

The Workingman's Paper

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RISING PRICES

By Gustav Bang

Worldwide

(Translated from the Danish by Arthur Jensen.)

Prices are going up. It is becoming more and more expensive to live. It is requiring a constantly increasing amount of money to purchase the same quantities of necessities. Money is of less and less value.

It is a movement which has been going on steadily and gradually through generations. But during the last few years it has suddenly and violently acquired speed to an alarming extent and there are no signs that it is going to stop. Quite the contrary.

Workers Suffer First

And here as on all other occasions it is the Working Class which must suffer before anybody else. The purchasing power of wages is constantly diminishing. The same wages are worth less than they were just a few years ago. Even where wages during the last ten years have increased in Dollars and Cents it is in many instances doubtful whether conditions have actually become better, whether to the increased wages there is not a corresponding decreased quantity of use values to be purchased for the wages, so that the result is increasing instead of decreasing poverty. For it is clear that if the price level has risen twenty per cent while the wage level has risen only ten per cent, that conditions are becoming worse instead of better. The wage worker's family whose yearly income has increased from one thousand to eleven hundred crowns is in fact worse off than formerly.

Food Facts

During the last few years a violent increase in prices has manifested itself throughout the capitalist world and not least here at home. (In Denmark.) Every housekeeper can discuss this from her own personal experience, and the keen figures of statistics indicate with astonishing plainness how fast the movement is advancing.

Information is available as to the average prices paid for a series of necessities of life by workingmen's families in Copenhagen during the period from 1897 to 1909 and an enormous rise in prices is found almost without exception. The price of an eight-pound loaf of rye bread rose from 12.2 to 16.7 cents, a pound of butter from 24 to 29 cents, a pound of yellow peas from 3.9 to 4.8 cents, a bottle of "white ale" from 1.7 to 2.4 cents, a barrel of potatoes from \$1.83 to \$2.45 and a quart of coal oil from 3.9 to 4.8 cents. These eight commodities have on an average during these twelve years risen 35 per cent in price. In other words, for every three dollars formerly required to purchase necessities, four dollars are now needed.

Furniture Too

Also the purely industrial products, clothing, footwear, household goods, furniture and the like, have on an average increased in price though it is especially among these commodities that advancing methods of production would seem to act toward a cheapening. When it is constantly becoming easier and cheaper to produce a commodity one would also expect that the price of that commodity would decline.

And Rent

And finally, the third chief item on a workingman's family budget, the house rent, is showing an alarming tendency. From 1895 to 1901 it increased tremendously; for one room front apartments, 16 per cent, for two room apartments, 22 per cent, and for three room apartments, 11 per cent. During the next five years there was a standstill, though this was during a period when, judging generally a heavy decrease might have been expected, as the number of vacant apartments was greater than ever before. At present their number is again fast decreasing and it is quite certain that we are again face to face with a new and acute rise in house rents.

It is apparent that a tremendous rise in prices is taking place here (in Denmark) as well as all over the world, a rise which oppresses and rests heavily on the homes and consumes the main portion of the increase in wages which has been gained, and in many instances even more. (See Editor's Note below.) And all over the world the rising prices have given rise to deep concern and grave discussions. In the Austrian Trades Unions suggestions have been made toward establishing wage scales which would rise and fall with the rising and falling commodity prices—a sort of "sliding scale" which, however, would not be determined by the PRODUCED commodities as is often the case in England but by the changing prices of workingmen's necessities of life. Theoretically the idea is quite attractive but it would undoubtedly be difficult or impossible to carry it out in practical life.

Trusts Did It

In the United States of America the rising prices have given impetus to a popular movement against the monopoly of the trusts. The trust magnates' systematic limitation of production is regarded as the chief cause of the increased cost of living. As a counter move a systematic boycott has been made on the products of the meat trust in order to force the big capitalists in this manner to cheapen their goods.

In other countries the co-operative movement is reaping the larger part of the benefit from the rise in prices. The "middle man" is regarded as the cause of the constantly increasing prices and it is hoped that the movement might be broken by establishing co-operative stores which would do away with the "middle man" and bring the goods direct from the producer to the consumer.

All of this has in itself its great importance. For it is quite certain that the national and international capitalist combines raise the prices on first one commodity and then on another, now within a certain district and then again over the whole capitalist world, and any limitation in the monopoly which they exercise over the life of production would bring the working class population great economic advantages which would not be underestimated. A healthy development of the co-operative movement would also be an economic advantage by doing away with the "middle man." (The author here seems to overlook his previous admission that wages have correspondingly increased, as indeed they must increase if the standard of living is to be maintained. Co-operative stores, if they cheapen commodities, will prevent increase of wages.—Editor of "The Workingman's Paper.")

Temporary Expedients

But even if these remedies were applied to the furthest extent possible they would not be able to place any permanent check on the rising movement of prices.

For when the price level is going up, not alone on a few things but extending over the entire variegated mass of numberless commodities, not alone for a brief period but as a link in an endless continued movement, then there can be but one cause, namely, a displacement of the common measure for all values, for all prices within capitalist society. In fact, COMMODITIES HAVE NOT GONE UP, BUT MONEY HAS BECOME CHEAPER, GOLD HAS LOST IN VALUE.

The Real Reason

The price of a commodity is, on an average, determined by its value, that is by the greater or less amount of labor power required for its production. If a watch costs twice as much as a pair of boots, it means that, on an average, it requires twice as much work, twice as much labor time, for its production.

But the values of the numberless and varied commodities are all in com-

mon measured by money—gold. The value of gold reflects the value of all other commodities. If a pair of boots, four bushels of wheat, a dining room chair, etc., are each worth ten crowns it is only because the same amount of social labor is required to produce each of these commodities as is required to produce a ten crown gold piece, or one one-hundred and twenty-fourth of a pound of gold, or about four grams of pure gold. Gold as well as every other commodity gets its value by the socially necessary labor which is required in its production.

