

The Workingman's Paper -- To Organize the Slaves of Capital to Vote Their Own Emancipation

NO. 318—SEVENTH YEAR

This is where the Union Label would be if there was a Union in Caldwell

CALDWELL, IDAHO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1906

PRICE TWO CENTS

Fight for Better Schools in Seattle

The Socialists of Seattle are in the midst of their customary fight for control of the Board of Education of that city, with good prospects for success. Each year the Socialist vote grows in the school election and each year the capitalist press expresses more fear of the result.

Socialist Candidates for School Directors.

Mrs. Hecale L. Wiswell.—Born in Denver, Colo., 1874. Was educated in the schools of San Francisco and Oakland, Cal. Graduate of Oakland Kindergarten Training School. Has taught for several years in kindergarten. Was married to Rev. Thomas C. Wiswell in 1896. A member of the Century Club, one of the most active workers in the University Heights Parents' Club, and corresponding secretary of the Women's Federation Clubs of Seattle. Has been a resident of University Heights for nine years.

Judge Richard Winsor.—Judge Winsor's record is well known to the Seattle public, and it is only necessary to quote from "The Times" editorial of Nov. 13th, as follows: "We do know that Judge Winsor made one of the most capable Regents of the University of Washington which that institution ever had."

Socialist School Platform

Socialists call for the complete development of every child in Seattle. To this end we advocate:

1. Enough school buildings to be built immediately to accommodate all. Ample playgrounds, baths, and gymnasiums. Free medical attendance. School buildings to be open for public assemblies when not otherwise in use.
2. Fewer pupils to each teacher and more and better paid teachers.
3. Teachers' tenure permanent during efficiency.
4. The right of women teachers to be paid the same salary as men teachers for the same work.
5. Better salaries for janitors and other employes.
6. Compulsory attendance of all children under fifteen.
7. Free meals and free clothing, if needed, to keep children from necessity of work.
8. Night schools in every ward to accommodate those deprived of an early education.
9. Greatest attention to be paid to the lower grades.
10. Free kindergartens for all children between three and six years of age.
11. A general, scientific, industrial and physical education guaranteed to every child.

We also pledge ourselves in accordance with the policy of the Socialist Party to have all school buildings constructed by union labor.

That the Socialist platform means something is proven by the following editorial, clipped from the "Seattle Times" of December 4, 1904, the day AFTER election. Conditions have not changed since then, notwithstanding the recognition of the evils which the "Times" editorial shows:

Growth of Socialism

"The increase in the Socialist vote is significant because it demonstrates that the party cannot be laughed down or up—and like the Prohibition party, it is not for sale. In this city the Socialists are growing in numbers. They hold regular services—have their own literature—their own preachers, and, like all reformers, grow impatient and sometimes sarcastic, because others do not espouse their methods.

"There is no doubt that they are sometimes mistaken in methods, but it brings one up with a shock to know that, with all our wisdom and superior way of doing things there should remain a reason for such a platform as was promulgated by the Socialists in the recent campaign for school trustees.

"Plank 1 of the platform calls for immediate construction of ample school buildings and gymnasiums! Now, what objection can there be offered to that plank? Ought not

the care of the children, the provision for their comfort and health be the first, and most important duty of the state?

"Plank 2 demands fewer pupils to each teacher, and better paid teachers—and this demand is so just on the face of it, that one wonders if there was any real reason for it, and, if so, why the teachers have not rebelled. The solemn truth is, that the teachers, especially in the grades, are many of them overworked. They are good women who entered the profession for love of it, as other women enter other professions. They are in a very large way the custodians of the Nation's future. If they be underpaid it is a reproach.

"Plank 5 demands better salaries for janitors—and this plank raises the inquiry as to whether the janitors are at present underpaid, and if so, why? Now the truth is that a man who is worthy to be janitor of our public schools ought to be something more than a 'clod-hopper'—a mere machine to sweep the floor and feed the furnace. The janitor is much with the children! In many ways he impresses his thought upon their little brains. He should be neat, sweet-tempered, a good fellow among them, entering into their sports, watchful of their interests at recess and noon time—capable and willing—and such a man deserves a good salary, nor should any other be employed.

"Plank 6 calls for the free night schools in every ward. Surely this is a just demand—one which every right-minded man will say ought to be met. A very large number of boys and girls are wage-earners. They cannot be in school. Why should they not have the benefit of free night schools and, furthermore, be obliged to attend them? Then, too, there are children out of school because they have no clothes to wear and no food! If the child is important to the state, then why should not the state consider this matter and make it possible for the child to be in school?

"Plank 8 calls for free kindergartens for all children between the ages of three and six years—and reading this plank one feels like throwing up one's hands. Is it really true, that with a state law providing for kindergartens, the children of this city are deprived of them? Is it true that with all our fuss and feathers, our little ones are not having all that belongs to them? Will somebody please tell whether the Socialists had just cause for writing that plank?

"The late Dr. Coe, who was a faithful servant on the School Board, felt strongly on this point, and when asked 'What sort of teachers the little ones should have?' replied: 'Philosophers, sir—philosophers, the very wisest and best'—and Dr. Coe was right.

"If children are to grow up right, they must be happy when they are little! At that time their minds should be directed toward the useful and the beautiful. They must be employed, and the kindergarten is the place for them. It's a high crime to keep them away from this sort of training—nor does it mitigate the seriousness of the situation, that a few parents are able to provide kindergarten training for the lambs of their flock. Unmistakably many a criminal would be nipped in the bud, if free kindergartens were compulsory; and the need of them is imperative.

"MARION B. BAXTER."

COLORADO MAKES GOOD.

DENVER, Colo., Nov. 23.—Official count gives fifteen thousand nine hundred socialist votes. Evidence shows that at least five thousand more were cast. The mine owners' pernicious card system was abolished in Leadville on account of the large vote.

Vote for governor two years ago was twenty-seven hundred.

THOS. L. BUIE,
State Secretary.

FOR A MILLION VOTES IN 1908

"Harper's Weekly", which by the wildest stretch of imagination could not be called an alarmist magazine, says we will have a million votes in 1908. This view is concurred in by other capitalist organs, while some Socialists are promising themselves victory in that year.

This is all very well to arouse enthusiasm but we must not lose sight of the fact that most of the reports of election returns received so far have been prefaced with that famous phrase of General Kourapatkin's, "We regret to report."

The facts are that the Socialist party has been hard pushed to hold the vote Debs received for president, and this in the face of the greatest campaign we have ever waged.

What is the answer? Organization.

The tremendous exertion and untiring energy shown by the Socialist party members and by those Socialists not in the party was more than half wasted because of lack of intelligent direction. Because of lack of organization. Because of lack of discipline—of the power to use to the best advantage the activities of our own members.

The capitalist magazines and newspapers, in order to attract attention to themselves, have been compelled to familiarize their readers with many of the principles of Socialism. This has dispelled the fear of the word which formerly existed. This condition has been taken advantage of by Socialists through the circulation of papers devoted to the propaganda of the abstract principles of Socialism till there are probably millions of people more or less conversant with those principles and favorably inclined toward them.

But now we are stumped.

Our propagandists have been concerned chiefly with getting the people to believe that what they wanted was Socialism. Now that they want it, they are unable to get it, because they don't know how.

To teach the people how to get Socialism is the next step we must take.

Oh, yes. We know it is easy enough to say through a political party—by voting for it.

But there are other things.

What kind of a party? How to vote? These are questions to be answered.

But few Socialist papers have taken upon themselves the task of answering these questions and those which have are punished with lack of sufficient support. This is a condition which must be changed. We must pass by the kindergarten stage of the education of the workers and take those ready for it into the higher grades. The best way to do this is just the same as the best way to get them started. Get them to reading the right papers.

"The Socialist" is such a paper.

From the time of its inception it has been concerned with the education of those already Socialists rather than with educating into Socialism those on the outside. Though, as a matter of fact, it has been highly successful with both jobs.

But now is the time for the value of such a paper as "The Socialist" to be discovered.

