



# Industrial Worker

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

VOL. 4 No. 24 One Dollar a Year SPOKANE, WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, SEPT. 5, 1912 Six Months 50c Whole Number 180

## Capitalist Dynamiter Commits Suicide!

### William Wood and Other Wool Trust Magnates Are Indicted!

### PLAGUE SWEEPS OVER SAN DIEGO

SAN DIEGO SWEEPED WITH A PLAGUE—CHILDREN ARE DYING—PUBLIC SCHOOLS CLOSED—FIGHT TO REOPEN.

San Diego, August 22, 1912.—This outlying province of Russia has a series of pretty problems to solve. The city and county treasuries of San Diego are bankrupt. The city has just recovered from a smallpox scare which ravaged many sections. Little information appeared in the public press, but the work of the smallpox plague was worse even than the people here admitted.

On top of all this comes the epidemic of "infantile paralysis." This disease is the terrible spinal meningitis. It is so prevalent in San Diego that all the grammar grades of the public schools have been closed. No boy or girl under 15 years of age is permitted to enter a moving picture show, a theatre, church or other place of public assembly.

It shows the condition of the city when it is known that the city council welcomed the advent of this terrible plague. It gave them a plausible excuse for retrenchment in the city finances. Just before the disease broke-out the city council announced that owing to the depleted condition of the city treasury, the public library and the city health department would have to be closed because there were no funds available for their operation. The library is still open and the public health department is working overtime to combat this disease, but the city is saving all the money that should otherwise go to the support of the public schools. This is probably the largest item of public expenditure and this calamity came as a welcome gift to the puzzled city fathers. They had so grafted and misapplied the city and county funds in order to wage their disastrous free speech fight against labor, that they were at their wits' ends to finance the city through the remaining part of the fiscal year. If the disease is conquered and the schools are reopened retrenchment must be had along other lines.

It is curious to note that these patriots who were so loud against the I. W. W. and the socialists make their first savings from educational accounts. Nothing that has happened in the free speech fight so thoroughly exposes the shoddy sham of the so called better classes. To close the public library hits not the rich but the humbler citizens. The well-to-do have their home libraries of books which satisfy their literary tastes. The poor must depend upon the public library for their reading, whether scientific or amusing.

The I. W. W. looks on with good natured cynicism and quietly assures the distracted city that the free speech fight is not over, that it has not even begun with any warmth. While the city council and the leading citizens are devising ways and means to finance their harassed city the I. W. W. good naturedly bids them get ready for the next line-up, for the next battle, for the final surrender of the apostles of public ignorance to enlightenment and the forces behind the popular side of the free speech battle.

It would be a good thing if the other cities would take warning from the conditions now prevailing in San Diego. Some good people will assert that the diseases which have visited San Diego and took their toll of death are visitations ordered by an all wise providence. It is timely, however, to call attention to the lack of foresight on the part of the city authorities. Had they not been so busy clubbing men and women, running orderly citizens out of town, indulging in orgies of frenzy, such as the Reitman affair, the scientific bureau of the city would have been on their jobs. The Chinese, Indians and others who cross the border would have been controlled and the smallpox kept out. It is also reasonable to say that such public turmoil as marked the long months when men were every day clubbed barbarously in the public streets, when the nights were hideous with the racket of the vigilantes, when well dressed mobs held the streets nightly, shouting, drunken, debauched,—has had an effect upon impressionable children. Their powers of resistance to "infantile paralysis" or spinal meningitis has been lessened by the lawlessness which has been rampant. An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure.

Illustrative of the tactics of these tyrants (Continued on page four.)

