

IF THE NUMBER ON YOUR LABEL IS 96 YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES TWO WEEKS FROM THIS ISSUE. KINDLY RENEW AT ONCE.

A system that says to labor: "You shall take what I offer you without a word of remonstrance, without any conference as to its justice; you shall take it or you shall move your family two hundred miles before you earn a dollar," is as real a system of slavery as anything that was ever endured in the north or any of the southern states, for the man is utterly unable to resist his circumstance.—Wendell Phillips.

The Commonwealth

A SOCIALIST WEEKLY

WE CANNOT TRAFFIC IN OUR PRINCIPLES, WE CAN MAKE NO COMPROMISE, NO AGREEMENT WITH THE RULING SYSTEM. WE MUST BREAK WITH THE RULING SYSTEM AND FIGHT IT TO A FINISH.—LIEBKNECHT, "NO COMPROMISE."

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EVERETT, WASHINGTON, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1912.

NO. 94.

Fred D. Warren, the Fighting Editor of the Appeal To Reason, Speaks to a Capacity Audience in the Everett Coliseum. Extreme Enthusiasm is Aroused and a Spirit of Increasing Endeavor During Remaining Days of the Campaign, will Result from His Stirring Appeal.

These Are His Words:

(Transcript by Mrs. Bruce Rogers.) Comrades, I want to say that this gathering is at once an inspiration and a disappointment: an inspiration because of the large number of red buttons and badges that I see, a disappointment because we haven't more democrats and republicans in the audience of which we can make socialists.

Recall of Judicial Decisions. I want to say at the beginning of this afternoon that it is always with some degree of fear and trembling that I appear before a gathering of this kind because I have a very distinct recollection of going to make a speech some time ago in Kansas, and after I had finished my remarks the audience gave me six months in jail. However, as some of you will remember that decision was recalled; a comrade at one of my meetings in Montana ventured the opinion that from this incident the most recent example of the recall of judicial decisions, that Mr. Roosevelt got his inspiration for his campaign slogan of 1912. It is interesting to note that the first republican president of the United States recalled for the first time a judicial decision. When Abraham Lincoln signed the emancipation proclamation he recalled the Dred Scott decision. And in this connection it is interesting to note that Mr. Taft, the last republican president, exercised this privilege.

Taft and Roosevelt. I must congratulate the citizens of this town upon the fact that you have within your borders the bravest man that I have met in all my travels through twelve states. This man was wearing a Taft button on the public street. Perhaps some of you know him. I hope he is here this afternoon. Isn't it rather strange that just on the eve of this campaign or rather this election that so few men can be found in our midst with the courage to announce that they are going to vote for Mr. Taft? You remember four years ago how the republicans paraded up and down this country from end to end and told us that Mr. Taft, the man who was appointed president of the United States by Theodore Roosevelt, was the only man in his broad land who could carry out the Roosevelt policies and if we are to believe Mr. Roosevelt today Mr. Taft didn't carry those policies out, but it happened to be in the back yard and there they buried. So far as I am concerned I hope they will never be resurrected. You republicans remember that Mr. Roosevelt told you to vote for Mr. Taft, didn't he, four years ago, and you remember that we told you not to vote for Mr. Taft? You republicans, many of you are willing to admit that we were right then. If Mr. Roosevelt was wrong four years ago in his advice as to whom you should vote for as president, isn't it quite likely that he is wrong again this year? Now why is it that so few men out of all of this grand aggregation of republicans, after fifty years of uninterrupted political power, how does it come that there are so few today that are willing to stand up and be counted? There must be something wrong. There every man who wears a red button on his coat, every woman who wears a red badge on her breast, knows that there is something wrong. And it is our business to convince the balance of you that don't know that there is something wrong, that there is something rotten in the United States.

Let Others Denounce. I am not going to waste any of my time denouncing the republican party this afternoon. I leave that job for Mr. Roosevelt and then we will allow Mr. Follette to take care of Mr. Roosevelt. In other words there are the three wings of the republican party and before they finish the job let us hope that they will know the truth of the inside politics of that capitalistic aggregation. The republican party has been in power for fifty years, arrogant, chesty, riding rough-shod over the balance of us, following and yet they come down to you in this campaign of 1912 afraid to get up on the platform and give the reason for their faith.

