

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

ORGANIZE RIGHT



ORGANIZE YOUR MIGHT

# Industrial Worker

VOL. 4 No. 18

One Dollar a Year

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1911

Six Months 50c

Whole Number 122

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

### MINERS WON'T STRIKE

MINERS IN CONVENTION IN BUTTE—CONVENTION DECIDES NOT TO GO ON GENERAL STRIKE.

Special to the "Worker."  
The convention of the Western Federation of Miners which opened in Butte on Monday, July 17th, is now in full swing and many important matters have come before the body of delegates and although by a very close margin, the resolution calling for a general strike the day McNamara goes to trial, was defeated by a vote of 172 to 124. This vote was taken after one of the most heated discussions which has so far marked the convention. An appeal from Gompers asking for an assessment of 25 cents per month was adopted. Mahoney says he expects the trial will cost \$500,000.00.  
Rutledge, a delegate from Arizona, had a resolution to place the election of committees in the hands of the convention. The resolution was handed to Mills, the secretary, before any committees were appointed on Monday morning, the day the convention opened, but it was not read until after Moyer had appointed the credentials committee. Moyer said he was quite willing to have the convention decide the matter; it was put to a standing vote and the resolution was defeated 75 to 24.

Speeches were made to let the trial of McNamara GO ON ITS MERITS. The following remarks of Delegate Wilkinson of Cooper Union No. 30 is characteristic of the A. F. of L. slush that is being peddled:

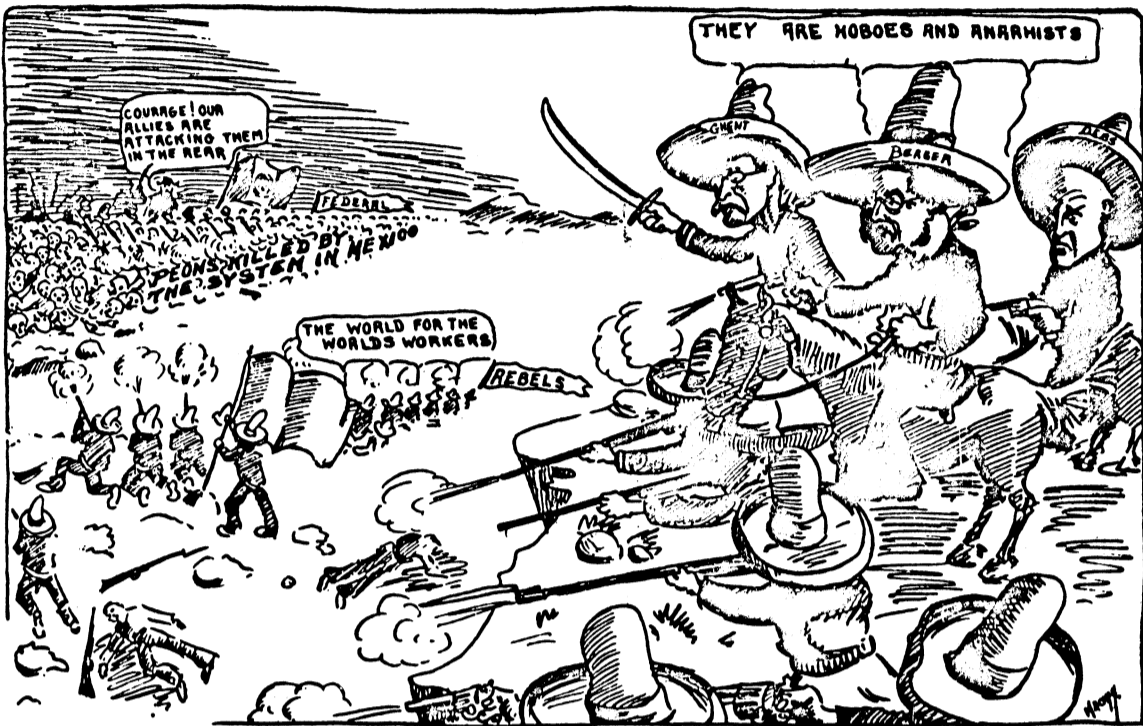
"If a general strike is declared we will be scabbed on from the Atlantic to the Pacific and government and military will soon compel us to rip out the lumber for our own coffins. Let that trial go on its merits and let us give our imprisoned brothers all the aid in our power and we will save their necks just as the country-wide influence of labor organizations saved the necks of our own Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone."

