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# The Socialist

To Organize the Slaves  
of Capital to Vote Their  
Own Emancipation

EIGHTH YEAR — No. 345

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## THE PRINCIPLES WE FIGHT FOR SIMPLE PERSECUTION

### A Capitalist Logician's Logic—Big Demonstration

## Letters from the City Jail

The Seattle Socialist fight for free streets came to a sudden head Thursday, Sept. 19, when Hermon F. Titus was jailed for refusing to pay a fine of \$10 and \$110 costs. He was taken into custody by order of Republican County Judge Frater on papers prepared by Republican State Chairman and City Attorney De Bruler. The matter had been left untouched for a year, the fine having been imposed by a jury trial in 1906, but never collected till the Socialists renewed their fight for freedom this fall.

Titus was refused admission to the county jail on the ground that the order of Judge Frater as prepared by De Bruler read "city jail." Frater and De Bruler were both consulted by the sheriff's office while Titus waited at the county jail. Neither of them would alter the order and the prisoner was delivered to Wappenstein, chief of police, and by him placed in one cell after another as related in the following three "letters," written in the jail itself.

Titus was released Friday night, his fine being paid by an unknown "friend" who sent the money (\$120) to the police judge with a note saying he was no Socialist, but he would not stand for killing a sick man in such a hole as the Seattle city jail.

Titus bitterly resented this act of "friendship," done without consulting him in any way, as depriving him of an opportunity, unsought but very happy, of drawing public attention to the prosecution of Socialists in Seattle.

Chief of Police Wappenstein announced his determination to put Titus on "the Chain Gang," if his fine was not paid. He sent City Physician Calhoun to examine the prisoner physically, who reported, after 5 minutes, he could find no physical defect, though Titus claimed he had a gastric ulcer of 25 years' standing, known to several physicians in town. Calhoun said Titus had "motive" in this claim and declined to get the testimony of other physicians.

The spectacle of a man put in irons and driven to work on the streets of Seattle with chains on his legs because he had used the streets for talking Socialism, while every other speaker is unmoled, would have aroused even the dumbest Slaves of Capital to protest and resentment.

The issue is vital, because EQUALITY BEFORE THE LAW IS DEFINITELY DENIED TO SOCIALISTS. If this inequality and discrimination is allowed by the Socialists themselves, then they are subjugated and unworthy to represent the Cause of Freedom.

The issue is squarely presented by the class in Seattle which is in power, which controls the forces of the State. This arbitrary discrimination against Socialists is not exercised by any one political party. Mayor Moore and his chief of police represent the Democrats. De Bruler is chairman of the Republican State Central Committee and is the official head of that party. Police Judge Gordon and Superior Judge Frater are Republicans. It is Capitalist against Socialist clearly enough. The class character of this unequal administration of the law is further emphasized by the fact that Moore is also a Capitalist Labor Party representative. He hates a Labor Party which is also a Socialist Party, and so do his followers among the "Labor Leaders," to whom he has just given two political "plums."

So that all divisions of the capitalist political organization, Republican, Democrat, Municipal Ownership, Laborite, are united, naturally enough, in this persistent and unyielding attempt to suppress free Socialist agitation among the workmen of Seattle. The capitalists know well enough the danger of the soap box. They know the difficulty of getting people into halls except on extraordinary occasions. They know it demands enormous advertising to capture the workers' attention. They know, too, if they can confine the Socialists to halls, those halls can soon be denied them, as Egans Hall was last year in Seattle.

But Capital needs the soap box agitator. He talks to the wandering worker on the streets. He holds his attention. He sets him thinking. He educates him. He makes another agitator of him. He ceases to be a plodding, contented slave. He becomes a Revolutionist. The street is the home of Revolution. The soap box has done more than any other single agency to break down respectable, reverent servility among American workmen. As Chief Wappenstein says: "THESE SOCIALISTS AGITATE THE WORKINGMAN. THEY STIR UP STRIKES. THEY MAKE TROUBLE FOR THE AUTHORITIES. I WILL REFUSE THEM BAIL."

There spoke the open champion of "THE AUTHORITIES." "The authorities" stand for Capital. The Socialists stand for Labor.

Because Labor refuses to submit to Capital, because the representatives of Labor in Seattle and Washington refuse to yield like dumb slaves, because the great principle of Liberty is at stake, not only individual liberty but class liberty, therefore this fight goes on and will go on, though a thousand men perish in the battle.

It is the age-long battle, the Irrepressible Conflict.

### No. 1—THE JAIL AND ITS INMATES

City Jail, Seattle, Thursday Evening, Sept. 19, 1907.

In cell No. 3 with two "drunks," one of them has one leg and a pair of crutches. He is asleep on the floor with the cold steam pipe to warm his head. He is a philosopher. He says he has a license to bum and he's going to bum the rest of his days.

"The United States has my leg and owes me a living," he says. "When he curled up for the night he sang, 'Well, here's my shoe for a pillow, and sure enough of came his shoe from his single foot and it serves him to keep his head from the stone floor, while his dirty bare foot extends along the concrete, the one live thing visible in the little black heap."

Number 2 lies crowded at full length on the only plank in the cell, 10 inches wide and 12 feet long. It is too narrow and he will soon fall off when he is sound asleep. The stone floor is the only bed intended for us. This bench I sit on will hold about 10 people sitting close, but it is no Morris chair.

The cell is whitewashed over its solid walls of edgewise planks. There are three barred windows opening into other rooms and cells. These windows are about 1 foot high and 2 long. There is a "peek-hole," also barred, near the entrance door, through which we can be inspected at will by the jailer.

The room is about 15 by 20 feet square and 8 feet high and has one 16-candle power electric bulb at the center.

That is all except a ventilator shaft 2x5, running up toward the roof, but also barred.

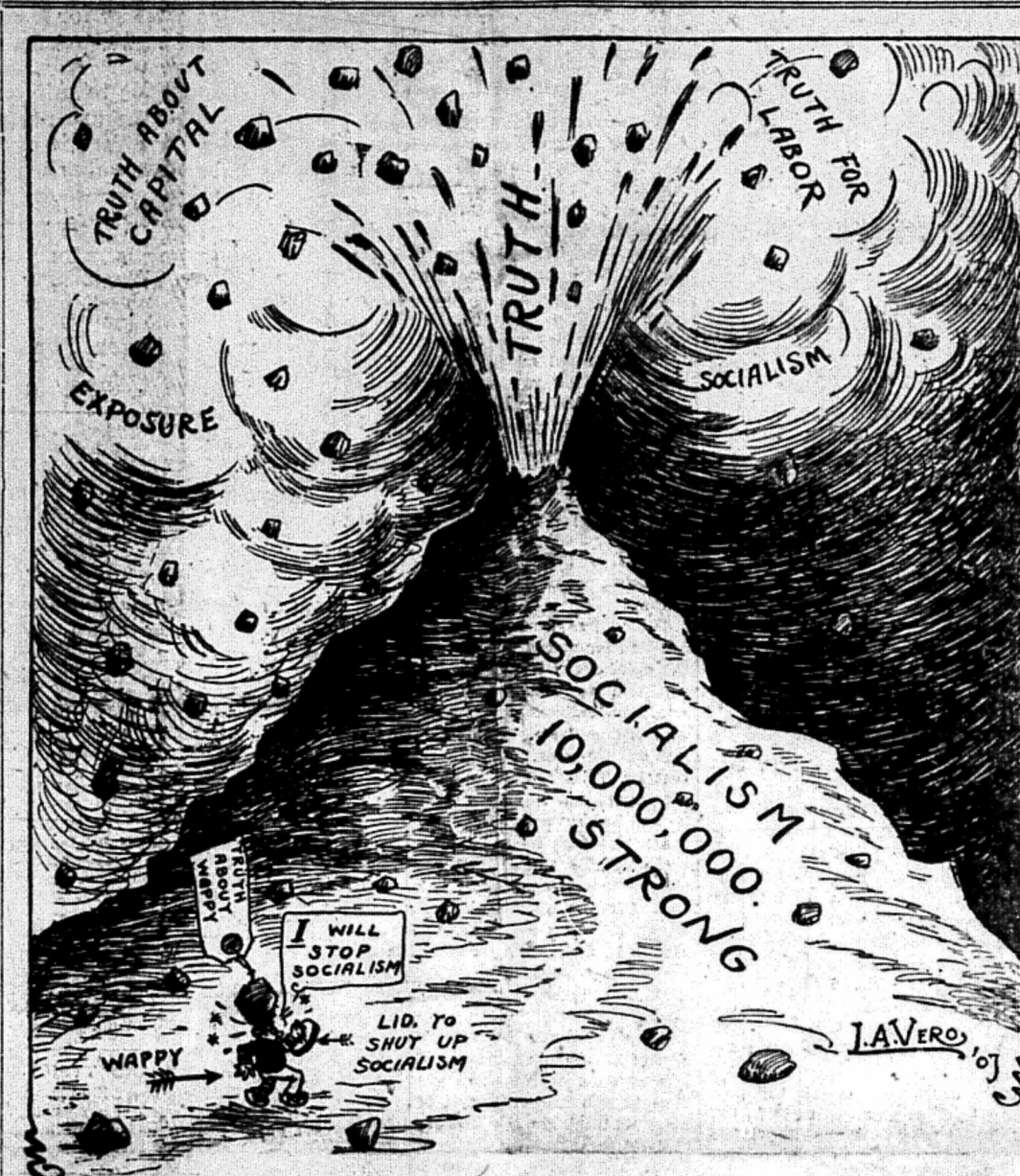
There seems to be no heat in any of the few pipes stretched along the east wall of the cell. It will be chilly as the night progresses.

