

To Organize the Slaves of Capital to Vote Their Own Emancipation

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P. I. EDITORIAL SMOKE



The resolutions passed by the Western Federation of Miners at Denver are too foolish and too un-American to receive much notice or call for ample comment. They are an echo of the *Coeur d'Alenes*, and embody the ideas that wrought anarchy there until the people took a hand in the game. We are sorry for any workmen who permit themselves to be the dupes of leaders who talk as these do. The American laborer, however, is wiser than he once was, and he measures such men at their true value; as mouths and nothing more.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer, June 4.*

We want a list of those who are at work for our Subscription Prizes. Send in your names at once.

By special request we reproduce the striking cartoon of WAGE LABOR AND CAPITAL which appeared in *THE SOCIALIST* last week. A portion of our comments was crowded out at that time, but is given now. Read it all over, every workingman of you, and do some thinking on it.

When all the workers comprehend that picture the Labor Question will be settled.

The Western Labor Union took a great step forward at its annual meeting in Denver last week. The capitalist press has heralded their action as the formation of an independent Labor Party.

But it does not read that way. It only denounces the Democratic, Republican and Populist parties as opposed to the interests of Labor because they are Capitalistic.

The whole resolution points clearly to the Socialist Party which is strictly the Party of the Working Class.

Next Sunday night at the Headquarters, at 220 Union St., Dr. Titus will speak on "Strikes, What They Can Do and What They Cannot Do."

The striking machinists, iron molders, boiler-makers and helpers are especially invited.

The carpenters continue to show their loyalty to the machinists in their strike for nine hours.

They have voted a boycott, to take effect after the 15th of June, on all lumber from Moran's yards.

The Building Trades' Council, and all the affiliated unions, will no doubt join in this boycott.

With the Building Trades' assessment of one dollar a week on all members, which will produce between \$2000 and \$3000 a week for the strikers, this is the most fraternal act toward a non-affiliated body that we ever heard of.

That means that one of these days all workingmen will stand together. When one is hurt every other will be hurt too.

Look out for our next issue. We propose to give the "Czar of the Mud Flats" a showing up that the capitalist papers dare not undertake.

We will uncover the true inwardness of this stubbornness of the Moran Bros. against the striking machinists. For everybody knows that Bob Moran and Will Parry are the backbone of the employers' opposition to the men's demands.

The entries for the Bicycle Prize are increasing. Remember every one who gets ten yearlies, or equivalent, will get his choice of the smaller prizes as well as be in the race for the Big Prizes.

WHATCOM, WASH., May 27, 1901.

EDITOR SOCIALIST: It would seem that the employer has ceased to chase the workman.

Some of us believe this was a gross joke all the time.

Men are idle in this town at all times. Of course some of our optimists say that most of these men would not work if they were accorded a chance, but the fact remains that most of them do work at every known opportunity, even while conscious that they are robbed of a large, a very large part of the wealth they create.

The conditions under which men work in this vicinity are well calculated to gall self-respecting men, but nevertheless such men do work, creating boundless wealth for their exploiters, who boast of their exceeding prosperity.

Men are gradually, but none the less surely, awakening to a sense of their wrongs, and one of these days the giant (Labor) will get up and scatter his enemies.

One week ago to-day friends of mine went to the brickyard in the hope of getting permission to create wealth for a bare subsistence, but six of them were turned away. At the big mill twenty men were denied access to the tools of production you talk about. About 40 had their hopes dashed to pieces by the denial of the owners of the tools of production to allow such tools to be used.

Our boarding houses and the street corners are thronged with a multitude of men who are eagerly looking for a chance to toil for some master, but the masters have slaves enough, and these unfortunates must trudge on and on.

Laboring men begin to realize that McKinley prosperity is limited to the "upper circle."

On the door of the abode of McKinley prosperity is the legend, "Not to home to Laborers, Exploiters always welcome!"

And the exploiters are growing hilarious. The sounds of banqueting and revelry are grinding upon the ears of creators of wealth while they stand without, clothed in plain raiment, housed in shacks, and fed upon crumbs, and a murmur of discontent is swelling into a mighty roar.