The following was delivered by a Socialist who is also a staunch advocate of the affiliation of the W. F. M. to the one thousand and one brands of organized scabbery and job trusts that infest the country. This comes from the noted Guy Miller of Colorado:

"All this talk about calling a general strike is cheap noise. The people who have made similar noises on occasions in the past are the last to go down in their pockets and do something practical and effective in the cause of labor."

This GUY believes that going down in the pocket of a slave is evidently going to whip the master class of America. These fellows are true to the A. F. of L. tactics and as they stand for affiliation with this aggregation, it is to be expected that they will stand for the policy of Gompers and the A. F. of L.

The class struggle is drawn as plainly in the W. F. M. convention as it is between the Manufacturers' Association and the working class. The organization is loaded down with reactionists and pure-and-simplers who are afraid that some one will scab on them or that the soldiers will shoot them down. Its safe to say that there are more revolutionists in the United States army than there are in the rank and file of the organization if these delegates are a fair sample of their respective locals. The vote on the general strike resolution will give a fair idea of the line up and to what proportion the real rebels stand to the conservative wage slave who wishes to leave well enough alone and who will not mind digging up 25 cents a month to help save someone's neck. The attitude of the delegates of the W. F. M. convention in Butte will create joy in the camp of our enemy, the master class. This is the gang that wants to belong to the A. F. of L. and they are true to their desire to go backward while the boss forges ahead. Butte has a solid delegation for the real thing and many other delegates are here which certainly gives hope to the rebel who wishes to build so that we can win. How long a fighting minority has to be held in check and throttled by a bunch of reactionists and conservatives, time will soon tell.  
A DELEGATE.



THE NEW RURALES

### POLITICAL GHOULS DESPISE THE WORKERS

SOCIALIST HAS "NO SYMPATHY" FOR INSURRECTOS IN MEXICO—THEY ARE ANARCHISTS, SAY THESE RESPECTABLES.

With every subsidized newspaper in America hurling broadsides of vituperation and abuse at the Mexican peon and their allies because they dared to stand and fight for LAND AND LIBERTY and with our "respectable" Socialists denouncing the insurrectos with the same language as the capitalist class, with the cry from both sides of "anarchist," "hobo," "blanket stiff," etc., the man that would fight the battle for freedom today is certainly in a sorry plight. We had nothing to expect from the master class of America who owns title deeds to a great portion of the land of Mexico, and if we expected anything from the parliamentarian who is going to "CAPTURE THE REINS OF GOVERNMENT" we can at least say that such expectations have been "knocked on the head." One would suppose that such men as Debs, Ghent and Berger, as well as the "Appeal to Reason" would at least keep their mouths closed up if nothing could be said in favor of those who are fighting and dying on the desert in defense of their home and family. Speaking through his secretary, Berger, the United States congressman, has the following to say in regard to the battle for freedom in Mexico:

Comrade Berger is wasting no sympathy on the "insurrectos" of Lower California... Comrade Berger is a Socialist, and he stands by the principles and traditions of the international Socialist movement... The "insurrectos" are not Socialists, but are, in the main, opposed to Socialism. Their movement is not predominantly a Mexican movement. It is a movement originating in the United States and its promoters and followers are a mixture of men of every creed except Socialism. Some of them are merely vague utopians. Some of them are so-called "direct actionists." Others are avowedly Anarchists... Still others are revolutionists by temperament and would as readily revolt against a Socialist administration as against a capitalist administration. The Socialist party can afford to have no connection with this movement.

