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EIGHTH YEAR—No. 351

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1907

PRICE FIVE CENTS

The Socialist

To Organize the Slaves
of Capital to Vote Their
Own Emancipation

THE STEVE ADAMS TRIAL

Ida Crouch Hazlett—Only Labor Reporter on the Scene, If Adams Is Convicted, Pettibone and Moyer Also in Danger, More Important Than Haywood Case Even.

FIRST DAY

TUESDAY

RATHDRUM, Ida., Oct. 23.—The special venire of 80 jurors appeared in Judge Wood's court at Rathdrum, Idaho, this morning at ten o'clock. Another great trial in the long list of legal efforts to free the Western Federation of Miners has commenced. Steve Adams is on trial for his life on the charge of killing Fred Tyler, an alleged timber-land jumper, in the Marble creek country.

PETTIBONE TRIAL POSTPONED

The Pettibone trial has been postponed until the 15th of November and the attorneys for the state and the defense have signed a stipulation that if the Adams trial is not concluded by the date named there will be a further continuance. Thirty-three jurors had been previously summoned, with eleven in the box when the case was opened this morning.

HIGH SCHOOL ENTERPRISE

The Rathdrum High School has inaugurated a feature of the utmost value as an educational factor. Two pupils are there each half session in seats reserved for them to write notes, books, whose duty it is to give the school a faithful report of the trial. The insight into actual conditions a great labor trial like this will give to a young mind is incalculable.

SCENE OF THE TRIAL

Rathdrum is a beautiful, quiet country town, with the high rim of the mountains rising at its edge. The courthouse is an old, shabby building, and the courtroom a shabby little affair, whose utmost capacity is probably 150 people. Reporters, lawyers, jurors and court officials are crowded over the benches and go about their duties. As the day grows dark and the lights are turned on they are so faint and murky as simply to make the gloom more apparent. But, in a way, it is a queer and tolerant air pervading this dingy chamber. The spectators are kind, plain farmer people, and the jurors seem to have largely these characteristics. Everything seems quiet with no special prejudice in anyone. Judge Woods is a little, pleasant-looking man, whose habits of jurisprudence seem to have been more restricted than those of Judge Wood, of Boise.

ADAMS IS LOOKING WELL

Adams looks well, self-contained and at ease. His long confinement shows what is called the "prison color." His face is pale and his hands very white. He has peculiar hands, with long, thin, nerve-filled fingers. His nose is unusually long and sharp; his hair, sandy, and his height about five feet ten inches or thereabouts. Determination is his prevailing characteristic. He shows great

self-control and is a well-poised character. He is a man that goes occasionally into whatever stand or place he takes in life; a man who stands with his class, a man who could never do or be anything else than as a part of the working class. The intellectual association with the working class is prominent in his looks and mental attitude. He is the embodiment of that part of our class humanity out of which revolutions and the social alignment combating the social injustice to labor must come.

WIFE OF THE ACCUSED

Annie Adams, bright, alert and vigorous, sits by the side of her husband and watches every move and question, making constant suggestions to her lawyers. Adams sits by her, seemingly contented and satisfied that whatever she says or does is all right. W. Lillenden, Adams' uncle, on whose ranch in Oregon Adams was arrested, is in court, sitting beside his niece and nephew. He is a be-whiskered farmer, a kind, good, old man whom these troublesome scenes must seem dreadful.

FORMING THE JURY

At the beginning of the session on Tuesday the usual proportion of jurors asked to be excused, although there does not seem that same eagerness to get off from the trial that there was in Boise. C. A. Berry was the first man called to the only va-

SECOND DAY--WEDNESDAY

Rathdrum, Ida., Oct. 26.—The selection of the jury in the Steve Adams case is still occupying the time of the court. At the present writing the jury box is full of men accepted for cause by both sides, and each side has used one of its ten per cent challenges. There does not seem to be the reluctance at serving on the jury here that was so visible at Boise. Indeed, most of the jurors seem as though they would rather like the job. Both sides are asking as to the reading of the jury.

Judge Woods has refused to allow any queries as to the policy of the trial that court, at one time worked for him. Truman said he thought the governor was doing his duty in prosecuting Adams.

THE WHITNEY FAMILY

As the defense is questioning steadily as to whether the jurors know Whitney of the state penitentiary, and as to their attitude toward him. Whitney was formerly sheriff of Kootenai county and is to be one of the principal witnesses in the case. It is presumed that he is to testify in regard to the false confession of Adams. There is close questioning also in regard to Barclay Sinclair, a lawyer in Rathdrum, who was attorney-general under Stuenkel at the time of the trouble in the Coeur d'Alenes and made his name of universal execration among the miners. He is a son-in-law of Whitney's.

