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ROOSEVELT AGAIN!

Strenuous One Butts In— A Sinister Figure.

As was to be expected, Theodore Roosevelt has given expression to his opinions on the forthcoming trial of labor men in Los Angeles on a charge of murder in connection with the destruction of the Times building. The tone of the discourse, however, is not that of the aforesaid Theodore (The Only, Great Mogul of the Universe, and President of the United States). He does not designate the kidnaped and indicted men as "undesirable citizens" on the eve of their trial, as he did in the case of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, but, starting with his usual silly truism that "Murder is Murder" (if Theodore did not tell us that, we might think it was petit larceny, of course!), he goes on to say that if the McNamaras are guilty of blowing up the Times building they should be punished.

That "if" is the most surprising thing that has come from the once terrible Teddy in many long months. There did not used to be any "ifs" in connection with the conclusions of this bombastic arbiter of the Universe. The Strenuous One appears to have learned caution if not wisdom.

The fact that he has come out at all with more or less definite views on the "dynamiting" case, tending to the extent of their definiteness to aid the master class in its conspiracy against organized labor, shows that Theodore has not yet abandoned hope of becoming something of importance once more before he shall sink into senility and complete oblivion.

In connection with this latest outbreak of the ex-President, the editor of REVOLT, urged by other members of the board of directors, and the fact that certain promised contributions for the columns of this publication have been delayed, decides to present the following, written some months ago but heretofore unpublished:

"Can Roosevelt Come Back?"—Tragic Suggestions.

By CLOUDESLEY JOHNS.

Humorously, by the American public, distinguished from all other nations by the degree to which it indulges itself in the twin pastimes of hero-worship and idol-smashing, the question is being asked:

"Can Roosevelt come back?" There appears to be a widespread feeling that he cannot.

As a matter of fact, in spite of the reverses he has suffered, Roosevelt remains distinctly the most sinister personage in America at the present time.

For many years, ever since he discovered how much attention he could attract by playing the part of a spy on the actions of sleepy patrolmen in New York, this most preposterous of all American heroes has been busily engaged in conveying in devious ways to the American public and the world at large the impression that he is possessed above all living men of tremendous power to achieve wonderful political results. He has declared himself the champion of the Good, the foe of Evil, and avoided the necessity of telling what he means. Spending all his tremendous energy and talent, which admittedly are great, in conveying this impression, he has had none to devote even to the seeming fulfillment of any of his indefinite promises. Nevertheless, he has managed to create an impression of achievement by loudly championing certain popular causes which he realized were about to prevail. Thus he has avoided bringing upon himself any general demand that he "make good," and has fulfilled all the peculiar requirements of an American Political Hero.

Misfortune came upon him when he was led to meddle in certain political affairs in a situation which he had misjudged, failing more signally in his frantic efforts to accomplish definite results than any previously dislaureled American Hero had failed. All other failures—the attempt to assure the judicial murder of labor union officials, the attempt to curb certain trusts whose officials refused to strengthen the Teddy popularity by accepting his advice, and all the others—passed all but unnoticed by the general public. The comparatively unimportant failure of last November, however, after his bombastic "frazzle" talk, served to make multi-

WITH THE RED FLAG!

International Labor Day Celebrated.

SYMBOL OF WORKING CLASS SOLIDARITY AND WORLD-WIDE PEACE IS CARRIED ALONE—PUBLIC PRESS SILENT.

For the first time in the history of the United States, in San Francisco on May Day, the red flag of the international revolutionary movement of the working class was carried alone in the International Labor Day parade through the streets. No national flag—no "Stars and Stripes"—was borne, to give the lie to the international character of the demonstration, as has been done in the past under threats of unlawful police interference with the parade if the order to perpetrate the absurdity were not obeyed by the marchers.

So far from trying to break up the procession, clubbing the marchers and confiscating the red banners, as has been done in other cities, the police of San Francisco gave every aid to preserving the right of way for the parade. The right to carry the international flag of the working class was established, not only without the carnage and slaughter of workingmen by police and soldiery which has marked the endeavor many times in other lands, but in perfect peace.

The following morning (Tuesday) the capitalistic "news"-papers of this Fair city gave the usual space to the illness of some, society parasite's pet poodle, the ignane utterances of the fat-witted goo-gooes now in control of State politics and their little plans for petty plundering of great industrial plunderers for the benefit of the "good" politicians, the dancing of Somebody's children about a May Pole and the marital troubles of Somebody else—but not one word about this establishment of a right for which thousands of lives have been sacrificed in all parts of the allegedly civilized world. There was not even an agonized yawn from the plutocratically patriotic Chronicle at the appalling spectacle of the red flag waving supreme in the streets of this city, declaring that the workingmen of all countries constitute a class which means vastly more than any and all national, boundaries and narrow national patriotism can mean.

The red flag was carried from Grant avenue up Market street to Golden Gate avenue, thence by way of Fillmore street to Steiner, between Sutter and Post, where a May Day celebration was held in Dreamland, and no American flag appeared to cause confusion in regard to the meaning of that red flag.

AND THE DAILY PRESS OF SAN FRANCISCO HAD NOTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT!

Thousands marched in the parade, thousands gathered in Dreamland rink, packing the galleries and more than half of the main floor from which all seats had been removed to make room for the great crowd.

In the course of the march one of our comrades, noting the efforts of a policeman to prevent the

tudes believe, with regret or satisfaction, that "Teddy is down and out."

But is he? In the opinion of the writer he is not, for reasons presented by the combined effect of different forces. There seems to be more than a possibility that the Terrible Teddy will stand out again, singular, tremendous—the most colossal figure on the roll of shame!

"Insurgency," whatever that may mean beyond a senseless manifestation of social unrest aroused by the swaying of the superstructure of capitalism on its crumbling foundations, is sweeping through the country with all the unreasoning fervor of Populism, and with greater force, to the same inglorious end, assuredly, but with greater passing triumphs. In the rising of this political billow, rolled upward in advance of the steadily rising tide of proletarian revolution, some spectacular figure will be raised on high in the foam-crest of the wave ere it recedes to be engulfed in the rising tide: for Insurgency, beyond all political spasms of the past, demands a Hero, with lesser heroes in the various states, and cities of the land.

That Hero, in the coming political turmoil and

automobile of a joy-rider from disturbing the alignment of the parade, said to him:

"You wouldn't have done this five years ago."
"I wouldn't have dared to do it five years ago!" answered the policeman.

Hereafter it is unlikely that any police government of San Francisco will dare to insist upon the carrying of a national flag in a parade whose purpose is to declare to the world that the working class movement is international, and that national boundaries and national flags mean nothing to the class conscious toilers who know the meaning of the struggle.

The warning had been sent, however, as usual, from police headquarters, without warrant of law, bidding the International Labor Day Federation carry a national flag in front of the red flag. The warning was ignored, and the police refrained from breaking the law by interfering with the parade.

In Dreamland Austin Lewis addressed the great gathering, calling upon the workers to work for the cause of the revolution, wasting no time in an effort to obtain cheaper gas for a few householders without benefit to the workingmen.

Referring to the kidnaping of McNamara and the plot of the Steel Trust and its representatives to cripple or crush the organization of the Bridge and Structural Iron Workers, the speaker declared that if the working class had been properly organized in this country, along industrial lines, and the masters still had dared attempt the outrage, the train bearing the labor men from Indianapolis "would have stopped before it ever started." In that case there would have been no need for the workingmen of this country to stint themselves to provide a fund to place the McNamaras in the position of millionaires before the court, to secure them justice where justice for moneyless workingmen is unknown!