This same "Ghent" who spews out the slime for his master, Berger, in answer to a statement which appeared in the New York "Call," and in which the insurrectos were defended by Comrade Sawyer, has further to say as follows:

Comrade Roland D. Sawyer seems to me to mistake the Socialist position in regard to revolution and to misunderstand the character of the "insurrection" in Lower California. This "insurrection" was no more a class war than

would be an invasion of Comrade Sawyer's front yard by a dozen hoboes intent upon starting a "rough house." The warriors were not Mexicans, and they had no more business across the line than would the hoboes have in Comrade Sawyer's yard... They were not Socialists, but "blanket men," "direct actionists" and anarchists... Anarchists do not fight the class war in behalf of the workers, and any one who thinks so needs badly to read Plechanoff's little book. Anarchist philosophy is an opposite of Socialist philosophy, and Anarchist activity is directed quite as much against Socialism as against capitalism... Socialists have no more right to support an Anarchist revolt than they have to support a rebellion such as that of the slaveholders of 1861 or of the Magyars in 1848-9... A good deal of sentimental Anarchism is being absorbed at this time by Socialists here and there, and the fact bodes ill for the future. It would seem that this vexing question must some day be fought out all over again.

The revolutionists have never appealed for "sympathy," but they have asked men who believed in no flag and no country, no international boundary line, to assist in overthrowing a system of slavery that is a thousand times lower than the chattel slavery of olden days; worse than chattel slavery because the peon has no value on him as had the negro of slavery days. The peon is whipped and tortured in the burning sun with long hours of labor and the lash is applied if the boss is not satisfied with the day's work. Who could read the account of Mexico by Kenneth Turner and then have the brazen effrontery to say that it is not the class war in Mexico. True the insurrection so far as Madero was concerned, was not a class war, it was a fight between Madero with his million acres of land and his millions of dollars on the one side and Diaz and his followers with their millions on the other side. It was a battle between masters and who ever heard of slaves getting anything from a Madero that he wasn't prepared to TAKE? That this insurrection did not originate in Mexico is the direst of all lies. Is not Magon and his associates of the Mexican Liberal Junta, Mexicans and has not these men suffered in jail for years on a stretch because they have dared to fight for LAND AND LIBERTY in their native land? Is there not a price on the heads of these Mexican revolutionists by both the Madero and Diaz governments?

If these craft scabs have no sympathy for men who wish to free themselves from the yoke of tyranny, then we have no sympathy for THEM and we wish to place them where they belong. No language has yet been coined that could express our indignation and hatred for a slimy rat that fattens on votes from slaves, yet ignores the man that has no permanent residence and who helps to make up the great army of the unemployed, through no fault of his. If ever a moral leper has been discovered that can sink lower in the depth of degradation than this band of political rats then so far they have not been unearthed and brought to light.

The insurrectos were opposed to nothing but oppression and no coined words like "SOCIALISM" can any longer hide those who gloat and glory over their defeat. The battle has yet to be fought in Mexico and all the "noise" from OUR REPRESENTATIVES will not stop us from flocking over an imaginary boundary line to assist our fellow workers in time of trouble. The waters which divide us from France or England would not hinder us if we could assist our fellow workers in those countries. Socialists have NO RIGHT to support anything if they do not wish to and the fact that there are many who do not wish to, but who would rather assist in torturing men and women who desire freedom and have the "guts" to fight for it, only proves that these so-called Socialists are nothing but a lot of office seekers who had to the skies the men that has a vote and hates the man that is without one. That this bunch will soon be known by the stench which arises from their political slime is a foregone conclusion. "WORKERS OF THE WORLD unite," but stay in YOUR OWN COUNTRY. You have no business across the line! What a travesty on the international labor movement? Spare us from our friends the enemy.

#### STRIKE! STRIKE!

"They say McNamara is to have a fair trial. Do you believe it? Does it look like it? But you have the power to force a fair trial. Fold your arms for one day, the day the McNamaras go to trial is all that will be necessary. No boats will slip anchor that day, no trains will run, no telephones, no newspapers. Remove your gnarled, red and crippled hands from the wheels of industry and the world stops. How many of you will do it?"  
WM. D. HAYWOOD,  
Ex-Sec. W. F. M.