A Rally at Pasco. I was here at Pasco they advertised a republican rally the evening I was there. Not a single person was present. The speaker, our candidates, the postmaster and two

voters. The next morning I understand they were talking about having me arrested for breaking up the rally. Yet, notwithstanding the disrepute in which the republican party finds itself today, it is my honest judgment this afternoon that Mr. Taft will be re-elected president of the United States. Why don't some of you republicans cheer that statement? Had I made that statement four years ago you republicans would have whooped it up and perhaps run me out of the house in your enthusiasm. But you don't like the idea.

The Next Two Years. If by some political miracle Mr. Wilson should be elected in less than two years from today you democrats will be in exactly the same boat with the standpat republicans. And if perchance Mr. Roosevelt should be elected president of the United States, in less than two years you men and women who vote for him will be looking for a place to hide your shame and misery. Mr. Roosevelt is an anesthetic, Mr. Wilson is a porous plaster and Mr. Taft a political joke. You may take your choice and then you will be looking for somebody to yank it off, my brother.

An Old Decrepid Nag. For the good of the republicans and democrats I sometimes illustrate the situation: We have an old nag, decrepid, poor, almost ready to lie down and die. The nag happens to be you; do you recognize the picture, you republicans and democrats, and unfortunately there are a few socialists, and on top of this nag is a well fed three-hundred pound gentleman. He feels the trembling of the beast, so he concludes he will have to call in a veterinary surgeon. He sees the sign of the teeth over here and he says, "I will call on Dr. Roosevelt." Dr. Roosevelt goes out and looks over the nag, examines him and concludes the matter is that the nag needs a new saddle blanket. That is entirely too revolutionary and expensive for the man who is riding so he concludes he will consult Dr. Wilson. Dr. Wilson goes and after making his examination says: "All you need to do is to change the saddle blanket end for end." And last comes out ponderous Taft. He disagrees with Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Wilson because either one of these remedies would necessitate removing the saddle and the beast of burden might lose his job. So he suggests that we give the saddle a new cinch, fasten it down tighter on the beast, by the injunction process if nothing else will do. There you have the three parties, you can take your choice. The socialist, what would he do? Why, he would gently invite the three-hundred pound man to get off of the back of this beast and then he would take the horse over and give him a square meal.

A Boytown Railroad. When I was quite a boy I received my first lesson in economics. As you know, most boys are imitators of the older folks; they are always creating something and that is the natural inclination of the normal boy. So I concluded I would go into business and I looked around for a nice soft business. We always want the soft jobs and let the other fellow do the hard work. I concluded I would become a railroad magnate. In the back yard I accumulated lots of planks, boards, wheels and things of that sort, and presently I had my track properly laid in place. I built my car, put the car on the track and then I invited the boys to come in and look over the proposition. They wanted a ride. I had anticipated that and I explained to them that before they could they would have to buy a ticket. They wanted to know what tickets would cost and I said, "What have you got?" Presently I was in possession of all the wealth of Boytown. They bought tickets from me and rode on my railroad. And after I had accumulated it all of course there was a stagnation in business, there was an industrial crisis, and yet I discovered that I was all right. I had plenty and I couldn't understand why the rest of the boys were complaining of hard times. In my capitalistic wisdom, imitating Mr. Morgan, I concluded I would have to do something. So I announced that I would build a new depot and the boys performed all the work and I paid them out of the same collateral that they had turned over to me to ride. So of course for a

little while business was stimulated and back came the same old Boytown dollars and finally there was another crisis. Then I had the boys paint the backyard fence, split all the wood for the winter, clean up the yard and after I had had them do all of this work why, of course, they spent their money with me because there was no place else to spend it. About the third or fourth time, however, they began to mutter among themselves. Of course there is always an agitator, there has always been agitators and thank God there always will be agitators. So the boys had a meeting and they decided that something must be done. You know what they decided to do? They decided to build a railroad of their own. My chief lieutenant was on the job, Skinny Jones was there, and he explained to them that it could not be done; it would unsettle business conditions to do anything like that, it would undermine the very foundations of society. Nevertheless, the boys were determined and pretty soon their road was running. I had not a passenger. I went over to see it and saw that the boys were having a great deal of fun and I concluded I would take a ride on this new enterprise. I got on and tendered some of the collateral that was good on my railroad. The conductor informed me, the plutocrat of Boytown, that my money was no good. I said, "How am I to do something that is good?" and he told me that I would have to get off and push; and then I made the discovery that one push on the new Boytown railroad entitled me to four rides, while on my railroad it required four pushes to get one ride.

