

"AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL!"

ORGANIZE RIGHT

ORGANIZE YOUR MIGHT



Industrial Worker

VOL. 3 No. 11

One Dollar a Year

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1911.

Six Months 50c

Whole Number 115

AGITATE—EDUCATE—ORGANIZE—FIGHT FOR THE EIGHT HOUR DAY

TO ARMS, YE BRAVES

AN APPEAL FROM THE I. W. W. BRIGADE IN MEXICO.

Tia Juana, Mexico, May 24, 1911.

To all Members of the I. W. W. and to all other Radicals.

Fellow Workers:—It is now about five months ago since the I. W. W. boys hoisted the red flag over Mexico, and since that time victory after victory has crowned our efforts to make the revolution in Lower California a real revolution for Emancipation and Industrial Freedom of the working class. So far only a few of the I. W. W. boys have been killed and the revolution has been only supported by Mexicans and American members of the Liberal Junta, and the members of the I. W. W. locals down here in California, and right now about half of the 250 insurgents here in Tia Juana are members of the I. W. W. But, fellow workers, this revolution has just started and for to carry it to a successful end more men and also more money is needed, for to buy more guns and ammunition. Reds are coming and joining every day, and we are short of guns and that is the most important matter right now. And so, fellow workers, this letter is sent out for the purpose to give you a true account of how things really are here in Tia Juana. We have plenty of horses, cattle and provisions—enough to feed a thousand men for many months and you bet we are not living on coffee and doughnuts either, but living on the fat of the (what used to be) the Otis and other Ranches. We cannot see why you fellows will stand for coffee and in the good "old U. S. A." while we, your fellow workers are living high and keeping the Red Flag flying here in our country as you see. We have got a Utopia down here. We do not work, and we don't get pulled for vags either. We drill half an hour daily so that we will be able to plug the federals full of holes when they have recovered enough to show up again. Now, fellows, this Lower California is a very nice country to have control of. It's not too hot here and it is also a very rich country in metals and otherwise, and if you fellow workers back us up with men and money we will surely take this country and will be able in various ways to help organization work in the U. S. A. So, fellows, stop looking for a master; stop counting the ties; stop gazing at the Job Sign, and take the first train and come down here. Here there are no bosses and you the FREE. Also tell other Radicals to come as we want nobody else. Hold meetings, read this letter, collect money and come. Don't believe the Capitalist papers when they tell you there is peace in Mexico because Diaz has resigned. There will never be peace in Mexico until the Red Flag flies over the working man's country and Capitalism shall have been overthrown.

Act at once and let us know if you can help us out with money and men.

F. G. PETERSON,
JACK PHELAN,
FRANCISCO MARTINEZ,
For the I. W. W. Brigade.
RICARDO FLORES MAGON,
ANSELMO L. FIGUEROA,
ANTONIO DE P. ARUJO,
LIBRADO RIVERA,
ENRIQUE FLORES MAGON,
For Liberal Junta.

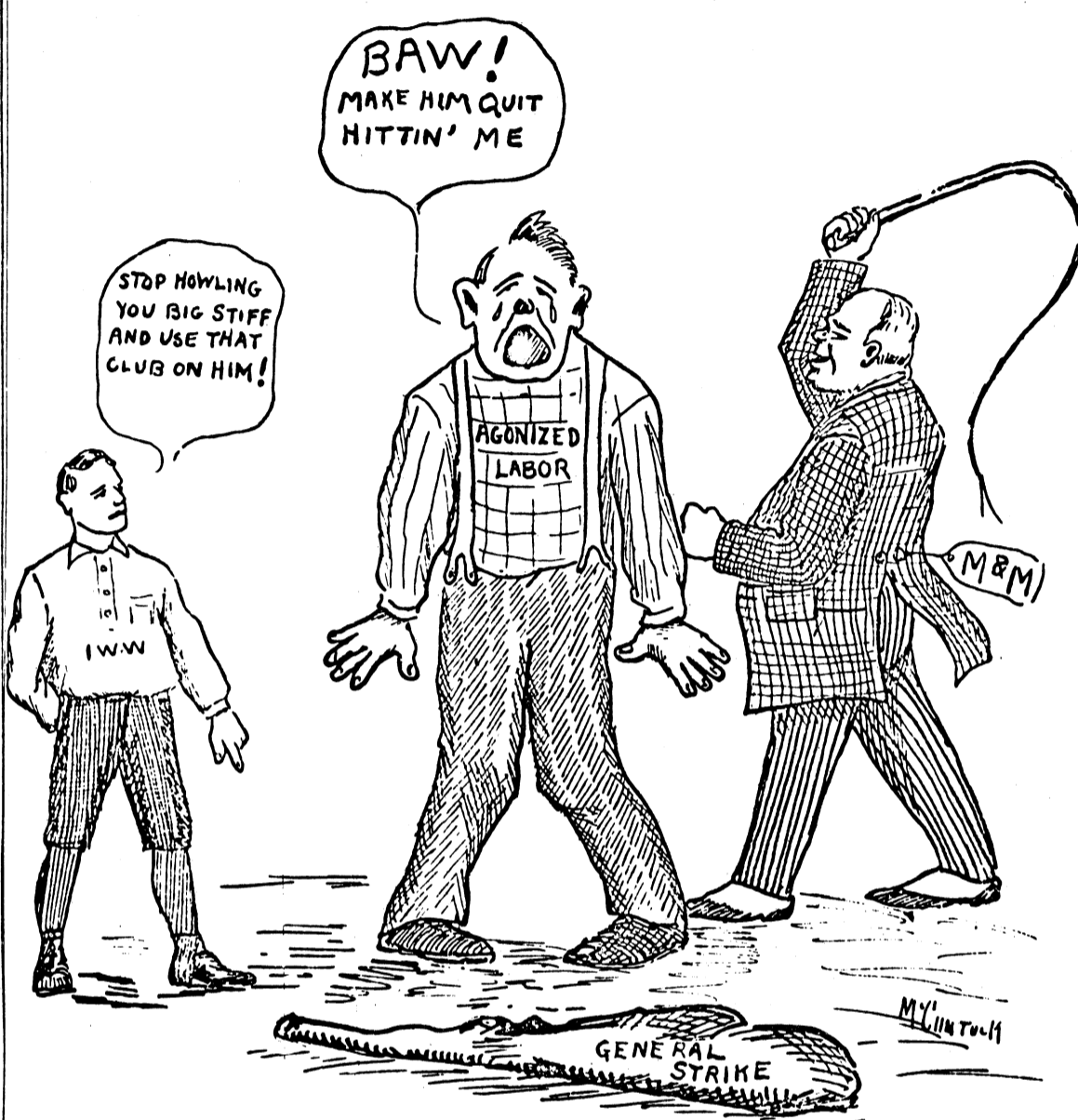
Address all communications to F. G. Peterson, 519 1/2 E. Fourth street, Los Angeles, Cal.

