

"To Organize the Slaves of Capital to Vote Their Own Emancipation."

The Socialist

For the Socialist Party

The Workingman's Paper - One Dollar a Year Six Months, Fifty Cents

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ON THE FIRING LINE! FIRST BLOOD FOR DEFENSE

THE SOCIALIST will always be found where the fight is thickest and the need greatest.

The next issue of THE SOCIALIST will appear at Caldwell as soon as the transfer is made and second class rates secured.

THE SOCIALIST in Idaho will be the same SOCIALIST it was in Seattle for five years and in Toledo for fifteen months.

The undersigned will be in direct control of THE SOCIALIST from this time forward.

Comrades, we depend upon you to push the circulation of THE SOCIALIST, both daily and weekly.

Yours for the downfall of Capitalism. HERMON F. TITUS, ERWIN B. AULT.

ANNOUNCEMENT

With this issue Mrs. Mally and myself sever our connection with THE SOCIALIST in any official capacity.

We leave THE SOCIALIST with sincere regrets. We believe such a paper essential to the proper growth and development of the Socialist party organization in this country.

During the past fifteen months THE SOCIALIST has gained many new friends and supporters. It has done this, despite many difficulties and much opposition.

We hope that all the present workers for THE SOCIALIST will continue to give Comrade Titus and Comrade Ault their encouragement and support.

We thank all the workers for THE SOCIALIST who have by their words and acts given us inspiration and courage during our work on the paper.

GORKI AND AMERICAN PEOPLE

By Clarence Mally.

A few years ago, a scion of the Russian imperial family visited America, his route marked by a series of orgies with chorus girls and prostitutes.

The contrast in the receptions accorded Grand Duke Boris and Maxim Gorky demonstrates that the fault of the latter did not lie in mere unchastity.

Wherein, then, lay Maxim Gorky's fault? What is the height and front of this most serious offending? It is not far to seek.

It is this economic service which it renders to the propertied class, which gives it at once its sanctity and its vitality as a special institution.

is in fact an economic expedient devised for the furtherance of class domination, and deriving the traditional immutability of its bonds from the mercenary foundation on which it rests.

More than any other folk on the globe, the American people are bourgeois. Their thought and feeling, their point of view, their traditional prejudices, their smug decorum, their flaccid sentiment; their mean ideals, their stuperous religious hypocrisy, are all testimony to the besotted worship of the institution of private property.

The reasons for their disbandment, as far as could be ascertained by the state office, were as follows: Six were broken up by labor troubles, four by internal strife, and three by poverty and sickness.

The same work has already begun for this campaign. Comrade James O'Neal will begin the campaign as soon as the convention adjourns. A new feature is being put to a test with the first month's work.

OHIO STATE CONVENTION

The State Convention of the Socialist Party of Ohio was held at Columbus on May 26 and 27, in the Trades Assembly hall.

The marked feature of the two days' session was the promptness and dispatch with which the business was disposed of.

With few exceptions no delegates occupied the time limit of five minutes in speaking to the various questions that came before the convention.

The following delegates were seated during this and succeeding sessions of the convention:

- List of Delegates. Akron - J. M. Bauer. Ashabula - W. E. Boynton.

Real indebtedness at this time \$64.65. The unpaid bills are attached to this report.

The invoice of the state office will show the following articles on hand: One large roll-top desk, one typewriter, two rocking chairs, one mimeograph, two window awnings and screen, one table, two desk chairs, one pigeon-hole cabinet, one complete card system, one glass-front book case.

Concluding, I must call your attention to some of the things that, in my opinion, should be considered by your body.

My experience in the state office has proven to me that the most important thing to be attended to is, first, to more solidly organize; second, to educate your own members as to why they are organized and how to extend the organization in their respective territory.

These same recommendations have been made to the state conventions for the past four years, but as yet have not been acted on. I believe the time has come when we cannot afford to ignore them.

To attempt to raise a fund for the purpose by contributions has proven to be a failure, and a systematic plan must be evolved.

I suggest that we raise the dues to 15 cents to the state office, with the provision that 5 cents of it be placed into a special fund for the purpose of engaging an organizer, especially during the winter months, to do the work outlined above.

No doubt the matter will be thoroughly discussed by your body and further remarks at this time are useless.

Thanking the membership of Ohio, and especially the secretaries of the Locals, for their co-operation in the work, I remain, Your Comrade, EDWARD GARDNER.

The resolutions and suggestions to go to the various committees were then, on motion, read to the convention. Attention was called to the fact that some resolutions affecting the constitution had not gone to the Locals six weeks prior to the convention, as required by the constitution.

After three cheers for the Social Revolution, the convention adjourned sine die.

The committee on Propaganda and Organization submitted a report favorable to the Dayton plan of organization, and recommended that it be referred to the Locals.

Communication of Local Painesville asking that blank spaces be printed on back of application cards for each month of the year, and cards reduced in size for filing purposes, was read, and motion to non-concur was carried.

were \$282.80. Expenses for the same period 3013.71. Leaving a deficit for the year of \$2154.91.

Total \$230.64. Leaving a balance of \$40 on the old state debt. The receipts of the state office were phenomenally small for the last three months.

Total \$48.10. Therefore the actual condition, financially, of the state office is as follows:

Total \$112.75. Cash in Org. Fund \$28.05. 291 due stamps on hand \$14.55. 11 coupon books at 50c \$5.50.

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The Dayton plan of local organization was on motion referred to the Executive Committee, to be embodied in a recommendation by them to the Locals.

There being no other committees ready to report, nominations for State Headquarters were called for, and Cincinnati and Columbus were nominated.

Edward Gardner was nominated for State Secretary. On motion it was decided to leave nominations open till after other committees had made their reports.

Convention then adjourned.

Sunday Morning Session. Session was called to order at 9 a.m. Comrade Devine was elected chairman for the day.

Minutes for previous sessions were read, corrected and approved.

The Platform Committee submitted their report, which after a number of amendments was adopted.

The platform is almost identical with that of last year, the most important change made being in striking out the last section in the old platform, under the heading "Progressive Measures."

The following State ticket was then nominated: Secretary of State - C. J. Hensley, Cincinnati.

Dairy and Food Commissioner - John E. Emmons, New Richmond. Board of Public Works - John A. Blass, Cleveland.

Resolutions were adopted declaring the Socialist Party of Ohio favorable to unity of Socialists in accord with the International Socialist Congress.

The Committee on Finance reported the books of the State Secretary correct. They also reported in favor of coupon books, to be sold to Locals at 30 per cent of their value.

Convention then adjourned. Sunday Afternoon Session. Session was called to order at 1:30 p.m. John Willert, of Cleveland, was nominated for State Secretary, and on motion to reconsider nominations for headquarters, Cleveland was nominated also.

A number of members of Local Cincinnati, attending the State Convention of the Socialist Labor Party as fraternal delegates, were present, and of these, E. H. Vaupel asked for the floor. Comrade Bandlow objected on the ground that Vaupel had identified himself with interests detrimental to the Socialist Party.

This precipitated the most lengthy discussion of the convention. Comrade Hollanbaugh, of Fostoria, State Committee-man, also asked for the floor, which was extended by the convention. He asked that the convention hear Vaupel. A motion finally prevailed that floor be not extended to Vaupel.

The convention then listened to the Marcelline from the Twentieth Century graphophone that Comrades Libenthal and O'Neal will take on their trip through the state, the convention joining in the chorus.

Strong resolutions on the kidnaping of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone were adopted, and on motion it was decided to mimeograph the proceedings and send them to the Locals.

After three cheers for the Social Revolution, the convention adjourned sine die.

The train pulled in and three of us alighted. East Aurora is a pretty little village just about 18 miles from Buffalo, admirably situated in the flat land of New York state, reached by fresh breezes from the lake.

East Aurora has one attraction, The Roycrofters.

Preliminary Hearing In Moyer, Haywood, Pettibone Case Shows the Possibility of Immediate Trial

Special Dispatch to THE SOCIALIST.

Caldwell, Idaho, May 29.—The Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone case opened today in Judge Frank J. Smith's court. The time for the actual trial is not yet set.

The prosecution tried to get Judge Smith to defer the trial until October on the ground that the proceedings were null and void, while the appeal of the defense from the United States circuit court to the United States supreme court in the habeas corpus case is still pending.

Judge Smith surprised both sides by ridiculing the prosecution's attempt to throw the odium of delay on the court and demanded a motion if the prosecution wanted anything done.

Clarence Darrow for the defense refused to waive any of the clients rights. The United States supreme court must pass upon the extradition of three prisoners from Colorado.