#### WILL HIRE BY THE HOUR.

LACROSSE, Wash., July 17.—A number of I. W. W. members were in Lacrosse Saturday, leaving yesterday. Before leaving, however, they decorated almost every building in town with a red sticker worded as follows:  
"Read Solidarity and Industrial Worker."  
"I won't work more than eight hours after May 1, 1912. How about you?"  
"Join the union of your class."  
Many Lacrosse farmers talk of hiring farm hands by the hour since seeing the stickers.—  
"Spokesman-Review."

## FREEDOM OF SPEECH ESTABLISHED IN DULUTH! POLICE BACK DOWN





## To Help Us Grow

### For Three Dollars Four Sub Cards

If you are interested in spreading the propaganda of Industrial Unionism; if you wish to see The Industrial Worker grow; purchase four yearly subscription cards for three dollars. If you are not a subscriber, sell three of the cards at a dollar apiece, and you will have your own subscription free. If you are already a subscriber, sell the four cards, which will net you one dollar, or 25 per cent commission.

*We Must Have the Subs Lend Us a Hand*

## I. W. W. Song Books

10c each, \$1.00 per hundred, \$35.00 per thousand.

Cash must accompany all orders.  
Max Derzettel, Sec. Joint Locals, 518 Main Ave. (rear), Spokane, Wash.

### INDUSTRIAL UNION LEAFLETS.

"Two Kinds of Unionism," by Edward Hammond.  
"Union Scabs and Others," by Oscar Ameringer.  
"Getting Recognition," by A. M. Storton.  
4 page leaflets, 20c per 100; \$1.50 per 1,000.  
"Eleven Blind Leaders," by B. H. Williams.  
32 page pamphlet. Price, 5c.  
Pamphlets in Foreign Languages—"Why Strikes Are Lost," by W. E. Trautmann, in Lithuanian. Price, 10 cents a copy; 25 per cent off on orders of 100 or more. In Italian—"Report of the I. W. W. to Paris International Congress."

### STICKERS! PASTE 'EM!

50 cents per thousand.

### REMEMBER JAMES KELLY COLE

A book has been printed which contains some of the writings and poems of James Kelly Cole. It is an 85-page book. Single copy, 25c; discount to Locals.  
Address VINCENT ST. JOHN, 318 Cambridge Bldg., 55 5th Ave., Chicago.

## "Solidarity"

A weekly revolutionary working class paper, published by the Local Unions of New Castle, Pa.

Yearly..... SUBSCRIPTION .....\$1.00  
Six Months ..... 50  
Canada and Foreign .....\$1.50  
Bundle Orders, per copy..... .01

Address all communications for publication to B. H. WILLIAMS, Editor; all remittances to the manager, C. H. MCCARTHY, Address P. O. Box 622, New Castle, Pa.

## The Industrial Union

Published Weekly by the Industrial Workers of Phoenix, Ariz.  
An Exponent of Revolutionary Industrial Unionism. Printed in Spanish.  
Subscription, \$1.00 per Year; 50c 6 Months.  
Address 312 E. Buchanan St., Phoenix, Ariz.

## SOLIDARNOSC

Official Organ of the POLISH LOCALS OF THE I. W. W.  
Published at 1469 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
\$1.00 A YEAR.  
Make remittances payable to B. Schrage, Editor.

## L'Emancipation

Official Organ of the Franco-Belgium Federation, I. W. W.  
AUG. DETOLLENAERE.  
9 Mason Street. Lawrence, Mass.

## The Agitator

A Worker's Semi-Monthly  
Advocate of the Modern School INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM AND INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM  
Yearly, \$1 Quarterly, 25c. Sample Free  
JAY FOX, Editor  
Lakewood, Washington

## "La Vie Ouvriere"

Bi-Monthly Syndicalist Review  
Appearing the 5th and 20th of each month.  
Subscription Rates:  
Foreign, 1 year, \$1.50; 6 months, \$1.25; 3 months, 75c.  
Address all correspondence to Pierre Monette, Editor, 96 Quai Jemmapes, Paris.