Gold

It is the value of gold which is balanced against the values of all other commodities. On one side of the scales is placed, one by one, the various commodities the price of which is to be found, on the other that quantity of gold holding the corresponding value. It is such a weighing which automatically takes place in trade and the result is the prices we must pay for our necessities.

A permanent and general change in price can be brought about only in two ways. Either by a change in the value of commodities, as, by virtue of technical changes it becomes easier or more difficult to produce them—requiring, for instance, twelve or eight hours of work where it formerly required only ten. Or—and here we have the answer to our question—BY A CHANGE IN THE VALUE OF GOLD ITSELF, as the labor time required to produce a certain quantity of gold, say four grams, has changed.

Value

As the value of gold changes, so change, as a matter of course, the prices of all other commodities, expressed in gold, that is, in Dollars and Cents. If by a new and more modern method it becomes possible to produce the same quantity of gold within shorter labor time than before, then rises the money price of all other commodities.

That ten crown gold piece one brings to market, has less value than before. Therefore it can not buy as much as before. That pair of boots which formerly could be bought for ten crowns, because it contained as many labor hours, now must be sold at a higher price—twelve or fourteen crowns—if it is to be exchanged against its own value. For each single commodity placed on the scales an increased quantity of gold must be placed on the other side before it balances. The price level as a whole has risen. The public must pay more for all of its necessities than formerly.

The explanation for this general increase in prices is to be found in THE IMPROVED METHODS OF GOLD PRODUCTION.

Old Methods

The manner in which gold was originally produced was extremely primitive. The sand which contained gold, as a rule found close to the surface of the ground, and generally at river beds, was gathered in vessels and washed by running water so that the grains of sand were washed away while the heavier gold went to the bottom of the vessel. But it was only where a very large amount of gold was contained in the sand that this method could be used profitably and a large part, often far more than half, of the gold was lost in the process. Gradually a large number of improvements were made. The tools became better, and the results of researches in chemistry came into use. It had been discovered that quicksilver would absorb gold and this discovery was utilized. Quicksilver was mixed with the sand and later the quicksilver was removed by a process of heating and the gold alone remained.

Newest Methods

But the epoch making progress was made when, in the thirties, Cyanide began to be used in the extraction of the red metal. The cyanide enters into a chemical combination with the gold and the two are later separated, either by mixing with lead, or by

electric currents, the latter method of which has just lately come into use. The cyanide process gives the opportunity to exploit with great profit sand and dirt which under the earlier method was absolutely without value. If it contains only three or four dollars worth of gold per ton it can be profitably used, and in the gold regions practically inexhaustible quantities of such raw material is found.

The cyanide method was first applied in practical gold mining in 1891 in the "Rand district" in South Africa, where mining, technically, has reached a higher development than any other place. Two years later the process was transplanted into North America and from there to Australia, Russia and the others of the world's gold producing regions. It has since passed through a series of improvements, all tending to increase labor's productivity, thus making it possible to produce a constantly increasing quantity of gold with the same quantity of labor power.

Other Improvements

The cyanide process is the most important of those inventions which during late years have created entirely new conditions for the production of gold. Other technical advances have also taken place. The increasing application of mechanical motive power has made it possible to work profitably the deeper and harder layers which under the earlier methods were almost inaccessible.

Where the gold is found in mountain sides, masses of dirt and rock is loosened by streams of water which, under a tremendous pressure is brought from higher situated lakes and rivers. And, what has become of tremendous importance, especially in portions of North America, such as Colorado and Idaho, is the enormous progress in the production of lead and copper. The gold is found here in great quantities mixed with the other metals and is extracted as waste material, practically without extra cost of production.

Effects

In this manner the value of gold is sinking from year to year for every new technical advance, facilitating the work and decreasing the expenses of its extraction. And every decrease in the value of gold, even the smallest one, means that we, all over the world, must pay more money for the same quantity of life's necessities, clothing, house rent and all other commodities.

But among the commodity prices there is one which has a character, peculiarly its own. This is WAGES, the price of the commodity, Labor Power. A special condition is necessary for the rise of this singular commodity price. For while the other commodity prices adapt themselves purely mechanically to the new conditions, the demands of the wage workers for more money for their labor power meets with the strongest opposition on the part of capital and a direct and conscious action is here necessary to bring about a rise. What is necessary for the Wage Worker, is a scientific conception which capital seeks to diminish as much as possible.

Clear Views Needed

When the capitalists, during a period when the increase in prices is as strong and general as at present, resist increases in wages, it means that they are in reality striving to reduce wages, to force down the standard of living of the Working Class below its former line, to drive the Wage Workers into deeper misery.

Therefore, it has never been as necessary as just at present that the Wage Workers organize closely in their industrial organization; just now when the increased wages in reality only correspond to the rise in prices which mechanically is taking place all over the commodity market and as the industrial struggle is assuming the character of defensive rather than an aggressive war. Never before was it as necessary to have a powerful industrial organization, enabled to carefully watch every opportunity offering itself and with full energy to maintain the right of the Wage Worker to a living share in the product which he himself creates.

Folly of the Employers

THE MACHINISTS' STRIKE.

For an 8-hour day on the Pacific Coast. Public meeting held. Other Unions express sympathy. Good attendance and stirring speeches. False claims of Metal Trades Association in Daily papers exposed.