ONLY ONE I. W. W.

There is only one I. W. W. in America. Any person or persons claiming to represent the I. W. W. and do not have credentials signed by Vincent St. John, General Secretary of the I. W. W., and W. E. Trautmann, General Organizer of the I. W. W., are imposters. The head office of the I. W. W. is located at 518 Cambridge Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Beware of fakirs who try to discourage the workers by telling them that there is no hope this side of the grave.

Are you agitating for the eight-hour day in May, 1912? Some old lobster in New York says it is no good, but do YOU think eight hours better than 10. Only the slave knows. Petty grafters that never did a day's work in their lives are not expected to know the difference between eight hours' hard work and 10.

Do you subscribe for the "Industrial Worker"? This is a cordial invitation for you to do so.



LOS ANGELES

TELEGRAM

To Industrial Worker, Spokane, Wash.

Vancouver, B. C., June 5th, 1911.

Vancouver in throes of a General Strike. Chinese carpenters are striking and craft bricklayers working. Monster mass meeting held Saturday night; 5,000 present. I got the floor and explained that I. W. W. would and must assist in every strike against the boss. I explained how to strike by giving no notice, call of every workers, and refuse to haul or feed scabs or troops. Explained Swedish general strike and strikes in France, Sabotage, fallacy of politics, power on the job and how to get the eight-hour day by refusing to work longer. One great Industrial Union taken with great applause and enthusiasm. Notify all workers to keep away from Vancouver, B. C.

JOS. S. BISCOAY.

HOW POLITICALISM WORKS IN GERMANY

A SOCIALIST FUNERAL—"RESPECTABLE" SOCIALIST POLITICIANS KEEP SLAVES OUT OF PROCESSION.

Comrade Borgmann, a member of the Reichstag, died a week ago. He was buried today. Thousands of Socialists turned out to his funeral. I have no idea how many there were of them, but there must have been towards 20,000. To one who has been taught to consider the German movement as the very acme of revolutionary endeavor, the demonstration was a disappointment. In many respects it was even tamer than an A. F. of L. affair. The most striking feature of it was the costumes of the demonstrators, plug hats—the real stove pipes—and "Jesus Christ coats"—you know the kind the "pawson" wears on Sunday—were the prevailing modes. I should judge that 90 per cent wore this "proletarian" makeup. (Here was where my Parisian critic got sore). I call the wearers "demonstrators," perhaps they were workers—I don't know—but one would never guess them to be so from their clothes or manner, and least of all would one guess them to be revolutionists. It is true a few wore red ribbons, but these were aids or corporals or

something of that nature and had charge of keeping order. I suppose the balance were forbidden to wear red, as the S. D. systematically suppresses all demonstrations that tend to arouse the ill will of the "sleeping" bourgeoisie tiger.