# INGERSOLL ON ECONOMICS

Robert G. Ingersoll, one of the brainiest men the world ever produced, said in a speech a few years ago:

"Invention has filled the world with competitors not only of laborers, but of mechanics, mechanics of the highest skill. Today the ordinary laborer is for the most part a peg in a wheel. He works with the tireless—he feeds the insatiable. When the monster stops, the man is out of employment—out of bread, he has saved nothing. The machine that he fed was not feeding him—was not working for him. The invention was not for his benefit. The other day I heard a man say that it was almost impossible for thousands of good mechanics to get employment, and that, in his judgment, the government ought to furnish work for the people. A few minutes later, I heard another say that he was selling a patent for cutting out clothes, that one of the machines could do the work of twenty tailors, and that the week before he had sold a great house in New York, and that over forty cutters had been discharged.

On every side men are being discharged, and machines are being invented to take their places. When the great factory shuts down the workers who inhabited it, and gave it life, as thoughts do the brain, go away, and it stands there like an empty skull. A few workmen, by the force of habit, gather about the closed doors and broken windows, and talk about distress, the price of food, and the coming winter. They are convinced that they have not had their share of what their labor created; they feel certain that the machines inside were not their friends. They look at the mansion of the employer, and think of the places where they live. They have saved nothing, nothing but themselves. The employer seems to have enough, even when employers fail, when they become bankrupt, they are far better off than the laborers ever were.

Their worst is better than the toiler's best. The capitalist comes forward with his specific. He tells the workman that he must be economical. But under the present system economy would only lesson wages. Under the great law of supply and demand, every saving, and frugal, self-denying working man is unconsciously doing what little he can to reduce the compensation of himself and his fellows. The slaves who did not wish to run away, help fasten chains on those who did, so the saving mechanic is a certificate that wages are high enough. Does the great law demand that every worker live on the least possible amount of bread? Is it his fate to work one day, that he may get enough food to be able to work another? Is that to be his only hope—that and death?

Capital has always claimed and still claims, the right to combine. Manufacturers meet, determine prices, even in spite of the great law of supply and demand. Have the laborers the same right to consult and combine? The rich meet in club or parlor. Working men, when they combine, gather in the streets. All the organized forces of society are against them. Capital has the army and the navy, the legislature, the judicial and executive departments. When the rich combine, it is for the purpose of "exchanging ideas;" when the poor combine, it is a "conspiracy." If they act in concert, if they really do something, it is a "mob." If they defend themselves, it is "treason."

How is it that the rich control the departments of government. In this country that political power is equally divided among men. There are certainly more poor than there are rich. Why should the rich control? Why should not the laborers combine for the purpose of controlling the executive, the legislature and the judicial departments? Will they ever find how powerful they are? How are we to settle the unequal contest between men and machines? Will the machines finally go into partnership with the laborer? Can these forces of nature be controlled for the benefit of her

suffering children? Will extravagance keep pace with ingenuity? Will the workman become intelligent enough and strong enough to be the owner of the machines? Will these giants, these titans, shorten or lengthen the hours of labor? Will they give leisure to the industrious, or will they make the rich richer, and the poor poorer? Is man involved in the general scheme of things. Is there no pity, no mercy? Can man become intelligent enough to be generous, to be just, or does the same law or fact control him that controls the animal or vegetable world? The great oak steals the sunlight from the smaller tree. The strong animal devours the weak. Everything eating something else—everything at the mercy of the beak and claw of hoof and tooth, of hand and club, of brain and greed inequality, injustice everywhere. The poor horse standing in the streets with its dry, overworked, over-whipped and underfed, when he sees other horses groomed to mirrors, glittering with gold and silver, scornful with proud feet, the earth probably indulged in some of the usual socialistic reflections, and this same horse, worn out and old, deserted by his master, turned into the dusty road, leans its head on the top-most rail of a fence, looks at donkeys in a field of clover and feels like a Nihilist.

