

The Workingman's Paper

THE SOCIALIST

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B. F.'S JUNKET

There is a perfect craze over all kinds of preventives of disease. Every magazine and paper has articles and editorials about the many ways by which this frail body may be kept in better, if not perfect, condition. Boards of health and anti-tuberculosis leagues are going the rounds giving picture shows which impress upon the mind the terrible things which happen as the results of uncleanness.

First of all, mothers are to forever bear in mind that what a child needs in the hot weather is "absolutely pure milk, pure air, plenty of sleep, proper clothing and perfect cleanliness!"

The middle class mothers immediately agree for the most part, and have a great old time over the baby question. But alas for the work mother! With certified milk at fifteen cents a quart, with pure air at a premium; with plentiful sleep almost out of the question because of close quarters, no comforts, heat, noise and the like, with not even a vague idea in a vast majority of cases, of what constitutes proper clothing, even if it were to be obtained; and with perfect cleanliness about as possible of attainment as perfect happiness under such distressing conditions—there comes to be any baby question! It's every fellow for himself and the devil take the hindmost—and the baby is always the hindmost!

Then along comes the fresh air friend, who says that outdoor sleeping is positively the panacea for almost everything.

Of course in order to sleep in the open one has to have something out of doors upon which to sleep. A balcony, porch, platform on brackets, tents, fire escapes, any old thing. Then have awnings and Japanese screens to keep out the sun and rain, and be sure to have the porch enclosed with wire netting to debar the mosquitoes and flies. (Copper wire is best as it does not rust—price is no object.) And there you are as far as a place is concerned. Of course you will have a comfortable bed and proper covering—not forgetting an extra woolen blanket to go across the feet, for use in case the night turns chilly. In winter have all wool pajamas and sleep in a soft woolen sack and cap, and you are as snug as a bug in a rug. It's fine (I speak from experience), but somehow there aren't enough fire escapes to go around. And the roof is so crowded in summer, and the mosquitoes and flies are so bad, and the

sick babies cry so—but still it's a little better than the tenements.

But in winter (you know it's but, but but all the time and when it isn't "but" it is "if"), in winter the fire escapes have no Japanese screens and no canvas to keep out the rain and snow, and no one cares whether woolly blankets and bags are plentiful or not. Besides, who wants to sleep out doors then, anyhow? It's better to snuggle close to some one—specially if you're a kid—so as to keep warm.

Yes, there is a screw loose somewhere! What seems good for one lot of people isn't good for another, or rather isn't possible for another, and there you are. What is to be done about it?

It would never do to pass up Fletcherizing, for that is without any joking the one thing about which there can be no fault found! All there is to it is this: Eat what you want, only when you want it and take as long a time as possible in the doing! Could anything be easier—or pleasanter?

For instance, you are not to eat cold boiled potatoes for breakfast and nothing else. Wow you are to eat the most nutritious food and only such as your appetite calls for. Then instead of being a pig and eating a sinker at noon, or a red hot, wait until you cry out inwardly—whatever that is—and eat the most appetizing and nutritious food to be found on the market. Above all never forget fruit—and keep chewing as long as there is a vestige.

There is only one thing wrong in this grand scheme. Mr. Fletcher forgot to say how the most nutritious foods are to be obtained on starvation wages or no wages. No one will argue with the Fletcherites at all. Then scheme is the grand thing all right, but the devil of it is how to carry it out. Just tell us how to do it without putting our "shoulder blades to the wheel" and overturning the whole system and we'll all take it up in a hurry; in fact it's the thing we're all looking for. But when it comes to using our shoulder blades, how we do shy. One would think we'd never had any exercise.

The suit case makers knew their business when they struck in the "good old summer time." If every organization had the sense to strike or make it possible to strike at the psychological time there would be a good many strikes won that are being systematically lost.

JENSEN'S JABS

The Machinists' strike is still on. They are making a good fight. But this fight is more than the fight of the machinists. It is the fight of every man and boy working in the metal industry. This the other trades have failed to recognize. The molders and the patternmakers are working and enabling the scab machinists to continue working. This is a condition to which the average trades unionist must awaken. The employing class is fully aroused as to the necessity of solidarity.

There is a Metal Trades Association, the members of which work in perfect harmony. But on the other side we see the machinists on strike while the molders and the patternmakers continue working with scabs.

Other trades unions, such as the United Mine Workers, are gradually realizing the solidarity of the interests of all working in their respective industry.

The Mine Workers consider that it is of just as great importance to get the "common" laborer into the union as the most highly skilled miner. The only ones excluded are the foremen.

In contrast to this we see some of the unions in Seattle, as well as all other cities in the country, make great efforts to have union foremen while it is of little or no importance whether the common laborer is a union man or not. If any one doubts this all he has to do is to investigate the building industry in this city.

There is no doubt but that the United Mine Workers is the most advanced body of working men in this state. And there is a reason, as Post would say. The nature of their work is such that they have been proletarianized, they are truly of "that class of modern wage laborers which, having no means of production of their own, are compelled to sell their labor power."

The miner has nothing to lose but his chains. He is a machine worker and is therefore not fearing the introduction of any machinery which might displace him.

The United Mine Workers is a considerable force in the labor movement of this state, having upward of 4,000 members. It is perhaps the largest body affiliated with the State Federation of Labor.

The reason my thoughts wandered to the miners is that they are just now arranging for their Seventh Annual convention of this (the tenth) district. The convention will open in the Labor Temple of this city July 5th.

After the convention there will be a joint conference with the mine operators in which the new proposed wage agreement will be the chief question under discussion. On the outcome of this conference depends much. If an agreement is not reached a strike may be expected at the expiration of the present one next September.

One thing is certain, things of interest will happen in this convention.

The I. W. W. is making strenuous efforts to organize the harvest hands in the harvest fields this year.

The writer of this can testify to the fact that no other workingmen work under such inhuman conditions as the harvest hands. Our "poor" farmer is the most relentless exploiter of labor to be found.

Up at four-thirty in the morning prepare the horses for work, eat breakfast, work till noon, about an hour for lunch, work till sunset and after you finish your supper you will have about six to seven hours until the farmer kindly calls you in the morning.

It is the eight-hour system working double time, eight hours in the morning and eight in the afternoon.

Success to the I. W. W.

Lest We Forget!



The Croton Dam Strike, The Moyer-Haywood Trial, Etc.

THE COMET OR, "YOU'VE GOT NERVE"

By Winona Godfrey

(EDITORIAL NOTE.—We have added the sub-title to this story. In our opinion "You've Got Nerve" is the proper thing to say whenever wage workers propose to marry and have a family. The marriage is all right, the sooner the better. But the family? Cut it out, young workingmen and workingwomen, however much it goes against the grain or against the advice of Teddy.

If you read this story intelligently, you'll know why you should not allow yourselves to have children. It's horribly unnatural, but it's still more unnatural to kill your love for each other and send your offspring into this world of wage slavery, producing such mothers and grandmothers and "family" as are too truly drawn in this little story from life, which can be duplicated a million times in America; yes, nearer five million times.

Do we advise infanticide or criminal abortion? No, neither is necessary. There are perfectly innocent and harmless ways of preventing conception which you can learn from any reputable physician and which are now known and practiced by thousands of young couples who have been driven by Capitalist Necessity to deny themselves the tenderest joys of life.

Such advice will be termed wicked, immoral, unsocial, anti-biblical, criminal, against nature, etc., etc., etc.

IS IT TRUE?

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CALIF.

inal, against nature, etc., etc., etc. But why trifle with the stern facts of daily life? Why encourage criminal abortion by refusing to enlighten the young in time to prevent it? Thousands of physicians derive large incomes from said criminal practices and thousands of mothers ruin their health, or lose their lives, by ignorantly practicing the same upon themselves—all because of your insane and criminal prudery or your stupid and brutal adherence to Capitalist Ethics, which means Capitalist interests. The Capitalists want Surplus Babies to create Surplus Wealth for the Capitalist Masters. Of course Theodore Roosevelt abhors Race Suicide by the Wage Class. If there were not more workers than jobs, then he and his fellow Capitalists would have to pay higher wages—and then the workers could afford to have babies.