The call for revolutionary activity was met with tremendous applause from the crowd, and also with a bellowing demand from one person in the audience that Lewis "get out of the Socialist party." With the quieting down of this one individual, perfect harmony prevailed, and it was in joyous mood that the men and women and the boys and girls who look forward to the winning of the world by the working class began the dancing and merrymaking which lasted until midnight.

Never was there a more splendid spectacle than this in San Francisco—a city where many disgustingly sordid spectacles have been presented in the name of local patriotism—by this gathering of earnest, ardent revolutionists that knew enough to seek the enlightening joy of life even while they struggle to end the horror of capitalism throughout the world.

public hysteria of the next national campaign may well be Roosevelt—for want of a better. He is one on whom the mutually envious hosts of Insurgent heroes might come together, as a compromise. As for the larger capitalism, it will stand for him for the sake of the war it wants, knowing well his mad lust for slaughter and military "glory," together with his utter lack of all the nobler instincts of humanity.

After the November setback, Roosevelt fell silent, not sulking, as many supposed, but waiting and watching, and still pulling strings. Did not Jacob Riis, whom Roosevelt won cheaply long ago by calling him "New York's most useful citizen," go forth but recently proclaiming to a chuckling public the long-awaited news that "the Colonel would run if the people demand it"? Have not certain journals pledged beyond hope of escape to Teddyism clamored more uproariously than ever, while Roosevelt remained quiet, for his recognition as the "hope of the country"?

With so many chaotic forces favorable to his insane ambitions it is not at all improbable that the

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FOR INDUSTRIALISM

"Leaders" Lag Behind—Workers Will Win.

By AUSTIN LEWIS.

What is Industrial Unionism?

In order to determine this, we have first to discover the object of the economic struggle waged by the working class at the point of production, that is, in the shop.

Here we meet two opposing theories. The existence of these two theories, springing from the actual facts, constitutes the reason for the difference of opinion which now exercises the mind of organized labor.

Why do the workers form unions; why do they take up the weapons of the strike and boycott; why do they starve on long strikes and pay dues into labor organizations; why do they picket and why do they come into collision with the organic law of the land in the prosecution of their labor struggles?

There must be a reason for all this. There is more to the fight than the fighting. Every army which goes into the field enters upon a campaign for a specific purpose. Otherwise military campaigns would be mere gladiatorial exhibitions without any justification in reason.

The pure and simple craft unionist says that he fights in order to gain the best returns for his labor, to obtain the best price of which he is capable in the market; in other words, to make as advantageous a contract as he can with the capitalist who owns the means of production.

The craft unionist therefore has no other idea than the selling of his labor power advantageously. He regards himself not as a man but as a merchant, who peddles his small wares, that is his labor power, in the market.

It then becomes his object to enhance the value of that labor power as far as he can. This he does by cornering the market where possible; by placing restrictions on the exercise of that labor power; by trying to establish a monopoly in a given district; by high initiation fees, and by strictly limiting the numbers of members of the union. Thus he makes war not only on the capitalist class but on his fellows as well.

There are many reasons which render his reasoning and consequently his plan of action based on that reasoning ineffective and unavailing at the present. He finds himself more and more at a disadvantage in the struggle. In the first place because the extent of modern industrial operations renders cornering the labor market more and more difficult, and again because the craft on which he depends tends to become ever more precarious by reason of the economic concentration which imperils its very existence.

Hence the dissatisfaction with craft unionism. It is ineffective because it is played out; it is antiquated and cannot function in terms of to-day.

What is the other theory?

It is the theory of Socialism which regards the worker not as a small merchant peddling a perishable commodity driven to higgler the market and to make all sorts of petty little bargains in order to obtain the price or what he thinks to be the price of his commodity.

The theory of Socialism regards the worker as a Man, a human being, who creates and should have that which he creates in terms of his place in the creating class, that is, the working class.

In the eyes of the Socialist, therefore, the labor struggle is a fight, not for the obtaining of a transitory and illusory contract, but a fight for the product itself, for the tools necessary to the making of the product, in fact, for the machinery of distribution and production.

It is evident that the fight to that end must proceed in the shop for there is the point of contact between the opposing forces, the capitalist and the laborer, and a conflict cannot be avoided but must be forced at that point.

It is here, that Industrial Unionism leaps to the front and provides a means of making the fight effectively at the point of contact, to the end that the worker may ultimately come into possession of the product and may own and operate the machinery of production.

In every battle the victory depends upon the effective massing of the greater and more powerful force at the strategic point, the point on the ownership of which depends the result of the fray.

The plan of campaign of industrial unionism therefore consists in massing the whole force of an industry at the threatened point. It does not organize isolated crafts which endeavor to maintain a precarious existence by continually limiting their field of operation and by engaging in a double conflict with the capitalist on the one hand and the working class on the other.

It recognizes the crafts as an essential part of a greater whole, an industry, and organizes in terms

of the greater industry of which these crafts are component parts.

Hence when the Industrial Unionist goes to war he fights in terms of the industry and not of the craft. In this way he brings into the field his effective forces; he is able to mass the whole working class strength upon the point which he is desirous of capturing, and he moves en masse upon the enemy, not for the purpose of making a contract, but with the design of taking a definite and forward move to the attainment of his object, the ownership of the entire product.

Thus, Industrial Unionism is the operation of Socialism on the industrial field; it implies a revolutionary industrial movement specifically directed towards the overthrow of the capitalist system and contemplates the ownership by the working class of its means of production and the product of which it alone is the author.

SOCIALISM DEFINED.

By CHARLES H. KERR.

(Editor of the International Socialist Review.)

The word Socialism is a growing word. Most dictionary definitions tell only what the word used to mean. The latest dictionary definitions tell what Socialism looks like from the outside. But the word has come to stand for a very definite thing—that is to say, for a movement which started with the Communist Manifesto of 1848 and which now enrolls many millions of workers in all civilized lands. These workers know better than the dictionary-makers what Socialism means. These words of Liebknecht, a German Socialist who until his death knew perhaps better than any other man the spirit of modern Socialism, explain briefly and clearly

What Socialism Is Not.

"Pity for poverty, enthusiasm for equality and freedom, recognition of social injustice and a desire to remove it, is not Socialism. Condemnation of wealth and respect for poverty, such as we find in Christianity and other religions, is not Socialism. The communism of early times, as it was before the existence of private property, and as it has at all times and among all peoples been the elusive dream of some enthusiasts, is not Socialism.

"In all these appearances is lacking the real foundation of capitalist society with its class antagonisms. Modern Socialism is the child of capitalist society and its class antagonisms. Without these it could not be. Socialism and ethics are two separate things. This fact must be kept in mind."

What Socialism Is.

Socialism is the international movement of the wage-workers of the world for the destruction of the profit system, under which the tools of production are owned by capitalists and used for them by wage-workers, and the establishment of a system under which the workers shall own the land, the tools and the product. In other words, Socialism means the overthrow of the capitalist class and the abolition of the capitalist.

Fundamental Principles of Socialism. As Professor Veblen has well said, "the Socialism that inspires hopes and fears to-day is of the school of Marx. No one is seriously apprehensive of any other so-called socialistic movement." All the Socialist parties of the world are based on the principles first stated by Marx and Engels over sixty years ago. These are:

I. **Economic Determinism.** The thoughts and feelings of any great mass of people, the customs they follow, the laws they make, the praise and the blame they express for different kinds of acts—all these are the natural and inevitable result of the way they get their living, the way they supply themselves with food and other necessities. Apply this law to present-day Americans, and you will find them divided into two groups. The smaller, but up to now the stronger group, consists of capitalists, who live in comfort with little or no labor, because the people of the other group have to work for them. The capitalists believe that to make profits from the labor of wage-workers is good, while for a wage-worker to steal from a capitalist or even to diminish his profits by taking part in a strike is bad. And the capitalists employ teachers, preachers and editors who hypnotize many wage-workers into thinking just as the capitalists do. But the more intelligent wage-workers have developed a new moral code of their own; they praise the worker who is loyal to the interests of his class, and they hate worst of all the SCAB—the traitor.