All the defendants' lawyers, Richardson of Denver, Darrow of Chicago, Nugent of Idaho, and Miller of Spokane, were present today. Mrs. Moyer and Mrs. Pettibone were also present in court producing fine impression. They are both handsome, well dressed women. Mrs. Haywood is a chronic invalid and is top ill to be present. Her father, Mr. Miner, is present, however.

A great change in public sentiment is apparent. The court room was crowded today with friends of the prisoners, who are now treated like men. The Pinkertons are no longer in charge, but they are bitterly despised. The prisoners look well but pale.

I have contracted for verbatim reports of the trial for the DAILY SOCIALIST, which will certainly start the beginning of the trial.

But on closer investigation proved not to be the case. The girls and boys had their vocal organs unimpaired, only something wafted from some unknown sphere told them not to talk. They were silent by inspiration, so engrossed in their work, don't you know!

The same is true of city slave-pens. Well, Fra Elbertus isn't keeping the watchful eye he might. For out from under a beautiful colored title-page appeared—Now, what do you suppose?

Just a TIME CARD! A just a time-kind of time card as the city slave-pen affects. You account for every minute of the day, dearest, and don't you forget it!

In every shop entrance appear those magic words: "ICH DIEN." Verily, the Fra rubs it in. Some other matters that grace and illumine the workshop are: "The love you liberate in your work you keep."

In plain language this would read: "Work means love. Keep working for Fra." Again: "Visitors at the Shop are always welcome, but the presence of the local agrarian—with time to incinerate—who comes here solely to visit the workers, is not desired. Tell the loquacious loafer we have work to do."

We were wise. Whence that pensive silence. In the city slave-pen the sign reads, more bluntly, "Don't talk to the operatives." You might learn something.

We left the Shop, and were shown through the Inn. The Roycroft eatery is well done and the average wage-slave might feel inclined to investigate the grub in such attractive surroundings. But we were not average wage-slaves. Not us! We had found a place in Buffalo where for half the price soaked by the Roycrofters, we could get a fine meal, in just as pretty surroundings.

We returned to the office. Thus far our impressions would have been a matter of conjecture. Certainly no city slaves toiled in such admirable surroundings, where there is plenty of light and invigorating country air. True, the lassie was ever at our elbow, volunteering information as to the price of the "books and things," lest we breathe in the agony of suspense. But that was mere business, and we live in a commercial age.

However, Comrade Kopelin had furnished me with some names of people who might tell things not apparent on the surface.

So I asked if Number One still worked there. He did, and she would be pleased to call him over.

Number One appeared. But, so far Heinze, he of the 57, where, by the clam beat to a standstill. Skiddoo, Number One.

Number One introduced us to Number Two, who was one of the Roycroft "Socialists."

The Prizewinners

- The contest for the premiums of books for the three largest lists of three months' subscribers under the special 15-cent rate is closed and the contest resulted as follows: Anacostia, Lsa. (name purposely omitted) \$60. Perry Wyatt, Indianapolis, Ind. \$40. D. Billingham, Toledo \$35. Fred Lennon, Adger, Ala. \$25. F. J. Peel, Toronto, Can. \$21.

Hear Oneal and his graphophone at the postoffice Thursday evening, May 31.

The Paris Commune and the Lesson It Teaches

Anniversary Greeting

By Eugene V. Debs

To worthily serve the purpose of your anniversary issue, commemorating the historic tragedy of a quarter of a century ago, known as the Paris Commune, and incidentally the founding of the first year of The Socialist, requires a better article than the limited time I have will allow me to prepare, and under the circumstances I will have to forego the pleasure it would afford me to write about the Commune, and the inspiration of which the theme is a living fountain, and content myself with a few words of greeting to The Socialist and its readers.

The first anniversary of The Socialist is certainly an event in which our comrades in general and those in Ohio in particular have an interest, especially as it marks the close of a year of hard and fateful struggle and the beginning of another under such promising auspices as to warrant the belief that the paper has withstood its severest trials, and that it is now entering, full-fledged, upon its revolutionary career as an exponent of the international movement.

Though early in the season, the year is already showing signs of the Socialist activity which is to mark its course as the weeks and months pass by. The municipal contests are soon to be followed by the state and congressional campaigns, and from all indications these will be waged with a vigor, aggressiveness and determination hitherto unknown. The petty differences which divide comrades between fights will be swallowed up in the spirit of united opposition to the common enemy. It is with eagerness, therefore, that the comrades everywhere welcome the clash of conflict.

Only Socialists understand how glorious it is to enlist in such a war and fight such battles.

The militant character of the international working class movement is the salt that keeps it pure and wholesome.

Agitation prevents stagnation.

Even the defeats of Socialists are filled with golden rewards and inspire them with fresh vigor, greater daring and more determination.

In celebrating the Commune of Paris the working class of America and the world honors itself. The day of the historic uprising of the working people of Paris is very fittingly observed as a festival day of the International Socialist Movement. What the working people of a single city did then for a brief hour, hemmed in by the hostility and hate of the ruling class and its murderous minions, at home and abroad, was but the historic flash to light the way to the day coming when the working class of all the world shall rise in revolt against their oppressors, emancipate the human race, and take possession of all the world.

The Paris Commune—Its Purpose, Failure and Lesson

By Charles L. Breckon

There are but three phases of the Paris Commune on which I wish to invite attention, seeking simply that I may lay before the reader what the comrades of thirty-five years ago sought to accomplish, how and why they failed and what the lesson should teach the working class today.

WHAT IT WAS:

The working class of France, organized for national defense, now for the first time, conceived the idea of taking the government into its own hands. March 18, 1871, the working class of Paris declared the right to govern itself, and refused to submit any further to the capitalist usurpers headed by Thiers and for two months it held Paris against the combined armies of Russia and France. This was the Paris Commune—P. S., in Chicago Socialist, 1904.

None can read the story of the Paris Commune without a strange feeling of sadness. That such noble heroes and such splendid fighters should die to the number of 120,000 and suffer the defeat that was their lot after such a splendid demonstration of their power to govern this municipality of France; it offers a bitter commentary on the danger of being crowded into a controversy before one is ready for it and before the interested opponent, who has all to lose by the contest, has himself chosen the day.

In the time of that awful siege, Paris surrounded by the vampires of capitalism, these workmen proceed to an election of men of their own number as officers of the Commune. In this election 287,000 votes were cast. On the day of the announcement of the result 200,000 citizens gathered in front of the Hotel de Ville, joined in the singing of the Marseillaise amidst the salute of drums, and Ranvier shouted: "In the name of the people the Commune is declared."

A thousand old eels answered: "Long live the Commune." Caps were flung up on the ends of bayonets, flags fluttered in the air. From the windows, on the roofs, thousands of hands waved their handkerchiefs. The quick reports of the cannon, the bands, the drums, blended in one formidable vibration. All hearts leaped with joy, all eyes filled with tears.

The lightning would have made the blind to see—287,000 voters—200,000 men with the same watchword. This was not a secret committee, a handful of factious rioters and bandits, as had been said for ten days. Here was an immense force at the service of an idea—Communal independence, the intellectual life of Paris, an invaluable force in the time of universal anarchy. Thus spoke Lissagary in his splendid history of the Paris Commune.

The capitalist historians have been compelled to admit that Paris was never so safe as during the period of the reign of the Commune. What a picture of the happy day when the working class shall rule the world. They alone and they only can make the world fit to live in and a safe place of abode. An earth that shall produce men and women, that shall place human flesh and blood above dollars and cents and stocks and bonds. O happy day! A day when all this tiresome talk of graft and grafters, thieves and stealing shall be no more, not because Socialism shall change human nature, but because it shall change the economic base of society. A day when reformers and reforming shall be no more and revolution shall have turned this private profit system out forever and shall have inaugurated the co-operative commonwealth; a day when all society shall take over the tools of production, the arms of steel and steam and electricity and shall make them to serve the world in producing the commodities of life along the capitalist line of the minimum energy and maximum result; when wage slavery shall be no more and inanimate machines shall serve all mankind. Thrice happy day! That day shall only arrive when the mind of the working class shall see its mission and organize for the intelligent administration of all the things of the earth for all men. This was the aim of the Paris Commune. That it failed was not because of its need of success then, but solely and only because of the fact that the working class had been pushed into a battle for which they were not prepared and because of the fact that they mistakenly supposed that in the capture of one city was their emancipation, not seeing that this must be a worldwide movement and that capitalism must be attacked in a continuous and systematic onslaught.