Our supper was rushed in at 6 o'clock by three men with baskets, pots and clattering tins. The jailer sings out, "Three here," and three deep tins clatter down on the plank bench, a pint of boiled beef mush is scooped into each plate with one potato and one-half a loaf, one pint of Missouri river coffee in a tin cup and in 30 seconds the feeders are gone, the door closes and locks and we three gather beside our seat-bench-table-couch and fall to.

It is not served in savory style, but the bread is sweet and the beef not sour. The Happy Hooligan with the crutches and a "license to bum," calls him some. But that is a concession, at him and he "don't want to work."

No. 4 has just come in. It is probably now 7:30 or 8 o'clock p. m. We have no means of knowing the time. It is always night here. Our watches, if we had any, were "searched" away from us at the office. Not even a match or a tooth pick was left in my pockets.

No. 4 is also philosophical. He removes his shoes, sticks them under the plank in the cell, takes off his coat, folds it up into a pillow, stretch-



A True Story

es down on the concrete and now sleep there "in his shirt sleeves." He, too, is a "drunk," half anaesthetized and insensible from alcohol, which acts like ether or chloroform.

But No. 2 can't stand it. He paces back and forth. He tries the stone floor for a few minutes. He sits and dozes on our community plank-table. Then he curses a bit. Meanwhile the cockroaches flit about and No. 1 uneasily pulls at himself as if other insects might be troubling his slumbers. In fact No. 2 openly charged No. 1 with being "crummy" which nearly precipitated a fight.

This concrete stone floor is very smooth, too smooth. You can't even find a hole to fit your hip into. It's no spring bed and that's a fact.

And the walls about the baseboards are not aesthetic. Tobacco smears and reminiscences of other human stains don't look like La Farge's frescoes. I wonder how Jacob Furth or even Mayor More would enjoy a night down here.

No. 1 and No. 2 gave a sonorous duet before turning in, something such as you can hear at "Billy the Mug" any time of night.

It's really a jolly old hole here, if you are philosophical and don't care about Liberty and such old fashioned notions.

As No. 1 sang: "It's all in a lifetime and when we're dead, it'll be all the same."

### No. 2—ORDERED ON THE CHAIN GANG

Was withdrawn from cell No. 3 at about 8:30 and by order of Chief Wappenstein, taken down stairs to cell No. 11 in company with that celebrated company, another mark of distinction for Seattle's civilization, namely "The Chain Gang." These boys don't look like "drunks." The change in company is decidedly an improvement. These six men look like ordinary workmen and talk on all subjects with keen intelligence.

This cell is smaller than No. 3 and has other disadvantages. There are only two openings beside the door. One is the "peek-hole" found in all the cells. The other, a square twenty inches square and opening into some damp and close cellar hole adjoining. The six men with some twenty others now incarcerated across the corridor in other cells, go out every morning with chains on their legs, chains and shackles. Their chains are some 2 feet long and hang up to their belts by a string while at work. They use pick and shovel on the streets. If they don't work they get a blow from a slingshot in the hands of the guards, or they are laden with double chains.

About 9 o'clock the jailer came down and called me out of my new quarters. He had a message for me. It was from the Czar. He said, "The

(Continued on Page 4.)

## INFAMOUS INHUMANITY

Read what Wappenstein did to Blind Osborne last Monday night. I followed Osborne to the city jail and saw him put into cell No. 3 by Jailer Corning. That is the best cell in the jail; bad, but the best. He was alone in it, no crowding. I thought: He will pass a fairly comfortable night. We offered cash bail, but Captain Ward said, "You must see the chief. My orders are to take no bail for Socialists."

Cell No. 3 has a seat in it, though nothing but the stone floor for a bed. It also has a ventilating shaft and running water. But what did Wappenstein do when he arrived, do to this inoffensive blind man, whose voice is soft and whose groping helplessness appeals to even the sternest officers of the law? Was Osborne allowed the "luxury" of cell No. 3?

No; Wappenstein gave orders to have him removed—where? To cell No. 11, with the reeking crowd of the tired chain gang? Or to the "Dope Cell," where "fends" glower from crazy eyes? No. BUT TO SOLITARY CONFINEMENT IN A CELL SIX BY SEVEN, NO FURNITURE BUT A BUCKET, NOT A SINGLE SEAT, FLOOR SO FOUL NO DECENT MAN COULD LIE DOWN UPON IT AND NO VENTILATION EXCEPT FROM A FEW INCH HOLES IN THE DOOR.

This was before his trial, an arbitrary infliction of inhuman conditions upon a man not yet convicted. And his offense was no offense, even if convicted of it. He only did what scores of others in Seattle are doing every week, spoke, without any obstruction to any one, to his fellow-men on the street, who were eager to hear him.

He did not even mention Socialism, BUT HE WAS A SOCIALIST, and the present "Labor" administration of Seattle forbids Socialists the use of

the streets, though every one else can use them.

Do you suppose we are going to stand for such infamous inhumanity as this of putting this blind man into the worst cell in the worst city jail in America, where he has to stand up for 18 hours?

Every man and woman in this city who does not protest is equally guilty with Wappenstein, the author of this outrage.

A copy of this paper will be sent marked at this article to every member of the City Council. Will you stand for this sort of thing?

If so, why?

Is it because you, too, would rather see every requirement of humanity violated than to let Socialists have equal rights with others on the city streets?

"The Socialist" goes to every daily newspaper office in the city. Why does not one of these dailies take up this fight for equality before the law? Is it because every daily newspaper in Seattle prefers to see such atrocities committed rather than allow Socialists the same "rights" as Salvationists?

There is a Humane Society in Seattle and a Humane officer to see that animals are not cruelly treated. This paper will be sent marked to you also. If you do not act promptly to protect this blind man from torture by Wappenstein in his dungeons, what are we to think? Do you care more for other animals than for a man?

What would you do to the owner of a horse who never allowed him to lie down, who forced him to stand up all night?

That is what Wappenstein did to Osborne.

Does the fact that he is a Socialist, fighting for Equal Rights for All Men, deprive him of your solicitude and rank him lower than the horse?

After the examination of the witnesses for the prosecution and defense both of which proved to every fair minded person out of the two hundred in court, that the Salvation Army did, on Thursday, Sept. 19, hold a meeting on Pioneer Place, Seattle, Wash., this meeting occupying forty-five feet square of the street and sidewalk, that the audience numbered about three hundred, that the meeting lasted over half an hour, that the policeman on the beat knew of the meeting, that as soon as the Army had finished saving for the evening, Comrade J. B. Osborne started to address about fifty people on the exact spot the Army had occupied; that these fifty people occupied space about ten feet square, that he was telling his audience about the contents of a recent issue of "The Socialist" and that after he had spoken about three minutes he was arrested on the charge of obstructing the streets, after all of this had been absolutely proven, and after Attorney Brown's masterly address to the court, in which he made point after point to justify the accusation of persecution made against the city administration, after all this, the judge, the just judge, was heard to whisper, as if he were ashamed of himself, yet compelled to do it, this verdict: "Thirty days in the city jail."

"The Salvation Army and other religious bodies were always given more latitude than political bodies," said Prosecuting Attorney De Bruler in arguing the case. This means that the Salvation Army can occupy forty-five feet square of a street and they do not break either the law of Chief Wappy, which is first, or the ordinance on street obstructing, whereas the Socialists break all law in holding a meeting one-fourth the size of the Army. Everything is an obstruction when the Socialists hold a meeting, nothing is an obstruction when the Army holds a meeting.

It remained for a fellow by the name of De Bruler, city prosecuting attorney, and chairman of the Republican state committee, (being all of which he should certainly know something), to drop this bit of logic into our thinkers. Does it convince you? You say the law will protect us? Do you not know that a law is not a law when it cannot be interpreted in favor of and is consequently against the capitalist class?

And you say it is not right to persecute the Socialists? Don't you know that only that which agrees with and favors the capitalist class is right?

Are you getting next? On Sunday, Sept. 22, a monster free speech meeting was held in the Labor Temple. Emi Herman was the principal speaker. In a stirring, logical and forceful manner he told those present just why Socialists were denied the use of the streets for speaking purposes. The capitalist system cannot afford to be a party to its abolition and yet its very act in denying us the use of the streets contributes to its suicide. Comrades Brown and Titus also spoke. Subscriptions to the amount of fifty dollars were made to the free speech fund.