II. **Surplus-Value.** The wage-worker gets, on an average, what it costs him to live, no more, no less. The things he makes, which Socialists call Commodities, exchange at just about their values, that is, according to the amount of labor required to make each commodity. Capitalists buy and sell these commodities. But the wage-worker has only one commodity to sell—his labor-power. He sells it for its value. But in two or three hours of the day he produces the equivalent of his wages; then he works from six to ten hours longer. In these hours he produces what Socialists call SURPLUS VALUE for the capitalists.

III. **The Class Struggle.** This Surplus Value now belongs to the capitalists, because they OWN the land, the machinery, the raw materials; they pay the laborers their wages and they take the rest. And as machinery improves, the capitalist's share of the product ever grows larger, the worker's smaller. The capitalists think this is right; so do the "good" workers, the ones who believe in the morals that the capitalist-paid teachers and preachers pump into them. But the clear-headed wage-workers, those who think for themselves, want to keep the good things they produce. They want to abolish the capitalists and become the owners of the tools they use and the things they make. The capitalists will not let go without a struggle. So the Class Struggle is on.

The Socialist Party of the civilized world, organized in every capitalist country, is the machine through which the wage-workers are carrying on their struggle. It is not their only machine. The unions are another. In France the unions are more revolutionary and aggressive than the party itself. In America thus far the unions have for the most part been led by petty politicians who received favors from capitalists and carried on the union activities in a way to hurt the capitalists as little as possible. There are signs of change, and one of the

most important tasks for the Socialist Party in America to-day is to make the unions truly revolutionary.

Wage-Workers Wanted. The Socialist Party is controlled by its dues-paying members, of whom there are nearly 100,000. This is only a beginning. There should be a million within the next year or two, and they should nearly all be wage-workers. A wage-worker, with "nothing to lose but his chains," who is filled with the spirit of revolt and has very little capitalistic philosophy to unlearn, will become a clear-headed Socialist in a surprisingly short space of time. It is different with a capitalist, large or small, or with a hanger-on of capitalists even if he have no capital himself. Such a convert must study hard and long over principles which to the wage-worker are self-evident.

Revolution, Not Reform. The capitalist who comes into the party nearly always has his head filled with reforms. The wage-worker knows that reforms are useless; that nothing will do but revolution. The object of a reform is to make the capitalist system stand a little longer. The object of revolution is to end it once and forever.

Your Vote and YOU. We want your vote. But we want the vote to mean that YOU are with us. Don't vote for us because our candidates will not steal. True, they will not, at least they cannot steal public funds and stay in the party, but that is not the reason why you should vote for them. Stealing from city treasuries is already out of date in England and Germany; it will soon be out of date here. The issue will soon be between an honest business administration on one side, or a working-class administration on the other. Are the injunctions of the judges, the clubs of the police, the rifles of the soldiers to be used to help the capitalist against YOU or to help you against the capitalist? The struggle is on, and you must take sides. The Socialist Party does not make the struggle; industrial development has made it. You are IN IT, whether you like the thought or not. Being in it you can do two things and only two. One is to follow the capitalist. Perhaps he will pay you for your treason, by making you a favored slave. The other thing you can do is to STAND UP FOR YOUR OWN CLASS. Don't be afraid; you'll not be alone. The Revolution is coming, with you or without you. Be a man! Help it on!

THE ORGANIZED JUNTA OF THE MEXICAN LIBERAL PARTY—1906.

The Mexican Liberal Party does not work to make any particular man President. They wish to name their leaders as they please.

The Mexican Liberal Party aims to win freedom for the people, knowing that the foundation of all freedom is economic freedom. As the means to gain economic freedom the Liberal League intends to rise in arms against the political and capitalist tyrants that oppress and degrade the Mexican people; to wrench from the hands of the capitalists the land they have appropriated and restore it to the millions of human beings that compose the Mexican Nation, without distinction of sex; to ennoble work that it may no longer be the degraded task of the criminal condemned to hard labor, but the means by which strong, free men and women devote themselves to the production of social wealth, and the organizing and education of a producing people.

The aims of the Liberal Party are many and reach far, but limit themselves in the present armed movement to obtain for the people bread, education and happiness for all—men and women—by means of the possession of the land, the reduction of the hours of work and increase of wages.

The progress of humanity is limitless, and for that reason it is impossible to predict how far the demands of the people will go in the coming revolution; but the least that will satisfy them will be the land without masters, for the use and enjoyment for all. This obtained, the masters that remain, the lords of industry and of politics, will soon disappear by the force of these circumstances.

The program of the Liberal Party, published by the Junta the first of July, 1906, is reduced to the following: Land for all, bread for all, liberty for all.

The Junta asks all men and women who sympathize with the ideas and work of the Liberal Party to subscribe themselves as members of the same. To do so it is only necessary to sign the coupon and send it to this office and to pay the monthly sum agreed upon.

The members of the Liberal Party are not obliged to take up arms. Only those who volunteer will do so.

(Translation.)

TURNER TO SPEAK.

John Kenneth Turner, author of Barbarous Mexico, will speak on the insurrection in the southern "republic" in Building Trades auditorium, Fourteenth and Guerrero streets, Tuesday evening, May 16. More than a hundred stereopticon views of the rebels in action will be shown. An admission of 25 cents will be charged, all receipts over the expenses of the meeting to go to the Liberal Party Junta for the financing of the Mexican Revolution.

"ABILITY AT LEAST"

The following is from the People's Paper, Los Angeles:

A NEWSPAPER FOR SAN FRANCISCO.

On the first of May, we are informed, the first number of "Revolt," a Socialist newspaper, will appear in San Francisco. Comrades Cloudesley Johns, Wm. McDevitt, Austin Lewis and others will father the project, which at least shows that real ability will be back of the enterprise. Unless we are sadly mistaken Los Angeles comrades, who have not done so already, will soon be sorry they had not grasped the opportunity presented them for building up a paper in the south. Los Angeles cannot afford to fall behind San Francisco in its work for the cause of Socialism. A strong newspaper is the most effective weapon. What will you do, comrades?

"AN EXAMPLE OF CAPITALISM."

In Reply to De Young's Chronic Outbreak Entitled "An Example of Socialism."

Mr. de Young, S. F. Chronicle.—De Sir: I have a communication for your journal. The top of your editorial columns bears this legend: "Address all communications to M. H. de Young, etc." Well, here's a communication addressed to you—to you who would ordinarily be the last object in creation to which I should address myself.

In your issue of April 24 you have a characteristic spasm. As I witnessed it, I recalled Kipling's hero who "bade farewell to Minnie Boffkin in one last, long, lingering fit." Your fit was long and lingering, but, unfortunately, I fear it was not your last. Your editorial convulsion is labeled, "An Example of Socialism—Its real character disclosed by a petition to Congress."