It is up to the Capitalist Class and Capitalist System that we have to give this "unnatural" advice to the Workingclass. The Workingclass are not to blame for their poverty, nor for their consequent childlessness. In mere self protection the young people of the Proletariat are deliberately refusing to pass on to any children of theirs the wretchedness of their own lives. You Capitalists have driven the Proletariat to Race Suicide by the very conditions you have imposed upon them, as depicted so pathetically in this story.)

(In "Pearson's Magazine" for July.) A love story of the people who work in stores and play with rats.

"Why, Stella, you coming back to work?" Nell asked in surprise when Stella Davis appeared behind the counter after an absence of three years.

"Got to eat, haven't I?" Stella retorted, almost defiantly. Her haggard young face set in grim, unyielding lines as she bustled herself about the stock.

"I'm glad to see you," Nell began cordially. "When did you get back, and why haven't you been to see me?"

The store had just opened and it was too early for customers, so the two girls might converse with some freedom. Stella did not look at her friend, although her face softened a little at the other's affectionate tone.

"Nell, I just hated to see you all that's why. I wouldn't have come back here only there didn't seem to be anything else to do. I had to have mother to look after the kid if I had to go to work."

Nell's sensitive mouth dropped a little, sympathetically. She read much in her old friend's look and tone, more than in her words.

"Why, what's the matter?" she asked gently. Then, with some hesitation, "Where's Tim?"

"I don't know," said the other drowsily. But after a second's pause, she burst out in low-voiced vehemence.

"It's all off, that's what's the matter! Tim and I have quit for good and all. And I wish I'd never seen him!"

"Oh, Stella!" cried Nell. "I'm awfully sorry. I thought you and Tim were going to be so happy."

"So did I," said the other girl. Her blue eyes suddenly filled with tears, which she angrily winked away. She was, however, unable to resist the temptation to repeat the story of her wrongs to sympathetic ears, and the sordid little tale was soon Nell's.

Stella, pretty, gay, "popular with the boys," had fallen in love with Tim Davis, a good looking clerk making fifteen dollars a week. She was nineteen, he was twenty-two. They were married. Then went to live with his mother, who resented this idea of taking care of three with what had been little enough for two. Still, Stella continued to work at the store and things went on well enough for a while. Until the baby came. Then poverty began to make wry, terrifying faces at love—not always, nor even frequently, such a very valiant spirit.

Stella was sick and irritable, the old woman was tired and cross, the baby was exacting, the debts piled up. They owed the doctor, the druggist, the grocer, the butcher, the milkman, the coal man. And how, when they were continually falling behind in current expenses, were they ever going to pay up all this back score?

Tim thought he could do better somewhere else, so they almost surreptitiously went to another town, leaving in desperation the old mother to shift for herself—and most of their debts unpaid. But in its maddening

AULT'S JUNK

"Pat" Scullin, notorious labor renegade, is again in Seattle endeavoring to start up a branch of his "Industrial Peace Society," organized for the purpose of "getting the working class and the employers and the public together" so the employing class can more easily skin the working class and the "public" buy its commodities cheaper. It is noteworthy that no representative of big capital and no representative of labor signed the call for a meeting. Pat might as well be on his way. Labor is on to his game in Seattle.

It's joyous to see the little capitalists gouging one another. Just now the Western Avenue commission merchants and the hotel and restaurant proprietors are having it hot and heavy because the commission men are alleged to have formed a "gentlemen's agreement" for the purpose of raising the prices of the commodities they handle. It will not be long before the usual attempt will be made to get Labor to pull the chestnuts of one side or the other out of the fire, so it may not be amiss to repeat here that it doesn't make the least difference to Labor what they do; all we will get will be a subsistence—and as they need us to make their profits, we can't get less. Our job is to get Labor together and take charge of the whole blasted shooting match in our own interests.

New York is getting economical. Its most recent effort to save the taxpayers money resulted in the discharge of 44 scrubbers and cleaners who were probably making \$1.50 a day each—if that much. Another example of the interests of the working class being in the direction of lower taxes.

Of course, it ought not to be necessary, but some workingmen will need to be again reminded of Taft's unfair enmity to them or any legislation that will benefit them. Last week he spent probably the most strenuous day of his career in killing the amendment to the Sherman law exempting labor unions from the operations of the anti-trust law. And he won. And next election a vast army of workingmen—union men—will give their votes to Taft, or some

L. W. W. Achievements In Spokane

The Spokane Dailies of June 28th record two news items which should be credited to the Industrial Workers of the World.

First, the City Jail is provided with three matrons for the first time in its history, to care for the women prisoners. This reform is the direct result of the terrible treatment visited by the Police upon the I. W. W. women prisoners, especially upon Agnes Thecla Fair, whose description of her treatment in a letter published in this paper, almost shut "The Workingman's Paper" out of the mails. The Labor Unions and the Women's Clubs of that city have made a long, hard fight, opposed bitterly by the Chief of Police, but have finally succeeded in compelling the city council to provide against any such outrages on helpless women prisoners in the future.

The second achievement recorded the same day is contained in the following clipping from the "Inland Herald." The readers of this paper do not need to be told how this news of Free Streets in Spokane records a magnificent victory for the Proletarians as represented by the I. W. W. whose president is Vincent St. John.

WITH LID OFF, STREET ORATORS HOLD FULL SWAY

For First Time in Two Years Police Permit Every One Free Speech.

For the first time in two years police-sanctioned street speaking occurred Sunday night. The free speech advocates could be heard for blocks, while nearly 1,500 gathered to listen to the contesting orators.

Everything from the shrill soprano of the female to the bass rumble of men and the harsh accompaniments of brass and string instruments, together with brass and snare drums, could be heard along Stevens and other streets and avenues in the business district.

The night was not without its alterations and disturbances. The Salvation Army parade of nearly 50 insisted on having the right of way across the car tracks when a Union Park car was trying to make a crossing.

Four of the Salvationists mounted the fender and held the car while the rest passed over the track singing "One More Victory."

A vagrant interrupted the word picture paintings of the Promised Land by Rev. Amos Ham, colored, who spoke of milk and honey, by demanding ham and eggs.

In both instances the police straightened out the difficulties and sent all on their way contented.

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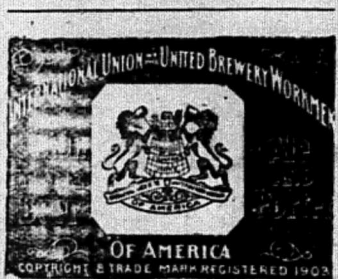
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WHERE WE STAND

(Reprinted From Our First Issue in 1910.)

In what relation does "The Workingman's Paper" stand to the various organizations of the Wage Class, and to that class as a whole?

This question is frequently asked, now that this paper does not profess to represent any particular organization. It seems inconceivable to some that a newspaper can be non-sectarian, an organ of Proletarianism but not an organ of any exclusive branch of Proletarianism. Yet that is the critical scientific attitude this paper seeks to assume. It is the complete opposite, for example, of the De Leonist attitude, which damns every organization of workingmen which does not bear its own brand.

"The Workingman's Paper" sees good in the I. W. W., sees good in the "I'm a Bum" song; but it also sees good in the A. F. of L., and even in De Leon's S. L. P. It also sees evil in all of them. This critical method is also constructive, for the paper seeks to promote the good in all and to remove the evil in all. And on every occasion, this paper seeks the solidarity of all Proletarians.