To prove to the present administration that courage is not at a discount in the ranks of the Socialists, another attempt was made to hold a meeting on Pioneer Square Monday night. Our intention was to hold our meeting the same time that the Army held theirs about a hundred feet distant from their meeting. For some reason the Army did not make an appearance. The daily papers had given notice that we would hold a meeting and the streets were black with people, who had come to hear what we had to say. Comrade Osborne mounted the curb on that side of Pioneer Place that has no sidewalk. A crowd of six hundred people surrounded him in less than a minute and inside of two minutes he was under arrest. As usual, no bail was allowed and he had to stay in the dungeon all night.

In court the next day, both the police and our witnesses proved that the street was not obstructed, yet Judge Gordon fined Osborne one hundred dollars. This case, as all previous cases, was appealed.

EVERY SUBSEQUENT ARREST BRINGS ADDED TORTURES. CHIEF WAPPY DELIGHTS IN TORTURING. IN THIS LAST ARREST OSBORNE WAS PLACED IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT IN A DIRTY, FOUL-SMELLING CELL, SIX BY SEVEN FEET. ABOUT SIX HOLES, ONE INCH IN DIAMETER, WERE THE ONLY MEANS OF VENTILATION HAD THERE BEEN A CHANCE FOR ANY. THE ONLY ARTICLE OF FURNITURE AND FIXTURE WAS A BUCKET THAT LEAKED. THE FLOOR OF THE CELL WAS SO FILTHY THAT OSBORNE WAS COMPELLED TO STAND UP ALL NIGHT.

The hell hole was so dark that it even impressed blind Osborne. No torture will be overlooked by Wappy to make the Socialists submissive. Thumb screws will undoubtedly be next in order. And if Chief of Police Wappenstein's thinker is not pro-

life enough in the torture line, we would suggest that he take a trip to his fatherland, Russia, where he may pick up an idea or two, although we are not so sure that the czar and his hirelings have him beat any.

A. WAGENKNECHT,  
Organizer for Washington.

Remember the Sunday night meeting at the Labor Temple, Hall 4., at 8 p. m. Doors open at 7:30. Good music, straight Socialism, and the people you want to meet.

### ONLY A LONGSHORE-MAN—CORONER REFUSES INQUEST

A ton of flour in sacks fell on him. He was at work underneath the hoist loading a new lot. The rope cradle unspliced and the ton weight crushed him to death.

He was not to blame. No contributory negligence on his part nor by his fellow-workers.

The ton fell on him simply because an old splicing gave way. To renew that spliced cradle would cost a couple of dollars. It ought to be renewed once a month to be safe. It was not renewed for five months. Hence it broke, because it was too old and worn. But four months' extra use if it saved Eight Dollars to the Pacific Coast Co., added Eight Dollars to profits and dividends.

What is one Proletarian to Eight Dollars? There are plenty more.

Coroner Carroll refused an inquest on this Proletarian. Why? Because he said it was plainly "An Unavoidable Accident."

"How do you know that?" said Secretary Piehl, of the Stevedore's Union. "You have had no investigation to find out."

No, but Dr. Carroll knew it was "unavoidable" because the Pacific Coast Co. must declare dividends, the Pacific Coast Co. has political influence in the election of coroners, the Pacific Coast Co. is a mighty capitalist concern and he was only a Longshoreman, one of the multitude of proletarians.

When these Proletarians become Class Conscious enough to stop voting for capitalist coroners, perhaps Dr. Carroll might be persuaded to investigate such "Unavoidable Accidents."

Next week, October 6, begins that great discussion on Party Ownership of the Party Press, to be continued to the end of the year 1907. Three months of it. No Socialist should miss it. All sides will be given a hearing.

### SCHOOLS FOLLOW THE SOCIALISTS

Six years ago the Seattle Socialist party demanded in its school platform among other things: "FREE MEDICAL INSPECTION."

At every subsequent school election the Socialists have hammered away on that demand.

Now the capitalist authorities, six years behind the Socialists, have at last passed orders appropriating money and appointing physicians to carry out this simplest scientific provision for the adequate development as well as sanitary protection of the children.

Another evidence that the Proletarian leads in all scientific methods.

Those "Undesirable Citizen" buttons are going fast. Only a very few more left. The price is still 5 cents, by mail prepaid.

### PETTIBONE VERY SICK

Poor Pettibone has succumbed to his long confinement in the basement of the Ada county jail. His is a delicate constitution used to decent surroundings. Underneath his perpetual smile and behind his jokes lies a soul capable of intense suffering. For over a year and a half he has been deprived of family and home, forced to go and come by hired jailers. For the last two months he has been alone in a solitary cell every night. Haywood acquitted, Moyer out on bail.

A week ago he had to be taken to the hospital in Boise in imminent danger of his life from "Ulcer of the Bladder." His physician reported an operation might be necessary, though probably not successful, but that he could not possibly recover in jail conditions.

Pettibone was always pale and frail looking. His temperament is artistic. He whiled away the long days drawing and burning pictures on leather. If he dies now, he will be another of Labor's Martyrs sacrificed in the War of Emancipation.

A number of copies of the "Pinker-ton Labor Spy" still on our shelves. The book to show your trades-union friend to open his eyes. Price, 25 cents, prepaid.



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**A WOMAN'S ATTEMPT TO GET HER HUSBAND PROPERLY JAILED**

It may seem strange to some for me to say that on Friday last I desired above everything else to get my husband into the county jail. But such is the fact, as the county sheriff and jailer can testify.

I have had many experiences in my forty-seven years of ups and downs, but I never expect to see the day when I would work for and hope for a sentence of my husband to the county jail.

But it was a case of the county jail or the city jail and the county jail is almost heaven when compared with that Black Hole of Seattle, the City Jail!

**Was It Planned for a Purpose?**

For some unexplained reason my husband was first sent to the County Jail, and then transferred to the City Jail. Nobody knows whether or not some official who was not wholly in accord with Wappenstein's desires in the matter attempted to sneak him into the County Jail for humanitarian reasons, or whether or not it was an intentional and illegal mistake to put him in the City Jail (or dungeon), where Wappenstein has complete sway.

Whichever way it was there was one thing certain. Wappenstein had Dr. Titus where he wanted him, and before the day was over many things happened to prove it.

**The County Jail Compared With the City Jail.**

No jail is supposed to be a high-class hotel but the County Jail is not such a very bad place after all. The jailer and the sheriff who had us in charge for two or three hours proved that they could be courteous and kind even though the law assumed us to be criminals.

Don't tell Wappenstein that, he'll have them arrested!

One of the officials remarked that "he didn't believe in persecuting a man and punishing him afterward for being persecuted." Bad slip, but we'll never give him away! One of the other county officials said "There were a lot of people arrested who never ought to be arrested and a lot more going free who ought to be arrested." But that is something of a chestnut.

Another remark was that there were some very "nice" people in the County Jail. I was quite delighted when it looked as though my husband would get a chance to be in the cell with all the "nice" people. I felt quite honored to notice that some of the officials considered him "nice" enough to go in with the rest of the "nice" people.

For my husband is a Socialist, you know, and embezzlers, forgers, burglars and automobile murderers are supposed to be saints when compared with him.

**Luxuries in the County Jail.**

In the County Jail you can have a mattress to sleep on, you can have bedding to cover you, you can get outside air to breathe, you can have food brought to you by friends and you are not obliged to eat the food near an open toilet bowl. You can see to read or write and the place is sanitary. You do not have to work on the chain gang at all, much less be put on bread and water in a dope cell with no light, ventilation or blankets, if you are sick and refuse to work.

All these things are luxuries which are denied the city prisoners, though the latter are supposed to be men guilty of "petty" crimes only.

**Was It Planned?**

You can now see why I worked and hoped to get my husband transferred to the County Jail, where some of the best legal talent of the city still claim was the proper, that is, the lawful place, for him to serve his sentence. We had three lawyers, and others besides myself, who worked from 8 a. m. till 5 p. m. to get this transfer. We failed to secure the transfer. Why? Ask Judge Frater; ask Prosecuting Attorney DeBruiler; ask Wappenstein. Did we accomplish anything? Oh, yes, we learned a whole lot!

**The Spider's Web.**

We learned that some big spider, who represents corporate interests in Seattle and the state has woven a big web in which he has caught such flies as the mayor, the chief of police, the majority of the city council, the board of health, and even the county judges. And the lawyers and other wise men stand by in a helpless condition! They say, "what can we do, they'll all stand together, for that is the understanding!"

We learned that one little man (did I say man, I meant one of the Devil's creations; I don't know what the Devil himself would call him), could with a wave of his hand compel a lot of physical specimens called men, to become insolent, heartless and brutal.

We learned that Seattle's chief of police could commit murder under the guise of the law (through the opportunity furnished him by the city council) by putting a sick man in such unsanitary conditions that he could not survive.

**Must Hold Their Jobs.**

We learned some things about Seattle's chief of police we never knew before! We learned more about the brutality of men than we ever knew be-

forefore. We learned that men will not only sell their brains, but their souls, to keep their stomachs full. But some of us knew that before.

We learned that if a man didn't work fast enough on the chain gang his head might be split open with a quart.

We learned that a city physician can make a diagnosis to suit a chief of police, when told to do so.

We learned that if the chief smiled, the rest of the force smiled; if the chief growled, the rest growled; if the chief snarled, the rest snarled. How we crawl to those who hold our bread and butter!

