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HAYWOOD'S SPEECH.

Rouses Great Audience to Enthusiasm.

From the moment William D. Haywood stepped on the stage at the Valencia Theatre last Saturday night until he left it after speaking for more than an hour, the great audience was athrill with interest and enthusiasm.

Reviewing the course of the class struggle in the many countries he has visited in the course of the past year, the man, to hang whom the masters invoked every power under their control, showed how the workers of the world have gained strength in the class struggle in proportion to the extent to which they have come together in class solidarity in their struggle against the common enemy.

"Close up these craft sectional lines," he said in closing, after pointing out the weakness of the form and principle of labor organization which still is followed in San Francisco. "Join the political party of your class. You can do for the workers of the world what you did for me."

Haywood always has understood the class character of the movement, and never has shown the slightest tendency toward advocacy of even the most popular of the prevalent reform notions which have no logical meaning to the working class, but he has not always been the effective speaker that he is now. Those who have most often listened to him in the past were amazed at the great increase of power as a platform speaker which he displayed.

Again and again the audience broke into wild applause and cheering, such as the Haywood of other years evoked but rarely, and then fell swiftly silent in fear of losing something of the impressive address to which they were listening.

Following the course of his journeyings through the European countries which he visited, Haywood spoke of Spain and Ferrer, declaring that the crash of the volley which ended the great educator's life in the trenches of Montjuich sounded the death knell of capitalism throughout the world.

Speaking of the strike of the coal miners in Wales, he humorously compared their sturdy stand and absolute solidarity with the Labor Day parading of the craft unionists in San Francisco. Roars of laughter and cries of "That's right!" "That's true, all right!" interrupted him when he spoke of the paraders in this city being "like the Chinese going to war," only with little canes instead of fans, and with a multitude of different signs to show everybody how completely labor is divided.

Of Scotland, the country where government and municipal ownership is more absolutely complete than anywhere else in the world except, perhaps, Japan, Haywood drew a dark picture, telling of the misery of the workers. Thirty thousand families, he said, lived each in one room, a larger number of working-class families having but two small rooms each.

"Municipal ownership is not the solution of the labor problem," he declared.

Picturing the movement in France, he referred to the case of Durand. Long ago Durand made a speech in which, like Spies, Parsons, Fischer and Engle, he had declared that workmen attacked by force should repel the attack by force if necessary. Five years later a man known as an enemy of labor was killed, and Durand was indicted for the crime on account of that speech. A form of a trial was gone through, and Durand, whom the master class wanted to get rid of as that class in this country wanted to get rid of Haywood, and now McNamara, was condemned to the guillotine. A general strike was declared and went into effect. At first the government offered to change the sentence to imprisonment for fourteen years. This was refused by the strikers, and in the end Durand was released.

"In France," said the speaker, "every working-man carries the same card, and the women belong to the same organization."

Haywood told of an effective railroad strike in France, effected through this thorough industrial organization, carried out without a single man quitting work. Freight for Paris found its way to Lyons and was unloaded there. The "mistake" being discovered, it was reloaded and moved to some other point. In the case of perishable goods, however, the workers sometimes found it necessary to distribute them in towns where there was a working-class population in need. "The workers were doing no injustice to themselves," the speaker commented approvingly.

He spoke of the awakening of the workers in India, the impulse toward working-class solidarity breaking down caste lines which had endured through all circumstances for thousands of years.

Tribute was paid to the "Young Chinese" who are shaking the foundations of the age-old em-

"CAJOLED OR SEDUCED?"

The Gathering In of Gallagher.

LEADER WHO ONCE INSPIRED REAL RESPECT SURRENDERS TO CONTEMPTIBLE GANG.

By WILLIAM McDEVITT.

Scene—The Labor Council in session. Some 400 delegates present. The Secretary of the Council, having more or less reluctantly allowed his name to be added as makeweight or as main attraction to the list of candidates of the Useless Labor "Party," offers to resign his union job—if the Council cares to accept such resignation.

President Kelly states that great persuasion had been used on Brother Gallagher. "He had, in fact, been almost forced to take the nomination. Shall I say more or less reluctantly allowed his name to be added as makeweight or as main attraction to the list of candidates of the Useless Labor "Party," offers to resign his union job—if the Council cares to accept such resignation.

The gathering in of Andrew Gallagher by the laborite political machine is the latest grim job to be entered in "the big black book of jobs" compiled by the greedy gang that run the administration machine.

For years Andrew Gallagher had been an insurgent. He had stood out stalwart against corrupt civic government. He had aligned himself in previous campaigns with the forces of "Good Government," so-called. He had insurged with Hiram Johnson and fought the gang behind Curry and Alden Anderson. He had been a shining example of the "clean" labor leader, unsmirched by the mire of the political lubricity that had greased the running gear of graft and crafty political machiages. He had remained one of the few outstanding models of respectability in labor government and of decency in city politics. He had repudiated the coarse steam-rolling of Chief Seymour in favor of the gas man, Gus White. In fine, he was regarded as a bulwark against both open town and open shop.

But, alas for frailty! Alas for evil associations! The pressure grew too great. The McCarthy hunger for another good hold on political plunder and municipal exploitation sought satisfaction. The City Hall gang was growing alarmed. The political fences were looking mighty shaky. The fortunes of McCarthy were being "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of the thought" of too many of the more honest rank and file of union labor. In the furious tug of war between the labor machine and the Rolph gang, the laborites felt they needed a new "anchor-man." The instinctive cry of the desperate was, "Get Gallagher." They got him; they lined him up; they coated him over nicely so that he would slide down their serpentine gullet—and then they swallowed him. "Goo-Goo," "Insurgent," "Decent Government," and all the rest.

How did they do it? "Cajoled, perhaps," says Brother Kelly, President of the Labor Council. "Nay," says "P. H.," "Seduced." McCarthy ought to know. You can trust an expert for the right word. The Mayor will blurt it out, every now and then. When he told the convention of

pire; to the "little brown men" who are organizing the Socialist movement in Japan in spite of the menace of the rope. Haywood spoke feelingly of Kotoku, who, coming in touch with the works of Marx, Engels, Kropotkin and Bakunin in this country, returned to Japan and translated them into the language of his own people—paying with his life for this offense against the dominant master class of Japan.

Mexico was dealt with. Haywood declaring that the change from Diaz to Madero was no more important to the workers than would be a change from Taft to Bryan.

"Let us return now to the land of the free and the home of the brave," the speaker went on. "In San Diego we find in jail men who fought for freedom in Mexico. Coming to Los Angeles we find more such men in jail, and the Old Gray Wolf howling for the blood of all men who stand for the class interests of the workers."

"Jail birds are the birds of liberty! If there were enough of you who weren't afraid to go to jail there would be no jail. I have been in jail, and others are now in jail, for those who ought to be in jail."

the National Teachers that San Francisco hoped to make the stay of the educators pleasant to the guests, and, incidentally, very profitable to the hosts, the audience laughed a knowing laugh, for "P. H." had let the cat get out of the sack. The cat may get out, but "P. H." hangs on to the sack.

But, seriously, the gathering in of Gallagher is a matter of sinister import. So sudden a change can hardly be "conversion" (unless you place a keen accent on the "con"); not CONversion, but PERversion. Which version? Kelly's or McCarthy's? Was it a job of cajoling, or was it an affair of seduction? We do not know. We take the position of Kipling's dazed hero, Otis Yeere, and with him we quote Mrs. Browning's line, "Malice not one can impute." We shall not charge it as a crime to Gallagher, unless it be the crime of criminal ignorance or criminal stupidity.