### Diabolical Dynamite Plot Has Been Exposed!

LAWRENCE, MASS., SEPT. 2, 1912.—ON AUGUST EIGHTH ERNEST PITTMAN, A WEALTHY MILL BUILDER OF LAWRENCE BLEW HIS BRAINS OUT RATHER THAN APPEAR THE FOLLOWING DAY BEFORE THE GRAND JURY AND TELL WHAT HE KNEW OF THE DYNAMITING CONSPIRACY DURING THE LAWRENCE STRIKE. SEVERAL INDIOTMENTS ARE RETURNED BY THE GRAND JURY SINCE THE SUICIDE, INCLUDING W. WOOD, HEAD OF THE AMERICAN WOOLEN CO. HE IS RELEASED ON FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS BAIL WHICH HE HAD READY IN HIS POCKET WHEN ARRESTED. ONE IS IN JAIL ON DEFAULT OF BONDS. OTHERS WILL BE ARRESTED TODAY AND WILL INCLUDE SOME OF THE WEALTHY MILL OWNERS. THE WORKERS MUST IMMEDIATELY DEMAND THE RELEASE OF ETTOR AND GIOVANNITTI AS ANOTHER CAPITALIST CONSPIRACY BY THE SAME GANG. ASPIRANTS FOR POLITICAL HONORS WILL FORCE THESE CASES TO THE LIMIT.

FRED W. HESLEWOOD.

When John J. Breen, school committeeman of Lawrence, Mass., was found to have planted dynamite in several places in order to discredit the I. W. W. during the great strike, he was taken before a court which was owned by the Woolen Trust and there was given a slight fine of \$500. This fine was paid by the mill owners. Breen retained his liberty and his school position. He was still thought to be fitted to have control of the education of Lawrence children. Had the mill owners allowed their courts to give Breen a sentence in proportion to his crime much of the subsequent investigation might have been avoided. But Breen refused to be the "goat." The courts of Lawrence had to do their master's bidding.

The two sets of conflicting interests in the mills forced the rest of the exposures and as a sequel to the planting of dynamite came the threat of arrest of those "higher up." Ernest Pittman, of the W. W. Pittman Co., one of the largest New England textile mills, was the man who made the actual purchase of dynamite. He gave the material to John J. Breen. Breen proceeded to do the work. A bungled job led to his detection.

Following a conference with District Attorney Pelletier, in which it was learned that the case was to be thoroughly probed, Ernest Pittman committed suicide. This was on August 27.

Since that time indictments have been brought against William Wood, head of the Wool Trust, and several other prominent mill owners. It is significant that they had their

ball money ready when arrested. It is also significant that bail is allowed in these cases while it is denied in the cases of Joseph J. Ettor and Arturo Giovannitti, the imprisoned strike leaders.

While these capitalist interests which are fighting the Wood interests may push this case in order to gain control of all the mills, and while it may be that William Wood and his associate dynamiters, will land behind the bars, that does not mean that our fellow workers Ettor and Giovannitti will be freed.

Far from it! If the Wood interests are absorbed by other wool magnates it means that there will be still greater efforts made to elect Ettor and Giovannitti. The mill owners know full well that the release of these men will mean an era of organization in the textile centers such as has never before been witnessed.

Knowing these facts, and knowing the diabolical conspiracy against our fellow workers in jail, WE MUST DEMAND THEIR IMMEDIATE RELEASE.

Spread the story of this outrage far and wide and DEMAND in no uncertain tones the release of the two men now incarcerated in the Essex County Jail.

RELEASE ETTOR AND GIOVANNITTI, YOU MILL BARONS, OR AN AROUSED WORKING CLASS WILL BE FORCED TO TAKE THEM FROM YOUR JAIL.

(Full accounts will appear in our next issue.)

### MAN-HUNTING LUMBER LORDS

LUMBER TRUST OUTRAGES STILL CONTINUE—SAVAGERY REIGNS SUPREME—NO LIBERTY LEFT IN LOUISIANA.

Man-hunting has ever been the one true sport of Kings. There has never been an aristocracy, a plutocracy or an oligarchy of any kind that did not maintain an army of bloodhounds, both four and two-footed, for this purpose. The King, whether crowned or uncrowned, has ever been the incarnation of brute force, the ermined and scapetered representative of savagery, the leader of the Plunderbund. Witness Rome under the Caesars, France under the Napoleons, Germany under the Bismarks, Mexico under the Diazs, and the South under the Lumber Kings. Each one long reign of terror, each one long man-hunt, each sowing broadcast the seed of its own destruction, and each learning nothing from its predecessor, falling at last in the corruption and the ruin it had wrought. As it was with the Caesars, the Napoleons, the Bismarks, the Diazs, so shall it be with the reign of the Lumber Kings, for no system that so flagrantly violates all the fundamental rights, liberties and ethics of the race can endure; it is doomed to destruction. "peaceably if it will, forcibly if it must," but doomed it is, and by its own deeds. Avail it nothing for such a system to raise the cry of "anarchy," "atheism" and "treason" against its opponents, for its deeds drown out its words and shock humanity into revolution. This the Brotherhood of Timber Workers knows; this the Lumber Kings who call themselves the Southern Lumber Operators' Association do not know, else they would hasten to clear themselves of the crimes that are being committed throughout the Southern timber belts in their names today.

