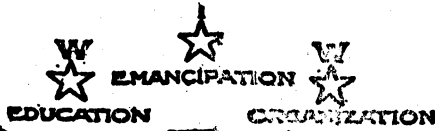


DIRECT ACTION IS LABOR'S WEAPON



DIRECT ACTION WILL GET THE GOODS

Industrial Worker

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

VOL. 4 No. 39

One Dollar a Year

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, DEC. 19, 1912

Six Months 50c

Whole Number 195

A Great Eight Page Lumber Workers' Issue For Next Week! Telegraph Your Orders at Once!

LITTLE FALLS RIVALS RUSSIA

FORTY-THREE MEN STILL IN JAIL AT HERKIMER, N. Y.—THE FIFTEEN THOUSAND STRIKERS STANDING FIRM—MEN ARE CRUELLY BEATEN—WOMEN INSULTED.

To All Members and Sympathizers in the Cause of Labor: Fellow Workers:

Forty-three men, strikers and organizers, are now in the county jail at Herkimer, N. Y., following a police-made riot on the morning of October 30th last, while the striking textile workers of this city were on the picket line. 1,500 workers are on strike and standing firm. All must be provided for.

It is up to you to do your part. Among the many men and women who have been arrested merely because they took part in the strike, some have been held on serious charges. The bail demanded is almost prohibitive. Our imprisoned fellow workers may be indicted by a grand jury. Provisions must be made for trial. We have no other means of support but to appeal to you in this hour of need.

A quick response is a double response. A dollar now is worth two later on.

The brutalities to which these strikers and their organizers have been subjected have made the name of Little Falls notorious over the United States. Men have been arrested and jailed merely for reading the Constitution of the United States near the struck mills. Others have been cruelly beaten after being locked in their cells. They are confined in dungeons whose villainess has been scored in the reports of the State Prison Inspector. Women strikers have been compelled to endure constant insults and indignities. Organizers and speakers have been arbitrarily arrested without warrant and their friends have been prevented from seeing them since.

Letters and resolutions of protest should be sent to District Attorney Schmidt of Herkimer County, Mayor Small of Little Falls, and Governor Dix of New York.

All communications and contributions should be sent to Little Falls Defence Committee, Matilda Rabinowitz, P. O. Box 458, Little Falls, N. Y. Yours for justice,

STRIKE COMMITTEE.

COMMON SENSE IN TACOMA

Secretary Paul Barber of Local 380, I. W. W., Tacoma, Wash., was tried on Dec. 11. Hizzoner decided that "justice" could only be served by imposing a fine of \$25 and costs. The events that caused the Judge to have this deplorable mental condition go somewhat like this:

Court charge—Blockading the streets. First witness, arresting officer—Swore there was no blockade.

Second witness, Paul Barber—Swore there was no blockade.

Third witness, Cheap of Police Loomis—Swore that he issued orders to allow only religious speakers north of 14th street. Failed to mention that street door held forth on 12th. Chief believed in gospel of J. Christ. I. W. W. a disturbing element. Common sense and not the state or national constitution is the law in Tacoma.

Just inning, Hizzonner to the bat—Had not read ordinance for a long time. Not certain about it. Taking no chances, he finds the defendant guilty.

The above is a fair example of the "common sense" coming from the Cheap of Police and Hizzonner. This is not "horse sense" but that of a near relative to the horse—the jackass.

Epilogue.

Persecuting Attorney sees Cheap of Police after the "trial." Tells him the order against street speaking hasn't a leg to stand on in a real court. Chief withdraws order allowing the soul seducers north of 14th St., thus giving the I. W. W., the S. P., the Starvation Army, Holy Rollers, City Rescue Mission, Senile Mission, and street fakirs of all kinds, the right to congregate all on the corner of 14th and Pacific Avenue. Such is Common Sense in its fullest blossom.—James Rohn.

ALGOMA IRON WORKERS STRIKE

At Sault Saint Marie, Ontario, there is a strike of unorganized workers against the Steel Trust. The men on the firing line ask for aid in their struggle. Those desiring to assist the strikers should send funds to S. J. Peplow, secretary-treasurer Relief Committee, Box 221, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.



