

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

NO. 305—SEVENTH YEAR

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

CALDWELL, IDAHO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1906

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AUG 13 1906

Dear Comrade Titus:

My congratulations upon the great fight you're putting up at Caldwell.

Yours for the Revolution,



These congratulations of Jack London come as a soldier's cheer to a fellow soldier. But better yet is Edwin Arnold's "Soldiers' Song," which London enclosed in his letter to express his sentiments more completely. It reminds one of Browning's "One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward," and of Geo. Elliot's, "I can never shrink back into bliss, my heart has grown too big with things that might be."

No comrade with the high spirit of the Socialist in him, but will thrill at reading London's call to battle as embodied in Arnold's poem printed below.

In the same letter from Jack London came a second enclosure, his own, "What Life Means to Me," the most honest, brave and sane self-revelation ever made by a literary man. This also is printed herewith, so that this page may be taken as Jack London's farewell message to American Socialists, as he says in the same letter: "I sail Oct. 1, direct from San Francisco to Hawaii, and on down into the South Seas."

This voyage is to be taken in a 40-foot boat, which will ride the waves with infinite buoyant life. It is a poet's venture and we hope our comrade London will make it shorter than he now expects and come back soon to join again in the American Battle.

were unselfishness of the spirit, clean and noble thinking, keen intellectual living. I knew all this because I read "Seaside Library" novels, in which, with the exception of the villains and adventuresses, all men and women thought beautiful thoughts, spoke a beautiful tongue, and performed glorious deeds. In short, as I accepted the rising of the sun, I accepted that up above me was all that was fine and noble and gracious, all that gave decency and dignity to life, all that made life worth living and that remunerated one for his travail and misery.

But it is not particularly easy for one to climb up out of the working class—especially if he is handicapped by the possessions of ideals and illusions. I lived on a ranch in California, and I was hard put to find the ladder whereby to climb. I early inquired the rate of interest on invested money, and worried my child's brain into an understanding of the virtues and excellencies of that remarkable invention of man, compound interest. Further, I ascertained the current rates of wages for workers of all ages, and the cost of living. From all this data I concluded that if I began immediately and worked and saved until I was 50 years of age, I could then stop working and enter into participation in a fair portion of the delights and goodness that would then be open to me higher up in society. Of course, I resolutely determined not to marry, while I quite forgot to consider at all that great rock of disaster in the working class world—sickness.

But the life that was in me demanded more than a meagre existence of scraping and scrimping. Also, at 10 years of age I became a newsboy on the streets of a city, and found myself with a changed uplook. All about me were still the same sordidness and wretchedness, and up above me was still the same paradise waiting to be gained; but the ladder whereby to climb was a different one. It was now the ladder of business. Why save my earnings and invest in government bonds, when, by buying two newspapers for five cents, with a turn of the wrist I could sell them for 10 cents and double my capital? The business ladder was the ladder for me, and I had a vision of myself becoming a baldheaded and successful merchant prince.

Alas for visions! When I was 16 I had already earned the title of "prince." But this title was given me by a gang of cutthroats and thieves, by whom I was called "The Prince of the Oyster Pirates." And at that time I had climbed the first rung of the business ladder. I was a capitalist. I owned a boat and a complete oyster-pirating outfit. I had begun to exploit my fellow creatures. I had a crew of one man. As captain and owner I took two-thirds of the spoils and gave the crew one-third, though the crew worked just as hard as I did and risked just as much his life and liberty.

This one rung was the highest I climbed up the business ladder. One night I went on a raid amongst the Chinese fishermen. Ropes and nets were worth dollars and cents. It was robbery, I grant, but it was precisely the spirit of capitalism. The capitalist takes away the possessions of his fellow creatures by means of a rebate or of a betrayal of trust, or by the purchase of senators and supreme court judges. I was merely crude. That was the only difference. I used a gun.

But my crew that night was one of those inefficient against whom the capitalist is wont to fulminate, because, forsooth, such inefficient increase expenses and reduce dividends. My crew did both. What of his carelessness he set fire to the big mainsail and totally destroyed it.

There weren't any dividends that night, and the Chinese fishermen were richer by the nets and ropes we did not get. I was bankrupt, unable just then to pay sixty-five dollars for a new mainsail. I left my boat at anchor and went off on a bay-irate boat on a raid up the Sacramento river. While away on this trip, another gang of bay pirates raided my boat. They stole everything, even the anchors; and, later on, when I recovered the drifting hulk, I sold it for twenty dollars. I had slipped back the one rung I had climbed, and never again did I attempt the business ladder.

From then on I was mercilessly exploited by other capitalists. I had the muscle, and they made money out of it while I made but a very indifferent living out of it. I was a sailor before the mast, a longshoreman, a roustabout; I worked in canneries, and factories, and laundries; I mowed lawns, and cleaned carpets, and washed windows. And I never got the full product of my toil. I looked at the daughter of the cannery owner, in her carriage, and knew that it was my muscle, in part, that helped drag along that carriage on its rubber tires. I looked at the son of the factory owner, going to college, and knew that it was my muscle that helped, in part, to pay for the wine and good-fellowship he enjoyed.

But I did not resent this. It was all in the game. They were the strong. Very well, I was strong. I would carve my way to a place amongst them, and make money out of the muscles of other men. I was not afraid of work. I loved hard work. I would pitch in and work harder than ever and eventually become a pillar of society.

And just then, as luck would have it, I found an employer that was of the same mind. I was willing to work, and he was more than willing that I should work. I thought I was learning a trade. In reality, I had displaced two men. I thought he was making an electrician out of me; as a matter of fact, he was making fifty dollars a month out of me. The two men I had displaced had received forty dollars each per month; I was doing the work of both for thirty dollars per month.

This employer worked me nearly to death. A man may love oysters, but too many oysters will disincite him toward that particular diet. And so with me. Too much work sickened me. I did not wish even to see work again. I fled from work. I became a tramp, begging my way from door to door, wandering over the United States, and sweating bloody sweats in slums and prisons.

I had been born in the working class, and I was now, at the age of 18, beneath the point at which I had started. I was down in the cellar of society, down in the subterranean depths of misery about which it is neither nice nor proper to speak. I was in the pit, the abyss, the human cesspool, the shambles and the charnel house of our civilization. That is the part of the edifice of society that society chooses to ignore. Lack of space compels me here to ignore it, and I shall say only that the things I there saw gave me a terrible scare.

I was scared into thinking. I saw the naked simplicities of the complicated civilization in which I lived. Life was a matter of food and shelter. In order to get food and shelter men sold things. The merchant sold shoes, the politician sold his manhood, and the representative of the people, with exceptions, of course, sold his trust; while nearly all sold their honor. Women, too, whether on the street or in the holy bond of wedlock, were prone to sell their flesh. All things were commodities, all people bought and sold. The one commodity that labor had to sell was muscle. The honor of labor had no

price in the market place. Labor had muscle, and muscle alone, to sell.

But there was a difference, a vital difference. Shoes and trust and honor had a way of renewing themselves. They were imperishable stocks. Muscle, on the other hand, did not renew. As the shoe merchant sold shoes, he continued to replenish his stock. But there was no way of replenishing the laborer's stock of muscle. The more he sold of his muscle, the less of it remained to him. It was his one commodity, and each day his stock of it diminished. In the end, if he did not die before, he sold out and put up his shutters. He was a muscle bankrupt, and nothing remained to him but to go down into the cellar of society and perish miserably.

I learned, further, that brain was likewise a commodity. It, too, was different from muscle. A brain seller was only at his prime when he was 50 or 60 years old, and his wares were fetching higher prices than ever. But a laborer was worked out or broken down at 45 or 50. I had been in the cellar of society, and I did not like the place as a habitation. The pipes and drains were unsanitary, and the air was bad to breathe. If I could not live on the parlor floor of society, I could, at any rate, have a try at the attic. It was true, the diet there was slim, but the air at least was pure. So I resolved to sell no more muscle, and to become a vendor of brains.

Then began a frantic pursuit of knowledge. I returned to California and opened the books. While thus equipping myself to become a brain merchant, it was inevitable that I should delve into sociology. There I found, in a certain class of books, scientifically formulated, the simple sociological concepts I had already worked out for myself. Other and greater minds, before I was born, had worked out all that I had thought, and a vast deal more. I discovered that I was a Socialist.

The Socialists were revolutionists, inasmuch as they struggled to overthrow the society of the present, and out of the material to build the society of the future. I, too, was a Socialist and a revolutionist. I joined the groups of working class and intellectual revolutionists, and for the first time came into intellectual living. Here I found keener-brained intellects and brilliant wits; for here I met strong and alert-brained, withal horny-handed, members of the working class; unrocked preachers too wide in their Christianity for any congregation of mammon-worshippers; professors broken on the wheel of university subservience to the ruling class and flung out because they were quick with knowledge which they strove to apply to the affairs of mankind.