A meeting in behalf of the striking Machinists in Seattle was held in the Labor Temple, Friday evening, Aug. 19th. It was only advertised on the afternoon of the same day, and no notice appeared in the Evening "Star." Still there was a very good attendance and there was no lack of interest. The speakers were A. L. Lane, business agent of the Machinists' Union at Seattle; Mr. Atkins, president and organizer of the Boiler Makers; Wm. Hannon, International vice-president of the Int. Machinists' Union; and Stuart Reid, general organizer of the American Federation of Labor.

Business Agent Lane said he could remember the 11-hour day in some industries and could distinctly recall the time when all the Building Trades, barring the Plumbers, worked 10 hours a day. And now, he said, we have the 9-hour day throughout the United States and Canada and over 100,000 members in the Machinists' Union.

"Our progress may seem slow year by year and month by month, but we constantly gain and we keep what we win. Now for an 8-hour day on the Pacific Coast. That is the present fight. In Los Angeles, we have our martyrs in jail for violation of an ordinance passed by the city council forbidding picketing. When we learn to vote right, we will never have any such ordinance—as that passed. (Applause.) The police will not order our pickets to move on as they do now. Don't believe the reports you see in that Burgtown Blatter, the "Times," which is always against organized labor. It prints whatever Garrison, the walking delegate of the Metal Trades Association, wants published. He reported, for instance, that 98 per cent of the force they had on June 1st are now at work. Then why did they offer the first man from Chicago \$6 a day? And why offer \$25 bonus for men to stay? And why not mention the fact that 4 men have just walked out of Moran's? The brothers should not be misled by newspaper reports. The Metal Trades Association is out after public sentiment, their last resort."

Vice-President Atkins: "We must get together, just as the Iron Trades Employers get together. If all the rest of the Iron Trades would come out and help the Machinists, they would win in short order. But I am as sure as I am standing here that the Machinists will win this strike." (Applause.)

International Vice-President Hannon was greeted warmly, when he called attention to his own seedy appearance in contrast with what they had been led to expect from the newspaper descriptions of the rich and important personage who was living off Labor as the walking delegate of the Machinists. He declared it to be the duty of all allied trades, Machinists, Shipbuilders, Pattern Makers, etc., to join together to win an 8-hour day.

"Why did Garrison pay \$59 fare to each of the 17 men he recently imported from Chicago, if they have all the men they want, and if, as they claim, there is no strike in Seattle? When those 17 got to Seattle, and saw how the conditions here had been misrepresented to them in Chicago, 16 of them refused to go to work, and the 17th, an old man, said to the pickets: 'You're right, boys, I didn't know and I will only work long enough to get back to Chicago.'"

"I am greatly encouraged the last few days in this strike. I never saw a better chance to win in any fight in this country. By God, I will never say quit until we have established an 8-hour day." (Great Applause.)

Stuart Reid was announced by the preceding speaker as "the best speaker in the Labor Movement in the U. S." Shaking his shaggy, black mane, and striding up and down the floor, in strong Scotch accent, with ringing voice of great age, he jerked out his vivid descriptions and thrilling appeals. He was listened to with the most marked enthusiasm, though he did not finish till 11 o'clock.

He made one point by calling for any business man present to hold up his hand. Not one was discovered, showing conclusively that the business men have no interest in the Machinists' fight, or at least one of them would be at this meeting.

"These Business Men tell you workmen they propose to run their own

AULT'S JUNK

Lack of time to scratch over the junk piles—capitalist newspapers—this week, is liable to make my collection of curiosities rather shorter than usual this week.

Affairs in the Labor Party are going on swimmingly. The movement is straight proletarian so far, and if the spirit dominating the organization now persists, it will remain so for all time. No one but authorized delegates from the various unions of the city are admitted as delegates, and all taking any part in old party politics are summarily ejected. This was evidenced again at the meeting of the party held last Friday, when a delegate who had been working for the nomination of a certain candidate for prosecuting attorney on the Republican ticket, was sent back to his union and a request made that another man be sent to take his place. This delegate made the plea that in all probability the Labor Party would not nominate anyone for prosecuting attorney and so he was acting within his rights, but it didn't go. The Labor Party is a party of labor, and of labor alone, and no capitalist party politicians are wanted or will be allowed.

At this same meeting of the Labor Party, Mr. Stuart Reid, General Organizer for the American Federation of Labor, working in this district in the interests of the Allied Metal Trades Unions, addressed the delegates of the Labor Party on the necessity for political action along class lines. Mr. Reid said in part:

"When Stevenson placed the first locomotive 'The Rocket' on the track for its first public trial, an old lady carefully inspected the queer contrivance, and after due deliberation said: 'It will never go.' After which Stevenson climbed in the cab, opened the throttle, and with a puff and a roar, the engine went on its way at the magnificent speed of about six miles an hour. The old lady looked on with astonishment, and when she got her breath exclaimed, 'It will never stop.' And that is the way the capitalist politicians who are working in the labor unions regard the Labor Party. They say now, 'It will never go.' But it is going. And after a while they will say, 'It will never stop.' And I, for one, hope that is so.

"As an evidence of the necessity for political action, and of the power of political action and to show the growing spirit of working class solidarity, I will cite Los Angeles. When I first went there in the present strike we used to go down to the shops and address the bare brick walls. The men did not dare to show their heads at first, but after we had spoken a short time the workers broke down the doors and climbed through the windows to leave the shops and formed in line and marched to the strike headquarters and enrolled as union men to fight for better conditions. But after a time the 'GOO-GOO' mayor (the Googos are the Good Government League) forced to some drastic action by his owners, the capitalists of the city, for all the damned old parties are owned body, soul and breeches by the same people, issued a proclamation against street speaking. In the course of the next few days at a meeting of more than 2500 workmen a Labor Party was formed and the mayor couldn't get around fast enough to withdraw that proclamation.