L. G. Miller and one of the editors of the Coeur d'Alene Journal, is another juror that the defense has sought hard to get off but has been unable to make it. His paper has been notorious in its attacks on the accused men of the Federation, and has the contract for the state printing from Governor Gooding. Jacob Wolfgang, a farmer from Wolf Lodge, while seemingly a very fair man in every other way proved to be a pro-whisperer of Whitney, and thought he would give more credence to what he would say than to a witness that he didn't know. Mr.

cant chair in the jury box. He is a Rathdrum real estate man. Attorney Knight conducted the questioning. News Editor Subject of Questioning.

MRS. HAZLETT INTRODUCED

To the amazement of the defense, Mrs. Hazlett was made a specific subject by the prosecution in the close questioning. The jurors were asked if they had heard her speeches, if they had read about her in the "Spokesman-Review," and if they were influenced by her efforts in educating the public. The questioning in regard to Mrs. Hazlett was closely followed by queries as to the acquaintance and talking with Moyer. Any one who espouses Socialism or labor organization is a dangerous character in the community.

ANARCHISTS ET CETERA

The jurors were questioned as to their sympathy with "anarchists," reading socialist publications, and the books reporting the case of the Federation trials to the state of Idaho; also if they knew Dixon of Chicago, "a Federation detective." It was too tedious.

The jury was then passed for cause. Attorney Hoffman conducted the questioning for the defense till Mr. Darrow came. It is evident that the same old battle at Boise is continued here. The questions are about the

At the close of the day the jury was fully. To one looking on by the enlightenment of science, what barbarism! Twelve men sitting there to decide on murdering another—the prime cause of private property is man nature! What blackness of savagery encircles us!

SEVERAL KINDS OF FOOLS

H. P. Knight, the prosecuting attorney, is making several kinds of different fools of himself in this trial. He is young, full of an apparently pleasant and sincere disposition. But his every motion shows his inexperience. His reasons are childish, boyish and trivial. Every time he says anything he is doing good for the Federation cause because his foolish remarks are so conspicuously misplaced. He makes the very common mistake of an inexperienced man of attempting to stubbornly oppose an able and experienced attorney like Mr. Darrow, and as a result he comes out worst in every encounter. He is not in the least witty, but tries to appear so. He makes himself ridiculous by denying every remark Mr. Darrow makes, even on old established points of law where even the spectators can see the superiority of Mr. Darrow's position.

PUNCTURES KNIGHT

At another time after a long and involved question, a matter-of-fact juror told him to state the matter plainly so he could understand it. He replied helplessly that he could not change it, whereupon the juror put the substance in a few words himself and answered the question. "But not so vague as yours," replied the juror. Of course the room broke forth in a roar.

BAGLEY QUESTIONS

The names of Mrs. Hazlett, Moyer and the mythical "Dixon," of Chicago, seem to be veritable bogies to the prosecution with which no juror must have suspicion of being regarded. Questions are asked regarding every person's knowledge of these three. Finally the oft-repeated questioning in regard to Mrs. Hazlett became nauseating. Knight would turn to where she sat and point her out to every juror, in her place at the reporter's table, as the woman arrested for disturbing the peace in Spokane.



Last year when Steve Adams repudiated the "confession" McParland and Gooding had forced him to make with threats of death, his friends attempted to get him out of the clutches of the Pinkertons by the use of the writ of habeas corpus. He was then arrested in Idaho State Penitentiary, made a sensational ride across country in a truckload to escape going through Washington and braving the dangers of the writ of habeas corpus in that state. As a result of that ride, in the trial now going on in Rathdrum, Warden Whitney is one of the central figures, his testimony being relied on more than and other one man. "The Socialist" published the above cartoon on the week after Adams was taken to Wallace.

The Adams trial is the key to the key to the Pettibone trial, which is soon to come off. If Adams is convicted, his "confession," which was not allowed to be presented in the Haywood trial, may be used against Pettibone and thus make the case of the state materially stronger.

THIRD DAY--THURSDAY

Rathdrum, Ida., Oct. 31.—One peculiar feature of the present prosecution of the Federation cases is the ferocious attacks Prosecuting Attorney Knight thinks he has to make on everything that smacks of Socialism. And his zeal falls as flat as the echo of a last year's bird's nest. For instance, he asks every prospective juror if he ever belonged to any organization that was opposed to government; and he says it in connection with other remarks in such a way as to show he is making a direct slap at the Socialists. Nothing could be more malicious and unjust.