Here I found also, warm faith in the human, glowing idealism, sweetness of unselfishness, renunciation, and martyrdom—all the splendid, stirring things of the spirit. Here life was clean, noble and alive. Here life rehabilitated itself, became wonderful and glorious; and I was glad to be alive. I was in touch with great souls who exalted flesh and spirit over dollars and cents; and to whom the thin wall of the starved slum-child meant more than all the pomp and circumstance of commercial expansion and world empire. All about me were nobleness of purpose and heroism of effort, and my days and nights were sunshine and starshine all fire and dew, with before my eyes, ever burning and blazing, the Holy Grail, Christ's own Grail, the warm human, long suffering and maltreated, but to be rescued and saved at last.

And I, poor foolish I, deemed all this to be a mere foretaste of the delights of living I should find higher above me in society. I had lost many illusions since the day I had read "Seaside Library" novels on the California ranch. I was destined to lose many of the illusions I still retained.

As a brain merchant I was a success. Society opened its portals to me. I entered right in on the parlor floor, and my disillusionment proceeded rapidly. I sat down to dinner with the masters of society, and with the wives and daughters of the masters of society. The women were gowned beautifully, I admit; but to my naive surprise I discovered that they were of the same clay as all the rest of the women I had known down below in the cellar. "The colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady were

sisters under their skins"—and gowns.

It was not this, however, so much as their materialism, that shocked me. It is true these beautifully gowned, beautiful women prattled sweet little ideals and dear little moralities; but in spite of their prattle (the dominant key of the life they lived was materialistic. And they were so sentimentally selfish! They assisted in all kinds of sweet little charities, and informed one of the fact, while all the time the food they ate and the beautiful clothes they wore were bought out of the dividends stained with the blood of child labor, and sweated labor, and of prostitution itself. When I mentioned such facts, expecting in my innocence that these sisters of Judy O'Grady would at once strip off their blood-dyed silks and jewels, they became excited and angry, and read me preachments about the lack of thrift, the drink and the innate depravity that caused all the misery in society's cellar. When I mentioned that I couldn't quite see that it was the lack of thrift, the intemperance, and the depravity of a half-starved child of six that made it work 12 hours every night in a southern cotton mill, these sisters of Judy O'Grady attacked my private life and called me an "agitator"—as though that, forsooth, settled the argument.

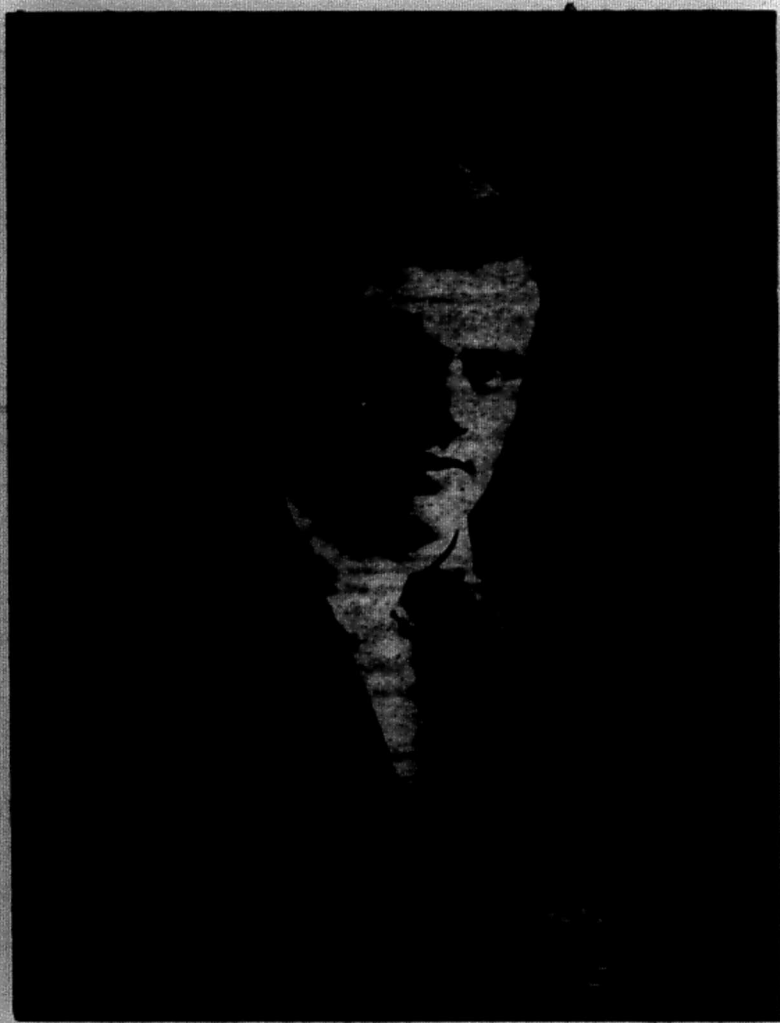
Nor did I fare better with the masters themselves. I had expected to find men who were clean, noble and alive, whose ideals were clean, noble and alive. I went about amongst the men who sat in the high places, the preachers, the politicians, the business men, the professors, and the editors. I ate meat with them, drank wine with them, auto-mobiled with them, and studied them. It is true, I found many that were clean and noble; but, with rare exceptions, they were not alive. I do verily believe I could count the exceptions on the fingers of my two hands. Where they were not alive with rottenness, quick with unclean life, they were merely the unburied dead—clean and noble, like well-preserved mummies, but not alive. In this connection I may especially mention the professors I met, the men who live up to that decadent university ideal, "the passionless pursuit of passionless intelligence."

I met men who invoked the name of the Prince of Peace in their diatribes against war, and who put rifles in the hands of Pinkertons with which to shoot down strikers in their own factories. I met men incoherent with indignation at the brutality of prize fighting, and who, at the same time, were parties to the adulteration of food that killed each year more babies than even red-handed Herod had killed.

I talked in hotels and clubs and homes and Pullmans and steamer chairs with captains of industry, and marveled at how little traveled they were in the realm of intellect. On the other hand, I discovered that their intellect, in the business sense, was abnormally developed. Also, I discovered that their morality, where business was concerned, was nil.

This delicate, aristocratic-featured gentleman, was a dummy director and a tool of corporations that secretly robbed widows and orphans. This gentleman, who collected fine editions and was a patron of literature, paid blackmail to a heavy-towled, black-browed boss of a municipal machine. This editor, who published patent medicine advertisements and did not dare print the truth in his paper about said patent medicines for fear of losing the advertising, called me a scoundrelly lemagogue because I told him that his political economy was antiquated and that his biology was contemporary with Pliny. This senator was he tool and the slave, the little puppet of a gross, uneducated machine boss; so was this governor and this supreme court judge; and all three rode on railroad passes. This man, talking soberly and earnestly about the beauties of idealism and the goodness of God, had just betrayed his comrades in a business deal. This man, a pillar of the church and heavy contributor to foreign missions, worked his shop girls 10 hours a day on a starvation wage and hereby directly encouraged prostitution. This man, who endowed chairs in universities, perjured himself in courts of law over a matter of dol-

(Continued on Page 4).



JACK LONDON

## A Battle Song

By Edwin Arnold

We are they who will not falter,  
Many swords or few,  
Till we make this earth the altar  
Of a worship new;  
We are those who will not take  
From prelate, priest or code,  
A nearer law than brotherhood  
A higher law than good.

We are those whose unpaid legions  
In free ranks arrayed  
Massacred in many regions  
Never once were stayed;

We are those whose torn battalions,  
Trained to bleed, but not to fly,  
Make our agonies a triumph—  
Conquer, while we die.

Therefore down to Armageddon,  
Brothers bold and strong,  
Cheer the glorious way we tread on,  
With a soldier's song!

Let the armies of the old flags  
March in silent dread,  
Death and life are one to us,  
Who fight for quick and dead.

## What Life Means to Me

By Jack London

(From "Cosmopolitan" for March, 1906).

I was born in the working class, I early discovered enthusiasm, ambition and ideals; and to satisfy these became the problem of my childhood. My environment was crude and rough and raw. I had no outlook, but an uplook rather. My place in society was at the bottom. Here life offered nothing but sordidness and wretchedness, both of the flesh and

the spirit; for here flesh and spirit were alike starved and tormented.

Above me towered the colossal edifice of society, and to my mind the only way out was up. Into this edifice I early resolved to climb. Up above, men wore black clothes and boiled shirts, and women dressed in beautiful gowns. Also, there were good things to eat, and there was plenty to eat. This much for the flesh. Then there were the things of the spirit. Up above me, I knew,



# For the Fall Campaign

## Outline of Work Contemplated By National Office—Colorado and Idaho to Be Substantially Helped

National Headquarters Socialist Party.  
Chicago, Ill., August 15, 1906.  
To The National Executive Committee.

