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# The Socialist

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THE WORKINGMAN'S PAPER

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### MADDEN.

No news from the seat of war. Our new application has been in his hands since last November, neither granted nor refused. Meanwhile we are working under sufferance.

H Madden lets us off the anxious seat pretty soon we have an announcement to make concerning the future of The Socialist, which will gladden the hearts of all our friends.

We propose to celebrate May Day on our own account. More next week.

Our cartoon this week is taken from the German comic paper, "Wahre Jacob" of Stuttgart. It is entitled "The Fear of the Century." See the crowd gazing upward in fear and trembling. Notice especially the little harmless squirt gun of lies at the right. This cartoon is a worthy accompaniment to Herron's noble poem on The Faith of Labor as the Faith of the Future.

Socialism means two things, never overlook that. There is the Socialism of the Present and the Socialism of the Future. Present Socialism is a political movement organized to bring about Future Socialism, the Cooperative Commonwealth. What we are now concerned about is present Socialism, the means to the end of Future Socialism.

Some Socialists, like Wayland, are always talking about the Socialism of the Future, while quite overlooking the road we must travel before we get there, namely, the political party which is the Socialism of the Present.

One is forever pointing out and describing the Promised Land over across the valley and the river, but quite neglecting to find the path through that devious valley or to construct a bridge over that deep river. We all admit it is a beautiful country. But the practical question is, how to get there. It is the program of the present, not of the future, which concerns us right now.

### NOT THERE.

The "Allied Party" which held a convention at Louisville last week claimed to have "Socialists" in its make-up. Big space was given it in the dailies and big attendance announced, etc., etc. Don't believe all you read. No Socialists are there. It is only a sign of the departing Populist spirit. And if it was composed of all the Reformers in America, the Socialists would not be there. Socialists are Revolutionists. Our axe is laid to the root of the tree.

What are we going to do for May Day celebration? A big Labor Day parade with all the Socialists in line at any rate, and as many Unions as will accept, and a grand pow-wow at the hall to close with. How's that?

By all means let the Building Trades hold together and beat the Employers' Association out of sight. The Building Trades Council is the only body of workmen in Seattle, except the Socialists of course, that has any idea of fighting the capitalists. And that is the reason the Employers' Association has selected this body to make a special attack upon it. The employers know their real enemy.

Because the Building Trades Council made the awful error of dickerling with capitalists on the political field, is no reason Socialists should not sustain them in their industrial fight for the unity of labor against capital.

Socialists always fight capital, politically and industrially. They conduct an eternal war against those who cannot be the friends of Labor, if they would.

See what Seattle Socialists are doing. Regular Sunday night meetings at Carpenters' Hall. Neighborhood meetings in comrades' houses. Headquarters always open at 120 Virginia street. A weekly paper, with its own office. And street meetings in prospect. Besides the work of the comrades with their friends, circulating literature and making converts.

That keep the man in you from being born,  
That stay the comrade-future of our world.  
When you are pure from fear, and turn to  
12 SOCIALIST.  
With that free look for which the cosmos  
waits,  
No room for gods nor temples will you see,  
Nor for the masters who their makers are,  
Nor for the monstrous days of loneliness,  
Nor for the ancient cryings after heaven;  
But, in the heat and dust of common work,  
You will behold a faith which you may  
serve  
To higher ends than ever faith was served,  
And with a gladness braver than the hosts  
Of banners and victorious war. It is  
The faith of labor in itself as lord,  
As law of growth and beauty on the earth,  
Rising to be hailed mesiah-light  
To lead the nations to their comrade-home.