To become the Handy Andy of that tottering crew of desperate gangsters who have made the name of "union labor" in San Francisco politics a whip of polluted scorpions, is surely a sickening finish. This is the sad truth, and I get absolutely no pleasure out of the bitter necessity of exposing a labor leader for whom I have had, I will confess it, a real sense of respect. For most of his new political colleagues I have a conviction of contempt.

While Gallagher was committing the offense of failing to understand or acknowledge the truth of Socialism (an offense surely almost unpardonable to-day in an intelligent banner-bearer or official of union labor), I was willing to concede him the benefit of saying that while his course was as inscrutable to me as some of the alleged ways of Providence, it might not be altogether perverted; but when he sells himself or GIVES himself, body and baggage, AT THIS HOUR, to the service of the Mephisto of mephitic politics, I find myself so appalled at this degeneration that I simply waive the problem of motive or inducement.

But one thing can be done. Leave the solution to "P. H." He says, "Seduced," and all I can say is that McCarthy must be in a position to know.

Meanwhile I ponder in perplexity on other famous "lost leaders": on Wordsworth, when he turned Tory and was immortally castigated by Robert Browning:

"Just for a handful of silver he left us,
"Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat;
Found the one gift of which Fortune bereft us,—
"Lost all the others she lets us devote."

Or on Daniel Webster, when he seemed to desert the cause of anti-slavery, and was pilloried forever by the fervid Quaker abolitionist, Whittier, in the poem "Ichabod."

But the getting of Gallagher is a tragedy too painful for poetry. It needs plain prose, and prose that you can never make too plain.

Coming to the case of John J. McNamara and his brother, Haywood declared it the duty of workingmen to compel the authorities to return the prisoners to Indiana and force them to obey the laws which they themselves have made. He referred again to the case of Durand; to the case of the cigarmakers of Tampa, refused a new trial after conviction by a packed jury and ordered to the penitentiary, and then promptly given a new trial by the Federal court hurriedly reversing itself when the general strike was declared, and of other cases where the machinery of the courts for suppressing the labor movement has been thrown out of gear by the uprising of labor in protest.

"Those of you who will go on strike if the call comes on the day that McNamara goes to trial, STAND UP!" cried Haywood.

It took the crowd by surprise, though it was known that the call would be made by the speaker at some point. For a moment only a hundred or less, who had started to their feet at once, were standing, while a startled gasp went up from hundreds of throats. Then the crowd arose, in a mass, cheering.

GROUNDLESS ALARM.

True Revolutionists Are Welcomed.

By ROSWELL R. BROWNSON.

Hurling large hunks of the latest approved Rooseveltian abuse at the heads of the many Socialists who presume to disagree with him on questions of party tactics, Comrade John Spargo, in a recently published book called "Sidelights on Contemporary Socialism," froths violently at the mouth over a fancied bogey of "anti-intellectualism" which he thinks he sees "raising its ugly head" in the ranks of the Socialist party. Comrade Spargo's book is such a bewildering maze of inconsistency that it is difficult to analyze its contents briefly and intelligently. The only excuse for noticing it at all is the fact that much of Spargo's recent work stamps him as being one of those well-meaning reformers whose attitude on vital matters indicates that they belong in the ranks of Republican insurgency or Democratic radicalism rather than in the party of Social Revolution as taught by Marx and Engels. These misguided enthusiasts, flanked by a rapacious crew of self-interested political buccaneers, have of late been so busily tilting at the windmill of "anti-intellectualism" that it becomes not only pertinent but necessary to examine their position and to inquire whether or not it is well taken—to see, in fact, whether or not this windmill at which they are tilting actually exists.

Comrade Spargo's position is this: That within the ranks of the Socialist party there are certain "blatant demagogues" and "petty, ambitious intriguers," who are trying to debar from party membership "the relatively small body of trained thinkers and scholars who devote their gifts of superior ability, education and training to the Socialist cause"—in order words, all who are not themselves bona fide members of the wage-working class. All of which is interesting if true. But is it true?

No one will deny that there are, here and there in the Socialist party, a few isolated fanatics who from time to time exercise their vocal chords by agitating some such silly policy as the above. There have been freaks in all the forward movements that the world has seen, and the Socialist movement is no exception to the rule. But the particular brand of freak who lately has been most conspicuous and numerous in the Socialist movement belongs to a diametrically opposite variety from that against which Comrade Spargo fulminates. But of this more anon. The fact remains that "anti-intellectuals" of the sort to whom Comrade Spargo refers are so few and far between that it is beyond belief that a man of Spargo's political sagacity should devote his valuable time to them to the extent of some 150 pages of high-pressure invective. If he did this he would be open to no further criticism than that he was wasting his ammunition—an error which he is too wise to be guilty of. But it appears to the writer that while professing to attack what is really a negligible quantity, Comrade Spargo is in effect leveling his lance at a foe man quite worthy of his steel—namely, a maturing determination on the part of intelligent, clear-eyed revolutionists to deprecate and oppose the dangerous tendency of muddle-headed reformists and glib-tongued political spellbinders to swerve the Socialist party from its true path of proletarian revolt and ditch it, wittingly or unwittingly, in the reactionary slough of petty bourgeois reform. The baneful results of this suicidal tendency become pathetically apparent when the "Socialist" mayor of a two-by-four hamlet, elected to office on a non-Socialist platform by non-Socialist votes, is able with impunity to slap his party organization in the face and tell it to go to hell.

No working-class Socialist with intelligence enough to last him over night says to the Socialist who does not happen to be a wage-worker: "We don't want you; stay out of our movement." What the intelligent working-class Socialist does say, and rightly, is this: "We don't want you in our movement unless you are psychologically capable of taking the working-class point of view; we don't want you unless you can divest your mind of the idea that the interests of the working class and those of the small trading class are identical; we don't want you if you think that municipal ownership of garbage incinerators and the reduction of the taxes of struggling shopkeepers are Socialist measures; we don't want you unless you have a clear understanding of the class struggle and are willing to line up with the revolutionary working class in its fight against all forms of big and little capitalist exploitation." In other words, it is a point of view—a confused and politically suicidal point of view—against which the clear-headed working-class Socialist is waging his war of self-preservation in these troublous times when the vague, unintelligent discontent of the almost-but-not-quite-down-and-

out middle class bids fair to swamp the Socialist party in a sea of worthless and obstructive reforms.

Now Comrade Spargo takes considerable pains to deny this. He emphatically affirms that the Socialists whom he dislikes are not combating a point of view only, but are actually trying to brand as "uninvited interlopers" all non-proletarian Socialists, simply because they are not proletarians, and utterly regardless of whatever stand they may take on questions of party tactics. But in order to bolster up this disingenuous charge he is forced to rummage in the dim and dusty garrets of the past—to go back to the forties of last century, when the followers of Weitling and Mazzini raised the cry of "Down with the intellectuals!" against Marx, and to the sixties and seventies, when a similar cry was raised against the great German by disciples of Proudhon and Bakunin. Comrade Spargo does not cite a single specific case of "anti-intellectualism" that is less than forty years old. "I purposely refrain," he says, "from discussing those later manifestations which come within the scope of my own experience for reasons which require no explanation." The writer submits that whatever criticism may have been directed against Comrade Spargo by Socialists who disagree with him has related solely to his stand on party tactics, and never to the accidental fact that he happens to be an author instead of a heaver of coal. True, the fact of his being an "intellectual" may or may not have been suggested as a possible explanation of his mental attitudes; but this, like the flowers that bloom in the spring, has nothing to do with the case.

