there in the spring. It did up to a few years ago, but the damp heaps of clay and gravel, wornout paving blocks and cement rubbish, and the surrounding precincts of its surrounding Philistines have at length made the struggle too severe for all but the hardy weeds, the humble "dandy lion" and the grasses.

I don't know the botanical names of the various kinds of grass which adorn my prairie. That would be a good thing for anyone interested in the subject in that way to study up. Few of them

are what we would associate in the mind with the word prairie, and yet all nature thinks to come along with its spade and uproot it and transport it to his doorway, he will find that constant care will assure its growth.

Mixed among it is white clover, which will grow and spread over anything and any kind of soil. I have found it spreading its soft, white carpet over abandoned iron ore dumps in northern Michigan, over the rubble-strewn refuse of rock quarries in Illinois and here over the rubbish heaps and along the gutters of the boulevards.

In June it is most beautiful, and the suggestion to us here in crossing the prairie is always of the quiet country. I ways we have known in the old days—the shadowed wood track, back through the briars and cottonwoods, where we went to pick the dry chips from last year's spring to make the summer night's kettle boil.

It is surprising how quickly grass will grow over and around disturbed earth or dumps of new earth. And if the mixed among it is white clover, which will grow and spread over anything and any kind of soil. I have found it spreading its soft, white carpet over abandoned iron ore dumps in northern Michigan, over the rubble-strewn refuse of rock quarries in Illinois and here over the rubbish heaps and along the gutters of the boulevards.

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OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

EDITED BY MARIE JAYNE

Equal Suffrage

BY VERNON HALLIDAY, UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS.

THE history of the advance of political ideas is not a record of rapid and brilliant progress. It is rather a process of slow evolution. Out of the experience gained from centuries of struggle—struggle embittered by persecution and oppression—has been built the foundation of civil liberty upon which our national government now rests.

Prejudice and the custom of ages have alike arrayed themselves in opposition to this progress. Revolutions are the milestones in its path. Thus, gradually have unfolded wiser and more liberal conceptions of civil life. Among these is the principle of equality and the right of the governed to a voice in the making of the law. Today men are awakening to a further application of the principle of justice. Custom and prejudice have sought to throttle it. But each succeeding decade swells the vast army of its supporters demanding its recognition. I speak of the right of equal suffrage.

On the ground of abstract justice woman's claim to the ballot ought not to be denied by any one. Certainly, it cannot be denied by the people or our own country. Equality is the life blood of our democracy. The idea that led to a conception of a republic is linked inseparably with that kindred idea—the inherent right of every intelligent person to a voice in the government. With admirable directness we find this principle summed up in these words: "We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

We cannot believe that this source of just powers "the consent of the governed" was meant to include only one-half of mankind. Is woman not subject to the laws of this nation? In case of the transgression of those laws, she can be tried, be condemned, be punished even to the extent of death. Is she not, therefore, governed as truly as man? Let us be honest! Let us be consistent! Since we would not exclude her from those restrictions which our laws impose, let us place the ballot in the hands of every qualified woman. How else may we surmount this obstacle—the contradiction between practice and principle?

But the opponents of equal suffrage say woman is different from man; that, if abstract justice did not oppose it, expediency would withhold the ballot because she is unqualified to exercise that right. This idea must be understood in one of two ways; either that she does not know enough, or that she is not a citizen. As wife or mother she should not vote because false duties would incapacitate her for holding office.

A century ago, the theory that woman does not know enough to vote might have seemed plausible. But, today, when we observe the overwhelming majority of girls in our public schools; when we note the increase in attendance at our seminaries and colleges; when we consider the number of co-educational institutions throughout our country, we can reach but one conclusion.

We need woman in politics. We need her for the promotion of peace—for the maintenance of purity in state and nation. The dawn of the twentieth century marks the beginning of a new era in the world's history. War is being driven to its quietest, its fiercest, to reveal its true self—its lust, its loathsome, its horror. International arbitration is the thought of the day. As the strength of the sword declines, the power of the ballot is being increased. Without the possibility of an appeal to arms, it alone must direct a wise and prudent policy.

The objection is often raised that women do not want to vote. Without there are many married women who would not care to vote because their husbands sufficiently represent them now. But shall we, for this reason, deny the ballot to those who do want to vote? Unmarried women, widows, and to women who are not fully represented by their husbands. Surely we do not think that woman is fairly represented whose husband votes for her. When she stands for elements which make for the destruction of home and the social condition of his wife and children. The ballot would never be compulsory. It is obvious that those who do not want it need not use it. Do not deny it for this reason to intelligent women who do want it.