The following outlines our position exactly:
 "The Workingman's Paper" does not seek to form a separate party opposed to other working-class parties. It supports the UNION of Wage-Workers.

We advocate no interests separate and apart from those of the Proletariat as a whole. All policies are decided from this standpoint.

We do not set up any sectarian principles of our own by which to shape and mould the Proletarian Movement. We follow, not force, that Movement.

"The Workingman's Paper" is distinguished from partisan journals of the working class by this only: 1. In the various struggles of the wage class organizations with the capitalists, this paper will point out and bring to the front the common interests of the entire Proletariat, independently of all apparent divisions, national, industrial or personal. 2. In the various stages of development which the struggle of the Working Class against the Bourgeoisie has to pass through, this paper will always and everywhere, in the future, as in the past ten years, strive to represent the interests of the movement as a whole.

"The Workingman's Paper" therefore, encourages, on the one hand, practically every advanced and resolute organization of Wage Workers wherever found, those organizations which push forward all others; on the other hand, theoretically, like all scientific Proletarian publications, we have the advantage over many Labor papers, of clearly understanding the line of march, the conditions and the ultimate general results of the Proletarian movement.

The immediate aim of "The Workingman's Paper" is the same as that of all other really Proletarian organs, namely: **FORMATION OF THE PROLETARIAT INTO ONE CLASS, OVERTHROW OF BOURGEOIS SUPREMACY, CONQUEST OF POLITICAL POWER BY THE PROLETARIAT.**

Our theoretical conclusions are in no way based on ideas or principles that have been invented, or discovered, by this or that would-be universal reformer.

These conclusions merely express the actual relations springing from an existing Class Struggle, from an historical movement going on under our very eyes.

We disdain to conceal our revolutionary views and aims. We openly declare that Proletarian ends can be attained only by the forcible overthrow of all existing social foundations. Let the ruling class tremble at a Proletarian Revolution. The Proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win!

Workingmen of all countries, unite!
 To assist in organizing the Wage Slaves of Capital into a union capable of winning such an emancipation, this paper was founded in 1900. It has no other policy in 1910.

The Proletarian elements now scattered in A. F. of L., I. W. W., W. F. of M., S. P., S. L. P., U. W. W., and other bodies, together with multitudes now unorganized in the United States, must some time come together as a UNITED LABOR PARTY. To that end this paper is devoted.

What to Do

Here is a letter from one of our oldest and best supporters, Austin Boudreau, of Attleboro, Mass.: "Please find Money Order for Fifty Cents, to pay up my arrears. Please discontinue sending your paper. Believe me, I am very sorry for this, but I do not like your present policy. Yours with Regret."

We are not receiving very many such letters, not nearly as many as we expected. Most of our readers seem to look at our changed policy as the worker from Minneapolis, quoted last week: "I don't agree with you, but I want to hear all sides."

We are not sure what particular position our present correspondent occupies, though we think he is a good Socialist Party man. We wish he had designated his point of disagreement.

Surely, Boudreau does not disagree with this paper in its fight for the Emancipation of the Wage Workers. It always stood for that, when he was working to get us subscribers in the years we supported the S. P.

Is it that we want the Wage Workers to emancipate themselves, that we do not believe the Middle Class can emancipate the Wage Class? This paper always stood for that also; it has consistently opposed all compromises with Capitalist parties and principles. Those who are behind "The Workingman's Paper" were expelled from the Socialist Party for maintaining this very principle, that the Socialist Party must be a Wage Class organization, at least fundamentally. It was for this that Walter Thomas Mills came to this state and founded a paper to run us out of existence. It was for our criticism of the "Appeal" nine years ago because it stood for a Middle Class program, "Public Ownership of Monopolies," that Wayland denounced and slandered this paper when it was unknown, using his great circulation in an attempt to kill us off. It is because we have not hesitated to name names, when they represented Middle Class tendencies, as Victor Berger for instance, that we have incurred the hostility of every one in the Proletarian Movement who stands for such tendencies. And now that the Socialist Party has actually ceased to be a Proletarian organization and is making its main appeal to the Middle Class interests, as in Milwaukee, this paper is absolutely consistent in its criticism of that party as not fitted to be the organ of Proletarian Emancipation.

In what does Austin Boudreau, or others like him, disagree with us in this attitude? Would they have us support the Socialist Party, just because it is called Socialist; would they have us call a wolf a sheep because it calls itself a sheep; would they have us accept Dr. Cook as a hero, just because he labels himself, Discoverer of the North Pole?

It is a great disappointment to us that the Socialist Party has failed to occupy the magnificent battle ground offered to it. We have put in nine years of the hardest kind of work in connection with that party. We have many of our personal friends in that party, with who mit is hard to disagree. We have not a word of invidious criticism to offer against a single one of them. But it is the province of "The Workingman's Paper" to serve the Class of Workingmen and not any individual in that class, however valued as a friend. It is solely because we believe the Socialist Party is misleading the Wage Class that we now follow a policy opposed to that party.

Or perhaps Boudreau and others are not satisfied with a policy which is not sufficiently positive to support any Proletarian organization without reservation. They say, Why don't you advocate something for us to do? Your proletarianism is all right, but how do you propose to put it into practice? Do you want us merely to stand around and wait for something to turn up? Is there nothing, in your opinion, good enough for us to join and work with?

Our answer will be found on the inside pages, which we have kept standing week after week for the very purpose of making our new policy emphatic and plain. In the last paragraph on page three, find these words: "We believe it to be the duty of every wage worker to ally himself with whatever organization will honestly promote the unification of the working class to abolish Capital and its accompanying Wage Slavery." That is definite enough. You are a wage worker; then join a wage workers' organization, such as your Trade Union. In that Union you have access to your fellow workers; can help educate them in scientific, proletarian principles; can antagonize all bourgeois propositions arising in that Union or allied Unions; can work unceasingly to develop Class Consciousness and toward Class Action; can be the best Unionist among your fellows, always ready to defeat Capitalist attempts to control the Labor organizations for their own interests; can become a leader and guide to the less informed workingmen; in short, in the

present state of unrest and investigation among the Union men everywhere, you can further working class unity to the end of abolishing Capital itself and its attendant wage slavery.

You can join the I. W. W. too. Why not? It may be there is no other Union covering your occupation, as the Loggers, for example. It may be there is no Union at all where you are. Then organize one, even if you do not affiliate with any national body. Get together, even if you do lose your job for your pains. What are you on earth for, anyway? Just simply to wear chains in contentment? By all means get together with your fellow workers against the Capitalists, wherever you are. If you are a Farm Hand, for instance, organize for shorter hours and better beds and better food. And always educate about your Class Interests, about the Unpaid Labor upon which Capital is built, about the Robbery in Wages, about the Revolution committed to the Wage Class.

What political party shall you support? That is a much harder question. For there is at present no Proletarian Political Party in existence. And you will recollect we cannot advise you to support anything that is not Proletarian in its tendencies.

Both the so-called Socialist parties are led by Middle Class people, whatever their pretensions. They have practically no following among the wage class—outside Milwaukee. Think of it. There are Sixteen Million Voters in the U. S. The two "Socialist" parties have less than Fifty Thousand members altogether, and these are constantly dropping out and replaced by raw recruits. That means there is not one constant Socialist voter, who can be depended on, to every 300 voters in the country. Counting all the votes secured at the last election, they amount to less than 3 per cent. It is as nothing, after at least Twenty Years of work. If you reckon the proportion of enlightened, revolutionary Proletarians to be found in the country, those who cannot be misled by any temporary, makeshift, Middle Class political attempts, whether called "Socialist," or "Labor," or "Democratic," why, this number is an exceedingly small per cent.

Yet there is a rising, unformed Class Consciousness pervading the Wage Class everywhere, which must soon take shape in combined action for political ends, that is, to get control of the power now lodged in Government.