The faith of labor is a young child yet,  
But it will grow—this last-born of the faiths.  
It is a world-child, reared by all the hands  
That ever struck soil, or human chains,  
Or wrought the perfect good of liberty.  
It will grow fair and noble in your eyes;  
It will grow golden with your common  
hope;  
It will grow bold to ask the masters why;  
It will grow wise to lead the mighty signs  
That say—Make straight the revolution's  
path!  
It will grow in the strong and lovely grace  
That shines from out the sad face of the  
earth  
When troubled nations dream of some lost  
home.  
Where masters did not dwell, but only men;  
It will grow in the stature of this grace  
Till glory of its summons comes to you,  
Like some archangel-sign in the sky,  
To join the march—the joyful comrade  
march—  
Of risen collective peoples on the way  
To cleanse the world from masters and their  
kind.

O, when the faith of labor wakes to power  
That shall the mighty labor-patience match,  
Then under the red thrones of sovereign  
wealth  
This evil world of masters will dissolve,  
And all the works which are the waste of  
men  
Then we, turned from the fear of things  
that were,  
Will this faith follow to things that be.  
Instead of our unbloomed lives will grow  
Pill-blossomed children of a blossomed race;  
And in the place of long-created gods  
Will rise the good world of creator-man.  
At rest in love's heroic commonwealth—  
Too beautiful and terrible a world  
For masters more to live in; only friends,  
Companion-workers and the will to love  
Dwelling beneath the glad and comrade  
stars.  
George D. Herron, in "The Comrade."

### VICTORY FOR FREE SPEECH.

Cowley Again Acquitted—Chief Sullivan's Latest Attack Falls Flat—Judge George Dismisses the Case—"No Cause for Action"—Quotations From the Alleged "Obscene Literature."

For the sixth time during the last month one single street speaker in Seattle has been captured by the police, and for the sixth time has gone scot free. It must have cost the city and the dear taxpayer at least fifty dollars in witness fees and other expenses of several trials.

Had Cowley been without funds, had not "The Socialist" taken up his case, he would have been fined, imprisoned and handed out of town without a doubt. Not a paper in town dared to attack the police department.

We have no doubt that the most of the men on the police force are in full sympathy with their fellow workmen who make up the crowds who listen to the street speakers. But what can they do? They are wage-slaves, too. And Clancy is their master.

We give herewith some pretty spicy extracts from the pamphlet circulated by Cowley, who was a well-known Populist ten years ago in this state. Judge Winsor, who defended him in the police court, and Judge George, on the bench, both agreed if this language was "obscene" then we should have to indict our daily newspapers and our best preachers and banish the Bible

### FROM GODS TO MEN

The gods are dead—have you not known it, men?  
It is their ghosts you see—the ghosts of gods.  
Evoked from spent and dying altar-fires  
To once again the man melt from your soul.  
Evoked, by powers that on the darkness wait,  
To lead you to the shrines of deeper night,  
To shrines of ancient and rechartered fears,  
And hold your eyes from that horizon where  
The comrade-day dawns on the waking world;  
Evoked to strike with death or nerveless doubt  
The faith which labor cradles in its soul,  
And thus to save your masters from the hour—  
The good and dreadful hour—when labor lifts  
Its judgment-arm at last to claim its own,  
And call the world from masters unto life.

See you not, men, who trumpet forth these gods?  
They are the slaves who please your masters best—  
The shining slaves who in the temples serve,  
Slaves? Nay, too sacred is the word that tells  
The hurt and shame of our humanity!  
Not slaves, but something less than slaves, are these  
Who call themselves the shepherds of our souls,  
Who speak sepulchral words about your sins,  
Then kneel to kiss the hands of honored crime  
That measure out what gospel they shall preach;  
And when your masters' law for vengeance calls,  
Hear the priests raise the blood-cry of the mob!  
And see them crawl at iron feet that tread  
The great world-mill of economic might,  
Grinding your bartered lives to sovereign wealth!

Be not deceived that they come in the name—  
Which by their wearing they blaspheme and cheat—  
Of the sweet labor-son of Galilee.  
No part had he in them, nor in the old Black magic of salvation on their lips,  
Nor in the splendid robber-temples built  
By masters—grown prophetic through their tears—  
To clothe the gods called from forgotten tombs—  
His strong salvation was the mighty health  
That comes from love of comrades, and his faith

The endlessly unrolling common life,  
Out into the great world he went, to be  
The matchless foe of masters and their gods,  
The warrior-laborer of the downmost man,  
The angry and majestic judge of priests,  
The friend of wayside children and the flowers.