Yes, Comrade Spargo, it IS a point of view, and only a point of view, which the comrades whom you gratuitously call "demagogues" and "intriguers" are striving to combat in their much misrepresented efforts to safeguard the Socialist party from the wiles of aspiring political quacks and the mistaken zeal of hazy sentimentalists whose interesting attempts to make oil and water mix might more fittingly be carried on in some other laboratory than in that of a supposedly revolutionary party. To show that this is true, no further evidence is required than the esteem in which the rank and file of the revolutionary wing of the Socialist party hold such men as Robert Rives La Monte, William English Walling, J. G. Phelps Stokes, Austin Lewis, Charles Edward Russell and many other "intellectuals" who, while not wage workers themselves, are none the less recognized by their proletarian comrades as loyal and efficient soldiers of the Social Revolution. Spargo himself rightly points to Marx, Engels, Kautsky, Lafargue and Bax as "intellectuals" to whose services the Socialist movement owes a debt that it can never pay; but he conveniently overlooks the fact that not one of these stalwart rebels would for an instant subscribe to the conciliatory, apologetic sentimentalism which has robbed so much of his own work of a value it might otherwise have possessed.

Comrade Spargo weepingly draws attention to the fact that it is chiefly the "intellectuals" who have "given voice to the 'unlearned discontent' of the despoiled and disinherited." Quite so. The "intellectuals" have surely done their share. And as long as they continue, accurately and clearly, to voice this discontent, the "demagogues" and "intriguers" will have no quarrel with them. But when, ceasing this highly creditable work, they proceed to voice something entirely different—such, for instance, as the death rattles of the expiring petty bourgeoisie, or the reactionary quibbles of fat-pursed "labor leaders" of the Compers-Mitchell-McCarthy stripe—then indeed it is time to call a halt, lest the Socialist party of America cease to be a Socialist party in anything more than name.

Of the sort of "anti-intellectualism" which would close the doors of the party to all save proletarians, there is none in the Socialist movement—that is, none of sufficient strength to cut any ice. Of the healthy spirit which strives ever more determinedly to strengthen the position of the Socialist party as the genuine political expression of the proletarian line-up in the worldwide war of the classes, there is happily a plenty. The "intellectual" who, with mind swept clean of the cobwebs of bourgeois prejudice, offers his time and his effort to the cause of the Social Revolution, need have no fear that he will be denied a welcome to the ranks of those whom Comrade Spargo so bitterly assails. But the "intellectual" who, unable to slough off his ingrained reactionary thought habits, dreams sweet dreams of reconciling irreconcilables, of fusing substances that can not fuse, and of creating by the force of his inherent genius a miraculous "peace, peace where there is no peace," had better do his dreaming elsewhere than in the party of Marx and Engels. Against "Socialists" of this type, whether they be proletarians or preachers, the fight within the party is on—and on, let us hope, to a finish. Comrade Spargo seems to fear the outcome of this fight. I wonder why!

MESSAGE FROM McNAMARA.

(By National Socialist Press.)

LOS ANGELES, Cal., July 28.—John J. McNamara sends the following greeting through the National Socialist Press to the workers who are so deeply interested in the progress of the battle on the Pacific Coast:

"Give a word of greeting to my comrades in the field. Tell them I am never for a moment unmindful of their kindly interests, their efforts and their good work. We are all fighting for our cause, each in his own place. At present my place is not the most pleasing, but I know that much good is to come out of this by knitting the working class together. It is through solidarity that Labor will win its battles and come into its own.

"Tell my brothers to keep up the work of education and agitation to the end that our struggle will result in emancipation of the workers. Keep something doing all the time and we will win in the end."

John J. McNamara looks strong and robust. Despite the fact he takes daily exercise and works to keep in trim, he and his brother James are gaining in flesh and are philosophically man-

king the best of their surroundings in the county jail.

"I have scarcely written a line to-day," said John, in speaking of the constant stream of visitors that poured into the county jail to see the McNamara boys. The secretary of the Bridge and Structural Iron Workers' Union spends much of his time writing and devotes his spare moments to reading and making notes. He is closely watching every move of the attorney for the defense and the action of the court. No detail of the proceedings is not watched and understood by him. He explains the finer points to his brother Jim.

"We will be ready when the trial opens and we are eager for the fray. Tell the boys everything is going as well as could be expected, but we must win this fight for labor," was the final word of the secretary as he turned to greet a party of friends who had just arrived.

Clarence Darrow and Lecompte Davis of the defense have gone to San Francisco and it is likely the former will make a trip to Chicago before he returns to Los Angeles.

The failure of the District Attorney to get Mrs. Emma McManigal put into jail or to force her to testify before the Grand Jury was a serious blow to the prosecution.

The woman broke down and came near dying in the corridor of the courthouse on Monday after the ordeal of hearing the assistant prosecutor plead to have her sent to prison for her refusal to answer questions propounded by the labor-hating members of the Grand Jury.

Public sympathy took such a decided swing in favor of the defense after the facts became public of the torture of Mrs. McManigal that the prosecutors became alarmed. Mrs. McManigal's troubles have scarcely ceased a moment since she arrived in Los Angeles. She was tortured into insensibility in the Grand Jury anteroom, then while the prostrated woman was on the way home the brutal Burns operatives who had given her the "third degree" contrived to cause a collision between their automobile and the one in which the physician was taking the woman to her home. On Sunday night a Burns automobile which had been following the McManigal party ran down little Evelyn McManigal and seriously injured her. The detectives' machine was running without lights and it was a wonder the child was not killed.

George Behme, uncle of Ortie McManigal, is in Los Angeles, and he has paid two visits to his nephew. Behme is a locomotive engineer from Portage, Wis. He says the story told by Ortie is fantastic and that he can disprove a part of it; that Ortie was with him at the time some of the dynamiting was alleged to have been done by him.

Behme declares Ortie acts strangely as if his mind were affected or that he is strangely influenced in some manner. He is convinced the detectives are wielding a mysterious power over the young man and that he is weak enough to yield to the Burns men.

MOLDING PUBLIC OPINION.

It was McClure's Magazine that startled itself by publishing in a serial covering quite a few issues the dope that the old scoundrel, McPartland, shot into the dome of Harry Orchard. McClure's at that time became the laughing stock of the magazine world, and to square themselves, Hugo Munsterberg, Professor of Psychology in Harvard University, was rushed to Idaho, and the Professor wrote two articles proving to the satisfaction of old man McClure that Orchard had such a peculiarly constructed brain that it would not function, if his vocal chords, lungs, tongue, etc., were to attempt to utter an untruth. Later McClure's issued a book which became a drug on the market, entitled "Confessions of Harry Orchard."

Now, lo and behold! the August number of McClure's not alone contains "Detective Burns' Own Story of His Great Case of the Dynamiters," but these shocking words appear upon the cover, crowned by an object that is in red, which object is meant to resemble a bomb.

After all, Bud Fisher, the great cartoonist, did not exaggerate when he described "Tobasco" disguised as a fish, swimming around the seal rook getting evidence. Of all the fishy things ever published, the junk peddled by Harvey J. O'Higgins, boosting Burns, takes the cake.