"You have been told almost from the beginning of trades union organization that politics is 'bad for the union.' Watch the man that says that. Watch him, and see if he isn't looking for a job as dog catcher or as a deputy sheriff whose main duty is to rob widows and orphans of their last pennies and throw them out into the street at the behest of capitalist owners of business without interference from you. A factory owner once said that to me. I whistled and every man in his shop came out and left him to run his own business. Then he found out who really ran his business.

"We workers have our one commodity to sell, our Labor Force. We have the same right to set our own price on it, as the storekeeper has to set his prices on his goods. And because we do that, they call us anarchists and undesirable citizens.

"The Capitalists are forcing working men into politics to protect themselves. 'Whom the gods destroy, they first make mad.' And the employers on this coast, in Los Angeles and Seattle, are certainly courting their own destruction. Under their insane arrogance and tyranny, you workmen will yet have your own men in legislatures and in congress. (Tremendous Applause.)

their means of life. He doesn't want you to have anything to do with the real kind of politics that will get you something, because it might keep him from getting his job as dog catcher.

"You have been told that the A. F. of L. is against politics in the union. The A. F. of L. is opposed to the connivance of the cheap dog catching, deputy sheriff kind of politics in the union, that tries to use our influence for the capitalist parties, but it does favor independent political action that is designed to drive out the hirelings of capital and put into office men who toil with their hands and who will act in the interests of those who toil for a living.

"The idea has been drilled into us from birth that the American workingman is the most intelligent in the world. And he is. The only trouble with us is that at the same time the idea has been drilled into us that all that intelligence belongs to the fellow who hires us for wages in the morning and so we use it brilliantly for him all day and at night go home and leave it locked up in the box with the rest of the tools. Brothers we must use a little of that great intelligence that is ours for ourselves.

"Again the man who wants to keep politics out of the union will tell you about the philanthropic employer—if you got what was coming to you the philanthropic employer would not be needed.

"We cuddle ourselves with the idea that our particular employer is generous and will hand us something extra if we are particularly good in our work, and you can bet that this identical generous employer is handing us something all the time—right in the neck. All our interests are not identical. The employers' interest is to skin you to the limit and your interest is to keep from being skinned. You must inevitably clash in the skinning process.

"And now I ask you, brothers, not to be union men 364 days in the year and scab on the 365th. It is better a hundred times to elect a workingman than a member of the professional or manufacturing classes. Elect men to office who depend on you, and if they don't line up you can take them out.

"Go in as working men. You've got the brains, you've got the vim, and you've got the numbers. The interests of workingmen are identical as workingmen. No power on earth can defeat you if you march forward in solid phalanx."

Delegate Lyle, of the Cigarmakers, says: "We've got no more time for a business administration than any other. It's always the business administration that brings forth the good things that we get in the neck."

In reply to Comrade Tuck, of California, who, in a recent issue of his paper, "The World," of Oakland, takes umbrage at my remarks anent him in this column some time ago I would say: Yes, Comrade Tuck, when the Socialist party ceases to represent proletarian Socialism, as evidenced by the nomination of a preacher for governor and his campaign of the state in an automobile furnished by another "proletarian" members of the party, get out and support Labor on the political field, when it is to be found organizing for political action regardless of all other parties. Socialism is not a name, it is a fact, and the most important fact in connection with it is the unity of labor for political and industrial action along class lines. That is the aim of the Labor Party of Seattle, and in that it is nearer to Socialism than the Socialist party of California, which is going to emancipate the working class behind its (the working class's) back.

That the Socialist Party of this state is the only "real representative of labor on the political field" is shown by their selection for candidates for judges for the supreme court. They are Edwin J. Brown, advertising dentist and police court lawyer, who is an extensive employer of Japanese labor and who but recently had his offices remodeled by scab carpenters; Samuel Sadler, a non-union machinist, and Wm. E. Richardson, who failed miserably to come to the front with assistance for the I. W. W. in their free speech fight in his home town, Spokane. Organized Labor should surely support this aggregation to the limit. Not!

The Brewery Workers are trying to make J. G. Fox & Co. recognize them and hope all workers will assist in the good work.

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(See U. S. Census Reports for 1900)

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(Represented by this upper portion of the Box)

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What Capital Gets -- Three Quarters

(Represented by this lower portion of the Diagram)

Eighteen Billions Worth -- \$18,000,000,000

Ten Million Capitalists, who do no productive labor, get this three-quarters of Labor's Product for nothing. It is Unpaid Labor, the Surplus over the laborer's necessities of life.

This Surplus of Unpaid Labor, Eighteen Billions a year, is what all the world is fighting over. The Big Capitalists, the Plutocrats, a million or so of them, get the most of it. The Little Capitalists, the Middle Class, eight to ten millions of them, are fighting hard to get more of it for themselves. The "Insurgents" represent the Little Capitalists. The "Standpatters" represent the Big Capitalists.

But the Working Class, who produce all this wealth, have no interest in "Insurgents" or "Standpatters," Republicans or Democrats, or any other Capitalist Class struggles over this mass of Unpaid Labor.

The only interest of the Working Class is to keep the Wealth they create, to perform no Unpaid Labor, to save themselves being robbed of this vast Surplus of Eighteen Billions a year.

This is the one Great Red Fact for the Workingman to learn.

No other issue counts.

The Tariff, high or low, will not prevent Unpaid Labor.

Direct Legislation will not stop Unpaid Labor.

Co-operative Stores will not abolish Unpaid Labor.

Postal Savings Banks will not touch Unpaid Labor.

Conservation will not reach Unpaid Labor.

No Capitalist platform will ever mention Unpaid Labor; for without Unpaid Labor there would be no Capitalist Class.

