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# The Socialist

THE WORKINGMANS PAPER  
A CARTOON WEEKLY

Join The Party  
of Your Class

To Organize the Slaves of Capital To Vote Their Own Emancipation

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"UNION MEN,  
WHERE FLOATS THIS  
FLAG IN EVERY STRIKE?"

## SLAVE MARKET REPORTS

Conducted by D. Burgess.

MARKETS.

Many people assert that labor is not a commodity, but I can see no difference between the treatment accorded to labor in the markets and that of any other commodity.

Vegetables.	
Artichokes, per doz	1 25
Beans, green, per lb	18
Beans, dry, per cwt	3 00@3 75
Beets, native, per sack	1 00
Fruits.	
Apples, per box	60@1 00
Apples, Yakima, per box	1 25@1 50
Apples, Wenatchee, box	1 25@1 50
Bananas, per bunch	3 00@3 50
Butter and Cheese.	
Native creamery	30
Eastern	25@
Cheese, full cream	14@
Eggs.	
Strictly fresh ranch	33@
Eastern	22@
Poultry.	
Ducks, dressed	18
Ducks, live	15
Geese, dressed	15
Turkeys, native	22@
Fish, Oysters, Etc.	
Herring	03
Smelt	04½
Flounders	03
Soles	04
Labor.	
Buckers	\$2 00 a day
Shovelers	1 75 a day
Milkers	1 25 a day
Teamsters	\$ 2 50 to 3 00 a day
Cooks	\$35 00 to \$50 00 a month and board.

Can you see any difference?

"A slave, a slave!  
"Why, this is America, now, and there are no slaves in America."  
These words were uttered by a slave in one of the slave markets of Seattle.  
"You did not say all your piece," I said.  
"Did not say all my piece," he repeated in a tone of surprise.  
"Yes," I replied, "you left off 'free and equal.'"  
"Well, we are free and equal," he said, with emphasis.  
"What are you doing in this place?" I asked.  
"Looking for a job," said he.  
"A master?" I said.  
"A master?" he interrogated.  
"Yes," I replied, "a slave must have a master or perish."  
"But I am no slave," and this was uttered with force.  
"Why, then, are you looking for a master?" I asked.  
"I am not looking for a master; I am looking for work," he said, and he regarded me with a look of scorn.  
"Looking for work!" I ejaculated.  
"There's an abundance of work to do, and work, real work, brings joy, gladness, comfort, happiness, and out of the miserable tasks you perform you only get misery, a horrible existence. No, you are not looking for work at all. If you are wanting work, why don't you go to work?"  
"Well," he said, in much complexity, "I can't find an employer."  
"A master," I said.  
He smiled a sickly smile, and then said, "Yes, a master."  
I said: "If you owned the machine

you would employ slaves so long as you could make a profit out of them, but since you do not own the machine, you and I and all other slaves must go to the owning class, the master class, and beg an opportunity to labor for them. They can accept or refuse. They have the power of life and death in their hands. In every sense of the word they are masters and we are slaves."  
"Yes," he said, sadly, "I see that you are right, but what can I do?"  
"Why," I said, "you can get some of our low-priced literature, and you can read, study and investigate existing conditions, and if you become convinced that the workers, the slaves, must become the owners of the means by which wealth is created and distributed, then you can, and no doubt will, join the party of your class, the Socialist Party, and when enough of the slaves shall have joined our party, we will, through the powers of government, take possession of the mines, mills, factories, railroads and all other means of producing and distributing wealth. Then we will no longer search for a master; nor suffer for the comforts of life, when a few hours of pleasant work, work and not drudgery, will supply all that is needed."  
A new light came into his eyes; he smiled pleasantly, and when I turned to go, he said, "good-by," warmly.  
Sometimes I feel proud to belong to the slave class, even though so many of our class are afraid to sign their names to their reports, and even though none of them want their pictures to appear in the Slave Market Reports.  
I am proud to belong to the slave class, because when I went to an entertainment recently, I met an audience of several hundred slaves, and these slaves hung up their hats, coats and umbrellas in an ante-room, and