See you not how the wild-rose weeps un-kissed,  
While child-lips vibrate in the factory smoke?  
How tears of woe and nut-tree flow,  
How the brook grieves away to songless death,  
For the lost dance of child-eyes bound to wheels?

See you not the sorrow of guarded fields,  
Their breasts blighted by the gambler's hold,  
While they yearn for the mouths of men who starve?  
See you not how the wasted face of earth is  
by the touch of master torn and scarred  
Shamed with the loss of glory turned to gold,  
Sick with vast deserts of unbloomed lives,  
Her mighty beauty ravished by the wealth  
That eats her children's flesh and drains their blood?

See you not how through ruin the masters rule,  
While you kneel to pray to the masters' gods?  
G-men, get off your knees, stand on your feet!  
So long as you kneel there, 'o gods unknown,  
So long will masters known bind on your necks  
The yokes that are your torment and their power,  
As long as you still parley with the fears  
That bend your abject knees, and pray to gods  
To do the deeds which only man can do,  
So long will masters traffic in your lives,  
And for your labor-slavery raise their thrones.

It was for that the masters made the gods—  
To keep you harnessed and submissive bent,  
While on your backs they build and build their world;  
The world whose roots are you its labor-slaves,  
Its values good and glory but the bloom  
And anguish of your labor-curse; the world  
That would to red dust fall—if you should rise.

It is not faith that turns you to the gods—  
Not faith, but lack of faith; their temples stand  
As witnesses that faith has not yet come.  
It is not faith that takes you to the shrines,  
At which you bow in posture of the slave;  
You bow but to the fears that bind your soul,

itself.  
All the same, not even "The Star," according to its own boast "the only paper which dares to print the news," gave any account of his last two acquittals. The words in big type were those on which the charge was founded in Chief Sullivan's complaint.

### HORR'S LETTER TO THE FILIPINOS.

Seattle, Wash., U. S. A.  
To Hon. The Filipino Junta, Hongkong, China.  
Gentlemen: I am sorry to find that you entertain such a poor opinion of the free born American citizen and government, and so strenuously object to our particular brand of benevolent assimilation. I am, however, constrained to believe your aversion arises from a grave misapprehension and an erroneous conception of our nobility of character, and the overpowering grandeur, and imposingly sublime nature of our American Christian institutions, the leading feature of which is the saloon, of which, so far, we have only four hundred and seventy-five thousand—but we are growing. We have ten thousand houses of prayer and a million of prostitution. We have Bible houses, bawdy houses, barrel houses and breweries, pimps galore and paupers by the million; herds of commercial and industrial pirates, whom we call business men and captains of industry; professors who draw their convictions and their salaries from the same source; we have thieves and beggars, Christians and confidence men, liars and liars, politicians and poverty, priests and priests, convents and convicts, scallawags and scabs, trusts and tramps, traces of virtue and tons of vice. Where a workman will give two dollars for a job and an idler twenty for a dinner; where the worker makes so many shoes, he goes barefoot; builds, and mines so much coal, he must freeze; builds and maintains high schools and universities for the children of his masters; where he produces all and consumes barely enough to keep him breathing; where we occasion more than a dozen classes—workingmen, beggars, and thieves; when the beggars and thieves have feasted, the workers fight for the bones; where man is damned for the dollar, and the dollar is deemed the man; where we so love our wives that we occasion more make sausage of them; we make cannon-balls of sick cows, horses and mules, and corpses of those who eat it; where between pharmacy and funerals our physicians make a living; where the words "liar" and "lawyer," describe the same animal; where men are sent to jail for not having occasion more than a dozen dollars for not being able to buy a job; WHERE SOME OF THE WOMEN BUY POODLES AND STUDY HOW NOT TO BECOME MOTHERS, WHILE OTHER WOMEN IN THE DAY TIME WORK IN STORES AND FACTORIES FOR GLORY, AND AT NIGHT ON THE STREETS FOR A LIVING; where men patronize prostitutes because they can't afford to marry; where we have a congress of four hundred men to make laws, and nine men to knock them out the first round.