No one but the Working Class, those whose labor goes unpaid, will ever stop this stupendous robbery.

Workingmen, you millions on millions of workingmen, how long will you go unpaid! Stand up together and take your own. The world waits for your united strength. You can do what you will, if you only recognize your power.

"Ye are many. They are few."

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THE PROLETARIAN

By Friedrich Engels

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Eclipse of Marx

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Middle Class Rebellion

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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THE CAUSE OF PROSTITUTION

Or Roosevelt On Women

Anyone who reads the following reports of conditions among Working Girls will know for himself the Cause of Prostitution. In one word, it is Unpaid Labor. It is self evident the girl who is paid only \$3 or \$5 a week is paid for only a part of her labor. She earns at least three times that if she were paid all she earns, she would not need to resort to prostitution to get enough to live.

It is twaddle to talk about virtue for women or men so long as the Wages System continues. For understand Wages always means Unpaid Labor. How are men and women whose wages never do or can amount to more than a bare living, going to get married and raise families? And if they are unable to marry, do you expect the imperious instincts and demands of sex will be suppressed? Prostitution under the system of Capital and Wage Labor is natural and inevitable.

Yet listen to Theodore, the Apostle of the Impossible, in his first speech in America after his return from Africa. Here are his words to ten thousand farmers at a Grange meeting near Utica, N. Y., Tuesday, Aug. 23d, 1910: "The Woman who shirks her duty as housewife, as mother, is a contemptible creature; just as the corresponding man is a contemptible creature." Fancy him, born rich, always rich, addressing that sentence to an audience of Working Girls such as those described in these articles by Ann Addams. Do they shirk motherhood? Rather, with what infinite gladness would they welcome motherhood, if their labor were sufficiently remunerative to sanction it. Motherhood on Three Dollars a week! Colonel Roosevelt has been called cruel on the Game Trails, but his Springfield rifle was never half so merciless to an African doe as his iron fang at Working Women of America for shirking motherhood.

Listen to his further Puritan twaddle: "It is a matter of the highest obligation for us to see that the (the functions of motherhood) are performed under conditions which make for her welfare and happiness and for the welfare and happiness of the children she brings into the world."

We call this talk about "our highest obligation" the merest twaddle, because all Roosevelt's actions contradict his speech. For is he not supporting this System of Unpaid Labor? Is he not living off that Surplus Wealth secured from the Unpaid Labor of Thirty Millions of Wage Workers, including the Working Women whose unpaid labor forbids motherhood?

Will the Wage Workers be deceived by such Middle Class Twaddle? For notice this address of the ex-president was made appropriately and significantly to the Grangers, an organization of men whose ownership of land enables them to underpay their laborers exactly as the factory owner does his. They are the backbone of the Middle Class in America, whose especial champion Mr. Roosevelt is.

He even alludes directly to the Farm Laborers as too migratory because of their uncertain and intermittent employment. In this connection he offers some more twaddle, saying, "It is our duty and our business to consider the farm laborer exactly as we consider the farmer;" as if the farmer who hires the farm laborer and the laborer who is hired had the same interests.

What kind of farmers Roosevelt has in mind is shown by his exhortation to them that they should not for whatever reason, "go away to live in cities instead of working their farms." These are farm owners who do not need to work on their farms any more than Roosevelt needs to work in the mines where he is a stockholder. They make their profits out of those Farm Laborers, Mr. Roosevelt, and why should they not enjoy their leisure in the city, just as you enjoy yours in politics? They might just as well urge you to give up your politics and work on the railroad or in the mines from which your derive your income. They are Capitalists and don't have to work, exactly like yourself. Therefore it is pure twaddle to talk about their "duty" to live and work with their laborers.

In fact, Roosevelt is always vamping about our duties, as if any duty could interfere with social and economic laws. He never seems to have grasped the fact that no preaching can interfere with or transcend the laws of social production. He is absolutely ignorant that the Forces of Production rule society in the aggregate as inexorably as Chemical Forces the molecular world. He preaches against Classes in Society as wicked, proclaims it our duty to disown such classes, just as the preachers against Galileo proclaimed it immoral to announce the earth's revolution.

The Laws of Capitalist Production have divided society into two classes, Capitalists and Wage Workers, the capitalists being distinguished as the appropriators of the unpaid labor of the wage workers. The Capitalist Class is itself divided into two classes, divided, like all classes, by their divergent interests. The Great Capitalists, the Trusts, seek to devour the Small Capitalists, the Middle Class, and the latter fight to prevent their own annihilation. Mr. Roosevelt belongs to the Middle Class, he fights for the Middle Class, but with his limited Middle Class vision he fancies every one else should fight for his Middle Class. In fact, he conceives the Middle Class of Capitalists as the whole people, and from that conception he exhorts members of all classes, plutocrats and laborers, that it is their "duty" to act as members of the Middle Class.

All this is as absurd as the dog baying at the moon. The working class will not be deceived by it for very long. They are reading such articles as these on the conditions of the working girls which we are quoting from the Scripps Syndicate of newspapers. It is a tribute to the growing importance of the Wage Class that this combination of evening one-cent newspapers, scattered throughout the country, should find it profitable to publish such hideous proletarian facts, which reveal conditions portending revolution, conditions which Mr. Roosevelt's Middle Class have no remedy for. The competitive wage system, with its mass of Unpaid Labor appropriated by the Middle Class and the Trust Class alike, is immutably certain to maintain these hideous conditions. But the Scripps papers, like the Seattle "Star," being strictly Middle Class, the same as Roosevelt, have no intention to promote the Proletarian Revolution, which means the abolition of the Wage System. Yet these dailies want the patronage of the masses of workmen, hence these tears. Yet the fact that the publication of such tragic news assists the circulation of the Scripps papers, will not blind the workers to the more potent fact that the policy behind the mere news sections, the editorial policy, the financial policy, is essentially Middle Class and hence Capitalist. The hands are Esau's but the voice is Jacob's.