The petition to which you allude is signed by 90,000 persons and calls for the withdrawal of our (Morgan's) troops from the Mexican border. You say of this petition: "It may be assumed that the signatures were collected by the Socialist cliques established in the centers of population and that they contain the names of a great many criminals and jailbirds." "It may be assumed," you say. Yes, Mr. de Young, anything may be assumed; even, for instance, that OUR jails are centers of population, and that, since this petition is assumed to contain the names of many criminals, it may be assumed to bear the name of the editor of The Chronicle.

After asserting that the purpose of this petition to Congress is in line with the "recent speech of Congressman Berger" (which Berger, by the way, has not yet made—introducing a resolution and making a speech are not synonymous); you make this statement, sputtering: "And by such a petition Socialism reveals its own character. The Socialism" (this time you spell it with a small s) "which counts is the socialism of hate, of anarchy and of dishonor. The Socialist party doubtless contains many honest but deluded men of the class which is incapable of useful personal accomplishment" (Oh, MIKE!), "but it also includes every adventurer, every criminal, and every loafer in the country."

That last sentence, Mr. de Young, surely puts you in the Socialist Party, and makes me feel like that historic namesake of yours, the Mike who said to his donkey when the animal in kicking got tangled up in the single-tree, "If YOU'RE going to get in, I guess I'll get out."

For expert testimony as to adventurers, criminals and loafers, you, Mr. de Young, should be able to qualify. The best that we can say about you is not good enough to be true, and the worst you can say about the Socialists doesn't relieve your system of its accumulated venom or its doddering spleen. Like your distinguished peer in press-prostitution, Old Blunderbore H. G. O., your terrific struggle to raise mendacity to infinity is the reigning joke of your community. The gaiety of the Pacific (to say nothing of Mr. McCarthy's Paris of America) will surely be sadly eclipsed when it becomes generally known that you are preparing to quit this ungrateful city in order to join your \$2,000,000 invested in New York realty.

"There is a soul of good in things evil," said the prophet; and there is a sole good in you, after all, Mr. de Young. You say that the Socialist Party contains every criminal and every loafer; you go on to say, however, that the relative number of the Socialists is not increasing. Hence you believe, of course, that the relative number of criminals and loafers is not increasing. Kind of you, Mike. But when I joined the Socialist Party its membership was, in the hundreds; now it numbers close to 100,000.

"Yes," you say, "the Socialist vote is growing, but" (and here I quote you literally) "it is improbable that half of those voting these (Socialist) tickets know what Socialism is." Very true, Mr. de, very true. But how many of the voters that vote Republican tickets know what they are doing?

To enlighten these sorely benighted Socialist heathen, you proceed to define Socialism, and your definition is surely a gem of purest ray serene. Draw nigh, you ignorant mob, while Mike de Young defines a Socialist. "It is not true that any considerable number of Americans desire that no man shall so much as own the home he lives in, shall be permitted to build up a business which he can leave to his children, or shall have any effective control of his time or occupation. And unless he has these desires he is not a Socialist."

Mike has spoken! The word has gone forth. The papal decree of de Young has been promulgated. Speaking infallible truth *ex cathedra*; the arch-enemy of Socialism has defined it forever and ever.

You have told us what Socialism is and what the Socialists are. Every loafer and every criminal is a Socialist Party member, you assert; therefore every loafer and criminal desires that no man shall own his home, etc.

You have furnished your example of Socialism, and capitalist society furnishes you as a typical example of complete capitalism. We take you for what you are, Mr. de Young, and we blame capital, and not you, for what you are. That capital can and does and must produce the de Young type, is one reason why we are going to destroy capitalism and its capital products of your kind. We cannot blame you, Mike. You didn't make the world in which you live. Your flaws, even though congenital, are not your fault, although it may be your pride. The jungle produces jungle beasts; the jungle of greed and gold breeds mongrel-monsters of greed and gold. "The earth hath bubbles as the waters have, and you are of them."

When capitalism produces monstrous de-humanity, and styles it not Frankenstein but de Young, it is, as Marx long ago pointed out, digging its own grave. You are the decadence of capital; you are like the fetid phosphorence that haunts the unguarded grave. But we Socialists who are Socialists because we understand social phenomena, do not denounce you, Mr. de Young, as a ghoul; we are not even interested in denouncing you as a de-human and de-generate harpy when you cry out for the blood of a noble soul like Kotoku, or a labor leader like McNamara or Haywood. We realize your heredity, your environment, your capitalist soil

and entourage, and we see in you simply the fetid phosphorence of the tomb, the miasma of the cemetery of Mammon, the nauseating but natural exhalations of the graveyard of Capital.

The working class about to live will give the deathstroke to the capitalist class, about to die; and when capitalism goes, the de Young type of antediluvian social monstrosities will pass away with it. We shall welcome the new era of Man; but we cannot gloat over the "last, long, lingering fits" of the dying despots of Mammon.

Yours with the most profound abhorrence, and yet with scientific compassion.

WILLIAM McDEVITT.

THE THRESHOLD.

(Heretofore untranslated prose-poem by Ivan Turgenieff.)

Translated for REVOLT by D. Rapoport.

I see a huge building. In the front wall a narrow door stands wide open; beyond the doorway there is gloomy darkness. Before the high threshold there stands a young girl.

Out of the impenetrable darkness comes an icy stream of air, and with it a protracted dull voice:

"O, thou, that wishest to cross the threshold, dost thou know what awaits thee?"

"I know," answers the girl.

"Cold, hunger, hatred, contempt, insult, prison, disease and possibly death?"

"I know."

"Alienation, complete solitude?"

"I know. I am ready. I shall bear all the suffering, all the tortures."

"Not only the tortures caused by enemy, but also those caused by friend?"

"Yes—and those caused by friend."

"Thou art ready, then, to sacrifice thyself?"

"Yes."

"An obscure sacrifice? Thou mayst perish and nobody, not a single soul, even know whose memory to honor."

"I do not care for gratitude, neither do I want to be pitied. I want no name."

"Art thou ready to commit a crime if need be?"

For a moment the girl lowers her head.

"Yes, for a crime also I am ready."

The voice within the darkness is silent for awhile.

"Dost thou know," it begins again, "that the time may come when faith will abandon thee, and thou wilt no more believe in thy ideal, and thus will the best days of thy youth be sacrificed for naught?"

"I know this also, and yet I wish to enter."

"Come in!"

The girl crosses the threshold, and heavy curtains fall behind her.

"Thou fool!" cries a voice without.

"Thou holy!" answers the echo.

ROOSEVELT AGAIN!

(Continued from Page 1.)

waning Teddy popularity, forced upward on the Insurgent wave, may suffice to carry him into the White House once more.

Then will the Strenuous One find himself facing a problem such as he never was confronted by before, and, in his own diseased mind, the most important of all. It will not be a problem of trust regulation, not a problem of social welfare, not a problem of "Insurgent success," but simply the problem of the preservation of the Teddy popularity through the period when, for the first time in his political career, the entire mass of his own following will be clamoring:

"Now, Teddy! Do something! Show us and our enemies what you can do!" while all that have opposed him will ask grimly:

"Well, President Roosevelt, what are you going to do?"

Has not the waiting Colonel, in the anxious quiet of Oyster Bay, already answered that question? It would seem most probable that he has, for to the unscrupulous political Hero of the Roosevelt type, in his position in relation to all the conditions which will surround him in the first two years of his final administration, the answer is luridly and horrifyingly clear.

Roosevelt must make himself a war hero. The fact that this will be altogether to his liking will aid him, but the necessity will be apparent. There will be no other way in which to turn the minds of his followers from the mass of promises which he cannot fulfil, no other way to preserve his party from destruction. There must be a popular war. The conditions are almost ready made to his hand.

