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The Socialist

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THE WORKINGMANS PAPER
A CARTOON WEEKLY

To Organize the Slaves of Capital To Vote Their-Own Emancipation

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SLAVE MARKET REPORTS

A slave sitting on the opposite side of the table from me, says he has a wife and four children. He has had nine days work in three months. I told him there could be no trouble about getting work, "everybody who will work has work." He fired up and called me all sorts of liars; he shook his fist in my face and dared me to give him work. I told him that I did not own any of the machinery of production and could not give any one employment. He said that if I did not own any of the means of production and distribution I was as much of a slave as he was. I admitted as much and then he wanted to know what I meant by telling him that everybody who would work had a job. Well, said he, "I think it an infamous slander upon the working people." I agreed with him and then he shook my hand and wanted me to smoke a cigar.

The Puget Sound Shingle and Lumber Company has cut the wages of its slaves. This company boasts of its ownership of large tracts of timber land and large and effective machinery. Its profits are enormous. The leading spirit in this company is one Earles, State Senator, the slaves' friend. Last Christmas he presented his slaves with turkey. Now wages are cut to pay for this turkey and incidentally to add to profits. Earles as a state senator helps to make the laws by which his slaves and other slaves are driven to toil. The slaves almost broke their necks to vote for Earles and now he will break their backs.

A careful examination of the flag in our last week's issue betrays the fact that existing conditions have left traces of their presence in the flag. It is a wonderful revelation. Examine it for yourself. Sometimes you will think you see it and then you will think that you don't see it, but traces of a skull and crossbones are there.

It is passing strange that any slave should be influenced by the opinions or the sayings of our masters or their emissaries, but we must realize that when the masters utter an obvious falsehood, many of the slaves yet believe the utterance true. How often do we see in print and hear uttered the false and misleading statement that "all who will work now have a job." The following statements are extracts from three letters written by one slave to another slave in this city and they are a complete refutation of the statement that "all who will work now have work."

"I could not get anything to do down there (in Olympia). I heard of this place and came down here and started to work, but the mill only ran two days. I do not know what to do next, unless I jump into the bay. That's about the only thing left to do. There are about as many idle men here looking for work as in Seattle."

This extract is taken from a second letter, written after he had gone to another slave market. "Well, I am not doing anything now. I did have a pretty good place to work here at \$2.25 a day, but the mill has closed down, but I am not going to give up; I'll keep trying."

In a third letter this slave who is opposed to Socialism, writes: "I guess it would have been better for me to have stayed in Seattle, but I was doing nothing there and hoped to do something to do here. Sometimes I get work for a day or two and then I am idle for a week. Say—what is the matter with this old world?"

If people are free and equal in this country why is it that the slaves who tell the truth about conditions are afraid to sign their own report?

She following letter comes from Alabama and is a truthful portrayal of conditions down there, and yet the writer does not want his name appended:

"I may want to go out to your country about next July. I look for trouble here between capital and labor about that time. Wages are lower here than

they have been in the last three and may fall still lower. We are working on a sliding scale here, and it nearly always slides down."

A glittering coach stopped in front of a fashionable dry goods emporium. The liveried footman opened the door of the coach and a richly dressed woman stepped out and entered the store.

When she believed herself unobserved she concealed an elegant point lace fichu, but she had been detected by one of the slaves who are hired to watch all customers. As this wealthy lady was leaving the store she was requested to return the concealed fichu, which she did, and her act of taking it was called kleptomania. She rode home in her coach and servants attended to all her wants.

At the time this occurred a young girl in another part of the city, a stranger, was tramping in search of work. She begged, implored work, but for her there was no work.

It was bitter cold, strong blasts of wind swept the streets and made her shiver. She was not only cold, but hungry. She was alone and without money and a stranger. Night was closing down upon the pulsing city. Though cold, the warm clothing tempted her not, but the pangs of hunger prompted her to seize a loaf of bread. For this act she was arrested, tried, found guilty and sentenced to a term in jail. She had no coach, no servants. "We are free and equal in America," at least there are fools in America who continue to repeat this lie.