Dear Comrades: Although the vote on the pending National Committee motions Nos. 10 and 11 will not close till August 21 and 28 respectively, it has been found necessary to lay down the general lines of the campaign in advance. For your information, I submit the following:

### Colorado.

By arrangements with the State Committee of New York where National Organizer Comrade Guy E. Miller of Colorado, now candidate for congressman at large in the latter state, was assigned for the balance of the campaign, he will end his engagement there August 31 and arrive in Colorado about September 6, remaining through the campaign.

Comrade Arthur Morrow Lewis of California will reach Denver September 1st for one month's engagement. Comrade Barney Berlin of Chicago will be assigned for one month beginning about September 4. Comrade Lena Morrow Lewis of California will fill dates from September 7 to 30, and Comrade John M. Work of Des Moines, Iowa, after the close of his Nebraska dates will reach Colorado about September 20, to 25, to remain through the campaign.

### Idaho.

National Organizer, Comrade Geo. H. Goebel, of Newark, N. J., at the end of his Wisconsin engagement August 31 will fill 18 dates across Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana, arriving at Crookston or Bonanza Ferry September 19, and will thoroughly canvass the northern end of Idaho for a period of 47 days, until the close of the campaign. Using Spokane as a connecting point, he will work in Kootenai, Latah, Nez Perce and Spokane counties; this includes the historical Coeur d'Alene and Wallace and Wardner districts. There are about 27 towns worth reaching in this territory and dates will be assigned according to their importance. In these four counties nearly half the Socialist vote of the State was cast in 1904.

Railroad travel in this section is most expensive, and to reach it from the south requires a detour through Montana or Washington. This assignment will save the State Organization considerable expense. The importance of this northern tier cannot be overestimated. Comrade Jas. D. Graham, State Secretary of Montana, realized this, and assigned Comrade Ida Crouch-Hazlett, one of the State-Organizers of Montana, to the Coeur d'Alene district, and she reports that it needs all the attention possible.

Comrade Graham has kindly consented to send others of the Montana State speakers into northern Idaho and he will direct National Organizer I. Cowen's route with this end in view. I have also requested State Secretary Burgess of Washington to do the same with speakers under his direction, and I am assured of his co-operation.

Arthur Morrow and Lena Morrow Lewis will enter this state about October 5, and remain until the end of the month, working in the southern end under the direction of the State Committee. It is also the purpose to have some National organizer after spending the month of September in Nevada, where they are desirous of forming a State Organization, spend the month of October in Idaho.

Guy E. Miller will be assigned at the expense of the National organization. Arthur Morrow and Lena Morrow Lewis will be assigned without terms, and will, as heretofore, sell literature for the National office. The other speakers will accept the collections taken at the meetings. This arrangement will relieve the State Committee of all expense in connection with the work of National Organizers of lecturers, and square with the intent of the pending motions.

In this connection, I would suggest that a reprint, with certain additions relating to subsequent events, of the "Story of the Moyer-Haywood Outrage," by Comrade Joseph Wanhope, should be sold extensively in these states, or enough should be sold to enable our speakers to give one to every citizen not able to buy a copy.

### Congressional Candidates.

Regarding the nomination of congressional candidates, you have been advised that early in July each Local in the United States, except in states where the primary laws provide a uniform date for nominations or states entitled only to members at large in congress, were written upon the importance of placing a congressional candidate in the field, notified of the boundaries and number of counties or wards comprising their districts and supplied with information as to the number of Locals of the party, the names and addresses of the secretaries or members at large within their respective districts.

It is too early to give an estimate of the number of candidates, many depend upon nomination papers now in circulation, and in several of the states, the fixed date for nominations has not yet been reached.

It is safe to say candidates will appear in all districts named in 1904, and nominees are reported in new territory in the following states: Kansas, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, Minnesota, Missouri, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Texas and West Virginia.

### One Day Wage Fund.

The 12th of August was the day set for returns on the "One Day Wage Fund." It is too early to estimate upon the probable results. Ala-

bama, Massachusetts, New York and Wisconsin did not circulate the lists supplied for this purpose, on the grounds that it would interfere with state lists then in circulation.

The New York State Committee, however, recommended to the Locals that they make generous contributions direct to the National office.

### Further Outline for the Distribution of Speakers.

May Heals—Tennessee and probably Kentucky until election.  
(George E. Bigelow—Iowa, until September 25; Ohio, October 1, until election.)

Joseph M. Caldwell—Kentucky for a month or more.  
Isaac Cowen—Now in North Dakota; then for a month or more in Montana.

Sol Fieldman—Ends a three months' engagement in Pennsylvania August 31, and goes to New York State until election.

J. L. Fitts—Has an extended engagement in West Virginia.  
George H. Goebel—Ends a six weeks' engagement in Wisconsin August 31, and will traverse Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana, remaining in Idaho from September 19 until election.

Gertrude Breslau Hunt—Indiana, from September 19 until election.  
Cameron King, Jr.—Nevada for the month of September; Idaho October 1st until election.

Arthur Morrow Lewis—Will divide the time from September 1 until election between Colorado and Idaho.  
Lena Morrow Lewis—Will divide the time from September 7 until election between Colorado and Idaho.

Guy E. Miller—now in New York; after September 6 in Colorado until election.  
J. B. Osborne—Now in South Carolina, and as a candidate for governor in Georgia, will canvass that state.

A. M. Stirtion—Ohio for a month, beginning about September 15, and will probably fill some dates in Michigan.  
Ernest Untermann—May fill some dates in Florida, and neighboring territory.

M. W. Wilkins—In Maine until the state election September 10; then 18 dates in New Hampshire. New York from October 1 until election.  
John M. Work—About 20 dates in Nebraska, Colorado from about September 25 until election.

### Other Methods of Agitation.

Every state in the Union, organized or unorganized, has filed an application for one or more National speakers. To meet these demands, is both a physical and financial impossibility. Speakers should be sent wherever possible, but at best, only a small part of the territory can thus be covered; and some other method for general agitation must be devised and employed.

That which commends itself most strongly is to make a feature of the distribution of uniform literature direct to all congressional districts. Your decision to publish a leaflet on the importance of the congressional campaign has been acted upon, and the same is in course of preparation by Comrade Franklin H. Wentworth.

The advisability of printing this document in quantities with the name of the respective congressional nominees and the state ticket where there are state elections, should be given a consideration. To supply each congressional district with five or ten thousand, either free or at a nominal price, considering 300 districts, would require an edition of 1,500,000 or 3,000,000 copies, involving an estimated expense of \$225,000 or \$450,000. The distribution of these leaflets could be made in the latter part of October, when the campaign is at its height, and at the time when they would be the most effective. This would admit of careful preparation, besides giving the opportunity to gather or reserve the funds required.

### Literature Committee.

National Executive Committee motion by Comrade Work: "That Chas. H. Kerr and A. M. Simons be appointed as a special committee to assist the National Secretary in carrying out Sections 2, 3, and 6 of the Hillquit motion," as follows:

1. To issue a manifesto to the voters of the country, setting forth the position of the party in the ensuing congressional elections with special reference to the recent occurrences and disclosures in the financial and industrial life of the country.

2. To prepare other campaign literature of uniform character suitable for use in the ensuing campaign all over the country.

3. To assign the National organizers and lecturers to such places where they can do the most good for the success of the campaign, and to employ as many additional organizers as the means at the command of the committee will permit.

4. To issue a special appeal to the members of the party and organizations and individuals in sympathy with our movement, for contributions to our campaign fund.

The above committee met at the National office on Monday, and reviewed the general outlines of the campaign, as herewith set forth, decided that they would await the arrival of the manuscript from Comrade Wentworth before taking further action on Sections 2 and 3. The committee is now preparing a special appeal for contribution, in conformity with Section 6 and the suggestions contained in my letter of July 31, regarding the appeal for funds to all trades and labor organizations. The document while soliciting funds for general campaign purposes will feature the Colorado-Idaho situation.

### Press Committee.

National Executive Committee Motion by Comrade Work: "That J. Mahlon Barnes, A. M. Simons and

Joseph Medill Patterson be appointed as a press committee to carry out section 5 of the Hillquit motion."

As follows: "5. To furnish information of the aims, methods and progress of our campaign in the daily press, and to endeavor to secure as wide a publication of it as possible."

The above committee met at the National office on Monday. A note will appear in the next weekly bulletin requesting all Locals to ascertain what local papers will accept news of the character described and to file

## KELLY AT WALLACE

### Stirring Talk to the Wage Workers of the Coeur d'Alene—"Your Ballots Control Police"

Comrade Kelly writes of successful meetings in Butte and Missoula and the Coeur d'Alene. He is having good crowds and receiving eager attention. The following report of his speech at Wallace, clipped from "The Times," republican daily of that place gives an idea of his talk. Comrade Kelly will be in Wallace next Friday and in Caldwell Saturday. He will speak at Nampa the Sunday following and at Boise on Labor Day, where a large crowd is expected.

