# The Commonwealth

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## TOO MUCH.

Ever think of this?

Too much of most anything is more than enough.

Quite simple, isn't it?

Feed a man on chicken every meal for a period and soon a look in the face from a chicken will make him gag.

Dish up "patriotism" to a lover of his country today, tomorrow and forever without end, and it loses its flavor, becomes a commonplace, the last word in the English language.

The good people of Seattle have been stuffed with "patriotism." Gorged with it. They are full up. Of course, with the exception of a few that are the happy possessors of copper lined stomachs and scrambled brains.

But these are very few, yes, very few. Seattle, a city of 300,000. And in a recent issue of the Seattle Times, all of six of a certain species of the human, in this big city of Seattle, told all the population and the editor of the Seattle Times in particular, that they were patriotic too. All of six, and right after the most patriotic outburst, too. If Burns would help us, we could probably prove that the meal tickets of these lonely six come from that patriot who will some day scab on the devil himself.

Too much of it makes you sick. The lovers of their masters' country who reside in Seattle want a rest.

All the dailies, except the "patriotic for so much per" daily, are crying: "GIVE US A REST!"

### REMEMBER?

May 1, 1912.

Just before this International Labor Day, one Alden J. Blethen, well known in Seattle for his prize collection of abscene photographs, wailed night after night because the Socialists intended to carry a red flag in their parade.

The day came. The parade formed. The red flag was carried beside the nation's emblem. The parade passes a saloon. Out comes a party of Spanish-American war veterans. They grab the red flag. In the melee the U. S. flag is also torn away from its carrier.

Then these war heroes ran. There may be others brave, but these ran, understand. They ran right back into the saloon. And when the rightful owners of the falgs gave chase to get their property, the police stepped in front of the saloon doors and allowed no one to enter.

Then the Seattle Times threw a fit. Hurrah for the heroes! Braver even than was Roosevelt when he shot that Spaniard in the back. Hurrah! And long may it wave. Hurrah!

Isn't it awful comfortable to be a patriot on the third floor of an office building in a closed room with a page announcing the names and the business of all who come?

### AND EVER SINCE.

No rest. No rest. No rest.

Patriotism, morning, noon and night.

Flags on the bill boards. Flags in the editorial column. Flags on the front page. Flags on the building. And the word "flag" and "patriotism" in the columns of the Seattle Times just about ever so many times every issue.

After the Seattle Times building was rebuilt following the fire, all employes were made to go upon the roof, and there with uncovered heads, and amid the burning of real powder, the flag floating in the breeze from the fort of the kept lady, all swore to ever be loyal to it. They had to. They must eat. Many feinted with emotion.

And ever since, no rest. The same dish by the same cook. The same flunkies serving the same stew for pay.

### THE RIGHT MOMENT ARRIVES.

The more that Col. Blethen raved about patriotism, the less patriots there were to be found in Seattle. Though patriotism may have been the noblest virtue in man or beast, as soon as it got mixed up with the unclean it became unpalatable.

Friday, July 18, 1913, arrives.

Blethen patriots very few.

Lots of U. S. soldiers and sailors in town. A few among them not born right. Never had a good environment. Counterparts of Col. Blethen, except he is of the scum and they are of the dregs.

The Scum instructs the Dregs, and led by the flunkies of the Scum, they riot and pillage and burn at the headquarters of the I. W. W. and Socialist party. Every organization in the city that dared to look the Seattle Times square in the face and say, "You are a dirty sheet," and tell others about it from the public rostrum, was billed for a wrecking. The police looked on.

Like savages they danced around the fires. And like a savage the Seattle Times chuckled the next day.

At last patrotism had been avenged! The glorious flag had been placed on high! Law and order had had its day!!!

The mayor butts in. "Suppress the Seattle Times," is his command. "It is the culprit."

"The judge, the judge," cries Blethen.