WHEREIN IT FAILED:

The revolutionists of the provinces showed themselves everywhere completely disorganized, without any faculty to wield power. * * * The Central Committee was now only an assemblage of talkers devoid of all authority—flighty, heedless men. * * * In short the fundamental delegations were unequal to their task. All committed the same fault. During two months they had in their hands the archives of the bourgeoisie since 1789. In the Hotel de Ville there lay deposited the still unexplored records of the first revolution, and all diplomats of Europe dreaded the opening of the portfolios at the foreign office. They might have laid bare before the eyes of the people the intimate history of the Revolution, the Directory, the First Empire, the Monarchy of July, 1848, and of Napoleon III. * * * The delegates slept by the side of these treasures, heedless, as it seemed, of their value. * * * Their ignorance was not stimulated, but only too real—Lissagary.

What a pitiable story is here told. How like a chapter from our own impossibilities. Only an assemblage of talk-

ers. Lissagary does not tell us anything about unending referendums, but somehow it does seem almost as if such a thing would fit admirably into the story.

The Paris Commune failed, first, because it was officered by minds other than those of the working class, or rather by broken-down politicians who had failed to find a place for themselves in the capitalist ranks and sought to make the capitalist plans fit into the working class revolutionary program, minus the working class spirit.

The Paris Commune failed, second, because it did not grasp the opportunities at hand and use them in the interest of the working class; by reason of the fact that they were impracticable as politicians they were impossible as rulers.

Politics is the science of government. Law is all right. It is its improper use and application that makes the curse of today. The workingmen have ever been poor politicians, but they are learning. Lissagary says their ignorance was largely the offspring of their oppression. For centuries the slave class through the superstitious teachings of the priests and preachers have been waiting for a Moses or a Christ to come in the clouds with power and great glory as their redeemer and emancipator. A lazy man's way of getting out of his troubles. There is only one way of escape. He only is fit for freedom who himself shall strike the first blow.

The superiority of number that has ever been the power of the working class and ever the dread of the ruling class, has been his greatest curse. Everything is his when he shall but find a way that will weld his forces together. Only on the basis of the class struggle can the common ground be found from which all may find that solidarity and choose that leader who shall do the will of the masses he shall serve. The one thing that shall open his eyes will be the fact of his economic interests. Could he see this he would no longer allow himself to become organized into an army with guns and dum-dum bullets for the destruction of his own brothers who may chance to be striking for the very thing that it may be to his interest with which to join. M. Thiers could get workmen to shoot down workmen. So could a Carnegie, a Belmont and a Cleveland. Every large city in the United States can be absolutely ruled by the proletariat the moment it shall refuse to be led by men whose interests lie in securing a job and not in emancipating their class from wage slavery.

For the workingman to grasp the opportunities of today under a free ballot is to demand for political power, to elect his own class to power, to proceed to make the law for himself by himself and of himself. How many injunctions would be hurled upon labor and how many union treasuries would be looted if men would only strike at the ballot box and elect their class to office. How many expensive lobbies would need to be maintained at Washington to beg for laws in the interest of labor, if labor but sat in the law-making seats? It would then be the other fellow begging for a crumb. The tragedy is that the giant should beg at all when at any hour he may command.

WHAT IT TEACHES:

Its failure taught that labor must organize itself into a distinct political party. It must learn that the social revolution cannot be accomplished by the capture of a city, nor can a government be captured at one fell swoop. It is by constant systematic effort that the campaign against capitalism is henceforth to be carried on. A proletarian government must precede the Socialist state—Editorial.

The secret of the power of the minority of today to control and exploit the great majority lies in the overwhelming fact that this same minority knows the power and value of organization. It is not less organization that is needed, but more; but it must be working-class organization.

The scientifically trained mechanic measures with his micrometer the delicate parts of the machine he constructs down to the one ten-thousandth part of an inch. But he has been unable thus far to measure a political division that may cover an acre or more of territory.

The splendid propaganda of the Socialist Party in the past decade has done much to tear things loose and prepare the way. But a propaganda of education in the fundamentals of scientific Socialism is by no means sufficient in itself. Were every member of the working class an expert in economics and possess no knowledge of the art of organization and practical political activity, he may ever remain a slave and ever have the army of the unemployed.

When every precinct shall be manned, when military discipline shall prevail; when a full quota of trained officers shall have in charge their squads of tens and of fifties, then and then only may the working class take hope; then and then only shall emancipation become the heritage of the working class.

When the hour shall have arrived for the Commune of the United States, its success shall be conditioned upon exactly the same fundamentals as that of its namesake—organization in every corner of the country for the conquest of the political powers and an absolute refusal to be pushed into the battle until the very hour shall have arrived that the working class shall say it is ready.

It will ever be the design and desire of the exploiters to choose the weapons and the day for the conflict, and it must ever be as equally clear and determined on the part of the proletariat that he will fight the battle with the weapons of his own choosing and on the day of his desire.

This is the story of the Paris Commune for the workmen of America and of the world.

Martyrs of Destiny

By Ida Crouch-Hazlett

Thirty-five years ago—two months of fearless glory. Two months of a struggle that saw the light, the tiny, sweet ray of life and liberty, trembling feebly at the end of a long, choking, maddening tunnel, and groped toward that fading ray with the fumes of death in the pale, despairing face, and the struggle in the throat. Two months of the warm, inspiring, glowing red flag of love and freedom and brotherhood and heaven-high aspiration for equality and opportunity, borne triumphantly by a people who faced death for an ideal. Two months of such slaughter of the brave, such malignant persecution of the innocent and pure and good, such unheard of atrocities upon mothers and babes and maidens, who dared to dream of a state of life other than that imposed by the "prince of vice," as the suffering and ravished world has never known.

Thirty-five years ago—and the cannon rattled against the wall, and human flesh went down before that rain of lead, and the heaven-high aspiration choked in the blood-soaked dust, the brow of lofty purpose was battered into so much rotten carrion, and arms that struggled wildly were thrust from the trenches of the living and the dead; living tombs, unimagined torture—the sunlight and the glad earth, even the feeble ray, gone forever, and over this high-way of slippery flesh and broken hopes rode the brutish conquerors of the best that earth produces, the flower of time, the undying, climbing, aspiring passion for the soul's expression and achievement. Such, and more, was the Commune of 71. Such were the Communards—the torch-bearers of that fair civilization into which some day the world will move.

As the gaping earth closed above them, did it bury them in oblivion? O, fools! to think that eternal law could fail because the processes of nature are delayed. With the fall of the Commune, in budding May, every flower of human effort shriveled unblown; every springing spray of green delight withered on its stock; every babbling brook of happy anticipations changed its merriment to sorrowful lamentations; that happy hearts should be denied their quest for gladness; the soft murmur of the spring breeze broke into sobs of desolation; and from every fount of nature oozed the tears of despair. The Communards were the vanguard of the protest of their time and of their class. And forever, as long as the whirling earth remains the theatre of the revolt of one class against the appropriation by another class of the "long result of time" and evolution and toil, and the human intellect, or the glad gardens where godlike creatures move serene and free and unafraid and masters of their fate, having solved, through a long and bitter past, the secret of right and successful living, and overcome the monstrous fatuity of the oppression of the few by the many or the many by the few—so long shall the memory of man do homage, with loving grief, to that "supreme tragedy of history," the Paris Commune.

Others have rehearsed, and are rehearsing today, the mere historic data. To every Socialist is known the iron aggression of Bismarck, the semblance of resistance made by Louis Napoleon, the "Emperor of the Slum," how his putrid empire, honeycombed with syphilitic impotence, placed the crown upon its infancy by betraying into the hands of

their enemies the sturdy defenders of Paris, the "common people," always the common people, who had held the siege back from its gates, and were fighting for home and liberty.

But the working class in this class were armed, and had learned through their functions in the National Guard the technique of organized resistance. Moreover, the ideals of the proletariat were taking definite form. They no longer were deceived by the fiction that in fighting the battles of their masters the workers of society were on the royal road to comfort and freedom. The word Socialist was already well known on the continent of Europe. Witness the manifesto issued by the Commune:

"Brethren, they fool you when they tell you that property is the fruit of labor. If it were true, you who work so much would be rich, and those idlers for whom you labor would be poor. . . . Paris demands justice, peace and education for all—the soil to the peasant, the machine to the workman, and to each the fruit of his labor. . . . They tell you that the Socialists want to divide. And who are those who tell you that? They are those who divide among themselves the fruits of labor." That the "revolvers and revolvers" were defeated by superior numbers, and organization is simply a sequel to the "revolution born out of time."