Hush! Listen!
"William J. Burns is concededly a great detective; but any one who had watched him for those three days would never have suspected that he was a detective at all. His art is the sort that conceals itself naturally, as if in the mysteries of intuition. Not only is his personal appearance a perfect 'disguise,' but the outward habit of his mind is as good as an alias."

In this story, Burns declares himself for the open shop, and states that the companies had the right to employ whom they pleased. As a detective Burns discovered a lot of crimes, that could be traced to J. J. McNamara. If a policeman was killed in New York in 1906, "J. J." did it; if there was a fire in Conshohocken, Pennsylvania, "J. J." is to blame and planned it; if a man was lead-piped in Follansbee, West Virginia and his skull was crushed, "J. J." was the scoundrel that caused the mischief. In fact, Burns traces a series of criminal events the length of which startles the mind, from 1906 to 1911, everywhere where men were killed and property destroyed, it can be "directly" traced to the office of the Bridge and Structural Iron Workers' Union in Indianapolis.

"Of course, all these plants and buildings and bridges and viaducts weren't being destroyed without some attempt being made by the companies to find out who was destroying them. A number of different detective agencies had been put on the trail. One had drawn \$40,000 without turning up a dynamiter. Some of the city authorities had offered big rewards—the Mayor of Indianapolis had offered \$10,000 for the men responsible for the Von Spreckelson explosion. But the detective agencies had kept turning in reports of the 'to-be-continued' sort—just going to catch the villain in the next chapter all the time—and there didn't seem to be any prospect of arresting any one, much less of stopping the

explosions. Consequently, you see, the call from McClintic, Marshall & Company put me on my mettle. I resolved to get those dynamiters and to get the 'higher-ups' if there were any behind them."

Burns is a modest man; besides being modest he claims that he loves law and order so much that he spent \$14,000 of his own money before he landed the McNamaras. He apparently had to land somebody in order to get his \$14,000 back.

This "law and order" scoundrel throws all kinds of pretty flowers at himself as he gloatingly rehearses how he stole J. J. McNamara out of Indiana, and rushed him across the country in iron. Only a curish detective could be boastful of such lawlessness. The day will come, and speedily at that, when the kidnaping of workmen will cease.

The "good" Governor Johnson of California played quite some part in aiding in the landing of J. J. McNamara into California.

This literary prostitute, O'Higgins, to enhance the powers of Burns, not only describes his beautiful mustache (Bud Fisher claims that ornament is placed in curl papers at night), but he, in order to prove his greatness, tells us the following yarn:

"A warrant had been issued for his arrest in Indianapolis on a charge of 'kidnaping' John J. McNamara, and he came to Indianapolis—to attend to the final details of the 'investigation'—knowing that the county officers would be waiting to arrest him. But, instead of slipping into town in an automobile, he arrived by train; and, instead of hiding in some friend's house, he went to the most conspicuous hotel in the city and registered, but asked the clerk not to give out the number of his room. He called his men to him by telephone, consulted with them in his apartments, and was receiving his friends openly some hours before the county constables could convince themselves that his name on the register was not a clumsy ruse to mislead them.

"But observing the coming and going of visitors, they decided what floor he was on; and two constables were posted at either end of the corridor to watch doors. This interfered with Burns' activities; he wished to see several men who could not now get access to him. He took his hat in his hand, humped up a shoulder, shortened one leg, and limped down the hallway past the constables to the elevator.

"You see," he explained afterward, "they did not know me by sight. They had my description, but that did NOT include a limp. I waited at the elevator shaft—with one of the constables not three yards from me—till the cage came. Downstairs I straightened up and walked out."

If you believe this you can believe anything you like. The tales of Baron Munchausen are more likely facts than are the yarns of Burns. Burns himself hath said that: "Private detectives, as a class, are the worst lot of blackmailing scoundrels that live." We include you, Burns, in this category.

If they want, as they claim, to give the McNamara brothers a fair trial, let them be returned to the State from which they were kidnaped; otherwise we conclude that as the "job" was foully started, it will be continued foully.

Before J. J. McNamara or his brother are hanged, we make the prediction that Burns and his ilk will be doing something useful in a society that will be in the control of the working class. "RED."

A WARNING.

By ED. MOORE.

It's the blanket stiff that tickles the earth and makes it laugh with plenty. But you seldom see the blanket stiff with the long green which makes everything serene on the journey through this vale of tears to the happy land on the other side of the Jordan.

Wearing the smile that won't come off, you see the able statesman, who represents the best people riding around the country in a luxuriantly furnished palace car, a servant at his elbow to pour him a cooling drink, which inspires him with lofty sentiments to roll forth in speech from the rear car's platform to the husky blanket stiff, who do the tickling that brings forth the wealth that makes the orator laugh with fatness.

Far be it from us to even hint that the cool, smiling fat one is getting more than his share. To say this would give the idea that he had put something in, and that he was entitled on this account to take something out. And as under our glorious system we must have an incentive to work, it would be treason to say that the fat gentleman who is enjoying prosperity, should take a hoe in his lily-white hands and do some tickling of the earth himself. For if he did that, you know, he would be taking the bread out of a blanket stiff's mouth by keeping him out of a job.

Why do the Socialists, the revolutionary ones, that is, stir up angry feelings against the good-hearted politicians who help the Morgans and the Rockefeller in their patriotic regulations, to keep wages down so that the blanket stiff will not have money to lose in stock gambling? Are not the politicians the friends of labor—just before election? Don't they pass eight-hour laws—which the courts declare are unconstitutional? And are not the judges the champions of the rights of labor—or the defenders of pirates' property? I am a little mixed on this point. But my masters, the ones who pay me wages, are sure that the judges ought to be kept on their jobs for life. They are just as sure that I ought to be fired as soon as I can't deliver the goods.

Anyway, it would be a bad thing for the blanket stiff to laugh with plenty. They would be so stuck up they would work for no one except themselves. And what would our masters do then, poor things?

Let us not be too radical. It would be such a rude shock to abolish wage-slavery. The blow might kill Morgan and Rockefeller. Who would buy the pictures of the old masters then? Who would pour the oil of bribery on the troubled waters of capitalistic politics then?

What are the sufferings of hungry children of workmen: what the misery of white slaves and the poverty of wage-workers, compared to the calamity that would befall the land of the free if the law said it would be a crime to work for another's profit?

GOOD AND BAD POLITICIANS.

By AUSTIN LEWIS.

Says old Machiavelli: "As sovereignty may be attained in two ways, without being indebted either to fortune or to virtue, it is proper that I should here detail them both; though the examination of one of them might perhaps be more appropriately placed under the article republics. The first is pursued by usurpers who obtain power by nefarious means, and the second by such private individuals who are raised by their fellow citizens to the dignity of princes of their native country."

The attainment of power by nefarious means is the chief criticism of the present conditions at the hands of the respectable. The quaint paragraph above quoted makes clear the distinction between the ideal and what actually occurs.

The method of political distinction in a republic is supposed to be and has always been taught to be the raising by their fellow citizens of private individuals, by reason of their virtues, to conspicuous positions.

But there are the usurpers who attain power by nefarious means, and against them are launched all the thunders of the respectable.

Politics must be cleansed or the republic will perish, say the Puritans. They maintain that American institutions are as nearly perfect as human ingenuity can devise, but the existence of bad men nullifies the beneficent operation of the institutions. Hence the Augean stables must be flushed and none but good men returned to office. The call for good men has resounded through the land.

In one sense, this cry justifies the criticisms passed upon governmental institutions and is a recognition of the truth of charges made by the muckrakers and a confession of the political abuses which have followed in the train and become the most notorious advertisement of the greater capitalism.