**Legal Murder.**

We learned that Chief Wappenstein, this czar of all the Seattles, can punish by torture, can even condemn a man to death, if he takes a notion, and that the city council and the board of health provide him with the weapons. In other words Chief Wappenstein can commit legal murder and under the guise of the law, he is not held responsible.

Before the day was over it looked to the personal friends of Dr. Titus and to at least two of the attorneys that Wappenstein not only could commit legal murder, but that he was looking for the opportunity to do so.

**A Few Facts in the Day's Experience.**

As soon as Wappenstein arrived in the morning, one of the Doctor's attorneys had an interview with the chief. The substance of the interview was as follows:

The attorney, who had known my husband for nearly sixteen years, told the chief about the Doctor's physical condition so that he, Wappenstein, would understand why it was necessary to take the health of the prisoner into consideration. He stated in brief that Dr. Titus had for years been afflicted with gastric ulcers from which he had had several hemorrhages. For the past month he had had a recurrence of this trouble and had been obliged to confine himself to a milk diet. (Every physician who reads this, knows, if these are facts, what the danger is, and how necessary it is to keep such a patient on milk diet, to avoid a hemorrhage or possible perforation).

The attorney said the Doctor's condition of health made it impossible for him to work on the chain gang, etc. Wappenstein answered, that Mrs. Titus could bring him any food she liked, that Doctor Titus could see anybody he wished to see, that he had no thought of putting him on the chain gang and that he would put him in the best cell he had. The attorney offered to bring certificates from two leading physicians in Seattle who were acquainted with the case. Wappenstein said that was not at all necessary; that he would take his word for it.

Almost immediately after the conversation the city physician was called to examine Doctor Titus. His report was to the effect that he was in good physical condition. Dr. Titus asked if he didn't believe what he said himself about his own case and the answer was: "I recognize that you have a motive, Doctor." Then Dr. Titus said, he could bring his own physicians who were acquainted with the history of the case to support his statement. Any physician knows you can't determine whether or not a man has gastric ulcers by taking his pulse, and that was about all the city physician did. But all efforts to give a man whose life was endangered by prison fare and unsanitary conditions, a chance to escape the inevitable results of such treatment, failed.

When I went again with the milk and such food as physicians prescribe for such cases I was told in a gruff voice: "You can see Dr. Titus, but you can't take him any food." "But," I said, "the chief gave orders that I could bring the food."

"That order was countermanded two hours ago," he said, "Dr. Titus is to have nothing but prison fare."

I further learned that other orders were to put the Doctor on the chain gang in the morning, and if he balked it would be solitary confinement with two meals a day of bread and water with no blankets and bad ventilation. Such conditions imposed on a man with such a malady meant certain relapse and danger to life itself.

That is why some friend, unknown to Dr. Titus, thought it best to save him from such risks.

The order to allow the Doctor to see his friends was also countermanded. One of these friends was an educated, refined woman. Her request to see Dr. Titus was answered in such a way she could hardly believe it possible that such treatment would be accorded a courteous request from a woman (who is every inch a lady), when she herself was not a prisoner, but merely asking to see a prisoner.

I want to say that I was accorded courteous treatment by some of the officers. Only when the chief's orders were emphatically hostile, and the rest reflected his hostility, did I notice the unconscionable and almost brutal treatment accorded prisoners and their friends.

HATTIE W. TITUS.

Darrow's great speech to the jury in the Haywood case is just beginning to be appreciated. The only place it can be secured in its original form, without alteration and revision is from "The Socialist." Price is only 10 cents prepaid.

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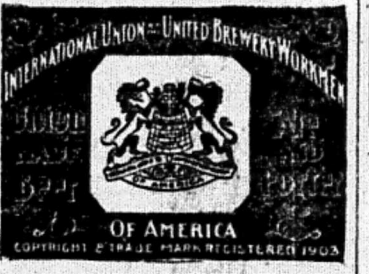
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# SOCIALIST PARTY PAGE

Conducted By Erwin B. Ault

# Portland

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You haven't got the organization to win, and that's a fact. When you sap the resources of the enemy by making Socialists and party members of working men who now support capitalism you will have some chance.

Dreamers, rightly named, are those who give no thought to organization, and imagine the enemy will fall before their individual knowledge and effort.

The Socialist Party started the last Presidential campaign with 15,975 members, made some noise, and had 409,230 Socialist votes counted.

The party membership now numbers about 30,000; it can be made 40,000 before the end of the year. If the vote in the next campaign is proportioned, as previously, to the membership, America will take her rightful place in the international procession and STAND A MILLION STRONG.

Are you a member? If not, then do something worth while, join the party and have the President of the United States talking about you in his next speech. Here is an application blank. Below you will find your State Secretary. Do it now; today.

Application for Membership in the SOCIALIST PARTY.

I, the undersigned, recognizing the class struggle between the capitalist class and the working class, and the necessity of the working class constituting themselves into a political party, distinct from and opposite to all parties formed by the propertied classes, hereby declare that I have severed my relations with all other parties; that I endorse the platform and constitution of the SOCIALIST PARTY, and hereby apply for admission to membership in said party.

Name in full.....  
Street Address.....  
City or P. O.....State.....

### LIST OF STATE SECRETARIES.

- Alabama.....Thos. Freeman.....Fairhope.
- Arizona.....J. G. Kroon.....Box 210, Globe.
- Arkansas.....Dan Hogan.....Huntington.
- California.....H. C. Tuck.....523 Seventeenth street Oakland.
- Colorado.....Thos. L. Buie.....1842 Champa street, Denver.
- Connecticut.....Alfred W. Smith.....746 Chapel street, New Haven.
- Florida.....Henry L. Drake.....Box 1033, St. Petersburg.
- Idaho.....T. J. Coonrod.....Emmett.
- Illinois.....James S. Smith.....123 Randolph street, Chicago.
- Indiana.....S. M. Reynolds.....309 1/2 Ohio street, Terre Haute.
- Iowa.....Edw. J. Rohrer.....Nevada.
- Kansas.....A. O. Grigsby.....Fifth and Seneca streets, Leavenworth.
- Kentucky.....Frank H. Streine.....327 West Tenth street, Newport.
- Louisiana.....Geo. F. Weller.....182 Orange street, New Orleans.
- Maine.....W. E. Pelsey.....198 Lisbon street, Lewiston.
- Maryland.....H. C. Lewis.....418 Equitable Building, Baltimore.
- Massachusetts.....James F. Carey.....699 Washington street, Boston.
- Michigan.....G. H. Lockwood.....1018 Eggleston avenue, Kalamazoo.
- Minnesota.....J. E. Nash.....45 South Fourth street, Minneapolis.
- Missouri.....Otto Pauls.....234 Chestnut street, St. Louis.
- Montana.....Jas. D. Graham.....Box 908, Helena.
- Nebraska.....J. P. Roe.....Room 33, Crouse Block, Omaha.
- New Hampshire.....W. W. Wilkins.....Box 521, Claremont.
- New Jersey.....W. B. Killingbeck.....62 Williams street, Orange.
- New York.....John C. Chase.....239 East 84th st., New York, N. Y.
- North Dakota.....A. M. Brooks.....Box 515, Fargo.
- Ohio.....John G. Willert.....2469 West Fifty-fourth st., Cleveland.
- Oklahoma.....Otto F. Branstetter.....Norman.
- Oregon.....Thos. A. Sladden.....309 Davis street, Portland.
- Pennsylvania.....Robert B. Ringler.....628 Walnut street, Reading.
- Rhode Island.....Fred Hurst.....1923 Westminster street, Olneyville.
- South Dakota.....M. G. Opsahl.....Sioux Falls.
- Tennessee.....J. T. McDill.....616 Blackmore avenue, Nashville.
- Texas.....W. J. Bell.....106 West Erwin street, Tyler.
- Utah.....Jos. MacLachlan.....First National Bank Building, Ogden.
- Vermont.....Alexander Ironside.....28 Ayers street, Barre.
- Washington.....Richard Kruger.....2805 1/2 Pacific avenue, Tacoma.
- West Virginia.....Geo. B. Kline.....McMechen.
- Wisconsin.....E. H. Thomas.....244 Sixth street, Milwaukee.
- Wyoming.....Wm. L. O'Neill.....704 South Fourth street, Laramie.

Speaking of Presidents, gather in the members, and we comrades will elect one of our very own. Every new party member brings nearer the day of deliverance.

The tools required for the job are a Red Card for yourself and a membership application blank for your friend and fellow worker. Easy, isn't it? Well, that's the way to win.

J. MAHLON BARNES, National Secretary, 289 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

### SOME ENTERTAINING HISTORY

Fall City has had its first really public Socialist meeting. In fact, there were two meetings—one Sunday afternoon and the other Sunday evening. J. B. Osborne, the man who "barks at street corners" and thus enrages the capitalist class and its flunkies, was the speaker on both occasions. His afternoon address, which was delivered chiefly to the Socialists of Fall City and the sympathizers, was a fine example of the application of proletarian logic to the problems that confront the worker.

