

BACHELDER & CORNEIL
Better Clothes
for Men and Boys

The Wonder Mercantile Co.
 Up-to-Date Clothing Store
 ESTABLISHED 16 YEARS
 Hewitt and Hoyt S. Yeo & Son, Props.

Driving the brain starts the pain

Over-work, worry and the constant strain of a business life are often a cause of much trouble.

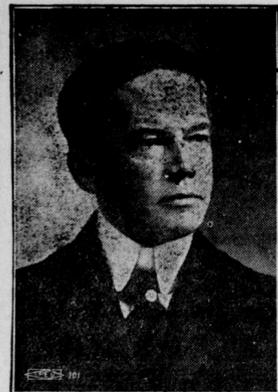
Dr. Miles' Nervine is highly recommended for all Nervous disorders. It is particularly invaluable to business women. Regulate your bowels by using **DR. MILES' LIVER PILLS**



NERVOUS ATTACKS.
 "I suffered with nervous attacks and headaches. Then my liver got out of order and it seemed as though my whole system was upset. I commenced using Dr. Miles' Nervine and also took Dr. Miles' Liver Pills and now I feel perfectly well in every way. My bowels also are in good shape now."
 MRS. AUGUSTA KEISER,
 1149 Portland Ave.,
 Rochester, N. Y.

IF FIRST BOTTLE, OR BOX, FAILS TO BENEFIT YOU, YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED.

Here's One Magazine You Want



Charles Edward Russell

Pearson's Magazine is the only magazine of its kind. Its form enables it to depend on its readers alone—on advertisers not at all. It can and does, therefore, print facts which no magazine that depends upon advertising for a living can "afford" to print. It does print such facts every month. Every issue contains the truth about some condition which affects your daily welfare, which you want to know and which you can find nowhere else. Besides, it prints as much fiction and other entertainment as any general magazine. If you want one radical magazine to live and grow, subscribe to Pearson's.

"The reason why I advise all persons that believe in a free press to support Pearson's Magazine is because Pearson's is the only great magazine that is free."

equal opportunity with others to present their case, not occasionally but in every issue.

The case for Socialism is presented by the leading Socialist writers of America, including *Alan L. Benson* and *Chas. Edward Russell*. One copy will convince you that you want Pearson's. On the newsstands, 15c per copy. By the year, \$1.50.

COMBINATION OFFER

Pearson's and The Northwest Worker for one year.....\$1.50
 This offer for September only.

Strictly Sanitary Up-to-Date Service
Everett Baths and Barber Shop
 A. L. O'Conner, Prop.
 Phone Ind. 299Y 2821 1/2 Wetmore

DR. K. I. KOBBERVIG
 DENTIST
 406-8 Commerce Bldg.
 Phones: Ind. 163, Sun. 436

JOHN F. JERREAD
 Undertaker and Embalmer
 Phone Main 230
 EVERETT, WASH.

PETER HUSBY
 Attorney at Law
 Room 215 Stokes Bldg.
 1616 1/2 Hewitt Ave.

LONDON CAFE
 UNION HOUSE
 A GOOD PLACE TO EAT
 2013 Hewitt



YE PARTY COLYUM

When we "clang" our fibble into the air anent pickers, it was merely a random shot, aimed at no one in particular. We were, therefore, greatly surprised to hear Com. C. W. G.'s cry of anguish and can only conclude that he must have been hit.

C. W. G., we presume, denotes that Charley Was Grouchy, which, being in the past tense, would indicate that he had gotten safely over it, and, consequently, that it was merely a temporary affliction. We sincerely hope that the comrade is not constituted of such inapt and impossible combinations as to permit himself to be permanently irritated over harmless puns.

We could not help but contrast the kindly reference to the Colyum by our young comrade, Ulonska, in one of his charming talks, to that of C. W. G. It reminded us of something we used to write in our copy books during our knickerbocker days about "seeds of kindness," which, if more liberally used, would do much to promote a true comradeship among our members so essential to the success of the organization.

We might be able to prod a "moral" from this but fear that Comrade C. W. G. may not detect the odor and thus more mis-spent effort would die aborning.