Now, gentlemen, it seems to me you are very unreasonable; just think what you are missing. And I have only mentioned a few of the advantages which we offer you. Send one of your number over to investigate, and he will find we have the grandest aggregation of hard things, soft things of all varieties, shapes and colors ever seen under one canvas, and one admission entitles you to the whole show. Come in; we've got a good thing; help us push it along. Old Spain wasn't in it—we are the people.

SENATOR E. PLURIBUS UNUM HORR.

P. J. COWLEY, Secretary.

Some of you are forgetting our advertisers! Remember, if you forget they will remember (to take out their ad.) and we can't live on faith.

All our advertisers are good business people. No "nudes" among them.





PARTY NEWS

LOCAL NEWS

A. H. Yorker of the State Unit... Sunday... 'New Harmony'...

NEWS AND NOTES

Organizer Saunders is doing good... Chicago elections hold the same... Boston...

Large, intelligent, enthusiastic... Eugene V. Debs, who delivered... Milwaukee...

The movement is spreading all over... United Kingdom. The different... perfect alliances with the...

OPPORTUNISM VS. SOCIALISM

The following letter has been held... we could find space for it... to give Comrade Lutz full opportunity...

and they'll just raise your necessities... 15 per cent. Tax them 25 per cent... and you'll just cough up 40 per cent...

Not long ago I made as many kind... of myself as you ever will of... yourself. I believed in the efficacy...

I am an opportunist because revolution... is the veritable old maid you... meet in the streets of the world...

While deriding New Zealandism and... its pretensions, they were blind... to bridge time with the very...

My ax said: "Teach economics, all... will take care of itself." Economics... are the factors and forces...

Rupert Fritz, a chef, who served the... luncheon at Shooter's Island for the... 2,000 people who witnessed the launch...

White shrouds of "Hoch, der Kaiser!"... has proven a failure. The... of the proletarian concept of life...

Can we find a way to needle our... on the heads of men, so that they... can feel our pulse beat in unison...

The "fighting" S. L. P. now has a... little South American revolution on... its hands. In New York the members...

Knowledge of natural laws, social... and economic, and their application... to politics and industry alone can...

1. The class struggle. 2. Class consciousness of the workers. 3. Self-emanipation of the workers...

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Professional Cards. DR. SAMUEL J. STEWART, 30-1-2 Star... WM. MEYER, TAILOR, 2228 1st ave...

IN THE SUPREME COURT OF KING... County, State of Washington, William... L. Kelly, Plaintiff vs. Director L. Kelly...

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# BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE

THE BOSTON STRIKERS CHEATED AND BEATEN.

Hanna and Sargent Did It With Their "Civic Federation" Arbitration Nonsense—A Good Lesson.

Over a week has passed since the settlement of the Brine strike was first announced, commerce has resumed its normal grind, the newspapers have found new sensations to juggle with, the politicians feel the ground safe enough beneath them, to return to their interrupted plans; the preachers have dropped the "labor problem" and are again preaching sermons on ancient themes; the capitalists have turned their grip upon the industrial machinery; the "general public" are concerned with other topics, and the workers are creating profits again. The only haunting echoes of the struggle are the cries of the disappointed ones denied employment, victims of a vicious sacrifice to cunning, officialism and stupidity.

In the retrospect of a week we are able to review the settlement of this strike in its true perspective, to weigh its cost and measure its value to the labor movement and take out of it what lessons we can for future guidance. And in writing so I write plainly and strongly it is because there are times when only plain and strong speaking can do full justice, and this is one of them.