And the judge says, "Hands off, mayor. Col. Blethen is the greatest institution in the Northwest. If these undesirable citizens do not behave, we loyal Americans will call a mass meeting and the undesirables will either leave town, or the loyal Americans will hang them to lamp posts." The judge said this.

The mayor took his hands off. The Seattle Times spewed on the mayor.

### THE LESSON.

So we recite direct results of working class ignorance. Working class ignorance allows capitalism.

The Police.
The Army.
The Navy.
The Law.
The Judge.
The Press.

Tremendous power. Given the enemy of the working class by the working class. Given our enemy by means of the ballot.

Working class votes are responsible for the kind of police we have. Responsible for the power of the army and navy in the hands of our masters. Responsible for the kind of law we've got and its method of interpretation. Responsible for the judge who says travel or hang. And working class support is responsible for the capitalist press.

Together, then, ye slaves. Millions must see the light. It looks like a big job. But the enemy helps. There is no measuring the length of time it would have taken us to accomplish what the Seattle Times accomplished for us in one night. Capitalism digs its own grave. We help push it in.

Let not a day pass but what you make a kick toward the goal.

**Debate Sunday, July 27, 8 p. m., Liberty Hall**
**KELLOGG VS. BOOMER**
**"Socialism Will Mean Slavery and Not Human Freedom"**
**Admission 15 Cents**

## FEED US.

(By Arthur Brooks Baker.)

Don't be so SURE that this paper should take its troubles out to the back page, and chuck 'em under some big wood-pile of an adv., in small type.

When a Democrat's baby is HUNGRY, he opens up a lot of space on his FRONT PAGE and hollers until something is done. He uses up his best space to let out NOISE and get in NOURISHMENT.

THIS PAPER would rather print of other things. We'd rather print of glistening glaciers, of gorgeous ice-caves where playful seals eat strawberries and cream.

But, to this PAPER, as to YOU and your CAT, the most important thing in the world is EXISTENCE.

So if YOU want this paper to LIVE and GROW and WORK, it is not enough for YOU to subscribe. You must get OTHERS to do the same, or your OWN efforts will be in vain. CO-OPERATION and nothing else will win.


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SEE US—WE HAVE IT


## SINCLAIR FACES THEM

### SNOHOMISH COUNTY AND SINCLAIR CROSS SWORDS AT THE ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL.

At a quasi-public meeting of the school board of Arlington held in the high school auditorium on the evening of July 17 for the purpose of giving Comrade J. E. Sinclair an opportunity to meet the few citizens who have entered a protest against his election as principal of the Garfield school, the dividing of the ways between the workers and the exploiters stood out in unmistakable contrast.

Comrade John Morris called the meeting to order with Dr. Oliver, a member of the board, acting as secretary. After the reading of the petition by Secretary Oliver (some forty names being attached thereto) Comrade Sinclair took the floor.

In his address some splendid comparisons were made between the jingo patriotism of the money grub and that of the verile Socialist workers.

The opposition to Sinclair was the outcome of an article written by him and printed in the Commonwealth and other Socialist papers criticizing three laws supposed to have been enacted by the last legislature. One of these supposed enactments called for the saluting of the flag at stated intervals by the pupils in all public schools. Upon the criticism of this obsolete legislation hinges the monstrous delinquency of Comrade Sincliar. Many pow-wows were held by the indignant and virtuous protectors of this fair land. Every little read patriot in the community held up his unsullied hands in holy horror at the calamity that would be fall us if Comrade Sinclair were permitted to come here and teach. Then they straight way hied themselves to the polls on Saturday last and tried to cripple the high school by voting down a measure that was imperatively necessary to the efficiency of that school. The bourgeois instinct can never rise above a stupid and uncalled-for prejudice to meet like men a crying need.

This meeting was the culmination of the excited and fearful state into which these otherwise mild gentlemen had worked themselves over this affair. Therefore the level-headed working men thought it advisable to exhibit Comrade Sinclair unchained and incaged in an open hall before the crowd just to show them that we have him partially tamed although he has opinions of his own and will express them like a true born freeman.