"THERE ARE NO CLASSES IN AMERICA" SO SAYS THE SUBSIDIZED PRESS

"The Brazen Brotherhood"

The following quotations are taken from "Southwest," issue of November 1912, an alleged "Southern Industrial and Lumber Review" published at Houston, Texas. Says "Southwest":

"Late in the month of October Mr. Sam Park severed his connection with the American Lumber Company in every capacity. This news created a furor in the southwestern lumber world. The American Lumber Company was financed by the subsidiary corporations which represent the financial ends of the Santa Fe Railroad, making the property the actual possession of the Santa Fe Railroad in spite of the fact that the stock was held by Mr. Park. The Santa Fe Railroad is one of the liveliest opponents of labor socialism in the United States, but it took them some time to become convinced of the real condition at Merryville. Detectives reported from Merryville that not only were brotherhood members being openly employed, but that the mill was the headquarters of the Brotherhood and maintained openly a secretary and a secretary's office which handled all matters between the employees and the company. They reported that so brazen had the Brotherhood become at Merryville that they were publishing a weekly paper in the interest of that organization, and that the members were taking every possible liberty that they desired about the plant.

It is understood that summary orders were issued by the Santa Fe for the immediate cleaning of Merryville."

"On Monday, November 11th, the employees of the American Lumber Company at Merryville went on a strike and the mill closed down for an indefinite period. The cause of the strike was the refusal of the management to give employment to the men who had recently been discharged by a Lake Charles, La., jury on a charge of murder, for complicity in the July 7th riot at Grabow, La. The situation at Merryville now is a most serious one. The population of the town is all in sympathy with the Brotherhood, as that is the only mill in the South where members of the Brotherhood have been permitted to work openly. Now there is not a single mill that is employing a Brotherhood member, knowingly, and there probably will never be one to do so again.

"The question of what will be done at Merryville is undoubtedly the most interesting one confronting the southwestern lumber people at the present time. It is too large an investment to be allowed to lie idle for any great length of time, and it is an absolute certainty that whoever goes there to run the mill will do so with instructions to clean the town of the Brotherhood. With the same lack of brains and judgment that has characterized all of its work since its inception, the Brotherhood has now deliberately closed the only plant where one of its members could get employment, and by so doing has given powerful assistance to those who are opposed to the existence of the Brotherhood among the sawmills of this territory. It is safe to say that the Merryville mill will either stay down or will start with a non-Brotherhood crew."

Comment on the above is hardly necessary but we can't restrain ourselves, and, taking it hindpart foremost, reply that "it is safe to say that the Merryville mill will either start with a 'Brotherhood crew' or 'stay down' until the last boot-licker has licked the last speck of gold off the dirty feet of the Sawdust Ring.

So "the Santa Fe railroad," "one of the liveliest opponents of labor socialism in the United States," "issued summary orders for the immediate cleaning of Merryville," did it? and then the Brotherhood, "with the same lack of brains and judgment that has characterized all of its work since its inception deliberately closed down the only plant where its members could get employment" and "not only showed" another case of the "serpent turning its fangs upon the bosom that warmed it," as you say elsewhere, but "by so doing" gave "powerful assistance to those who are opposed to its existence," did it? Well, you boot-licker, if to refuse to be cleaned out quietly and peacefully is to show "a lack of brains and judgment," then we rather admire

the wisdom of the Brotherhood "serpent," also, when you hitched up these two statements in one and the same article, it appears to us that somebody's trolley had jumped its "line of judgment" and lost its "brains," and that trolley was yours. Again, if the Brotherhood by shutting down the plant has given powerful assistance to those who are opposed to "its existence," why do you mourn? As a matter of truth, isn't it a fact that your masters, whose house-slave you are, never expected to see such splendid solidarity shown, never expected to see 1300 lumberjacks walk out of the mills and forests as one man when they issued their infamous order penalizing men for obeying an order of court and that all of you are dazed by the strength of the revolt? Why can't you house-slaves tell the whole truth just once in a while? You know as well as we do that the Merryville strike was caused not only by the refusal of the American Lumber Co. "to give employment to the men who had been discharged by a Lake Charles, La., jury on a charge of murder," but by its refusal to allow any man who was in any way, as a witness even, connected with the Defense in the Grabow trial to return to work, thus penalizing them for obeying an order of court. And oh, hoity toity, how you yelled when Jack Whyte said: "To hell with your courts!"