yet there was not a police officer nor any other functionary in charge.  
When the "hupper succies" have a gathering of this kind, they have to hire a lot of slaves, policemen, to keep the "hupper succie" guys from stealing everything in sight.  
A slave writes: "I went in search of a master, found an owner who said he would start up his mill in a short time. I could get nothing definite out of him, but finally told him that I should like to get a definite answer. His reply was that when he wanted men he would blow the whistle and take his choice of those who come."  
We would like every subscriber in Whatcom, or elsewhere, for that matter, to report failure to get The Socialist.  
All who want to do effective work for Socialism will find it an excellent method to take subscriptions for The Socialist. Even when you fail to get a subscription you will have done effective work by making some wage-worker understand that there is a workingman's paper in existence. Always impress such people with this fact, the fact that The Socialist is truly a workingman's paper. He will remember you and us when troubles come upon him, and then he will turn to Socialism as a refuge.  
A good way to reduce taxes is to arrest wage slaves (who are on the bum) for vengeance, place them in the chain gang and put them to work doing public improvements, as is the case at present on the new Federal building.  
Was told by an acquaintance recently that when he resumed operations last Wednesday there were about 150 free and independent American wage

slaves present, each one straining every nerve to gain favor in the master's eyes, and many of them offered to work for \$1.25 per day.

The slaves working at the Great Northern coal bunkers were presented with a New Year's gift of a 25 per cent reduction in wages; so you see, Marion E. Baxter was correct when she said work is for the workers—but she forgot to tell us that the product is for the idlers. A WAGE SLAVE.

FOR THE "SLAVE MART."  
It is quite noticeable that shingle mills, and in fact all lumbering industries are being shut down until after the holidays, as the capitalist puts it. But, fellows, that is thin; the capitalists know full well that the working man cannot stand prosperity, and that he is more content with nothing in his pockets, so he merely suspends business to give the boys a chance to lick up the accumulated results of their labor. J. M. B.

One of the bulletins on which is announced the prices of laboring power states that in one of the box factories there has been a reduction from \$26 and \$30 a month and board to \$15 and \$20 a month and board. Formerly fare was advanced, and then taken out of the wages, but it is no longer necessary to do this, therefore it is not done.

When the miners demand a few cents advance, the daily papers denounce such unions for what the papers call their arbitrary acts, but when a business man announces that he will cut wages 15 to 20 per cent, and carries his threat into effect, these same dailies tell approvingly of the "necessary readjustment of wages." It makes a whole lot of difference to these papers whether the demand comes from the master or from the slave.

A writer in the Sunday Times, of this city, says: "Constantly our minds struggle to get in touch with others, to share the interests and, if need be, the burdens and sorrows of the rest of the world." It is my judgment that the masters are striving to avoid all share in the burdens and sorrows of the slaves, though I admit they are willing to share in our interests (products.)

The press dispatches report that Bryan greatly impressed the Englishmen among whom he spent his time there. As these Englishmen are all masters, we know that Bryan belongs to their class, for such people never make the mistake of cultivating the friendship of an enemy. Let Bryan go with his gang.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., says we are all born in debt. I wonder if those who own the most don't owe the most, and if so, what is Johnny going to do about it.

Senator Dietrich has been acquitted and the St. Louis bootlers will not go to the penitentiary. Life is a little strenuous for the masters at times, and they often have to divide their stealings with the courts and its officers, but on the whole they are doing fairly well. It is only the slaves that create wealth inside the penitentiary, as well as outside, for the use and benefit of the exploiters, the masters.

Ensign Samuel C. Isaac, of the Salvation Army, of St. Louis, preached a sermon which touched the conscience of W. F. Wilson, causing him to confess to an arson in which Jacob Brown, of Hebron, N. D., lost his life. I should like to see this ensign try his skill on the capitalists who are causing their slaves to be murdered in Colorado and elsewhere. If he can touch the conscience of these capitalists, causing them to confess, I would have some faith in his necromancy.

The Supreme Court of Washington upholds the law setting aside 100,000 acres of land for the use of the State University. Of course, why not? The masters get the benefit. Workingmen's children go into the shops,

## A Longshoreman's Pay Envelope

By Ernest Poole.

One Saturday afternoon of this month I stood by the pay window of a large North River dock. In front was a long, struggling line of big, rugged Irish-Americans, laughing, joking, "kidding" each other, some smoking the old clay pipe of comfort, and some leaning exhausted against the wall. Honest eyes and big hearts all down the line.

Waiting for big hearts there sat next the pay window two Sisters of Charity. As I came up a hearty young Irishman was drawing his pay—\$14 this week. He gave a quarter to one of the sisters.

"Hold on, Mike!" I turned around and saw the speaker close behind me, holding an old cigar box which was already half-full of silver. Mike came over from the sisters and glanced at the box. "Who for?" "For Jim—mashed his foot—they tell me he's laid up for two months."

Mike's face fell. "I'm sorry to hear that! Wid t'ree little kids—an' his woman sick." Mike looked down at his pay and thought hard for a moment. Then he put a dollar in the box and moved away.