Let the world judge between the Brotherhood and the Association:

We were forced to work long hours, 10 to 12 a day, at the hardest kind of labor, for wages as low as \$1.25 per day; forced, we from whose labor comes all the lumber on the earth, to pay high rents for the shacks we lived in, and then be charged for light and water; forced to pay fees to support doctors in whose selection we had no voice; forced, by a monthly or longer pay-day, to trade at the Company stores, or suffer a discount of from ten to twenty-five per cent on our time checks, and this discount we often suffered rather than pay the extortionate prices demanded at the commissaries; forced to pay premiums for alleged accident insurance and never be allowed to see a polly; forced to pay fees to maintain hospitals, located no one knows where, and then be compelled to take up a collection and send to a public hospital anyone too ill to remain in camp; forced to see all that came to us from the company's right hand taken back with its left, and more; forced to suffer eternal espionage and insult from an army of gunmen of the worst and lowest type and have, besides, the galling knowledge that these thugs had been commissioned as deputy sheriffs by the states of Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and Mississippi, so that in resisting them we resisted the authority of the states that exist only by the labor of our hands and brains. Under these conditions, all our petitions both to our masters and the state for a redress of our grievances being ignored, life became unbearable and, in 1910, we revolted against this system of legalized peonage and began the organization of an Industrial Union of Timber and Lumber Workers. From the beginning our every demand, no matter how courteously worded, was met by the Association mills with insulting answers and threats of violence. We were charged with intending to commit every crime in the calendar, but, again, let the world judge between the Brotherhood and the Association. The Association's first act of war against us was the closing down of over 40 mills in the Texas-Louisiana timber belt, with the open and declared purpose of "starving" us "into submission." This lockout lasted from July, 1911, to January and February, 1912, and thousands of workers were reduced to direct want and misery. It failed of its purpose, the destruction of the Union, and, with the reopening of the mills, the Association augmented its army of gunmen, blacklisted over 1,000 men, forced all workers applying for employment to take one of the most infamous anti-

(Continued on page four.)

### NO VIOLENCE IN G. T. P. STRIKE

Over a month on strike with not an act of violence is the record of the Grand Trunk Pacific strikers. This shows that all previous trouble in the railroad strikes has been caused by agents of the contractors or the authorities.

But four arrests have been made and these strikers were released after a brief examination and were exonerated from the charge of intimidation.

The picket work in this strike is exceptionally clever and when the victory is won we will have some new methods to add to our already long list of tactics.

Every person who has investigated the strike and its causes is in favor of the strikers and are strongly condemning the foul camp conditions.

The following joke from the bulletin illustrates the hospital system in vogue and shows that the men are taking the situation as humorously as they may:

Undertaker—"I've advertised for an assistant. Have you any experience at funerals?" Applicant—"I should say so! I was doctor in a railroad construction camp for three years."

The unsanitary nature of the camps is one of

the main contentions of the strikers. The strike bulletin tells the story when it says: "Chinamen and Japs will not SCAB on a mucker because they say 'it belly muckee stinkoe ilkey hell!'"

Added proof that the conditions are bad is found in the fact that nearly 99 per cent of the men who ship on to the job to break the strike, join the union when they learn of the way matters stand.

The employers are saying that there is no strike and in the next breath are telling about the way the walkout is impeding the work.

The Fort George Tribune, which extensively circulates around the office of its publication, is siding with the bosses. This sheet says that there is no strike, and the men on strike were forced out through fear of the I. W. W. agitators, and laborers must be secured who will not give such a willing ear to the teachings of the I. W. W. Very logical, isn't it?