The latter of the two methods of obtaining political distinction as given by Machiavelli is the one ostensibly aimed at in a representative democracy. Private individuals who are raised to dignity by their fellow citizens form or should form in the estimation of political idealists the governing body, and should have the machinery of government in their hands. This moral luster is supposed to supply the place of social and class prestige which have been the accompaniments and ornaments of administrative officials in monarchical countries.

Given a small community in which the people are at about the same social and economic level, such a community as was predicated in the formation of the republic, and the ideal, barring accidents and limitations, is not far from being practically realized. Keen struggles for political power in a community where the contestants are well known, where their private life as well as their public record is a matter of general information, would naturally be carried on within certain well-defined bounds. In this respect the political strife in a small and comparatively poor community would approximate very closely in standard to political strife among the members of a highly favored class like the English governing class of the eighteenth century.

There would be, moreover, a distinct ethical advantage in the case of the republic. Among the members of the superior caste, ordinary morals indeed were held secondary to established position and intellectual ability. In the republic the necessity of appeal to the average man who may not so readily detect intellectual superiority but is sensitive to the prevailing ethical code necessitates a demand for men who are able to go before the mass of ordinary citizens void of offense in the general public estimation. This was unquestionably the case in the early days of the republic. The standard of public morals was fairly high, and in the well-settled and established communities political life was decorous to a degree. It is easy, of course, to point out examples of bribery and corruption, of manipulating votes, and of all the little tricks which are inseparable from contests in which only the strictest watching can prevent men from taking advantage of one another; but there was no wholesale corruption. Such cheating as there happened to be was small and local and consisted of the petty frauds which members of a community engaged in small business would be likely to practice on one another.

When we arrive at the point, however, where there is a conflict between the law and the economic interests of a rising class, a new condition arises. Then ability to break the law becomes a commodity which has a distinct value in the market, and a premium is placed upon the unethical. Thereupon arises the professional politician, in the bad and modern sense.

The trade of professional politician is looked upon with some scorn under any circumstances. Such scorn is, however, traditional, and is a survival of the opinion held by a class rich enough to make an avocation of politics; and which therefore despised those who demanded pay for political services.

In a social state, however, where poor men are eligible for political position, a bare living, at least, must be provided for those who give their time and ability to political life. Politics thereupon becomes a trade, but not necessarily an evil trade. Where, however, the funds provided for the maintenance of politicians are not sufficient to enable them to maintain the appearance of prosperity essential to their social position, the professional, who after all must make his career in the life which he has marked out for himself as his chosen vocation, becomes inclined to supplement his income by irregular and dishonest additions. He thus becomes an object of merchandise and offers his services to those who, having specific political work to do, are ready to pay for it.

This is already an acknowledged fact in the United States, and all sorts of remedies are proposed. One of the most favored of these is to increase the pay of politicians to the point where they would not be so likely to succumb to temptation at the hands of the wealthy. This is a remedy favored strongly by the fair prosperous who, judging the pay of professional politicians in comparison with their own economic standards, find it ludicrously

(Continued on Page 3)

REVOLT

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NAILING SOME LIES

The following communication from William Thurston Brown, State Secretary of the Socialist party of Montana, is self-explanatory. Readers of REVOLT are sufficiently well informed to know how far beyond the Thurston Brown matter the mendacity of State Executive Board Member Cantrell goes in the article referred to.

Butte, Montana, July 24, 1911.

Editor REVOLT:
Dear Comrade: By chance, I have just read the communication by Edward Adams Cantrell in the California Social Democrat of July 15th. This communication claims to give the facts. I cannot speak for other parts of the article, but it is so far astray from the facts as regards myself, that I cannot let the matter pass without a distinct protest.

Mr. Cantrell is speaking for the State Committee of the Socialist party of California. Presumably, what he has written received the approval of that committee. He would have the Socialists of California believe that he has stated the facts in this article. So far as I am concerned, he has not stated the facts and he must have known that he did not state the facts. Secretary Meriam knows that he did not state the facts.

Mr. Cantrell says: "As to William Thurston Brown; it came to us that he had swung to the anarchistic side of the radical movement, and that he had practically broken with the party. This was borne out by the fact that the I. W. W. organization which had been fighting us all through the State, was talking for him. Emma Goldman was acting as his advance agent and was claiming him as a convert from Socialism. When the editor of REVOLT tried to arrange a debate between her and Brown, in San Francisco, she declined to debate, saying that there was absolutely no difference between them."

F. B. Meriam knows that this statement is false, at least in important particulars. The refusal of the State Committee to route me through the State, after Secretary Meriam had written me that they might do so—and this, without my asking the committee to do anything of the kind—was due to the fact that when Meriam asked me for my terms, I stated that the International Socialist Review had offered to provide subscription cards as tickets, somewhat on the same plan as is followed in the case of Haywood. Meriam immediately wrote me that the State Committee would not route any man who came with the endorsement of the International Socialist Review. I have his letters on file, and can furnish them in proof of what I say.

At that time, the State Committee of California had no knowledge that Emma Goldman would have anything to do in advertising my meetings. It had not "come to California State Committee that I had swung to the anarchistic side of the radical movement." After I came to California, it is true I met Emma Goldman in Los Angeles and that she helped to arrange a series of meetings for me there. If this action of hers connected me with the anarchistic movement in the mind of Mr. Cantrell why does not the fact that she also had something to do with arranging a debate with him a year or so previously connect him with anarchism? She was no more my advance agent than she was his. What she did for me was done through personal friendship. And if Mr. Cantrell meant what he said in personal conversations with Ben Reitman, Emma Goldman, myself and others while in Los Angeles, he certainly occupies a sorry figure coming into print with this silly and baseless statement concerning myself. He knows perfectly well that all that Emma Goldman did for me in California she would have done for any other personal friend.

The fact of the matter is—and this is the only pertinent point in this whole business as it relates to my connection with the State Committee of the California Socialist party—that my case was disposed of by Secretary Meriam long before I left Salt Lake to come to California.

Whether the editor of REVOLT tried in vain to arrange a debate between me and Emma Goldman in San Francisco, he can say. I myself proposed, though not very confidently, that very thing to Miss Goldman before she came to California, and I believe I wrote of the matter to some member of the party in San Francisco. It may be, too, that Miss Goldman believed that there was not enough difference of opinion between us AS TO THE NECESSITY OF INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM to make a debate very profitable.

But Mr. Cantrell has evidence in his possession that I refused to debate with him in Los Angeles on the question of Direct Action versus Political Action, consenting simply to debate the RELATIVE VALUE of the two forms of action. And that is a position which I consistently maintained throughout my stay on the Coast, as can be proven by plenty of witnesses.

I am sorry, indeed, to have to charge Mr. Cantrell with falsehood and misrepresentation, and if he has made this statement without ascertaining the facts from Secretary Meriam, he is so

far exonerated. But whatever may be the case, his statement is not what it purports to be.

Yours for a revolutionary movement based on truth-telling and tolerance,
WILLIAM THURSTON BROWN,
State Secretary, Socialist Party of Montana.

RECALL MOTION LAUNCHED.

Branch Palo Alto Socialist party of California initiates the following motion as a referendum: 1st. We demand the immediate recall of our present State Secretary-Treasurer, F. B. Meriam. 2nd. We demand an immediate call for the annual meeting of the State Board of Control, and the election of a State Executive Committee to take the place of those members now illegally posing and functioning as such Committee.