The worker is stirred by thought as never before, and this swelling murmur of discontent is the certain harbinger of the Social Revolution which is sweeping present institutions into the Sea of the Past. D. BURGESS.

One advertiser told a customer he gets more returns from his ad. in *THE SOCIALIST* than from any other paper he ever advertised in. That's at least the fifth man has said that. Keep it up, boys.

The coin cards for renewal of subscriptions are coming in every day. But many are still out. Did you forget yours?

MOMENTOUS STEP

Class-Conscious Resolutions by Western Labor Union and Western Federation of Miners
This Means Socialism—Not a New Labor Party

"WHEREAS, The Capitalist Class is in complete possession of the means of production and thereby controls the Republican, Democratic and Populist parties, to further its political and industrial aims; and,

"WHEREAS, The Working Class has nothing in common with the Capitalist Class, either politically or industrially, and, therefore, the Working Classes cannot expect to derive any benefit from affiliating and supporting parties that favor the Capitalist Class, as has been proven in the past; and,

"WHEREAS, We, the Working Class, by reason of being the real producers of wealth, and by reason of numbers, should be the masters, both industrially and politically, and in our hands lies the destiny of the nation; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we take such steps, politically, as to separate us as a political body from all parties controlled by the Capitalist Class; and, be it further

Resolved, That the incoming Executive Board set forth every effort to assist the working people of the different States in furthering and establishing the political movement as above outlined."

Scene I. The Vulture took the Meat and left the Bone.

Scene II. The Dogs Fight Over the Bone.

Scene III. The Vulture Kills the Dog that Gets the Bone.



Workingmen, Turn and Kill the Bird!

The three "Scenes" given above the picture *Tell the Exact Truth!*

That *Terrible* black bird, called Capital, *Makes all the Trouble with Workingmen!*

There Would Never be any Strikes if Capital was Destroyed! We mean by Capital all the Land and all the immense Plants Owned by the Few, and Used to Exact RENT and PROFIT Out of the Many Workers.

What you call your Wages is *Only a Fraction of What You Produce!* It is only a Picked Bone they allow you in the form of Wages.

You Really Earn Four Times What They Pay You! In two hours' work you produce enough to pay your own wages and they take the surplus of the other six or eight hours to make their fortunes with. That's how those Billion Dollar Fortunes are made—*By Robbing Each One of You of Six Dollars a Day that You Create.* And that's why we say "*Wages is Robbery*" and "*Capital is Crime.*"

The true definition of Capital is this vast and splendid machinery of modern times that you machinists make which is now used to fleece the men who run it.

When they can't make Profit out of you, they shut down the machinery and wait till they can. You can never get more than the BARE BONE OF WAGES, so long as you leave the LAND AND MACHINERY in their hands.

Ask yourselves why these Scabs are there. Some of you may have been Scabs sometime. And some of those Scabs were in the Unions last year. *Why are the Workers divided into Unions and Scabs?*

You know why. *Because there isn't Work enough to go around!* All the work can be done by half the workers, and the half not working get de-perate for a job and scab it on the working half whenever the Unions try to force capital to give them a little more of what they earn.

So there you have it. CAPITAL HAS PICKED THE BONE OF ALL THE MEAT, leaving barely enough for half the workers to live on—and what can the workers do but fight together for that picked bone!

What can they do? I'll tell you what they can do. *Turn from fighting each other and pitch on that foul thief of a bird that first picked away the rich meat and left you only a bone!*

Join together in the only way you can get all the meat. **JOIN TOGETHER AT THE BALLOT BOX. OUTVOTE YOUR MASTERS! YOU HAVE THE VOTES AND HENCE THE POWER!** Why do you let them divide you into Democrats and Republicans, and make fools of you?

UNITE, WORKINGMEN, UNITE!—and get the whole quarter of bone. No longer fight over a picked shin-bone.

Thoughts by Your Uncle

SOME parts of the East have been flooded with counterfeit gold coin, resulting in much annoyance and loss to business men. That is an evil that will always exist as long as there is trinsic value money, which latter is as much a fraud as is counterfeit gold. It will never disappear until Socialist money-labor time checks become a fact. So, my friend, if you honestly mourn over crime and wish its decrease, work for the abolition of the present swindling system that of itself breeds swindlers.