The strike which will go into history as the Boston strike was not the result of an hour's impulse or passion. It had been in the making for two long months. From the time when the American Federation of Labor Transportation Council and the Master Teamsters' Association was signed and the strike against the Brine Company began in the shape of a strike of its employees, during that strike and its exciting incidents, throughout the long-drawn-out Superior Court hearing and the temporary injunction issued against the Teamsters' Association, the railroad companies were goading the freight handlers and clerks into desperation, the transportation workers were reaching out, welding themselves closer together, developing their resources and gathering strength for the "breathing conflict." All this was apparent immediately when the strike commenced. Those who entered it did so as men who enter a long-deferred battle—there was no questioning, no hesitancy. Everybody knew what the issue was, there were none in ignorance, and the result was a unanimity of action that stunned the enemies of the labor and the commonwealth. In four days Boston was faced with famine, the commercial highways of Massachusetts were rapidly choking with accumulated goods and industrial paralysis threatened New England.

And what resulted from this preparation, this readiness, this exhibition of the power of labor? Let the Boston "Journal" answer that question when it says:

"ORGANIZED LABOR HAS NOT SUFFERED A DEFEAT SO HUMILIATING IN ITS WHOLE HISTORY."

It is true. It is well that labor should know it. The "Journal" can well afford to be frank in spite of the eulogies of Governor Crane and the shameful assumptions of the Civic Federation, and surely we can also, in face of the danger confronting the working class.

The strikers not only did not gain anything by the "settlement"—they lost much. At a small calculation over five hundred in Boston alone are known to be still out of work, and in Lynn the employees of the American Express Company are still unemployed. They have lost in organization, the spirit of solidarity is lessened, and confidence has been dissipated. Even where men have remained their employment, the same conditions do not exist as before, and it is more arbitrary than before, and it is known that master teamsters have tried to get union men to throw away their buttons and give up their cards. And the Brine Company, the original offender, is still doing business at the old stand, and is busier than ever.

The Civic Federation did the work well. It has justified its existence as a strike-breaking machine. It has earned the plaudits of the capitalist class, and it will, in time let us hope, but none too soon, receive the just execrations of the working class. It is so transparently obvious that, according to the capitalist conscience, there is but one way to harmonize industrial difficulties, and that is lying to labor and disorganizing its forces; that the best way to settle strikes is to break them, and break them quick.

The Civic Federation promulgates as its chief plank its desire to obviate strikes. But when Mr. Easley first came to Boston several weeks ago and found an injunction was pending against the Teamsters' Association, and when it was probable that whether that injunction was made permanent or not the fight against the Brine Company would go on and a great strike precipitated, what did he do to prevent it? Nothing. Why? Because the principle involved was the most vital one affecting organized labor—whether an employer had the right to run his business to suit himself regardless of his employees, or whether those employees, through organization, should have the right to control the conditions of their employment. So long as the Brine Company insisted on its right and the union men insisted on theirs, Mr. Easley could do nothing and discreetly left the town. The Civic Federation at that

moment proved its incapacity to act as mediator between "capital and labor" because, under the capitalist system, the interests of the capitalist class will not permit of any voluntary admission of the existence of working class interests as such; and while Mr. Easley could ask the workers to yield their rights, yet as a faithful capitalist he could not ask the Brine Company to yield theirs.

If the leaders of trades unionism in Boston had seen this clearly, if they had not been hypnotized by the gyrations of an opera bouffe peace commission, if they had been alive to the fact that working class interests and capitalist interest do not admit of voluntary compromise on either side, then they could never have allowed Mr. Easley, Governor Crane or any other capitalist or capitalist emissary to wheedle them into a settlement so indefinite in its provisions, so disastrous in its consequences. But because these leaders are still amenable to the sophistry of the capitalists, because they are almost economically ignorant and therefore incompetent to meet the class conscious capitalist on his own ground, because they care more for fleeting flatteries of a self-centered press than for the ultimate good of their class, because of these things, I say, they could be prompted into calling in the aid of the Civic Federation and court deception and disaster in the act.