Reasons For Recall.

1st. He has failed to submit to a referendum vote of the party membership our last State platform adopted by the State Convention at San Jose September 10 and 11, 1910.

2nd. For scrupulously living up to the unauthorized, illegal and unconstitutional platform even to refusing to route through the State such men as Debs, Brown, Bohn, Walling and Haywood—men of international fame as thorough, scientific Socialists.

3rd. For violating our State Constitution, adopted by referendum vote November 29, 1908, and as amended November 23, 1909, in the following particulars:

(a) Sec. 16, paragraph D, reads: "His duties shall be to assist the State Central Committee (now State Board of Control) and the State Executive Committee in the performance of all powers and duties imposed on such committees." This section he has violated by refusing to furnish a member of the State Board of Control from this district with the names and addresses of the other members of said Board, thus failing to assist the State Board of Control in the performance of its duties.

(b) Sec. 12, paragraph B, provides that the State Central Committee (now Board of Control) shall meet at least once in each odd numbered year. The date when and place where such meeting shall be held shall be fixed by a referendum to their own committee membership to be submitted by the S. E. C. in the month of June in each odd numbered year. This is, as we know, an odd numbered year, and the month of June has passed without the referendum having been submitted.

(c) Sec. 16, paragraph F, reads: "He shall supply all the Socialist presses of the State with correct minutes of the transactions of the S. E. C. and the S. C. C., except business done in strictly executive session, and special minutes of all such business shall be sent by mail to each State Central Committeeman, each Local, Branch, and member at large in the State, and he shall cause a copy of some Socialist paper containing the minutes of the S. E. C. to be mailed to each member of the S. C. C., Local, Branch, and member at large, as soon after the meeting of the S. E. C. as the paper containing the report thereof is published." This section he has violated in the past, as any member knows who has tried to follow the official acts of the S. E. C. Financial reports. Votes of Local on referendum. Such reports are often published months late, although there are several Socialist papers in the State published weekly. He thus proves himself incompetent, or a wilful violator and unworthy to hold a position of trust in the Socialist party.

(d) Sec. 18, paragraph F, reads: "All the acts of any State Convention of the party, excepting a nominating convention, shall be submitted to a referendum vote of the membership of the party in the State for approval or disapproval." As has been stated before, he has violated this section by refusing to submit to a vote of the party membership the last State platform and other acts of the last State Convention.

Argument.

Comrades, a grave duty forces itself upon us, and we are compelled by our consciences to take this to us seemingly mild action. It is not our desire to involve the State in factional strife, but when a secretary, supported by a so-called State Executive Committee, resorts to such unwarranted and high-handed old party ring methods, we believe the time to be ripe for his recall. We are of the opinion that in giving the above reasons for his recall we have stated the facts mildly. To our knowledge three recently elected members of the State Board of Control have resigned in shame and disgust from the party, as well as many individual members. We are right now confronted with the embarrassing situation of an illegal and to our mind undesired State Executive Committee incorporated for one long year as directors of the official State paper. Doubtless the S. E. C. hopes to keep itself permanently in office by controlling editor of State paper. Such unwarranted, high-handed methods will succeed in driving from the party many tireless and devoted workers for the cause of Socialism, unless we, the membership, show that according to our constitution, the supreme authority rests with us, and not with our self-elected agents. How long, Oh, how long! will we permit this autocrat to insult and slur the noblest workers for our cause, and then send out (at our expense) long letters in defense of his actions, for which there would be no necessity were he performing the duties of his office according to constitutional requirements?

Comrades, there are stores of evidence against this man, but lack of space prevents us from enumerating further. However, one has but to read our State Constitution and his own contradictory statements to be convinced of the truth of these charges.

We therefore call upon all Locals and Branches throughout the State to second this referendum, in order that our party, the Socialist party, may not perish, but be brought out of its present chaotic state and become the effective machine of the working class for both industrial and political action in their fight against Capitalism.

A. E. MATHESON, Chairman.
M. HOWATT, Secretary.

Locals seconding the above please notify the secretary.

GOOD AND BAD POLITICIANS.

(Continued from Page 2)

inadequate. But the majority of the electorate, on the other hand, are inclined to think the salary of a professional politician quite comfortable in comparison with their own economic circumstances, and would oppose any wholesale increase in the salaries of public officials as extravagance and as tending to the formation of a favored class of public servants with incomes and social position much above the average of their constituents. This, too, was exactly the condition which was sought to be avoided at the institution of the government, and the tradition still prevails to such a degree that it is doubtful whether it can ever be upset.

Moreover, there does not seem to be any reason to suppose that an increase in the economic rewards of officials would tend to greater honesty on their part, as there is no probability that the public service could ever offer salaries at all commensurable with the rewards which the greater capitalists would hold out for the performance of specific political work.

Such work must of necessity, it will be observed, be in contravention of the law. Otherwise it would not be so rewarded, as the ordinary legal business of the greater capitalism would be transacted without the necessity of additional pay.

The solution of the corruption of politics lies in one of two directions, therefore: either the greater capitalism will so completely control affairs that the laws will mirror its economic necessities and the constitutions be so interpreted that those necessities have legal sanction, or the greater capitalism must vanish.

The former of these alternatives would result in the formation of a dominant political caste, as in England. The career of politics would cease to become a profession and would be what it formerly was in England, an amusement of the dominant class, and we should have a condition of affairs very similar to that which maintained in the eighteenth century. England, in which the sons of the dominant class took an active personal interest in politics, held high official positions and controlled the executive, legislative, administrative and judicial offices. There is no question that under such conditions the more sordid of politics would tend to disappear, that actual bribery and corruption of politics would cease, and that the ambitions of personal leaders would become the motives of immediate political action.

Some such solution of the present condition is sought by the "better classes," who openly express their desire that the existing type of politician should be changed, and impress upon the young men of their own class the necessity of taking up politics and wresting the political management from the hands of the demagogues. A beginning in that direction has been made in some quarters and the advent of the new type has been hailed with derisive epithets such as "silk-stockinged."

But the limited suffrage was one of the chief reasons for the continued possession of power by the limited aristocratic group above mentioned. To-day those who are advocates of selectness in politics eagerly discuss the limitation of the voting power and complain that the suffrage rests upon too broad a basis. In fact, distinct steps have been taken looking to a limitation of the suffrage in various parts of the country. But such a limitation is inconceivable in this or any other modern community. The bourgeoisie has brought the suffrage in its train as a necessary and unavoidable concomitant of its own progress, and the enfranchised voters will march at the funeral of the bourgeoisie. The revival of a privileged aristocratic class in possession of the economic power and at the same time in exclusive control of the political offices is at the present date in the world's history an impossibility and may be left out of our calculations.

The alternative, the elimination of the greater bourgeoisie, can only be introduced in terms of the triumph of the proletariat, for the proletariat is, the only force which can furnish the motive power for the destruction of that latest form of economic tyranny.

Under the conditions, of proletarian victory and the triumph of industrial democracy, the conditions of present-day politics would not be likely to operate, and such matters as the graft of politicians could not very well arise.

The matter of good and bad politicians is a present-day question, transitory and of no particular interest to the proletariat.