The Tribune characterizes the strike as "Nothing more . . . than a mischievous desire to cause a disturbance" and really expects people to believe that men will go on strike, brave hunger, jail, bull pens, gun men

and thugs, just for the fun of the thing.

A. W. Smithers, chairman of the G. T. P., says that attempts will be made to bring laborers from the old country. Mr. Smithers also says there is no strike. Why bring laborers then? The strikers recommend that some of the London dock workers be secured. If Smithers will look at conditions abroad he will discover that the yeast of life is rising in the workers all over the world. No longer are the slaves food with a crust, a hovel and a pair of patched overalls. Labor is preparing to demand its own.

The longer the strike lasts the better are the chances for the men to win. The road must be finished according to contract before the completion of the Panama Canal.

The demands of the strikers are for shorter hours, higher wages, sanitary camps, better food, hospital fee not to be deducted by company, and camp delegates to be allowed to confer with the men without molestation.

Funds are needed to carry this skirmish in the class war to a successful conclusion. Send all funds to A. O. MORSE, Box 917, Prince Rupert, B. C.

**I. W. W. HALL**

MURDER OF JOE MIKOLASEK AT SAN DIEGO

JOHN RAMMY ANNA LA PIZZA

LAWRENCE

GRABOW, LA

DYNAMITE PLANTER BREEN OF LAWRENCE

PERTH AMBOY

Lest we forget

MARTIN R PRESTON

**HOW LONG WILL LABOR STAND THIS**



VICTOR BERGER'S MODESTY

Victor Berger is a modest man. He asserts that it was his congressional activities that compelled the Lawrence mill owners to surrender. But just how the congressional investigation initiated by himself operated in the manner he claims, Berger does not specify.

The writer spent the greater part of June and July in Lawrence. While there he had ample time to study the immediate cause of the strikers' victory. This cause can be stated in few words, viz: the financial and competitive difficulties of the Woolen Trust, or Wood, interests.

In considering the Lawrence situation, it should be borne in mind that the so-called Woolen Trust is not all that its name implies. The Woolen Trust is not a trust in the strict sense of the word. It is the biggest single corporation in the woolen industry.

When the strike occurred the strikers had no knowledge of this condition of affairs; they rose in spontaneous revolt, without preparation and in protest against the wage reduction imposed on them without notice on the introduction of the law reducing the weekly hours of labor.

There is another fact that must also be borne in mind, namely, that the Pacific and the Arlington mill interests were and still are the most virulent antagonists of the strikers and the I. W. W.

If Berger compelled the mill owners to surrender, how comes it that this compulsion is not general? What are the peculiar circumstances that compelled the complete surrender of the Wood interests and permitted the other interests to go in greater freedom?

Let us follow another line of reason and another set of facts to show the absurdity of Berger's claim. Socialists make much of the class instincts of the capitalists, as reflected in bitter opposition to organization and movements detrimental to their interests.

Now, let it be said to the credit of the Massachusetts Socialist party that it does not echo the claims of Congressman Berger. The writer attended the conference of the Massachusetts Socialist party, held in Boston on one of the first Sundays in July.

lowing their spontaneous revolt; to whom they accordingly give credit. Credit to whom credit is due. Victor Berger's claim of victory will be granted when he shows JUST HOW HE BECAME ENTITLED TO SUCH CREDIT.

LABOR'S NEW PHASES AND PHRASES

We are rapidly approaching, in our national life, that period when we must choose between truth and repose. For we have in our midst an embryo revolution: a social and industrial revolution, quite unlike anything ever before conceived.

This new problem is syndicalism. Its philosophy is the new spirit of Labor's unrest. As a movement it will be more popularly known as DIRECT ACTION.

Direct Action is a French importation. It was first used in 1897 by Fernand Pelloutier, General Secretary of the Federation of Labor Exchanges. Pelloutier heartily distrusted the state as an instrument of good for the working man.

This new idea has literally swept across international barriers and has made great headway in England, Germany, and the United States. It actuated the Lawrence strike, and some later smaller strikes in this country.

So Labor's unrest is international. In this country the advocates of Direct Action are known as the INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD—the I. W. W.'s.

Direct Action has been due to the same spirit of democratization that has swept through our own political parties. Direct Actionists are the insurgents of Labor. Their movement is a protest against Trade Unions on the one hand, and the tactics of Socialism on the other.