There were three features connected with this proletarian phenomenon that startled the world—this much marveled audacity of labor—of large import to the student of history. The first was that the working class had been thoroughly armed by the government to defend the interests of the bourgeoisie. They had the assurance of the command of both weapons and skill. As the National Guard of France, in the service of their masters, they had learned the arts with which they might defend the desires and aspirations of themselves. To those who here in America look askance at the warlike expansion of Rooseveltian "peace," and cite as an additional outrage each new emphasis given to things military, as enforced respect to the uniform, militia bills, new warships, appropriations for encampments, it might be well to instance the potential powers of resistance in an armed proletariat. If the capitalist class considers it necessary to intrust itself behind the law and the armaments of war, this knowledge and practice and possession of arms will probably not come amiss in the class emancipation of the proletariat. Indeed, the question is, if it is possible for it ever to be achieved without it.

The feature that colored every act of the Commune with peculiar venom and hatred on both sides was that which has ever cost the world since its origin more bloodshed, suffering and loss of life than self-preservation—property. It was in the defense of "property,"—private property—that the human beasts, Thiers, Gallifet, Favre, and their eager supporters from the "respectables" of society waged with unscrupulous revenge the diabolical mission of the French bourgeoisie, a riot of massacre and destruction. O, "property" what crimes are committed in the name! Human life and its sweetness, and beauty, and friendship, and high character and wholesome living, and art, and the developed soul of collective humanity are nothing but "property," must be preserved at the cost of all these to the few who own it. The slaughter of the Commune was waged with every justification from "law and order," "sacred religion," our "homes and firesides," courts, altars, time-honored "institutions." But all the assets of the existing regime, so bravely paraded, were the assets of those who had held the property, who feared to lose it, and were not willing that its civilizing benefits should bleed the large collective life of humanity.

The third and by far the most pregnant feature of the Commune was its industrial administration by the working class. Never had Paris been so well governed, or so well served. Men went from the common walks of industry to the organization and heads of departments. They instituted reforms in wages, hours, and systemization, whose effects are felt in Paris today. That ordinary artisans should show such sagacity in the administration of affairs was contrary to all historical traditions. But the reason is not far to seek. When the workers direct social activities, they direct them for mutual service. When the bourgeoisie direct them, they direct them for exploitation and profit. The different aims are sufficient to account for the vast difference in results.

During the Commune there was no crime in Paris except the inhuman outrages committed on the people by the "God-ordained elite" that had taken up their headquarters at Versailles. Those charged with the protection and peace of the city simply issued orders that all offenders should be shot, and no attempts at crime were made! The Commune believed that it was possible for justice and right to prevail among men. And why not? Only those who seek self-advantage regardless of the cost to their fellow-men need instruments of torture, punishment and oppression. The Commune abolished the standing army, it burned the guillotine, it ordered the trophies of war and conquest destroyed. When work ceases to be looked upon as a crime, and the worker a degenerate; when it will not be considered an honor to shirk every useful application, then will those wonderful possibilities that blossomed forth amid that baptism of blood and fire receive the long-delayed homage of a time in an age of reason that has its foot on the material anxiety, and its head among the stars.

But there are those who cherish in loving and sorrowing remembrance the magnificent ideal, the daring effort, and the glorious martyrdom of the Commune. These are the Socialists—the light-bearers of knowledge from the tomb of bourgeois barbarism to the sun-kissed mornings of that far time when man shall have accomplished the conquest of his environment, with long life, security and peace. It is the Socialists who have rescued the memory of the heroes of the Commune from the oblivion, the ignominy, and the infamy of bourgeois history. And it is the Socialists who, by a persistence, an aggressiveness, a perpetual education, a protected organization, and invincible phalanxes of scientific fact arrayed in solid resistance to all sophistries of prostituted satellites of class domination, will some day make a splendid reality of the noble dreams for which the Communards died.

A New Era Opens

By Jos. Wanhope

A generation has passed since the capitalist world was "shocked" by imaginary murders attributed to the Communards of Paris, and its tranquility again restored by a series of real murders perpetrated upon them under the pretext of restoring order. Since then the episodes of the "Bloody Week" have annually furnished the text for endless sermons and lessons to the Socialist press of the world. The possible repetition of "Bloody Week" as the last resort of a desperate ruling class in other lands has never been lost sight of.

In at least one country today these predictions are being fulfilled almost to the letter. At the present writing the "white terror" is sweeping over Russia, leaving in its wake a trail of butchery and murder far exceeding in extent the ghastly record of the streets of Paris in May, 1871. Over all the vast territory of the great Russian empire, wherever the forces of "law and order" have temporarily reconquered the rebellious districts, the era of the hangman and the musketry platoon is in full swing. Capitalism in other lands looks complacently on, not deeming the ceaseless butchery worthy of any special description. Its press was largely able to hide the spectacular events of "Bloody Week," concentrated as they were in the limited area occupied by the French capital. Why, then, should it exploit the more systematic, monotonous, and widely spread campaign of murder now being carried on by the military forces of the Russian autocracy? The wholesale carnage of Mont Martre and Pere La Chaise afforded an infinitely greater "sensational," yet its exploitation in the capitalist press was judiciously limited, or the events tortured out of all semblance to the reality. Why, then, should that press encumber its columns with the dull details of innumerable hangings of Russian peasants on the trees by the wayside, or the shooting of squads of "anarchists" in the fortresses? Why should it give more than a line or two to the fact that at present seventy-five thousand human beings are lying in the prisons awaiting the hangman and the fusillade? No reason whatever. "Bloody Week" is evolving into a capitalist institution, to be accepted as such—as the natural, necessary order of things for the salvation of bourgeois society.

Yet, so far, at least, as Russia is concerned, the capitalist world outside, which accepts the butchery as legal and necessary, knows well that it cannot save the tottering edifice of autocratic government—that it cannot stave off the inevitable revolution; that, after all, it is the opening, not the closing, chapter of one special act on the stage of Russian history. None the less, "Bloody Week," lengthening out perhaps into months, is being enacted in Russia, and tacitly accepted by

the rest of the capitalist world as a resort which they may in the near future be compelled to adopt in defense of threatened class interests.

Hundreds of thousands of workmen plan a demonstration in the streets of Berlin, in commemoration of the victims of "Bloody Sunday." Kaiser Wilhelm, scenting a possible excuse for slaughter, encloses the line of march with the bristling bayonets and threatening cannon of a disciplined military force whose "loyalty" to him is an unknown quantity. As it is, they are all he has to rely upon for the inauguration of a "Bloody Week." Could he only know that its outcome would even temporarily preserve the existing order, there would be no hesitation on his part in finding a pretense for giving the signals to start the slaughter. But the ever-growing millions attaching themselves to the Socialist movement serve to give him pause. Also the army itself is an unknown quantity. How far it is permeated with the Socialist doctrine, even he, the all-wise kaiser, knows not. Nor has the divinity whose especial business it is to watch over the welfare of the house of Hohenzollern vouchsafed him any information on this point. If he only knew—if he were only certain in what direction the muskets and cannon of that grim host would point in the event that he gave the signal! If he only knew that! But there remains with him the old fear that was confirmed in the great French Revolution—"Your grapes are good, Sir, but only on one condition: that the shooter were also made of metal. But, unfortunately, he is made of flesh; under his buff and bandoliers your hired shooter has instincts feelings, even a kind of thought. It is his kindred, bone of his bone, this same 'canaille' that shall be fought their own law and order, a father and mother—living on meat-hauls and boiled grass." It is an uncertain weapon, at best, for Wilhelm—this drilled and organized mass which he alludes to as "my army," wishing doubtless that he were quite certain as to the extent of his possession in it. But fortunately there are too many in its ranks like the privates of the Gardes Francaises described by Carlyle, who "lay out their pay in rushlights and cheap editions of books." And your thinking soldier may well make a hesitating "warlord." There will be no "Bloody Week" in Germany, or if so, it will be the end of Kaiserism—and capitalism also.

But here in the "Great Republic" our capitalists are taking time by the forelock, so to speak. With a proletariat as yet too ignorant, and a small revolutionary element as yet too weak numerically to do more than protest, it feels no scruple in inaugurating a systematic campaign of murder under forms of law. The beginning of this era of legal murder is just dawning upon us. The aftermath of the Colorado episodes of last year, in which the desperate capitalists trampled under foot their own law and order, is beginning to crop out in this direction.

Men high in the councils of organized labor, men who understand thoroughly the weakness of capitalism and the power of political action on the part of the workers, men who have incessantly and insistently scouted the idea of individual assassination of the oppressors and their tools, knowing full well its futility, are suddenly taken in the dead of night, illegally arrested on a specially trumped up charge of murder and extradited into a neighboring state.