A few judicious thrusts of the big stick at the master class of Japan, which wants the markets which the American master class is determined to have, might be sufficient to induce them to send a portion of the Japanese working class to seize American "possessions" in the Far East. Then would be the time for sizzling Teddy messages about "Our defenseless Pacific Coast," "Danger to our homes and our flag," "None but Undesirable Citizens will shirk their duties as soldiers of the republic," "I, Teddy Himself, call upon you in this crisis! Come!"

So will arise the war hero (if he be not beaten at the game), gnashing his great teeth to arouse an inflamed and deluded public to the height of his own mad blood-lust, and sending forth his bellowing war cry like a gray gorilla of some ancient age.

In this way, through the slaughter of myriads of workingmen by workingmen in a "popular" war, through the darkening of a multitude of homes, the ruin of the hope of working-class emancipation in the present age and the gaining of a new lease of life for capitalism, may Teddy the Terrible become a war hero, a peace-with-honor President, and thus achieve eternal greatness of a sort, standing forever in human history as the most colossal figure on the roll of shame.

Will the working class of America permit it? We shall see.

REVOLT

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CLOUDESLEY JOHNS - - - - - Editor
 AUSTIN LEWIS
 WILLIAM McDEVITT } - - - - - Contributing Editors
 NATHAN L. GRIEST }

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OFF TO A GOOD START.

The initial issue of REVOLT, bearing the date of International Labor Day, 1911, came from the press Saturday, April 29. The first copies were offered for sale Sunday morning, in front of the Central Theater, when 369 copies were sold at 5 cents each and several subscriptions taken. Nearly a hundred copies were sold elsewhere before night, and another hundred at the regular propaganda meeting of Local San Francisco in the evening.

In the course of the May Day parade and the meeting in Dreamland the individual sales passed the thousand mark, while the subscription list was nearly doubled. Tuesday and Wednesday, in the bay cities and at the Bakers' Union picnic in Marin County, the sales continued. The initial edition of 3000 is nearly sold out.

One comrade, who had bought a copy of REVOLT at the Stitt Wilson meeting, bought twenty subscription cards Monday night, ordering all the papers mailed to his address. Other bundle orders are being received daily.

If it be true that "nothing succeeds like success," REVOLT's success already is assured. At any rate, all comrades who stand for the revolutionary movement have reason for rejoicing at the showing made.

SPIRITS AND SPIRIT.

While Madero, with the help of a "medium," invokes the aid of spirits (of the dead) to guide him in his course of combat against Morgan's hired man in Chapultepec, and declares amnesties, the Liberal party columns in the field are going right ahead with their business of wiping out the last vestige of tyrannical rule in Mexico. They need no spirit messages to show them what to do, for they know, and the spirit which guides them is the spirit of liberty. The Madero program of a compromise between the dying feudalism and the discredited capitalism of the Morgan-Hearth-Otis-etc. "possessions" to the south does not appeal to the men who have been ground down by the iron heel of Diaz for so long, in the sacred name of "profits" for "American interests."

GREEKS BRINGING GIFTS.

Whenever a majority of Socialist voters shall carry an election in any city of the world, having back of the political movement an industrial organization on class lines, there will be a Socialist administration in that city—to the full extent, that is, of the opportunities presented in the limited field. The character and temperament of the officials, or their ability to frame laws in verbiage calculated to challenge the admiration of academicians, will be of small consequence so far as affecting the result is concerned. Even the most conscienceless thieves—yea, even the actual kleptomaniac driven to theft by a diseased brain—remain quite honest while well watched by persons alertly interested in preventing them from stealing. Under the impulsion of public opinion which has settled itself upon some definite project or policy, if the public actually understands what it is that it wants, such project or policy will be carried forward quite as devotedly by a bunch of "scoundrels" as by a group of soulful, moral reformers. It is equally true that "good" men in office cannot, even though they be most earnest, change conditions materially in the interest of a majority which is divided or uncertain in its judgment of what should be done.

This is not saying that the majority must become scientific economists before a fundamental economic change can be effected, but it is to say that the majority must truly know whether it wants the abolition of the wages-and-profit system or cheaper electricity for those who use electricity in their businesses and homes. It is to say, also, that the majority must be moved by some more significant purpose than to have the fun of helping "elect somebody" before any change of moment or permanency can be effected. All of which means that the electing majority must have some definite idea at least of the end and aim it seeks to achieve through its elected officials, and back of that must be an organization representing power to compel the carrying out of that idea by the elected representatives.

Undoubtedly Dr. Jackson in Oakland loves Thomas Booth like a brother,—some brothers!—and can be trusted to display the depth of his affection in many ways. For does not Jackson, forsooth, stand for cheap government for the small exploiters of labor, the most merciless of all labor skimmers? And does not Comrade Booth, in all his sincerest convictions, stand for the strengthening of the hand of labor in all its struggles to weaken the exploiting power of any part of the master class?

Does not Jackson, ambitious, lo, these many

years! to defeat the unutterable Mott and become Mayor of Oakland himself, stand for the weakening of the larger capitalism in the interest of the cockroach capitalist? And has not Booth always worked for the revolution which shall sweep all the grinding oppression of capitalism away?

Did not Jackson wage a fierce political combat to nose Booth off of the ballot as a means to his desired end, only to be defeated and humiliated by the triumph of the Socialist?

Why should not Jackson love Booth and the other Socialists of Oakland like brothers (some brothers!)? Eh?

The old story of the wooden horse should not be forgotten. It was "a horse on Troy." It was a gift from the Greeks without the walls, but there were armed and helmeted Greeks inside the gift horse. The Trojans neglected to look the gift horse in the mouth. Troy fell. Troy deserved to fall.

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!

Many times, in the long and dark night of world-wide militarism by which the working class was kept imbued with degrading and enslaving ideals of "patriotism," some small, rebellious group here and there has revolted and slain an OFFICER. Doubtless it was done with a sense of awe, more at the sacrilege of striking at military authority than at the mere unauthorized murder.

This week a different and most gorgeous spectacle was presented for the delectation of the rank and file of all the governmental armies of the world (or such members as have a sense of humor or any other kind of sense), in the horse-whipping of a Federal commander, General Diego Moreno of the Mexican Army, as a punishment for ordering "his" troops to fire on members of their own class in armed rebellion against the tyranny of Diaz. There are many generals and lesser officers in other armies, and in the militia regiments and corps as well, that fittingly have a thrashing coming from "their" men. Few generals, filled as they are with disgusting pride in their readiness to order the troops to slay their own kind in defense of the masters' interests, are worthy of the dignity which attaches to death by the bullet. The horsewhip is the thing.

THE DEVIL AND "P. H."

It has been said, in the time-worn phrase, that "McCarthy is between the devil and the deep sea." In a case like that, according to the comment gleefully repeated times without number, "the only thing to do is to learn to swim." "P. H." seems to disagree, seeking the solution of his political problems in the other direction.

From the logical working class viewpoint, while the wages-and-profit system shall last, the masters yearning for the "open shop" or its equivalent in San Francisco while the millions which "The Fair" will provide and coax into this city are being spent, are "the very devil." To these fat and eager gentry McCarthy smilingly promises "Industrial peace." That is all they could well desire.

It was not simply to show the legislators at Washington what a fine looking Mayor San Francisco was blessed with that McCarthy went with the "boosters" to the Capitol city. There were interested persons to whom he whispered slightly varying interpretations of that pregnant phrase—"Industrial peace."