The tactics of these revolutionists seemed strange. The sidewalks were densely packed with people, so much so that they overflowed into the streets and streamed along abreast of the cortege. As these spectators were mostly workers, I thought they would be invited to fall in line, as would have occurred in even an American Federation of Labor demonstration, but no, the S. D. was out in its glad rags. The influx of the poorly dressed workers would have ruined the revolutionary effect of the plug hats and "go to hell" coats. It might even have exposed the S. D. to the unjust accusation that it is composed of the despised "lumpenproletariat." And as one of the ideals of the S. D. is to be "respectable," every effort was made to keep the procession clear of the contaminating poorer dressed element. This task fell on the aids, or ribbon bedecked ones, as the S. D. in Berlin has such a peaceful reputation that the streets were bare of policemen.

The well dressed Socialists in line poured broadsides of slurs and hints into the poorer dressed Socialists (nearly everybody is a Socialist in Berlin) along side to induce them to crowd back onto the sidewalk.

And so it went on during the two hours' march to the cemetery. Here occurred an incident or series of incidents that seemed to me to be entitled to the proverbial biscuit. Five hundred yards from the entrance to the cemetery we—the "lumpen" part of us—were met by about 200 rebels (?) with "aid" badges on their arms and we were all shoved over onto the off side of the street. I didn't quite savor this proposition at first, but as we came closer to the cemetery entrance it became clear. Our side of the street ran off into a sort of "cul de sac," while the other went on to the cemetery. At the strategic point that we—the lumpen ditched element—had to round in order to reach the cemetery entrance, there was stationed another large detachment of plug hat rebels who kept us at bay. I saw only one uniformed policeman in the bunch. Here we stood while the inviolate Socialist

(Continued on Page Four.)

GURLY FLYNN ARRESTED

PREVENTED FROM SPEAKING TO BALDWIN MEN—IS JERKED FROM BOX—HELD UNDER \$400 BAIL—FREE SPEECH TEST CASE TO BE MADE.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., May 26.—Free speech and free assemblage has again been attacked in Philadelphia. It was too threatening to the capitalist order to permit a woman, a mere girl, to tell the slaves of the Baldwin Locomotive Works the message of Socialism and labor organization.

This feeling was shown today at noon by the bosses of the Baldwin concern when their lackays, the police, jerked Elizabeth Gurly Flynn, organizer of the I. W. W., off a soap box on the corner of 15th and Buttonwood streets while she was addressing a crowd of workers.

Miss Flynn was hustled off to the police station where, after several hours waiting, she was given a hearing. The charges against her are obstructing the highway and breach of the peace.

When the hearing was finally given, Police Magistrate Scott expressed himself bitterly against the accused. He said he was opposed to "outside agitators coming into the city and disturbing the peace."

Miss Flynn told the magistrate that she intended to stand for her rights of free speech. She asked for a jury trial and it was granted. She was held under \$400 bail.

Workers Will Support Fight.

A test case will be made of it, and many Socialists and I. W. W. men have pledged themselves to stand behind her.

There never was a more outrageous trampling on the rights of free speech and free assemblage in the dust than in the case of Miss Flynn. A squad of police officers appeared on the scene at the stroke of noon. They were there to see that the workers in the Baldwin shops were not to be spoken to, and they said no meeting would be allowed.

These cops were asked if this order covered all streets and corners, and they boldly declared that it took in the entire district.

The police made no bones about their mission. They were there to look after the interests of the owners of the Baldwin works. The message of organization was not to be delivered to that concern's employees.

Sergeant Pierson, one of the men who made the arrest, stated on the witness stand that the superintendent of the Baldwin works objected to the meeting, and that was sufficient to rush the woman, who was delivering the message to the workers, into a patrol wagon.

The excuse made by the superintendent, according to this cop, was that the employees had only forty-five minutes to eat their lunch, and they would not get back to the shops in time to be at their work when the hour struck again, if they stood and listened to the speaker.

There was nothing unusual to cause the arrest of the speaker. The crowd was very orderly. The chairman who introduced the speaker was not molested. After he made a few remarks, Miss Flynn mounted the box, and then the cops showed up. She said that the organization was willing to make a fight for free speech, and that it would book no orders from Baldwin's on that score.

Just then a big, burly cop stepped up on each side of the speaker, and placed her under arrest. The crowd hooted and jeered, and expressed its feelings in no uncertain terms.

Baldwins Fear Organization.

The heads of the Baldwin concern are in deadly fear that the workers of that firm will organize, and that is the reason behind the outrageous arrest of Miss Flynn.

The magistrate practically intimidated this. When told what the organizer's salary was, he sneered, and asked her if dues and initiation were charged by the union. When he was informed that they were, he said, "it looks like a money-making scheme—not a benefit for the workers."

It was learned after Miss Flynn's arrest that a patrol wagon was waiting around the corner before the noon whistle blew, with eight or ten policemen ready to make the charge on the lone girl.

In the courtroom one of the ignorant asses on the police force who helped make the arrest testified that the speaker was talking "anarchy," but when Attorney Nelson, for the defendant, asked what he meant by anarchy he proved the density of his ignorance by saying he "didn't know."—"Call."