IGNORANCE VS. SOCIALISM

The defense has had to put up a big fight against Willis, the newspaper man from Coeur d'Alene City. It is evident to all that he is intensely prejudiced against the defendant, and his paper has been most vicious in publishing every lie and slander current against the Federation men. Still he evaded all questioning so cleverly that it took a supplementary challenge to get rid of him. It was proven that when Wade Parks was delivering a speech on the streets of Coeur d'Alene City on the coast of the trials to the state of Idaho, that Willis had said he ought to be driven out of town. When questioned as to why he made this remark he said the man was making a tirade against government, law and order, and establishing society, and he said to a policeman that he ought not to be permitted to, rehearse in town. He admitted that he had only heard against the Socialists.

DARROW LOSES HIS PATIENCE

The questions were a gross misrepresentation all the way through. In the first place Mrs. Hazlett was never arrested for disturbing the peace. No such charge was lodged against her. Knight spoke of her being indicted for it. And it is the utmost injustice to drag her name before the court in this way on a false charge, when she has no connection whatever with the case. Finally, Mr. Darrow got out of patience. He denounced the report of the interview in the Spokesman-Review as a pure fabrication, and asked that Mrs. Hazlett's name be left out of the case. The prosecution retorted that they had the proof that these things were true. Darrow threw down his gages and said:

"Present it then. You don't know what you are talking about. The woman is here and we will put her on the stand and let her testify to the absolute falsehood of these assertions."

Then the prosecution began to crawl and said they would have to have time to get their witnesses. The judge said he would not allow Mrs. Hazlett's name to be used in the questioning any more until he had looked into the matter as to whether there was any basis for its use.

Knight protested vigorously and said that Mrs. Hazlett was being used as an influence against the prosecution and was sitting within the railing as a reporter for the "Appeal to Reason."

Darrow said, "Where do you want her to sit—outside the railing?" She can sit outside if you want her to."

Knight, covered with confusion, hastened to say that he didn't want her to sit outside at all. "But Mrs. Hazlett," "You ought to be able to stand it here if she can."

The outbreak of mirth at this rally closed the discussion and Mrs. Hazlett's name was eliminated from the further questioning.

The prosecution still audaciously asked the jurors, however, if they read the "Montana News."

Protest meetings Sunday nights at Labor Temple, Sixth and University, till further notice. Always good speaking; good music; free discussion; for disturbing the peace in Spokane.

CLARENCE DARROW—CHIEF COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE.

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The writer of this story, "Bob" Barton, is well known to many Socialists in Western Washington. He is absolutely honest and reliable. His insanity is "excitability." What occasioned his last arrest was his running around the streets when Haywood's candy to everybody. He is a highly skilled iron worker and as innocent and harmless as a child. The account he gave here can be relied on. That proof.

The following is a true statement of the treatment accorded me by the attendants at the State Lunatic Asylum, at Port Stettin, Washington, during my incarceration there from August 24, 1907, to the 10th day of October, 1907.

I, Robert Barton, was arrested, as being insane, at the Harm & Brown Lumber Camp, Tenino, Washington, on the 23rd day of August, 1907, and taken to Olympia, Washington, examined there by Dr. Redpath and another physician, and was by them declared insane of mind, lodged in the Olympia city jail for two or three hours in the afternoon of the 24th of September, awaiting the arrival of Mr. Cox, the asylum officer, and was then taken to the asylum by him.

We reached the asylum about half past nine of the 24th of September and was immediately locked up in one of the asylum cells. After my arrival there, as near as I can remember, about two hours, I hollered or yelled once, whereupon the attendant came to the door and called me out into the hall. Turning to the attendant, I remarked: "I think I know you." For this remark I received three vicious kicks from the attendant. As I was going into the clothes room, he struck me and knocked me down. After arising to my feet he took me into the clothes room, striking me three or four times more.

I was then put into a straight jacket, thrown onto a bed and my arms and feet were tightly bound to the bed. As the attendant was binding my arms I told him that he was binding my arms too tight, whereupon he drew

The writer of the following, "Bob" Barton, is well known to many Socialists in Western Washington. He is absolutely honest and reliable. His only insanity is "excitability." What occasioned his last arrest was his running around the streets when Haywood's candy to everybody. He is a highly skilled iron worker and as innocent and harmless as a child. The account he gives here can be relied on. That CAPITAL IS HELL, here is another proof.