"How are you to live," was the key note of an address on Socialism delivered to a good sized audience in the Eagles' hall last night by Thomas F. Kelly, Socialist nominee for governor of this state, placed at the head of his party's ticket by the Fourth of July convention held at Caldwell. The address was clear and emphatic.

Mr. Kelly upbraided the capitalist unmercifully, and the law makers and officials in power throughout the nation, especially this state. He accused all recent legislatures in Idaho with tempering all statutes enacted to please the money power, "but no attempt has been made to pass laws beneficial to the people," he said.

"Government," he said at another point in his speech, "is supposed to be of and for the benefit of the governed. Instead of that it has become solely for the benefit of those who govern." Over all legislation, he charged, the "holy kerosene of John D. Rockefeller" is poured to the detriment and harm of the working class. He admonished all laborers to gird on their armor and fight the capitalists this fall as they never fought before and by ballots alone bring the so-called money power to its knees before the shrine of toil.

Referring to a certain gathering of Socialists and laboring men Mr. Kelly recalled that the mob was dispersed by the police, when clubs were freely used by the officers. "Those clubs may look to you men like mahogany or rosewood," he said with warmth,

with the National office this information. Later it may be found necessary to address each Local direct on this subject. Several special articles on Socialist campaign methods have been arranged for, and other plans are under consideration.

I would much prefer to have the benefit of your advice and consideration, given in season, on the general lines as well as the details of the campaign.

The consideration of the expense involved alone deters me from submitting a motion on the subject. If there is to be a meeting of your committee during the campaign, this month seems to be the most suitable time, before the Labor Day assignment, and before the several members are actively engaged in the campaign. If a motion is forthcoming on the question of a meeting of the National Executive Committee, it will be submitted by wire.

Fraternally submitted,

J. MAHLON BARNES,  
National Secretary.

but they are not—they are composed of ballots. You made those clubs yourselves. Each one is made up of thousands of paper ballots compressed by some powerful hydraulic press until they form a billy that resembles wood. By ballots, and in no other way, should you gain possession of those clubs."

To the "capitalist system" the candidate for governor attributed the fearful loss of life in the Iroquois fire and the burning of the steamer Slocum in New York harbor, the charge in both instances being that, through greed not permitting of the necessary expenditure of money to provide requisite means of saving the lives of patrons of the capitalists' business.

Mr. Kelly is a stonemason of Caldwell. He made the statement that the democrats or republicans never place a wage earner on their tickets. "If one was to be nominated," said Mr. Kelly, "he would feel as much out of place as Jesus Christ would in John D. Rockefeller's Sunday school class."

Not until after the address of the evening had been terminated and the usual questions called for was direct reference made to Governor Gooding or the assassination of ex-Governor Steunenberg. The query coming from the audience, "In your opinion will Moyer and Haywood ever come to trial?" brought forth from the speaker an onslaught upon the administration and Governor Gooding personally.

Mr. Kelly announced that he stands ready at any time and at any place in the state to discuss the issue of the campaign and Socialism with either the Democratic or Republican nominee for governor.

C. D. Stanley, a member of the firm of civil engineers of Phinney & Stanley, introduced the speaker of the evening in a brief and comprehensive little address. Mr. Kelly expects to remain in this district for some days and tomorrow night will speak in the open air at Sixth and Cedar streets. He promises to deal principally with the Steunenberg affair in this address.

## NEZ PERCE SOCIALISTS NOMINATE COUNTY TICKET

The Socialists of Nez Perce county, Idaho, assembled in county convention on August 18, 1906, effected an organization by electing John Senter, Mohler, Chairman, and George W. Herrington, Lookout, secretary. Owing to the busy season there was not a large attendance, but much enthusiasm was manifested. We reaffirmed our allegiance to the State and National platforms of the Socialist party, and passed the following resolution concerning liquor traffic:

"We, the Socialists, offer the only practical solution of the liquor traffic. Remove the incentive of profit and the traffic will cease. We ask all voters who honestly wish the destruction of the liquor traffic to study the principles of Socialism. The liquor traffic, as well as all other evils, will cease when the incentive to gain is removed."

On Moyer-Haywood-Gettison Outrage.

Whereas, the Socialist party is the political organization of the working class, pledged to all its struggles, working ceaselessly for its emancipation, declares itself against the brutality of capitalistic rule and the suppression of popular rights and liberties which attend it, and calls upon the workers of Nez Perce county, Idaho, to unite with it in the struggle for the overthrow of capitalist domination and the establishment of economic equality and freedom, and

Whereas, capitalism has trampled out opportunity, equality, justice, intelligence, manhood and character, and whosever would live and work in this country must be a slave. Whereas, Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone are now confined in Boise jail on the charge of murder.

Whereas, the state authorities of Idaho have grossly violated the Sixth amendment of the United States Constitution, also Section 13 of our State Constitution, in not giving these men a speedy trial.

Resolved, We the Socialists of Nez Perce county, Idaho, demand that the authorities give these men an immediate trial, or grant them freedom by giving bail.

Resolved, that the Socialist party of Nez Perce county, Idaho, in convention assembled, re-affirm the principles of the National Socialist movement. That the supreme issue is the conquest by the working-classes—the wealth-producers—of all the powers of government, which alone can abolish class rule and emancipate the producing class; and be it further

Resolved, That in view of the fact that the Socialist Party confronts a

campaign, the result of which will be significant all over the world, that we call upon the working class, the producing class, to unite at the ballot box and cast a vote which will effect their own emancipation and give economic and individual freedom to all.

Ticket Nominated by Socialists of Nez Perce County, Idaho.

State Senator—John T. Lough.  
Representatives—Nick Jacobs, T.M. Mack, Alexander White, John Senter, and K. G. Osterhaut.

County Auditor—Thos. F. Jacobs.  
Sheriff—John Lunders.  
Assessor—Frank James.  
Probate Judge—M. T. Hartnett.  
Treasurer—Mrs. Viola Saniter.  
School Superintendent—Geo. W. Herrington.

Attorney—No nomination.  
Coroner—No nomination.  
Commissioners—First District, Riley Knight; Second District, Ed M. Luther; Third District, Perry Buckbee.

### CANYON COUNTY SOCIALIST PICNIC.

All Socialists and their friends in Canyon county and vicinity are requested to be present at John Green's grove, two miles north of Falk's Store, Friday, August 31, 1906. The Snodgrass Family Band has been secured for the occasion, and most of the county candidates on the Socialist ticket are expected to be present. No admission will be charged and everyone is expected to bring his own lunch basket.

### BETTER AND BEST.

Dear Doctor: Enclosed find \$1 for which send me "The Socialist" for one year after my present subscription expires.

I am able to contribute much better than \$1, but if the Socialist cause cannot exist on the rank and file of its membership it better not exist at all. One dollar isn't very much for any member to dig up, and I much prefer to see 10 men chip in a dollar each than for one man to give \$10. Don't you think so? With kindest regards,  
GEO. MORRILL.

Seattle, 8-17-06.

Answer: Yes, I think it better. But I think it best for the ten men "to chip in one dollar each" and for the "one man" to chip in his ten dollars too. Don't you think so?—Editor.

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

QUESTIONS—Please explain how I can qualify for the position at left of which I have marked X.

Mechanical Engineer	Contractor and Builder	Steam Engineer
Machine Designer	Railroad Engineer	Engine Master
Mechanical Draftsman	Surveyor	Marine Engineer
Foreman Machinist	Shaking Engineer	Civil Engineer
Foreman Toolmaker	Mine Surveyor	Architectural Draftsman
Foreman Patternmaker	Mill Foreman	Sign Painter
Foreman Blacksmith	Cotton Mill Supt.	Letterer
Foreman Miller	Woolen Mill Supt.	Sheet-Metal Worker
Gas Engineer	Textile Designer	Ornamental Workman
Refrigeration Engineer	Electrician	Prospective Engineer
Traction Engineer	Electric Lighting Superintendent	Navigator
Electrical Engineer	Electric Railway Superintendent	Bookkeeper
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Hydraulic Engineer	Wireless Telegraph Engineer	Stenographer
Municipal Engineer	Drum and Tuba Veteran	Architect
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1413 Second Ave. . . Sun. Morn. 10:00



# With the Boosters

## Idaho

The Circulation Man has not been able to keep up with the procession of boosts, and will have to ask you to forgive him if he is tardy in acknowledging receipt of subscriptions. We get them on the list all right when they come in, but it is sometimes a long time before your letters can be answered. This week the Idaho Boosters keep up the fine record they have set, but the Boosters out side the state have done more than usual, and the home guard will have to get busy in large chunks if they want to have everything their own way. Our aim is 15,000 subscribers, and the watchword is "Boost."