Meanwhile hosts of union workingmen in San Francisco, many of them working below the scale with at least the semi-official sanction of the organization or else working but half the time or less, were beginning to ask themselves and each other: "What in hell does Mac mean by that, anyhow?" It was beginning to dawn upon them that the difference between an open shop town and a closed shop town in which "Industrial peace" must prevail even if wage scales go to the economic scrap heap is not great so far as the actual workers are affected.

McCarthy, smiling his very warmest political smile, explained to the worried workers that "Industrial peace" meant that they were getting what they wanted without the hardships and loss of "Industrial strife." The workers still are trying to figure that out, but the smaller capitalists of the city already have got the answer to the puzzle, and are well pleased. The larger capitalism, which found use for McCarthy heretofore, is showing a preference for one of its own crowd, and will back him with all its strength, serene in the conviction that if it doesn't get exactly what it wants, it will have "nothing worse than McCarthy" anyhow.

Maybe so! It should be remembered that certain of the supposedly "brainy" ones of the nation (i. e., those who have grabbed most of the coin afloat) have guessed wrong a time or two no later than the first part of this momentous year of 1911.

Wouldn't it be funny if it should prove that "P. H." has been playing too many different games to win them all, and so lose all, leaving the owl-eyed candidate of the larger capitalism to fight it out with a candidate of the real working class party? Eh? It's a good year for "funny" things—that is, for some kinds.

MAY DAY AND THE RED FLAG.

National flags, not excepting the Stars and Stripes of this country, always have stood for carnage and slaughter, as they have stood for national boundaries. The red flag alone has symbolized the hope and the movement for universal peace.

In spite of these facts the minds of many in past years have been inflamed against the banner symbolizing international working class solidarity. This effect was produced by a host of intellectual prostitutes employed directly or indirectly by the members of the master class to write specious articles

calculated to convey the impression that the red flag stands for all things horrible.

It is very true that frightful carnage has occurred under the red flag, for almost everywhere that it has been raised, with its message of working class solidarity, its bearers have been assaulted and murdered by the police and military in the service of the exploiting class.

More than once, however, the red flag has fulfilled its mission as a messenger of peace when the brutal masters had declared for war. But a few years ago, when the bourgeoisie of Sweden and Norway disagreed over the division of the spoils wrung from the unpaid labor of the workmen in both countries and decided to "go to war," the red flag effectively waved its message of peace.

Of course the capitalists of Norway and of Sweden never had intended to "go to war" in any literal sense, for that is not the way of capitalists. They meant they would send a certain number of the workmen of the respective countries to kill each other for the glory of two different particular national flags—the flags of Norway and of Sweden—and the special interests of the property owners in the two countries.

On the way to the proposed slaughter the Socialists forced into the two armies were busy pointing out the absurdity and wickedness of workmen killing each other for the preservation of capitalists' interests. When what was to have been the "field of battle" was reached, the two national flags suddenly disappeared and in their places were flaunted flags of one color—RED!—the flag of the working class, the flag of peace!

There was no battle, no war. Those workers, at least, had learned that there was only one flag for them, for the workmen of all countries, and that it was wrong for them to slaughter each other at the bidding of the masters for the "glory" of national flags.

As the red flag is the international flag of the working class, so is May Day the international labor day. The carrying of the working class flag on that day in San Francisco, without the carrying under illegal police compulsion of any national flag standing for division of the working class of the world, marked a great step forward toward a general understanding of the meaning of all things pertaining to the revolutionary movement which is changing the social and economic order throughout the world.

ALL ALONG THE LINE!

It is reported that the mayor-elect of Vallejo fainted away when informed of his victory. No wonder! He, Mr. Tormey, was a Republican with the indorsement of the Democrats, the Y. M. C. A. and a few other allegedly religious organizations, AND THERE WAS A SOCIALIST OPPOSED TO HIM! Tormey actually received nearly two hundred more votes than his opponent, Comrade Frank F. Bryant! It was enough to make any representative of decadent and decaying capitalism faint. Of course, the Socialists elected some commissioners and members of the school board.

In Santa Cruz the capitalistic candidates, besides having the handicap of their allegiance to the rotting system of society which the working class is preparing to do away with, were in hard luck. The Socialists elected the mayor and four commissioners.

Of course the San Francisco Chronicle and some other capitalist papers will say this doesn't mean anything in particular, but they'll howl their heads off over it just as if it really did mean something.

As a matter of fact, it does mean something. ABOVE ALL ELSE IT MEANS THAT IT IS HIGH TIME FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE WORKING CLASS, AND ALL OTHERS WHO ARE SICK OF THE EXISTING ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL ORDER, TO GET A MENTAL GRIP ON THE PRINCIPLES OF SOCIALISM. They can make a good beginning by reading the article on "SOCIALISM DEFINED" in this issue, written for REVOLT by Comrade Charles H. Kerr of the International Socialist Review.

"SOCIALISM AND MURDER."

Editorial delirium tremens, of a type of which the Los Angeles Times once enjoyed a monopoly, are beginning to characterize the San Francisco Chronicle in increasing degree as the time draws near when the mask is to be thrown off completely by the masters in this imperiled city, and the fight on organized labor carried forward without concealment.

In an editorial May 2, under the caption quoted above, rabid ravings in cold type are indulged in. A sub-caption states: "ORGANIZED LABOR GREATLY INJURED BY ROARING OF ORGANIZED HOBOES." The editorial goes on to declare:

"The men accused of the Los Angeles Times murders ought to be ably defended, and under the circumstances it is proper for organized labor to pay for the defense. The attitude of the labor leaders at Los Angeles, as reported, is quite correct, which is that organized labor will see to their defense, but if they are guilty they should be hanged.

"That is the opinion of all decent men, regardless of their occupation, and it is doubtless the feeling of union and non-union workers alike.

"But it is not the opinion of a certain class of men who call themselves Socialists, whether they are such or not. This class, which comprises all the loafers on earth, loudly identify themselves with the cause of organized labor. And it favors murder, dynamiting and a general reign of terror."

All the loafers on earth! What an aristocratic crowd this "certain class of men" which the delirious editorial writer of the Chronicle has discovered must be!

However, the statement really is weirdly false. The great majority of the actual loafers in this country are eagerly hoping that the labor men kidnaped in Indianapolis and brought for trial to a city where prejudice against labor unions has been nursed with devilish ingenuity for years, will be hanged. These loafers—the owners of the wealth of the country which the workers produce—hope

the McNamaras are guilty of murder, and that other labor men can be involved, but they KNOW that the men have been guilty of trying to lighten the burdens placed by these loafers on their wage slaves. That is why so many loafers, who read of murders while breakfasting luxuriously in the late forenoon and lose interest in them before finishing their coffee, become so infuriated at anybody daring to express belief that the kidnaping of the McNamaras was for the purpose of committing murder, not to punish it.

It is not of record that the Chronicle demanded the return of former Governor Taylor to Kentucky when he was under indictment on a murder charge and so many of his old neighbors were anxious to hang him. The Governor of Indiana refused to send this capitalistic Republican gentleman for trial in his old home, but apparently did not hesitate to enter into a secret plot to kidnap a labor official and rush him into the jurisdiction of a court in the midst of a community where murder has been advocated again and again by respectable loafers as a means of stamping out the labor unions.

Howl on, old Chronicle! It is perfectly safe in cold type. We don't send newspapers to the State hospitals for the insane, and if your editorial writer should be lost to you in that way you could borrow some Times-trained one for awhile. Howl on!

INTERVENTION?

William Howard Taft, the gentleman with the disposition of a snail, the character of a pet dog and the temperament of a clam (by the grace of Roosevelt and sundry millions of middle-minded voters, President of these United States), cursed with an ambitious brother who owns vast tracts of land in Barbarous Mexico, still is seeking in his usual feeble and blundering fashion to bring about intervention in the "Sister Republic."

