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Seattle, Washington, Saturday, June 12, 1909

To Organize the Slaves
of Capital to Vote Their
Own Emancipation

Price Five Cents

HAYWOOD SPEAKS OUT

By Arthur B. Callahan

"There is going to be a big battle in the Socialist party between the middle class and the wage workers."
"We must have a National Executive Committee composed of wage workers. And the time is coming when we will."
So Bill Haywood reads the future.

I went aboard the Rosalie at Port Townsend last Saturday, because it was the first boat I could take after I was ready to return to Seattle.

There is no room in my philosophy for luck, but except for Haywood, I was the only Socialist aboard.
Jim Hickey, member of the Marine Cooks and Waiters, and waiter on board the Rosalie, is not a Socialist, but he is a near Socialist. It was Jim who told me that Haywood was on board coming from Friday Harbor where he spoke on Friday night.

He's in room 11," Jim said, "and he is just as common as the rest of the crew. And he is Jim was right. Two weeks ago, whole continents were thinking with his name. The porters in half the cities would know that an attempt was being made to railroad him to the gallows for the crime of flogging the battles of the working class. Twenty millions of the workers discussed his interdict and his peril from Denver to the oceans. In ten thousand towns, public meetings were held, and tens of millions of the toilers cheered his name a countless thousand times. Before an aroused American working class the gallows faded, and the walls of the Bodes pentitentiary, as the walls of the Bastille fell before our fellow workers one hundred and twenty years ago.

Now, workers pack the halls across the continent, to hear that eloquent voice, pleading, to the working class, the cause of the working class.
Bill Haywood is a big man in the American Proletariat—a colossal figure looming larger every day.

"Intellectualitis" is a disease. It starts in the game of men, in the praise of men. I have seen it in the world's stage. I have seen cases that were chronic, and cases that were fatal. I have seen incipient cases, and I have seen it cured.
Before I was a Socialist I was a capitalist newspaper reporter. I am, sometimes, I have interviewed congressmen, U. S. senators, millionaires, masters of finance. Bill Haywood is the only public man I ever met who is not infected in any degree with "Intellectualitis" of applauding crowds.

I saw the miner in Bill Haywood. He is that, yet, as distinctly as if he carried in his cap the miner's lamp. Simple, direct, outspoken, fearfully earnest, and terribly class conscious. And as common, as Jim Hickey said, as an old salt.

He told of his delight with that fairly land, the San Juan Islands, the green trees, the wonderful water, the meadows coloring.
"I am going there some day to live," he said.
"Good!" I said, half credulous, "but when?"
"As soon as I can straighten out my affairs and move my family here."
And it is true—he meant it. In a few months he will be a citizen of Washington.

"If you do," I asked, "what will you do with that magnificent palace of Denver of which I have heard so much?"
"I'll sell it," he laughed, "I have a nice place in Denver. It's good enough for anybody to live in. It is worth three thousand dollars. I will get it paid for some day, if I don't get it sold first."
"Some people think I am making loads of money," he continued, "I am doing all right. But what I get isn't so large when you figure what comes out of it. I have to make long jumps frequently, and my expenses are heavier than people think. But I get about as much as my wages when I was secretary of the Western Federation of Miners, and little, if any more."

Then we drifted back to the Socialist party.
"There is much fighting in the Socialist party," he said, "and it hurts. Yes? I questioned? You mean here in Washington?"
"Oh, no," he answered, "it's going on in every state in the union. There is going to be a big battle between the middle class and the wage workers. We must have a national committee composed of wage workers. The feeling is every-

where, and it's growing. There is a great sentiment on the subject all over the country."

"We talked of Compa's visit to the president, of his trip to Europe, and the possibility of his own party."
"It will never come," he said, "he can't make it."
"The last fall he got lots of union men to vote for Bryan," I reminded him.
"Yes," he answered, "lots of them. But he can't organize a labor party. The time then another labor party can be organized is passed."

Four long and tedious hours stretch between Port Townsend and Seattle. Cooks and waiters, and waiter on board the Rosalie, is not a Socialist, but he is a near Socialist. It was Jim who told me that Haywood was on board coming from Friday Harbor where he spoke on Friday night.