Comrade C. R. Tiede, of Corral, sends in a bunch of four.

"Yours as of old," says Comrade J. H. C. Scurlock in sending in a bunch of six from Sandpoint. Scurlock is a clear-cut, revolutionary Socialist and he proves it by supporting that kind of a paper.

Your chance to do a good piece of work for Socialism is to take advantage of our offer to send the paper to ten names for a dollar for the campaign after Sept. 8. Send in your lists now.

Comrade J. B. Boyce of Black Bear sends in a bunch of four who want the paper during the campaign and daily for a month. That's an excellent offer, comrades, as it makes the daily only 60 c for the month. The combination price is 85c.

Another bunch of four from Heyburn. Comrade John Fleming is the responsible party.

Comrade Silas Ralls sends a V and eleven subs, saying, "Could get many more if I had time to spare. There is plenty of financial grease in Idaho to keep 'The Socialist' running smoothly for many years to come if McParland doesn't get you in the bull pen."

"Sample copy received. Am pleased with it and wish you all possible success. Enclosed find dollar for my subscription—Henry C. Hirst, Rocky Bar."

"I inclose a list of four including myself. One is the hotel and another the barber shop, while the third is a dyed-in-the-wool Republican. They may help the cause," writes Comrade C. L. Watros, of Cambridge.

Comrade L. E. Workman of Boise, is responsible for a club of four.

"That cartoon, 'Our National Anthem,' by Hart, is what caught the enclosed 28 names," said Comrade O. L. Culver of Mullan in sending in his latest bunch. Last week's cartoon ought to bring in about 200 if it is worked right. Post it up in every available place.

Comrade O. L. Hibner of Caldwell thought it was time for him to get boosting, so he sent in a club of four.

That Lieutenant Governor of ours, John Chenoweth, is doing some boosting himself. Club of five is the latest.

Now, altogether, for the "Army of Defense." Be the "Minute Men" of the proletarian revolution. Carry the state for Socialism this fall. Put "The Socialist" into the hands of all the voters. One thousand of you send in a dollar each accompanied with ten names, and see what happens. Boost! Boost!! Boost!!!

## Other Fields

The Boosters outside the state are picking up and getting out after them. After this hot weather is over we expect to see any one of a dozen states get busy and make the Idaho Boosters hump themselves. Want to know what states can? Well, there's Washington, and Ohio, and Indiana, and Michigan, and Pennsylvania, and Oregon, for a few. Get busy, boys, and see if you cannot beat Idaho by next report. And boost for that 15,000.

Comrade Isaac Peterson of Chicago sends in a bunch of five and says he likes the paper.

Comrade John T. Jones, of Portland, Oregon, sends in a couple.

Told you Indiana would wake up and not let everything go by. Com-

rade Thomas Stiles of Martinsville sends in four and promises more. Look out, Idaho!

Harry Howell, Grand Island, Nebraska, veteran Booster, has another club of four to his credit.

Comrade Joe Harvison of North Yakima, Wash., sends in a bunch of six and doesn't say a word. Guess that must be a regular thing with Joe. Come again.

Remember there is always room for one more recruit to the Idaho "Army of Invasion." If you have not sent in your name and the initiation fee, do so at once. Three thousand dollars is needed to carry the state for Socialism this year. Will you hesitate when so much is at stake? Boost!

## The Daily

Comrade A. D. Peugh, of Livingston, Mont., in sending in his sub says: "If this is not enough, drop me a line and I'll send more if it's \$5.00 or \$10.00 for a month to show up the plutes in their murderous designs on our comrades Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, and Socialism."

Here's another bunch from Oregon. Comrade Newman Moore, of Gold Hill, sends them in three at a time. Come again.

Comrade J. L. Higbie, of Jeners, Ohio, who did a good deal of boosting for the weekly, got in with three for the daily and hopes that the "crime of murdering Jesus Christ and the Chicago Socialists 20 years ago will not be repeated in Idaho."

Comrade Lindwall, formerly a member of the S. E. U., which established "The Socialist," and who is now located in Los Angeles, sent in 11 for the daily, and said "Personally from a two years' association and acquaintance with you, I am satisfied we will get facts put in an interesting and readable way. Comrade Bradford, managing editor of 'Common Sense,' said to me, 'Titus has made a master stroke in the idea of getting out a daily.'"

Wm. Lagerquist, of Minneapolis, Minn., gets in for the daily and says: "What I want is the truth. If our comrades are guilty let us know it. Don't try and hide any of the facts. To make our fight successful we must work on facts, not suppositions. As the capitalist papers are not to be relied on to publish the truth, a Socialist daily is a great necessity."

"May the enterprise prove a grand success. Shoot it into them!" says Comrade Carl A. Casney in sending in his sub for the daily.

"I simply must have it," and Comrade William Meyer of Covington, La., sends along the six-bits to prove it.

Comrade Casper Richman says: "I herewith send you seven names and subs for the daily 'Socialist,' which for its revolutionary ideas, is very much needed." And then, before sealing the letter, he got another, and sends it with "Well, one more to join the Co-operative Commonwealth."

Booster Julius Bade of Cleveland, Ohio, says in sending in a club of five, "I hope that 'The Daily Socialist' will appear as early as possible, not only for the benefit of our imprisoned comrades, but for the Socialist movement of the country as well. I wish you every success in your noble work."

## FROM NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

The Colorado and Idaho State Committees are issuing a number of charters at each meeting.

Italian comrades and sympathizers are requested to send to "La Sentinella Socialista," 407 Seventh street, Calumet, Mich., for sample copies.

By a recent referendum, S. M. Reynolds of Terre Haute, Ind. has been re-elected State Secretary. Harry H. Hart of Indianapolis and James Oneal of Terre Haute have been elected members of the National Committee.

In order to assist in the dissemination of Socialist articles and campaign news, each Local is requested to appoint a committee and ascertain if any local paper will publish copy or part of copy supplied them each week in circular form. Detailed informa-

tion on this subject should reach the national office at once.

Comrades moving into the State of Maryland should remember that they will never have the opportunity to vote in that state, no matter how long they reside there, except they declare to the clerk of the court their intention of becoming a citizen. One year from the date of such registration, they are entitled to vote.

## CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE NATIONAL AGITATION FUND.

From June 30th to August 17th, inclusive.

Wm. N. Bennett, Darrington, Wash. \$1.00; "Mother" Jones, collected afield, 30.00; Local Evansville, Ind., 2.35; Fred Freeland, Phillipsburg, Kans., .15; John Sallor, McSouth, Kans. 1.00; A. Melssner, Grand Rapids, Mich., .10; John Burhardt, Useless Bay Wash., .20; A. Jonsson, Gillette, Fla., .10; A. Comrade, Chicago, Ill., 100.00; Eugene and Theodore Deba, 10.00; Chas. M. Cohen, Washington, D. C., 2.00; J. B. Gay, Columbus, Texas, 1.00; Walter Williams, Guatemala, Central America, 10.00; L. X., Brooklyn, N. Y., 5.00; Mrs. Hannah Slate, Daleville, Pa., .25; W. H. Gladding, Milwaukee, Wisc., 1.00; Local Washington, D. C., 3.00; Branch No. 1, Trenton, N. J., 10.00; A. Van Gilson, Arthur, Tex., 1.25

## ONE DAY WAGE FUND.

In organized states, the one day wage lists should be returned to the State Secretary. Stub "A" of each list, indicating its location, is on file in the National Office. The custodians of lists out after Sept. 1st will be addressed on the subject of their disposition. The purpose is to keep a detailed and correct record of the fund, and each list that was issued.

Contributions received on account of One Day Wage Fund:

Arkansas State Committee, \$3.10; New York State Committee, 25.00; Illinois State Committee, 12.65; Local Baltimore, Md., 1.25; Vermont State Committee, 10.05; Washington State Committee, 6.00; Indiana State Committee, 3.50; Utah State Committee, 1.85; Missouri State Committee, 5.33; R. H. Payne, Roanoke, Va., .50; Local Albuquerque, N. Mex. 6.75; Illinois State Committee 18.30; Minnesota State Committee, 28.04; South Dakota State Committee 23.35; Kansas State Committee, 31.56; Nebraska State Committee, 10.80; Colorado State Committee, 40.35; Indiana State Committee, 20.95; Massachusetts State Committee, 3.32; Iowa State Committee, 20.62. Total, \$303.65.

## NEWSY NOTES

"The Jungle" is now being translated into Japanese, Comrade T. Sakai having charge of the work. "The Hikari" says the scandal of the Chicago packing houses has considerably aroused the Japanese people.