Now is the time to educate the convert in the tactics of our party in the methods of party organization. And in the ability to determine what is Socialism and what is not Socialism—to separate the bogus from the real, and to act for the best interests of the party in any emergency.

"The Socialist" is here to do this work. It has done it for seven long years. It has done it well, as even its enemies—and it has enemies—will admit.

For seven years "The Socialist" has insisted on a working class foundation for our party. It has pointed out the pitfalls of so-called public ownership when other of our papers were prone to view it with approval. "The Socialist" has always fought any sacrifice of one iota of our principles for any reason whatever. And it has won its fights.

If this means any one thing, it means that right now "The Socialist" is the paper to put into the hands of the man who voted our ticket a few weeks ago, and who is now looking for more information. It means that if the convert does not get "The Socialist" he is likely to be led away by a Hearst movement which will promise him something which looks to him like Socialism because he doesn't know the real thing. It means that if he does get "The Socialist" he will be a party member in a few months at most, and thus worth ten times as much as if he remained on the outside, even though he voted the ticket straight at every opportunity.

Comrades, yours is the work of reaching these new converts.

It is for you to say whether they shall become active party members.

You will not fail in your duty, I know.

What Labor Gets Supporting Hearst

Conversation went on fitfully in the Red Dog saloon. Jim Spinks sat in the corner unmindful of the eyes which mutely inquired of him why he did not begin his usual night story.

"Youse serious tonight," said "Chicken" Harrity.

"My thoughts have been in another world," said Mr. Spinks solemnly.

"Ghosts!" cried "Bat" O'Rourke. "A ghost story. Let's have it."

"Well, hardly that, lads. It's a dream. To understand my dream I must tell you first about Jake Smith, whom I used to know in boom times out in Wyoming."

"Jake was as good a carpenter as ever drove a nail. In fact, he was such a durned good workman that he actually couldn't bring himself to skimp the peckiest little job agoin'. But Jake hadn't much head at all for figurin' or estimatin'. Besides, he had the doggondest tenderest conscience about overchargin' any one you ever saw. He was most always losin' money on jobs he did. Jake was plous. I don't mean he was given to speechifyin' and prayin' in public and tellin' about his intimate personal relations with the Almighty. Not by a jugful. Jake was one o' them quiet, innocent, trustful sort o' fellows that could be taken in by any hypocritical hot air bag that came along blowin' off its piety an' grabbin' everything on the pie counter. Jake's heart was all right, but I'm not praisin' his judgment.

"Well, Jake drifted back East after he'd built a church out in Wyoming an' got skinned by the deacons on the building committee. I see him one night hurryin' along the Bowery from his union meetin' of the Independence League. He looked purty thin an' peaked, an' told me that what with his church and Sunday school work he was well nigh all in. But he was powerful dead in earnest about Hearst. He had a campaign button on each lapel of his coat.

"Well, that night, after seein' Jake I dreamed a strange dream. I dreamed I floated out like a box kite on a high wind till I came to St. Peter's gate. The queer thing about it was that it looked like a stage settin' in a theater an' I seemed to be the audience. There wasn't anybody on the stage an' St. Peter was nowhere in sight. I wondered how I got to the show so early, when I came Jake on the stage, lookin' more tired an' pale than I ever saw him in my life, but just as I saw him the night before, with his two campaign buttons on his coat.

"He killed himself for Hearst," said I to myself, an' I felt mad an' sorry all at once.

"At last!" said Jake just like a Bowery actor.

"Ah, 'tis St. Peter's gate," he added, just like the leading man in 'East Lynne.'

"What, ho, St. Peter!" he cried in a Henry Irving tone of voice.

"A little turrel over the gate opened; a big golden megaphone stuck out of it.

"Who calls?" cried St. Peter.

"Jake Smith," answered Jake.

"Which Jake; not Hell Roarin' Jake Smith?"

"No, Jake Smith of Clinton street, New York, Carpenters' Union No. 6."

"It was just like Jake to mention his union instead of his church. He never traded on his piety. He was just as faithful to his union, too. But St. Peter, to go on with the story, called out:

"Are you mounted?"

"Mounted!" said Jake, surprised.

"No."

"I am very sorry," said St. Peter, "but since the Trusts have taken charge up here a rule has been made that no one can be admitted who is not mounted."

"With that the turrel closed.

"The Trusts here, too!" said Jake. He wandered off to one side, tryin' to think what to do, an' sat down on a big gold brick—that's how he came not to see the next actor who came on in a lordly manner, L. I. E., as the play books say.

"The newcomer's face was fami-

liar, although I had never seen him in the flesh, an' I soon recognized him.

"What, ho, St. Peter!" he cried. "The golden turrel opened an' the megaphone shot through it. 'Who calls?' said St. Peter.

"William Randolph Hearst."

"Permanent occupation?" asked St. Peter.

"Candidate."

"Wait a minnit," said St. Peter, hastily.

"I've got the Pope's blessing," said the Candidate, haughtily. "Open the gate at once."

"St. Peter seemed to confer for a moment. 'Are you mounted?' he asked.

"No," said the Candidate in surprise.

"Well, since the holding corporation like yours has been organized up here the rule has been made that no one can be admitted who does not come mounted."

"Quite so," said the Candidate, wandering off toward Jake.

"Jake sat on the big gold brick the worst picture of misery, gentlemen, that I hope I shall ever see. Then he saw the Candidate. He jumped up, tossed up his hat an' began to shout. "Hoist, Hoist, Hoist, Hoist, Hoist!" he hollered.

"Ah," said the Candidate, makin' a bob. His ears liked the tickling of the people's acclamation. "You know me. I may call you my friend."

"Sure, Mike," grinned Jake. "What a grand man!" he said in a real stage aside, "a true friend of labor."

"May I ask your name?" asked the Candidate with his most engaging election smile.

"Jake Smith. I've been readin' your editorials for ten years, an' my mind's developed great by 'em. I—"

"I thought, my friend, you were lookin' much troubled a moment ago," said the Candidate, getting right down to business.

(Continued on page 4.)

Says We're Right

Hermon F. Titus, Editor "The Socialist."

Dear Comrade: Allow me to lend to your honor and integrity my endorsement of your timely exposition of the attempted compromise in Idaho. "A Straight Vote" is known to ourselves, feared by the enemy, as the only route that leads to the Co-operative Commonwealth.

At first reading I was almost constrained to say "Titus has made a mistake." "It might better have been left unsaid." "Too previous," etc. I am now just as willing to endorse and to say you have done your part nobly and loyally to yourself and to the party, likewise Comrade Haywood; may you ever do so.

Had it been left until after his defeat and then aired, as it surely would have been, Comrade Haywood could not have retraced his steps from an almost excusable position and have retained party confidence as he now can do since his timely public announcement in the "Denver Post." I have always found it much harder to offer reproof than to give approbation, and you have certainly acted on the courage of your convictions of justice and right.

Our cause is too far reaching to allow our individuality to weigh one atom in the balance when justice, human liberty and advancement is at stake.

Your strife is not with Haywood, but for justice. For right, not wrong.

I have found this individualism a hindrance all along in my experience in the State party's work. The old parties are ever ready to trick the unwary, or unstable, individual who may hold in part the destiny of our party's cause. May this serve as a lesson or beacon light to guide our efforts in the path of RIGHT toward the rising sun of Socialism.

Yours for the cause,

C. W. BARZEE.

The Dalles, Ore., 11-11-06.

Late Election News

Arizona—Joseph D. Cannon of Phoenix, Arizona, says: "Our latest estimates (conservative) place our vote at 2,350. 1904—1700."

Delaware—149 votes. 1904—133.

Indiana—4th Congressional District—192. 1904—no candidate. 7th District—933. 1904—907. 8th District (estimated)—800. 1904—1237. 12th District—742. 1904—837.

Iowa—Blackhawk County—247 at night. 425 scratched Socialist ballots. "We don't count the scratched ballots. At our last state election (1903) we only had 72 in Blackhawk County."

Kentucky—Bracken county—24 votes. 1904—39.

Minnesota—5th Congressional District. 1257 votes. 1904, no candidate.