The old TRADE UNION has almost served its usefulness. It fought tenaciously, but diplomatically, for higher wages, better housing conditions, shorter hours, and such definite palliatives. It had no quarrel with the wage system: it asked only that wages yield a comfortable living.

SOCIALISM has gradually become too compromisingly political to satisfy the radical working man at the bottom. Its history in every country points to its gradual domination by "intellectuals."

But this success is, to the man at the bottom, fraught with disaster. Progress by this method is, too slow; it entails too many compromises. He feels that in the marches of political diplomacy the fundamental ideals are lost sight of.

The Trade Unionist, then, has no ideal, no philosophy; he just wants a slightly larger share of things as they are.

Not so the Direct Actionist. He would abolish the wage system entirely. He does not care about a ten per cent raise in wages, or a nine-hour day. To him the system of production and distribution is wrong.

Suppose, for example, that all employees in the steel industry said, one fine day, to Mr. Baker, Mr. Schwab, Mr. Morgan, and the other stockholders: "We're going to take over all these steel properties and run them for ourselves."

Such is the plan of the Direct Actionist. Aside from any point of justice, a thousand objections as to the practicability immediately arise in your mind. The Direct Actionist admits them; he admits that Labor is not yet ready for this industrial democracy.

The great work of the Direct Actionist at present is in cultivating the solidarity of labor! He preaches that the interests of all working men are one. He frankly encourages class spirit. To him it is to be a struggle finally between all toilers on the one side and all others on the other.

When the Direct Actionist has perfected his organization, when labor has achieved solidarity, then will be called the GENERAL STRIKE. By it, a whole industry, or set of industries, or all industry, will be stopped.

For the present, the Direct Actionist is bending all energies to achieve this necessary solidarity. This, he feels, is best accomplished by keeping alive a revolutionary spirit. And nothing fosters this spirit so much as a strike.

The most powerful weapon the Direct Actionist wields is SABOTAGE. The most powerful because it strikes directly at the owners' profits. Sabotage does not necessarily mean violence. It may be only passive resistance.

Of course, there are more stringent forms of sabotage: using one's intimacy with machinery to destroy it, in the regular course of work, by inserting a wire here, or pulling a plug there, or loosening a screw now and then.

It must be remembered, though, that the Direct Actionist is against personal violence. To attribute the deeds of the McNamara's, for instance, to this new movement is to be grossly inaccurate.

These, in brief, are them all aspects of a great movement. Whether it will succeed in this country, is too difficult to predict. There are three elements, however, that tend to show that the progress of syndicalism here will be much slower than in England, France, and Germany.

First, the large proportion of American population still engaged in agriculture, still largely owning its own home and land, and having little sympathy or contact with the industrialization of the large centers.

Second, the constantly wider diffusion of wealth, despite the large fortunes at the top and the poverty at the bottom—our middle class is larger, better fed, better educated, with a larger outlook than ever before.

Third, the constant tendency of our government toward realizing the substance of its formal democracy.

JUSTICE IS BLIND, BUT SHE CAN SMELL

Some time ago the health board of Grand Rapids, Mich., appointed a new superintendent of the garbage and night soil department. The night soil is removed and disposed of by the "city" at so much per barrel, charged to the householders, and the slaves who do the actual work of removal are paid at the rate of ten cents per barrel for performing this useful service to society.

The new superintendent thought it would be a good idea to have the night soil removers remain at the barn from one to twelve o'clock, thus knocking the slaves out of a trip and thereby reducing their "earnings" considerably. The slaves stood it for a few days, and then a few of them, who had "imbibed" some I. W. W. ideas, resolved to act directly.

The city health officer, the clerk of the board, and two newspaper reporters were present when the men, who are humorously and thoughtlessly referred to as "honey dipper," entered. The day was hot and sultry. The health officer endeavored to divert the attention of the men by a "pleasant" conversation, but the spokesman of the party called a halt at the start and said they had come on business.

But the "boys" had another matter to settle, and the health officer, who by this time looked quite "sea sick," told them to hurry. These men then demanded fly nets for the horses they drove, stating that the animals were cruelly tortured by flies, from which they were unprotected. This demand was also acceded to.