We hear the oft-repeated statement that the enfranchisement of women thereby doubling the number of voters, will double the difficulties attendant on every election. That, besides such an inauguration will only serve to raise domestic tranquility resulting in the overthrowing of our divorce courts and outpouring of our crime. However logical this theory may appear at first glance, it is not grounded on truth. As a matter of fact, the number of the products of a fevered and distorted imagination.

Equal suffrage is not an untried experiment. It is a fact. Look at Colorado. Look at New Mexico. The enfranchisement of women, there was no sudden upheaval or disorder. At the first election, scarcely one-tenth of the women voted. Gradually, this number increased to nine-tenths as compared with eight-

tenth the ratio among men. Where are those disastrous calamities which had been predicted. Only good has been the outcome. Let me quote from Governor Hoyt of Wyoming. "Under equal suffrage, we have had better officers, better institutions, better morals, and a higher social condition than could otherwise exist. Not one of the predicted evils such as loss of native delicacy or the disturbance of home relations has followed in its train."

Equal suffrage has been tried and has been found not wanting. If it will be for the advancement of good government, for the promotion of peace, for the establishment of a higher standard in law and order, for advancement in the social condition of our people, for the overthrow of corruption and the purification of our national politics, we ought to turn a deaf ear to reason no longer.

To democratic America, the appeal of equal suffrage must ultimately be irresistible. It involves all those deep-seated and vital principles which can give stability and worth to our institutions. Its justice cannot be denied; its expediency is already proven. The voice of Custom is loud in opposition. He who would resist it, let him be honest! But ours is an age of progress. We do not plow the ground with a crooked stick because it was done so a thousand years ago. The rustic key of Custom will not unlock the portals of future progress. We must be honest! We must be consistent! And fidelity to our political creed has but one path—the recognition of equal suffrage.

Don't let your head with bed-clothes. Covers should be light, but warm.

Don't sleep in too cold a room. From 55 to 60 degrees F. is about the right temperature.

Don't let your bedroom with knick-knacks and draperies. Have it as plain, clean and dust free as possible.

Don't expose the pillows to the sun. It draws the oil out of the feathers. The best and healthiest should be given a daily sun bath, but the pillows should be placed out of the sunlight, but in a direct current of the air.

Don't sit in the same position all night. Turn from side to side often.

Don't dine all evening, but if you are tired give in to it and go to bed.

Don't go to bed with a sensation of hunger. Take any light, simple food you wish and eat it with you.

Don't go to bed with cold feet. See to it that your feet are warm before you get into bed.

The Cook County Socialist Sunday School

The next session of the Cook County Socialist Sunday School will be held Sunday, April 26, at 10 a. m., at 615 Claremont avenue, near Division Street. M. S. LIVINGSTON, Secy.

WHAT IS SURPLUS VALUE?

By Robert Hunter

The whole trouble, my friends, centers about surplus value.

The capitalists GET it. The workers WANT it.

The strife will never end until the producing millions get the whole of surplus value.

But what is surplus value? A man named Jones was an expert on bees.

He saw that bees spent two-thirds of their time making honeycomb, and one-third of their time making honey.

He set to work to manufacture the comb. He was an inventor and he accomplished his purpose.

The bees then spent all of their time making honey.

But the comb was expensive, and so Jones invented a process by which honey could be taken from the comb, and the comb used again and again.

But this was not enough, so he invented a hive which enabled the bees to work all the winter.

He also discovered that if all the good honey were taken from the bees late in the fall, he could put into the live sugar and water, and the bees would live on that during the winter.

Jones was a great inventor, and he did for the bees what most of the inventors have done for Labor.

Their inventions have been used to further exploit Labor, not to relieve Labor.

Jones was also a clever capitalist.

He discovered how to take the surplus value and leave to the workers a bare subsistence.

Have you read Marx? If not, do so. And you will find the above an illustration of the full meaning of two terms he uses—the one Wages, the other Surplus Value.

THE SURPLUS VALUE which the capitalist takes IS THE HONEY.

THE WAGE which the workers get IS THE SUGAR AND WATER.

FOR EMPLOYERS ONLY

This was meant for employers only, but, somehow or other, a copy of a letter and some pertinent questions which were to be answered by employers came to headquarters. It is published with a view to get our members to think over and note at the same time the activity of our masters in trying to squeeze us "just a little bit more."