Missouri—St. Louis: "We received about 5100 votes in St. Louis, 100 less than Debs received in 1904." Pettis County—152 votes. 1904, 155.

North Carolina—Asheville, 55 votes. 1904, 24.

New Hampshire—1st Congressional District, 249 votes. 1904, 450; 2nd Congressional District, 464 votes. 1904, 471.

Nevada—For Congressman Lincoln County, 15. 1904, 52; Douglas County, 3. 1904, 2; three precincts of Goldfield, 265. Two years ago the total vote for Goldfield was 273. Diamondfield, 5; Columbia, 48; total, 336. Of 2200 registered voters only 880 voted.

The foregoing returns are but partial.

Reno—87 votes. Washoe County, 166 votes. 1904, 245.

Nebraska—Gage County, 61 votes. 1904, 92; Kearney County, 71 votes. 1904, 32.

North Carolina—Forsythe County, 119 votes. 1904, 98.

Ohio—1st Congressional District, 979 votes. 1904, 2737; 2nd Congressional District, 1437; 1904, 4787; 9th Congressional District, 1234. (partial returns). 1904, 2445.

Dayton, 1536. 1904, 1168; Beaverdam, 6 votes. 1905, 6; Cleveland, 1894 votes. 1905, 1832; Hamilton, 527 votes. 1905, 286; Portsmouth, 349 votes; Fremont, 116 votes; Springfield, 388; Fostoria, 101 straight votes, 100 per cent gain; Wapakoneta City, 30 votes. 1905, 13; New Waterford, 25 votes; Ash-tabula, 185 votes; Akron, 352 votes; in county of Summit, 523 votes; Columbus, 1002 votes. 1905, 420; Martins Ferry, 135 votes; Lorain, 250 votes; Lake Co., 95 votes. 1905, 79; Shreve, 8 votes. Gain of three over last year; Toledo, 1600 votes for head of ticket; Bethel, for Congress, 21 votes. Last year, 14; Gillespieville, 13 votes. 1905, 4; Wadsworth, 46; Findlay, 326; Wyandotte County, 45 votes.

Pennsylvania—Harrisburg: For governor, 205; for Congressman, 351; 8th Congressional District, 386. 1904, 430; 10th Congressional District, 170. 1904, 150. 16th Congressional District, 487; 1904, no candidate.

Tennessee—Shelby County: For governor, 143; Representative 10th Congressional District, 478; Railroad Commissioner, from Eastern Division of Tennessee, 475; Senator to represent the 32nd Senatorial District of Shelby Co., 164; Senator to represent the 33rd Senatorial District of Shelby Co., 203; Senator to represent the 30th Senatorial District of Shelby and Tipton Counties, 335; Flo-riental Representative for the 27th Flo-riental District of Shelby and Fayette Counties, 614; Representative for the County of Shelby, H. E. Bradley, 262; T. T. Evans, 263; R. H. Gowling, 250; C. Simon, 128; Chas. H. Stevens, 182; H. G. Terlin-son, 123; R. E. Treudel, 159. So- cialist vote for Debs, 1904, 63.

Report of Thos. L. Bule, State secretary of Colorado.

"The daily press is not giving very accurate reports of the Socialist votes, but as near as we can judge from reports sent in by the comrades the Socialist vote will be about 13,000.

"As this is about four times as many as we had four years ago, we consider it a splendid showing. The most encouraging feature is that the vote is almost straight. Comrade Haywood only running a little ahead of the ticket, which shows that he has no sympathy, either for his life or for justice, in the old parties."

Report of Herbert C. Davis, State Secretary of Florida.

"Indications are at present that we will about double our vote in this state. In a number of precincts our nominees ran ahead of the Democrats, on account of apathy on the part of their voters. We will cast about 35 per cent of the total vote this year. Pettigrew, National Committeeman, is elected to the legislature from Manatee County.

"A new local has been chartered at White City, Florida, 13 members, organized spontaneously—no outside assistance. Another of the same kind has got together at Conita, Fla. They carried their precinct, No. 5, Osceola County, for the state ticket. No county ticket in the field."

From Georgia

Reporting on the election, Comrade A. Schwartz, 150 Edgewood Ave., Atlanta, Georgia, says:

"Atlanta, the capital of Georgia, where one would suppose the figures would be accessible, the secretary of state (Dem) asked Comrade Ehrhorn \$5.00 to tabulate the vote for him.

"I called at the capital building

THE MAKING OF A SOCIALIST WORKER

The workers of the Socialist Party are laboring as hard as they did last October to make converts. They carry on their canvass all the year round.

Go down on the East Side in summer or early autumn. On a truck or a park bench you will see a bright eyed man of a foreign type speaking. He may be talking in English, although the language varies with the locality. About Seward Park it is likely to be Yiddish, or perhaps Bohemian or Polish.

Even if you don't understand the language you can tell from his gestures and his periods that it is a force, fervent, red-hot oration. If it is in English it sounds mighty revolutionary.

"Comrades, rise!" he says. "You have nothing to lose but your chains, and the world to gain! They're trembling, our oppressors, they're trembling! They see the dawn of the time when the people will own the earth and there will be no more room for the thief in high places. Sweep them off the earth, comrades! You can do it!"

Cheap clap-trap, you say. But presently the orator rests, and the discussion is thrown open to the house. And some sidewalk wit, or a serious auditor who takes issue with the orator, puts in a word of objection.

Right there the orator surprises you. He has his subject at his fingers' ends. He knows the economic basis of his opinion. He can give a good reason for anything and everything. You may listen to Socialist cart tall orators a year and a day and never see them stumped for an answer.

As a matter of fact, these street meetings, with their wild oratory, are the glittering bait by which the party catches its converts. The orator knows better, just as the party stump speaker does. It is after they've caught their man, got him interested, that they begin the work of education.

Take the average convert as an example. He may be, usually, a workman and a trade unionist.

He lingers after the meeting to get a card of the William Morris circle or the Forward circle or some other group of the Socialists. Or perhaps the man at the next bench talks him into it. Next Sunday night he goes to the meeting.

They take him in with the cordiality of a Methodist church welcoming a convert. There is an orator on hand, possibly the cart tall man, more probably a man from the central organization.

The talk is a plain lecture on economic principles—political economy in words of one syllable. It is made as interesting as possible, but there is none of the street corner claptrap.

In nine cases out of ten the new convert never saw the inside of a book on economics. He learns for the first time what wealth means, what are production and distribution and consumption. If the lecturer knows his business, there is not too much of this kind of thing. It is sweetened and washed down by promises of a remedy—a big, new system which the convert doesn't understand as yet, but which he will know in time.

Before he goes the new man receives a bunch of words-of-one-syllable pamphlets, printed in the language which he reads best, whether

English, Yiddish, Polish or German.

The circle will probably meet again during the week for a debate and general discussion. There he hears more of the science of economics, there he must ask questions about the points in the pamphlets which puzzle him.

Three months of this treatment, with supplementary reading, and he is an out-and-out Socialist. If he stays with it a year he really knows more about economics than the average university graduate and knows it a great deal harder.

He has been promoted to the study of Karl Marx by that time, and in the readings of the circle has heard every objection to the system met by answers which are unanswerable—from the Socialist point of view; for unless you are well grounded in economics, sound or unsound, you are unwise to enter upon an argument with a New York Socialist.

He will fairly push you off the boards. He would say that this is because of the inherent justice of his cause. It is really because he knows the game through and through, and if he can't find answers of his own, he has heard every one of your arguments met in the meetings and can repeat the answers.

In that year the Socialist cult has taken such firm root in the mind of the convert that it can hardly be torn away. From that time forth he is incapable of looking at affairs in their broad aspects, except with a Socialistic bias.

Perhaps, after he has been going to meetings, readings, debating for two or three years, the convert discovers extraordinary ability of unusual zeal. He is material for a cart-tall speaker; he has the making of a good propagandist.

The leaders have had their eyes on him. So he is picked as material for the School of Socialism and shoved along for a finishing course.—"The Sun", daily, New York City.