The spokesman called the officer's attention to the fact that he could not stand the odor of their clothes and asked him how he would like to work in the vaults.

These men did not petition the health board, they did not go to the craft union workman's friend, Mayor Ellis; they did not wait till election day to cast a ballot for some social "revolutionist" who believed that under a plan of society laid out by Victor Berger, machinery would be developed to do this work, or mayhap Vic would place human society on a diet that would do away altogether with waste: nix, they got busy on the job right now, directly. They practically said to hell with Berger's interminable "slow" evolutions that stretch out like Herbert Spencer's "great unknowable."

Now, here is an idea for the useful slave: Organize all the men in the garbage and night soil department, then drive your LOADED wagons up to the city hall and with your WORK CLOTHES on, assemble in the office of the health board and DEMAND a flat scale of \$5.00 for an eight-hour day. PICK OUT A HOT DAY. Try it, fellow workers, and see what the result will be.

Think of the service these workers perform for society for a little more than \$3 per day, working like hell to get that, besides being looked down upon by the rest of society, large numbers of whom would be "back to the soil" (six feet back of it) were it not for their hard and poorly "rewarded" toil. Great system, but the DIRECT ACTION of the workers, industrially organized, can and shall change it.

RIFT IN THE FOG

Gawd Almighty! cut it man! Too much of that's enough. I've heard too damn much preachin'— May sound a little rough. But I ain't much on manners. My tongue is like my fist. It's cut me from hand to groin. And got the rough-neck twist. But Gawd Almighty! cut it! I'd hate like hell to do it. 'Tain't polite nor Christian—but I ain't polite nor Christian— See the muck here on my clothes? Cleanin' sowers from your preachin'— Let me rub some on your nose. Nasty smellin'! Hell's fire; taste it! Kinder shockin' to your airs But 'twill bring you back to nature. Help a sinner down your preachin'— Sort o' shockin'? Gawd Almighty! Maybe 'tain't so sweet as pie But 'twill bring you back to nature. 'bout them muck on your nose. Yes, it's stinkin' muck and nasty. Makes you wince and hold your nose. And it ain't nice in your parlor. Or a sinner down your preachin'— But it smells a tang right sweet— When all is done and said— Than that rotten bull you're peddlin'— Every man's got to be fed. Yes, I'm rough, and tough and seedy. Awful shockin' in my ways. Muck and sweat is low and vulgar. To you pippin, bibis jays. But you've hee-fate! And your rich and costly wine. And you rub your bloated bellies. Where your God lives when you dine. I ain't fightin' 'bout your eatin'— But belly-full, don't come a preachin'— Me to feed on Faith and Trust. Slobberin' 'round with belly bustin'— Tellin' me to love the flag. Work and sweat like all damnation. While the nabobs swipe the swag. Yes, I'm nasty but I'm thinkin'— 'Thinkin' strong 'bout changin' clothes With your illy-fingered pickers. With your finicky taste and nose. Cleanin' sowers! That's the ticket! It will modify your preachin'— Put a bottom to your preachin'— 'Tone and odorize your prayers. Cut it! cut it! Gawd Almighty! 'Fore I sweat you with my pick: I ain't lost no free salvation— I'll 'a-men' you with a brick! When you're dressed in dirty jumpers. Sweat a sinner down your nose. And your punch is limp and baggy. Muck a stinkin' from your clothes. You will get a different idee 'bout salvation full and free. 'Bout the flag and glorious sweatin'— And you'll cuss 'by damn!' like me. Oh, I'm shockin'—yes I know it. It's the work and sweat you see. Sewer gas—and then, your preachin'— That's the stench that staggers me. Shake, old pal—the sewer calls me— 'Bure-sure Mike—I wish you well. 'Come to Church! We'll talk that over 'When we meet and sweat in Hell.

"If any members know the whereabouts of Roy A. Carter, formerly a member of local 327, Lytton, B. C., communicate with his mother at the below address.—Mrs. H. C. Bathurst, Atlantic, Iowa.

Local No. 57, I. W. W., Philadelphia, Pa., is progressing. They have headquarters at 728 W. Columbia Ave. Joseph Barnes is their rustling literature agent, and is a strenuous booster for the "Worker."