Milan, Italy, is the first European city to nominate a lady for Parliament. At the last Italian elections, Dr. Sacchi contested, as a Socialist, the representation of the College of Romagna in the Chamber of Deputies.

Socialists of Jasper county, Mo., have placed a full ticket in the field and are going out after the old parties with the intention of winning. At their county convention they adopted strong resolutions denouncing the il-

legal arrest and continued imprisonment of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone.

William H. Dettrey, president of District 7, United Mine Workers, has been nominated for Congress by the Socialist Party in Luzerne county, Pa. After he accepted the nomination of the Socialists he was tendered a nomination for the same office by the Labor party, but he declined the latter, saying that the salvation of the wage earners was only to be found in the Socialist Party.

The Minister of education has issued an order directing all local authorities to refuse permission to Social Democrats to teach gymnastics, either privately or professionally, on the ground that the fact that a man is a Social Democrat proves him morally unsuited to teach the young. The Socialists lay this order up to the account of the Kaiser and it only makes them the more active in bringing about the final overthrow of the monarchy.

To those of our comrades who are grieving and our capitalists who are felicitating themselves over the end of the Russian revolution, we want to quote the words of a recent proclamation issued by the Socialists for the purpose of preventing isolated revolts. The proclamation says: "We shall strike the blows when the time is most appropriate and favorable! Working people of Russia, don't allow the bureaucracy to drive you into riots; great loss of life would be the result, and little gained for our cause. We will choose our own time for action."

The S. L. P. of Colorado is in a tight fix. They want to support Haywood for governor, and he is the nominee of that fakirized Socialist party and neither their constitution nor our constitution will allow them to nominate him on their ticket. They have decided to all withdraw from the S. L. P. during this campaign and vote for Haywood and then re-organize after the election. They wouldn't think of joining the Socialist party, Oh, no! That would be treason. And besides, how would the only party-owned press in existence be kept alive if it lost the support of such a bunch of the faithful?

"The Eclectic Magazine" has just issued Julius Hopp's one-act play, "The Brotherhood of Man" in pamphlet form. Mr. Hopp is the director of the Progressive Stage Society of New York City, which has devoted the past couple of years to producing progressive and Socialist plays. "The Brotherhood of Man" is described as a social satire in one act and lives up to its name. It could be used extensively as a propaganda pamphlet, and is admirably adapted for use by a Socialist dramatic society. The pamphlet is finely printed and sells for 10c. It can be procured from this office.

The Socialist Party of Yonkers, N. Y., has challenged the "Independence League" of that place to a joint debate for the purpose of showing the workers which party they should support. The "Independence League" is Hearst's political machine with which he expects to capture the state of New York this year. In the challenge the Socialists say, "We have no hesitation in saying that any party which does not base its existence on the right of the workers to the product of their toil must be opposed to the best interests of the great majority of American citizens, differing in no essential degree from the other corrupt-parties of capitalism."

# The Army of Invasion

We have not waited for that \$3000 before beginning the work of the Idaho "Army of Invasion." We had begun to work before any money came in—because we realized the necessity of the work. And here are some of the things we have done and are doing:

We are keeping one extra person at work all the time addressing wrappers to the Idaho voters.

We are printing from three to five thousand extra papers each week and sending them to all the names we have been able to secure.

We have already sent out free to the voters of the state a grand total of more than 15,000 papers.

We have spent more than \$150 on this work and have received only \$41.32.

And now, how about you? You have one of the grandest opportunities to win a state for Socialism ever offered.

You have the opportunity of saving the lives of three of our truest and staunchest comrades.

You can carry the message of Socialism to the thousands of workers who are ready and eager to receive it.

You can make thousands of Socialist votes and hundreds of members for the Socialist party.

You can throw such a scare into the capitalist class that they will never recover from the shock.

And how? Easiest thing in the world.

You have already reached 15,000 voters of the state once. It cost you less than \$50. At that rate it will cost you only \$250 to reach all the voters once. But we cannot afford to carry two thirds of the expense indefinitely, so it is probable that \$500 would be a better estimate of the amount needed to reach the 70,000 voters of the state. At that rate the \$3000 asked for will put

the paper in the hands of all the voters six times. Will you hesitate at such a small amount as is necessary to do this great work?

And remember while considering this that this is the state where our comrades are to be tried, and it is in this state that a big Socialist vote is the most important. And remembering this, dig down deep and send a dollar in by next mail, so that it may be most effective. Do it now.

Previously reported.....\$41.32  
Daniel Fish, Oakesdale, Wash. 1.00  
Local Crestline, Ohio.....2.00  
L. W. Longmire, Yelm, Wash. 1.00  
Irvin E. Austin, Toledo, O.....1.00  
L. A. Brown, Toledo, O.....1.00  
W. C. Treece, Findlay, O.....2.00  
Comrade Alaska.....2.00  
Louis Miller, Monarch, Mont. 1.00  
W. H. Brown, Minneapolis, . . . 1.00  
J. Nielson, Biloxi, Miss. . . . . 1.00  
Sumner W. Rose, Biloxi, Miss. . . 1.00  
Emil Litchke, Grand Rapids, . . . 3.00

\$53.32

## LOCAL CRESTLINE'S MITE.

"The Socialist," Caldwell, Idaho.

Dear Comrades: Enclosed find postage money order for \$3.25, \$1.25 of which is to be applied on payment of bundle order of Socialists. The other two dollars of money order is to be placed on that three thousand dollar invasion fund. Use it at your own discretion. The comrades of Local Crestline collected most of this fund from sympathizers in sums of 10 and 15 cents. Will try to send more ammunition as the fight grows hotter. Three cheers for Socialism and the liberation of our comrades, Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone.

Yours for the Revolution,  
M. J. BEERY,  
Crestline, Ohio, 8-14-06.

## "YOURS FOR INDUSTRIAL FREEDOM."

Herman F. Titus, Caldwell, Idaho.

Dear Comrade: Enclosed find check for \$3.00, \$1.00 to renew my subscription to "The Socialist" for one year, to begin at the end of my present paid up subscription.

The other two dollars I desire you to apply and use to the best of your judgment and ability to elect all the Socialists to the "high" offices and

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Some of the Philosophical Essays of Joseph Dietzgen. Cloth, \$1.00.  
Essays on the Materialistic Conception of History, by Antonio Labriola. Second Edition. Cloth, \$1.00.  
Love's Coming-of-Age, by Edward Carpenter. Fifth Edition. Cloth, \$1.00.  
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# The Situation In Seattle

## Titus Arrested for Street Speaking--Prominent Author Comes to His Aid--Expelled Members Try to Wreck Party--Other Important News

For some time past the Socialists of Seattle have been refused the use of the streets except in a remote part of the city below the "dead line." At a recent meeting of Local Seattle it was proposed to test the legality of the ordinance denying the use of the streets and Comrade Titus volunteered to make the test.

Some days before the meeting at Second and Union Sunday last, Comrade Titus notified the police of his intention to speak there and challenged them to arrest him for exercising his constitutional right of free speech. The meeting took place on schedule time with between 600 and 800 people present. The crowd was orderly, the street was not obstructed, and Comrade Titus was not molested by the police. This was not what was desired by the Socialists as they wanted an arrest made and the case thoroughly tested. Announcement was made that on the following night, Monday, a meeting would be held at the corner of Second and Pike, the busiest corner in the city.

When Comrade Titus mounted the box he immediately secured an immense crowd, which, however, was orderly and took care not to obstruct the street or sidewalk. He had not been speaking more than 20 minutes when four police sergeants and a squad of police arrived on the scene, pushed through the crowd and arrested him. Immediately E. J. Brown, our attorney, called for the names of 25 people who would testify that the streets were not obstructed, but the police thoughtfully put him under arrest too, so he could not secure evidence for his client.

Comrade Titus was placed in jail, where he remained for several hours before he accepted release on bail. The trial came up Wednesday, and has not been decided, the judge having heard the evidence and taken the case under advisement.

Public sentiment is entirely with the Socialists in this fight. A big meeting will be held at Labor Temple next Sunday night for the purpose of protesting against police interference with peaceful meetings, and Vincent Harper, the distinguished novelist, has hired the Seattle theatre for Sunday afternoon to continue his fight for the "underdog," which is to be the subject for his address.

Next week we promise a lively article on "The Fight for Free Speech in Seattle," by Comrade Titus.

## VINCENT HARPER SCORES "LABOR" MAYOR MOORE

Mr. Vincent Harper, whose open letter to Mayor Moore of Seattle regarding the unwarranted arrest of Comrade Titus by the police of that city is given below in full, is a distinguished novelist and magazine writer. Mr. Harper is in addition a playwright of no mean ability. Richard Mansfield having just accepted one of his plays to star in.