The Puget Sound Shingle and Lumber Company has discovered a new principle in arithmetic and they are using their power of private ownership to teach their slaves how to "figger."

They cut wages from \$2.25 to \$1.75, from \$2.00 to \$1.50 and they call this a 10 per cent reduction. According to ancient principles of arithmetic this cut was slightly more than 10 per cent, but masters and slaves are living in a fast age, and the slaves are fast coming to a realizing sense of this fact.

MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT. PALM BEACH, Fla., Jan. 15.—William K. Vanderbilt, Sr., and his party arrived here on a special train. They came from Aiken for a touch of warm air here and are occupying the handsome suite of rooms at the Hotel Royal Poinciana, in the new wing overlooking Lake Worth. They consist of a drawing room, dining room and seven bedrooms. With Mr. Vanderbilt are Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. William H. Travers and Mr. William S. Hoyt. For their arrival their rooms were decorated with palms, ferns and orchids.—Press dispatch.

The Vanderbilts are masters; they do no useful thing whatever, but in the winter they go south; in the summer they migrate to the north.

Wherever they go they occupy light, cheerful, richly furnished apartments. They are lavishly supplied with the products of human toil, but produce nothing, perform no service. They are parasites, noxious, disgusting, vile.

The slaves whose life is expended in the creation of wealth which such slaves cannot use, live in poverty, in misery, in degradation.

I don't blame the Vanderbilts; I do not blame the slaves. The Vanderbilts and the class that they represent will continue to exploit the slaves until the slaves become class conscious. The slaves will then join a political party of their own, thus making it necessary for the Vanderbilts and their class to join the industrial army and do some useful work.

The government and the states have given millions out of the public treasuries for the purpose of "entertaining" visitors. Wonder how the poor people like to pay bills for entertaining the swell people, while they are too poor to even visit the Bolsheviks' feast?

The foregoing is a sample of the political economy taught by some of our so-called Socialist papers. It seems utterly impossible for some of our "hurrah" editors to comprehend the fact that the slaves pay none of these bills. We must get the slaves to see that they are robbed in the factory, mill, mine and on the railroads, etc. Why should the slaves want to visit the feast, if they cannot take their places at the table as equals.

One of the slaves who is yet unconscious of his absolute dependence upon the owning class made the following report of his experience in one of the grocery stores in a Washington town: "I was working in a grocery store for a very devout man (master); he was advertising to sell 18 pounds of sugar for one dollar. We had instructions to put up 17½ pounds, and we followed instructions. It was the same with all articles in which false weights could be used. I got poor pay. The owner was stealing from his customers. I stole from him. He could not help stealing; I could not live without stealing. I know this is done very generally. You can't help it."

At Carpenters' Hall, Seattle, last Sunday night a D. D. L. D. gave the audience a most beautiful illustration of his ideas of justice and right of which he prates so loudly. He made the statement that the whole amount of wealth created in the United States amounted in 1900 to \$18,000,000,000. Divide this sum by 80,000,000 and you have the quotient of \$225.00, which, said the D. D. L. D., is the sum to which every one is entitled in this country. Every man who has received as much as \$225.00 in the last year has received all he is entitled to and with this sum he can buy back all the wealth he has created.

One of the fiercest objections to Socialism is the alleged purpose of Socialists to "divide up," but this D. D. L. D. goes away beyond the wildest dreams of the most crazy Socialist. He coolly proposes to give to the idlers just as much as to the toiler, but why should any slave be influenced in his judgment by such mental and moral prostitutes as is this D. D. L. D.?

Instead of adopting the scheme proposed by D. D. L. D., an emissary of capitalism, we would divide the whole amount of wealth, say \$18,000,000,000, by the number of useful workers, say 25,000,000, which would give to each worker the sum of \$720.00 and the idler would get nothing. This is a very different proposition and it is a proposition that will create consternation in the ranks of the idlers so soon as we shall have gained political power. But these D.D.'s may not find it so bad after all.