Socialism explains the great class cleavage that has always existed, since we left savagery. Socialism explains the inevitable, though often unconscious, antagonism of interest between the two classes, and when once the workers become class-conscious—when once they fully comprehend the class struggle—then the end will come. It is related that in the palmy days of the Roman empire the slaves in Rome so far exceeded the citizens in number that a law was passed prohibiting any difference in style of dress between the slave and the citizen, lest the slaves seeing their numerical preponderance, and drawn together by class interest, might rise and take possession of the city. Just so capitalism tries to keep the people in ignorance of the great class division—and this is why the capitalist press becomes so infuriated when it is intimated that there are "classes" in this country—and this also is why "sociology" is put to the front in our alleged educational institutions to befool and befuddle the thoughtless masses and close their minds to real intelligence.—"Herald," Lincoln, Nebr.

The only thing which stands between the working man and starvation is his job. The capitalist owns the job.—"Chicago Daily Socialist."

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

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Machine Designer	Railroad Engineer	Engine Runner
Mechanical Draftsman	Surveyor	Marine Engineer
Foreman Machinist	Mining Engineer	Civil Engineer
Foreman Toolmaker	Mine Surveyor	Architectural Draftsman
Foreman Patternmaker	Mine Foreman	Sign Painter
Foreman Blacksmith	Cotton Mill Supt.	Letterer
Foreman Molder	Woolen Mill Supt.	Chemist
Gas Engineer	Textile Designer	Sheet-Metal Draftsman
Refrigeration Engineer	Electrician	Ornamental Draftsman
Traction Engineer	Electric Lighting Superintendent	Perspective Draftsman
Electric Engineer	Electric Railway Superintendent	Navigator
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Lord Avebury, president of the British Sociological Society in a recent speech on the unemployed problem referred to "the docile and submissive population which was the ideal of Socialism." His Lordship might repeat that speech to the Czar and cheer that unfortunate autocrat up a little.—"Progress," New York City.

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Idaho Returns

Idaho returns still continue to come in slowly, the official count not having been completed in a number of counties. We give the result in a few counties and will publish the total as soon as possible.

Bingham County: For Reg. Congress, 272; Kelly, Governor, 266. Balance of ticket from 238 to 309. Highest vote in 1904, 365; lowest, 235. Slight decrease. Due, undoubtedly, to Mormon fear of Democratic supremacy and consequent disfranchisement.

Elmore County: Highest vote 156 for Henry Crabb for Representative; lowest vote 120. Highest vote in 1904, 68; lowest, 55. Good increase. Active work by the comrades in the county.

Fremont County: Highest vote, 622 for Slatery for State Senator; Rigg for Congress, 568; rest of ticket from 575 to 632. Dubois hurt us.—James Smith. Highest vote in 1904, 313; lowest, 302. Good increase. Hard work by local comrades.

Kootenai County: As the other fellows have counted them, we stand thus: Average vote in 1902, 175; 1904, 555; 1906, 675.—John G. Koch, County Chairman, Socialist Party.

Washington County: Rigg for Congress, 239; Kelly, for Governor, 233; rest of ticket 238 to 259. Highest vote in 1904, 258; lowest, 206. Just about held even. Good increase in straight vote.

Our Offer to the Boosters

Last week we had but little space to devote to our offer to the Boosters for their work, and this week we have even less, yet we must not miss an opportunity to call attention to it.

Briefly, it is this: Each 25 cents sent in by a Booster either for subscription or as a donation to any fund we may raise will count as one point. When a Booster has accumulated points to the number of 50 he will be entitled to \$3.00 worth of the books of any Socialist publishing house in the country at list prices. One hundred points will give \$6.00 worth of books, and so on.

We have perfected a system by which the work of each Booster may be found at a glance, and from time to time we will publish the names of those who are in the front ranks in the contest for points.

A great many Boosters have already sent in many times the amount of money required to secure 50 or 100 points and we expect to send out three or four book premiums each week, after the plan is well started.

Begin now to build your Socialist library.

From now on we will make a special rate of five three months subs for a dollar. This will introduce the paper. The best effect can only be gained by securing subs for six months or a year. But any worker reading "The Socialist" for three months will want it longer, so do not hesitate to send in the lists of five.

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From National Headquarters

There are on file in the National... a number of applications for... Chas. Beranek, Bohemian... lecturer and organizer of... Cleveland, Ohio. As soon as a sufficient number are received to warrant the undertaking, a tour will be arranged for Comrade Beranek. Comrades desiring his services, or who know of points where he could be placed to good advantage, will please inform the National Secretary.

Texas comrades report the loss by death, of one of our most tireless workers, Comrade J. M. Ellis, of El Paso. Seven years ago Comrade Ellis refused a third term as a member of the Democrats, announcing his conversion to Socialism as the reason. He was a charter member, and recently county organizer, and exceedingly active though 63 years of age. He was our candidate for Congress in the 16th Congressional District. His loss is deeply felt.

LETTER FROM STATE SECRETARY ROBERT B. RINGLER OF PENNSYLVANIA

Local Philadelphia instructs me to inform you that Wm. H. Tief has been expelled from the local for violating the party law in holding membership in a Republican club. Please publish in party bulletin in accord with their request.

LETTERS FOR NATIONAL LECTURERS AND ORGANIZERS FOR THE COMING WEEK ARE

J. L. FITTS: West Virginia, under the direction of the State Committee.
GEORGE H. GOEBEL: Headquarters at Spokane, Washington.
M. W. WILKINS: New Hampshire, under the direction of the State Committee.

TO PREVENT MINORITY RULE

That the rules of the National Committee be amended by insertion of the following clause:
A motion or referendum that has one to a vote of the National Committee shall be declared lost if the total number voting on said motion or referendum does not constitute a majority of the National Committee as entitled to vote. Provided this shall not apply to a third ballot referendum as provided in rule 10.

COMMENT. The necessity for some rule of this kind is apparent from the vote cast for members of the State Committee. But thirteen members out of a total of thirty-seven members of the National Committee voted in that referendum—a ridiculous minority of less than one-fourth of its members. A motion of referendum that cannot call for a vote of at least a majority of the committee, ought not be adopted. This motion provides for a voting system the same as most bodies do at meet in convention. The exception clause provides against the necessity of more than three ballots in referendum as now provided for in rule 10. Its adoption will prohibit minority rule in referendums of the National Committee.

JAMES ONEAL, National Committeeman. To be submitted in due form November 27, 1906.

Washington

The lack of definite election news from the Socialist point of view, is a demonstration of the lack of organization in the Socialist Party. Until we can do the things necessary to our information, protection and progress, we should not lay claim to being organized.

Propaganda must take a subordinate position until we learn to function or else a reaction will set in and we shall then have our difficulties multiplied many times.

Many of the Comrades in all parts of the state are apologizing for their failure to make prompt and definite reports of results in the election, but apologies do not mend matters. If we are ever to become efficient, we must train, drill and discipline ourselves until we shall be able to do the things that ought to be done, and then we shall not be tempted to apologize for failure to do our duty.

All reports indicate that there has been a steady gain in Socialist votes, and, in many localities, this gain has come without any semblance of organization and without any propaganda.

The grave danger involved in this state of affairs should stimulate every Socialist to do his utmost to extend, strengthen and perfect our organization.

In one of the precincts of this state the Socialists cast twice as many votes as both the old parties, and in others they occupy second place. An encouraging sign of the times is the fact that is coming from many parts of the state for organization. Chehalis county, Clarke, Yakima, Whitman, Stevens, Pierce, King, Snohomish, Kitsap and Kittitas, all see the necessity for activity along the lines of organization.

Some of the so-called Socialist tickets were made up of men who had never been members of the party or were in bad standing, and their platforms could not have been told from a Populist platform of ten years ago. But I do not blame the men who did these things, for, in most cases, they did the best they

knew. It is our duty to reach these people with trained speakers and suitable literature. This is the next in order on the program in Washington.

THE RESULT IN STEVENS COUNTY.