(Twenty thousand United States troops were ordered to the border, in the hope that the "American Public" would become imbued with "patriotic" idiocy at the martial display and clamor for invasion of Mexico. Nearly eleven thousand troops actually were mobilized under the order, and not more than one thousand of these have deserted so far since learning of the nasty work which might be expected of them if Taft Bros. & Co., Unlimited, could have their way.

Then came the stirring protest of organized labor and the Socialist party, tens of thousands of men and women signed petitions demanding the recall of the troops, and public opinion failed to rise to the occasion as hoped for by Taft and his masters.

Thereafter Francisco I. Madero, trading on the spirit of revolt rampant in the oppressed nation of slaves to "American interests," at the head of an army in rebellion against the rule of Diaz, apparently was "seen" by representatives of American capitalism, and a truce was declared. Then it was that not only Taft, Morgan, Diaz et al, but the whole world, learned that Landowner Madero was NOT the Mexican Revolution.

Now, from Mazatlan, from Mexico City, from all over the "republic" where American exploiters have been protected and encouraged in their evil doings while American labor organizers have been jailed and shipped out of the country, comes the cry:

"We, the American business men in Mexico, may be murdered if the United States does not intervene!"

These folks seem to know what they deserve, and are in terror lest it happen. REVOLT would be grieved if the rebellious slaves of Mexico should slaughter these swine. It would be bad policy, and of no use. REVOLT cannot see, however, that such an event would give good cause for intervention. War, in all lands and times, has taken on the aspect of massacre at frequent intervals, under the excitement which comes of authorized slaughter. It is horrible, as war always is, but, even so, less horrible than the cold-blooded murder in this country, in badly ventilated mines, of thousands of Russians, Greeks, Hungarians and others by American capitalists for the sake of profits. None of the nations to which these murdered men belonged has suggested intervention in these benighted States. Cold-blooded murder, for dollars, assuredly is more awful than hot-blooded murder to avenge unutterable outrages inflicted by profit-hungry wolves of finance and business from this country upon the working class of bleeding Mexico.

Taft has sent his message to Congress, calling for intervention. Now let the American working class send its message to Congress, warning the national legislators that in the belief of all workmen the rights of the working class of Mexico are paramount to those of a few American slave-drivers down there, and that intervention will not be tolerated.

Terre Haute, Ind.

Dear Comrades:—Your letter received and Gene has read it. He is up to his very ears in work, literally swamped. He has about forty speaking engagements immediately before him, every day of which will be crowded to the limit, and to cap it all comes the kidnaping of the union labor men which means another tremendous fight of the greatest importance to the labor movement. Gene has plunged into it to the exclusion of almost everything else.

I inclose a few lines which Gene prepared for REVOLT. It is but a brief expression, but is enough to show where Gene stands. The article applies very directly to the California situation.

Yours fraternally,

(Signed) THEODORE DEBS.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The brief article by Eugene V. Debs referred to in the above letter from his brother will appear in the next issue of REVOLT, on sale after May 13.

SOCIALIST PARTY PLATFORM.

SAN FRANCISCO.

We, the members of the Socialist Party of San Francisco, in convention assembled, proclaim ourselves an integral part of the International Socialist movement.

We call attention to the failure and neglect of the McCarthy administration to advance the interests of the working class in San Francisco.

We realize that in society there rages a conflict between the working class and the capitalist class and that this conflict finds expression on the POLITICAL as on the INDUSTRIAL field.

The capitalist class grows ever more dominant by taking possession of the product of the working class and entrenching itself behind governmental power.

The working class has been reduced to a condition where it is allowed a wage only sufficient to keep it alive and reproduce its kind.

Government, whether it be national, state or municipal, has in the past been only an instrument in the hands of the capitalist class to keep the workers in subjection.

The Socialist Party is alone capable of administering government in the interest of the workers, as its historic mission is to further the emancipation of the working class from wage slavery.

The freedom of the working class is possible only when the instruments of labor are transferred to the control of the worker and the product is justly and equitably distributed.

Realizing that the emancipation of the toiler must be by the efforts of his own class, we call upon the San Francisco workers to unite as one in the Socialist Party, the only party financed and controlled by the working class.

Program.

Pledging ourselves to a real working class administration in this city, the Socialist Party presents to the workers the following program as measures to defend or advance the interests of labor.

1. A universal maximum work day of not more than eight hours.

2. Immediate relief for the unemployed by giving them employment on useful public work at union wages for union hours.

3. The most improved sanitary shop and housing conditions.

4. The strict enforcement of adequate child labor legislation.

5. Adequate provisions for free public employment agencies and the abolition of private employment agencies and kindred forms of grafting on the workers.

6. Adequate provisions for the education of all children. This to include free text books and free mid-day meals.

7. The abolition of the "third degree" and similar forms of police outrages.

8. The collective municipal ownership of all public utilities as an inevitable part of the general Socialist program to transfer the ownership of the means of production to the working class.

SOCIALIST PARTY TICKET.

Primary Municipal Election, September 26, 1911.

- Mayor—William McDevitt. Police Judges—W. E. Dillon, David Henderson. District Attorney—Emil Liess. City Attorney—W. H. Sigourney. Assessor—H. F. Sahlender. Auditor—A. K. Gifford. Treasurer—Oliver Everett. Tax Collector—David Milder. Recorder—Henry Warnecke. Public Administrator—W. A. Pfeiffer. County Clerk—M. H. Morris. Sheriff—Thos. J. Mooney. Coroner—Dr. M. B. Ryer. Supervisors—Rollar Allen, Edward W. Bender, George Bostel, K. J. Doyle, Louis Fortin, C. W. Hogue, Robert Larkins, Chas. Lehman, Joe Moore, Olaf Mork, Chas. Preston, Ernest L. Reguin, John M. Reynolds, William Schafer, S. Schulberg, George Styché, Lynus Vanalstine, Walter E. Walker.

To vote for Socialism, vote this ticket and Vote It Straight!

[Joe Moore, named as a candidate for Supervisor, has expressed his wish to withdraw on account of his disapproval of the anti-McCarthy stand taken in the platform.]

First-Class Union Work Phone: Market 6570

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JOLTS AND JABS.

Preston and Smith are as yet confined in the Nevada penitentiary. It is time these heroes of labor were liberated and taking their places in the ranks of the organized toilers.

The capitalists and their detectives prove their denseness when they imagine that by kidnaping one, two or more active members they can thwart the growth of our movement for emancipation.

In these days when all commodities must be properly labeled we suggest that the health department, or any other department that might have the "say so," get after the agents of Uncle Sam who by false promises, pretty posters and other devices of the patent medicine fakirs are inducing young well intentioned and ambitious boys to join the army, an institution that must disappear as the race becomes really civilized.

There is only one labor party, and that is the party known the world over as the Socialist party.

Judge William Kenyon, the new Senator from Iowa, a "progressive," has outlined a course of action which he intends to pursue as a United States Senator. Among other things, he stands for a workingman's compensation act. The reason he gives for believing a workingman should be compensated in money for the loss of a leg or arm, or any other part or parts of his body, should be ingrained in the minds of the wage-working class.

Let the judge and Senator commodify. "If an engine is destroyed in the yards of a railroad company, what is done? It is repaired. And the repairs go into the cost of operation and are paid in freight rates. If an engineer or fireman on such engine is maimed for life why should not a certain fixed sum of money, be paid, the same as in the case of the engine that has been injured or destroyed? It is all a part of the general expense account in the matter of operation, to be covered by freight or passenger rates, and I shall favor the passage and enactment of such a law."