A political tool of the capitalists has fallen by the bomb of some desperate and ignorant workman with a capitalist mind, or mayhap by a hired tool of the capitalists themselves, and these Socialist organizers, against whom all previous spurious charges have failed, are confronted by the law of the land in the hands of desperate capitalists who seek by judicial murder to rid themselves of powerful opponents in this manner.

The same law of the land is powerless to serve a subpoena on Rockefeller or place the insurance thieves behind the bars. It glances harmlessly from the brazen foreheads of railroad magnates who admit violating the law, and beef packers who successfully smash indictments because of a misspelled word contained therein, but it strikes the Moyers and Haywoods with deadly accuracy, and hopes to consign them to the hangman's noose. Such is the opening chapter of the capitalist adaptation of "Bloody Week" in the great Republic.

It is upon us. No sane man can doubt but that the era of physical destruction under forms of law has opened for the Socialist whose work becomes a menace to the capitalist system. Two or three million Socialist votes would have rendered this as uncertain a method as in Germany, but there is nothing for it now but to explain and educate.

But the Socialist Co-operative Commonwealth draws nigh every day. This generation shall pass away until all these things shall be fulfilled and a Socialist government at the helm of state. We may not know all the details, but one suggestion may here be made: Murder will be punished under Socialism, and the lapse of time between the act and the punishment will not be taken into account. It will be retroactive, and the law of the land will be then in the hands of people who do not forget.

The lessons of the Commune have been expounded by Socialists for five and thirty years. Exposition and teaching seem now about to be confirmed by experience. Capitalism is getting to the point where the physical destruction of its opponents is becoming its last resource.

"Vive La Commune!"

By Algernon Lee

"Who fears to speak of '71'—if I may thus adapt the Irish rebel's cry. For us, for all who know and feel with and belong to the international revolt of the proletariat, the 18th of March is a holy-day—a day for honoring the memories of our heroes, a day for renewing the oath of allegiance which within our own hearts we have taken to the sacred cause of our class; a day for refreshing our memories alike of the glories of our martyrs and of the crimes of our enemies; a day, too, for reviewing the history of that great event of a generation ago and learning its lessons. We have advanced since then. Our forces are many fold stronger now, the world over, than in the days of the Paris Commune. Our ideas are clearer, too. We have rid ourselves of many illusions and of many prejudices. Still, it is the same long battle we are fighting. It is the same foe we face. It is the same cause we strive for. And even yet we may take warning by the mistakes of the Communards, as well as inspiration from their courage. The Commune Edition of The Socialist, I doubt not, will help much to enforce those lessons. Let me wish it well and close with 'Vive La Commune!' as against all the hypocritical lamentations and virulent slanders which the self-styled 'defenders of law and order' still delight to vent whenever it is mentioned.

Not In Vain

By Robert T. Whitelaw

Was the blood of the Commune shed in vain,
Oh, ye workers East and West?
Did the Dream die, too, when the life-blood dripped
To earth from each shot-torn breast?
Did Freedom die when her bravest died
'Gainst the bullet-spattered wall?
Was Liberty slain in Paris streets?
Did Truth and Reason fall?
Nay, the lives they gave were not in vain;
As long as the world shall roll,
The Vision for which they died shall live
To beckon each eager soul.
From the blood-bathed stones of Paris streets—
The grave where each hero lies—
The flower of Liberty yet shall spring,
And Freedom's song shall ring.
The seed they planted—what time they fell
For love of the common race—
Hath sprouted and grown, and Harvest Time
Is hastening on apace.
And Right shall triumph tho' Wrong be served
With the Powers of War and Death;
And Greed and Hate shall be swept away
Like chaff by tempest's breath.
And Social Justice shall rule the lands
Where Oppression now holds sway;
And the Dream they dreamed shall lead the world
To a better, brighter day.
When th' ensanguined wrongs of ages are
Deep buried in the Past—
When the World is one great Brotherhood,
And man is MAN at last.

The Paris Commune and the Lesson It Teaches

The Only Answer to Civilization

By George D. Herron

We must work while we wait, but I feel sure that the American Socialist movement will have to go through a critical stage of waiting, and rather long labor-pains of a new birth. This is largely because of the development and psychology of the American nation. We Americans are a far more servile and ignorant people, and far more bigoted and provincial, than we are at all aware of, or than intelligent Europeans understand. In fact, we have most inordinately exaggerated opinions of our intellectual and political emancipation and progress. Europeans accept these opinions of ours for their face value. But they are based upon, and are promulgated by, our ignorance. Out of that ignorance I think that the nation will go back into the melting-pot, with darkness and disappointment to flounder through. Thereby comes the time when the Socialist movement may and must do its real educational work, and grow to stature and wisdom.

Nothing can prevent the forces which are typified by the Hearst movement from running their course, the end of which will be a vast and deep disorder, if not incalculable suffering. Out of that must emerge the renewed Socialist movement, disciplined and rightly inspired for bringing a new nation out of the chaos.

I do not desire a catastrophe, but I believe that the American nation is moving towards what will in some respects be the completest catastrophe of modern history. The issue therefore will be either a revolution which shall be radical, reaching indeed to the very roots of life, or else a dark age. Which it shall be depends entirely upon the quality of the Socialist movement during the next five or six years. When I see the seeming tendency everywhere to compromise, to make acknowledgements, to give hostages to the enemy, to try to make friends with the church, and all of the servility so inherently characteristic of us as a people—when I see all of this, I confess that the immediate future sometimes looks terribly ominous. However, the future all depends upon ourselves. It depends upon whether we clear-sightedly advance toward a revolution of the whole basis and purport of life, or whether we seek to win immediate advantage for our movement, or for ourselves. For myself, I am every day more deeply convinced of the error, even the strategical or tactical error of every shadow of opportunism. Even in Germany, with Bebel and the rest, the Socialist movement does not at all show the fruits that it ought to show as a result of the power that it possesses.

We are living in a civilization that is no longer sincere in anything save its hypocrisy. There is no use in trying to make terms with such a civilization. It is good for nothing but the fires of judgment. All that is good in it will stand the test of a revolution, and be saved. But there is no answer to such a civilization save in revolution that means its entire uprooting, and the establishment of a world deliberately created by the collective man.

Feb. 21, 1906.

Heroes of the Revolution

By James Oneal

No movement in history has ever given such examples of heroism and voluntary martyrdom as the revolutions linked with the proletarian cause. Even primitive Christianity, whose disciples were thrown to wild beasts in the Roman amphitheatre or saturated with tar and used for torches to light Nero's gardens, can hardly be cited as an exception. With the overthrow of primitive communism came civilization, and with it the age of class struggles, war and conquest. The blood of slaves cemented the empires of Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon. The slave invariably fought the battles of every class but his own. He fought other slaves, and, no matter which won, the slave ever was the loser and the master ever victorious. The conquering slave soldiers merely substituted one ruling class for another at the termination of a given conflict. Never did the slave class assume the sovereignty and power their valor won. A parasite class always rode on the crest of victory and took for itself the spoils of conquest. The slaves who "won" were assigned the task of guarding the loot and privileges that victory always brought. The butcheries ever brought more security to the parasite and more chains to the slave. War has ever been the art by which one ruling class conquered another, and both use their slaves to fight their battles for them.

The forms of wealth production that have succeeded primitive communism have made the antagonism between the masters and the slaves more sharp, until today, under capitalism, millions of workmen recognize it. Some of the slave and serf rebellions were a partial recognition of it. Wherever they arose they were drowned in blood. Witness the servile rebellion of Spartacus before the Christian era; the Paris Commune of 1871; Bloody Sunday, January 22, 1905.

Spartacus, a Roman gladiator, forty years before Christ, broke his chains and fled to the mountains of Italy, gathering an army of 100,000 slaves, that devastated Italy for ten years and brought the Roman masters to their knees. Even hostile historians reluctantly conceded the nobility of character and great military genius of this proletarian general. One of the greatest armies ever mustered into service by any Roman emperor was required to suppress this revolt of the lowly, and in accord with the savage instincts of every ruling class, forty thousand of these proletarian soldiers were crucified on the Appian Way.

And the Paris Commune! Will the pathos and Spartan heroism of that revolt for the communal autonomy of Paris ever be appreciated by us? Rigault shouting "Vive la Commune!" while a brutal soldiery beat him to death in the streets; Milliere, uncovering his breast to the bullets, crying "Vive le peuple!" Dellecluze, reproached by his comrades, marching into the streets to his death; the heroes and heroines who held the red flag above the barricades till the last survivor fell with a bayonet thrust; the multitudes shot by trenches and slaughtered in the boulevards; the exiles to New Caledonia! What an inspiration to the proletariat of the world these martyrs to the Commune have given us! And the cowardly betrayal of Paris to the Prussian conquerer by Thiers and his butchers; the terrible massacre and wholesale slaughter of the commandards by the forces of "order!"