CHICAGO will establish a municipal lodging house on lines similar to those in Glasgow, Scotland, and Huddersfield, England, where poor people may be served at cost. This might look like a step toward Socialism—but it isn't. The well-to-do people of Chicago, who have been appealed to for years for funds to support the increasing army of paupers created by our "prosperous and wonderful growth as a Christian nation," have got tired of what they consider an unnecessary expense and have figured out that their victims can be kept more cheaply if done systematically by the city. Besides, with board and room from \$2 to \$3 per week for mothers, including their children, the generally low rate of wages may more easily be kept from joining in the feared rise towards prosperity. In other words, under the present scheme of existence, the wage line follows the line of the cost of living, and the more economical the people become the cheaper they will have to work. Hence Socialists look with small favor upon these municipal schemes that leave out the public ownership of productive industries. In fact, these petty schemes of temporizing by municipalizing the effects, so to speak, only serve to emphasize and make more crushing the cause—which is the private ownership of the means and the tools by which humanity must produce a living for itself.

I HAVE a valuable suggestion to make to Socialist editors: In every newspaper office there are generally to be found piles of scraps or cuttings of paper regarded as practically worthless. Sort them out, print a small paragraph about Socialism on one side and then give them to the children of the neighborhood. They will come in droves and keep you cleaned out. The scraps will be taken home and to school, where they will be figured and written upon, and incidentally the Socialist idea will find root in many places. Try it. It costs practically nothing.

WE'RE having beautiful Washington weather this week, but there's mighty little chance of any of us enjoying it, what with our going to work before morning mists have cleared away and returning only when the sun is low in the west, unless we become millionaires or tramps. They are the only ones free to drink in the sunshine and fresh air.

It is really pitiful to see our striking machinist brothers struggling so courageously for a mere shadow of the substance, when half of the effort, the money, and suffering, properly directed along intelligent channels might not only forever do away with the necessity of similar struggles, but would put into their hands the whole loaf, for a minute crumb of which they now fight. Because, and because only, their struggle includes a demand for shorter hours, is Socialist sympathy with them. For with shorter hours comes greater opportunity and chance for them to see the truth—the necessity—of public ownership of ALL industries. A fight for a mere advance in wages is worse than time wasted, and no Socialist who in the least comprehends the folly of it through the capitalist power to always absorb the product of labor save the barest amount necessary, will enable it to continue to produce, will commit the error of encouraging other our blind brothers the machinists, or

any other of them, to stumble along the blind lead that somehow always returns to the capitalistic shambles.

One-half of the money spent in the Philippines, if intelligently expended upon the arid lands of Western America, would have created a paradise capable of supporting double the population over the far away islands with, minus the fever, the heat, the rains, the disease, the insects, the reptiles, and the deaths by bullet and otherwise, and instead of burning to homes of weaker people we would have built homes for thousands of our own citizens. That is what ought to have been done. That is what Socialists would have done. Is it any wonder that thinking men and women are by hundreds turning away in horror every day from the competitive system, and the wars and rapines that system makes necessary in order to prolong its existence?

HEART'S papers are talking very Socialist now-a-days and Socialists should not be chary of warning the workmen of their hollow pretence. "Why, what's the matter with the *New York Journal*?" asked a friend the other day, a man who belongs to that unpedigreed class known as "sympathetic Socialists." "It's a good Socialist paper, isn't it? It talks for public ownership, and I know some of its editors are straight Socialists." Not by a long shot it isn't Socialist. How in thunder can you call a paper Socialist that urges the putting of a capitalist party in power? And the democratic party is just as capitalistic as is the republican. In fact, all of Heart's papers are the worst and most despicable of capitalistic sheets. They are the wolf in sheep's clothing, too cowardly to make the fight of wolves. They are hypocrites and deceivers, and woe is workingman who is deceived thereby.

FIFTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS was the sum recently paid for a seat in the New York Stock Exchange. The whole country is such easy picking now-a-days that the robbers can afford fancy premiums for the first chances at the hapless victims. It is exactly the same as if legalized a band of highwaymen to maintain a peculiarly strategic position along the only highway, and they bid among themselves for choice positions to ambush the hapless traveler. You'd think the people who allowed this condition were an extra choice crop of idiots, wouldn't you? Of course you would. And that is just what you ARE doing.