In the evening Comrade Osborne took up the current objections to Socialism and made them look amusing. So much so that those who heard him will probably cease objecting or else coin new terrors for the future system of production and exchange.

Osborne has a hold on his audience. It is because of the tragic sadness of his sightless eyes. This is certainly a factor, but there is another factor. It is his wonderful grasp of economic science and the charming simplicity of his rhetoric. Unlike many speakers in the Socialist movement, he knows his Marx, his Engels, and his Morgan. He also knows the dormant class instincts of his audience. He knows working-class psychology.

Comrade Osborne does not care to pose as a martyr. But the audience showed plainly that it considered him one, when at the close of the evening address one of the comrades told of the Seattle street fight and of how this mild and inoffensive man was roughly jostled into the vile smelling city jail and kept there twenty hours with dog food to eat and a stone floor to rest on.

Osborne is a young man, but an old fighter for the cause. He has been "barking on street corners" and in great auditoriums all over the continent. It might be interesting to note here that some eight years ago when Walter Thomas Mills, who now denounces street speaking and has called it "barking," when this same Mills was "barking" on one side of a Chicago street for the Democrats, Osborne was addressing a Socialist meeting on the other side of the same street only a block away. Neither man has changed the spirit of their barking very materially since that evening eight short years ago. Osborne has doubtless become more scientific, Mills has become more subtle.

When Mills was in Denver some time after this event getting Kirkpatrick and some young ladies to write "The Struggle for Existence" Osborne was there. A street speaking fight was in progress much the same as is now going on in Seattle. The police were arresting Socialist speakers. Osborne got his share. Things were not very fierce. In fact, it was quite respectable. Ball was admitted, Mills, who had feigned Socialism, was billed for a lecture in doors. How did he get his audience? Went out on the street and was more or less promptly arrested. He had been "barking on the street." Off to jail with the Little Giant. But ball was promptly furnished and the indomitable Tabby, or rather Thomas, walked forth a martyr and barked or rather purred to a sympathetic audience—and got his fee! Respectable Walter! Solid Thomas Middle Class Mills.

Osborne is still speaking in the street. For the street, the world over, is the forum of the proletarian. Mills has forgotten his Democratic stunt on the street in Chicago and his "barking" in Denver. He has repudiated the tactics of a world-wide revolutionary working class movement, and with John Burns has Battershailed gone to court the smiles of the solid and respectable citizens where the pastures are greener and the air is sweeter.

Osborne did not win the solid and respectable citizens here, but he did win the respect and confidence of the majority of his audience.

### GO TO JAIL!

Bellingham, Wash., Sept. 21, 1907. Editor "The Socialist":—That's right: go to jail. To attempt to fight the little business man in his courts is the height of folly. Go to jail, and every Socialist will then have a hot message for all who toil.

The country people are becoming aroused. To arouse such people requires much time, but when aroused it takes the real thing to pacify them.

I read your article "Forty Days in Jail" to a crowd of country people at this mill. One of my hearers said: "Well, I'm an American, and I believe in free speech. If the dogs of capitalism, the police, are going to throw men in jail just because their arguments are unanswerable, then I'm going to join the Socialist Party and go to jail, too."

I do not seek notoriety, but I'm ready to go to jail whenever the comrades believe it best for me to do so.

I note what The Little Giant has to say about the "respectable" element in society, but I remember that it was the "undesirable citizens" that have been in the vanguard of every progressive movement in all periods of the world's history.

These "respectable" cusses are always a clog to every onward movement, and I am glad to know that Walter Thomas Mills has thrown off the mask. No thoughtful workingman need be deceived by Mills any longer. The Mills incident is chiefly useful as a horrible example. Let's go on to something more vital. Mills is out of the way of the wage workers. He may jolly some of the sentimentalists. I am not surprised that he has joined a colony movement. Muddy waters have a fascination for him, and I predict that the colony enterprise will furnish him a deluge of muddy water. I hope that fishing will be good for him, for he will not catch any that will be of any value to the Socialist movement. Suckers are not fighters. Fraternally, D. BURGESS.

### HANFORD vs. KLEIN

After a delay of some weeks, due to illness, Hanford has replied to Klein's attack in the monthly "Bulletin" for July. Comrade Hanford takes his opponent vigorously to task for insinuating that he is dominated by Hillquit, or any other member of the party. Anyone knowing Comrade Hanford knows how ridiculous this is. Owing to lack of space we cannot give the letter in full, but the following, comprising the last paragraph, contains the gist of the entire letter: "Comrade Klein would have done well to have produced the evidence, if there is evidence, that my information regarding his conduct at the last Congress was incorrect. Instead of that, what does he? He declares that if I REALLY KNEW WHAT COMRADE HILLQUIT DID AT THAT CONGRESS I WOULD BLUSH FOR SHAME!"

So, in Klein's judgment, Hillquit brought shame on himself and the Socialist movement in the United States by his actions at the last congress. That was three years ago. And for these past three years Klein has kept the story of Hillquit's shame locked secretly in his breast. And this year Hillquit has again gone as a delegate, presumably (according to Klein) to bring more shame upon the American Socialist movement, entirely aside from any allegations respecting his behavior as a "general clown." Klein lacks courage or else he is totally deficient in the comprehension of his duties. In either case he should not be allowed to represent American Socialists abroad.

"Yours truly,  
(Signed) "BEN HANFORD."

### JAIL ALARMS CAPITAL

"The Commercial Club" referred to in the following report, clipped from the "P.-I." Seattle Republican daily, is an organization of small capitalists. They are alarmed for Seattle's reputation as a progressive city. They fear injury to its business, if such horrible conditions become known. As one of the chain gang said, "We'll knock Seattle wherever we go. There are thousands of us who will give Seattle a wide berth when we want to 'blow in.'" The speaker was a sailor and there were two other sailors in that group of seven.

Unquestionably a "Black Hole of Calcutta" for a city jail will give Seattle a black eye in all progressive cities and a "Chain Gang" is worse than mediaeval. By the way, it is a small capitalist organization which takes the lead in this work of purging the city of this foul disease, that is, the lead after the Socialists.

Yet every Union in Seattle would be passing rebellious resolutions and storming the City Hall in behalf of their fellow workers enslaved in these dungeons and chains if they were even 10 per cent Class Conscious. As it is, a Capitalist Club puts them to shame in demanding the liberation of workingmen.

The Commercial Club last night by a unanimous vote decided to investigate the condition of the city jail to ascertain if the condition of the prisoners cannot be improved. The chain gang will also come in for a share of the deliberations of the committee. The jail and chain gang question was brought up by William Bebb, who said that conditions were so bad that the club should consider it absolutely necessary to wipe out such a blot on the city.

"I was at the jail Sunday," said Mr. Bebb, "and found one cell which was ventilated by only six small holes in the door, and these only opened into a dark corridor, which in turn opened into another. The city in confining prisoners in such places commits a vastly more heinous crime than do the offenders. Our city jail is worse than were the prisons used during the civil war or even in the dark ages. The condition of the jail should be ventilated and the entire question should be given the widest publicity."

C. A. Reynolds said that Mr. Bebb had not represented conditions as bad as they were. It is an outrage against humanity to confine men as they are confined there," he said. "Conditions are inhuman and call for immediate action by this club."

R. M. White said that if the climate here was the same as that of India the famous Black Hole of Calcutta would have been a heaven compared with the Seattle jail.

A. E. White said that the question was one that had gone too long unheeded, but that this was an opportunity to get to work and accomplish something.

The suggestion was made that arrangements be made with the county for the use of a portion of the county jail for city prisoners. After a lengthy discussion the matter was referred for fuller investigation to the committee on charities and corrections, of which W. E. Bebb is chairman. The other members of the committee are R. J. E. Christen, B. R. Frazer and W. M. Calhoun.

The "Appeal" criticizes "Revolutionary Socialism and Reform Socialism," the new 5-cent pamphlet by Herman F. Titus, because there is no such thing as "Reform Socialism." How about Engels' "Socialism, Utopian and Scientific." Is there no such thing as "Utopian Socialism?"

### OSBORNE IN PORTLAND

A Course of Lectures for Working Men and Women Given Under the Auspices of the Socialist Party—Lecturer, J. B. Osborne, the Blind Orator From California.

Wednesday evening, Oct. 2—Subject, Comparative Philosophy.

Thursday evening, Oct. 3—Subject, The Class Character of Society.

Friday evening, Oct. 4—Subject, The Work and Mission of the Capitalist Class.

Saturday evening, Oct. 5—Subject, The Historic Mission of the Working Class.

Sunday evening, Oct. 6—Subject, Some Objections to Socialism.

Monday evening, Oct. 7—Subject, The Political Supremacy of the Working Class.

Tuesday evening, Oct. 8—Subject, The Socialist Party.

The above lectures will be given at 309 Davis Street. Will begin promptly at 8 o'clock each evening. Good music will be provided. You are invited to come and bring your friends.

### FOWLER IN ASYLUM

Arthur E. Fowler, former cartoonist for "The Socialist" and whose brilliant pen has furnished many articles for this paper, has been adjudged insane by court and physicians of Whatcom county, Washington, and committed to the hospital for the insane at Stellacom.