C. W. G.'s whang at us confirms our dawning suspicion that in aping G. Ade we were traveling out of our class. The mental strain on us is too great. We have a feeling akin to that which Comrade Eugene Wood says he experiences when he writes funny stuff for Pearson's. Besides we are too remote from the large centers of education to keep tab on late slang.

Ye editor is bearing his editorial burdens these days with a light heart and a renewed faith in mankind. For two weeks none of the comrades have inflicted long-winded articles upon him. As for ourself, we are submitting our stuff like a disjointed fish-pole so he can clip us off amid sections. Anything to oblige.

We wish Ye Bus. Mgr. would hock that set of law books and purchase new shears and that can of paste we ordered some time ago. We desire to do some clipping from the Weekly Peevish coms. we have in our midst.

Patronize YOUR Advertisers

Buy your sub cards from us. We have seven we were compelled to accept in lieu of last month's salary check.—Advt.

What has become of
 THE IRON LAW OF WAGES?
 J. ED. SINCLAIR?
 THE STATE CHAIRMAN?
 THE OTHER 50,000 RED CARD MEMBERS, who once were?

We are quite sore at not receiving any of the "Socialist Crop." We have a suspicion that Ye Editor may be hogging our consignments.

Comrade Allan Benson lampoons the N. Y. Call for heaping the cause of industrial strife upon the shoulders of John D. He flouts the idea and says that Rockefeller is not what is the matter with this country. While we are chary about blaming the individual, we sometimes wonder if Allan Benson is not what is the matter with the Socialist movement.

Yours for the

W. C. R.

TO SNOHOMISH COMRADES
 There will be a street-corner meeting in Snohomish on Saturday evening commencing at 8 p.m. Comrade Carl Ulonska will be the speaker.

"I Didn't Raise My Girl to Be a Mother"

By Sister Henrietta

I didn't raise my girl to be a mother, oh, no. You're shocked, oh, ho! I thought so. But I raised her to help me clean this old house Society. So the children that come can grow.

Chorus

So the children that come can grow. Sanitary is the word today, you know. Professors and doctors say, society as it is today. Don't give a poor man's child a half a show.

We're working hard for suffrage for the mothers, hurray! What good, you say, they neglect their homes today. When you clean house please "get me,"
 Smaller things oft amiss be,
 Till order at last holds sway.

Second chorus

The children that come can play. They won't have to work all day; They'll be safe, sane and healthy— Though they may not be "wealthy," They'll be well fed and clothed alway.

When we've secured the ballot and our eyes see the light, We'll begin to fight—my, what a sight! Down goes old devil Profit, foreign market, we've shot it, And the tenements take to flight!

Third chorus

Then the children that come can grow, They'll be no need to shoot them down, oh, no, When Profit's gone, and Greed, foreign market's not our creed, Then my girl would be a mother, I know.

C. E. Ogrosky, Shoe and Harness Repairing, 2001 Hewitt Avenue.

EXECUTION OF FIVE CONDEMNED BY SOCIETY

Says State Sets Criminal an Example in Taking Human Life

NEW YORK.—The execution of five men in the electric chair at Sing Sing on September 3 is the occasion for the issuance of a statement by the Anti-Capital Punishment Society, at 440 Fourth avenue, protesting against the practice of the state in taking human life. The statement also protests against the alleged misrepresentations of those favoring capital punishment.

The statement says: "Does any intelligent person believe that there will be any reduction of crime in this state as the result of these executions? The criminal sees the state set him an example in taking human life. And there is at least a remote chance that one of the five was innocent of the crime for which he rendered his life."

The statement voices a vigorous protest against misrepresentation of the facts by the proponents of the death penalty: "In connection with the effort to do away with such tragedies through the abolition of the death penalty, it is interesting to note in Boston the 'Civic Alliance' is actively circulating literature in defense of capital punishment. The leaflets of the 'Civic Alliance' are each a model of unfairness and misinformation."

The statement challenges the implication that the voters in twenty-two states have declared for capital punishment, and asserts that the voters in no state this year have had the opportunity of declaring themselves on the subject.

The president of the Anti-Capital Punishment Society is George Foster Peabody and the vice-presidents are Jacob H. Schiff, the Rt. Rev. David H. Greer, Thomas Mott Osborne, Dr. Stephen S. Wise, Mrs. H. Fairfield Osborn and the Rev. Jacob Goldstein.