A MAN in a New York hospital has just had his stomach entirely removed and the physicians think he will recover. It's a lucky thing he is 58 years old. There's not much chance of his being responsible for bringing into existence a race of human beings for whom the capitalists have been looking with such a longing. With no stomachs they need not eat, and it will be but a step to gradually, by line breeding, weed out the useless and more costly brain-encumbered offspring. Then indeed will the capitalist fount of joy be full to overflowing. Instead of appropriating to themselves nine-tenths of the wealth created by others, they can easily sweep 99.94 without much danger of serious protest.

PAPER coffins are coming to the front rapidly in the East and up-to-date undertakers claim they will be all the vogue the coming season. They come in all shades and in all the latest tints to match the floral decorations, while they can also be procured in subdued patterns to harmonize the shabby Brussels carpet of the front room which the happy owner could only afford to use on Sundays and on the day of the arrival of the papier-mache casket with German silver trimmings and a washed silver name plate. The ghouls who have heretofore revelled in 2000 per cent profit on cheap pine boxes stained to represent rosewood are dispirited over the fact that the papier-mache can be sold 50 per cent off the present list prices of the Grief Trust and still allow 2500 per cent profit. It is but fitting that the inventor of the papier-mache

coffin is a physician. His experienced cogit to result in just the thing needed. It was a happy thought to make the outfit acid proof as well as water proof and fire proof. There will be less chance of some of these sour, vinegary individuals who have bothered us in this life getting out when Gabriel blows his horn and coming around to tell St. Peter how to run his hotel register. However, nothing is too cheap for a cheap people, and surely a people who sell their birthright for such a stinking mess of potage as purchased their votes at the last election cannot be priced very high, even though the marked down sale is not yet on.

UNCLE SAM.

From a Wyoming Correspondent.

Two Old Parties N. G.

The more one studies the methods and political practices of the two old parties the more one sees in them to detest.

There is no possibility or probability of reform as long as these two organizations dominate in politics. Both are utterly corrupt and are doing their best to debauch the people. The Republican party under the present administration is becoming as odious as the Democratic party under the infamous Cleveland, who made his party a reproach and a stench in the nostrils of the people. Such miscreants make government an impost on a and a farce. If the people want decent government, the best move should be to crush out the two old parties and bury them so deeply that they can never be resurrected. It is only a question of time when this must be done, and the sooner the better. This assertion is based on scripture. "If thine eye offend thee pluck it out, and if thy right hand offend thee cut it off." The two old parties are the hands or organs that have done so much evil politically. Party government is the most vicious kind of government. In fact it has taken the government out of the hands of the people, where it logically belongs, and placed it in the hands of a machine and outraged the rights of the people. With a hundred, more or less, of bankers, trust attorneys and corporation tools in the United States Congress it is absurd to expect much, if any, legislation in the interests of the people. They are not there for that purpose or for their health. They are there for business and for booty.

JOHN BRADFORD.

Have you got a boy or girl who wants a Bike? Set them at work for our Big Prizes. Easy as rolling off a log.

PRIZES FOR EVERYBODY!

To the one getting the greatest number of subscribers between now and August 1st a 1901 Hartford Bicycle. To one securing next largest number of names the choice of Kodak Camera or pair of Opera Glasses. To third largest number Marx' Complete Works or Parlor Lamp.

TO EVERYBODY

Getting ten yearly subscribers, or their equivalent, choice of the following prizes: Fountain Pen, Watch, Pocket Knife, Fruit Knife, Ladies' Silver Mounted Purse or a year's subscription to one of the following magazines: McClure's, Munsey's, Cosmopolitan or International Socialist Review.

We have already received names of a number of contestants. Somebody will surely get the Bicycle. Why not you? EVERYBODY sending in \$5 worth of names will receive a prize, and the amount will also be credited to person's name toward getting the big prize. You need not wait till you get all the names. We will send you a receipt for every name received by us. SEND FOR BUNDLE OF SAMPLES.—Show your friends the paper. Tell them you want a Bicycle, or Kodak, or Opera Glasses, and you'll succeed. The people who don't succeed are those who don't try—and almost everybody who tries succeeds—remember that.

