



"1905—The Victims of Capitalism." This Is No Dream.

On cold, rainy mornings at the dusk of dawn, I have been awakened, two hours before my rising time, by the monotonous clatter of hobnailed boots on the plank sidewalks, as the procession to the factory passed under my window. Heavy, brooding men, tired, anxious women, thinly dressed, unkempt little girls, and frail, joyless little lads passed along, half awake, not one uttering a word as they hurried to the great factory. From all directions thousands were entering the various gates; some were most ragged and almost shoeless, but all with eager faces—waited in front of a closed gate until finally a great red-bearded man came out and selected twenty-three of the strongest, best looking of the men. For these the gates were opened and the others with downcast eyes, marched off to seek employment elsewhere, or to sit at home, or in a saloon, or in a lodging house until the following morning, when they come wistfully again to some factory gate.—Robert Hunter.

*Appeal to Reason* 4 Feb. 1905, p. 3.