The Real Capitalists. I might talk to you republicans and democrats for the next twenty-four hours and I don't believe that I could make it any plainer to you how this system of exploitation operates. In other words, our condition as men and women who work, is due to the fact that the machinery of production is owned by a small group of individuals. This group of individuals we designate the capitalist class in the United States, and do you know how many we have? Real capitalists? In New York they get out a book called the "Financial Red Book." I am wondering how many of you know how many real capitalists there are? Eighteen thousand names, or all that you can find within the covers of this book and those eighteen thousand names represent the financial power of this country. You take a list of the directors of any corporation in the United States and with few exceptions you will find on those lists of directors the names of men who are listed in this Red Book. And these men in order to preserve their position and protect their property find it necessary to control the president and congress, governors, state legislatures and the courts. Some time some of you people who read the Appeal to Reason wonder how it is possible that we get so many inside facts on the operation of this system. I am going to let you into the secret this afternoon. Here is a telegram sent by one of the largest steamship companies operating on the east coast. I want to read this telegram to you men and women this afternoon to show you how important the capitalist considers political power. A strike is threatened among the sailors and so this officer sends a message to all the agents of that corporation up and down the coast, and this is what the man instructs the agents of that corporation to do:

A Political Telegram. "New York City, June 28, 1912.—Strike of firemen, coal passers and sailors undoubtedly will be called out of ports tomorrow. Steamship companies not informed as to methods unions will employ and do not know whether strike will be called out on all lines or not. Our company likely to be among the first, therefore it is necessary that we prepare for protection at all ports. Secure co-operation of the city authorities, especially the police, inducing them if possible, if attempt is made by crews to quit vessels at southern points to have them arrested as vagrants and placed aboard ship."

In Socialist Cities. Suppose those policemen for those ports wore the red button, do you think they could play a game like that on the striking sailors? The socialists have controlled politically a number of cities in this country, and do you know that during their entire administration no striking man or woman has ever had

a head crushed in by a policeman's club? It is a matter of record that only democratic and republican mayors order the police to fire upon striking men and women. How, then, can any man, true to himself and to his family who works for a living, how can that man vote for any man running on the republican or democratic ticket? I am putting these questions plain to you, republicans and democrats. I hope there are a good many here, my message is to you.

Who Has the Vacations? As I said a little while ago our condition is due to the fact that this small group of capitalists control the machinery of production and the sources from which the raw material comes. Last year you men and women who work produced thirty billion dollars in wealth, consumable wealth. Now figures as a rule are not very interesting unless they happen to have a dollar mark in front of them and the dollars belong to you. This thirty billion dollars in consumable wealth, representing the lives of the men and women of this country, belongs to you. Why don't you enjoy it? Everybody else is enjoying the good things and the socialist party comes to you and says to you that you too should have some of the pleasures of this life. If I should ask those of you who went on a vacation last summer to hold up your hands in this large audience how many would go up? Let us see how many of you women had a vacation from the toil and grind of your lives last summer. (Not any.) The women who took vacations—perhaps they haven't got back yet. Some comrade suggests "How many of you didn't go?" (Lots of hands.) Why do you know that even the capitalist employer, the owner of the machines, recognizes that his machine must have some rest. Isn't that right, you mechanics? It is only the human machine who gets no vacation under this arrangement. The horse and the mule, they get a rest from labor. It is only the tired men and women who must toil without ceasing. Now we are going to stop that. That is the historic mission of this movement. How are we going to do it? Well, if our condition is due to the fact that the machinery needed to produce this wealth is owned by these few capitalists, privately owned, then we must change the ownership of that machine. There is only one other form of ownership and that is collective ownership, ownership by the entire people. Naturally you inquire how are you going to make a change from private ownership to collective ownership? I will tell you in one word—confiscation.

Direct Action. An eminent Catholic father in New York City, in his attack upon this movement, said that if a man was hungry and could not get work that he had a right to take what he needed. I agree with the father's statement, but let us look and see what would happen to an individual who followed the father's advice. He would be arrested and thrown into jail and the church would condemn him to hell. But suppose in our collective capacity we took what we want, who is there to throw us into jail? Yes, I am a direct actionist, but before making a move of that kind I think it would be wise for us to pin a red button on every policeman's coat and take those black covens off the judges and give them crimson robes.