Send to us for a Coin Card, if you wish to renew your subscription.

STATE CONVENTION.

In accordance with the action taken by the State Committee June 2, 1901, a State Convention of the Social Democratic Party is called to meet at Seattle, Wash., June 30, 10 a. m., at 220 Union Street.

Although more in the nature of a conference than a formal State Convention, yet there are several very important questions for consideration, viz.:

First—The election of a State Committee to serve for the ensuing year.

Second—To adopt some form of a Constitution for the S. D. P. of this State.

Third—To provide for representation at the National Unity Convention, to be held at Indianapolis July 29, 1901, and to discuss questions which are liable to come up at that convention.

Fourth—To discuss ways and means by which the cause of Socialism may be advanced and the party be put in the best condition for effective work.

This call is extended to all Locals and Branches of the S. D. P. of the State of Washington.

Each member of the party is entitled to attend and have one vote, and as many additional votes as the number of persons for whom he holds proxies.

Blank certificates and proxy statements will be sent to all Locals in the near future.

J. D. CURTIS,

State Sec. S. D. P. Wash.

From The Worker, New York.

Geo. E. BOOMER (Uncle Sam) is now assistant editor of the Seattle SOCIALIST. His "Thoughts by Your Uncle" are invariably good. So are the illustrations and descriptive articles published weekly by THE SOCIALIST, which is in the front rank of Socialist papers.

Boomer is a good enough name, but the one our assistant editor bears is considerably more expressive for a Socialist these days, namely: Boomer, Geo. E. Boomer, if you please, editor of Socialist papers the last dozen years or so, and who was made to fit his name. But "Uncle Sam" is the name he made for himself, and is justly proud of it too.

"White man sit down a whole year. Nigger work day and night and make crop. Nigger hardly gets bread and meat. White man sitin' down gets all. It's wrong."

That's what Prof. Dubois, of Atlanta University, puts into the mouth of the negro worker in the Black Belt of the South.

Change it to read as follows, and it is true of North and South, East and West.

Capital sits down whole year. Labor works day and night and makes everything. Labor hardly gets bread and meat. Capital sitting down gets all. It's wrong.

MACHINERY AND HOURS OF LABOR.

"What are your views on machinery?"

"Machinery? Under just economic conditions we cannot have too much of it. In the service of society, instead of the capitalist class, machinery would lighten work, shorten hours and enable the working class to enjoy those things that alone make life worth living. Under our present system all the advantages arising from the invention of labor-saving machinery are seized by the capitalist class, and the servitude of the worker is more complete than ever."

"Under a Socialistic system, then, there would be shorter hours of work?"

"Yes, and longer hours of healthful recreation and social intercourse, and the pursuit of knowledge, and all that goes to lift man above the brutes. There would be no class but a working class."

"Would there be any place for lawyers under your social system?"

"No."
"Or stockbrokers?"
"No! No parasites of any kind—no lawyers, no clergy, no brokers, no gamblers in the economic necessities of life."

"Before Socialism can be established will it not be necessary to educate the people to higher ideals?"
"It will be necessary to educate them in actual facts and forces. Socialism deals spring out of the actual work and struggle for life. And nothing will prepare people for the responsibilities of Socialism save actual experience in Socialism. Liberty alone prepares for liberty."

A DIALOGUE.

Recently, during a trial in one of our courts, it became necessary for the judge himself to question a witness, and the following colloquy took place:
Judge—Are you a married man?
Witness—No.

J.—Have you any one depending upon you for support?
W.—Yes, a large number of them.

J.—Are they disabled physically or mentally from supporting themselves?
W.—No; they are fully as able as to support themselves.

J.—Then why do you support these able-bodied persons?
W.—Because the customs and arrangements of our present state of society force me to.

J.—These persons, doing no manner of useful work, and you a poor man, having nothing but your labor, are compelled to give part of it to them?
W.—Yes; I am forced to divide by giving them three-fourths of what I produce.