The state superintendent of schools became alarmed and sent an urgent telephone call to an eminent Socialist tamer in the person of one Mr. Fausset, prosecuting attorney of Snohomish county, to be on hand to meet any untoward exigency that might arise. Mr. Faussett's admission of the receipt of this telephone call revealed the state-wide character of this fight.

Mrs. Lizzie Jones, county superintendent of schools, honored the occasion with her unbeaming presence, just to lend some Jones atmosphere (as one of them stayed away), but not to answer any questions. Last and by no means the least, our oscillating political mayor, who doesn't know anything about anything that is going on in town, displaced his allotted moiety of the atmosphere and in the last throes of the meeting showed just how stupid a Bull Moose mayor can be and think he is getting by with it by trying to purge a stricken conscience of a stricture that did not name him but hit the mark.

Now for the entertainment. Comrade Sinclair has finished a forceful and clean exposition of the intelligent workman's view of flags and patriotism without resorting to jingoism. Tamer Fausset, after allowing sufficient time, to pass, in order that the desired amount of expectancy might be generated, steps to the front with several typewritten sheets of speech and quizz. When the vibratory ecstacy of the auditors did not meet his guage he would assend into flights of patriotic oratory that would put to shame the tail end of the speeches used by every rotten politician during the last decade. With great profundity he compounded one little mistake of Comrade Sinclair into a legion until the comrade looked like a kaleidoscope of mistakes at any angle you might turn him. This cheap method of trying to convey a wrong impression is as old as the existence of this class of lawyer. They have ever been a discredit to the profession and what dignity the calling might possess is largely diminished by these shyster methods. In this instance those present wanted Comrade Sinclair's real attitude on the contention involved, but Mr. Fausset's shallow conception of duty seems to be that of deceiving his hearers and if he succeeds flatters himself by calling victory a result that to a man of poise and clean mental processes would be disgraceful. The one bright feature attending such inexcusable chicanery is the utter contempt this class of lawyer receives at the hands of every intelligent worker.

There is a long road yet to be traveled by this man Fausset before he enters the domain of true intelligence. The system has shamefully diverted him from the paths of real character building. We pity him.

The Arlington Times report of the proceeding was fair and dignified, although the editor is not of our inclination. The contrast between this report and the silly make-shift printed in the Chronicle, a sheet owned and edited by Mayor W. H. Ford, was decidedly refreshing. The Chronicle report served no purpose either for or against our cause. It was worthless abortion but a true reflex of an exceedingly low order of mental development. We leave this editor to time and change for his mending.

In spite of the vicious character of the attacks on Sinclair the meeting was of distinct propaganda value. A well filled auditorium greeted the speaker with deep attention and enthusiastic applause. Scores of persons attended who never in their lives attended a Socialist meeting and received their first lesson in economics.

A. H. COBURN,
J. W. MORRIS,
Committee.

# GEO. E. BOOMER

Comrade George E. Boomer, who is to defend the Socialist position in the mental combat with the Rev. W. M. Kellogg, is well known to almost every Socialist in the Northwest.

He was born in Lewiston, Me., in 1862, in one of the cotton mill boarding houses, both his father and mother being textile workers. At 12 years of age he went to work in the mills—12¼ hours per day at 65 cents a day—going to school three months in the year as the law compelled. At 14 he quit school in disgust, as the three months term merely kept him in the same grade. Through selling papers on the streets evening he succeeded in getting out of the mills and into a printing office, where he worked a year at $2.50 a week and boarded himself on the famous Greenback Labor Chronicle in Auburn, Me., which paper was published by Col. Blood and Frank F. Fogg. Succeeded in learning the printing trade, with no desire whatever to seek an occupation wherein he could ape the well-dressed master class and ride around on the backs of the workers by lashing them into humble submission with the whip of superstition and threat of eternal damnation.