We freely admit we do not see at present any organization along political lines worthy of proletarian support. We also admit we cannot see the force of the oft-asserted maxim that there must be two wings to the wage class, the Economic and the Political. We cannot see why there should be a double organization of the Proletariat.

What is needed, is United Class Action, of whatever kind, for Class ends. Therefore, this paper supports all action looking in that direction. It supports the A. F. of L., because it is composed of Proletarians organized as such, and more and more driven, in spite of reactionary leadership, toward Industrial Unity. It supports the I. W. W., because, in spite of much irresponsible leadership, it is organizing the unskilled workers and is fighting and exposing the short-sighted selfishness of mere Trades-Unionism.

We esteem it the duty of every wage worker to be a member of one or both of these organizations, and to work day and night therein, for the Union of all wage workers to overthrow Capital itself, that is, to take possession of Capitalistic property in the most practicable way.

BASIS OF THE CAPITALIST SYSTEM

By Friedrich Engels

"More and more evident becomes the great central fact, that the cause of the miserable condition of the working class is to be sought, not in minor grievances, but in the Capitalist System itself.

The wage-worker sells to the Capitalist his labor-force for a certain daily sum. After a few hours' work he has reproduced the value of that sum; but the substance of his contract is, that he has to work another series of hours to complete his working day; and the value he produces during those additional hours of surplus labor is surplus value, which costs the capitalist nothing, but yet goes into his pocket.

"This is the basis of the system which tends more and more to split up civilized society into a few Rothschilds and Vanderbilts, the owners of all the means of production and subsistence on the one hand, and an immense number of wage workers, the owners of nothing but their labor-force, on the other. And that this result is caused, not by this or that secondary grievance, but by the system itself—this fact has been brought out in bold relief by the development of Capitalism in the last half century."—Written in 1882.

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THE PROLETARIAN

By Friedrich Engels

"Far more demoralizing than even poverty in its influence upon the workingman, is the insecurity of his position, the necessity of living upon wages from hand to mouth, that in short which makes a proletarian of him.

"The smaller peasants are usually poor and often suffer want, but they are less at the mercy of accident; they have at least something secure. The proletarian, who has nothing but his two hands, who consumes today what he earned yesterday, who is subject to every possible chance, and has not the slightest guarantee for being able to earn the bare necessities of life, whom every crisis, every whim of his employer may deprive of bread, this proletarian is placed in the most revolting, inhuman position conceivable for a human being.

"The slave is assured of a bare livelihood by the self-interest of his master, the serf has at least a scrap of land on which to live; each has, at worst, a guarantee for life itself. But the proletarian must depend upon himself alone, and is yet prevented from so applying his abilities as to be able to rely upon them.

"Everything that the proletarian can do to improve his position is but a drop in the ocean compared with the floods of varying chances to which he is exposed, over which he has not the slightest control. He is the passive subject of all possible combinations of circumstances, and must count himself fortunate when he has saved his life even for a short time; and his character and way of living are naturally shaped by these conditions.

"Either he seeks to keep his head above water in this whirlpool, to rescue his manhood, and this he can do solely in rebellion against the class which plunders him and then abandons him to his fate, which strives to hold him in this position so demoralizing to a human being; or he gives up the struggle against his fate as hopeless, and strives to profit, so far as he can, by the most favorable moment.

"To save is unavailing, for at the utmost he cannot save more than suffices to sustain life for a short time, while if he falls out of work, it is for no brief period. To accumulate lasting property for himself is impossible; and, if it were not, he would only cease to be a workingman, and another would take his place. What better thing can he do, then, when he gets high wages, than live well upon them?

"The bourgeoisie is violently scandalized at the extravagant living of the workers when the wages are high; yet it is not only very natural but very sensible of them to enjoy life when they can, instead of laying up treasures which are of no lasting use to them, and which in the end rot and rust (that is, the bourgeoisie) get possession of."—From "Condition of the Working Class in England 1844," three years before Engels and Marx together wrote the "Communist Manifesto."

The Eclipse of Marx

The modern Christian declares Jesus his master and model, yet in practice ignores the ethics of Jesus. The modern Socialist accepts Marx as his Economic Master, but ignores the central teaching of Marx.

That Jesus was an altruist it did not need Tolstoy to show. His "Turn the other Cheek," and his "Love your Neighbor," were embodied in his life and pre-eminently in his death. He was a real miracle of sympathy, if historic, and an equally miraculous ideal, if literary only. In either case, those who believe in him profess to follow him. He is their great exemplar.

What a miracle of inconsistency is John D. Rockefeller as a disciple of the meek and lowly Nazarene; or Archbishop Ireland; or the ordinary business man, let alone the soldier or policeman. It actually seems inconceivable, this acceptance of the ideals of morality contained in the Sermon on the Mount and this practice of jungle morality in the fierce competition of the commercial world. Yet the Christians seem unconscious of the hideous incongruity. Rockefeller continues to "love Jesus" and kill his competitors. Millions go to church every Sunday, and practice "The Devil take the hindmost," every week day.

In a precisely similar way, the professed followers of Karl Marx treat their master's main idea. They praise Marx to the skies as the greatest of all scientific economists, as the only man who has revealed the true secret of Capitalist society. They rejoice at the translation of the last volumes of his masterpiece, "Capital," into English, and hasten to put all his works on their bookshelves. Socialists are just as proud to be Marxians as churchmen are to be Christians.

Now, what is the main idea from end to end of Marx's "Capital"? In a single phrase, it is Unpaid Labor. That is his own favorite expression, as much as Love is the keynote of Jesus. According to Marx, Capital itself is produced and reproduced in continuous cycle from Unpaid Labor. According to Marx, when a man is paid his wages, a surplus product of his labor, over and above his wages, is withheld from him by his employer without any compensation, taken from the wage-worker for nothing. In simplest form, if you are paid Two Dollars for your day's work, your employer retains a surplus for himself out of your day's product equal to another Two Dollars, more or less. This Surplus Product, this Unpaid Labor of the immense number of Proletarians, or Wage-Workers, is the very source and secret of Capitalist accumulation. Here is the real confiscation, the real robbery, compared with which all the so-called graft and thievery and corruption are the merest drops in the bucket. In fact, all these other forms of graft are only subdivisions of this one original graft.

All that seems simple enough. There is nothing mysterious or recondite, profound, philosophical, learned, in that plain proposition, that the surplus a laborer produces above his wages is captured by his employer without the payment of a cent. That is indeed the very proposition which every wage worker will understand most naturally. For it is more and more of his product, higher wages and less hours of labor, that every worker is concerned to get, and that all Unions fight to obtain. Unconscious of the Great Economic Fact that Marx wrote his masterpiece to elucidate, and which he spent his life to get the Working Class to understand, the Working Class itself has organized its industrial armies to attack this Citadel of Capital. In truth, there is no better confirmation of the Marxian economic analysis of society, than this agreement of his theory with the actual development of the Proletarian tactics.

Why, then, is not this Prime Economic Fact, which is the pivot of all the scientific achievement of Karl Marx, pushed to the front by his professed followers? Why, for instance, in the Platform of the Socialist Party of the U. S. in 1904, was there only a single reference to the fact of Unpaid Labor, and this reference dragged in as a subordinate clause, "above its substance wage"? And it may be said here, that this clause was only inserted at the instance of the writer of the present editorial. The omission of the whole fundamental Theory of Socialism was entirely and quite unconsciously overlooked by all the rest of the Platform Committee, consisting of such representative Socialists as Debs, Malloy, Herron, Hillquit and Berger. Precisely as an Ecclesiastical Conference or Synod will pass through a week's sessions and omit all reference to the Essentialness of Love to the Christian Community, so the Conventions of political Socialists gather and debate and adjourn without once mentioning the foundation principle of Proletarian Emancipation, namely, the Abolition of Unpaid Labor.