In the days of cannibalism, the strong devoured the weak, actually ate their flesh. In spite of all the laws that man has made, in spite of all advances in science, the strong, the cunning, the heartless, still live off the unfortunate and foolish. True they do not eat their flesh or drink their blood, but they live on their labor, on their denial, their weariness and want. The poor man who deforms himself by toil, who labors for wife and children through all his anxious barren, and wasted life, who goes to the grave without ever having had one luxury, has been the food of others he has been devoured by his fellowmen. The poor woman living in the barren lonely room, cheerless and fireless, sewing night and day to keep starvation from a child, is slowly being devoured by her fellowmen.

When I take into consideration the agony of civilized life, the failure, the poverty, the anxiety, the tears, the withered hopes, the bitter realities, the hunger, the crime, the humiliation and the shame, I am almost forced to say that cannibalism after all is the most merciful form on which man has ever lived upon his fellowmen. It is impossible for a man with a good heart to be satisfied with this world as it is now. No man can truly enjoy even what he knows to be his own, knowing that millions of his fellowmen are in misery and want. When we think of the famished we feel that it is almost heartless to eat; to meet the ragged and shivering makes one almost ashamed to be well dressed and warm. One feels as though his heart was as cold as their bodies.

In a country filled with millions and millions of acres of land waiting to be tilled, where one man can raise the food for hundreds millions are on the edge of famine. Who can comprehend the stupidity at the bottom of this truth? Is there to be no change? Is the law of supply, invention and science, monopoly and competition, capital and legislation always to be enemies or those who toil?

Will the workers always be ignorant and stupid enough to give their earnings for the useless? Will they support millions of soldiers to kill the sons of other workingmen? Will they always build temples for ghosts and phantoms, and live in huts and dens for themselves? Will the lips, unstained by lies, forever kiss the robed impostor's hands? Will they finally say that the man who has had equal privileges with all others, has no right to complain, or will they follow the example that has been set by their oppressors? Will they learn that force, to succeed, must have thought behind it, and that thought must rest upon the corner-stone of justice?

### I. W. W. PREAMBLE

#### WHAT WE BELIEVE.

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among the millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trades unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wages for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

Knowing, therefore, that such an organization is absolutely necessary for our emancipation we unite under the following constitution.

# ARE YOU A STICKER?

## Stick 'Em Up Everywhere

\$1.00 Per Thousand at Headquarters

## "OLD AND ONLY IN THE WAY"

I. W. W. MAN TIRES OF THE STRUGGLE—DIED A SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION—WILLS EVERYTHING TO I. W. W.

Fourteen lots of property in Upper Fruitvale; worth \$3,000, are bequeathed to the Industrial Workers of the World, and a few comments on life in general are left to his friends by the late J. A. Anthony, who committed suicide on his property last Wednesday.

Disposition of his estate is made in a letter to George Speed, a friend. This document was offered for probate yesterday in Oakland and is one of the most unusual testaments on the probate files. In part it follows:

"To George Speed:

Dear Comrade:

"I have made up my mind that there is one wage slave too many in this world and that I'm that one; accordingly when you read these lines I shall be dead. It would be incorrect to say that I quit life in a fit of despondency. Nothing of the sort. I'm merely hastening the inevitable for reasons good and sufficient to myself.

"The fact is that I feel I'm getting old. Old age may be beautiful and venerable and a lot of other things that look nice in print—but I don't want it.

"On the subject of death I oppose Nietzsche's view. To the tired and weary wage-worker who is free from fear of the spooks that the priests are trying to frighten us with, the passage over the dark river has no terrors. "It is my last will and desire that my little ready holdings be sold as speedily as may be, and the money sent to the general headquarters of the Industrial Workers of the World at 518 Cambridge building, Chicago. My relatives have never expected anything from me in a material sense. Their affection for me has ever been wholly unselfish, and I could hardly think of giving it to the church, for in her career upon earth she has prospered very well.

"The Industrial Workers of the World appears to me to be free from capitalistic dirt and sophistry. Thus, I die as I lived—a revolutionary. It is upon you, my friend, that I impose the duty of attending to the matter.