Between good and bad politicians the choice of the proletarian voter is frequently confined to the latter. The so-called good government leagues and political purity leagues are most frequently opposed to the working class, and the latter suffer more conspicuously at their hands than at the hands of the bad politicians. This arises from the fact that those organizations are generally controlled by the middle classes and small bourgeois who find their immediate economic interests in antagonism to the interests of organized labor. They resent the demands of organized labor; in fact, they cannot afford to accede to them and maintain their position in face of the economic pressure to which they are subjected in their competition with the greater capitalism. Hence it comes about that, generally speaking, the condition of labor is worse in those regions where the small bourgeoisie is in power. The most sweeping municipal ordinance against trade union activities was passed in Los Angeles, a town notoriously under the domination of the small bourgeoisie. In the same State, California, which is admittedly an advanced community from the labor standpoint, armed scabs were allowed freely to walk about in Oakland, a town under the influence of the small bourgeois. Many other such instances could be given.

Generally speaking, there is an antipathy between the good politicians and the laboring class, arising from a more or less conscious understanding on the part of the workers of their economic interests. So an open appeal to ethics in political matters is generally rebuffed by the labor vote, to the disgust of the respectable, who regard the attitude of the worker in this matter as evidence of his irredeemable obtuseness on moral questions.

The question continually arises at election times, but can be dismissed easily, for it does not concern

the working class. The shame of city governments and the corruption prevailing in the legislatures are the concern of the bourgeois alone; they do not reflect upon the proletariat, and the latter suffers nothing from their persistence, neither does he gain anything by their removal under the present condition of society.

The only salvation of the worker lies in his independent political attitude, that determined isolation from capitalist politics which is the result of his economic isolation, and his invincible antagonism to all that the present system implies.

His political actions are neither ethical nor unethical; they depend upon no bourgeois conceptions as to what constitutes good or bad politics; they are aimed frankly at the acquisition of power and derive their propulsion from the immediate economic needs of the proletariat as displayed in its industrial movements.

HAYWOOD DATES IN CALIFORNIA.

- July 22, Valencia Theatre, San Francisco; auspices of the Local.
 - July 23, Oakland; auspices of the Branch.
 - July 25, Melrose, Alameda county; auspices of the Branch.
 - July 26, San Jose; auspices of the Branch.
 - July 28, Alameda; auspices of the Branch.
 - July 30, (Sunday afternoon); REVOLT picnic in Glen Park.
 - July 30, (evening), Oakland, auspices of the I. W. W.
 - August 2, Richmond; auspices of the Local.
 - August 8, Anaheim; auspices of the Branch.
 - August 10, San Diego.
 - August 18, Fresno.
 - August 23, San Francisco; for benefit of REVOLT.
 - August 26, Sacramento.
- (Other dates from July 22 to August 25 are open. Apply to REVOLT.)

LOS ANGELES HAYWOOD DATE CANCELED.

At the urgent request of counsel for the defense of the McNamara brothers, who are convinced that a Haywood meeting in Los Angeles at this time would be made the basis of new and perhaps more or less effective capitalistic plots against the persecuted men, the date has been canceled—or, rather, the meeting is deferred. This course was agreed upon after extended discussion between Comrade Haywood and the REVOLT Board of Directors.

Haywood will return to California early in the coming winter, and at that time, undoubtedly, conditions will permit him to deliver the promised address in Los Angeles.

FAMOUS WRITER IN ENGLAND CONTRIBUTES TO REVOLT.

London, England, July 13.

Dear Comrade:
Ever since I heard of your venture I have been anxious to help you, but I get no time. But the enclosed will at least show good will.

All Socialists here are expecting Ramsay MacDonald any day to enter the Liberal Cabinet, and all say "the sooner the better."

The Hull strike has done wonders for proletarian solidarity in England—far more than a dozen political victories.

Yours for the Revolution,
ROBERT RIVES LA MONTE.

(Editorial Note.—Comrade La Monte's article, dealing in his usual forceful fashion with conditions in England and their meaning in the worldwide revolutionary movement, will appear in the next issue of REVOLT. Other articles of importance, including one by Estelle Baker, author of "The Rose Door," will be published next week.)

Grand Ball

Given by the Jewish Socialist Club, Workmen's Circle and Cloakmakers' Union for the benefit of the Socialist press.

SUNDAY EVENING, AUGUST 6, IN JEFFERSON SQUARE HALL

925 Golden Gate Avenue

Admission 25 Cents

William McDevitt will address the gathering at 8 p. m.

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

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

SOCIALIST PARTY PLATFORM.

SAN FRANCISCO.

We, the members of the Socialist Party of San Francisco, in convention assembled, proclaim ourselves an integral part of the International Socialist movement. We stand in absolute antagonism to the Capitalist Class and to every candidate of that class, including the candidates of the so-called Union Labor Party.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Program.

Pledging ourselves to a real working class administration in this city, the Socialist Party presents to the workers the following program as measures to defend or advance the interests of labor. We realize, however, that all such measures are only a part of the legislation needed by labor in its daily warfare with capitalism, and we pledge ourselves to every remedial measure that will aid the workers industrially or politically, or in any way advance the cause of man against mammon, human life against graft and greed, of freedom of thought and speech and deed against every device of the despoiler and the despot. We pledge our candidates to the following measures:

1. A universal maximum work day of not more than than eight hours.
2. Immediate relief for the unemployed by giving them employment on useful public work at union wages for union hours.
3. The most improved sanitary shop and housing conditions.
4. The strict enforcement of adequate child labor legislation.
5. Adequate provisions for free public employment agencies and the abolition of private employment agencies and kindred forms of grafting on the workers.
6. Adequate provisions for the education of all children. This to include free text books and free mid-day meals.
7. The abolition of the "third degree" and similar forms of police outrages.
8. The collective municipal ownership of all public utilities as an inevitable part of the general Socialist program to transfer the ownership of the means of production to the working class.

SOCIALIST PARTY TICKET.

Primary Municipal Election,
September 26, 1911.

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

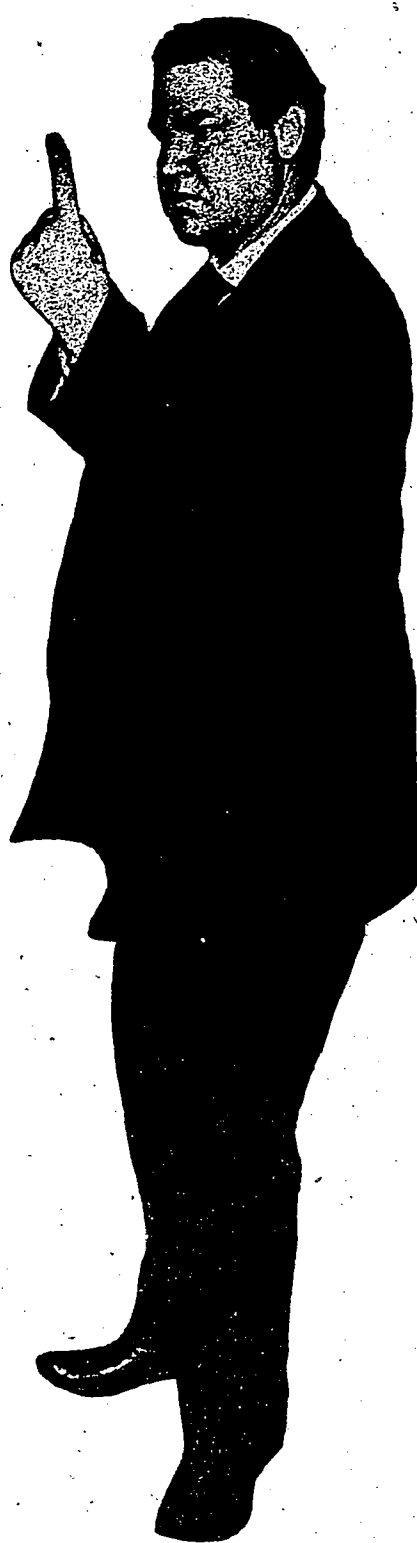
To vote for Socialism, vote this ticket and Vote It Straight!