And now the Russian Revolution! Scarcely one year ago the Russian proletariat regarded with reverence an ideal czar of their own imagination. Bloody Sunday dispelled the illusions of centuries, and the hail of death from the imperial palace revealed the true czar. The petition they carried was the last one. The Cossack has been answered by the barricade; exile by execution; censorship by proclamation; bullets with bombs. The proletariat no longer asks; it demands. It no longer hides, but seeks the open streets and waves the red flag. It no longer shouts "God save the czar," but the autocracy whispers in its terror as the strains of the Marseillaise ascend from the streets.

What a transformation a few years has wrought! Or is it a few years? What of that dreary stream of the flower of Russian life that for years has marched in chains to exile in the frozen north? What of those heroes of the Revolution that have rotted of scurvy and dysentery in the cellars of St. Peter and St. Paul fortress below the River Neva? What of the heroines that have deserted a life of ease and donned the peasants' garb and given their lives to teach revolt to the victims of autocracy? Aye, what of autocracy itself? Has not its Cossacks, Siberian exile, espionage, censorship, prisons, executions, debauchery and pillage overreached itself during all these years?

Russia is aflame. Let those who have gathered the faggots stamp is out if they can. Let bourgeois "reformers" like William T. Stead, issue their briefs for the czar. Russian history that tells the story of death to all that is noble, good and true, gives the answer to all such apologists.

However, we of today have no illusions as to the result of the revolution. Thanks to the International Socialist Movement, the advance guard of the Revolution have no illusions regarding "liberty, equality and fraternity." They know that the revolution does not mean emancipation. They know that it can only clear the feudal rubbish in order that the proletarian battles of the future may be waged against the industrial exploiter. The latter, with his scourge, the factory and machine, must next be conquered.

But in remembering the revolutions of other times and

other countries, let us not forget the class wars in "our" own country.

Let us not forget the martyrs that fell at Latimer on an American highway and under the folds of "Old Glory," the judicial murder of the Chicago "anarchists," who sleep the long sleep in Waldheim cemetery; the bull-penned miners of Colorado, or the flag that waved over those "glorious American institutions"; the hundred battlefields where numbers of our class fell, never to rise again. Aye, even as this is written the ruling class of the western states, drunk with their military power, are planning to execute Moyer and Haywood and reproduce the Haymarket legal assassinations. Their lives will be the price of their fidelity to the working class, unless the latter issue their protest in every village, town and city in America, and say to the capitalist class: "This proposed murder is the last ditch! It shall not be!"

It remains to be seen whether the labor movement in America is still in that mental stupor that will allow the flower of its vanguard to go to the gallows at the behest of traffickers in human merchandise, and not rouse their revolutionary energy at the pitiless outrage.

Such an act in France or Germany would be the signal calling for the erection of barricades in Paris and Versailles, Berlin and Hamburg. The cry should rise from a million proletarians: "This crime shall not be!"

Only an aroused, thinking and acting proletariat strikes terror in the heart of the exploiters. Arouse, ye workers! The roll of martyrs is long enough!

To Hades with Vested Rights

By Robert Bandlow

So, once more we have arrived at the annual commemoration of the Paris Commune. Will the Socialists the world over profit from the lessons of that memorable event? There can be no doubt that thousands will revere the memory of the heroes of that great Proletarian Revolt, and yet give themselves over to the same lethargy that has been demonstrated on former occasions.

The trouble seems to be that the working class has been trained to follow historical events affecting their interests with capitalist mind, and starting from false premises, naturally wrong conclusions are reached. Our whole system of education is intended to and does uphold the capitalist institutions of today.

What activity can we unfold to overcome the demoralizing influence of present day conceptions? That is the question. Is there anything more effective than keeping up an incessant agitation along the lines of class interests and interests dominate men's actions? Are we not justified in pointing out that among those of the working class who have been fortunate enough to lay by a little money and then have launched into business, with some success, there is a larger per cent. ignoring the rights of the dispossessed workers than among those born in affluence? And is not this fact more than any other constantly hurled at us as an evidence that Socialism is impracticable, because the incentive to accumulate wealth would be missing in the co-operative commonwealth?

Does not the lesson of the Commune teach us that the inherent honesty of the masses was so great that it did not for a moment occur to them to lay hands on the possessions of others, though it had been the result of labor of past ages? And is not this reverence for vested rights the rock which seems to be an insurmountable barrier to the progress of the working class? Would it not be well to cultivate the sentiment "to hades with all vested rights," and impress upon our proletarian resisters of property rights that their cult cannot and should not include the possession of tools, machinery, natural resources, and the means to convey and transport them from the bases of their production to the marts of consumption?

And does not the Commune teach us further that the question is one of international import? Does not the possess class of our nation immediately succor the exploiting class of another nation when their material interests are in jeopardy? Can we deny that the appeal to the working class to respect the sacredness of property rights in tools and machinery used by them in productive pursuits has ever been heeded and defended because of the misdirected reverence for the possession of the master class?

No amount of misery and suffering has thus far destroyed the fetich in the eyes of class-unconscious workers. The Socialist alone is hammering away at the obstacles confronting him, and the trend of events furnishes all the encouragement needed for continuance of the struggle until the task is accomplished.

The lack of organization at the time of the Paris Commune will teach us not to engage in another contest until our forces are bound together in an impregnable array of revolt against a social system that stands for ruin and desolation. We will consequently continue to rally around the standard of Socialism and not desist till the wealth producers of the universe make common cause with us.

Let the cry ever be: "Workers of World, unite; you have nothing to lose but your chains and a world to gain!"

From Jack London

Glen Ellen, Sonoma, Co., Cal., Feb. 16, 1906.
Dear Comrade Mailly: Have just arrived home, and have a mountain of work before me, so it will be impossible for me to think of writing the article you suggest. Forgive this rush I am in. Yours for the Revolution,
JACK LONDON.

The School of Experience

By John M. Work

The Paris Commune was an experience. Among other things, it taught the lesson that in order to secure their rights the workingmen must control the whole political power.

Experience is a dear teacher. What, then, if we do not learn by one experience, but must have our lesson all over again?

The experiences of the working class, which ought to have awakened it to the situation, have been repeated again and again, yet again.

Why, the great railroad strike of 1877 alone, the first great battle in the class war in America, in which the power of government was arrayed against the working class, ought to have been sufficient to demonstrate to the workers of the United States that they must cut loose from their exploiters and fight shoulder to shoulder for their own emancipation. It ought to have been sufficient to demonstrate to the workers that so long as the exploiters control the political power the exploitation will continue, and that in order to emancipate themselves the workers must conquer the political power, take the reins of government in their own hands, and strike off their own fetters.

With this lesson in mind, what have the workingmen of America been doing to profit by it during the past twenty years?

The answer is humiliating. Throughout that entire time they have by their votes kept their enemies in power to rule over them. If they had gone to the public school and learned their lesson so ill, the teacher would have made them stand in the corner.

And what is worse, the strike of '77 is but one of a myriad of experiences teaching the same lesson. We have had Homestead, and Pullman, and Wardner, and Hazleton, and Croton Dam, and Cripple Creek, the great steel strike, the great coal strike, and tens of thousands of minor struggles. Every one of these thousands of strikes has drawn the class line taut. Every one of them has repeated the lesson that the working class must wrest the political power from the hands of the capitalist class before it can hope to emancipate itself.

And yet, throughout the entire period covered by these class skirmishes, the votes of the workingmen of America have kept their enemies, the capitalists, in power to rule over them.

You get what you vote for. That is, you get what the majority of the workingmen vote for. The will of the people, as expressed at the ballot box is approximately carried into effect.

You walk up to the ballot box on election day and vote one of the capitalist tickets, the republican or democratic ticket.

Therefore, the capitalists have control of all the public powers.

When they use those public powers against you, why should you complain? You voted to have them do so.

When a capitalist judge issues an injunction against labor, why do you growl? You voted to have him do it.

When a capitalist president or governor orders out the troops to shoot down workmen and help the capitalists to win a strike, why do you swear at him? You voted to have him do it.

When your employer drops you from the pay roll, why do you jaw about it? You voted to have him do it.

You get what you vote for.

On Labor Day you put yourself on the back and tell yourself that you are the people.

On election day you march proudly up to the ballot box and vote for your enemies' interest and against your own, while the capitalist laughs gleefully and says, "What an entertaining and accommodating damn fool labor is anyway!"