A man in Iowa, a slave, has just served a fifteen year sentence in the penitentiary for stealing a two cent postage stamp. The masters in Missouri who have stolen millions of dollars get different treatment. Such men do not go to the penitentiary. The penitentiaries are built for the slaves. It has always been so—the masters can do no harm. If you like this system vote for it; if you do not like it study up and if you believe after such study and investigation that collective ownership will be in the line of progress, vote the Socialist ticket and in this way put the slaves in control of the affairs of this country.

The Republican and the Democratic sections of the capitalist class are preparing for their sham battle. As of yore, they will fool some of the workers once more, but they can no longer fool all of the slaves. They will give us a good show and perhaps it is worth all it costs, especially as the capitalists who pull the strings pay all the bills.

State Committeeman Talbott, of Minneapolis, writes: "I consider 'The Socialist' a top notcher for Propaganda." "Special No. 1" is the very best we have yet issued. Eight pages of cartoons for window and poster use. 1 Cent a Copy.



S. J. KATAYAMA, Editor "The Socialist," Tokyo, Japan, with his two children.

A JAPANESE SOCIALIST.

One of the most interesting and thrilling events occurred in Seattle last Tuesday. It was an audience of Three Hundred Japanese working men listening to an address by Sen J. Katayama, editor of "The Socialist" of Tokio. Comrade Katayama is a graduate of several American institutions and is organizer for the New Labor Unions in Japan.

Japan has leaped in a day from feudalism to capitalism and will probably have the least time in which to bear the curse of civilization. Uncorrupted by the vices and meanness begotten by Civilized Capitalism, the "little brown men" may become leaders in the Co-operative Commonwealth.

The International Character of the Socialist movement was never better exhibited. The quick intelligence of this packed audience of Asiatics responded with applause to the sentiment that Japanese workingmen and Russian working men have common interests and no occasion to go to war.

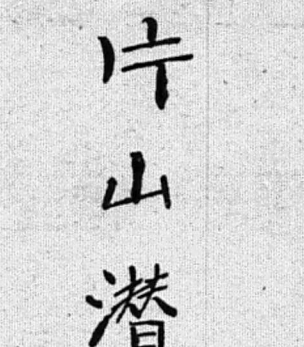
Comrade Katayama is delegate from his country to the International Socialist Congress at Amsterdam next May, and meanwhile will tour this country.

The following were some of his points made at the Seattle meeting. He says he was never able to complete this speech in Japan, as the watchful Police always called him down when he reached the words "Social Revolution" or "General Strike."

Katayama Said. "Money Power and Laborers." It is an age of the Almighty Dollar! Money is everything now-a-days. Money can do all things. Money is right as well as might. The power of money has enslaved workers.

But what is this money? Simply a piece of paper or a bit of metal pressed with an image of Emperor or President? No, it represents past labor or the result of labor. As all the orthodox economists like Adam Smith and Mill said that labor produces all the wealth. Every dollar represents then some labor or a result of past labor. Without labor there is no wealth, economically speaking.

Now, if labor is the only wealth producer, then the laborer should be rich and well off; but really he is not. Why is it so? That is the question I want to ask you tonight. Those who produce wealth are poor and miserable, while those who do not are well off. You say they are capitalists. True they are, and own machinery and factories and lands; but who make these machines and factories and land produce wealth for capitalists? Labor-



ers, and all these results of past labor will be useful only as workers apply on them their living labor force. Let me illustrate this to you: In Seattle a shoe store has a large stock of shoes, say ten thousand, each pair of them worth \$3. Then the storekeeper is worth thirty thousand dollars. Now a new machine is invented whereby a pair of the same shoes can be produced much cheaper and can be sold, say, for a dollar only.

Now then, the said shoe store worth \$30,000 will be reduced to only \$10,000. See! It is the labor that makes all the past labor worth.

Morgans and Rockefeller will be worth a very little when all the Americans realize this economic truth. Do you say low can we accomplish this? I say that we can do this by adopting Socialism. Think, just for a minute! If all the workers in the United States become Socialists and vote for Socialist candidates—president and all the representatives, and make a single law that will guarantee a living for all classes, will they still be enslaved by Morgans, Hills, and devils?