Our readers will recall his terrible exposure of the Red Light District in Seattle, which appeared in "The Socialist," two weeks ago. He had organized during the last year the Japanese-Korean Exclusion League, and was its efficient secretary. He has been falsely charged in capitalist dispatches with having incited race riots in Vancouver, B. C., and in Bellingham, Wash., when, in fact, he did all in his power to quell them. At Vancouver, he clung for half an hour to a telephone pole high above the surging mob exhorting them to be quiet and go home peacefully. Without his assistance, Vancouver might have been destroyed by the angry crowds.

In a recent interview with the editor of "The Socialist," Fowler protested against all harsh treatment of Asiatics already in America as inhuman and useless and he made heroic efforts even after his mind was unbalanced to rescue persecuted Hindus scattered along the shores of Puget Sound.

The "P.-I." has some silly and hypocritical gush about the "pathetic" case of Fowler calling it "Frankenstein" out of the harmless Japanese issue. Crocodile tears by a capitalist editorial slave for the benefit of his masters who want cheap Oriental labor!

Fowler's case is pathetic, indeed, for he overbrought his sensitive mind till it broke, in the cause of the Wage Workers whose interests he recognized as his own.

It is not generally known how deeply and poignantly he was afflicted only a few months ago by the death of his darling little Marjorie, his only child. Fowler was bluff and passionate, but he had a tender heart which suffered in silence.

Let us hope for his early recovery and restoration to useful work for his class. Rest ought to be an efficient cure.

### GENERAL NOTES

The "Daily World" of Oakland, Calif., announces the purchase of a Monotype machine for setting their type. The Monotype is different from the Linotype in that it casts individual types, while the Linotype casts a whole line in one piece. The latter machine is much preferred for regular newspaper work.

The "Cleveland Citizen" is authority for the statement that a journal is issued at Tokyo called "The Woman of the Twentieth Century." Of course it is a typographical error—"THE" was meant—but the laugh is on Max—or Bob.

Socialists of the Province of Ontario, Canada, have met and organized a Provincial party. Delegates were present from Guelph, Toronto and Berlin to the number of 60. Resolutions endorsing the I. W. W. were turned down and the organization decided to remain in line with the stand of the International Party. The substance of reports from branches shows steady and encouraging increase in interest and effectiveness. The party in Ontario is now ready to do things in an organized way.

Max Hayes and Bob Bandlow must be on top in the labor movement in Cleveland. The latest issue of "The Cleveland Citizen" comes to hand with the Socialist news on the first page. Also, the paper is generally "livened up," making it the best union paper in the country without question. Might be a good idea to send us \$1.20 and we will send both "The Socialist" and "The Citizen" for a year.

The "Buckeye Socialist" has given up the ghost and Comrade Benjamin is devoting his entire energies to publishing the "Girard Weekly Journal" roasting the "graffers" and getting his finances recuperated for his next venture into Socialist journalism.

Local Puyallup will have a tent on the grounds during the Puyallup Valley Fair from October 1 to 6, inclusive, which will be headquarters for Socialists. We will have a place for people to sit and rest, read, etc. Will distribute literature, take subscriptions and do propaganda work.—C. G. Hale, Sec. Local Puyallup, Wash.

# Buy Stock

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# Revolutionary Socialism and Reform Socialism

By Hermon F. Titus

## CHAPTER IV.—THIRD PRINCIPLE OF REVOLUTIONARY SOCIALISM.

"The People!" The popular magazines and dailies are always charming us with the magic words, "The People!" A swarm of writers in the ten cent monthlies are fighting the battles of "The People." Stannard Baker has the "Railroads on Trial" for the benefit of "The People." Lincoln Steffens exposes "Graft" in American cities—for the benefit of "The People." Chas. Edward Russell travels over Europe to discover "Soldiers of the Common Good," that is, Soldiers for "The People." Graham Phillips lays bare "The Treason of the Senate"—also for the benefit of "The People." While Broker Lawson labors in frenzied travail to unfold his "Remedy" for the ills which afflict "The People."

It is the word to conjure with—"The People." Yet nobody stops to ask, Who are "The People?" In old Rome 2,000 years ago, they talked about "The People," too. But they never included the slaves in the term. Yet the slave population in Rome far outnumbered all the rest. "The People" in Rome meant the people who had property, whether Patrician or Plebeian. A hundred or more years ago in France, there was much enthusiasm for the cause of "The People" and for "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." But the franchise was restricted to those people who had property.

It is no different in America today. "The People" of Lawson, Steffens & Co. are the taxpayers, the great middle class, the solid business men, who are supposed to constitute the backbone of the Republic. Now the Revolutionary Socialist proposes to show that "The People" of these middle class writers is a very different thing from the whole American people.

The Revolutionary Socialist always sticks to Facts. That is his first and last principle. He shows the facts, the American people are made up of two great distinct classes, separated by the property line.

The Revolutionary Socialist will not allow these bourgeois authors to pose as advocates of "The People" without exposing their real meaning.

The Socialist will not be cheated by a popular phrase. He knows there are only two main classes in modern society, that "The People" of the capitalist press does not really include the Wage Class at all.

"It is a snare and a delusion to use a word in a double sense."

"The People," as used in popular literature really means the Propertied People. But the writers want us to understand it to include us, the Wage People, the Propertiless People.

These magazine writers and editorial writers in the Hearst sort of newspapers may possibly themselves believe they mean the whole people. They have been educated in a Middle Class atmosphere and naturally regard the Middle Class, which used to be the chief class in America, as "The People."

But the Middle Class is no longer "The People." The Wage Class has arisen in the last 50 years and now claims to be "The People."

It is time everybody stopped using this term, "The People," unless they tell exactly what they mean by it.

It is the object of this chapter to point out exactly who constitute the population of the United States. We shall show precisely what it is which divides all the people into two irreconcilable classes.

We shall not use the old fashioned and double-meaning phrase, "The People," but shall use modern scientific language which will deceive no one.

### THIRD PRINCIPLE STATED.

MODERN SOCIETY IN ALL CIVILIZED NATIONS, IS DIVIDED INTO TWO CLASSES WITH OPPOSING INTERESTS, BASED ON THE DIVISION OF PROPERTY. THE PROPRIETED CLASS, KNOWN AS THE CAPITALIST OR BOURGEOIS CLASS, AND THE PROPRIETLESS CLASS, KNOWN AS THE WAGE OR PROLETARIAN CLASS.

President Roosevelt, in his message to Congress, December, 1905, and since, had considerable to say against the development of Class Spirit in this country.

He says "the growth of the Class Spirit has been in the past the most direful among the influences which have brought about the downfall of Republics."

He urges every citizen to consider "the welfare of the public as a whole," not "the welfare of the particular class to which he belongs."

In all this, exhorting, the President is simply fighting facts. If classes exist, Class Spirit will develop. If there were no classes in America, there would be no danger of Class Spirit. The fact the Class Spirit is growing, as the President sees, is itself proof of the existence of Classes.

Socialists, we cannot too often repeat, are not such dreamers as to seek to create facts to suit themselves. They are not such individualists as Mr. Roosevelt and the moralists generally, who think to stay human history with a precept or an exhortation. If rival classes do really constitute present day society and if Class Consciousness or Class Spirit is really becoming clearer in these struggling classes, the Revolutionary Socialist accepts the facts in a scientific manner and proceeds to act in harmony with these facts.

### FACTS WHICH MAKE CLASSES.

Nobody will deny any of the following facts. They are so well known to every intelligent person that to name them is to prove them.

Statistics could be quoted by the bookfull to substantiate every one of these facts. Yet they all come within the range of observation of every wage worker.

**FACT NO. 1.** Machinery now does the work of the world and produces the world's wealth.

This is so common a fact that most people do not notice it as significant.

Yet 100 years ago, the machine was almost unknown. In backward places in the world today, like Turkey, it is still practically unknown. They still cut wheat with a sickle and spin yarn by hand on a wheel.

In the most advanced countries, England, America, Germany, machinery is most fully developed. Hand processes have gradually disappeared. Machine production is the rule.

That is Fact No. 1.

**FACT NO. 2.** Machinery dispenses with men in the production of wealth.

A mowing machine with one man will cut as much grass as four men with scythes. Query: What became of the other three men?

A railroad train, with ten men to run it, will carry more passengers and freight across the continent than a hundred stage coaches with a hundred men to drive them. What becomes of the other ninety men?

A shoe factory, employing one hundred men, will turn out more shoes in a day than a thousand men making shoes by hand on the bench. What becomes of the other nine hundred?

A steam shovel, with three men to guide it, will keep ten teams hauling away dirt, more than thirty men could do with hand shovels. What are the other 27 men doing now?

This is true of all machinery. It does the world's work with less and less men. Every new invention "saves labor," that is, dispenses with laborers.

That is Fact No. 2.

**FACT NO. 3.** Machinery is always accompanied by the unemployed.

This is only to repeat Fact No. 2. If machinery produces the same amount of wealth with less men, then less men are employed. This is true even if more wealth is produced, for the increase in wealth production never keeps pace with the increased productivity of machinery.