"The Socialist," Caldwell, Idaho. Dear Comrades:— Election day in this county was a cold, rainy and very disagreeable day to be about. Our county is large in extent of territory. Many of our voters are obliged to go long distances to vote. There was a large falling off of vote in all parts of the county, with all parties. We, the Socialists, increased our vote notwithstanding, over two years ago. I haven't the entire vote of the county but will try to give it to you later.

We had a gain of three votes on the congressional ticket and seven on the judge of the Supreme Court, and an average of 26 gain on the county ticket. Many of our precincts cast the prettiest ballot I ever saw cast, practically straight.

I think that in a few days I will start in on the work of organizing locals through out the county. If I do I shall try to take many subscriptions for Socialist papers. I shall make a special effort to get a lot of literature before the people.

Yours for the Co-operative Commonwealth in our Day.
J. C. HARKNESS, Chairman Stevens County Central Committee. Northport, Wash., 11-15-'06.

Florida

The secretary has been very busy lately and other matters besides the monthly reports have been overlooked. Letters have remained unanswered for two weeks or more, and in one or two cases, when not very important, entirely overlooked. At this writing, however, every letter on file in the office has been answered and we are again up to date to the best of our knowledge. Consequently if YOU have written to this office lately and received no reply as yet you may know that your letter hither was not received or has been overlooked here, and you are especially requested to write again and state the contents of your previous letter.

At present it looks as though we had doubled our vote of 1904 in this state. Pettigrew, our National Committeeman, has been elected to the legislature from Manatee county. At Conlin in Ocala county, where the comrades have just organized but not yet applied for a charter, they carried the precinct for our state ticket. Other precincts that have reported to this office show that we have cast about 5 per cent of the total vote—a result that is of course largely due to the apathy of the Democratic voters, but is nevertheless very encouraging. Moreover, Pettigrew's Socialism is the real article, and there will be something doing in the next session of the legislature even if he is going to fight it out alone.

There has been some trouble with fusionists in Jacksonville local and the matter has been referred to the State Committee. Their report will be in this week and will be immediately sent out, together with the financial reports from this office.

This office has returned to the old plan of keeping everything up-to-date so that you can look for prompt replies to all communications in the future. Moreover, we have today started in on the campaign of 1908. Are YOU with us? The first step is to fill out that November report card as fully as possible and return it to this office by Dec. 8th, and the next step is to get out and hustle to see how much better you can make the report for December.

Local organized last month at White City, Fla. Olaf Olsson is secretary. Charter has been ordered issued by State Quorum, 13 members. HERBERT C. DAVIS, State Secretary.

Newsy Notes

In the general election in Russia for another Douma the Socialist and trade union workers will fare badly. The laboring people by thousands have been disfranchised. A St. Petersburg dispatch says that at least half a million laboring men have been denied the right to vote, although the ballot was already greatly restricted before the new order took effect. There is nothing left for the disfranchised workers to do to secure recognition and redress for their wrongs except to resort to the bullet and bomb. That policy appears to be carried into effect pretty generally.

The report of the Executive of the French Socialist Party to the Congress at Limoges, shows that the number of federations affiliated to the party has risen from 67 to 75, and the paying membership from 49,000 to 75,000. The unity of the party has been achieved everywhere except in the Department Cher. At the elections 346 candidates were put up in 540 constituencies. The elections show the value of strong organizations. The Department of the Nord obtained, with 8,990 organized comrades, a vote of 195,999. In the Seine Department, with 7,990 comrades, 198,999 votes. In the first round 894,819 votes were secured. In 1902 800,000 fell to the united party, this time the votes given to the independent Socialists are not counted. In the Department of the Loire four years ago the party had 49,996 votes; this time, in consequence of the disturbed state of the party organization, no candidate was

put up. An exact calculation estimates the party gain at between 250,000 to 300,000 votes since 1902.

To speak of co-operative colonies seems like going back to the days before the flood. The immediate reason for this reference to them is the fact, chronicled in its last issue, that "The Co-operator," official organ of the Co-operative Brotherhood and of Hurley Colony, Washington, will be compelled to suspend. "The Co-operator" has hung on for a good many years after the excuse for its existence had passed, and while we will miss reading of the adventures of the old "Jim" horse and of the condition of the sawmill and the potato crop we can't help but feel relieved that the colony fever has burned itself out.

The capitalist press of Germany is now very much frightened because practically all workers connected with the printing trade are Socialists. The awful consequence of a Socialist censorship of the press are pointed out. It would be rather funny if the Socialists took advantage of their power to give the capitalists a dose of their own medicine. The young Socialists of Germany are rapidly organizing for the study of political and industrial questions. Their organization is greatly hindered by the activity of the police. The Socialist women are also accomplishing wonders in the way of organizing and their official organ, "Die Gleichheit" has increased in circulation in the last year from 12,996 to 46,000.

In Defense of Comrade Wright

Comrades: Having no desire to enter into a controversy relative to the Seventh Judiciary, but rather wishing to correct the statement made in "The Socialist" concerning Comrade I. W. Wright, a statement that I know to be an injustice to him, I request that you give publication to this letter.

I do not believe that Comrade Wright tried to prevail on our nominee, Comrade Wikke, to resign. I know that I met him (Mr. Wright) in Weiser, after he had a meeting with Comrade Wikke. Mr. Wright told me that in his opinion Comrade Wikke could qualify if elected, that he, Wikke, was held in high esteem by all his friends and neighbors.

I do not believe that Comrade Wright ever spoke to a member of the State Executive Committee excepting myself, and then only to dissuade me from intervening. I am sure that Comrade Will Candee of Weiser was present when Mr. Wright declared himself on this question. If Comrade Wright did not try to influence Comrade Wikke relative to withdrawing, and since he did not in any way seek to influence our committee, any statement accusing him of compromise (or alleged) is wrong.

Our executive committee was the only and final body possessing absolute power to deal with the qualifications of candidates, and accepting the resignations of the same. At no time, to my knowledge, did Comrade I. W. Wright offer one suggestion other than that in opposition to accepting the resignation of Comrade Wikke.

Again, I request, in justice to one who has been misrepresented, that you publish this letter.

I thank all comrades and friends who have co-operated with us and assure them that the Socialist Party of Idaho at no time received assistance from any source other than our own comradeship. Neither directly or indirectly was a dollar received from any extraneous source. I never received one cent from the Defense Fund, Federation of Miners, or any other organization. I never sought one cent or promise. Every man related to these organizations will uphold that statement.

The only source we had for campaign funds was the voluntary contributions from members and sympathizers. These did not suffice to pay my expenses, a deficiency of almost \$100 being met with my own personal funds. I know the same is true of Comrade Chenoweth, Comrades Workman and Rigg, who also gave freely time, untiring energy and money to our campaign.

The attorneys for the defense never attempted to mould the course of our campaign or suggest our attitude on the questions involved.

The months of agitation and organization, the literature distributed, shall yet in the future manifest its value.

Again do I thank you all, pledging you my word that the cause you entrusted to our care was held sacred. The difference we may have had was one of opinion. We fought against a common enemy and acted as conscience and valor dictated, ever keeping in mind the interest of class and striving to give all for its emancipation. Knowing full well that other hands shall hold aloft our standards and carry them in triumph to victory. With malice to none, I remain.

Yours for the Revolution,
THOS F. KELLY, Boise, Idaho, 11-16-'06.

"The Socialist" would like to publish this letter without comment, but some of the statements contained therein are unfair to us. In the first place we are glad to learn that Comrade Wright did not try to have Comrade Wikke get off the ticket, and that any influence he had was used to prevent such a culmination. Our statement was that he went to Dale for the purpose of trying to get him to withdraw, and I do not believe it can be successfully disputed. That Comrade Wright changed his mind after meeting Wikke speaks well for his judgment as a Socialist and for Comrade Wikke's personality.

Another statement that is slightly beside the truth is that the attorneys for the defense did not attempt to mould the course of our campaign. This is true in general, but in relation to the Seventh Judicial district it is not, and "The Socialist"

wishes to be placed in the proper light in this connection. We trust that this puts all parties in their proper positions and hope a profitless discussion will not be continued further.—E. H. A.