Another man was waiting, towering 6 feet 3. "Well, an' who is he this time? Jim, is it?—sure!" He dropped in a quarter. "I'll be mashed myself some day an' walk home a dead corpse in the evenin'."

From the "cop" behind me I learned more of the accident. Jim's leg had been crushed a few days before by a falling crate. In two months he might get back to some light kind of labor. From this collection by the men he received that afternoon \$45. From the company he got nothing, because the accident was due to "negligence."

"They get kind of careless," said the officer, "sometimes when they get tired from long hours." He took out his report book and showed me one accident to every few pages. They average one a week.

"What was it last week?" he thought a minute. "A man went out of his head." "How was that?" It happened about five minutes before the C—sailed. She had a big rush of late freight to be loaded. The men had been working all Thursday afternoon, Thursday night, all Friday and all Friday night, only stopping for meals. "Forty hours in all! 'It isn't work for a baby, neither. Lots of those crates weigh eight hundred pounds."

So I myself had learned on other docks. I knew, too, how, in long stretches like this one, the coffee and liquor is used to keep men up to the unnatural strain. "B— is 45 years old and not so strong as he used to be. The strain was too heavy. He gave out and was carried off clean crazy." "Where is he now?" "Oh, he'll be all right in a week or two," said the officer in a matter-of-fact tone.

He was a kind, genial sort of an officer, but the accidents came so often that he was used to them. He told me that two more men, who had been hurt recently, were now awaiting their turn for collections on pay-days ahead. They, too, were trying to keep tenement homes together.

On this dock two weeks back a man was killed. The officer showed me the page where a few brief notes told the story. I asked if the widow had secured damages. He didn't know, but thought it unlikely, as the accident had been proved due to the man's own "negligence."

He had been laid off for six weeks with a crushed hand. His friends offered to use the cigar box, but he refused, although he himself had never failed to contribute for others. He had averaged \$15 a week before the first accident. Of this he had saved little, for he had a wife and a large family of children. His small savings were soon gone, but his pride remained, and he still refused the collection.

As the home grew more and more pinched and desperate, the man came back before he was fit for work. He came back one morning. He was set to work upon deck-shifting cargo. An hour later he slipped and fell some 50 feet down into the hold and was killed. He slipped because he was weak and awkward from his long illness. A few minutes later the great ship sailed, leaving a shattered home behind it.

At the next dock I found the same line, and again the box by the pay window. Here a man's foot had been crushed by a barrel of resin. All along the docks I found the box a common incident of pay-day. Other policemen had report books of plain facts which it best here to pass over.

I have merely given a few brief tales among hundreds. Some accidents had not been due to negligence, and the company had paid damages. In most cases I could not find out the amount, but on one dock I found that a man had been killed and his widow had settled with the company for \$150. If this sum is considered the price of a life, the price of a leg or an arm may be roughly guessed at.—Detroit Times, Detroit, Mich. Jan. 5, 1904.

mines, mills and other places where wealth is created. The idlers go to the University with rare exceptions.

In one of the show windows of Seattle a striking cartoon was displayed in which the president was represented in the act of slaying beasts of corruption, but he left the causes which produce these beasts unscathed, and that is just what he does.

World's Work bemoans the return of Tammany to control of municipal affairs in New York and predicts that

there will be wild orgies there for some months. Well, I do not see that it can make much difference to the slave, for he is robbed in the mill, the factory, the shop and in all other places where he creates wealth. The quarrel in New York, as elsewhere, is over wealth that the slave has created but does not possess. If this wealth goes into magnificent saloons, then it will not go into sumptuous Fifth Avenue mansions.  
"Here's another subscriber. Your cartoon of Nose Bags and Fool Dinner Pail did it."—J. S.

## REGISTER IN SEATTLE and EVERYWHERE

Wherever you have a residence, register. Register now at the beginning of the year and have it done with. Only when you have registered are you a full fledged citizen. Without registration your citizenship cannot express itself, is no good. Therefore register and register at once.

In Seattle, the city election occurs March 8, Tuesday. Registration closes 20 days before that date; that is, Tuesday, February 16.

If you are going to leave the city, register all the same. You don't know that you may not be back here before the year is out. If you register now, you can vote at any election this year. So register and be ready for the National Election next November.

The Socialist Party will nominate a presidential ticket on International Labor Day, Sunday, May 1. Get ready to vote for — and — So Register.

The Socialist Party in Seattle will nominate a city ticket some time in the next few weeks. So register and get your friends to register, so as to cast the biggest vote ever cast for Socialism in this city. REGISTER AT THE CITY HALL.