Mr. Harper speaks, not as a Socialist, but as an American citizen whose rights have been trampled upon, and he demands in vigorous language that persecution of Socialists by the Seattle police shall cease. Mr. Harper has his list of "Socialists" rather mixed with such individuals as Louis Post and Elbert Hubbard and such "Reform Socialists" as Arthur Brisbane; and he is disposed, naturally enough, to overrate the importance of "intellectuals," but he shows the tendency of scientific and literary men of independent ideas and desires to turn toward Socialism and recognize it as the only avenue leading to that liberty which all persons crave.

"To His Honor, the Mayor, Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sir: It was my privilege to hear you speak on several occasions during the campaign which resulted in your election to the majority of this great and robustly American city. While personally I cannot regard municipal ownership as anything more than a pipe dream solution of the existing economic problem, I rejoiced with the majority in your success, for there was tonic and inspiration in your constantly repeated promise that, at your hands, Seattle would have the best and cleanest and most honest and just administration that it had ever had. These are strong words, your honor; only a strong man could "deliver the goods," but enough voters believed that you could, and you were given the chance to "make good."

### Hints at Graft.

"Far be it from me to say how far you have been able, and how far you have been unable, to fulfill your promises. You are, no doubt, aware that there is a growing belief (I here of it on the streets, in restaurants, in banking, legal, professional and business circles, and on First Hill verandas), a belief, sir, that the aggressive morality and stringent interpretation of long neglected ordinances displayed by your chief of police is very little more than a diversion intended to turn public attention from one of the most widespread and "juicy" systems of graft ever inflicted upon a suffering city. I neither know nor care anything about all this. The present chief of police may be either an archangel or an archboodler, without any appreciable effect upon the fundamental questions of sociology in which I am interested. The proposed removal of the restricted district may be a public necessity, or it may be (as I am assured every day by men who think they know) the most gigantic grafting proposition ever attempted in Seattle. I don't know. I don't care.

"But, your honor, my reason for emerging from my obscurity as a private citizen who devotes time and attention to purely literary matters, is that I am a citizen, with a citizen's rights, and that I was last night a witness of the most flagrant, unprovoked, vindictive, and altogether outrageous piece of high-handed injustice that I have ever seen with my own eyes. Law was laughed at; a vital city ordinance was pushed aside; a sacred principle of the bill of rights was gratuitously violated; an inalienable privilege of Anglo-

Saxon civilization was ruthlessly taken from several hundreds of perfectly orderly citizens; and sufficient cause was given to incite a riot had these hundreds of men not been law-abiding and temperate.

### Rises to Protest.

"And now, sir, who were they who thus flaunted the rights of all citizens and trampled under foot the fundamental principles of American civilization? Were they the "dangerous foreign element" who were imported bomb throwers or vicious characters from below the dead line? No, your honor, they were the police of Seattle, acting of course under orders. This simply insufferable piece of anarchy was authorized by your police department. And I rise to protest.

### Present at Meeting.

"In company with several other gentlemen I attended a meeting which was being addressed by Dr. Hermon F. Titus, a Socialist of national influence, on Second avenue, above Pike street, yesterday evening. The right of free speech and of peaceable public assemblage is, as your honor knows, a right lying at the very root of our civilization. No city authorities anywhere can suppress or limit this right. The city ordinances of Seattle do, however, very properly forbid the obstruction of public thoroughfares by crowds of any sort. Now, sir, the crowd at this particular meeting did not at any time obstruct either the sidewalk or the street; at no time was more than a half of the width of either blocked or made otherwise inconvenient for passersby. The speaker constantly requested his hearers to be careful not to spread out enough to fill the gangways for pedestrians or vehicles. Furthermore, Dr. Titus (a gentleman of scholarly attainments and most gentle and courteous bearing) said not one solitary word capable of inciting disorder. It was a meeting of free American citizens exercising their inalienable right of public assemblage and discussion in a perfectly peaceful and orderly manner, and your police authorities, with as deliberate and infamous disregard of the law as ever disgraced a so-called American city, arrested the speaker and deprived many hundreds of citizens of their rights. Why, I ask?

### Calls Arrest Outrage.

"Now, sir, I hold no brief for the Socialist party nor for Dr. Titus, but I do accept the duties of a private citizen, and an American, and I should blush for my manhood if I submitted to the dastardly outrage perpetrated upon me last night by your chief of police, without protesting. Such an exhibition of stupid and brutal lawlessness must have sprung from some more than ordinary motive. I fancy that, in the last analysis, this motive can be found in the fact that your police department knows about as much of Socialism as do the addle-pated peanut politicians and reverend donkeys and other influential citizens, who occasionally add to the gaiety of nations by pronouncing those screamingly funny distiches that pass for answers to the arguments of Karl Marx. Thousands of prominent men in Seattle above the intellectual level of even a chief of police, think of Socialism, if they think of it at all, that it is a wild nightmare of anarchy cherished by a gang of ignorant bums and other dangerous reds. It would be news to these long-eared gentlemen to be told that the Socialist party of Europe is led by university professors of commanding intellect, scholars, editors, artists, men of letters--in short, by the most advanced and virile brains now doing the thinking for the millions who rise never above the level of "do the others, or they'll do you." Here in America, moreover, the more than

half a million voters in the Socialist party have for leaders such intellects and characters as Upton Sinclair and J. A. Wayland and Robert Hunter and Louis Post and Arthur Brisbane and Jack London and J. G. Phelps-Stokes and Elbert Hubbard and Clarence Barrow and scores of other men in the very front rank of mental power and personal force. I suppose that our chief of police may have never heard of these thinkers; pull, not brains, is what captures the fat jobs. But, sir, when such an exhibition of brutal ignorance and injustice as that of last night, takes place in a supposedly enlightened community, educated men are forced to believe that European thinkers are right when they say that Americans are still barbarians.

"And consider the recoll of this sort of Russian tactics! More Socialists were made last night by Chief Wappenstein's men than Dr. Titus could have made had he talked all night. Half a dozen educated men approached me personally after the outrage and declared their intention to join the party of progress and freedom--the Socialists. Can it be possible that Chief Wappenstein is a Socialist in disguise? I am a man who stands aloof from politics or agitations of any sort, but when three cheers were asked for the "revolution," I gave them with all my heart--if for nothing more than to square myself with my manhood in the face of such despotic sanity. The revolution is coming, peacefully, if the authorities recognize their subservience to law; but coming anyhow, and when it comes, may God give me the grace to stand on the firing line for the rights of men, my brothers.

"Yours respectfully,  
VINCENT HARPER."

## Editorial Correspondence

By Hermon F. Titus

The expelled organization in Seattle, under the lead of the notorious Hutchinson, is trying to maintain an existence under the name "Socialist Propaganda Club." The old sign, "Socialist Party Headquarters," has been changed by painting out the word "Party," leaving it to read "Socialist Headquarters." The old hole, known as "Socialist Temple" is retained, and the general impression created is that the old organization is still the Socialist center of the city. Father McGrady, who used to work with "Propaganda Clubs" and who now is handled by a "Bureau," spoke for them Sunday afternoon, August 19.

So long as they confine themselves to spreading the knowledge of Socialism, no one is likely to criticize them. But they go further. The members are outspoken in discrediting Local Seattle, the official organization of the Socialist Party in the city. They also attack the Socialist Party of the State.

This is a fatal mistake, like that made by various other "Propaganda Clubs" in several cities.

The Socialist Party of the State of Washington deliberately by referendum revoked the charter of old Local Seattle for compromising with "Fusion." The "Fusion" crowd refuse to submit and are trying to "go it alone." No one can forbid them. But no party member can endorse them in any way. The party has set its seal of disapproval on them and their attacks on the party organization will only hasten their own destruction.

Local Seattle, the new organization, is gradually perfecting its Branch system and getting into shape to do effective propaganda work throughout the city. It has to contend with the hostility of the old organization and overcome the false impressions of Socialism produced by the shameful methods of Hutchinson and his followers.

The new Local is composed of workmen almost exclusively and for the most part of workmen who are working, not loafing. The old organization had an unusually large ratio of members who had "no visible means of support," who spent most of their time hanging about "Headquarters," scheming and forming "cliques," and who became known locally as the "Spittoon Gang."

In many cities of the United States these Headquarters loafers have become a marked factor in the Socialist movement and nearly always to the injury of the cause. They are often the most rank "Impossibilists," no less Utopian than the "Opportunists" themselves. In Seattle, in fact, the expelled crowd consists of a queer mixture of the Utopians of both extremes, "Impossibilists" and "Opportunists."

mal Socialist condition by the rejection of everything avowing of Utopianism, whether garbed as middle-class Opportunism or as mock proletarianism.

Marx long ago warned the working class to beware of its top and bottom strata, its high-salaried aristocrats and its no-salaried bums. It is the common sense middle stratum of the working class, its bone and sinew doing the world's work, that is the Working Class itself, which must form the basis of the proletarian movement.