Our Next Duty

Emil Herman, Washington State Organizer, Gives Some Pointers That Other States May Use to Advantage—Don't Lose a Minute in Carrying Out These Ideas.

Now for Organization. Another "battle of the ballots" has been fought, and though we did not elect a single candidate to an important office, ours is the only party that won. Throughout the United States a light vote was cast, yet we polled approximately 600,000 votes. This is most encouraging; it indicates that we have been working. Many of us are tired as a result of hard work during the campaign, and feel that we should have a rest, but to become apathetic now would be treason to our class. The campaign of 1908 is now on—much work needs to be done. We must perfect our organization. To fail to do this is suicidal to our party, and means more galling slavery to our class.

An organized mob of 15,000,000 voters would count as nothing against the well organized forces of the Capitalist class.

Organize the best of these 15,000,000 voters into a well disciplined militant, revolutionary Socialist Party and the emancipation of the working class is assured.

How to Organize Locals.

Five or more people in any community, 18 years of age or older, who subscribe to the Platform and Constitution of the Socialist Party, may organize themselves into a local of the Socialist Party. Blank applications for charter and membership application blanks will be furnished by the State Secretary on request. Each person must sign the application for charter and fill out an application for membership in his own handwriting. Elect an organizer and a Secretary-Treasurer, have them sign the application for charter and then send it to the State Secretary-Treasurer, together with 15 cents each for the first month's dues. The membership application cards will be retained by your secretary. Fifty cents extra should accompany the application for charter, for which the State Secretary will send supplies for future use.

The necessity for organization must be apparent to every Socialist. We must organize to get in touch with one another; to learn how to be efficient, so that we may systematize and give to each comrade the particular work to which he is best adapted.

We organize to discuss social, economic and political questions, so that we may be able to interpret current events in the clear light of the Socialist philosophy.

We must organize to train ourselves in parliamentary law, so that we may cope with the shyster lawyers and politicians when we enter the halls of legislation.

We must organize to put tickets in the field, to wage effective campaigns, to man the polls so as to insure the counting of our votes, to carry on our fight for free speech and peaceable assemblage, to educate the working class to a consciousness of their historic mission and for many other reasons too numerous to mention here.

To do all this we need your help, and unless you are willing to join the Party, pay your dues, attend meetings and do your share of the work you fall in your duty to yourself, your family and your class, and have no right to call yourself a Socialist.

EMIL HERMAN, Organizer Socialist Party of Washington.

With the Boosters

The Circulation Man has been so busy the past few weeks being the Business Manager and the Superintendent of Printing and the Associate Editor that he hasn't had time to properly attend to his real duties, which consist in Boosting the Boosters.

Now the Boosters like to be Boosted, as is natural, and when the proper attention is paid to them they send in some pretty good stuff to print, and they also get some subs. the week before and the couple of weeks after election they were too busy giving Socialism out hand to hand to think of "The Socialist" and so we have but little to report from them this week. And, besides, as I said before, they had got tired of not being noticed.

But the Circulation Man is back into the harness again, and he expects to show good results from his work. He is sorry he could not write personal letters to all those faithful Boosters who helped during the last campaign, but he will try to remedy that by answering all letters that come from now on, on the day they come in.

The Circulation Man has an ambition. It is to put "The Socialist" on its feet financially and keep it there. During the past few months we have been doing pretty well, but not quite so well as we ought. There is just one thing necessary to make us self-supporting, and that is 10,000 paid in advance subscribers. We haven't got them now, but with a very little effort on the part of the Boosters we might have them.

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for three months for a dollar rate and just see how easy it is.

"I have been receiving 'The Socialist' for some time. I don't know who has been paying for it, but I can't do without it," says Comrade Mitchell of Toronto, Ont., in sending in his own and three other subs.

Comrade Lossing of Aberdeen, Wash., who has taken the paper almost from the first issue, says, "I see by the last number that my time has expired, but as long as 'The Socialist' is published I have got to have it. Enclosed find dollar for renewal."

Comrade Olcott of Great River, L. I., N. Y., sends his renewal, "Wishing you the fruits and blessing of the spirit that is from heaven."

Comrade Numa Chamboudon of Linton, Ind., says, "I sent you two subscriptions the same day I got your letter and am sending two more today. I will keep on working for more." Which is the spirit we like. It is easy to get subscribers for "The Socialist" if you will only look for them. Try to get a cluk at that five

From "COSMOPOLITAN" "DABNEY" By GERTRUDE ROSCOE

Among American writers of all kinds there is a constantly growing appreciation of the class conflict going on in society—of the carelessness and even cruelty with which the worker is dealt and of the now voiceless, but rapidly developing discontent of the latter with this condition.

This spirit is clearly shown by the story below, reproduced from one of the popular 10-cent monthlies. The story shows the way a great corporation, in its greed for gain, treats a faithful employee, who loses his ability to labor through the company's negligence.

Owing to its length, the story will have to be concluded next week.

Blantonville is a curiously compact city, with no appreciable suburbs. Streets, paved and gaslighted, with electric cars, policemen, and letter-carriers, abut on farms where labor contentedly the sons of the men who planted the level acres now occupied by the great Blanton Mills and the city which they dominate.

The grandfather of the mill-owning Blantons was a thrifty farmer, who held many mortgages on adjoining farms. By foreclosing some of these, and by purchasing other lands scarcely arable, he gradually got possession of a large area above and below the falls, where the Graystone's jump on its way to the sea, tempted the farsighted old man to lead it through penstocks, turbine wheels, and tall-races, and make it the slave of the Blantons forever.

To the first small mill of two hundred looms flocked the healthy daughters of the farmers who had been Blanton's playmates at school, and right glad they were of the new work he gave them. Then enlargements were effected, and great tenement blocks built for English and Irish help, when the supply of New England hands no longer sufficed. Later, a wave of French-Canadian submergers the whole English-speaking contingent, and now hordes from the hives of Central and Southern Europe threaten to overrun the "Canucks," in spite of those restrictions on immigration that please walking-delegates and tax the ingenuity of importers of labor.

Meantime the younger and more progressive Blantons are watching our growing interests in the Far East with lively attention, speculating whether the labor market may not soon be filled with deft-fingered Asiatics, who will endure closer packing, and live far more inexpensively than the Poles and "dagos," who may be in their turn inexorably supplanted and dispersed.

But while pursuing this unchangeable policy of change, the managers have found it necessary that certain responsible positions be retained by conscientious men. Dabney, who used to care for the shafting in the weaving-shed, was one of these. In him one saw a steady, responsible citizen, alert, intelligent, well-balanced, sane. There used to be thousands of such men about the streets of Blanton's city, and here and there one remains, standing like a pillar in the unstable mass that surrounds him.

Dabney's work was not particularly well paid. He earned rather less than the loom-fixers, but, though it was extremely dangerous, scarcely a fortnight went by without some man offering to do it for a dollar less by the week than he received. Such competition is encouraged at Blanton's, but this particular job seemed secure from being knocked down to the lowest bidder. It is rather important that those miles of shafting under the ceiling, which turn the innumerable flying pulleys and belts that carry power to the looms on the floor, be kept in good running order.

One morning in pleasant May, Dabney stood at a corner window of the weaving-shed, looking out on the sparkling river and the farmlands sloping down to its other side. On the left, wooded hills swept away to the horizon; nearer, the comfortable fields and farmhouses were fair to see; but revolving pulleys and quickening belts called his eyes from the wide, sunny prospect to look over rows of looms narrowing in perspective down the vast length of the weaving-shed and running together at the far end, where the windows shrank to small squares of light, and figures became indistinguishable. In all that enormous machinery-packed room he saw few weavers, for all were down among the looms, brush and waste yarn in hand, hurrying to get as much cleaning as possible done before the speed should get high

enough to start the work. So it happened that no one saw him set the wobbly stepladder aside, as too unsteady for his present need, and pile up empty filling-boxes to stand on, that he might reach over a great bevel-gear to a bearing above it, which must be cleaned and oiled. Standing on the pile of empty boxes, he reached around the great, grinding gears and cleaned the hollow cup above the bearing, that it might be ready for oiling. He had done this every morning since his stepladder had "gone lame"—to use his own expression in frequently reporting its unsteadiness to the boss carpenter. But nothing is repaired while it can be used at Blanton's, and so he had given up trying to get the stepladder fixed, and made shift to do the more dangerous part of his work without it.