THE COST OF WAR

Were half the power that fills the world with terror
 Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts
 Given to redeem the human mind from error,
 There were no need for arsenals or forts;
 The warrior's name would be a name abhorred,
 And every nation that should lift again
 Its hand against a brother's, on its forehead
 Would wear for evermore the brand of Cain.

—Longfellow.

HADN'T NOTICED IT

"I have just been reading the constitution of the United States." "Well?" "And I was surprised to find out how many rights a fellow really has."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Cost of War

IN TIMES OF PEACE!

FROM "WAR, WHAT FOR?"

(By George R. Kirkpatrick)

What is the significance of the present cost of militarism for the world annually? No human mind can discern or take in the vast meaning of the blood-and-profit-lust politics that holds and damns the world today.

Eight Billion Dollars! \$8,000,000,000. Tossed to Mars, the red-stained god of war! While the human race festers in ignorance! \$8,000,000,000—to blind and blindfold the multitude with their own blood and rags while their lives are robbed and ravaged by the eminent and respectable profit-glutton parasites of mankind.

ONE ITEM ALONE IN THIS COST OF MILITARISM IS ALMOST FOUR BILLION DOLLARS A YEAR. That single item is the wealth that is not produced, but that could be produced if the six million five hundred thousand carefully selected young men in the standing armies of these twenty-one countries were engaged in producing wealth with modern tools, modern machinery and modern knowledge of production.

Eight billion dollars! \$8,000,000,000. Men and women shudder when the telegraph flashes over the world that a city has suffered a ten-million or a twenty-million dollar fire. Let us try to get an idea of the cost of wealth-wasting militarism by expressing it in terms of loss by the devourer fire. Eight billion dollars! This sum, this expense of bull-dog-and-tiger statesmanship of militarism in twenty-"highly civilized" countries—for twelve months in times of peace, is equivalent to a continuous loss by fire, throughout the year, day and night, of more than \$913,000 an hour, or about \$15,219 per minute.

This sum, worse than wasted annually to be "prepared"—to slaughter—is equal to a loss by fire burning day and night throughout the year, devouring seven homes per minute, each worth \$1,700 and each home containing also \$475 worth of furniture.

The average working-class family contains about six members, two parents and four children; the average working-class family would consider itself in good fortune to have a home worth \$1,000 and provided with \$475 worth of furniture. Seven such homes would contain forty-two members.

Now, imagine an unbroken stream of people—men, women and little children, frightened, pale, shuddering, the children screaming, the women in tears, fleeing past you in the street, driven by fire from their ruined homes—forty-two people rushing by you every minute—day and night, year after year, on and on, an endless stream of humbled and saddened souls, plunged in misery, their happiness swallowed by pitiless fire; or—

Imagine a fire rushing faster than a strong man at a brisk walk—imagine a fire rushing forward more than eight miles an hour, consuming fifty such homes per mile, making each year thirty-six round trips, burning going and coming from New York City to St. Louis, Missouri; or one such round trip every ten days—imagine these losses, these annual losses—and you will perhaps have some idea of what it costs these twenty-one countries to brag and strut and piously prepare to settle their disputes as tigers settle theirs—by force!

It is as if the fiends of hell were crazed and loose on the earth.

AND THIS IS STATESMANSHIP! ONE YEAR—\$8,000,000,000!

One year's cost of militarism in these twenty-one countries (\$8,000,000,000) would keep thirty-two million students in college for one year, allowing \$250 each.

The cost of militarism in these twenty-one countries for less than nine hours and a half would pay all the expenses of 4,500 students in Harvard University for four years, allowing each student \$500 per year.

Six per cent. interest on this \$8,000,000,000 for one year would provide a four-year college education for 480,000 young men and women, allowing each student \$250 per year.

Eight billion dollars every twelve months on war and preparation for war—and yet not a single silk-hatted snob sleeps in the dingy barracks, or eats the cheap "grub" fed to the privates, or submits to the humiliating insults from "superior" officers, or spills his blood on the firing line—not one anywhere in the world.

WE SHOULD WORRY

Seven candidates are already in the field for the job that Comrade J. M. Salter is holding down in the city of Everett. No candidates have as yet made application for the other two jobs.