Impressions of the Haywood Meeting

By Bessy Fiset

To me the Haywood meeting seemed very much out of the ordinary. Usually at Socialist gatherings Socialism is "the" theme—Labor being secondary. On this occasion, however, one listened to the exact labor talk dovetailed at the corners into Socialism.

On account of his close connection with the movement, and the fact that he is the editor of "The Socialist" was asked to make a reminiscent talk before Comrade Haywood was announced—which added much interest to what followed and which served to be a connecting link between us Western Comrades and the thrilling incidents attendant upon the great trial.

Haywood gave me the impression of being a man who has so much to say that he has to keep steadily at it in order to tell all he wants to in the prescribed time. On this account the "Pause" is almost wholly lacking and one has to give the closest attention to the speaker.

The skeleton of his talk was made up of the historical strikes instituted by the Western Federation of Miners from the time of the first Bull Pen about fifteen years ago to the present. It was filled out with story after story of the indignities, hardships, struggles, and triumphs of the miners. Over all was the thread of Socialism—that Political organization of the workers—without which the industrial giant cannot live.

To me organized labor became a living thing—more understandable, more vital than it ever has seemed before and I realized, as never before, the closeness of the relation between Political and Industrial organization. After coming in contact with Haywood's personality I can readily understand the organized effort on the part of the Mine Owners Association to get this man, more than any other—out of the way for his fearless, unflinching, and unselfish attitude toward institutions, laws, courts, government is the thing that stands out most clearly before those who heard him in Seattle.

Some time ago "The Socialist" received letters from out of town comrades requesting that I be suppressed, when it came to dabbling in party matters and that I be kept in my own "sphere" (The Woman). To all those comrades I say right now: Don't read on—because you will probably feel called upon to waste another stamp and it might be put to better use.

For the benefit of the one possible ignoramus in the party—I will make the statement that there is a fight on in the state of Washington.
It is all the more forcible in that Comrade Peluso—while here—was never considered one of the "Ring."

Some four years ago Edmond Peluso started from France to study the Socialist movement in America, England and Germany. Since that time he has spent most of his time in different cities of the United States, reaching Seattle some year and a half or two years ago.
In August of 1908 he left America for Japan intending to go to France by way of Russia, but on being denied passports came back to America via Manila.

For the last three months he has been on the staff of the United Press Association and the many opportunities he has and has had of coming in contact with working class organizations make his opinion worthy of consideration.

Here is the letter in part—
"My Dear Comrade—First of all, thanks for the papers sent and for the letter. I suppose all these skirmishes within the party itself are a test of strength and purity. It is a thing that I have witnessed in France, when I belonged to the Parti Ouvrier Français. The fight went on for years,

WE GROW! A FOUL PLOT TO DOPE HAYWOOD!

At the meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Trustee Printing Company, held last Monday, it was decided that hereafter the most important printing job the Company had to handle was "The Socialist", and the Business Manager was so instructed.

It was also decided to issue regularly and on time, even if the size had to be cut down occasionally. As a result of this meeting of the Board of Trustees, this week, for the first time in almost two years, the bulk of the readers of the paper will receive it on or before its date of publication, and from this time on they can count on receiving it the same day every week.

In order to accomplish this result, the Board realized that the Business Manager would have to have additional assistance, and he was authorized to employ Comrade Hattie W Titus to do the hustling for "The Socialist". She will have, practically entire charge of the business of the paper, as such, and will devote her energies to making it pay its own way.

This will be welcome news for the supporters of the paper who have stood by it through thick and thin, who have been disappointed time after time when it did not appear promptly, and who have had to explain to irate new subscribers the reason they did not get their paper some weeks.

It is news such as will hearten our old friends to begin again the work of securing new readers for the paper, work which they have practically dropped, and it will encourage them to again contribute to the support of "The Socialist" from time to time, as they were used.

We had to make this issue two pages in order to get out on time this week, but next week we will have four pages, and the complete "Historical Achievement of Karl Marx" promised for this week.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

FROM A GLOBE TROTTER

By Bessy Fiset

In the party ranks is taking root, and it is always being nourished and coaxed into the growth by the same element—the Opportunists.