One Charles F. Curry throws a hot one at the Socialists. In accepting his own nomination for mayor of San Francisco, he boldly states: "I will not be a class-candidate, and I will not make a class-campaign."

Socialism repudiates the private ownership of the means of production.

"If we wish all of Raphael's pictures to be freely accessible to every one, we must prevent men, not merely from exhibiting them for payment, but from owning them."—Fabian Essays.

The economic factors in the life of mankind were sadly neglected until Karl Marx powerfully called attention to them.

Class-consciousness on the part of the wage-workers is the force that will cause them to use their economic force and political power to advance their own interests, and eventually to abolish capitalism in its entirety.

It is time for Hugo Munsterberg, professor of psychology of Harvard University, to make arrangements with McClure's or some other magazine to get so much per word and then go to Los Angeles and by looking at McManigal's teeth, his hair, his finger nails and the color of his nose, prove that like George Washington, he can not tell a lie.

WHERE TO GO.

Regular mass meeting of Local San Francisco at Fifteenth and Mission streets, the first Monday in each month, 8:15 p. m. Educational meetings on all other Monday nights.

Women's Committee of the Socialist Party, every Tuesday night in Jefferson Square Hall, 925 Golden Gate avenue.

Liberal League for Mexican Freedom, second and fourth Tuesdays in each month, 8 p. m., in Jefferson Hall, 925 Golden Gate avenue.

Socialist dance every Wednesday night in Franklin Hall, 1881 Fillmore street. Lectures under auspices of the Young Socialists in Jefferson Square Hall every Wednesday night.

Open Forum meets in Jefferson Square Hall every Thursday night. Street meetings of the Socialist Party every Saturday night at Grant avenue and Market street.

J. Stitt Wilson speaks in Central Theatre every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Propaganda meetings of Local San Francisco held every Sunday night in Germania Hall, Fifteenth and Mission streets.

FIGHTING UNION LABOR.

Development of Conspiracy.

There is more than a little evidence that the directors of the frame-up against International Secretary John J. McNamara, as a means of crippling organized labor, are preparing to accept defeat with what show of dignity they can provide.

While the trials are pending, it is clear that every use is to be made of the assumption that the accused are or may be guilty in the general campaign to discredit union labor in its present struggles to maintain the position on the Coast which it has gained.

"Maybe they'll be shown to be innocent," is the tone of the statements now appearing in the press, "but until they are, please believe them guilty and place the responsibility on organized labor."

The continuance of this condition of the public mind, if it can be established, is to be assured by the finding of many indictments on which the men may be tried month after month

until the game shall be played out. In the meantime, of course, the masters will busy themselves with the effort to obtain "open shop" conditions in all Coast cities, especially in all the building trades, and above all in San Francisco where so many millions of dollars are to be spent in the next few years.

Among the persons selected to "identify" James McNamara, the majority, it has been declared, have been quite positive that he is the man known as Bryce, but only one has appeared to notice that McNamara is clean shaven while the mysterious "Bryce" wore a beard.

It begins to look as if Detective Burns and his gang have felt too sure of the smoothness of their work, making the same blunders that the doddering old McPartland did in the Haywood case.

Halcyon, Cal., April 24, 1911.

Dear Comrades:—I am anxious to subscribe to "Revolt" as far as my limited means will allow in hopes of securing other subscribers by calling attention to its merits.

Enclosed please find 50 cents for five months' trial. I think your position and terms more favorable than the San Diego plan for a "State paper."

Yours for the revolution, GEORGE READ.

PIONEER CONTRIBUTORS.

Table listing donations for REVOLT: Bakers' Union No. 24, San Francisco \$30.00; Brewery Workers' Union No. 7 5.00; Frank Bunkman 5.00; Glen Park Socialist Club 1.00; R. T. McIvor 4.00; A Comrade 1.00; J. A. Collier, Dixon, Cal. 1.00; A Friend 1.00; M. Tabshock .50; A Comrade 1.00; S. Schwartzberg 1.00. Total \$50.50.

Comrades in the Revolution! All but two or three of these donations were made before REVOLT had appeared. Now that REVOLT is out it can be seen more clearly by the Socialists of this country whether they wish to keep it alive or not.

REVOLT, new-born, is a sturdy youngster, and the heartiness of the welcome which has been given it in San Francisco and about the bay assures its continuance. It was started, however, without financial resources other than the fund mentioned above, the money for a few subscriptions received in advance of publication and some promises, in the firm conviction that the field was ready and waiting for just such a publication as REVOLT, the weekly that shall interpret current events in terms of the world-wide working class revolution.

Sign one or both of the blanks below and send with money order to Revolt Publishing Co., Frederick F. Bebergall, Secretary-Treasurer, 305 Grant avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

Revolt: Inclosed find \$..... as a donation to the sustaining fund.

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I hereby pledge myself to contribute \$..... each for the upbuilding of REVOLT, to be paid to the Secretary-Treasurer every

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Every dollar contributed now will count doubly in the saving of expense and the upbuilding of REVOLT'S subscription list.

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THIS CERTIFIES THAT THE UNDERSIGNED IS ENTITLED TO ONE SUBSCRIPTION TO REVOLT FOR ONE YEAR, FULLY PAID FOR, AND ON RECEIPT OF THIS CERTIFICATE, THE SUBSCRIBER'S NAME WILL BE ENTERED ON OUR BOOKS AS A SHAREHOLDER WITH VOICE AND VOTE.

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Socialist Weekly Paper—The Voice of the Militant Worker

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Sunday Evening, May 14, 1911

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April 24, 1911.

Dear Comrades:—Herewith is postal order for \$3.00, being \$1.00 for "Revolt" (one year), \$1.00 for bundle of first number and \$1.00 as a donation.

Yours for Socialism, J. A. COLLIER.

Dixon, Cal.

"MUCKRAKER" TO SPEAK.

Charles Edward Russell, the noted magazine writer who created a furore among the reptilian parasites of capitalism by his exposures of civic rottenness in many cities, will speak in the Valencia Theatre Saturday night, May 13, at 8 p. m.

Comrade Russell (he has been a dues-paying member of the Socialist party for more than a year now) is on his way to San Francisco from Australia and New Zealand, where he has been studying social and economic conditions.

YOUNG SOCIALISTS' MEETINGS.

For the present the propaganda meetings of the Young Socialists will be discontinued, the youthful revolutionists and their associates having concluded that the most important work to be done at the present time is the extending of the sales and the subscription list of REVOLT.

MISSING OR DELAYED PAPERS.

Any subscriber to REVOLT failing to receive the paper in due course (it should be delivered in San Francisco and the bay cities on Monday following the date of issue) will confer a favor upon the board of directors by sending notice of the failure.

WILLIAM THURSTON BROWN.

The principal of The Modern School in Salt Lake City, who has fought valiantly for the principles of Socialism against great odds in the Mormon metropolis, will arrive in San Francisco in the latter part of this month, and will deliver at least one address under the auspices of REVOLT.

San Jose, Cal., May 2, 1911.

F. F. Bebergall, Secretary-Treasurer.

Dear Comrade: Branch San Jose Local Santa Clara County Socialist Party, voted to procure five dollars' worth of subscription cards to REVOLT. Please find money order for same.

Hoping the paper has success and will stand by its name, I remain, Yours for the Revolution, LILLY LUCE LAWRENCE,

Treasurer Branch San Jose.

MRS. RENA HERMAN

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