That is the reason we asked after each illustration under Fact No. 2, What becomes of the men who used to work at hand trades, but who are not needed now that machinery has displaced them?

When we talk so glibly of the "advantages of labor saving machinery," we are apt to forget the disadvantages. The invariable shadow of the Modern Machine is the Modern Army of the Unemployed.

We wonder why there are so many men tramping around the country. The old people tell us it was not so when they were young. In the good old days, there were no tramps and hoboes. Machinery is the explanation. Since its advent, there has always been a Surplus of Labor, men not needed looking for something to do to keep them alive.

Hence every occupation and profession is overcrowded. Too many carpenters, too many doctors, too many real estate agents, too many printers, too many saloon keepers, too many brokers, gamblers, insurance agents, clerks, solicitors, promoters, lawyers, preachers, editors, tradesmen and workers of all sorts including prostitutes and politicians.

It is the ever-rising tide of machine displaced labor fighting for a chance to exist.

That is Fact No. 3.

**FACT NO. 4.** There are always at least two for every job.

Every advertisement for a stenographer or bookkeeper or machinist or street car conductor, is answered by a long line of applicants.

Of course, this Fact No. 4 follows inevitably from our Facts Nos. 2 and 3.

The Surplus Army of Labor, not needed by machine production, are always hunting for "jobs." The working class in all capitalist countries, like America, have become practically disinherited. They are always on the move. From New York to St. Louis, from Seattle to Los Angeles, back and forth, often "beating their way," this pathetic horde of "free laborers" hunt, like hungry animals, for some machine to work on long enough to keep them alive.

The result is, every job has at least two applicants.

That is Fact No. 4.

**FACT NO. 5.** Wages are kept at the subsistence level.

How could it be otherwise? With two men after every job, both of them must live, both of them must have a job to live, one of them is bound to take that job for just enough to keep him alive.

There you have the Law of Wages over again, deduced from the simplest facts of every day life.

Taking modern society as a whole, in which Machinery is the dominant factor, where there is always a surplus body of the Unemployed, competing eagerly for the places to be filled, wages cannot possibly rise permanently much above what is needed to keep the worker alive.

That is Fact No. 5.

**FACT NO. 6.** All the rest of the vast Wealth produced in the Machine Age goes to the employer, the owner of the Machine.

That must be so, since the worker on the machine gets only his wages, a bare living.

Yet machinery is capable of turning out miraculous amounts of wealth. That is why this Modern Age is so rich, beyond the most extravagant dreams of the ancients.

Without machinery, a Carnegie or a Rockefeller would have been an impossibility.

Of this enormous quantity of goods, known as wealth or property, made possible by modern inventions, the worker for wages, the man who runs the machine, gets only the merest subsistence, the Capitalist or Machine Owner, gets all the rest.

That is Fact No. 6.

**FACT NO. 7.** Modern Society is therefore divided by the property line into two classes, the Wage Class who get a bare living and the Capitalist Class who get all the rest.

No amount of pretty rhetoric about "The People" will alter these facts. The time has long gone by when the American people were homogeneous, consisting in the main of the independent farmer class, when the term, "The People" would express some degree of truth to facts.

No official declamation by even so strenuous a president as Roosevelt against the growth of Class Spirit as dangerous to American institutions, will alter the facts. The two classes are here, have grown up coincident with the growth of Machinery and because of it. It is these classes which are dangerous to American institutions, which threaten the stability of the Republic. The Class Spirit is the incident of the class fact.

### UNITED STATES CENSUS DEFICIENT.

The census statistics are not compiled by the Wage Class. The census superintendent is appointed by a capitalist government. Hence, this division of the population into classes is ignored.

We find in the census the number and value of "Domestic Animals," but no computation of the total number of Wage Workers in the United States. But by comparing and selecting and grouping figures from various reports, it is reasonably safe to assert that of people over 10 years of age the Wage Class in the United States numbers some Twenty Millions, men, women and children, while the Capitalist Class amounts to about half that number, some Ten Millions.

### NATURAL ANTAGONISM OF CLASSES.

These two great bodies of people cannot agree. They are not partners, but antagonists, just as slaves and masters were antagonists, not partners.

The Wage Class of Twenty Millions does the work, produces the property. The Capitalist Class of Ten Millions owns the Machinery, owns the jobs, and therefore appropriates the property produced by the workers on the Machines.

It is Twenty Millions against Ten Millions. On the right hand Twenty Million people capable of producing wealth enough for all to be rich, and actually producing enough for all to be well off.

On the left hand, Ten Million other people, appropriating to themselves what the Twenty Million create by their labor, allowing the Twenty Million only a bare subsistence, just enough to keep on working and producing.

### A QUESTION OF POWER.

These 20 million are more powerful than those 10 million.

There is no doubt about that. Twenty million able bodied persons are stronger than ten million.

This is the fact which is dangerous to the Republic. The Revolutionary Socialist does not deny it.

How will Mr. Roosevelt deal with this Revolutionary Fact? Preaching at it will not change it. Even shooting at it will not change it.

The Terrible Thing is there. Nothing will change it, till the 20 Million master the 10 Million, as the Capitalist Class did the Feudal Class a hundred and more years ago.

The next chapter will continue this subject of Classes, outlining their subdivisions and explaining their relation to existing governments.

and it became full to overflowing, "heaped up," as one of them says.

This is the ordinary every day appearance of the Seattle city jail, where human beings are kept every day in the year. Our hogs and cattle are better provided for, or they would die. But hogs and cattle are worth money and these slave-men are not.

But I am not content to be killed in this pen, though I am content to stay long enough to turn on the light and let the workmen of Seattle see what treatment is accorded their fellows. For without exception, these "drunks" and "disorderlies" who make up the chain gang are unfortunate wage workers who come to town with a few dollars, lose them in the tenderloin district and bring up in the police court and city jail.

Why is it tolerated? Because it is profitable to the capitalists and the working men are not wise enough to unite under the Socialist banner.

The chain gang of 50 to 100 is working eight hours a day grading streets out at Interbay. It is worth \$75 to \$100 a day to the taxpayer. That means \$15,000 to \$25,000 a year to the capitalists of this city. That is why workmen are humiliated and bled because their fellow working men do not think enough of their own class to unite for their defense.

Even a first class Union town would have abolished this cursed chain gang long ago and a city having any real spirit worthy the name would have destroyed as an everlasting disgrace to common humanity these cells of death and disease I have been occupying the last eighteen hours.

Certainly every occupant of these cells has cause for use of the writ of habeas corpus to release him from actual danger to life and health. I was not committed in default of payment of \$10 fine to be punished with death or the hazard of death. I have a right, even in this jail, to life at least, though Wapenstein may put me into the least ventilated hole he has here, to satisfy his revenge for my exposure of his crookedness.

Such treatment will prove a boomerang, if I can arouse public sentiment, especially proletarian sentiment, to burn up these inhumanities beneath our city hall.

Incidentally to the Socialist fight for free streets comes an opportunity to purge this dungeon stable.

H. F. TITUS.

"There are no Wolves in Sheep's clothing," said the Wolf.

"Everything that looks like a sheep is a sheep," said the Wolf in Sheep's clothing.

"There are no Reform Socialists," said the Reform Socialist.

"Everyone who claims to be a Revolutionary Socialist is a Revolutionary Socialist," said the Reform Socialist.

**BORAH ON TRIAL**

The capitalist dailies will tell you all about Senator William E. Borah's trial at Boise for complicity in making "Dummy Entries" on timber lands, in the interest of a big lumber company in Wisconsin, said to be part of the Weyerhaeuser Lumber Trust.

Charles H. Moyer was an "interested spectator" when U. S. District Attorney Burch stated the case for the prosecution. It is less than two months since Borah cross-examined Moyer as codefendant in the Haywood case. Readers of "The Socialist" will recall our cartoon of last summer entitled "The Ghost of Steunenberg," revealing Borah in terror before Steunenberg's wrath as a Land Frauder. For that cartoon, friends of Borah in Boise cursed "The Socialist" as a liar. Now everybody knows that General Steunenberg was the central agent in securing seventeen thousand acres of virgin forest lands in Idaho for the Weyerhaeuser Lumber Co., a concern said to be even richer than Standard Oil.

No wonder Bill Borah was elected to the U. S. Senate. That is the kind of man capital wants to run the government. Borah has a great reputation, too, as a "Friend of Labor." The Union Labor people about for him. He is immensely popular and posed as a Reform Republican, a Roosevelt "square deal" man. He is personally likable, exactly the sort to be a most dangerous tool of capital, an ambitious poor man with popular ways and sympathies.

Such men cannot "get on" in the world unless they surrender to capital. So they have their price and surrender.

Proletarians do not blame them, but they rejoice to see them exposed.

Remember the Sunday night meeting at the Labor Temple, Hall 4, at 8 p. m. Doors open at 7:30. Good music, straight Socialism, and the people you want to meet.

**FREE SPEECH FUND**

Comrade George Menzel of Granite Falls sends twenty-two dollars to help boost Herr Wapenstein, that great booster for Socialism. Coming to the number of different hands through which the fund passes, we are able to give a list of the contributors this week, but will do so next week, without fail. In the meantime, get in your mite to the State Secretary, Richard Krueger, 2305 1/2 Pacific Avenue, Tacoma, Wash., or to "The Socialist."