A workman in Port Arthur, Canada, was recently fined \$25.00 for saying "God darn the militia." At this rate Rockefeller's fortune would not be large enough to pay for the I. W. W.'s opinion of militiamen.

John Skoglund, who was removed from Kamloops jail for deportation to Sweden two months ago, died at the immigration infirmary at Montreal, of tuberculosis, while awaiting sufficient strength to make the voyage.

Paul Lafourquette of Sacramento, Cal., is always on hand to give the "Worker" a boost. He donated \$5 for the special issue to No. 71 and then helped to raise the order up to 1,500 extra. Sacramento will know more about the I. W. W. next week.

KIRBY FOR CONGRESS

Lewis R. Kirby, a nephew of the notorious John Kirby, is running for congress on the Republican ticket in the Eleventh district of California. His platform includes a few measures intended to suppress the I. W. W. He is backed by the vigilantes and intends to seek the "abolishment of what is commonly called the 'third degree,' used upon persons charged with crime. In its place he no doubt will substitute the tarring and feathering of persons accused of no crime, and the twisting of their testicles in order to make them kiss the "emblem of liberty," as was done in the case of Ben Reitman in San Diego. Kirby should, by all means, be sent to congress, where he will have congenial company of men with like minds. His attempts to suppress the I. W. W. will simply add to the growing spirit of discontent.

Table with columns: Name, Amount, Total. Includes entries for Dan Boyland, Bart Crowley, etc. Total: \$144.71

In order to avoid delay on important mail do not use San Diego stickers on matter passing through the mails.

L. W. W. AUSTRALIAN ADMINISTRATION The Australian administration of the Industrial Workers of the World is located in the Socialist hall, Wakefield street, Adelaide.

NOTICE

Where articles are sent to both the "INDUSTRIAL WORKER" and SOLIDARITY they should be marked "duplicate" in order to avoid their appearance in the same form in both papers.

Those who persist in breaking this rule will find their news articles entirely re-written and their other articles eliminated altogether.

THE EAST AND THE WEST

Don't get soaked up with sectional patriotism. The workers are just as human in the East as in the West, and sometimes a whole lot more so. You should know what the rebels are doing everywhere. So get busy ow.

IL PROLETARIO

Il Proletario is an organ of the syndicalist movement, published in the Italian language. It expounds the principles of the I. W. W. Arturo Giovannitti, awaiting trial because of his activity in the great Lawrence strike, is the editor. Subscription price is \$1 per year. Address 149 W. 4th street, New York City.

National Industrial Union of Textile Workers, No. 157, I. W. W., meets second and fourth Wednesday, I. W. W. hall, Phelan building, 45 Delano street, Secretary, Richard Wright, 37 Roosevelt street, New Bedford, Mass.

Subscribe for the "Industrial Worker."

PICTURES POSTCARDS

The part that pictures play in revolutionary education is large. The poster picture, "Pyramid of Capitalism," is world famous. It represents the working-class—men, women and children—at the bottom of society. A platform upon their bent backs supports the capitalist class, who are rioting at the banquet board. Above them is the second platform on which stand the soldiers, representing the armed forces of capitalism. Above them on the third platform are the preachers and priests teaching the workers contentment with their lot.

Songs! Songs!

To Fan the Flames of Discontent SONGS OF JOY! SONGS OF SORROW! SONGS OF SARCASM! Songs of the Miseries That Are. Songs of the Happiness To Be. Songs that strip capitalism bare; show the shams of civilization; mock at the masters' morals; scorn the smug respectability of the satisfied class; and drown in one glad burst of passion the profit patriotism of the Plunderbund.

SONGS! SONGS! I. W. W. SONG BOOKS. 10c each, \$5.00 per hundred, \$35.00 per thousand, cash in advance. Order of the "Industrial Worker," Box 2129, Spokane, Wash.

Solidarity

Organ of the I. W. W., published in New Castle, Pa. A revolutionary weekly with up-to-date news of all Eastern labor matters. You need it as well as the Worker. Subscription \$1 per year, 13 weeks for 25c, bundle orders 1 1/2 cents per copy. Address P. O. Box 622, New Castle, Pa.