How to accomplish, do you yet say? By voting, of course. Do you say we, the Japanese workers, have no vote in Japan? Get it, then! How? By strike, strike and general strike! Do you say there are police, gendarmes and military? But they, too, are working men, and when they, too, become Socialists, they will never turn their guns against their fellow working men! Then will be the Social Revolution."

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If you do not know the meaning of this cross and these figures, be sure to see the Feb. 7 issue of The Socialist. You might well get a bundle of this issue at 1 cent a copy for 10 or more copies.



"MOTHER JONES"

Special From Colorado

(Not much news of the strike of several thousand coal miners in Southern Colorado has reached the outside world. Mrs. Bertha Howell Mailly, wife of the National Secretary of the Socialist Party, went to that district from Omaha last week to be with Mother Jones, who was dangerously ill in Trinidad, but who is now happily recovering. While in the strike district, Mrs. Mailly will write a special series of articles for the Socialist press, the following being the first:)

The miners' strike of Southern Colorado has for its relief center, Trinidad, a town set in a ring of coal mines at Starkville, at Ingelville, Sopris, Terceco, Segundu, Primero and other places. Here is the headquarters for the officials of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Co., which is the chief master and owner of this mining region.

The main "tent town" is in Trinidad, and at the headquarters is a commissary department, which is fast being systematized. Here are heaped quantities of provisions, bags of potatoes, of sugar, of carrots, boxes of macaroni, of canned goods, of tea and coffee, and great sides of beef. They are fast getting into shape to stand a six months' strike. Each striker, on presenting his union card, is given an order for an amount of provisions proportioned to his family, the maximum being \$4 for a family of six. Further relief is given by two meals a day served the men in a soup kitchen. Here you must study the faces if you want to see the results of centuries of slavery.

The strike began on Nov. 9th, and not only the mines closed, but the coke ovens, smelters and blacksmith shops, whose workers were not called out. One man travelled 150 miles to be sure that his nephew, who works in the blacksmith shop at Starkville, came out. The start and conduct of the strike have so far been splendid, and no name receives such high honor as that of Mother Jones, whose untiring work in the cause has exhausted her vitality, and who now lies ill in a hospital here, having narrowly escaped the fatal pneumonia. She is now recovering, and her one thought is to be "in the fight again."

She has done what it is universally conceded no man could have done, by organizing the southern district of Colorado, and added thereby thousands to the army of men and women who lovingly call her "Mother." These days men in Trinidad are asking on every side, "How is Mother Jones?" or from the poor Italian, "Mr. Modder Jones, she well?"

At every turn one hears stories that show the unflinching loyalty of both men and women to their class in the present struggle. One story is worth telling.

A Catholic priest, who was accustomed to hold mass in Segundu and Primero, camps owned by the C. F. & I. Co., and surrounded by armed deputies, had received strong assistance from the C. F. & I. Co. in building a beautiful church in Primero.

This priest was said to be urging Italians to go to work. He would write recommendations for the men to the Company. The strikers found it out and sent two men to get their recommendations. These men brought them direct to the Union. It was further ascertained that at confessional he would refuse absolution to the men unless they would promise to go to work for the Company. One day he took two such poor intimidated Italians in his carriage across the "dead line" of the camp at Primero. The woman in Segundu who boarded these two men was informed of it and told to watch for the Father. Finally she saw him enter a Mexican's house opposite. She left her house and with a light whistle and a snap of her finger she summoned two or three of her country women. "The blackbird's in there," she said. They waited until he appeared. She strode up to him, a tall, handsome, muscular woman of forty, and seizing his neckcloth, wrenched it from his neck and cried: "You are unworthy to wear this."

Then, quite unaided, she treated the priest's face anything but gently. It is said she left him with two black eyes, minus three teeth and with a sadly scratched cheek.

He made his way to the train and it is said was sent to Mexico for an indefinite vacation.

The conditions obtaining here are summed up in the words of one miner: "Yes, it was slavery back east, but nothing like this. It's the script and the unfair weighing, the terrible hours, the pluck-me stores, and worst of all, our honor. The men who can pay the superintendent \$10 or \$15 can get a good job. The man, especially the Italian, who has a handsome wife, can get a good job, too."

BERTHA HOWELL MAILLY.