We call this the Eclipse of Marx, as we might call the practice of the modern church the Eclipse of Jesus. Of course the reason the church ignores Jesus and his ethics is that the theory of non-resistance can not be practiced in modern society without killing that society; the two are incompatible. The same reason holds for the Socialist Parties, who hide Marx in their own shadow. For, to bring forward the Fact of Unpaid Labor, and to make the battle rage around that Fact of Facts, would be incompatible with the interests of the Middle Class which composes the active majority of

the modern Socialist organizations. Such a battle would necessarily be a Wage Workers' battle; for the Middle Class, including Business Men and Farmers, are not robbed as Producers, but as Consumers. The Wage Class never even gets its hands on its own product, but passes it in the very process of production into the possession of the Capitalist employer. Marx knew all this perfectly, and therefore he had no time to spend on any but the Proletarian Class. All other classes may be disregarded in comparison with this Class of Wage Workers, particularly in view of its recent amazing growth in number and keenness.

No political organization dares to take the Marxian position. Therefore we are saying in another article this week that, until a Wage Workers' Party appears, there is nothing for Proletarians to do but to join such Proletarian bodies as already exist, to fight with them for such temporary advantages as are obtainable from the Capitalist Class at present, and more especially to force to the front of the battle-line that tremendous issue, The Abolition of Unpaid Labor, the Total Abolition of Unpaid Labor.

Thus, too, will Karl Marx come into his own and no longer be betrayed in the house of his friends.

The Middle Class Rebellion

(Reprinted from our issue of April 9, 1910.)

Aside from the Trusts themselves, the most conspicuous phenomenon in the United States today is the Rebellion of Small Business against Big Business.

Pinchot versus Ballinger is at bottom Small Business rebelling against its exclusion by Big Business from all business. Gifford Pinchot himself said last Christmas: "For whose benefit shall the national resources be conserved, for the benefit of the many or for the use and profit of the few? The great conflict now being fought will decide."

Ballinger and Taft have Big Business behind them. There is no practical doubt Ballinger was selected for his cabinet position by and for the enormous Capital invested in Metal Mines, in order to insure to the Guggenheims and their associates the possession of the Alaskan treasures of copper and coal. Pinchot's contention is that these treasures should be retained by the Government so as to give equal opportunity for their use to the "American People"; that is, to the small investor and prospector. He inveighs against "Excessive Profits from the Control of Natural Resources Monopolized by a Few."

There are many theorists who, following Marx slavishly, claim the Middle Class is too timid to put up a fight for itself, that it is disintegrating and has no future. But the American Middle Class has different traditions and training from the "Petty Bourgeoisie" and small traders referred to by Marx. The best representative of this American Middle Class is Theodore Roosevelt, the Strenuous. No one will deny that he is a good fighter. Other words of Gifford Pinchot have the ring of battle in them, as follows: "We have allowed the great corporations to occupy with their own men the strategic points in business, in social and in political life." "The only thing to do with them is to fight them and to beat them." That does not sound like timidity and incapacity.

The "Insurgents" among the Republicans, like La Follette and Cummins in the Senate and Norris and Poindexter in the House, with their Small Business backing of Farmers and Merchants in the West, are only another manifestation of this Middle Class Rebellion.

The Bryan Democrats are another branch, though less capable and more politic.

The vast growth and success of the cheaper Magazines in the last five years is directly due to the fact that they voice the popular discontent with the unparalleled development of the monopolistic trusts. "Everybody's" jumped to a half-million circulation on the strength of Tom Lawson's fierce attacks on "Standard Oil." The swarm of "Muck-Rakers," like Charles Edward Russell, Judge Lindsey and Stannard Baker, are paid for and inspired by the militant hosts of these Middle Class Rebels.

What will be the result? Is it possible for the Rebellion to become a Revolution? Will this American Middle Class, consisting of millions of men who have hitherto been successful in business; men selected and hardened for conflict by their two centuries of experience as Pioneers; will they win this battle against the comparatively small Army of Monopoly, Special Privilege, Incorporated Wealth?

Those who glibly say they have no chance, because the Laws of Combination will defeat them inevitably, may have miscalculated social forces. For the next step in the evolution of American society may be Government Ownership in the interest of the Middle Class. "Conservation" means, as Pinchot says, that "our natural resources must be conserved for the benefit of the many." The Government, by this plan, shall retain its ownership of the coal fields of Alaska and of the power sites on streams, so as to forestall private ownership and monopoly and to insure "Equal Opportunity."

Suppose Roosevelt, on his return, with his immense popularity and genius for forceful leadership, shall openly defy "Cannibalism" and "Aldrichism" and Taftism, there is no doubt he can be re-elected as the Napoleon of the Middle Class Rebellion. He will have behind him a Congress overwhelmingly Middle Class and Anti-Monopoly. What is to prevent comprehensive legislation in the direction of Middle Class Socialism? Gifford Pinchot is now on his way across the Atlantic to be the first to consult with the returning Roosevelt on the Conservation issue.

Bear in mind again what Pinchot said in that remarkable interview of his last December: "The Conservation issue is a great moral issue. When a few men get possession of one of the necessities of life, either through ownership of a natural resource or through unfair business methods, and use that control to extort undue profits, as in the recent cases of the Sugar Trust and Beef Packers, they injure the average man without good reason, and they are guilty of a moral wrong."

Such a call, addressed to the expropriated masses of the Middle Class, appealing to their interests and conscience alike, is certain to be received with militant fervor. What right, it will be demanded, have the Morgans, the Rockefellers, the Guggenheims, the Armours, to segregate the vast wealth produced by this Industrial Age and to use it to debauch municipal councils, state legislatures and courts, and even national officials, creating a Reign of Graft unexampled in all history?

To this national question, put in the name of "The Common People," and of "The Right to Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness," may arise an instantaneous and overwhelming Middle Class vote in favor of the Restraint of Monopoly by means of Government Ownership of the Monopolistic Trusts, including the Railroads, the Alaskan and other Coal Mines, the Oil Trust, the Meat Trust, the Sugar Trust, the Copper Syndicate, and all other "Bad" Trusts.

This will be "Bourgeois Socialism," the kind that has for its battle cry, "Let the Nation Own the Trusts," the kind of Socialism that Bryan was charged with in the last Campaign, the kind of Socialism that is growing popular, the kind of Socialism that Victor Berger and Samuel Gompers represent, and that the Socialist Parties of both Europe and America are coming to represent.

Undoubtedly, such a Socialism is reactionary both in itself and as compared with the uninterrupted development of Monopoly.

It aims to preserve the present system of Capital and Wage Labor. There is no suggestion in the program of Roosevelt or Bryan or Hearst or of any other of these "Radical" spokesmen of "The Common People," that the appropriation of profit from the employment of wage workers shall cease, that the competitive wage system shall be abolished or that there shall no longer be a Proletariat.

Rather, their ideal is a Middle Class, capitalistic, free-for-all Paradise, like the present, only the tyranny of Monopoly and of the Industrial Giants shall be prevented by Public Ownership of those which have already attained uncontrollable dimensions.

We call this reactionary, because it practically preserves the Status Quo of Wage Exploitation and puts off to some distant future the Emancipation of the Wage Class from its compulsory service to the Capitalist Class. A large competitive Middle Class, based on Capitalist Profit as at present, might maintain itself indefinitely in power, because fortified by the enormous income to be derived from the National Industries taken over from the Trusts, thus relieving the Government from all necessity of dependence on Taxation and legislative Budgets; a condition which now exists in a modified form in Russia, Prussia, Japan and in all countries where Public Ownership already finds a partial exemplification. Tsar Nicholas and Kaiser William are both enabled to sustain their oligarchies, in spite of popular dissatisfaction, because of the money obtained by their governments from the administration of the State owned Railways, Telegraphs and other "Natural Monopolies."