Political Power First. Political government as we know it today is class government, and with the disappearance of classes the political state as we know it today will disappear. As a matter of fact, friends, we have an industrial government today. These politicians that parade up and down the country every four years are mere puppets doing the bidding of their masters. We want to change that industrial government by taking it out of the hands of the capitalist class and putting it in the hands of the working class. So I say in order to save our heads let us first use the political power in our hands.

The proportion of disfranchised workers is increasing, and that unless you persuade your neighbor to join you in this movement it will be too late to peacefully take charge of this government. That is why I am here this afternoon trying to say something if I can that will not only comfort the non-socialists but will stir you who wear the red button to greater endeavors.

The Work Before Us. Let us remember that there are something like twenty-five million voters in the United States today. We can count safely upon a million class conscious votes in the United States now, but we need nearly ten million more. How does it happen that there are a million socialist voters in the United States today? You helped me make them and you know. Formerly you were democrats and republicans with few exceptions; you came from the old parties and you came because you opened your eyes to this philosophy; because you read the papers placed in your hands; because you listened to the despised agitator on the corner, the pioneer that carried on this work in spite of the jeers and sneers of the passing crowd. Now we are beginning to reap some of the fruits of our work, but we have a great deal of work to do yet, haven't we, comrades?

The Breaking of the System. Now then we get down to the present time and we begin to understand why the old party politicians are so uncertain as to the outcome of this election. You know that within twenty years have the politicians been so undecided as to who would be the next president. When McKinley was nominated, backed by a campaign fund of sixteen million dollars, there was no question as to who would be elected; and when he ran again with a campaign fund of eight million dollars, backed by Mark Hanna, there was no question in the minds of the politicians as to who would be elected. It was only the people who shouted for free silver and Billy Bryan who thought something would change. So when Roosevelt and Taft were nominated; but there has been something come over the people in these four years, induced by the wide distribution of socialist literature; and then there is something else, and that is the breaking down of the capitalist system. The capitalist system contains within itself the seeds of dissolution. When it has played its part as feudalism played its part we will step over into the promised land. We can't retard the development of capitalism nor can we hold back this socialist movement, but we can help it. If we march shoulder to shoulder with our comrades, forgetting our trivial differences, relegating our ambitions to the rear, we can surely hasten the day of working class emancipation.

Capitalist "Dividing Up." Now listen: Let us go back to our thirty billion dollars of wealth, the product of fifteen million working men's families. Along comes a smug capitalist, one of those fellows whose names is in the Financial Red Book, and he divides that wealth into two parts and he says one part belongs to me and you may have the other part and he is very careful when he makes the division. On your side is contained all the cheap calico and shoddy clothing and poor food, that is your part for your work; and on his side he has all the fine automobiles, private yachts, silks and satins, the best food in the land. Do you know that this system would go on without any ending if it were possible for the capitalist class to consume all their part of the wealth? You consume yours just like the horse does.

The Workers Get No Wealth. Sometimes the question comes up, how much of the wealth produced by the working class does the working class get? Some say 75 per cent, some say 50 per cent, and some say 25 per cent, but I am here to tell you that the working class gets no part of the wealth which it creates. Why, the farmer does not consider the oats and the corn that he gives to his horse as part of the wealth produced on the farm, does he? Do you get that? No, he gives the horse the oats in order to put him in condition for his work tomorrow and that is why the capitalist very kindly permits you to eat the poor food and wear the shoddy clothes. Now then I say that this system could go on and on without any interruption if it were possible for the capitalist to consume the part which they take as their tool but they can't do it, they can't waste it. Therefore, they have to send it abroad to sell it in a

foreign market and if the heathen doesn't buy readily enough he comes and takes your boys and puts your boys on the battleships and sends the battleships into the foreign markets to shoot the heathens' throats. And that part of it that he can't dispose of he reinvests in new industries and you are required next year to yield a greater profit for your capitalist master in order to pay dividends to this increased capital than you did last year. Do you get that? Just like a mighty snowball, increasing with every revolution of the industrial wheel, and do you know that the machinery of production is now practically perfect?