We commend the following three Stories by Ann Addams, who took these places for the purpose of reporting the truth to Mr. Samuel Gompers, who denies the existence of Surplus Value. We ask him if he thinks these

girls produced no Surplus Value over and above their wage; or if he thinks Karl Marx was wrong when he predicted worse and worse conditions for wage-workers; or if he thinks these stories show those improved conditions of the Working Class he claims are now arising.

The Shop Girl

"The girl with even a passably pretty face need not starve on \$4 a week."

So I had been told, and at last I knew it to be the truth.

The offices of the shops where I learned to sandpaper wooden frames for cases as well as cover and line them were shabby like the shop itself. The superintendent was out. I was sent direct to the owner. "Ah, good morning." He smiled urbanely as he placed a chair. "What can we do for you this morning?"

As a working woman I had long since learned to wear neat black, and for protection, to go heavily veiled.

I said that I was not a customer, but a would-be employe.

"Well, and what do you think you can do? Experienced?"

"You advertised for inexperienced help," I ventured.

The Boss is Polite.

"Yes. Well, I guess we don't need any just now. We want girls who know how to handle glue and work neatly. Let me see your hands!" I pulled off my gloves.

"Hum! Those are rather dainty hands, my dear. Lift your veil. I like to see the sort of looking help I employ."

I threw back the folds of black chiffon.

"Why, you have real golden hair, haven't you? Half past 7 is the time our girls come to work, and you be here tomorrow morning."

He agreed to give me \$4 a week for working nine hours a day.

"We try to be very good to our girls, my dear, and pay them just what they are worth to us. Why, one of them earns \$9 a week! You will be making big money before long"—with a smile that was probably supposed to be encouraging.

"My name is Ann Addams," I said pointedly as I rose to go, "and I will report to the foreman tomorrow morning."

Uses Her First Name.

"Annie, is it? Well, we'll do our best to make you like it here, Annie." So this was what working girl friends of mine had told me they sometimes had to face!

It was 20 minutes past 7 the next morning when I opened the door of the women's dressing room. It was a little place where a number of girls were changing their street clothes for working garb. They did not seem to care how slovenly they looked nor how torn and ragged their outer garments were.

One of the girls, named Nellie, came over to me.

"You're a new hand, ain't you?" was her greeting. "Well, you kin have one of my nails to hang your coat on." She called the other girls' attention to my washable frock.

"Well, it's a dead cinch you ain't got no fellow," laughed a girl with wan white cheeks and glistening eyes. "You wouldn't be seen on the street in that rig if you had. Bet you ain't got no date on the corner for 6 o'clock tonight!"

The girls filed out, leaving Nellie and me alone.

"Here, give me your lunch," said Nellie, as I stood trying to choose between the floor and the table.

She snatched up a piece of cord and tied my lunch to the rusty and top-sided chandelier, where I then noticed all the other lunches were hung.

"The rats can't get it there," she explained. "You'll be hungry enough by noon to eat it yourself."

There were many more men in this shop than girls, and we worked with them. The cases were wood, and were brought to me for the final sandpapering.

Work is Rushed.

The foreman kept bringing me work faster than I could finish each job.

A girl who earned \$9 a week on piece work was at a bench not far from me. There were a number of other girls near her who finished the work she and five or six other expert piece workers began.

"There don't many of the girls ever get on piece work," Nellie had confided to me one lunch hour. "I don't know why, they seem to work fast and do it neatly, too, but there is always some reason why most of us can't do piece work. I've tried to get them to let me, but they won't. I've been here most a year now, and I'm still getting \$4 per."

It did not take me long to learn the trick of making every move of my fingers count. In a short time I was entrusted with high-priced and special work. Still I remained like Nellie, an "inexperienced," though in reality, expert workwoman.

The Piece Work Steal.

I counted my work and Nellie's one day according to the piece wage scale. She earned \$2 that day and I \$1.50. Nellie easily averaged \$1.75 a day throughout the week, while I would probably have been able to earn about \$1.25. The worth of our work for the week was therefore \$10.50 and \$7.50. For this work we were each paid \$4.

The scheme is a simple but effective one. Expert workwomen, or in Nellie's and my cases, foremen who supply material for jobs, start work that other girls are compelled to finish. In reality, the inexperienced girls work at the same rate and accomplish as much as the experienced girls.

The owner of the shops where I forgot me, and he often came to the bench where I was at work. He did things that were real kindnesses, too, such as sending me a high stool that I could sit on. But such attentions did not increase my favor with the other girls, even though I insisted upon lending my stool to them.

One day I noticed that he had passed my bench for the fifth time since morning. He watched me for a while, and though I made it a point never to notice or speak to him unless in answer to a direct question, as usual he began to talk. Nellie had warned me not to make him angry.

"He's mashed on you all right," was her frank comment, "but if you can get out of going anywhere with him, I guess it will be all right. You will have to let him jolly you all he likes in the shop. It's his shop, you know."

This particular afternoon he annoyed me more than usual, and I tried my best to show him that I did not like it. I finally deliberately walked away to the women's dressing room and left him standing there. Presently he came up and started his usual monologue.

The Crisis Comes.

"Annie, you are a good deal of a fool. You are only a shopgirl, even if you have hands that look like snowflakes. How would you like a dark green velvet gown? You would be beautiful in decent clothes. What's the use of starving yourself on \$4 a week? I'll take you home in my automobile tonight—just as you are, in your working clothes, though why you don't fix yourself up to come to work I don't see. I'll be waiting for you after the others are gone."