My reason for taking up this matter is to be found in the following letter dated New York, May 28th, 1909. This letter speaks for itself and does not require reference to a dictionary in order to understand what is meant. It is all the more forcible in that Comrade Peluso—while here—was never considered one of the "Ring."

Some four years ago Edmond Peluso started from France to study the Socialist movement in America, England and Germany. Since that time he has spent most of his time in different cities of the United States, reaching Seattle some year and a half or two years ago.

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"My Dear Comrade—First of all, thanks for the papers sent and for the letter. I suppose all these skirmishes within the party itself are a test of strength and purity. It is a thing that I have witnessed in France, when I belonged to the Parti Ouvrier Français. The fight went on for years,

and when the process of purification was completed, all the "wild" Man from Borneo, Mahlon Barrow, I had several interviews with Simons of the Daily Socialist, met Clarence King at the party meeting, but since I have been back here I have come across Jim Spargo, under whom I have followed a course at the Rand school; Morris Hillquit, whom I suppose will be the first Socialist in Congress; Ghent, Kirkpatrick, etc.

I am in daily contact with "The Call" people; since they use the United Press service and in my humble way contribute to the making up of "our kind," as Kepnell calls it.

"Among the Socialists here things are more harmonious. I don't know whether it is because we are not so far advanced as in the State of Washington or not. We have been told all we could to help the "Call" to live; and every working organization is being loyal. I wish they did the same in Seattle. I do not think you can be defeated.

"In France, in the Municipal Elections of 1894, the Socialists allied themselves with the Royalists, but the Republican bloc! But what has become of all these "good" Socialists? Not one of them is in power now, and those who stood for "strict" Socialism, with no compromise with even the Radical Socialists, are now the party in power."

"So, you see, I have no doubts as to the ultimate success of your tactics. The whole question therefore is: How can the people now insurgent to your tactics be made to understand that there is nothing in the policy of compromising?"

"In Seattle—as in France—the question was purposely made one of personalities. "I stopped in Albuquerque and got acquainted with the comrades there. In Kansas City I spent a whole Sun-

CONSPIRACY OF INDEPENDENT SOCIALISTS TO RUIN HAYWOOD'S MEETING IN SEATTLE - FOUR OF THEM Lay Wait for Him but He is Too Much for Them - The Scab Cook Laudensch, the Leader.

It was announced in the Seattle Daily "Star" of Saturday evening, June 5, that Haywood would speak for Local 5, that in Dreamland Ring Sunday, June 6, also that he would be greeted by "The Antlers" which had been selected by the Socialist party of Seattle as the only strictly Union Hotel in the city.

Haywood was met at the boat by State Secretary Waynick and escorted to the hotel at 8 p.m. where Waynick left him. Haywood engaged his room, hung up his overcoat in the hotel office and stepped out to get a drink. In the saloon he was waylaid by several Independent Socialists, led by George Laudensch, who then began a deliberate attempt to wreck the great Haywood demonstration announced for the next night under the auspices and for the benefit of Local Seattle of the Socialist party of Washington.

Under pretense of friendship and comradeship and good fellowship these self-styled "Socialists" piled the tired Haywood with drink after drink of bad whiskey and nobody knows what other dope. At 1 a.m. when the saloon victim lay in his confinement till late in the afternoon of Sunday.

But the villains had underrated the powerful physique of the giant Haywood. At 5 p.m. Sunday, only two hours before the meeting, Haywood recovered and broke away from his captors. He reappeared at the hotel at 7 o'clock, went alone to the hall and in the most masterly manner delivered his speech as advertised.

In the meantime all day Sunday the "Socialists" were circulating the rumor that Haywood would not fill his engagement Sunday night. Not only did the "Independents" themselves, with the exception of their meeting, but stay away from a dozen or so hundreds of "phone calls were sent in to the rink inquiring if it was true

that Haywood would not speak as announced. This, notwithstanding the fact that both "The Star" and "The People" contained the announcement and thousands of posters and circulars had covered the city for the last three weeks.

The dastardly scheme of these "Socialists" was frustrated only by the wonderful recuperative powers of Bill Haywood. They knew that he was a man who "took a drink," as most men do. They laid a trap to "dope" him and disgrace him and the cause he represents. At the same time they calculated that Local Seattle and the Socialist party organization would be split in the hole" by the failure of the much advertised and expensive rink meeting.