He takes the political power which you have freely extended to him by your ballot and uses it in his own interest and against yours. You cannot blame him for doing so because you voted to have him do it.

You vote to have him exploit you out of everything but a bare animal existence.

You vote to have women and children frozen to death.

You vote for every case of penury and starvation that occurs.

You vote for insanity.

You vote for suicide.

You vote for overflowing penitentiaries.

You vote for child slavery. You are the cruel murderers of the children. Look at your hands and see the blood stains on them.

You vote to have yourself and your class exist on the ragged edge of starvation, always in imminent danger of being thrown into the army of the unemployed.

You vote for the periodical crashes which intensify the sufferings of the disinherited to an agonizing degree.

And, every day you can read in the newspapers the reports of the class war, reports which teach the same old lesson that nothing but political action on the part of the working class can solve the problem.

How long will it take you to learn the lesson?

Will you insist upon stopping your ears and blinding your eyes until the over-development of capitalism plunges us into social chaos where you will have to learn the lesson or perish?

Or, will you be wise and learn it now?

You get what you vote for.

So long as you continue to vote for exploitation, bullets, injunctions, blacklists, poverty and hard times, you will surely get them.

When you quit voting for your enemies' interest and begin voting for your own interest by voting the Socialist ticket, all these outrages will dissolve like mist before the morning sun and Socialism will begin.

There is no other way.

The republican and democratic parties stand for the continuation of capitalism, and the consequent continuation of exploitation, military oppression, injunctions, blacklists, poverty, child labor, and all the rest of the miserable retinue of capitalism.

The Socialist Party stands for the abolition of capitalism, and the consequent abolition of exploitation, military oppression, injunctions, blacklists, child labor, crime, insanity, suicide, poverty, and all the rest of the wretched retinue of capitalism.

You are nailed to the cross of poverty, long hours of labor, and inability to avail yourself of the higher things of life.

But, as Uncle Remus would say, you just took and jammed yourself on that cross. And every republican and democratic ballot you cast is an additional spike nailing you to the cross.

You will just have to hang there until you get sense enough to vote the Socialist ticket.

Commune Echoes In Modern France

By Franklin H. Wentworth

The other day a widow in one of the French provinces wrote to a friend in Paris to know if it would be prudent to move into an apartment upon the Boulevard Haussmann this month, or had she not better take refuge in Switzerland? Her experience of 1870 made her fear getting caught in another seige, and she said, with bitter memory of the Commune, "I know there will be another evil war!"

There could hardly be a ready exemplification of the dual character of the French mind than this. It proves that the capitalists have succeeded in arousing a real war scare in the country over the Morocco imbroglio, and that the people are talking war. And it proves the admission that there is a party in France that would make trouble in case the capitalists of France and Germany should precipitate another conflict.

That the Socialists, knowing the underlying motive for all wars, would fling themselves against such folly is already manifest. And that the bourgeoisie would play the old Thiers drama over again is also manifest; it was made manifest last month by the severe verdict pronounced against the "intellectuals" in the anti-militarist trial held before a Paris jury made up of bourgeois citizens. "These professional labor agitators and internationalists," writes a bourgeois correspondent, "were mostly covered by the Socialist label, which has been so powerful a protection in recent politics." They were all ruthlessly condemned by this bourgeois jury for "inciting the soldiers of the reserve to refuse to march in case of war."

Of course, if the reserves should refuse to go out and fight, the capitalists would find war impossible. Shot through with Socialism as they are, it would not be safe to leave them at home. The next Commune might "stay put." It is certain that the French capitalists will weigh the matter well and make sure that in the event of war to hold their graft in Morocco they will not lose their more important graft at home.

The danger is, of course, that their deliberate rousing of the old anti-German passion in the hearts of their middle class and working class dupes may roll up a war sentiment which cannot be kept in check. They realize that this war feeling must be stirred and ready, if they are to do any successful business with the German capitalists at Algiers.

But it must make them very sick to see how sluggishly even their bourgeois dupes respond to the usual "patriotic" rot. The middle class Frenchman manifests scarcely any interest at all in Morocco. He therefore has no interest in fighting for it. Of course he is patriotic enough to assume that it is the proverbial "querelle d'Allemand" (a German's quarrel) that is being forced upon France. Louis Napoleon got that idea well grounded in his shallow mind when he picked the war with Prussia in 1870, and he has believed it ever since. But if he has got to war over Morocco it will not be with the "light heart" which was boasted of in 1870.

Not that the French patriots are at all scared by the prospect of a possible war with Germany. (A "patriot" is a well-meaning person who fights for capitalism under the impression that he is fighting for his country.) They have had time to pull themselves together since they were so rudely awakened to the trouble round about Morocco. The able-bodied citizens between 25 and 40, who constitute the army reserves, have had time to resign themselves to the idea of taking their places in the ranks for active service. But one thing is certain; they do not court a fight. They want to be left alone to go on living their lives as they are.

Add to this sentiment the active and incessant propaganda of the Socialists, and it looks pretty dubious for capitalism.

Of course, the bourgeois press lays the whole trouble at the door of the German emperor. It either does not see, or does not wish to see, that the emperor, in modern times especially, is only the tool, or jack-in-the-box, of the German capitalists. The French bourgeois press assumes that the Frenchmen are all ready to fly at the throat of their historic enemy on account of the unconscionable actions of Emperor William.

"Whether or no," says one paper, "the German emperor aimed at this result, such changes in the disposition of the French people are his work—and France, at least, is to be congratulated. The change cannot but be healthy to her as

a nation—first, by moderating her own internal dissensions, and then by keeping her up to the level of a great power in Europe, where a balance of power was never so cruelly needed for the persistence of good feeling in the world." This will be recognized as the conventional capitalist national ethic.

But it may very possibly obtain that an entirely new development may follow this stupid ruse of laying this conflict of interests over the exploitation of Morocco at the door of the German emperor. It gives the Socialists an argument to use among the petit bourgeoisie which will be a telling stroke for ultimate democracy. For the Socialist, who is already respected in France, can now say, "So the lives of the young men of France depend upon the sudden decision of one man, do they? An Emperor! Don't you think that a government which makes so monstrous a thing possible should come to an end?"

And there is not a man or a woman in Germany who has come under the barest Socialist influence who is not today thinking this same thought!

It is possible that if the German capitalists force their puppet into the limelight as a cause of the war, and the war should be precipitated, the result might be a republic in Germany, in which the Socialists would at last get their proper representation.

It would seem almost one of those historic instances where a war might be a good thing. The dupes of capitalism in both nations would reduce their breed by fighting each other, leaving the political majorities at home to the Socialists, who could reconstruct both nations upon the Socialist principle.

But capitalism may be alert enough to see that a war is unwise, and prevail upon the peace-making Mr. Roosevelt to do the needful—as Lombard and Wall Streets got him to do in the case of Russia and Japan.

Capitalism had rather lose a thousand Moroccos than to see the red flag of the Commune floating over the Tuileries.

Why We Celebrate the Commune

By John Spargo

"How memory, through the lapse of years, recalls the canon's rattle—

Brings back again the time so grandly dreed;
When Paris rose in Labor's name and the foeman battle,
And sealed her fate with hecatombs of dead.

"The glorious dead! They left their flag and willed us to preserve it

As red as when from their dead hands it fell;
To keep it free from spot and stain, and loyally to serve it,
As they did 'gainst the powers of earth and hell."

March 18th is one of the great anniversary days observed by the whole international Socialist movement. Throughout the world, wherever Socialists gather on that day, they retell the story of the Revolution of Paris in 1871—the story of "The Commune."

Many, even those within our own ranks, wonder why we should so faithfully and reverently celebrate the short-lived victory of the workmen of Paris, especially since it was not in any sense of the word a Socialist triumph. For the Paris Commune of 1871 had nothing to do with Socialism, or with Communism, as many people suppose. The word "Commune" is simply the French word for municipality, and when we speak of the Paris Commune of 1871, we do so because in that year, for the first time in history, the working class of a great city ruled it, and ruled it well.

This great event occurred just after the disastrous Franco-German war. To the northeast of Paris were still to be seen the gleaming white tents of the conquering army. Bismarck's terms of peace were still under discussion and Paris was stirred to resentment. The National Assembly, composed of landlords and capitalists, decided in favor of the acceptance of Bismarck's terms. The delegates from Paris withdrew, and the people of Paris ratified their withdrawal by popular demonstrations and acclaim.