Another free speech fight is to be made in Seattle. Hermon F. Titus will test the ordinance on August 19. Emil Herman was arrested a few weeks ago and convicted of obstructing the street, but his fine was remitted, he left the city on an eastern Washington organizing trip and the whole matter was laid over awaiting the return of the mayor from California.

The mistake was made last year of accepting permission of the mayor to speak in certain localities, and in no others. The city ordinance gives no such licensing power to the mayor, who, if he can permit, can also forbid.

Seattle Socialists have had several fits with the police, but have always won out.

The new chief of police, Wappenstein, selected by "Labor" Mayor Moore, has not yet learned that Socialists have rights equal to Salvationists. So the Seattle Socialists will have some more free advertising. Dr. Titus will speak at 4 p. m. at corner of Second avenue and Union street. The city officials are cordially invited to be present. It is understood that a dozen others stand ready to take the box, if the first speaker is arrested.

Several of the most active of the Seattle comrades are absent on vacations or at work, Curtis at Portage, Wagenknecht at Moclips, McCorkle at Rainier Beach, Martin at Olympia, Steele in Whatcom county, Herman in eastern Washington, Miss Anderson in Chicago.

Ward organizations have been formed in the Third, Tenth, Second, and Sixth wards, with others in near prospect.

The policy of the new Local is to get in touch with all the Socialists in the city, organize them and set them to work. This is to be done mainly through ward organizations though a general secretary may be employed to do clerical work.

Street meetings, the sale of literature, and subscriptions to Socialist papers will be relied upon for propaganda purposes.

It is not expected to maintain weekly meetings, excepting during the heat of a campaign. In a city as large as Seattle, the Sunday night central meeting becomes a mere gathering of Socialists, a routine affair which repels and attracts but few outsiders. In place of this, a big meeting once a month addressed by some speaker with reputation enough to draw a non-Socialist crowd, will

## Idaho's Ringing Resolutions

The Socialist party is the political organization of the working class, pledged to all its struggles and working ceaselessly for its emancipation. It declares itself against the brutality of capitalistic rule and suppression of popular rights and liberties which attends it, and calls upon the workers of the country to unite with it in the struggle for the overthrow of capitalist domination and the establishment of economic equality and freedom.

Time after time the workers have been imprisoned and otherwise maltreated for no other reason than that they were struggling for some measure of that comfort and decency of existence to which as the producers of wealth they are entitled.

The Master class has, in various states and cities, organized Citizens' Alliances, Manufacturers' Associations, and the like, which in order to disrupt and crush out the industrial organizations of the workers, have assailed all fundamental principles and most cherished institutions of personal and collective freedom. The startling revelations and disclosures made during the past three years in financial circles, show the utter unreliability of the Capitalist class and that they will not hesitate to consummate the most heinous crimes where they conceive such to be to their interests.

Whereas, the great fight between capital and labor as illustrated by the Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone case is today centered in the state of Idaho, where capitalist rule, through the republican party, has defied the United States constitution and the laws of the state in the arrest of these comrades and in pronouncing them guilty before trial; and

Whereas, the governor of this state has again and again declared Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone guilty of the murder of Governor Stuenkel and thereby violated the law of the state which he has taken his official oath to uphold, which says "a defendant in criminal action is presumed innocent until the contrary is proved;" and

Whereas, the judge of the Seventh judicial district has refused to try

be more effective to spread the knowledge of Socialism.

The speakers' committee of the Local is in correspondence with some eastern speakers and will soon announce the list for the autumn months.

## Army of Defense

"Minute Men" with guns made history once. "Minute Men" with Socialist literature may do so again, for the time is ripe for change and the workers are looking forward to something better. We are the ones who will be responsible if they get switched onto the Democratic siding this fall.

With a force of "Minute Men" one thousand strong as skirmishers in the field and the "Army of Invasion" three thousand strong on the march it is not likely that the workers will be led into ambush.

But we must get those "Minute Men" into the ranks. It is not enough that the Socialists of the state are willing to vote the ticket. They must do more. They must get at least five other votes. And the easiest way to get these votes is to join the "Minute Men" and send "The Socialist" the last two months of the campaign to ten of your neighbors. It will cost you just a dollar. Could you think of an easier or cheaper way to get the five other votes you must secure?

Already a number of comrades have announced their intention of taking advantage of this offer, but there ought to be at least one thousand of you in the state willing to sacrifice a little of your money for the cause. And it's not only for the cause, but for the lives of our three comrades in the Ada county jail, who are awaiting your action with the belief that you will do the right thing.

Join the "Minute Men" comrade, and help to win a state for Socialism.

## Post the Cartoons

Front page last week attracted your attention first thing, and held it, didn't it? Ever think it would have the same effect on the other fellow? Well, it will. Just give him a chance at it, and you'll soon find out. That cartoon ought to be seen by every voter in Idaho, and you can see that it is. Won't take much work on your part, either. Only thing you need is some paste and a brush and a half dozen papers. Paste them up on the fences and telegraph poles near your home. Use plenty of paste. Put it on thick before you paste up the sheet and then cover it thoroughly with a coat of paste. It will stand lots of rain that way and stay posted for a month. You'll be surprised at the number of people who will stop to look at it. Everybody in the neighborhood will talk about it. And it will make Socialists. Do it now. If you have no papers, send in for a bundle, the price is low. We have plenty on hand as it happens, and they ought to be out where people could see them.

## For Next Week

Next week we will have a special issue of the "Fight for Free Speech in Seattle Streets." It is sure to be a roarer, and will be a help to comrades who are having trouble grasping their rights as American citizens to use the streets as a place to teach Socialism. The Seattle comrades have won the fight more than once and they will do so again even though they are hindered now by a gang of disrupters who are trying to break up the local.

The week following, September 11, will begin Comrade Titus' series of articles on "Revolutionary Socialism and Reform Socialism" which will continue for several months until they are finished. The first six articles have already appeared and repeated in response to innumerable requests, and because there are several thousand new readers of the paper who have not seen them.

In addition to the above, "The Socialist" will continue to take an aggressive stand in the Idaho campaign which has already done much for the party in this state, which is destined to increase its vote to a phenomenal extent. For all sides come words of praise for the appearance of the paper and the manner in which it is conducting the campaign. We expect the "Army of Invasion" to put 200,000 pages of literature in the hands of 100,000 voters this fall, and the "Army of Defense" to see that at least 100,000 sympathizers get the paper in enough to make them voters.

Hurry in your lists in order to take advantage of the excellent offer which is to appear in the paper. Get those sympathizers started that series on "Revolutionary Socialism and Reform Socialism" and will never stop till they join the party.

## What Life Means to Me

(Continued from Page 1).

lars and cents. And this railroad magnate broke his word as a gentleman and a Christian when he gave a secret rebate to one of two cartons of industry locked together in a struggle to the death.

It was the same everywhere, crime and betrayal, betrayal and crime, men who were alive, but who were neither clean nor noble, men who were clean and noble but who were not alive. Then there was a great hopeless mass, neither noble nor alive, but merely clean. It did not sin positively nor deliberately; but did sin passively and ignorantly, acquiescing in the current immorality and profiting thereby. Had it been noble and alive it would not have been ignorant, and it would have refused to share in the profits of betrayal and crime.

I discovered that I did not wish to live on the parlor floor of social

Intellectually I was bored. More and spiritually I was sickened. I remembered my intellectuals, my idealists, my unfringed professors, broken professors, and clean-minded class-conscious workmen. I remembered my days and nights of sunshine and starshine, where there was all a wild sweet wonder, a spiritual paradise of unselfish adventure and ethical romance. And I remembered, before me, ever blazing and burning the Holy Grail.

So I went back to the working class, in which I had been born and where I belonged. I care no longer to climb. The imposing edifice of society above my head holds no lights for me. It is the foundation of the edifice that interests me. I am content to labor, crouch, and hand, shoulder to shoulder with the intellectuals, idealists, and class-conscious workmen, getting a petty pry now and again and setting the whole edifice rocking. Some day when we get a few more hands on the crowbars at work, we'll topple over, along with all its rotten and unburied dead, its monstrous selfishness and sordid materialism. Then we'll cleanse the cellar and build a new habitation for mankind in which there will be no parlor floor, in which all the rooms will be bright and airy, and where the air that is breathed will be clean, noble and alive.

Such is my outlook. I look forward to a time when man shall progress upon something worthier and higher than his stomach, when there will be a finer incentive to impel man to action than the incentive of today, which is the incentive of the stomach. I retain my belief in the nobility and excellence of the human. I believe that spiritual sweetness and usefulness will conquer the gross gluttony of today. And last of all, my faith is in the working class. As some Frenchman has said, "The stairway of time is ever echoing with the wooden shoe going up, the polished boot descending."