A cool head and steady nerves would have kept him safe once more had not the boy who carried the filling-yarn to the weavers come rushing down the alley, pushing a truck and looking at nothing above it. The truck struck the pile of boxes, and Dabney, feeling his support give way, involuntarily threw out his arm in an effort to keep his balance. Thus the snarled bunch of oily cotton-waste in his hand caught in the teeth of the terrible bevel-gear, and his fingers, meshed with the strands, were drawn in with the mass. Palm and wrist followed the crushed fingers. But even in his agony his wits worked and his will commanded. Into his pocket went his free hand for his knife, teeth and fingers opened it, and as the elbow reached the gear, he cut hard and deep, once, twice, and again, then dropped in a quivering heap to the floor, and lay still beside the clashing looms.

A pale weaver with arms bare to the shoulder sprang forward, gathered the gaping shreds of the wound together, and held them with all his might while other fellow-workers laid Dabney in a wagon that was standing in the mill-yard, and lashed the horses to a run, the weaver never once slackening his grip till, at the hospital, the ether of mercy had done its work.

Dabney lingered long on the borderland between life and death, but a day came when he awoke, resolute, from the delirium of his torture and the stupor of opiates. Then his recovery seemed assured. But as he slowly gathered strength the instinctive effort toward recovery relaxed, and for other long weeks he lay half-unconscious and wholly indifferent to the chance of living. It was the profound protest of his soul against continuance with the maimed and helpless body which could never again serve him as of old. In a quiet way the man was unusually proud and independent; he belonged, naturally, to the helpful, sustaining order. Continually others had gone to him in difficulties, and he had given freely, almost unconsciously, of his strength to less sturdy associates. Now he writhed in deep repugnance of spirit at his condition. "Why should I be trying to get well?" he muttered, twisting his head on the pillow and staring wrathfully at the stump of his arm in its curious frame of splints.

"It would have been all over in a minute if I hadn't cut myself loose. I've suffered a thousand times worse already—and for what? Here I be, a lop-sided cripple, strong enough to live till eighty, and I don't like the looks of the road ahead."

"Tain't no use for you to talk to me about bein' reconciled," he said to a young man in deacon's orders, who had become especially interested in the injured mill-hand. "I take it that bein' reconciled means acceptin' a misfortin' an' ownin' up that it's best. This here business ain't best, but worst, for me, in an it ain't ever goin' to be nothin' else. I'm not goin' to curse God and die, though, as Job's wife told him to, an' I ain't goin' to turn infidel an' say there ain't no God, 'cause such things are 'lowed to happen. But I don't see as there's any call to arry about it. What's the good of ripplin' off the bandages, anyway?"

There was a shade of sternness in the voice, and something in the cavernous wells of the somber eyes, so much deeper than his soul-searching plummet could sound, that the young man felt for the first time a doubt as to his ministerial vocation. The talk, however, had the effect of clarifying Dabney's thoughts; he set his mind firmly to the task of solving the practical problems of the broken, halting existence that must henceforth be his. What could a one-armed laborer find to do in a

community where only the better grade of skilled operatives had any chance of steady employment? Night and day there was present in the waking thoughts the question of how he could earn daily bread through the hard years that stretched away before him.

It was a sultry day in midsummer, but the great elms standing about the old country mansion, a room of which had been utilised as a convalescent ward, made an island of grateful shade, and the large, clean room where Dabney lay was swept by a cool breeze from the river. It was in the second story, up among the branches, but from one window a space between the tossing billows of foliage gave a wide view toward the west, and he lay restfully gazing on the familiar landscape, noting its beauty as he had never done before.

"Tain't bad to look at, an' the old world's an average cove o' place, after all," he mused, "if a man wa'n't continually worried about where he could live, an' what he would have to eat, an' where-withal he would be clothed; but I guess them worries ain't goin' to get the better of Dabney this time. That parson feller just now said something about damages from the company. Wonder why I never thought of it before? Them young Blantons look like decent chaps, an' of course they'll want to do the right thing. Don't know what they'd think a mill-hand's right arm is worth, but any feller they'd be likely to name would give me an amazin' lift. I could keep a little shop, an' sleep in the back room, or under the counter if there wa'n't no back room. Cook my grub myself. What a fool I've been to fag myself out studyin' an' worryin' 'bout what I could do to live."

The seed of hope had germinated, and Dabney was more and more cheered as he reflected on the particulars of his case. Perhaps at the bottom of his heart hope was undermined by a thought that the Blantons had displayed no sort of interest in him since his hurt, but from that neglect the tired brain would draw no fretting inferences then. A nearer peal of thunder jarred the house, the rain began to splash through the elms in slanting, white lines, and Dabney, watching it idly, soon fell into quiet sleep.

September's gales had freshened the air in the crowded tenement courts of the stifling town when the emancipated wreck of Dabney at last appeared at Blanton's and asked at the counting-room wicket for Mr. Andrews. The agent came briskly out from the inner office, and after staring an instant at the gaunt face framed by the wire-meshed wicket, he passed out into the corridor and took Dabney cordially by the hand.

"Glad to see you out again, Dabney," he said. "Lord! but they must have starved you out there on the hill. You look well, though, and you'll soon pick up if you have a good, easy job. You've come to see about work, I suppose?"

"I hain't got the strength to work yet, sir," Dabney replied, "an' I won't take up your time talkin' about it. I called to see if the company means to 'low me any damages fer this—" hitching his maimed shoulder. "I'm pretty nigh helpless. A workin' man's right arm is of considerable value to him. I reckon the Blantons won't want to use a man as rough as that an' leave him, disabled, to shift fer himself." He leaned against a pilaster, and a grayness overspread his face with a deepening of all the lines, but he made no complaint of weakness.

The agent had become alert at the first word of Dabney's business. He turned now without answering and went within, saying over his shoulder,

"Come into my office; I want to talk with you."

Dabney was motioned to a comfortable leather-covered armchair, while Andrews closed the door leading into the counting-room. Taking a chair on the opposite side of the table, he resumed the conversation pleasantly and informally. "You've got a good case for damages, Dabney, if you can put it through, but you know we aren't exactly a charitable institution. We pay nothing but what we have to pay." Dabney said nothing, and the agent continued: "In an action for damages you would of course try to prove that we neglected to provide you with proper conveniences for cleaning the shafting—safe, steady ladders, etc.—and that you thus were often compelled to trust to crazy

makeshifts, like your pile of empty boxes, to reach above the bevel-gear. That's about the way your case runs, isn't it?"

Dabney nodded, his face clearing perceptibly. The agent was called a hard man, but he evidently meant to be just.

"Then you will try to prove that the company's Portuguese boy caused the accident by running his truck recklessly against your substitute for the rigid step-ladder you should have had, knocking the boxes from under your feet, and throwing you into the teeth of the gear. Do I follow the case correctly?"

Dabney shuddered, shrank back into the depths of the great chair, and nodded again.

"That you thereby lost your right arm in a horrible manner, were put to great expense, besides the loss of several months' work, and helplessly crippled for the rest of your natural life. Therefore, the Blanton Company is liable in heavy damages?"

Again Dabney nodded with shining eyes.

"It's as pretty a case as need be, Dabney, but the trouble with it is that you can't prove it. When it comes to such proof as will be demanded by a court, you'll find you haven't a leg to stand on."

Dabney started—that was exactly his own opinion in regard to the company's position. "But you've just told, sir, how it all happened," he gasped.

"I've just stated what you will probably try to prove, and will fall of proving, in an action for damages. You say the step-ladder was too wobbly. There isn't an unsteady ladder to be found about the mill."

"Oh, I suppose the old thing was hove out into the lumber-yard," said Dabney.

"Not so fast, Dabney. The man who now tends the shafting is using that very set of steps you complain of, and is perfectly satisfied with it. Your name is cut on the side-piece—J. Dabney—with some figures that may or may not have a meaning. You cut them yourself, and you will own to their genuineness."