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WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD.



HOOTS AND FOOZLES.

Those who heard "Bill" Haywood last Saturday night could not help but appreciate the power of the man. Every reader of REVOLT should be anxious to clasp the hand of "Our Bill." The contact and the personal acquaintance with him will do a rebel a world of good. The masters certainly show themselves a "brainy lot" when they fear "Bill" Haywood. Come one and all to our picnic at Glen Park, on Sunday, July 30th, where "Bill" will be having a good time with the local Socialists. Haywood, McDevitt and Lewis all will say a few words at our picnic.

Police Inspector Nicholas Hunt declared that he was certain of convicting the Chicago labor men, recently arrested and charged with conspiracy to murder. The "case" against the arrested men hinged upon a "confession." And now that the dream of the State's attorney Wayman, of Cook County, Illinois, has gone up in smoke, we have it in the words of a police inspector that the story told by the "confessor" was "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." The State's attorney gave up the case when a cross-examination tore to pieces the story of the chief witness, Frank Prade, who was the Orchard-McManigal in that issue. Perchance our own detective Burns is blowing hot and cold, rushing into print and acting as if he had a case of fever in place of a case against the McManara brothers.

As in the case of the Chicago labor men, so the Los Angeles case will fizzle out as far as the prosecution goes. But to the workers the sure triumph in the courtroom in Los Angeles will hasten the lasting triumph of labor economically and politically.

Those who would confound Socialism and Democracy need mental medical treatment. Socialism is a move-

Ten Cent Books on Socialism

- How Capitalism Has Hypnotized Society, by William Thurston Brown (just ready).
Socialism Made Easy, Connolly.
Crime and Criminals, Darrow.
The Open Shop, Darrow.
Unionism and Socialism, Debs.
The State and Socialism, Deville.
Socialism, Revolution, Internationalism, Deville.
The Detective Business, Dunbar.
The Question Box, Eastwood.
Suppressed Information, Warren.
Socialism, What It Is, Liebknecht.
The Right to Be Lazy, Lafargue.
Class Struggles in America, Simons.
Our Mental Enslavement, Caldwell.
The Socialist Movement, Vall.
One Big Union, Trautmann.
The Wolves, Wason.
The Communist Manifesto, Marx and Engels.
The Social Evil, Greer.
Value, Price and Profit, Marx.
One each of these twenty books or twenty copies of any one of them will be mailed to any address for \$1.00. In smaller lots, 10c a copy, postpaid. Address:

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ment on the part of the workers, to take possession of the political and industrial forces of the world, so that the producers will enjoy the products of their labor. Democracy plays but little part in the class war now raging.

The tyrant Madero, besides using his Wall Street power to get into his clutches a few of the brave men who strive for real freedom for the "Slaves of Yucatan," is also engaged in the nefarious vocation of publishing a "Socialist" (sic) paper. The ways of the capitalist scoundrels certainly are varied. Madero claims to be the people's best friend. Suppose that is the reason he wants to fasten his fangs into Comrades Mosby, Magon, Laffin and the many others who appreciate him at his true value.

The call of the wild can not be put in the same class with the call of the belly.

Some of that Berkeley "science" is taking a peculiar shape. That breaking of bread with the merchants and leading capitalist "pollies" is running "science" on a successful scale. This vulgar class struggle must be hidden from view, so we have our "Socialist" Mayor banqueting with our foes. It is said that the waiters at the feast saw the Mayor shiver when, as of old at a similar feast, there appeared upon the wall a sign which read as follows: "Thou hast been weighed in the balance and found wanting."

Now and again an artist appears upon our little planet that sends a thrill of joy pulsating through all that understand. We have been thrilled and we understand. And it is free. The thing can be viewed at 4th and Market streets in San Francisco. A painting is the cause of our manifestations of this. The "artist" that did the job will remain unknown. Paddy McCarthy can be seen rising above some funny things like a suitable angel. He is pointing with one hand at an allegorical figure labeled "Labor," the other mitt is stretched out toward another figure labeled "Capital." Labor and Capital are slipping, or trying to pass, something to Mac. Some say that the something is a pair of golden wreaths; others contend that the something are halloes. Go and look at the thing, and then seeing, realize that a man who stands for both of the contending forces in society stands for neither.

It seems as if painters and sign painters planned to torture us with the new primary law that afflicts San Francisco. Never before has so much ink and paper and canvas and paint been wasted in advertising political adventures.

The "Workmen's Compensation" will be a fact when the workers take over the means of production and distribution.

There can be no harmony between the workingmen, who produce the wealth, and the capitalists, who take it.

Jim Rolph impudently displays a sign urging his election and intimating that his being elected will mean a world-wide endorsement of San Francisco. By saying "world-wide," this pretty faced capitalist no doubt means that the capitalists, or rather certain capitalist interests of America, will be pleased. As for the workers, they must grit their teeth and be prepared for a hard series of struggles in case of the election of Rolph. A wage-worker that votes for Rolph is committing treason. The workers should vote for neither Rolph nor McCarthy, but the straight Socialist ticket.

Speed, Rush, Hurry! That is the power that the American capitalists

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enjoy. We rush ourselves to an early grave to satisfy the exquisite and the educated tastes of our master class. When we rush we produce wealth quicker. Let's do some speeding on our own account by getting busy and staying busy on the job of converting the workers to the theories and practices of Socialism.

SELIG SCHULBERG.

WAR AND THE WORKERS.

YOUNG MAN: When you are asked to enlist in the army or navy to be used as food for cannon, be sure to look before you leap.

Remember: The Spanish-American War, with its vile and unspeakable record of Embalmed Beef, Shoddy Uniforms, Bum-fitting Brogans, Leaky Tents, Rotten Ships and a Rottener Bureaucracy, Blow Hole Armor Plate a la Carnegie, Insufficient and Inedible Food, Venereal Diseases and Malarial Fever.

Remember: That the sugar and tobacco trusts got the goods and the workers got the malarial fever.

Remember: That the officers got the honor and the glory, and the men got shot at.

Remember: That the officers got three squares each day, while the rank and file were starving on three moldy hardtacks.

Remember: That these arrogant and overbearing officers were commissioned because they hadn't energy enough to work; brains enough to beg; or courage enough to steal.

Remember: That the American Workers had no quarrel with the Spanish Workers, anyway.

Remember: That the acquisition of Cuba and the Philippines never raised your wages, shortened your hours, or otherwise bettered your conditions.

Remember: The pensions the men didn't get.

Remember: Those who were maimed, mutilated and disfigured for life.

Remember: The boys who never came back.

Think of the Widows. Think of the Orphans. Think of Yourself.

LET THOSE WHO OWN THE COUNTRY DO THE FIGHTING.
WALKER C. SMITH.

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WHERE TO GO.

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

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

Socialist dance every Saturday evening, Puckett's Maple Hall, Polk and California streets.

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

Maynard Shipley, member of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, will speak every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, in Lyric Hall, 513 Larkin Street. Subjects for August will be (1) The Pedigree of Man; (2) Economic Evolution; (3) War; What For? (4) Poverty; Its Cause and Cure.

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

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