This is not the first strike that organized labor has lost, but truly it "has not suffered" a defeat so humiliating in its whole history. The more humiliating because defeat came in the very height of success, when victory was but an arm's length away ready to be grasped. We lost the strikes at Pittsburg, Homestead, of Chicago, Buffalo, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Cleveland, Couer d'Alene and in many other places; but look down the long list, and you will see that the strikers lost, they were clubbed, starved, shot, bayoneted, blacklisted, battered and injured into helplessness, but never before were they turned, at the high tide of success, with their enemies crying for quarter being them into a miserable rout, scrambling and begging for jobs, a retreating army dying from a battling force of leaders of America do not appreciate the power of the working class, will not recognize the opposing interests of the capitalist class, do not understand the real force embodied in working class organization, and are quickly influenced and deceived by the specious pleadings of labor's enemies.

Organized labor should know these things. The trades unionists of this country must learn to put men on guard over their interests who know the industrial situation and appreciate its full significance, men less susceptible to the sycophancy of the press and more responsive to the aspirations of the workers; men who will not be frightened at a manifestation of working class solidarity and power; men who, above all, will not allow themselves to be deceived by a policy of compromise into an alliance with a movement engineered and controlled by the most notorious labor enemies in America. The trades unionists must learn to expect neither truth, mercy, nor sympathy from those they are organized to fight and that everything labor has ever achieved, and ever hopes to achieve, has come and will only come through the exercise of its own organized strength, its determination, persistency and power. WILLIAM MAULLY, Boston, Mass., March 22, 1902.

(Continued from Page Two)

to that of the Socialist Party? We also wish to inform Comrade Wayland that both parties are using this editorial in Missouri to draw the awakening Socialists into their folds.

After all is said and done, however, it is apparent that the basic reason for the above editorial is a lack of understanding of the class struggle, which makes it necessary for the working class to organize to oppose their masters on the political field, as they have already organized upon the industrial field.

The government of the future belongs to the working class, and it is that government which will institute Socialism, and it will be democratic socialism, not state capitalism, such as we have in the Postoffice Department today.

When, we ask, will the Postoffice Department be made democratic? Would Comrade Wayland recommend that all "public utilities" be owned as is the postoffice today, under which a hundred Maddens thrive, and in the operation of which a hundred orders could be issued such as the one recently issued by President Roosevelt forbidding postoffice employees demanding an increase in salary?

We are not yet ready for the state capitalism of Bismarck, nor will we ever be compelled to submit to it, if the workers are taught in time to capture the organs of government. Remember that that is the FIRST STEP in the emancipation of the working class. Without it all governmental action will be taken merely in the interest of those in power, the capitalist class.

### NOTICE.

During the absence of Geo. W. Scott, who will for several weeks attend the Mills school of Socialism at San Francisco, Comrades will please send all communications and make all money orders payable to J. D. Curtis, 1735, 18th Ave., Seattle, Wash., who will act temporarily as Secretary-Treasurer.

# MOTHERS---READ THIS

The jingle of the telephone bell called me today to listen to the shocking news of the death of an old schoolmate—the belle and beauty of our class, the most attractive girl of our set and the first to become a bride. Her husband was a bright, handsome young printer, a steady, capable young man, who had held his position with one of the big job printing establishments of this city for years, in fact ever since he entered the office as an errand boy. The first year of their married life was all sunshine, and at its close came the birth of a son, and shortly following this came the great strike of '99 and the husband lost his position. They moved out of the pretty little flat, and I lost all knowledge of their movements. Today I learned that another baby came last year, and as work was scarce they must have seen some bitterly hard times. Six months ago the husband secured a steady position on one of the morning papers, and life seemed worth living for a time. But soon this paper was purchased by the largest evening paper and the plants consolidated, throwing the force of the morning paper out of employment. Just at this time my poor friend found that she would again become a mother, and crazed by the prospect before her sought to escape the responsibility of bringing another little one into the world to suffer, and so she lies tonight still and cold in that desolate home, while her little ones vainly call mamma and refuse to be comforted, while a grief-stricken husband prays today.