It all the lighter and I suffered terrible pain all night long. My cries for relief, from the pain I was suffering, were unheeded by the night watchman in charge. The calls of nature could not be attended to in the ordinary way as I was forced to lie in bed all night in my own excrement. Being a man of advanced years this ordeal told severely upon me, as I am considerably affected with kidney trouble. The attendant's name in ward number nine that treated me in this inhuman manner is Mr. Higley.

In the morning when the supervisor came through he covered me with a blanket, which had slipped off the bed during the night, caused by my struggles to get into a position that would partially relieve the terrible pain I was suffering from the straps that bound my arms to the bed. The attendant then appeared and unbound my arms and feet, relieving me from the terrible pain and torture I had been under all night long. I was then taken into the bath room by the attendant, who cursed me vilely. After donning my clothes I went out into the hallway where the patients were allowed to assemble. About ten thirty the asylum physicians, Drs. Dowdy and Snooks, came through examining the patients and I told him of the terrible treatment I had received at the hands of Mr. Higley, the attendant.

A general conversation regarding my condition, etc., ensued. I was then taken up to ward number eight. While eating dinner on ward number eight I asked one of the patients to pass me the salt. For this request I received three vicious blows from the fist of the warden upon the side of the head.

Next morning when Dr. Snooks came through I informed him of this attendant's brutal assault upon me the day previous at the dinner table and the doctor remarked: "Don't get excited. Do you again want to be placed in the position you were last night?" I said "No." The doctor then left the ward without any further comment. A few moments later I was called to the clothes room and asked by the attendant, Mr. McCormack, the attendant who assaulted me the day before at the table, "What did you tell the doctor I hit you for?" I replied, "You did hit me." As I made this remark he sprang at me and hit me a terrible blow with his fist, following it up with three or four more vicious blows with his fist upon the side of my head, which caused my ear and the whole side of my head to become black and blue. The blows hurt me terribly. So severe were they that I have not to this day recovered from them, as the soreness in my neck and face is still present.

After striking me he tripped me and threw me down, kicking me in the

and stomach with the heel of his shoe, saying: "If you tell the doctor again you will get worse than that." I was then put into the straight jacket and placed in a dark room and kept there for three hours, when I was released by the head warden and allowed to go into the hall again.

For the next week I was forced to sleep in the dark room upon a straw tick on the fifth floor, where the foul odors were so strong that it made it almost impossible to breathe. I was then transferred to a room on the main hall, which was better than the room I had just left.

After being in this ward for two or three weeks I was transferred to a room on the main hall, number seven, where I remained until I was released on parole. The treatment I was accorded in this hall was con-

siderably better than I had received at any time previous, as no real violence was offered me. But I saw brutality practiced upon several other patients fully as bad as any treatment I had received, there.

If necessary, I can enumerate any number of cases where Attendants Higley and McCormack and the warden on ward seventeen practiced violence on the patients without the least provocation.

I think that this case deserves investigation by those whose duty it is, to see that such inhuman treatment of the inmates of this institution should be abolished. Furthermore, I can positively prove by a number of eye witnesses of the condition I was in.

(Signed) ROBERT BARTON,
1410 Tacoma Avenue, Tacoma, Wash.
Seattle, Wash., October 25, 1907.

SHALL THE SOCIALIST PARTY OWN ITS OWN PRESS

Surely, as soon as we have a Socialist Party.

But haven't we?
Ah, "there's the rub." Let us see. In the "Seattle Socialist" of Oct. 12, 1907, under the caption, "Action of the National Committee, March 2nd, 1907," in the fourth paragraph occurs the following: "The decision follows the precedents established by the National Executive Committee in the cases of Nebraska, 1904, Kansas, Illinois, Idaho, New York, Utah and Minnesota. Such decision in effect ever recognizes the claim of the incumbent regardless. It has been held that an investigation could proceed only upon the request from both parties to the controversy." (The black is mine.)

In this plain language defends the wrongdoer, as he can always prevent an investigation into the merits of the case no matter how flagrant a violation of socialist principles is defied by the national constitution of the Socialist Party, it may be. The existing officials will always be recognized as being in the right even to the extent of destroying the party through fusion tactics. This is De Leonism and Rooseveltian fustian and combined double strength, the very essence of capitalism, the very antipodes of Socialism.

The Constitution of the Socialist Party forbids fusion in any form and to make it doubly sure Comrade Lamb, of Michigan, asked these questions of the N. E. C. that exactly covered the Minnesota case.