J.—Is there no way to get rid of these human leeches?
W.—Not at once; for nearly all society, especially these leeches, as you call them, insist that this is a natural state of affairs, and has always existed; they are eternally ding-donging in my ears that, were it not for these leeches, I could not work at all, and that would immediately overtake me. But in the near future we'll be able to rid ourselves of them, when they'll have to live off their own sweat.

J.—If you should die would these leeches have to work?
W.—Oh, no; they hold in reserve a vast number who are about to be overtaken by death from enforced idleness and they would think it a God-send privilege to toil in support of their leeches.

J.—Would you please give me the names and addresses of these leeches?
W.—Though it is solely from my labor that their lives are made, a constant round of pleasure, still they have the brutal ingratitude to refuse to live in the same locality as myself, and often they will not condescend to live in the same country; and as my constant toil enables them at this pleasure to change their climate, scenery and society, I cannot give you their permanent address. For apparent reasons they do not want to be known by their real names, but insist on being known by their non-deplorable names.

J.—But what are their names?
W.—But what are their names? In fact, for I am going to have them arraigned before the bar of justice, their ravagers of society.

W.—Their real names are CAPITALISTS.

J.—Mr. Sheriff, hustle this witness out of the court room; he's a wicked Socialist.—C. R. Davis, in Missouri Socialist.

"Suppose Socialism is established and I have a million dollars; by what process will you take it away from me?"

"Socialism will not take it away from you. It will only take away from you the possibility and means of using your money in the exploitation of society."

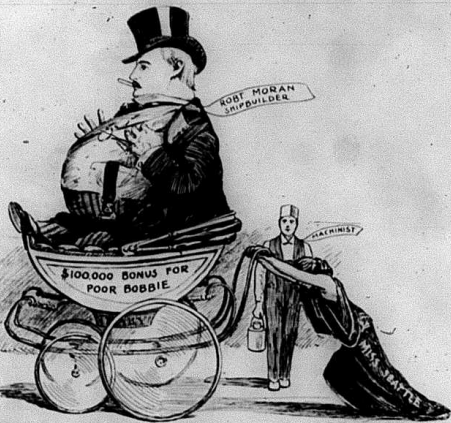
If you want a pair of shoes, out of your feet have them.

Did you get a Coin Card from us this week?

Wedding Presents
Silver and Cut Glass
AT
GOLDMAN'S
Cheapest Place in Seattle for Fine Goods
SECOND and MARION
Burke Building
High grade Watch Repairing reduced
Main Springs..... \$1.00
Cleaning..... .50

AT
GOLDMAN'S
Cheapest Place in Seattle for Fine Goods
SECOND and MARION
Burke Building
High grade Watch Repairing reduced
Main Springs..... \$1.00
Cleaning..... .50

Seattle's Big Baby



MISS SEATTLE: Mr. Machinist, when will little Tootsy be able to go alone? He wheedled a cool hundred thousand out of me to help him get his Battleship contract?

MACHINIST: Ask me something easy, Miss Seattle. He's whining for me to give him Ten Thousand a year now out of my wages, and it looks like he'll be a baby as long as you and I'll stand it.

ONLY HE WAS A SOCIALIST

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART I

From the Social Democrat, London.

Yes, Bill Stevens was not a bad sort of a fellow, only he was a Socialist. Bill was one of a gang that used to lie off—Wharf. He was a funny sort of a chap was Bill, but, as I have said, not a bad chap, only he was a Socialist. Most of our chaps were "barbs" and holy Romans, and they couldn't stand Bill's Socialism at all. Not as he used to jaw about it much at work. He was always very quiet and didn't often have much to say, but sometimes some of the others would get on at him about it—and then it used to come out. Bill could talk a bit when he liked, I can tell you. He was a bit of a sporter too, and used to go to meetings that the Socialists held. Some of the fellows wondered how he kept to his work when he bloke got to know about his going to these meetings, where they used to run down the bosses something cruel, saying capitalists was thieves, and I don't know what. But Bill was a good steady workman; a big strong fellow, too, he was, and he could always pretty well get a job.