"Let it be said that I have the merit of having been a soldier, not after the ideal of the 'superman' from Oyster Bay, not for country and flag, but in the cause of the social revolution, and this shall be my defense at the bar of the Great Judge.

"Farewell, and keep in kindly remembrance your comrade,

"J. A. ANTHONY,  
"1350 Stockton St.,  
"San Francisco Examiner."

### THE BREAD LINE

By J. H. Seymore, the Hobo Poet.  
Dedicated to Organized Charity of New York.  
Come, cheer up, pal, it's nearly ten,  
De doors'll soon be open;  
We'll git a bowl o' Java den  
(Leastwise dat's w'at I'm hopin').  
An' dat'll make us good an' warm,  
Jes' w'at we been a-wishin';  
It's cold an' wet here in de storm,  
But alright in de mission.

Aw, yes, you bet, it's mighty hard  
To stand here on de Bowery  
Since seven in de mornin', pard,  
In wedder cold an' showery.  
I know it hurts t' read dat sign;  
"Come 8 A. M. fer luncheon,"  
But better stand t'ree hours in line  
Dan come too late for munchin'.

At last dey're open! half past ten—  
Come, lean on me—dat's better.  
Jes' squeeze in 'twixt dem bigger men  
An' don't get any wetter.  
Now, come, brace up, we'll soon be in—  
Don't give dat bloke no 'spicion;  
He'll tink ye'r drunk, as sure as sin,  
An' chase ye from de mission.

Now, see, we're in. Sit down an' wait,  
We'll soon be warm an' eatin'.  
What's dat 'e says? Aw, hell, dat's great!  
"We'll first have noonday meetin'."  
Dat means a couple hours or more  
Before we git our chawin';  
But dere's no sense in gittin' sore—  
Dat's w'at dey're always doin'.

Now, listen, pal, dey're goin' t' preach  
An' tell us 'bout de Savior.  
It's pretty nice, dem t'ings dey teach,  
'Bout keepin' good behavior;  
But seems t' me, from w'at I've read  
'Bout Christ an' bread an' fishes,  
Dat first He'd have us bums all fed  
An' den we'd heed his wishes.

Hear w'at dat lady says dere, bo;  
Dat Christ fer us is weepin'.  
Come, tell me now, ye didn't know—  
But say, de poor kid's sleepin'.  
Well, let 'im sleep; he needs it, sure;  
T'ree nights he's packed de banner.  
Aw, God, it's fierce to be so poor  
An' live in such a manner!

But now dey've stopped de righteous spiel—  
Jes' shake yerself some, Freddy.  
At las' we're goin' t' git our meal;  
De bread an' coffee' ready.  
But say, he's stiff! Dere's hell t' pay!  
De poor kid's dead, not sleepin'.  
Well—one poor soul has got away,  
No wonder Christ is weepin'.

## FAR WORSE THAN RUSSIA

### FIGHTING RATS IN PRISON—OLD WOMEN AND LITTLE CHILDREN IMPRISONED FOR BEATING TIN CANS WHEN SCABS ARE PASSING.

In the Irwin coal fields, women have been cast into jail that are infested with all kinds of vermin and have actually had to fight the rats black or be devoured by them. This is in the so-called land of freedom. The following letter written by Mother Jones, who is with the miners, tells of persecution that is almost unbelievable:

"There were three generations in jail," writes Mother, "because they would not pay \$10 apiece in fines to a corporation squire, who might as well have demanded \$10,000 as \$10. There was a mother, her three months' old

### THE RIGHT OF SPEECH.

No right was deemed by the fathers of the government more sacred than the right of speech. It was in their eyes, as in the eyes of all thoughtful men, the great moral renovator of society and government. Daniel Webster called it a homebred right, a fireside privilege. Liberty is meaningless where the right to utter one's thought and opinions has ceased to exist. That, of all rights, is the dread of tyrants. It is the right which they first of all strike down. They know its power. Thrones, dominions, principalities and powers, founded in injustice and wrong, are sure to tremble, if men are allowed to reason for righteousness in their presence.

FREDERICK DOUGLAS.