On the other hand, if the Trusts are allowed to proceed to their "natural" conclusion, then the organization of industry into larger and larger units, completely eliminating the "Little Fellow" by precipitating him into the Proletariat, will go on apace, with accelerating speed. At the present rate, how long will it take for the Harriman and Hill systems of Railways to effect a combination which will be able to crush and absorb all the other Railroads in the United States? Attorney F. B. Kellogg, arguing for the Government

before the U. S. Supreme Court, stated recently: "The Standard Oil Co., if permitted to go on undisputed, will own the business of the Nation in five years."

It may be that even now their economic power is so great that no possible union of Middle Class elements in society can be effected strong enough to withstand the purchasing and disintegrating influences of wholesale bribery. The well known alliance of Big Capital and the Slum in our cities, like New York and San Francisco, point in this direction.

If such an economic supremacy of Great Capital has already been achieved, and hence, if the Middle Class Rebellion shall prove abortive, then Aldrich and Cannon and Taft and Ballinger, and all the rest of the tools of Great Capital in the State, are indeed the servants of Progress, unconsciously hastening the industrial organization of American society under the lead of the Capitals of industry.

To be sure, such a progress is won at the expense of personal liberty and the extension of wage slavery, and the utter extinction of the entire class of splendid fighters who have built America out of the wilderness.

Yet it is better that one Middle Class generation should perish than that ten generations of Proletarians should live and die in slavery.

When the Trusts have developed into The Trust, when all productive industry in the United States has been unified under one management, and the Government is nothing but the repressive power of this centralized, syndicated Oligarchy of Wealth, then the "Common People" and the exploited Proletariat will be identical and have identical interests, and consequently will form a vast and irresistible Revolutionary Class.

The sooner this centralization of economic and political power is accomplished, the better the prospect for such an exploited class being competent for united and revolutionary action; for the present American Middle Class or their children will make poor slaves and rebellious subjects.

Consequently, we regard it as desirable and progressive that the Present Middle Class Rebellion should not succeed, that Bourgeois Socialism should be exposed for what it is, an attempt to help the Class of Little Business to perpetuate itself and to postpone indefinitely the day of Wage Labor's Emancipation.

The key to the immediate situation lies with the American Working Class.

The Middle Class Rebellion depends for its success on the co-operation of the Wage Class.

The victory of Big Business and the abolition of Little Business also depends upon the action of the Proletarians.

It is announced that Gompers is contemplating the formation of a political party to be composed of the Unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, in combination with certain Farmers' organizations, alleged to number some three million voters. If this be true and such a party is formed, it will be in direct line with the Middle Class Rebellion outlined in this article. For these Farmers' Unions are not organizations of the Farm Laborers, but of the Small Farm owners. Their program goes no further than Public Ownership of Public Utilities, combined with the Utopian demand for the Initiative and Referendum, as if this method of voting were not more susceptible to control by Big Capital than the present representative system.

The reactionary character of a Gompers political party, composed of Proletarian Labor and Agrarian Small Capital, is sufficiently obvious. It would easily form a basis for the Middle Class Rebels to build their political rebellion on. If the American Working Class is so little enlightened as to its own interests and so lacking initiative as to follow such alien proposals, then indeed the Middle Class may succeed in saving itself and in prolonging Wage Slavery. It were far better to have the combination existing in San Francisco made national in scope, namely, that Labor should unite with Big Capital and the Slum to win political power; in which case, the Middle Class will go to the wall, the Trusts will complete their efficient organization of society and the Wage Class will be consolidated into a mighty, revolutionary and irresistible social force.

And there you are. It is up to the Proletariat.

If it follows the reactionary lead of Gompers and unites its forces with the Middle Class Rebels, it may delay for many years the abolition of Class Rule in society and its own elevation to equal participation in the benefits of human invention.

But if it works with Big Capital to destroy the Middle Class, root and branch, with the greatest possible celerity; or if, better still, the Proletariat shall act together as one man, both industrially and politically, for its own class interests exclusively, then it will display an historic initiative and militant hegemony, which will make for the most rapid evolution out of society burdened with Class Antagonism into that association, sure to come some time, "in which the free development of each is the condition for the free development of all."



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Milwaukee Socialism has reached to Florida, as witness the document reproduced by photographic process on this page. It is the Platform of the Socialist Party of Tampa, no mean city of the peninsular state.

Some six years ago, this paper printed a Socialist Party platform from Olathe, Kansas, entitled it, "Brick or Cement, Which?" It was received with roars of laughter at the National Convention at Chicago in 1904; for the only issue set forth in that Kansas platform was whether the town should build its proposed new sidewalks of brick or cement.

The Milwaukee motto is, "An Honest City Administration, An Economic Administration, A Clean City, A Square Deal, A Fair Day's Wage," a purely Middle Class set of measures. From Tampa to San Diego spring up the Middle Class responses to the Milwaukee slogan, revealing as with a magnetic touchstone, the real underlying Middle Class character of the Socialist Party constituency.

Notices in this Tampa production: (1) It is addressed "To Citizens," not, To Wage Workers, nor even, To Workingmen. (2) It hastens to state in the very first sentence, We address you "Citizens," "WITHOUT FAVORING ANY CLASS."

Yet we suppose a good many workmen will read these criticisms of ours and wonder what is our grouch. They will see nothing in this Tampa Platform to kick about. They will even declare that this Socialism of Milwaukee and Tampa is something they can understand and would be willing to vote for.

Sure thing. Most workmen are led by the nose through what they read in the daily papers. They haven't the faintest idea that the daily papers are run in the interest of the employers exclusively, nor that the Working Class is not interested in lower taxes, nor that the cry of "Special Privileges to

None" is an attempt to down the Trusts and to restore the good old days of universal competition, when wage workers were robbed just as freely as at present.

Those who are thus blind to our meaning in this criticism of Milwaukeeism must agree with the brutally frank editorial we saw in a Spokane Daily this very week. It said, in so many words, "There is no possibility of the laboring man ever receiving anything more than the wage scale." Do you believe that? This Spokane editor knew what he was talking about, for he says, "The laboring man must expect to spend his days in the one task of merely securing the necessities of life."

What real Socialism demands and must get is the Abolition of Wages, the stoppage of the robbery that always has and always will occur in the payment of wages. Real Socialism means the Emancipation of the Wage Class from this necessity of accepting the mere necessities of life as wages, and handing over all the surplus to those who enjoy the luxuries of life.

Advanced Socialism

Port Inghs, Fla., June 14, 1910.

"The Socialist," Seattle, Wash.

Dear Comrades:

I have been kept on the eternal "hustle for grub" in points remote from the conveniences of civilization for the past two years, and have not kept up with the growth of the movement in this country. You can imagine the effect on my nerves when I received yesterday a private letter written on the back of the enclosed document.

Vague rumors of victory in Wisconsin, approaching success in Connecticut and New York have reached me and I have several times been on the point of seeking further and more accurate information; but this! and from Tampa, where we once had a few real socialists among the party members—enough, I had hoped, to leave the whole lump—this is the limit. I have got to know the worst. Is the grain all husk? Some stamps enclosed. Send me a few copies of "The Socialist," or whatever else you call the paper now providing by that other name, it smells as sweet, and if you have not also taken up with this new advanced Socialism which is a little beyond my depth I will subscribe later. Yours for a working class party,

HERBERT C. DAVIS.

Socialist Municipal Platform

TO THE CITIZENS OF TAMPA:

WE the Socialist Party of Tampa, in Convention Assembled, have nominated candidates for the various City Offices to be filled at the general city elections to be held June 7th, 1910, and declaring ourselves to be in full sympathy with socialist principles and philosophy, we feel that we can especially solicit the aid of all good Citizens, upon the following issues:

FIRST: We demand the faithful, capable, honest and economical Administration of the City's Affairs without favoring any class or clique, and in view of the City's pressing needs for all kinds of improvements we especially denounce the present vicious practice of wasting the peoples money by supporting a horde of useless officers and paying office rent in expensive buildings, when the City Hall can easily be made sufficient for all practical purposes.