There was a bit of a rumpus, however, at the school board election. The Socialists had put up a candidate, and that night the Irish Catholics, who had a candidate of their own; Father Doonan. Father Doonan was already a member of the board, and besides, there was in all four members to be elected, so there was little doubt that the priest would be elected again, and the Paddies need not have been so sore about it, but they were real mad. They were very sweet on Father Doonan, because, as they said, he was "one of their own," and they swore that the Socialists were putting up their man out of hatred to the holy father and that it was all Bill Stevens' doing. Bill went to the Socialist candidate's meetings and spoke at them once or twice. But the lads made it pretty hot for him. Several times they broke up the meetings; and they used to give Bill a rare doing when he was at work. One of the worst was Jim Scanlan—Punch. Scanlan, we used to call him. He was a hot un. He had the reputation of being a bit of a bruiser and I think he went to fairly frightened the others. He was an awful fellow to booze, too. When he'd break out there was no holding him. He would start on to Bill the first thing in the morning and tell the others on to him.

"A Socialist," Punch would say; "you call yourself a Socialist! You're a dirty dog of a soulless atheist, that's what you are. It's a sin that honest, God-fearing Christian men should be punished for having to work with the likes of you, you dirty dog."

"Well you're a credit to Christianity anyway," said Bill quietly.

"Don't you be after saying a word about Christianity," now retorted Punch. "What do you think the likes of you would be knowing about Christianity wid never a spark of a soul in yer dirty carcass."

"I didn't say anything about Christianity, except that you were a bright representative of it," replied Bill. "And wasn't that sport 'gainst it, I'd like to know! Warn't you sneer-

ing at me; and aint I a Christian, not a dirty Atheist like you? If you run me down you must be running down Christianity."

"Who said I was an Atheist," said Bill.

"Ye know you are, and we all know it. All Socialists are Atheists; and you want to have the children brought up to believe in nothing; but to be like brutes; that's why you're going agin Father Doonan."

"Why don't you let them be brought up to be such brutes as you. If you're a specimen of the work of the church and the priests, the less we have of it the better."

"They would go on, one against the other. Once or twice, it came almost to a fight; only when Bill showed fight, Scanlan used to sing small. But the two did not have it all to themselves. The others would chime in, and all against Bill. Then they used to throw things after him, hide his hook and his food, upset his beer, and altogether he had a pretty rough time for awhile. After the election, as the priest was successful and the Socialist chap nowhere, matters quieted down a bit; but I don't think they ever quite got over it.

Still, matters were pretty much as they were before the election. An occasional snack at Bill's Socialism used to be thrown out, but generally all agreed that he was not half a bad sort, or wouldn't be, only he was a Socialist. When there came the strike, the dockers turned out for to get another penny an hour, and we all turned out in sympathy. There was plenty of public sympathy with the strike at that time, but there was a good deal of hard-ship among us all the same. Bill Stevens acted like a brick. As I have said, Bill was a steady workman, never hardly out of a job, and he had managed to save a pound or two. Some of them used to chaff him about his savings. "Call yourself a Socialist," they used to say, "and put money in the bank. Why don't you set up to your principles, and share it out?"

I think he went in for a good bit of sharing out during the strike—more than he could afford, and more than he ought to have done. There was many that had a meal during that time that wouldn't have had one but for Bill Stevens. Punch Scanlan, I think used to sponge on him a bit. "Ah, now this is something like Socialism," I heard him say one day, when Stevens had treated him to bread and cheese and beer. "I think you could soon convert me to Socialism this way."

Bill tried to explain to him that Socialism didn't mean giving away bread and cheese and beer, or sharing out in the same manner he thought; but I don't think it made much difference to Punch.

But Stevens was very busy during that time. He seemed to think it was the beginning of the Social Revolution he had been longing for, and never lost a chance of hammering away at Socialism to those he could get to listen to him. But the leaders rather cold-shouldered him and wouldn't let him sport Socialism at the meetings.

"What's the good of making all this fuss just to get a tanner an hour for the dockers?" he used to say. "Might just as well go for the whole thing and strike to get rid of landlords and capitalists altogether." But nobody took much notice of this; all were too practical for such nonsense, as they said; but, still, Stevens was a good sort of a fellow, only he was a Socialist.