Order a sack of spuds from The Northwest Worker.

Bargreen's Golden Drip Coffee. Imperial Tea Co., 1407 Hewitt Avenue.

CHARITY

By Edward Porter

Curse your "Charity!" You bade me stand in line

To get my belly full o' steamin' grub: I waited, famishin'; you'd have me pray an' sing;

When I refus'd you call'd me "Infer-del!"

You sleek, an' smug, an' smirkin' Devil-Worshipper,

Who doles you curs'd Almighty Dollars out

To make us "good," "contented," an' "law-abidin'!"

I've ate my full, you see, o' humble pie From out the kitchen o' th' Golden Calif!

I'm just a bum, you say—a down'n' outer?

A rummey? Yes, you're right—a rummey, too!

But once I was a man—see, there's my hands!

A man "free an' equal," so th' fine phrase goes,

To them as never did a stroke o' work!

I lost my job—"hard times"—th' old excuse;

Th' boss shut shop an' travel'd for his health;

Our baby died; I took to drink—an' then

Th' drink took me; th' wife she—went to Babe.

Yes, I've got feelin's—that's why I say to you:

Curse your "Charity!" It's JUSTICE that I want!

CRADLE AND CANNON

The "hand that rocks the cradle" no longer rules the world. Hate and blood-lust and the mad greed of men for land and trade and power are taking away the tiny, cooing secret of its hold!

Already France's wise men have put heads together to see if any way can be planned to save the "baby crop" while continuing to send the fathers to the cannon's mouth and the mothers to the long, sad, agonizing wait.

Already in each of the war-spent lands the voice of authority, openly or by import, has gone forth, in effect, to the new recruits:

"Breed before you die!"
 But breed for what?—Stockton Herald.

ARREST OF CLARA ZETKIN

Louise Zietz, member of the Parteilvorstand, has expressed her warm sympathy with Clara Zetkin, without openly protesting against her arrest.

The Social-Democrats of the 6th electoral division of Berlin, where Georg Ledebuhr was returned in 1912 by a majority of 108,000 votes, have passed the following resolution: "This conference of the 6th electoral division of Berlin protests against the arrest of our trusted and well-merited leader, Comrade Zetkin, and expresses its warmest sympathy with our courageous comrade."

Clara Zetkin is accused of simple treason, not the high variety, based upon a charge of seeking to turn the women of Germany away from their patriotic duty.

Otto Niebuhr, editor of the Social-Democratic organ at Elberfeld, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment for "inciting to rebellion."—Justice, London.

"I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be a Soldier." Words and music 15c post-paid from Hodgins Music House, Colby Avenue.

PAY LESS AND DRESS BETTER

AT

The Norman Suit House
 MEN'S CLOTHIERS EXCLUSIVELY

Ed Wahl

Headquarters for

Men's Furnishings

New Fall Goods Just Arrived

Call in and look around

1907 Hewitt Avenue

Makinaws
Flannel Shirts
Wool
Underwear

THE KIND OF WEAR THE OUTDOOR MAN MUST HAVE.

Our line now complete, at prices the lowest.

BRODECK-FIELD
 1701-1703 Hewitt
 At Wetmore
 Holeproof Hosiery

THE CASH SYSTEM
 Is the only proper way to do business. Deal at our store where your money buys more.

Then—your can soon go on to the cash basis.

Farm Products Association
 The store that keeps the crimp in high cost of living in Everett

Closing Out Our Entire Stock

Wall Paper and Paints

Great Reductions on Prices

S. D. CLARK
 2820 Rockefeller

An Economical Place to Trade

MODEL SAMPLE
 No More \$2.50 No Less

SHOE COMPANY

For Men For Women

The Upstairs Shoe Shop That Saves You Dollars

How do we do it? Small expenses Low rent, no clerks to pay

FOBES BUILDING, Room 18
 Next Door to Star Theater
 1806-1808 Hewitt Avenue
 UPSTAIRS

Our Shoes Are Better

Fisher, the Shoeman
 Cor. Hewitt and Wetmore
 Fifteen Years in Everett

RILEY-COOLEY
SHOE CO.
 1712 Hewitt Ave.