SECOND: We favor and urge the immediate adoption of the initiative, referendum and recall.

THIRD: We advocate and urge the adoption of a more concentrated form of government directly responsible to the people, who shall have the power to remove any officer whose conduct in office is contrary to the best interests of the whole City.

FOURTH: We shall use our best efforts to secure the repeal of the State Law, which allows a Political Grafter to escape prosecution after two years.

FIFTH: We demand the immediate and wide extension of the sewer system in order to promote and protect the health and comfort of our citizens, and realizing as we do that a healthy city must first be a clean city, we pledge ourselves to maintain an active and vigorous sanitary department.

SIXTH: And as a bridge across the Hillsborough River at Lafayette Street is a pressing and absolute necessity, we shall use every means within our power to secure this much needed improvement with all convenient haste.

SEVENTH: And as it is almost impossible to move the heavy apparatus of the fire department over most of our sandy streets with the speed and haste demanded in a time of fire—And as the City's traffic and the peoples growing needs demand the immediate paving of additional streets, we promise to carry on this much needed improvement with unremitting vigor.

EIGHTH: Realizing as we do the supreme necessity of quick and intelligent action at a time of fire, we pledge our sacred word that this important department shall be organized upon the basis of capacity and ability alone.

NINTH: We shall use our best endeavors to secure for the city a site of not less than a City Block upon which to build a City Hall as soon as funds can be secured for that purpose.

TENTH: We shall under no circumstances allow any sub-division to be added to the City if it is within our power to prevent it unless the streets are wide enough for all reasonable purposes and for a row of trees on each side.

ELEVENTH: We promise to begin at once the systematic planting of trees along our streets, in order that our city may, as far as possible, be protected from devastations by fire, may be made more healthful, more beautiful, and more comfortable.

TWELFTH: And whereas we realize it to be one of the chief objects of civilized society to establish good governments, maintain order and protect life and property, we shall use our best efforts to secure a thorough and effective police force, and as we are sure that good government cannot be secured by uniformed "chugs," we shall use our best efforts to secure men for that important department whose records are clean and who may safely be trusted worthily to wear the badge of the City's Authority.

THIRTEENTH: So far as is possible in our present state of civilized development, we shall secure to ourselves and our fellow citizens a day of rest and recreation, with no attempt to enforce a so-called Blue Sunday Law.

FOURTEENTH: We favor the 8 hour day and union scale of wages.

FIFTEENTH: The right of free speech and the right of assembly as provided by the Constitution of the United States shall not be interfered with.

SIXTEENTH: And whereas, the City government is, or ought to be, a huge corporation organized for the benefit of its individual members; and whereas no private corporation could long escape bankruptcy if it farmed out to private persons the only branches of its business which paid a profit and kept for itself only those lines which were expensive to maintain; And whereas, it requires huge sums of money to secure for the City those improvements which are crying out hourly for attention; And whereas, under the present incompetent system, there are no means of securing this money except by direct taxation upon an already overtaxed citizenship; and whereas, the public utilities of Tampa are paying huge sums of money each year, as profits in to the coffers of the private individuals who own them, and as every dollar of these profits are collected from our own people; and whereas, if the city owned these utilities with the profits growing out of their administration, we could extend our sewer system, pave our streets and provide such improvements as are made necessary, because of the City's continued growth and development without increasing the City's debt or issuing interest bearing bonds.

THEREFORE:—We pledge ourselves in season and out of season and urge our fellow citizens to aid us in securing the public ownership of these utilities, in order that the profits growing out of their operation may be ours to develop and improve the city in which we live.

Upon the foregoing Bill of Rights and Platform of Principles and promising again a Square Deal to All and Special Privileges to None, we ask the intelligent co-operation and support of every citizen of Tampa.

The nominees are as follows:

- For Mayor, - - - S. ELLIOTT (Proprietor cider factory)
For Councilman at Large, ANGELO LETO
For Councilman at Large, ALBION M. WINDHORST (Proprietor stenographic Agency)

Continued from Page One

fashion, history again repeated itself. They worked hard, yet were always behind. Tim grew careless and neglectful, Stella was tired and unhappy. They quarreled; they began secretly to wish that they had never seen each other; each almost unconsciously blamed the other for getting them into a hateful situation.

Then one night Tim did not come home, and the next morning Stella received a letter from him mailed at the depot. He had quit, he said. He had had enough. "What was the use, anyway? They had been a pair of fools to get married in the first place. She had better go home to her own people, and if he ever got any money (which seemed unlikely) he would try to help take care of the kid. Oh, he knew that he was a coward, a blackguard, and a quitter, but he did not care—he was young, he wasn't going to slave away his whole life—well, good-bye."

It was not spelled very well, but there was weariness and desperation in every line. And the one that read it was weary and desperate, too. She took the child and came home—to a trucking family and curious friends.

Here she was, after those three years of married life, back in her old place in the department store, wiser, bitterer, and with the child to support on the wages that had barely sufficed for herself.

"Yes," she finished in self-scorn, "I thought I was going to be so happy! Tim's all right—he's just where he was before, but look at me! What've I got to show for that six months of fun and three years of misery? And there's the kid on my hands, too. Oh, I don't mean that I don't love him," she added, quickly, "but what's going to become of him? I'm thinking about that already. He'll grow up in the streets, and it don't seem like he could have much backbone. I didn't give him much of a father."

Something in the phrase caught Nell like a revelation. Indeed, Stella's whole recitation of commonplace misfortunes seemed a kind of sermon upon some unconscious question in her own mind. The little line in her forehead, the firmness of her fresh young mouth, a certain depth in her clear eyes, gave to her face a thoughtfulness unusual in girls of her age and class. She stood silently a moment looking at Stella, feeling as if she, too, had lost something fresh and illusory. Stella saw that she was not only sympathized with, but that for all her groping, inadequate words, she had been understood. In the embarrassment of her kind at any show of feeling, she hastened to cover her appreciation.

"Don't you mind, honey. I ought to hunt up a policeman to tell my troubles to." She turned with forced indifference to an approaching customer, glad of the interruption.

Through the long busy day Nell could not keep her thoughts from turning again and again to Stella's story. It weighed upon her, depressed her, filled her with a vague dread of life's problems, and she was not usually painfully impressionable either.

She ate her lunch with Stella, but the latter did not refer to her own difficulties, preferring to discuss instead their mutual acquaintances.

"And what's become of that Ned Carpenter that worked at Ferris's?" she finally asked. "I used to think he was going to like you."

Nell's conscious face enlightened her. "Ah-ha!" she cried in laughing accusation. "Is Ned your steady these days, then?"

"Yes," Nell assented soberly, her eyes on her plate.

"More than that?" asked Stella, suddenly grave, too.

"We're going to be married next summer," said Nell slowly.

For a moment Stella made no comment; thoughtfully she lifted a strong hand to her blonde pompadour. "Going to get married, eh? Well, you've got nerve." She sighed.

The pessimism of the new cynic is usually boundless; suspecting this, Nell only smiled a little.

When she went home that night, however, hanging to a strap in a crowded street car, her mind was still full of Stella and Stella's marriage. She did not know why she had been so impressed by it, nor why she felt an odd dejection as if she herself were in some way personally affected. Her mind, tonight, too, seemed strangely acute, analytic, unwontedly sensitive to impressions. To-night all the sights and sounds and smells of her uncomfortable ride, which she, accepting them as matters of course, usually never noticed at all, stirred her unpleasantly. All the glamor and make-believe veneer of life seemed to have been rubbed off. All the men seemed to have been drinking beer, to be rude, and to smell sweaty. All the women seemed tired, shiny faced, to be weary in soul as well as body.