Drifted to Providence, R. I., in September, 1882, and in 1883 joined the newly-reorganized typographical union to which organization he has ever since belonged. Became a member of the Socialist Labor party in 1884 and was its standard bearer for governor in 1893. For eight years was delegate to the R. I. Central Labor union; president of it two terms; founded and published for three years the S. L. P. and trades union paper "Justice." In 1896 he published an independent Socialist paper known as "Uncle Sam," at Cumberland, Md., leaving there to accept position as editor of the Appeal to Reason at Girard, Kan. In the spring of 1898 he came to Washington to take editorial charge of "Industrial Freedom," published at Equality, the colony of the Co-operative Brotherhood. He resigned in the fall when the colony refused to go into political action and went to Tacoma, where, during the winter of 1898-99 he edited "The Spirit of '76" in support of the S. L. P. The eruption then going on within that party finally, in the spring, expelled him and a score of others. Refusing to go into the Social Democracy because of the colony features connected therewith, Comrade Boomer instituted a Socialist educational organization which maintained an existence until it merged into the Socialist party after the unity convention. A member of the first state committee, he afterward became, by a very small vote over Dr. Titus, the party's first national committeeman, serving two terms—1902-3.

During 1902 he was associate editor as well as foreman of the Seattle Socialist. In 1903 he secured control of the Prosser Record, changing it from a Democratic paper to straight Socialist, and which he, with the aid of his wife, who is also of the working class, and a party member, successfuly published until disposing of it to advantage in the spring of 1909. Since then Comrade Boomer has resided west of the mountains, where he has principally worked at his trade as a printer, and doing party work of various kinds whenever called upon. In 1908 he was the Socialist party's candidate for governor.

To add to the varied experience above given he has made four trips lecturing across the United States, been mobbed twice, rotten-egged in Spokane and Ellensburg, the latter while the candidate of the party, and in numerous towns where the little business men on the city councils have thought themselves greater than the United States constitution, he has alone defied ordinances and police orders against free speech, and succeeded in getting away with it.

This will be but the third time in nearly thirty years of Socialist work that Comrade Boomer has succeeded in getting a debate with any of the bragging representatives of the arrogant enemy. One was a lawyer, who had schemes of economic salvation of his own to propose, and two will have been "Reverends," of whom and their class such men as Gladstone and Disraeli have publicly stated that "the church has always been the handmaid and apologist for the ruling class and their deeds."

When to above experience of almost an average life-time in Socialist work is also added the information that Comrade Boomer was run down on a street corner in Seattle a short time ago by a party of drunken joy riders in a four-passenger auto and dragged half a block along the brick pavement on Third avenue before the wheels went over him, only to escape with minor bruises and cuts—not even a broken bone—our friend, the Rev. Kellogg, will have to go some to make good his unholy braggadocio, that he will "not leave scraps enough of him to patch up."

# "UNITED WE STAND"

### Seattle Sun Tells on Seattle Times.

(Sun Editorial.)

### What Does A. J. Blethen Mean?

It must be extremely embarrassing to Judge Humphries, a gentleman of fine instincts and a high code of honor, to have the Seattle Times continually running into his court for orders of various kinds directed against its enemies.

He has undoubtedly noticed, as all of the people of this community have noticed, that the Times never applies to any other judge for assistance, although there are plenty of other judges ready and willing to do anything that the law requires them to do.

Of course there is no rule of law to prevent this imposition upon one judge of all the disagreeable things that the Times requires in order to make its record satisfactory.

And the worst of it all is that the editor of the Times assumes domineering language in connection with these matters.

Only yesterday, in a Sunday editorial evidently written by Alden J. Blethen, as it contained all of the old time speckled type and speckled language, the public was informed that the "colonel" was greatly displeased at the perpetuation in superior court records of unpleasant allegations made by the Corliss grand jury, in which he was mentioned in connection with a so-called vice syndicate.

The words: "The editor of the Times determined that that infamous report should be wiped off the court records—and the same was so done Friday by order of Judge Humphries."

That Judge Humphries must have been astounded at such impudent language stating in so many words that the "colonel" had determined and that the judge had executed his will, goes without saying.