Well, as you know, the strike did not last very long; the men gained their victory and we all got back to our work. We all thought we had done something grand, and for a time we swaggered about as if we had really won something to be proud of. Every little grievance that we had or thought we had was good enough to threaten to strike about. All the time the masters were taking their measures, and little by little the main advantages which had been gained by the strike were nibbled away. This did not make much difference to me at the time; for we were able to hold our own; but some months later, about March, there was a strike on the wharf through some alteration that had been made there. This stopped the work for a bit, and then they got in a lot of black legs on the wharf, and we wasn't going to work with blackleg, so we went out.

(Concluded next week.)

Socialist Revival in Portland.

Hundreds at Street Meetings—Ten Meetings to be Held All Summer.

PORTLAND, ORE., June 3, 1901.

Editor Socialist:

DEAR COMRADE: A great stirring up along socialistic lines is going on in Portland at present. J. B. Osborne of Georgia started street meetings some three weeks ago, and was soon joined by Comrades Cowley of Washington, and Stevens of Clackamas County, Oregon, and others.

Last Saturday night between 200 and 300 people were present at a meeting held on one of the principal streets of the city. Comrades Osborne, Cowley and Lettes of Seattle addressed the crowd, the latter making a very stirring speech. Two and three meetings are held every night on the street, and many hundreds are listening to the truths of Socialism. Several hundred pieces of literature have been disposed of and there is a marked interest manifested. The local branch will conduct ten meetings, beginning June 4th, and continuing for several months.

M. LENA MORROW,
Sec. Branch No. 1, Portland.

The National Single-taxer has suspended publication. The single tax grows like a cow's tail—downward.—Advance.

Read again, and carefully, the statement on page 2 about our prize offers. Every subscription sent in from now on will be credited to the one sending it in. Write and tell us if you are working for the prizes.

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HERE'S RICHNESS.

To the Editor of THE Socialist:

Dear Sir: I desire to take exceptions to the statement made by your correspondent, "Uncle Sam," in issue of March 3rd. He says, "Those who exploit us do so by three methods—either through rent, interest or profit. If a man lives by either of these, he is not of us. Trust him not, however good his professions." And so on. If Socialism were left to the wage slave for its inspiration and inauguration, no one living could hope to see it installed. Mudslills can fight, but they must have leaders. The Horace Manns of today are working their brains for those beneath them as loyally as in the past. Men with minds conceive and plan. Men with muscle build the structure. So will it be under Socialism. Yet, who shall be King? Who shall be guards? Who shall be the servant of the people? As yet we are all human, and because I hire a man, pay him double what I pay his sister, though I have believed in Woman's Rights all my life, and now forefend Socialism, "Uncle Sam" would dub me as a Judas. Under Socialism, we can afford to wait until betrayal; the remedy is sure and final. Moral—Don't kick out a single millionaire that seeks admittance.

H. P.

We will let "Uncle Sam" deal with the matter of this letter. But of the spirit, we will say a word or two.

Any man who can call the wage slaves "Mudslills" in the contemptuous manner of this letter, is out of place in the Socialist ranks.

About the only use of that word we can recall in our reading is during the war of '61 to '65, when the Southerners were continually sneering at the Northerners as "Yankee Mudslills."

It was a slaverholding class, respicing working men. It snacks of the same contempt for labor when used above by "H. P."

If a millionaire seek admittance, he must come ready to stand shoulder to shoulder with other men as good as himself, and not to lord it over "Mudslills."

"Uncle Sam" seems to have stepped on tender corns. By the way, "H. P." do you really mean "forefend"? If so, that explains.

Did you ever hear of the Militia being called out to help working men win a strike? Why not? Because the Government is a Class Government, a Government for "Taxpayers," for Proprietors—to help them fleece the workers.

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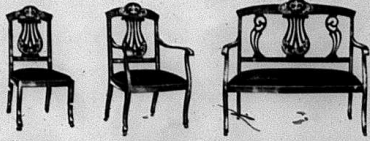
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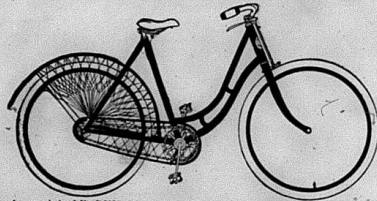


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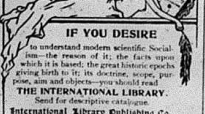
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