Oh, what terrible testimony against a system that denies the father the opportunity to care for his children and makes a mother take such desperate chances to escape maternity—the thing that should be the crowning glory of life, the deepest joy that comes to us on earth. Yet this is only case, and hundreds happen every day. Did you ever stop to think with what alarming rapidity the annals of criminal surgery grow? Do you know that not only criminal surgery but infanticide is so common as to scarcely cause a ripple of comment when the evening paper tells of another case? Nine children out of ten come into this world unwished for, undrest, bringing sorrow and forbidding instead of joy and happiness. I am sure if you could only go with me tonight and stand beside that cold, still form you would dedicate your life to the cause of Socialism, that will give justice, peace and plenty to all and make motherhood once more a joy.

What are you going to do with that bright, little son of yours? Make him a business man? Too many now. Make him a doctor? Too many now. Make him a lawyer? Too many now? Make him a merchant? Too many now? Nothing left but to make him a tramp, and there are too many now.—Kate Richards O'Hare.

### THE OX AND THE LABORER.

Overseer—Last night I heard the ox Noble coughing—he acts sick.  
Proprietor—Is that so? Put him in the sunniest stall and be careful the wind doesn't blow on him. Give him as much hay as he wants. Such a valuable ox! 'Twon't be well for you if you let him die. Run for the doctor!  
Overseer—Gig, the laborer, who works in the vineyard, had the fever all night, and has sent somebody to say he can't come to work this morning.  
Proprietor—Well, how can I help it if he is sick? Find somebody else to take his place. The work can't wait till Gig gets well!—From "Sempre Avanti" (Forward Forever) Turin, Italy.—Trans. for "The Coming Nation."

### STATE TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MARCH.

Receipts.	
Brought forward	\$22.10
Port Angeles	2.00
Spokane	4.40
Ferndale	1.10
Silvana	2.70
Davenport	1.00
Arlington	3.50
Le Center	1.50
Sunnyside	1.90
Tacoma	3.20
Spokane	3.20
Fairhaven	6.10
Granite Falls	2.60
St. John (duplicate of order sent April, 1901)	2.40
	\$53.80

Disbursements.	
Stamps	\$ 0.50
Money orders	10.15
Due to National Sec. Treas.	14.65
	\$15.30
Balance on hand April 1, 1901	\$38.50
	J. D. CURTIS,
	Acting Sec. Treas.
	1735 Eighteenth Ave., Seattle, Wash.

### AGENTS FOR THE SOCIALIST.

T. E. MOON, 124 E. 6th St., Emporia, Kans.  
P. S. JAMERSON, 912 E. 15th St., Sedalia, Mo.

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EVER MADE

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First Class Beds  
H. P. WHARTNEY, Prop.

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It is the best stimulant known. Our coffee we import and there none better sold. Every crate. We buy CROCKERY AND GLASS. WARE in jobbers' lots and name lowest prices on

Dinner Sets, Tea Sets, Odd Piece Art Ware, Etc.

## Rhodes Bros.

1331-2 Second Ave. (Site of the Big Coffee Pot.)

If you want the Best Goods at the Lowest Prices, patronize

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H. W. FOX, Altman, Colo.  
SAM T. SHELL, Agt. at Large.  
H. C. WILSON, 11 1/2 South 2d St., N. Yakima.

ADOLF HOLST, 215 S. Montana St., Butte, Mont.

E. B. ROBINSON, Billings, Mont.

ALEX. FREEMAN, Bozeman, Mont.  
JAMES D. GRAHAM, Box 323, Livingston, Mont.  
H. LUEHMANN, Helena, Mont.