It seems, however, that he waited until he got the order he wanted from the judge expunging the grand jury record, before making this blatant statement to the public.

### Cause of Friday's Riot.

Now that the smoke has cleared away and a calm and dispassionte judgment can be given of the causes leading up to the dangerous riot of last Friday night, the fact stands out grimly that but for the incendiary articles printed in the Seattle Times there would have been no riot and the fair name of the city would not have been besmirched.

The plain truth of the whole matter is that the Times was again befouling the American flag, by using it for cheap advertising purposes. The wild, frothing outfit which edit that newspaper have no more real patriotism than the average law abiding citizen possesses, and probably not half so much, but it has been one of the old dodges of the sheet to howl day after day about its marvelous loyalty to Old Glory and to print pictures in color of the flag time and again, on billboards and on its front page, in a strenuous effort to make the public believe that everybody in the establishment would die martyrs' deaths in case the flag was attacked.

When the Times burned out a few months ago owing to somebody dropping a cigaret stub in the waste paper in C. B. Blethen's upstairs office, the Times sought to make capital out of the incident by alleging that red-handed anarchists had tried to destroy the paper because of its loyalty to Old Glory.

And when its building was rebuilt, the Times staff got up on the roof with a number of unwilling guests and made a fine spectacle by shooting bombs in the air and raising Ned in an effort to parade their patriotism.

The whole business caused ridicule from one end of town to the other.

The law forbids the use of the American flag for advertising purposes, but the Blethens use it freely upon every possible occasion.

It is the insane arrogance marking the conduct of the Times that has done more to discredit it than all other things combined.

The Sun stands for law and order and the American flag.

It does not care to use the loud-mouthed methods of the side show spieler in bally-hooing its patriotism, nor do its publishers force its employes to climb up on the roof and perform a vaudeville stunt with bombs and waving flags, that all the town may see they are livid patriots.

It is said in war time that the patriots who froth the most are the last to enlist. Probably the rule would hold good among certain newspaper patriots of this city.

## AFFIDAVITS.

Mrs. Annie Miller, the woman's rights woman at whose meeting the fighting occurred the night before the riot, swears the sailors and soldiers interrupting her meeting took away her speaker's stand. In her attempt to regain it, one of the sailors threatened to strike her, whereupon a well-dressed man wearing diamonds knocked the sailor down. The fight ensued.

Henri Borini swears that the soldiers and sailors who caused the fight were drunk.

A. P. Chalivat swears that he saw a naval officer in an automobile, license 1885, stand up in the car and shout: "Good work, boys, good work, good work," while the effects of Socialist headquarters were being burned.

These affidavits are in the hands of the city authorities.

### Rioters to Be Prosecuted.

Mayor Cotterill and Prosecuting Attorney Murphy are engaged in securing evidence to prosecute the rioters. Inciting to riot and rioting is a highly punishable offense, particularly when the workers are charged with rioting.

We surely will await with interest the outcome of riot charges against the Seattle Times and its lackeys.

### Governor Lister Speaks.

"I am here to say that whether the flag is of cotton or silk, it shall never be permitted to become the shield behind which special interests may hide. Any use of the flag to attempt to bolster up an unworthy cause is a desecration of that emblem.

"The American flag is for all classes and degrees of people, not for certain individuals who appear to wrap it around them while they cry out against other people."

The governor mentioned no names.

Philadelphia, Pa., July 13.—In a statement made to a representative of the International News Service today at her home in this city, Miss Mignon Hopkins made the assertion that for a long time she thought that she was the wife of the present Governor Sulzer of New York, they having entered into a private contract which he, as a lawyer informed her constituted as valid and binding a marriage as though the regular ceremony had been gone through with. Miss Hopkins used to address him "My Dear Honey Boy," and signed herself "Your Honeysuckle." She claims he liked such frivolous letters. All this just to prove that our higher-ups are no better than the man who steals a biscuit for his baby. Right?


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