

The Worker.

AN ORGAN OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY (Known in New York State as the Social Democratic Party.) PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 104 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS. Invariably in advance. One year \$3.00. Six months \$1.75. Three months \$1.00. Single copies 25c.

Address all business communications, and make money orders, checks and drafts payable to The Worker. Receipts are never sent to individual subscribers.

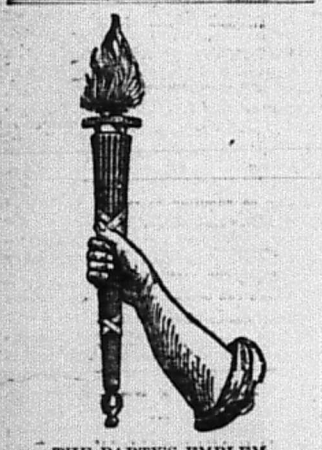
Entered as second-class matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office on April 6, 1901.

SOCIALIST VOTE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Table showing Socialist vote in the United States from 1888 to 1900. Includes columns for year, vote count, and percentage.

NEW YORK STATE TICKET.

Governor: BENJAMIN HANFORD. Lieutenant-Governor: Wm. Thurston Brown. Secretary of State: LEONARD D. ABBOTT.



THE PARTY'S EMBLEM.

IF THERE IS VIOLENCE WHOM SHALL WE BLAME?

The Republican and Democratic papers all over the country—including even those which editorially profess sympathy with the miners, while supporting the capitalist system under which the miners suffer—are printing thrilling stories every day of assault, arson, and murder alleged to be committed by the Pennsylvania strikers.

tumbrels carry the day's wine to La Guillotine. All the devoting and insatiable Monsters imagined since fabled in the one realization, Guillotine. And yet there is not in France a blade, a leaf, a root, a sprig, a peppercorn, which will grow to maturity under conditions more certain than those that have produced this horror.

What's the constitution, between friends? you who have characterized your Declaration of Independence as "a seditious document," you who have called your Ten Commandments "an iridescent dream," you who have laughingly computed "plain duty" at so much per cent, you who, pursuing "manifest destiny" beyond the sea have given the order, "Burn and kill! Make Samar a howling wilderness! Kill all over land!" you who have joked about "the rifle diet for strikers," you who, invoking the name of Omnipotent God, have given in Pennsylvania the command, "Shoot to kill! Shoot them in the head or in the heart!"—you capitalists and defenders of capitalism can lodge no valid accusation even against riotous strikers, for your own lawlessness, your own treachery, your own blood-guiltiness passes all reckoning.

OUR GERMAN COMRADES' HOPES. Reports from all the electoral districts in the German Empire received at the annual national convention of the Social Democratic Party in Munich last week give good ground for believing that the party will poll 3,000,000 votes in the general parliamentary election next May and will win a hundred seats in the Reichstag.

THE LORDS, THE LADIES, THE GENTLEMEN, AND THOSE IN WAITING. BY HORACE TRAUBEL. The lords, the ladies, the gentlemen and those in waiting are coming home from their vacations. In summer we hear this catchphrase: "Everybody is out of town." Yes, everybody. Everybody but the millions. Everybody but those who do the work of the world.

HOW TO UPHOLD THE EIGHT-HOUR LAW. Commenting on the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the famous Puerto Rican tariff case, Mr. Dooley, the philosopher of Arcey Road, said: "The case proves what I thought. Whether the constitution follows the flag or not, the Supreme Court follows its election raptures."

THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE'S REPORT. The Worker defers, till after Election Day, all detailed comment upon the semi-annual report of the National Committee, published in another column. The comrades are too busy and the space of the party papers is too much crowded with campaign matters, just now, to allow adequate discussion.

MR. DOOLEY ON LABOR. Hunger, Hinlissay, is about the same thing in a ruyabuck as in a desperian. There's not much choice by unhappiness between a hungry slave and a hungry freeman. You can't cook or wear freedom. You can't make freedom into a stew an' ye can't cut a pair iv pants out iv it. It won't bile, fry, bake or fricassee. You can't take two pounds iv fresh creamery freedom, a pound of north wind, a heavin' taycupful iv national aspirations an' a sprinklin' iv coars fr'm the national air, mix wud, cook over a hot fire, an' sarve sturghfrin fr'm the shovels; ye can't make a dish out iv that would nourish a tired freeman who comes home after a hard day's wurruk wurruk fr'm a job.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT. RECEIVED. January, 1, balance on hand, \$5.08. For national dues, 2,704.05. For expenses, 217.33. For program fund, 30.78. For donations, 190.11. For strike funds, 76.55. For miscellaneous, 23.02. For Labor Lecture Bureau, 31.93. Total, \$3,734.45.