It is not probable, however, that this act of the National Assembly alone would have caused an insurrection. More important than their humiliation and disgust at the acceptance of the peace terms of Bismarck was the deep-seated conviction of the great mass of the people of Paris that the National Assembly was bent upon the destruction of the Republic and the creation of another empire. The empire of the traitor, Napoleon the Little, was a black memory, but there were still the royalist pretenders, the Orleansists the Bonapartists, and the Legitimists. The war had left a vast burden of debt, which the capitalists and landlords of the Assembly desired to impose upon the people. The evidences of a monarchical conspiracy were too numerous to be doubted.

Paris was the center of aggressive republican faith, and, as a step toward their self-protection, the people demanded the autonomy of the Commune, or, as we should say, municipal home rule. This attitude of the Parisian populace alarmed the National Assembly. It was recalled that during the great seige the people, by popular subscription, had formed a National Guard, and that they were now well armed and drilled. Therefore, the Assembly decided to at once disarm the people—knowing that an armed people cannot be easily oppressed. The government was removed to Versailles, and an organized army sent to subjugate the great, proud, freedom-loving city.

Such were the events which led up to the insurrection of Paris. On the morning of March 18th the red flag was raised above the Hotel de Ville; the people, under popularly chosen leaders, took up arms for their independence. For a time the Commune was triumphant. On the 28th of March the Commune was officially proclaimed, with a regularly elected government. Two short months it flourished, and then, on the 21st of May, the Versailles troops forced an entry into the city and began that fearful carnage of blood and lust and fire, the record of which appalls us even today. Thousands of men, women and children perished at the shambles; never in history has the wanton slaughter of a defeated people been so vast or so terrible.

The government of the Commune was not Socialist. There were some Socialists, some reformers, some Reactionaries. Men of all shades of political and social faith united upon one simple issue, the freedom of the Commune. Had it been otherwise—had there been a unity of fundamental principles—who can say what the result would have been?

Never in the history of modern times has a government been called to undertake a more trying task than the government of the besieged city of Paris was, yet it is universally admitted that during that two months the city was governed more honestly and more efficiently than ever before or since. Let those superior persons who sneer at the working class and declare that the government of a great city could never be entrusted to it, think of the Commune. With an artisan, Theriz, at the head of the postoffice, working at ordinary artisan's wages, the postal system was reorganized, so that its beneficial results are still felt. Camelinat, the bronze-worker, took charge of the mint, and Jourde, a poorly paid clerk, headed the Commission of Finance with superb sagacity. There is nothing done for the workers which they could not do better for themselves.

The importance of the Paris Commune, the reason for our celebration, lies not in the heroism of its brave fighters, or its colossal martyrdom. We do not forget these; we pay our tribute of loving memory to the noble dead, but, above all, we celebrate the triumph of the people in seizing the reins of government of a great city as a glorious prefiguration of a greater triumph, not in any one city alone, but throughout the civilized world.

Comrades, as we celebrate the great deeds of the Paris Commune; the memory of the noble dead—Dombrowski, Varlin, Dellecluze, Milliere, Rigault, and of the nameless heroes in the great cemetery at Pere la Chaise, whose deeds abide forever a glorious memory, let us remember that they have bequeathed to us a great and noble mission. Milliere's last words were, "Long live Humanity!" and one of the nameless heroes, when asked what he was fighting for, cried with his dying breath, "For Human Solidarity!"

We, too, are fighting for human solidarity. May we be as brave and true as the heroes of the Commune!

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An Acknowledgement

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resign the circulation department of The Socialist. I join with pleasure the ranks of the Boosters and hope to be counted one of the faithful in keeping the circulation manager of The Socialist at the other end busy. Every comrade who has worked for The Socialist during the past five years and during the past year has a right to feel that he has been giving his energy to an instrument which aims for the preservation of the revolutionary character of the Socialist Party in America. I know that every Booster will continue so working and will stay loyal to The Socialist, which we all believe essential to the best interests of the Socialist Party, which is the first concern of all of us. Boosters and The Socialist staff alike.
Yours for the Revolution,
BERTHA HOWELL MALLY.

FROM NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

The state convention of Alabama will be held in Bessemer, July 4th. State Organizer Thomas M. Freeman will start on a four months' tour June 1st under the direction of the State Committee.
By an error the state convention of Vermont was announced to be held May 19th. It will be held at Bellows Falls, June 2nd.
The favorable vote of National Executive Committee Member Floaten on the organizers proposition for Wisconsin was received too late to be counted.
Communications relating to the protest by Local Globe against Arthur Morrow Lewis has been submitted as per their request, to the National Executive Committee.
A National Executive Committee motion has been submitted by Comrade Floaten which provides that an organized state committee may be assigned the direction and services of a National Organizer at the rate of \$1.50 per day and expenses except in the Mountain states, where travel is expensive, the rate may be reduced to \$1 a day and expenses.

a two million dollar agitation fund in pledges of \$5 to \$50 from each Comrade and sympathizer; no part to be paid until \$500,000 are pledged, and then to be paid at the rate of 5 per cent a month. Adopted May 19, 1906.
Fraternally,
F. E. JEFFERS, Chairman.
F. A. ZIMMERMAN, Sec'y.

- Contributions to the Western Federation of Miners Defense Fund, from May 19th to May 25th, inclusive:
Comrade Butterbaugh, S. S., Pittsburg, Pa. \$ 3.00
Local Cook County, Ill., additional 10.00
Local Summeytown, Pa. 2.32
E. E. Martin, Seattle, Wash. 1.25
Central Labor Union, A. F. of L., Nashua, N. H. 4.25
Local Hudson County, N. J., Dramatic Soc., Hudson County, N. J. 3.40
Arbeiter Kranken und Sterbe Kasse, Br. 2, Hudson County, N. J. 50.00
Local Liberal, Mo. 7.00
Local Boise, Idaho 21.69
Local Des Moines, Ia. 4.05
\$ 116.96
Previously reported 2980.84
\$3097.80

- Contributions to the San Francisco Relief Fund, from May 19 to May 25, inclusive:
Forrest Martin, Leigh, I. T. \$ 1.00
Local Cook County, Ill., additional 31.00
Local Union County, N. J. 10.00
John Tomasi, New Brighton, Pa. 1.00
A. Everitt, New Brighton, Pa. .50
Bohemian Executive Committee, Cleveland, Ohio 14.85
\$ 58.35
Previously reported 281.00
\$339.35

Dates for National Lecturers and Organizers for the Coming Week Are:
James H. Brower—Oklahoma and Indian Territory under the direction of the Territorial Committee.
James P. Carey—June 3, Collinsville, Ill.; 4, Staunton; 5, 6, Taylorville; 7, Quincy; 8, Galesburg; 9, Monmouth.
John Collins—Montana, under the direction of the State Committee.
Isaac Cowen—June 3, Atkin, Minn.; 4, Brainerd; 5, Perham; 6, Detroit City; 7, Moorhead; 8, Millbank; 9, Sisseton.
Sol. Fieldman—Pennsylvania, under the direction of the State Committee.
J. L. Fitts—June 3, 4, Knoxville, Tenn.; 5, 6, Harriman; 7, 8, Rockwood; 9, Soddy.
A. H. Floater—Iowa, under the direction of the State Committee.
Winfield R. Gaylord—Wisconsin, under the direction of the State Committee.
Alex. Helonen (Finnish)—June 3, Cluquet, Minn.; 5, Floodwood; 7, Hibbing; 8, Nashvark.
Gertrude Brevier Hunt—June 3, 4, Winchester, Ind.; 5, 6, 7, Richmond; 8, enroute; 9, Shirley.
Mother Jones—June 3, Cuba, Ill.; 4, Macomb; 5, enroute; 6, Brevier, Mo.; 7, 8, Chillicothe; 9, St. Joseph.
Arthur Morrow Lewis—June 3, 4, Aspen, Col.; 5, 6, 7, Leadville.
Lena Morrow Lewis—June 1, El Paso, Tex.; 2, Alamogordo, N. Mex.; 3, enroute; 4, 5, Santa Fe; 6, Las Vegas; 7, Raton; 8, Trinidad, Col.; 9, Pueblo.
Gay E. Miller—June 3, Tunnelton, W. Va.; 4-13, Vale Summit, Md.
Samuel Robbins—June 3, 4, Bluffton, Ind.; 5, 6, 7, Montpelier; 8, 9, Ft. Wayne.
M. W. Wilkins—Connecticut, under the direction of the State Committee.
John M. Work—June 4, Burlington Junction, Mo.
Joseph Wanhope—Has been engaged in Oregon, under the direction of the State Committee, from May 14th until June 4th, election day.

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"The nation that has the best schools rules the world."—Bismarck.
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