The Farm Factory. If all the wheels of industry in the United States were operated to their full capacity we would produce in one year as much wealth as the nation could consume in three, and so the capitalist, wise man that he is, who produces only as much as the market will consume, is looking for new places of investment and so he is coming out here to the prairies of the west and to your rich and fertile valleys and he is buying land from the pioneer farmer. The farm factory will succeed the little independent factory just so surely as the shoe factory took the place of the cobbler and the wagon factory took the place of the wagon maker who used to perform such an important part in the good old days of the past. Mr. Barber, and every time you strike a match you contribute to his wealth—I am speaking of Mr. Barber, the millionaire match manufacturer, and he is buying land—and in a newspaper interview recently he said his purpose was to demonstrate to his capitalist brothers that they could make as much money out of the farm factory as they could in any other form of industry. The little farmer, wherever you go, feels the pinch. Perhaps I can say nothing more encouraging to you than to tell you that in Oklahoma the farmers there are marching under the same red banner to the same working class tune that you men and women are marching to here. And they say "It isn't reforms that we want. We care nothing for the reform programs, but what we want is a revolution in this country; and it was the same story in Kansas and South Dakota. Wherever you go you will find the farmer, the tenant-farmer, and he is in the majority, understands this game of exploitation. That is why Mr. Taft is putting out his soft soap about loaning the farmers money. It just happens that the majority of farmers have no property on which they can borrow money today.

land. Perhaps they traveled out west; they have read the glowing announcements of the railroads and of the wonderful riches that man can dig from the soil out here. Some farmers from Missouri did come as far as Colorado and they stayed on that land they all the dry farming land, but after several years their horses and cattle died, their families were starving and these four farmers took the advice of the good Catholic father and helped themselves to some flour out of a freight car standing on the siding and then the sheriff arrested them, and although it was shown in the case that these men helped themselves only to what they needed for their wives and children, they were convicted in that capitalistic court by a democratic judge, sentenced from two to seven years in the penitentiary of Colorado. And you wonder that the farmer is a revolutionist. I wonder that he is as patient as he is. When the Appeal heard of this case I wired an attorney in Pueblo to take up their case and just before leaving Girard I got the cheering word that the governor with his ear to the ground, had decided to parole these four farmers, but their condition is just what it was before, only they have the brand of Cain, the brand of the criminal on their brows.

Wage-Earner and Farmer. So I say to you, friends, this afternoon, that the wage-earner and the farmer must stand shoulder to shoulder in this fight. There can be no liberty and freedom otherwise. So long as the politicians can keep the two great armies of workers in this country divided they will lick you to a standstill. Mr. Taft and his campaign managers are telling the working men in the cities that it is the farmer who is responsible for the high prices of living. You read that in his Saturday Evening Post advertisement, didn't you? Well, most of us who are busy with our own affairs, traveling around in our own little circle, making no investigation, may be fooled by that sort of a statement. I had an idea myself that the farmer was getting a good big part of it. So I have been making inquiries among the farmers.

The Farmer's Profit. Over here in one of your valleys a few hundred miles from this section where they raise peaches, some fellow who had been voting the republican and democratic tickets concluded he would make an investigation and in several boxes of peaches that he sent out he said: "I received 27 cents for this box of peaches. I would like to have the purchaser write and tell me what he paid for this box of peaches." He was getting down to real facts, as Mr. Taft's campaign manager advises us to do. In two or three weeks he received a letter from Chicago, and that letter contained the information that the man who had purchased the peaches, which were in excellent condition, paid \$1.75 for those peaches.

A Rich Revolutionist. Why, I met on the train coming over here a plutocratic farmer—owns nine thousand acres of land, worth perhaps from one-half to a million dollars—and do you know that man was wearing a red button? "Yes," he said to me, "I am pretty well fixed in this world's goods but I have eleven boys and girls and I am wondering what is going to become of them and their children." Pretty far-sighted old comrade, he was. If any of you democrats and republicans are skeptical as to these facts I can give his address and you can write to his banker. His name is P. W. Cox, Colfax, Wash.

The rest of the Warren speech will appear in our next issue. Re-routing of Seattle mail because of trouble on the G. N. between Everett and Seattle caused delay in the delivery of the rest of the transcribed notes of the lecture.

Rev. H. A. Livermore will open an illustrated lecture tour for the Commonwealth soon after election.

Complete announcement next week.

BRUCE ROGERS, SOCIALIST CANDIDATE FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL OF WASHINGTON, WILL SPEAK IN LIBERTY HALL SUNDAY EVENING AT 8:00 O' CLOCK. HIS SUBJECT WILL BE "LABOR AND THE LAW."