Undoubtedly they succeeded in keeping away hundreds of people besides themselves, who would otherwise have attended. Undoubtedly they made Local Seattle an Haywood lose a hundred dollars apiece. But they utterly failed in disorganizing either Haywood or the Socialist Party. The meeting was a tremendous success, the largest and best since the big Debs demonstration. The net proceeds amounted to over one hundred dollars to be divided between Haywood and the Local.

That our readers may see for themselves just the sort of work these conspirators are doing elsewhere we print herewith a letter sent by this man, Laudensch, to Mrs. Gatechell, one of the members of the State Committee. It will be noticed that Laudensch throughout his bitter letter does not deny that he is a scab. The facts are, at 7 o'clock, went alone to the hall and in the most masterly manner delivered his speech as advertised.

No Pinkerton could have undertaken a more contemptible trick to ruin the great Labor Leader and bring failure and shame upon the Socialist Party than that which we have here exposed for the good of the organization everywhere.

day at the Local. In Chicago I went to headquarters to meet the "wild" Man from Borneo, Mahlon Barrow, I had several interviews with Simons of the Daily Socialist, met Clarence King at the party meeting, but since I have been back here I have come across Jim Spargo, under whom I have followed a course at the Rand school; Morris Hillquit, whom I suppose will be the first Socialist in Congress; Ghent, Kirkpatrick, etc.

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"SCABS" LETTER—NO DENIAL

Seattle, May 24, 1909.
Mrs. Ada Gatechell, North Yakima.
Dear Lady—Our worthy genuine revolutionary Party organ, the Seattle Socialist, has in its last issue from the Yakima, the report of a "shooting affair" the shooting said to be done in North Yakima by Mrs. Ada Gatechell and said "shots" are reported to be "center shots." It is left to the reader to guess who qualified this shot, the shooter or the party who set up an "watched center shot." The shooter himself or the party who set up an "watched center shot." The shooter himself or the party who set up an "watched center shot." The shooter himself or the party who set up an "watched center shot."

As it was sure no smokeless powder, which indicates by its smell, that it is of the same stand and powder with which this rifle corps uses to shoot. It is the apparatus, possessing some of the edge of the target for the center.

We are very familiar here with this kind of shooting. It is a very common thing to see a man with a rifle and a target. If shooting at us most of us would be shooting at you. If you are shooting at us, we are shooting at you. If you are shooting at us, we are shooting at you. If you are shooting at us, we are shooting at you.

Your shots were directed against those who are shooting at you. It is in the interests of the working class that you should be shot. It is in the interests of the working class that you should be shot. It is in the interests of the working class that you should be shot.

It is a well-known fact, that women protect a man with whom they are in love. It is a well-known fact, that women protect a man with whom they are in love. It is a well-known fact, that women protect a man with whom they are in love.

But this seems to make not the slightest difference. It is a well-known fact, that women protect a man with whom they are in love. It is a well-known fact, that women protect a man with whom they are in love. It is a well-known fact, that women protect a man with whom they are in love.

Kreuger might have called us "scabs" and you would have been against it, simply not to give any satisfaction to such an attitude and unorganizable.

This is what I have to say on your article in the last issue of the "Socialist" and I have to say it because the columns of this paper would not be opened to a reply by letter. I enclose also a copy of the "Suppressed Facts" if you should not be in possession of it. It is in the hands of the "Socialist" and it is in the hands of the "Socialist" and it is in the hands of the "Socialist."

But should you prefer to fight your own fight with it, before reading our article, you might as well look out for your own neck. It contains some little bombs—mean literary bombs.

Yours in spite of all opposition always political and economical revolutionary socialist comrade,
GEORGE LAUDENSCH.

WARNING TO BALTIC MEN

SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA.

Dominion Executive Committee

Office of Secretary, Box 836

THE SOCIALIST, SEATTLE, WASH.
Dear Comrade—
I understand that a Lettish comrade is now held in Seattle, on a charge in connection with violation of the frontier, under the name of Peter Cold. Please jump in and have this looked into quick, before his case goes to the court. I would write Com. Kreuger, but have not his address.

Yours in Revolt.
D. G. MCKENZIE.
This man is safe for the present.—Ed.