One person in Minnesota holding office outside of the gift of the party wanted the position of National Committee member. Another was holding the office of justice of the peace outside the gift of the Socialist Party and still another had advocated the election of a Republican judge in paper and was elected, while a member of the Socialist Party, to the office of alderman on a so-called Independent ticket.

In all three cases the N. E. C. decided it was fusion and against the principles of the Socialist Party. Yet, in spite of these facts and their own decision, the officials of Minnesota were upheld in favoring fusion and Local Minneapolis turned out for opposing it and upholding the N. E. C.

Can such inconsistency be entrusted with the Socialist press?

Again, "The Worker," of Saturday, Oct. 5, 1907, in the matter of the Rev. Carl D. Thompson, says, quoting the Rev. Carl D.:

"That J. P. Roe and certain other individuals associated with him are not even members of the Socialist Party, having been expelled by Local Omaha and that therefore their subsequent action in revoking the charter of Local Omaha had no force and that therefore it was the regular Socialist Party Organization for which I spoke 'to Omaha.'"

Compare this statement of the Rev. Carl D. Thompson with his acts in the Minnesota case.

July 10, 1905, Local Minneapolis expelled Holman, National Committee member and member of the State Executive Committee, and J. E. Nash, State Secretary of Minnesota, "for using their official positions to misrepresent, falsify and slander Local Minneapolis."

July 12, Rev. Carl D. Thompson sent a printed copy, entitled, "An Open Letter to G. Downing By the State Organizer, Carl D. Thompson" (Carl at this time was a member in Wisconsin and interfering with the Shilohite of that state, "State Autonomy") to every person that could be thought of that favored fusion. This letter was a string of falsehoods against a single individual in order to cover the tracks of fusion and covered three pages and a quarter of closely printed matter.

July 13, three days after Holman and Nash were expelled, Nash called a meeting of the state executive committee with Rev. Carl D. Thompson present as coach and expelled Local Minneapolis (this is just the opposite

of his stand now in the Nebraska case).

July 11, Rev. Carl D. Thompson, then a member of Wisconsin, proceeded to reorganize Local Minneapolis with only twenty-two members present out of a membership of the expelled local of between 200 and 300 under the direction of the two expelled members, Nash and Holman. No one was admitted except by invitation card and after signing application for admission as a member of the reorganized Local Holman, in the capacity of National Committee member, although an expelled member of the Party, used to stir Local Minneapolis was reorganized with fifty-two charter members.

Is this what a press owned by the Party is for, to lie and uphold dishonest officers?

Overtures were made by some of the comrades to the expelled members for an investigation. This was agreed to and as a basis of investigation three documents were offered that had been sent out by Nash and four other members of the State Executive, purporting to be sent out from the committee. One of these had 15 misstatements on one page and I reply that such attitude of some of the industrial party-owned papers, notably the "Appeal." The getting of subs. is with this paper, the essential thing. As auxiliaries come into view red-headed girls with freckles, bull dogs, thermometers, scrolls of fustian, gaudy watch charms and other rubbish. These are objective facts—no deceptions here.

I want to begin where Comrade Moore left off, with the good of the party.

It is generally conceded, I think, that clear, drastic expression is essential to progress. The experience of the race proves that we cannot get a clear, definite expression of the hopes, desires, aspirations and judgments of our class by using the stentorian method in the hands of irresponsible private publishers.

But it will be said that all attempts to do this are premature.

(Continued on page 4.)

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ADAMS TRIAL

(Continued from Page 1.)
The speaker for five minutes and then got on his wheel and rode away. And yet this is the sort of an ignorant contest between capital and labor is at stake, whether that would distract the mind from the real issues and crimes at stake. To a socialist this situation is a mockery, as it is smothering the great crime of outrageous subordination and injustice to the working class under the superficial perversion that society is necessary results of such an abnormal system and which the ruling class label crimes because they are a menace to their administration of the social structure. Hence any differences that may arise on the economic plane of a class nature must be minimized while the petty disturbances are shored to the front.

CLASS WAR RECOGNIZED

One question that Knight is steadily asking of each juror is that if it should develop in the course of the trial that a contest between capital and labor is at stake, whether that would distract the mind from the real issues and crimes at stake. To a socialist this situation is a mockery, as it is smothering the great crime of outrageous subordination and injustice to the working class under the superficial perversion that society is necessary results of such an abnormal system and which the ruling class label crimes because they are a menace to their administration of the social structure. Hence any differences that may arise on the economic plane of a class nature must be minimized while the petty disturbances are shored to the front.