The following is called a "Bulletin" from the office of Commissioner William M. Webster:

The members throughout the country have not forgotten this commissioner; he is the one that engineered the strike for the bosses against Local No. 1. Don't forget also the fact that he is trying to get a national standing with our masters and if successful may engineer the coming conflicts for the employers.

We have no personal feeling against this man nor any of the employers we have had unpleasant dealings with, but we just review the past and present occurrences to get our bearings, to know where we are at. The members should get busy likewise, regardless of the dull taut—attend the meetings, keep in good standing and bring a clearer and closer union of men. The most important of all is knowledge. With a thorough knowledge of the class interests, which is the root of all the conflicts between the masters and the employees, it is much easier to cope with the conditions which may arise in the struggle for existence.

To the man who has that knowledge the "Bulletin" is no news. He knows that the scheming and machination is going on to squeeze more profit out of our labor. Therefore, those who cannot see the "writing on the wall" must be shown, so here is part of the letter:

"In the period of depression now prevailing, the question of hours and wages and the general condition pertaining to the manufacture and sale of goods is of vital importance to every one employing help. I am securing data and information bearing on this subject from the different lines that I am interested in and also invite expressions of opinions from a few outsiders. It is my intention to secure the information both locally and nationally. I will tabulate same and will send a copy to those that contributed to it. (Signed) "WM. M. WEBSTER."

In this letter was enclosed the following questions: "1. Are you running nine or ten hours a day?" "2. Are you running full force?" "3. If not, what percentage of employees are laid off?" "4. Are you running full time?" "5. If not, how many hours per week?" "6. Have you reduced wages generally?" "7. If not, have you made reductions here and there; what per cent of employees affected?" "8. If you are running nine hours a day, do you favor ten?" "9. How does your business in January compare with January of last year?" "10. How does your business of February compare with February of last year?" "11. What do you think of the business outlook for the future?"

This is the "dope," brothers; what do you think of it and what are you going to do? Think a little and then let us all act and work together.—From the Glass Worker.

The Confusion of Tongues

BY LUCIEN V. RULE

Man's modern Ibabel is the Profit Pit Where Frenzied Finance and her trusty tools Exploit the toil of dumb, submissive mules,

The wage slave class, who sell their work and wit To lords ejet, for whom hate's hell is lit. Lo, Mammon's Nimrod! That bond-holding brute, Now glorified and famous for his loot Ground out of Labor's agony and grit.

Yet, while King Gamble reaches each lusty lung, And prices soar like larks to heaven's gate, A sudden panic stills each angry tongue! Gold hoarders, now made beggars, wailing wait; Mad workmen move the smokeless mills among, And Harlot Babylon lies desolate!

STATESMEN

BY RALPH WALDO TRINE

Is it your desire to become a great statesman? Note the very first thing, then, the word itself—statesman, a man who gives his life to the service of the state. And do you not recognize the fact that, when one says a man who gives his life to the service of the state, it is but another way of saying—a man who gives his life to the service of his fellowmen; for what, after all, is any country, any state, in the true sense of the term, but the aggregate, the great body of its individual citizenship. And he who lives for and unto himself, who puts the interests of his own small self before the interests of

the thousands, can never become a statesman; for a statesman must be a larger man than this. Let our public offices—municipal, state and federal—be filled with men who are in love with the human kind—large men, men whose lives are founded upon this great law of service, and we will then have them filled with statesmen. Never let this glorious word be disgraced, degraded by applying it to the little, self-centered whelps who are unable to get beyond the politician stage. Then enter public life; but enter it as a man, not as a barnacle; enter it as a statesman, not as a politician.

To a Nine-Inch Gun. This powerful poem came to the New York World office on a crumpled piece of soiled paper. It was signed "P. F. McCarthy" and the author's address was given as "Fourth Beach, City Hall Park."

Whether your shell hits the target or not. Your coat is five hundred dollars a shot. You think of noise and flame and powder. We feed you a hundred barrels of flour.

Each time you roar. Your dream is fed With twenty thousand leaves of bread. Silence. A million hungry men. Seek bread to fill their mouths again!

Reason Why. Whenever the penurious manager of the large store wanted to sharpen his pencil, he would enter the shipping department and borrow a knife from one of the boys. Sometimes the boys did not have their knives with them, but there was one lad, Tommy Breen, who always could be depended upon.

"How is it, Tommy?" asked the manager one day, as he whittled his pencil. "That you always have your knife with you, and the other boys haven't?" Tommy hesitated for a moment, then gathering courage, said: "The wages I get aren't enough for me to afford more than one pair of pants."—Harper's Weekly.