When she left the car, Ned Carpenter was waiting for her. He had been outside on the same car; they often came home together, for he lived only a few blocks farther up the same street. Ned was rather handsome, with the good-natured, complacent expression of the unambitious young man who has never thought of anything but himself. And as they walked along, talking inconsequentially, Nell found herself looking at him, and examining him as she had never thought of doing before. She was surprised at herself, and a little frightened.

Ned noticed nothing unusual about her. He said they would go to a dance Friday night. He had thought of taking her to a vaudeville show that night—she replied hastily that she was tired and would rather go some other time, to which he readily assented.

At the door he squeezed her hand gaily. "Some of these nights I'll be coming in to have you fry the steak for me," he cried meaningly.

Last night she would have been thrilled by all that thought implied; tonight her laugh and nod and blush were wholly on the surface.

"Well, so-long," said Ned, and went off up the street whistling.

The Burroughs lived in one of the downstairs flats of an old double house which had been converted into four flats. The family consisted of Burroughs, who drank, and liked to talk anarchistically, because he said a man couldn't earn a decent living any more—without work. (Editor's Note:—With such an environment and on bare midrins and uncertain wages, who

wonders he "drank," "talked anarchistically," and "was sullen." The soberest and frugalst worker can only earn "a decent living"—with work.) He was sullen over his own discomfort in poverty, but was not worried over his own responsibility for his family; Mrs. Burroughs—a frail, overworked woman, always half sick; Mrs. Burroughs' mother—gran'ma—one of these wiry, weather-beaten old women whom druggery seems to have sapped until they appear to be composed of leather and muscle, always washing, cooking, scrubbing; five sickly children (and two dead), of whom Nell was the oldest, and only the youngest, five years old, was a boy.

Nell was a little later than usual, and all these, with the exception of her father, were at the supper table. She was greeted noisily by the children, and by anxious looks from her mother and grandmother. It was Burroughs' pay-day and his non-appearance meant that the rent was probably being exchanged for liquid refreshment at one or several of his loafing places.

"I thought I heard some one with you," Mrs. Burroughs inquired wistfully.

"Only Ned."

The girl sat down, received her plate of boiled dinner, and began to eat in silence. She did not feel particularly depressed by the present reminder of one of the family skeletons—only a little weary of the sameness of the old story. She was quiet, not because she was sullen, but because she was thoughtful.

In any event, conversation of any continued coherence was impossible so long as the children were up—they were all much younger than Nell; it was the two next to her in age who were dead. Any serious family discussions were usually postponed until the youngest had been put in bed. This tonight proved a tedious operation; they were all wakeful, and the baby was croupy and had to be greased and fanned. But at last they were quiet; the dishes were washed, and mother and daughter and grand-daughter seated themselves around the lamp on the kitchen table, with stockings to darn and clothes to mend.

"Stella Davis came back to work today," said Nell, presently.

"Oh, have they come back?" asked her mother, with interest. "Tim out of work?"

"They've quit," Nell explained innocently; then briefly recounted the story she had heard that morning.

"Dear, dear," Mrs. Burroughs lamented. "That's too bad"; she shook her head sadly. "Tim seemed such a nice fellow. Always reminded me a little of Ned."

A slight quiver crossed Nell's face. Self-forgetful, she stopped sewing and stared at the scarred top of the old kitchen table. Her grandmother, looking up after a moment, gave her a keen glance. Nell was her favorite, but she did not speak until a second look showed Nell still preoccupied.

"Have you and Ned decided when it's to be?" came without preface in the old woman's dry, expressionless tones.

Nell started. "The twelfth of June," she answered quietly.

"Humph," grandmother merely grunted. It took her a long time to say things. Her bluntness was not to be read as a blurring out of every impulsive thought.

"I suppose Stella's got a child?" she surmised presently.

"Yes," Nell confirmed. "Of course," she added, for it—she thought of her mother—punished just about as often when it was sacred as when it wasn't.

Her heart was heavy, her head ached. No, she had made up her mind, she would not marry Ned. After all, she could never have really loved him, she supposed. She did not want to love, to marry, least of all to have children.

So deep was she in thought that the jangling doorbell made her start nervously. She went to answer it, knowing from experience that it was some one bringing her father home. Instead, it was Ned on the doorstep. He laughed at her startled look, and drew her out on the dingy little porch.

"I've been down to Terry Bryan's," he whispered. "I thought I'd come by this way, and I saw your light still burning. I wanted to say goodnight to you." He took her gently in his arms. "Say, I've been thinking about the twelfth of June." He laid his smooth cheek down against hers, and laughed softly. "I suppose you haven't changed your mind, darlin'?"

She raised her head to look up into the young, the gay, the careless face of Present Joy. Her arm tightened around his neck.

"No," she whispered fiercely.

"What's the matter with you? I thought you was happy."

"Oh, it isn't me specially, mother. I've just been thinking about things, that's all."

Grandmother took up the scissors to cut a thread, and laid them down again on the table with a clatter.

"There's a time," she commented in her dry voice, "there's a time when we all kick ag'in the nature of things."

Mrs. Burroughs wiped her eyes and resumed her darning. "I guess you're not much in love with Ned, Nelly," she sighed accusingly.

The girl shrank a little. All her vehemence fell from her. "I don't know," she half whispered. "I'm—I'm sort of afraid of love, I guess." She paused, but after a moment continued in the same small voice:

"Pretty near half the girls in the store have been married—lots of 'em have children they have to support—some of 'em are divorced and some of 'em don't know where their husbands are. I guess they all got married for love—what else? And it didn't seem to do much for 'em except to get 'em into trouble—and not get 'em out."

"You don't know what you're saying, child," said her mother brusquely. Grandmother's lips twisted into a queer little smile. "You been doin' lots of thinking, ain't you, honey?"

"Well, why not think a little?" queried her grandchild. "Sometimes I think that's what we need most. Now, all the stories I've read say that love is the grandest thing in the world—"

"I expect it is," grandmother murmured.

"But the books all end when they get married," Nell persisted. "And the married people I know seem to have forgotten all about the love part."

"The well-mused grandmother. "Your mother here and your father were awfully in love with each other—"

"But they're not now," the girl interrupted quickly. "She couldn't be in love with him now—"

"She sticks to him, anyway"—grandmother spoke as if Nell's mother were not present—"God knows why."

Mrs. Burroughs bent her head over her sewing. She made no answer. A silence fell on them all.

"There ain't much use trying to think things out, honey," grandmother began, after a while. "Even in my day, when we took things for granted more than they do now, I used to wonder sometimes. But when my turn came—I was just like the rest. I guess love is just about like this here comet they're talking about—once in your life it flashes across the sky, great and brilliant, and people wonder at it and think maybe it means the world will be changed by it; but it goes and the world goes on just the same, no better and no worse. And you just remember that once you saw a big light in the sky." Her voice died away, and again the three sewed on silently in the ugly little kitchen.

Then the baby coughed, and Mrs. Burroughs went to tend it, and grandmother laid away the little dress she was mending to set the bread for tomorrow.

Nell sat still, sewing on, thinking on. She resented love, its tyranny, its unfulfilled promises. Every one seemed to think that it was a great thing to be sacrificed to it—that it was in some way noble to give up to it, although it seemed almost as if people who did give way to this mysterious emotion, sacred, if conventionalized, vile if unactioned, were as often punished for it—she thought of her mother—punished just about as often when it was sacred as when it wasn't.

Her heart was heavy, her head ached. No, she had made up her mind, she would not marry Ned. After all, she could never have really loved him, she supposed. She did not want to love, to marry, least of all to have children.

So deep was she in thought that the jangling doorbell made her start nervously. She went to answer it, knowing from experience that it was some one bringing her father home. Instead, it was Ned on the doorstep. He laughed at her startled look, and drew her out on the dingy little porch.

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