The next issue of "The Socialist" will contain an article by Emil Hermon, answering Rigg's unique arguments for abolishing Rent, Interest and Profit separately. Hermon asks a few pertinent questions.

J. B. Osborne, presumably acting under the authority of the pretended state committee of Washington, held an open air meeting on Fifth Avenue, Seattle, a few nights ago, in defiance of police regulations, and was promptly arrested therefor.—"Appeal to Reason."

Comrade Osborne is speaking under authority of the state committee to which the National Committee sells the stamps. Wonder where the "Appeal" got its information that it is a "pretended" committee? Guess again, Fred.

Haywood's testimony was the most interesting part of the great trial. "The Socialist" secured a complete verbatim report and published it in one large eight-page issue. It is an historical document and every class-conscious worker will want to have a copy to refer to at all times. The price is only 5 cents, from "The Socialist." Send today.

## Three Ways to Do It

Just three ways for Proletarians to secure free streets in Seattle—or anywhere else.

**First.** Get the present law interpreted in our favor. The present law is a city ordinance forbidding crowds to obstruct the streets or sidewalks.

Very well. The Socialists say, we agree to that ordinance, if interpreted in a common sense way, namely, to obstruct the street, you must obstruct the ordinary use of that street.

If we do not obstruct travel nor the usual, natural uses of a street for other purposes, like discussion or sight seeing, in a word, if we do not materially interfere with the rights of others, then we do not violate the law.

If, as Chief Wapenstein contends, this ordinance is violated whenever

three people gather and talk on the street, and they may be arrested at the will of the police, then we contend the ordinance is vicious and puts in the hands of the officers a discriminating power by which they can exclude Socialists and admit Republicans at their own sweet will, just as they are now doing.

But if they are obliged to prove that people do actually as a matter of fact obstruct ordinary travel on the street, before they can secure conviction, then we are content with the present law.

But Osborne has now been arrested four successive times and never once has he been proved to have obstructed anybody or anything. Yet he was first warned, then fined \$50, then sentenced to 30 days in city jail, then fined \$100.

This arbitrary power of suppressing speech on streets is intolerable. If the law means that, then we must resort to the second way.

But we believe juries will decide for us. One jury decided against us last year, but only because they thought we wanted to be convicted in order to appeal the case to the Supreme Court. Osborne's cases have all been appealed to the Superior Court and will come to trial in October, unless De Brulef and the judge agree to postpone them in order to embarrass us with long delays.

When these cases get to juries, we expect to win every one of them. Even then Wapenstein declares he will continue to arrest. In that event, if De Brulef and Gordon and the Republicans continue to "stand in" with the other capitalist "authorities," then we can try Ways Nos. 2 and 3.

**Second Way.** Get the ordinance changed.

The City Council made the present law and the City Council can make it over again. The simple insertion of the words "Travel On" to the present ordinance would restore common sense and fair play to the controversy. Then it would read, "Whoever obstructs travel on the street shall be punished." This is the actual language of another section of this same street law in the city ordinances, and was obviously intended to be contained in the section in question.

It should not be difficult to secure such an amendment to the ordinance and thus put an end to the fight. If the Republicans in control of the City Council want to show their good faith, if they really want the Socialists to get a "square deal" and receive the same treatment as other citizens, let them take up the matter and settle it. But if they agree with "Labor Mayor" Moore and his tyrant chief in suppressing Socialists as agitators of the working men, then let them do nothing. They have their chance.

**Third Way.** If we cannot get the present law interpreted for us nor get a new law giving us fair play, then we have nothing left to do but go to jail continuously until the Proletarians win their own through influence on legislation. We will not barter our liberty of speech even for our lives. If we yield, we are beaten, not alone in this but in other encroachments on our methods of propaganda. If we display the craven spirit of cowards in this fight for equality before the law, then we shall prove ourselves unworthy to be the standard bearers of Proletarian Emancipation.

If we fight on till the working class comes to our rescue and support, then they will come to our rescue and support and to their own. For the Socialist cause is the Proletarian cause. The Socialists are the depositaries of the wage workers' liberties. We cannot be faithless to our mission.

Lastly, We clearly understand that the present laws are made by the Capitalist Class for the Capitalist Class. The Proletarian Class can expect no laws nor interpretation of laws for their own benefit, except such as they force from their masters.

No consideration but fear will make or change laws in our interest. The capitalist parties just now are in a deadly fear that the wage workers will rock to the Socialist standard. If, therefore, they become convinced their policy of suppression of free speech on the streets in driving the Proletarians to favorable consideration of Socialism, then they will tumble over themselves, Roosevelt, Bryan, Gompers, and all that herd of capitalists, to pass laws in the interests of the working man, of free speech, of eight

hours, of old age pensions, any old laws short of the one Law of Emancipation from Wage Slavery. That will never be passed by any capitalist party, but only by the working class itself. But the awful dread of working class victory, will secure a thousand palliative laws thrown as sopas to Cerberus.

So, if we fall on the present ordinance, if we fall also to amend the present ordinance, we have only to keep on fighting for a few years, with a hundred comrades always in jail, as in Germany, and we shall soon get all the laws we want thrown out to us in terror lest we get them all.

In one word, we can not fail unless we are cowards. If we are cowards, we deserve to fail. The Revolution will never be committed to our hands.

## LETTERS FROM THE CITY JAIL

(Continued from Page 1.)

chief sent me down to say to you, "If you will pay your fine, you can go. Otherwise, you will be obliged to work on the chain gang in the morning." I said, "Tell him I will do neither."

Thus endeth the first lesson. Across the hall to the cellar and still lower down is the "Dope Cell." This is for those who will not work on TWO Socialist Hob 9-20 and the chain gang and for "Dope Fiends" and "Bughouse" folks. These get only bread and water twice a day, no meat, no blanket, no bath, nothing but the company of the unfortunates, the offscouring of the Capitalist system.

Well, I suppose my refusal to pay or work will be punished tomorrow, perhaps tonight, by this additional imposition. Possibly the Thumb Screw is still farther on. This is the "Sweet Land of Liberty."

## No. 3—AFTER A NIGHT OF IT

Friday Morning, Sept. 20, 1907. Transferred again, this time to cell No. 10, while the night cell is cleaned out by some "trusties."

It needed it. Last night was an experience. With seven men occupying a room 15x18, having one solitary inlet for air and that only a foot square, opening into a corridor lined with other cells, all getting their modicum of fresh air from a door 20 or 30 feet distant, you can imagine the sweet atmosphere we were breathing after thirteen hours of it. I thought the sleeping accommodations on the concrete floor were the limit, but the breathing accommodations were unspeakable. We seven men literally stowed in this hot, airless cellar through which runs a four-inch steam pipe—stewed in our own juice. What it was when it contained eighteen chain-gangsters a few days ago can not be imagined. That would be 150 cubic feet of space per man, equivalent to a space enclosed in two large coffins.

I did not wonder several of the men had chronic catarrh. They were coughing violently, hawking and whooping and spitting, was "lowery" to hear and see and smell. No

clean, sane, sensitive man could live long in such surroundings.

I secured a position on the floor under the little single window and sweated all the night long, occasionally rising to thrust my parched mouth as far out into the grated hole in the wall as the bars would allow in order to catch if possible a taste of cool, if not fresh air.

Such a condition is infamous and could be remedied by a few hundred dollars expense by installing ventilating shafts. But men are cheap and their servile lives not worth saving.

A man might be sick and die in this sweltering cellar any night and no "representative of the people" be any wiser for it. Through this lonely corridor "down stairs," not an officer came during all the long four hours.

Morning, but no daylight. Call to breakfast. But you don't go to breakfast. It comes to you. Just where you are and have been since 6 o'clock last evening. Just as you are, too. The same air, same catarrhs, same stinks. All the men rushing to wash, to pull on overalls and clotted socks, to wrap heavy bandages around ankles that the iron shackles may not cut into the flesh, and to perform in this open room all other acts of the toilet. Yes, the esthetics and sanitation in the Hell Hole are worthy of capital and of the "Seattle Spirit."

Breakfast is sufficient in quantity, oatmeal without milk, beef fried hard, sour bread, potatoes and "coffee." The latter I have not had the hardihood to sample yet.

Here, in Cell No. 10, I am held till the Czar comes to decide what to do with a man 55 years old and sick, who refuses to pay his fine and refuses to go out with the chain gang.

Only two men here, one kept for three days for the crime of being a witness in the prosecution of a "chain-py." He is a decent looking man, better dressed than I am. But he has no friends in this city and he is needed to keep the "dead line" straight.

We were turned out into the hall while two "trusties" (pronounced trustees) swept our cage. It was done in three minutes, no disinfectant used. When we returned to our swept habitation, we missed the few breaths of fresher air caught in the corridor and became conscious again of the infected odors within.

My two new cellmates here tell me things are much sweeter in No. 10 than before yesterday, when a poor old sot with "D T." was taken out. While he was here afflicted with enteritis the privy bowl would not flush

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