It was Nellie who showed me how to slip away through back alleys, and she told me that no matter how much I needed the money I should never come back.

"You're good," she said, "and you'll have to go. Men like that never stop till they get what they want, and \$4 a week doesn't put much backbone or resistance into even the strongest and best women. It's just downright hell to be 'pretty' and be a shopgirl."

The Factory Girl

Stoop-shouldered, with nearsighted eyes, bent so closely over her work that the whirling wheels of her power machine blow her hair, Ellen barbers all the promise of her straight-limbed, clear-eyed young womanhood for \$4.50 a week.

For nine hours a day, six days in the week, her eyes never relax their intense watchfulness over the dainty and even stitching. Her hands and feet never lose control of the power sewing machine that roars relentlessly from 7:30 in the morn.og until 5:30 at night.

In the room where 30 of us worked were two long tables facing each other, which served as the support for the power sewing machines arranged 3 1/2 feet apart, 15 on each side. Between the tables was a wooden trough in which the girls dropped their work. Underneath the table were the whirling wheels and belt run by electricity. The roar was so great that I could not make the girls on either side nor across the table hear me.

The machinery was old.

Ruined Eyesight.

Ellen told me that, though her eyesight was perfect when she went into the factory three years before, she could not see a street car in broad daylight a quarter of a block away.

"Why don't you get glasses?" I questioned.

"I can't afford glasses," she smiled, patiently.

Some of the girls wore glasses, but all had deep creases between their eyebrows that made them look like old women.

During the lunch hour, which, according to my carefully regulated timepiece, lasted from 45 to 50 minutes, instead of the promised 60, Ellen and I had some long talks.

"You can't live on what you're earning—\$4.50 a week. And you will not get more for months. They won't raise you then more than 50 cents. I live at home, which makes some difference, but you had better try to get a place doing housework in a private family," she advised me. "You can get \$4 or \$5 a week, your room, meals, and can do your own washing, so the money will be practically saved."

"Why don't you do the same yourself?" I asked her.

The girl lifted a face that must

have once—three years ago when she was 16—been almost beautiful.

It's Too Late Now.

"It's too late now," she said, a faint blush of pink tinged her white cheeks, "people don't want girls like me—in their homes."

By and by, after I had found my voice again, I ventured one more question.

"Do you expect to work here all your life?"

"We sometimes marry," she said. "That is what most of us wait for. We start in thinking we will work till we get married."

"But that old woman across from me is not married, is she?" I asked.

The woman I spoke of sat huddled in a chair. Her face was wrinkled and lined, her dull hair was twisted into a tiny knot. Her thin knees showed sharp through her flimsy skirt.

"The 'old woman,'" said Ellen, "is 25. She has been doing this work 10 years. She looks 50, doesn't she? Before I look like that—the young girl's face took on a wild look—"I—why—I will kill myself!"

"Well, why not?" she asked, sullenly. "When you're dead, you're dead. There won't be the everlasting roar of the machines, the pain in your eyes, the pain between your shoulders, the cramped feet and legs from sitting in the same position all day."

What chance of marriage had she? And what sort of man would choose her?

She told me that at one time the factory tried allowing the girls to do what is known as "piece work"—that is, the girls were paid according to the amount of work turned out.

"But they did not keep that up long," said Ellen. "The girls made too much money."

The Ninth Hour.

When I applied to the forewoman for the job, she told me that she and the girls had been trying to "get the ninth hour."

"We work nine hours here," she said, "and though I have told the boss that the girls could accomplish more on eight hours a day than on nine, he won't give it to us."

"The girls are so tired they can't do their best work during the ninth hour. They lag and accomplish less than during any other half hour of the day."

One night as "the power" went off, and Ellen, with the rest of us, left her machine, she stretched her arms above her head, and lifting up her worn white face, said: "Oh, God, if we could just have the ninth hour!"

It is only those who have been members of that silent sisterhood of factory workers who can understand how truly her words were not sacrilege, but a prayer echoed in the heart of every woman who has run, on five-hour stretches, a power machine.

The House Maid

There was a peculiar interest attached to being literally cast into the streets of a strange city, sick, friendless, and with only \$2.56 in my pocket, by a woman who posed before her clubs as a humanitarian and philanthropist with special concern in the welfare of working girls.

This experience came to me when I was a housemaid or "second girl" in one of the homes located in a fashionable and exclusive residence district. This woman, who keeps up club appearances by writing papers on the problems of the day, after she has had her 9 o'clock breakfast served in her room, did not carry out in the management of her household the same ideas that she expressed to her forgotten club sisters.

Wouldn't Wear Wrap.

She refused to permit me to wear a wrap to protect myself from the raw wind while I was scrubbing the porch floor. To keep up the esthetic reputation of her house was more to my mistress than to subject her maid to pneumonia and perhaps death. She could get new mals, but the overstepping of what she considered a conventional line might have caused her to drop a couple of notches in the standard of propriety which she and her friends maintained.

So I caught cold.

As I was washing dishes in the china closet Wednesday after lunch "the missus," as the cook called her, came in.

"You feel rather ill, don't you?" she questioned.

It was the first personal word she had given me during my service to her.

"I do feel sick," I confessed.

"Are you going out this afternoon?" asked my mistress.

"No," said I, "I have no friends to visit."

She Fired Anne.

"Well, I'm afraid you are going to be sick," said she, "so you had better take your afternoon out and hot come back. You might see a doctor."

I thought of the 21 cents and the postage stamp my pocketbook contained.

"I think I owe you \$2.15," said my

employer, laying the money among the dishes I had washed.