Jury Duty was excused on a peremptory challenge by the defense.

Ascor Baker, a harness maker from Radrum, is a Socialist, drawn-on the venire. All his answers showed that he was perfectly fair, with no prejudices, and only wanted justice done. But the prosecution do not want any Socialists on that jury, and when they could not get anything adverse against him, even by bringing in a government official, one of the men working for the prosecution against him, they dismissed him as a peremptory.

The formation of the jury is going much more slowly than was anticipated here.

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SATURDAY SPEECH FIGHT

SIXTY-FIVE HOURS IN THE REFRIGERATOR CELL OF CITY JAIL

By Emil Herman

Oct. 30, 1907.—Tonight I, with other Socialists, went to the extreme southwest corner of Pike Place with the intention of addressing a group of working people on the subject of Socialism.

At about 7:50 I mounted the box and began by requesting the people present to step off the sidewalk, come in close and be very careful not to obstruct anybody's passage. Then I invited them to attend the meeting which was to be held in the Labor Temple the following Sunday evening.

At this juncture I received an invitation to take an auto ride to the city jail, by one of the thunderbolts of capitalism, with the assurance that I would be treated to a night's lodging at the expense of the city. I accepted the invitation, not because I wanted to, but because I had to. I'll say this much for the cop, however, he handled me real pretty.

He didn't seem to appreciate his job.

When we arrived at the patrol box I took a notion to have a smoke, but found that I had no matches, so I lit the policeman's cigarette. He drove over to the stand on the corner and got a light.

He did not consent to this, but was kind enough to give me a match.

In about two minutes the patrol car came along and I was gently and quietly ushered to the inside and taken to Hotel Wapensteen.

Here I was searched and registered, after which I was turned over to the tender mercies of the jailer, who conducted me to the refrigerator cell, where there were all kinds of fresh air and plenty of filth.

I had been in about 20 minutes when Comrades Thos. Sladden and H. M. Wells were ushered in. I was pleased at this, for misery loves company.

However, none of us are blue. While I am writing this—never mind where I got pencil and ink, I've got them, even if I had searched and relieved everything in the cell. Sladden and Wells are quietly talking to each other.

The cell we are in consists of three departments. It is 15 feet high. It is a steel cage and a damned bump place to be in, but not near so lousy, dirty and ill ventilated as many of the bunk houses I have been in and in which thousands of working men are in this very minute.

It is distinguished from the cells I was in last year—for the same reason—by being supplied with bunks, not hard, sheet iron bunks, upon which we will take a sleep after a while if we don't freeze too much, for be it remembered we are not supplied with any bedding.

This is the morning of the 31st, a holiday. We've just had our breakfast, consisting of a half loaf of German bread and a cup of stuf called coffee.

There is another chap here besides us. He is being held on a charge of larceny, has been here for five days without hearing. A cop was down to see him yesterday and threatened to mail him out of him if he didn't confess.

It was very cold in here last night, so cold that we couldn't sleep very well.

Otherwise we are feeling well and are in good spirits.

It is about noon, the jailer has taken our cellmate upstairs, not to try him, for this is Halloween, and the court has taken a lay off tomorrow. I think they have taken him up to put him through a sweating process. He is being held on suspicion of having done a Sweden for \$35.

He has just been brought back; he wasn't sweating much, but his picture was taken. They have taken him up again, also another lad, from a different cell, who was arrested with him.

Both have just been returned to their respective cells.

He is gone again, perhaps for good. Just learned that he is charged with highway robbery and will probably get five or ten years, and thus will capitalist society once more be protected from one of its own victims.

Bad as this man may appear to you, reader, he is not near so bad as the corporation owned judges, the shyster lawyers, the petty politicians and the selfishness sky pilots who surround, persecute and condemn him. For in spite of what capitalism has made of him and in spite of the fact that he is very hungry, he offered to divide two sandwiches which came into his possession—just before he was taken away—with Sladden, Wells and myself, and you know as well as I do that none of the aforesaid gang would do as much.

Tonight for supper we had some "mulligan," made up of beef, potatoes

and beans, a bunk of bread and a cup of something, over which we had a dispute as to whether it was tea or coffee. By a vote of 2 to 1 it was finally decided that it should be known as tea.