"Mended with braces, I suppose—it would have to be to make it fit to use—but the new parts ought to show—" Dabney's voice was scornful, and he shifted with impatience. What was Andrews driving at?

"Would show, certainly," the agent continued, "unless another similar set of steps was knocked to pieces to get the necessary parts, and these were skillfully put in place by some interested party, who hadn't forgotten how to use tools. There's half of your case gone, Dabney."

Smiling in great good humor, Andrews watched the changing of Dabney's face, seeming to take his look of incredulous astonishment as a compliment to his own shrewdness and devotion to the company's interests.

"You actually did that, an' own up to it?" said Dabney. "Well, it strikes me you've overshot the mark. 'Spos'n I go into court an' show up what you've owned to right here?"

"Dabney, you're a pretty wise man or I shouldn't bother talking with you this way. A wise man makes no slanderous statements that he can't prove. You'd get into deeper trouble by accusing me."

Feeling weak and helpless, Dabney stared at the man's smiling composure. He was no match for the agent of Blanton's, and showed that he knew it by shifting his ground. "The Portuguese won't be likely to play me false. Sam Wedden said he was all broke up about it, and expected to be tried fer killin' me. He won't deny that he knocked me into the gear."

"That Portuguese boy," said Andrews calmly, disappeared soon after your accident, together with all his family. They are said to have gone back to Brazil, or whatever place they came from. Nobody knows anything definite about them except the man who bought their steerage tickets and saw them shipped, as a great favor, to save the boy from arrest when the report of your death was circulated. Have you got the funds to trace those ignorant peasants, who believe they are fleeing from justice?"

"But I've never done you no harm, Mr. Andrews. What did you take all that trouble to ruin me fer?"

It was the agent's turn to stare; then he dropped into the vernacular as though he would get closer to the workingman's mind. "You

ain't in it that way, Dabney. I'm agent for this concern, bound to block any move that I foresee against the company. It's what I'm paid for, an' I take pride in doing my work well. Don't you get the notion into your head that it's spite against you. Good Lord, man, I've let you into a lot of inside work on purpose to befriend you!"

"Queer friendship!" said Dabney, his anger rising. "It's a pretty

tough story for Blantons. You may be able to prevent my gettin' justice done me, but I swear everybody shall know you. I'll give the whole yarn to Merrill, an' he'll expose the whole ungodly plot. Member how he went fer the railroad company in that grade-crossing accident? Public opinion counts fer something, even agin' you and your corporation that thinks it owns the earth."

(Concluded next week)

Labor Supports Hearst

(Continued from page 1.)

"Yes, till I saw you. But, then I knew you were the only man to get me out of my trouble."

The Candidate looked encouragingly and Jake went on. "It seems there's a Trust up here."

"I'll smash it," cried the Candidate, with real melo-dramatic fervor.

"Hooray!" cried Jake. "St. Peter just told me I couldn't be admitted unless I was on horseback."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said the Candidate, confidentially. "You get down on all fours an' be my horse, an' I'll get on your back an' we'll go in together."

Jake's eyes opened wide with admiration. It would be an honor, too, to have the Candidate on his back. But, gentlemen, you can see what a dogged tender conscience Jake had by his next remark.

"You think it would be all right, don't you? Wouldn't be gettin' into heaven on false pretences, for you know I'm not a horse."

"Certainly," said the Candidate, quickly. "It's all right. I know you're not a horse," he added with a look that a sharper witted fellow than Jake would have understood to refer to an animal less intelligent, an' before Jake had made up his mind the Candidate was climbing on to his back an' forcing him down on all fours.

"Giddup!" he hollered, digging his heels into Jake's thighs an' sendin' a wireless message to his papers. "Labor Supports Hearst." He drove Jake right up to the golden gate.

"What, ho, St. Peter!" he cried, an' St. Peter recognized him.

"Are you mounted this time?" he asked through the megaphone.

"I am."

"Just leave your horse outside," said St. Peter, "and come in."

"The golden gate flew open, an' before the astonished Candidate gave him a kick an' rushed through the gate, which closed with a clang.

"Jake stood an' looked blankly at it. He thought of all the mind improving editorials he had pondered for ten years, an' gentlemen, the glimmerin' of a real idea stirred at last in his brain. "So," he said, "that's what I and my class are for, is it? He was right. I'm not a horse. I'm just a common jackass."—Hall Archer in "Evening Telegram," New York City.

THE CRUSADE OF TODAY.

"The Crusades are here again, not the Crusades of Christ, but the Crusades of the Machine—have you found motive in them for your song? We are crusading today, not for the remission of sins, but for the abolition of sinning—of economical and industrial sinning. The Crusade to Christ's sepulchre was paltry compared with the splendor and might of our Crusade to manhood. There are millions of us a-foot. In the stillness of the night have you ever listened to the tramping of our feet and been caught up by the glory and the romance of it? Our captains sit in the council, our heroes take the field, our fighting men are buckling on their harness, our martyrs have already died, and you are blind to it, blind to it all!"—Jack London, "Kompton-Wace Letters."

THE BASIC THING.

We are only beginning to appreciate that industry—the way in which people get their living—is the fundamental factor in civilization. Of course, religion, climate and institutions, and great ideas and heroes have all had marked influence on civilization; and each has had its advocate who made it the key of history, but no one of these can compare with industry in the constancy and universality of its operation, or in the magnitude of its effects.

These different cases have had varying values in various stages of civilization, but there is one cause

which is constant, because there is one want which is absolutely universal, common to both sexes, to all ages, to all classes of society, to all nations, to all degrees of civilization and to all centuries—and that is something to eat. This is the one great necessity which forced life to evolve into higher forms. As life rises in the scale it has an increasing number of wants and of motives; and the higher the type of man or of civilization, the greater will be the sway of the higher motives; but this one universal motive is never lost. Here is a necessity that is new every day in every life, and must always be reckoned with.—From "Expansion," by Rev. Josiah Strong.

On the Way to Socialism

Professor Milhaud, of the University of Genf, Switzerland, lately lectured at the new University of Brussels, Belgium, upon the subject of "The Developments of the Mode of Production towards Socialism," and drew an excellent picture of the historical development of the manner of production. He characterized the mechanical productions of the middle ages as follows: Capital and labor are united under the same head; the possibility of the apprentice becoming a mechanic, and further chance of the employe becoming a master, rules and regulations regarding the quantity and quality of the product.

Later on the routine of this mechanical production is disturbed by the development in technics and the discovery and perfection of machinery.

In this new manner of production the employer no longer takes an active part in the production. The number of his employes increases, he is compelled to oversee them and at the same time find a market for his productions. He, therefore, manages his plant and his business capabilities are increased. However, the constant perfection of the machinery increases the production incessantly. The personal property of the employer becomes insufficient and personal direction and management becomes impossible.

Now, then, the different companies are formed, wherein separate individuals contribute shares in conformity with their capital, and as so costly a partnership must be recompensed, it results in the increased exploitation of the workingman. The profit also grows to enormous proportion, and it is principally the type of anonymous companies where Carl Marx deducts his theory of increased value. The concentration of capital is taking place in more and more pronounced forms, the production grows into the phenomenal, the possessors of capital no longer labor, nor do they supervise the management; for this purpose they employ directors, engineers, foremen; the stockholders receive high dividends, and from now on the producing laborers remain wage-earners for life.

The industries develop into monopolies; if the amount of products becomes too great, the trusts retain quantities of the same and decrease the production; yea, they even go so far as to destroy a portion of the goods in order to increase the price of the remainder, and in this manner the entire population is being robbed.

However, they rise in indignation against this, and in this manner the idea is created to run the industries by the commonwealth; State, county or community. And this is the manner in which the transition is made to Socialism.

"Common Sense," the Los Angeles Socialist paper, will soon have a home of its own. A lot has been acquired for \$8,800 and a building costing \$15,000 will be erected. The building will also serve as general headquarters for Socialist activity. Much of the stock has already been subscribed, there being about 400 shareholders.