"But, madam," I exclaimed, "where shall I go? What shall I do? I know practically no one in the town, as you are aware."

"There are the charity wards at the hospitals," she said, vaguely, moving toward the door.

"But no charity ward would accept me. I am not ill enough."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know," she said; "there are working girls' homes and things. I suppose you could try the Y. W. C. A."

"Where is the Y. W. C. A.?" I asked.

"You really should not expect me to answer your questions. Why don't you ask your young man who was sitting out here with you the other night?" asked the mistress of the kitchen.

"I do not know that young man well enough to care to tell my troubles to him," I answered.

The Crowning Insult.

"I dare say he would be perfectly willing to look after you for a few days." She threw the insult at me as her silken skirts swished through the pantry door.

How I longed to forget that I was only a servant and say to her, as woman to woman, what I thought of her writing club papers on "Universal Sisterhood," and before the ink was dry, treating one of her own household so uncharitably!

The only caller I had during my service to Mrs. — was a man who spent an hour with me in the kitchen one evening after my work was done. He was the friend of a girl I knew in another city, and she had asked him to call. Most of his visit was taken up with my making butter balls.

Oh, those butter balls!

They were the bane of my existence and a disgrace to the household. The mistress said so. And they were not what might be called a howling success.

There was war over those butter balls. My mistress' hobby was trimmings. She cared little for fundamentals, such as enough cooking utensils, but she would have finger bowls and candelabra every night for dinner. It was the same way with the butter balls, and she bewailed my incapacity in this respect, while it never entered her head to find out whether or not I kept my dish mops and tea towels sweet smelling and free from germs.

Making Butter Balls.

So I spent all my spare time—even when I was supposed to be entertaining callers—seriously padding little squares of creamery butter.

I had applied for the situation without a reference. Mrs. — spent a half hour trying to impress upon me the fact that she never employed help who could not show references, but she engaged me because—well, it was this way:

"I am sure you will look a perfect duck in a uniform! My last maid was so homely that my husband said it kept him awake nights! You know how to smile when you open the door?"

"We really have very little to do—and the work is not hard. You will take care of all the rooms in the house except the kitchen, and I shall expect you to dust the floors along with the furniture every day. There are only 16 rooms, and the woodwork is all white enamel, and I simply cannot tolerate finger marks. Of course there will be the beds and the bathrooms. I have three children, and they are perfect little cherubs," she concluded as the head of a child, whose nature might have been termed more impish than cherubic, appeared at the door.

AND the poodle!

"Loo-Loo," continued the lady, "is a darling angel—I just know you will adore her! She has to go out for a walk every day—and it will be a nice run for you, too."

Mrs. — did not really see enough of her children to know whether they were cherubs orimps. They were left entirely to the care of the governess. But let "angel Loo-Loo" get indigestion from stuffing herself with oatmeal and rich cream, and her mistress would run for a hot water bottle and tuck her up in her silk lined basket bed.

She ended the interview by telling me that she was sure I would like the place.

"I simply devote myself to making my servants happy," she said. "I think it so beautiful to make the lives about one pleasant, don't you? We all try to help each other here. My husband says that I simply exhaust myself planning the work."

But I had not been in the kitchen 10 minutes until the cook, a good-faced, middle-aged woman, told me differently.

"You will run up and down stairs to wait on the missus 50 times a day," said she. "Besides serving the meals, caring for all the silver, glass and china, answering all telephone and door bells, there will be enough daily cleaning to keep two women busy."

She was right.

Five breakfasts were served in five different rooms every morning, two luncheons at noon, and three dinners at night.

Another of my regular ceremonies was laying out the night clothes and opening the beds every evening. Still another was blacking the master's boots, which I accomplished by tipping the furnace boy, who did it for me.

From 5:30 in the morning until 9 at night, were my hours, except for my Wednesday afternoon out and every other Sunday afternoon. No wonder my predecessor had been discharged because she would become faint after running upstairs.

"She was as strong an Irish girl as you ever saw when we both came here six months ago," the cook told me, "but she got heart trouble, and the missus fired her, just as she will you if you let her hear that cough."

Cook's prophecy came true. I was "fired" because my club-paper-writing mistress was afraid she might have a sick maid on her hands.

Editor's Note—Miss Addams seems not to have found in housework the same temptation to prostitution as in other occupations. Years of experience as a physician among the working class in cities, East and West, justifies the writer in saying that the instances where "Servants" are regarded as legitimate prey for the master of the house or his son, are "too numerous to mention."

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Me and Andy and John

Me and Andy and John
Are givin' a lot away
To colleges here and libraries there—
We're helpin' 'em every day.

There's John—he's smilin' a happy smile
And writin' the checks against his pile;
And Andy—biddin' the world have peace
And wishin' the wars would somehow cease;

And me—I'm doin' my hours o' toil,
Producin' all of the steel and oil.

John and Andy and me—
We're certainly helpin' some
With money for this and money for that
As fast as petshuns come.

There's Andy makin' 'em carve his name
Upon the libraries for his fame;
And John—he's teachin' the young to save
An' givin' advice he always gave.

And me? I'm helpin' 'em meet both ends
Workin' to make the dividends.
Andy and John and me

Hold wealth as a preshous trust;
We're helpin' 'em here an' helpin' 'em there
By shovellin' our dust.

There's Andy—busy as he can be
Considerin' 'plans for a library;
And John 'a whackin' a boundin' ball
And lettin' his words o' wisdom fall;

And me? I'm workin' my small amount
To help 'em both to a bank account.

Me and Andy and John
Are givin' our money free;
The colleges here and libraries there
Are gettin' it from us three.

There's John—he's happiest when he gives,
And he'll be do