About 8:00 p. m. I am awakened from a peaceful slumber by the melodious voices of Comrades James Lund and Robert Anderson, who have just arrived for being foolish enough to question Wappy's right to violate the state and national constitution. Lund is still with us, but it's a cinch he will stay till morning.

Anderson, who is arrested for refusing to moderate his voice while selling "The Socialist," has just been released on bail.

Tonight they brought in a fellow who has the "jim-jams," let him howl for a couple of hours and then took him to the black hole. That's the way they treat 'em in Seattle. In a few minutes communication they are taken to a hospital.

It's about 9:00 a. m., November 1st. Sladden and Wells have been taken upstairs. I am left behind. The reason for this I do not know.

It's a few hours later and Sladden and Wells are back. They were not tried, but were bound over—to suit the convenience of the court—to appear in court, which they refused to pay.

Lund and I were taken into court this evening. After about three hours, when the rest of the docket was cleared, the brother who's the thing of us all, the prosecuting attorney—said in an undertone, "Attorney Brown is not here to defend the Socialist cause."

'THE SEATTLE SPIRIT'

By Tom Sladden

After about two hours in the fine city of Seattle I have come to a full realization of what is meant by the Seattle spirit. It is, properly speaking, nothing but the Capitalist Spirit or Spirit of Commercialism in an aggravated form.

Yet I do not wish to cast any imputations against the city of Seattle as a city. Between this city and any other city in the land of equal size, possibly for development and ambition the Seattle spirit is stronger. It has the all other cities of a metropolitan character, a number of streets and public places which are, relatively speaking, the equals of any in the land.

It has, like all other corporations in which the commercial spirit has largely entered, held holes, on the sunlight of investigation and honest criticism must long shine change the Spirit of Seattle from too much Commercialism and too little Humanity to a better and greater Seattle.

I have traveled from Hell to Gato and Golden Gate and from Mexico to Canada and nowhere on the American continent or off it have I yet seen a city which would endure for one day festering garbage of the city, the garbage of the city, the garbage of the health of the community which is in practice here in the method of disposing of the garbage of the city.

Here, while a Health Board is making strenuous efforts to kill off a few rats and are carrying conservation into the ranks of a few squatters in cabins on the Sound the rotten and festering garbage of the city is gathered in refuse and rot from Chinatown and the commission houses is taken within a few minutes' walk of the heart of the city and is thrown to be carried away by a rising tide.

Boxes, barrels, filth of all description, floats are filled by the city without a ripple of excitement.

I do not wonder that the United States sanitary inspector made the statement that "the conditions in Seattle are such that the city is a danger to Manila during the outbreak of the bubonic plague in that city."

Another matter is the jail in this city. The city of Seattle has the honor of being the only city in the United States in which the hospitality of its jail now on several occasions and as I expect to further encroach on its generosity in that direction I feel that it would not be doing entire justice to the administration were I to fail to tell about the conditions there as truthfully as I can.

I do not wish to stretch this at all—the best that can be said is bad enough.

The chief of police says a jail is a bad place and people should get out. That is in plain English a lie, with special emphasis on the lie.

A jail is simply a place of detention for innocent people.

A Few Fighters Just Out of Jail



Reading from left to right H. M. Wells, Emil Herman, James Lund and Thos. A. Sladden.

I sprang to my feet and declared I was prepared to try my own case. After disposing of one or two left over, De Bruiler said, "That's all." I again sprang to my feet and Judge Gordon, seeing me, said, "There is Herman."

I was allowed to plead before it was known that the officer who arrested me was not in court. When this became known, although I was prepared for trial and had my witnesses in court, the judge bound me over to an indefinite date.

Lund was also bound over, but not given a chance to plead.

Just passed through another night of shivering in the refrigerator. This is Saturday morning. The chain gang is just preparing to go out. One of the new recruits balked and was taken to the dungeon. This is an evidence of remarkable courage on his part, especially if he has no friends on the outside.

At 1:30 p. m. we were bailed out by the comrades on the outside. The fight has just commenced. It will be a long, hard struggle. Many of us will yet have to go to jail. Some may have to go on the chain gang—but we will win.

EMIL HERMAN.

duty—no more, no less. You could see beneath the icy reserve of disciplined men the humanity that could not be hidden. The disgraceful orders which they must obey are distasteful. But they have homes and wives and babies and the welfare of wives and babies depend upon their silence. They can not clean the jail; they cannot make it sanitary. Nothing short of an earthquake will do these things.

The Seattle Spirit of Commercialism demands low taxes, and Seattle, the Whore of Babylon, will continue to cover her neck and disease with power.

utilized all the civilized countries on the globe; those same Socialists who have exposed "The Round Table" funds and thereby have crushed the entire high titled band of scoundrels in Germany, those same Socialists who have caused France to separate the church from the state and to harness that monstrous militarism into submission to the will of the people; those same Socialists who have crushed the backbone of Caesarism and anarchy and are now only waiting for a signal moment to brush away that political, primitive junk into the junk pile of history; those same Socialists who are holding the balance of power in England; those same Socialists who have exposed the criminal activity of the Pinkertons in this country and have caused the federal administration to investigate the crimes of every American citizen by the constitutions of this state and nation and even by the city charter.

Our guardians of "law and order" are therefore trying to imitate the tactics of the Russian "Black Hundred" and warn the populace that the Socialist street meetings are likely to create riot and if that happens and blood is shed the police is sure to come out without a scratch.

Yet in the face of these monstrousities, in the face of this narrow-mindedness, this cowardice and this injustice the people of Seattle are still in the face of the cowardice and from the injustice it is inoculated with.

Just now Seattle is informing the world that it has a city jail that for its filth, its mismanagement and disease breeding conditions has not its equal anywhere on the globe.

That this jail, after it has been extravagantly distributing disease and death, has been condemned by a qualified board of health as absolutely unfit for human habitation, and that irrespective of what the city administration is content to fill this pest house with human beings and that, too, at a time when the spread of bubonic plague is threatening in the city and throughout the world.

In order to appear pious and sentimental, the puppet mountebanks and the ward clerks have united to launch "Orthodoxy" and to abbreviate the onrush of modernity. As a consequence during the evenings and Sundays the principal streets and thoroughfares take on the appearance of a county fair, displaying all kinds of Halle-lu-lu merchandise and of Satan's novelties. Every street corner is obstructed by people who are compelled to listen to the noise of drums and tambourines and to the disgusting Salvation Army music, to the shoutings of superstitious cranks, to the prophecies of hell explorers and to the demonstrations of quasi-exorcistors in the arts of crime and vice.

To appear conservative and sound "Free Speech" of the progressive and educating category is absolutely forbidden anywhere, under the subterfuge of obstructing the streets, even unobstructible streets. Socialists, free thoughters and others not belonging to the sky-gazers brigade are unceremoniously arrested at the moment they make an attempt to speak.

Aware of the horrors and dangers awaiting them if incarcerated in that primitive torture den called "city jail" all the other expounders of right and ideas have submitted to the "wise and fearless" ruling of the Seattle "progressive" administration.

But the Socialists, those fanatical dreamers, whose activities have revo-

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ANOTHER CROWD. Last night (Tuesday) I started in to try to talk as usual. Made an announcement that we were going to hold a religious instead of a Socialist meeting. The policeman came over, asked me to move on. I asked him where he was not prepared for that development of the case, scratched his head and asked his superior officer for instructions. They told me, "Leave Yesterday Night." I stepped off the box and asked committee for instructions. The instructions were to go on speaking. I was escorted to the patrol box for another automobile.

After fourteen hours in cold storage, I and James Lund, who had been arrested just before me, were brought up for trial. James Lund pleaded not guilty. Said he had nothing to say. I was called next. The officer testified and told the truth. Said there was about 40 people present. The city was crowded to quarters. He said how many were there. I stated that there were 26 men, 1 woman and four policemen.

He made no more questions and no more trial. No verdict was given.

Lund and myself sat there for two hours. All had gone but a court officer, the judge, the clerk and the two criminals. The court officer came over and asked Lund what we were waiting for. We said, "for sentence."

The judge spoke up and asked us if we would come back any time we were called for. We answered in the affirmative and were allowed to sign each other's bonds and depart to be able to get another ride tonight.

While in jail we learned that in cell No. 2 three pieces of bread and cups of coffee were served this morning. The cell is 15x18x8, which would allow exactly 8 cubic feet of space for each occupant.

This is Seattle, a Christian City, in this year of civilization, 1907.

The Typographical and Riggers and Stevedores Unions have both adopted resolutions concerning the City Administration for arresting Socialists for street speaking. They will appear in full next week.

Wanted: A young woman to teach two children 7 and 8 years old, in West Seattle, two or three hours daily. Must be a radical thinker. Socialists preferred. Phone 124-2555 or address Dr. L. O. Fiet, American Bank Bldg., Seattle, Wn.

STIFFENED BY IGNORANCE



Attitude of Some Seattle Unions on the Free Speech Fight