The Burns Detective Agency is surely to be complimented on its work when it detected a union 1300 strong and especially do its sleuths deserve praise when "they reported that so brazen had the Brotherhood become in Merryville that they were publishing a weekly paper in the interest of that organization." Considering the fact that the "Times" has been coming out regularly every Friday for nearly seven months now, this was certainly extra fine work on the part of the Detectives, and we petition the "liveliest (?) opponent of labor socialism in the United States" to award them a commissary medal therefor, a carriage crowd to appear rampant thereon. We, however, agree with you that "The situation at Merryville is now a most

(Continued on page four.)

PEONAGE IN MERRYVILLE

SLAVES IMPORTED INTO AMERICAN LUMBER CO. MILLS—FOUR ESCAPE AFTER A FIGHT—REST BEING HELD AGAIN—THEIR WILL—STATE GOVERNORS CANNOT SEE A MASTER'S CRIME.

(Special Dispatch to the "Industrial Worker.") Alexandria, La., Dec. 12.—Eighteen strike-breakers were brought into Merryville yesterday. They were met at the train by armed gunmen who surrounded them and drove them into the stockades of the American Lumber Company.

Last night four escaped from the stockade, two being badly beaten up before making their escape. They report that they were lied to about conditions in Merryville and state that the balance of the men are being held in slavery in the stockades against their will. This is peonage or worse have lost all meaning. But the governors of Louisiana and Texas never see a violation of the law except when it is committed by a working man.

Otherwise all is well in Merryville and the mills will start up and run with union labor or they will stay closed down until the Industrial Democracy takes possession of the earth and the fullness thereof, sawmills, forests, everything.

The American Lumber Company is boasting that it is going to run the mills with Mexican labor, so we ask all Mexican rebels to get busy. We warn all other workers, especially negroes, to beware of Merryville.

Extend the picket line. Close up the ranks. Keep on backing the fighting 1300 lumberjacks at Merryville, you rebels, and they will win and in winning will score a victory over peonage and make a mighty step toward the freedom of our class—Covington Hall.

FOUR UNION MINERS SHOT

On December 2 four members of the Western Federation of Miners were shot down at South Porcupine, Ont., by company gunmen. Five of the thugs were arrested.

On the same day fifty Hollinger strike-breakers refused to work any longer and joined hands with the striking miners. Others have been quitting each day since until the job is now completely tied up.

The Hollinger and McIntyre Mills have also closed down, leaving the Dome as the only property now operating. Superintendent Meek has wired the management of the Dome mine that he is unable to operate with the class of men now employed. Experienced miners laugh at the work done by the few scabs and declare the company is losing more than if the mine were closed. The situation looks favorable to the strikers.

The court sittings on the cases arising from the strike has resulted in the commitment for trial of three Thiel detectives on charges of shooting with intent to maim. Three others were heavily fined and a number severely reprimanded and removed from authority. Of the union men arrested one has been discharged and two others fined to the extent of \$25 and \$80 respectively. Owing to the probability of a settlement the public prosecutor moved the postponement of the rest of the docket.

All rebels should do what they can to keep scabs from shipping to South Porcupine.

CHARGES ARE DISMISSED

All rebels will be pleased to learn that the charges against Fellow Workers E. F. Doree, Clarence Edwards and C. L. Filigno have been dismissed. These three workers were arrested in connection with the Grabow trial on false charges of having tried to bribe witnesses. The real purpose was to prevent the organization of lumberjacks. This is another victory for industrial unionism. It also shows the "impartial justice" that allows gunmen to go free while innocent workers are held on the orders of the lumber trust.

REWARDING THEIR FRIENDS.

Organizer Chas. Miles of the United Textile Workers, of Little Falls, N. Y., held several conferences with the Phoenix and Gilbert Mills, and then herded his "union scabs" back to work on December 2. Only one-third of the members responded. The return of these A. F. of L. scabs did not affect the rest of the strikers, who are lined up solidly with the I. W. W.

This is one of the hundreds of instances where the A. F. of L. has rewarded its friends, the thieving employers and punished its enemies, the rebellious workers.

Are You Afraid of Your Job?

WANTED! 10,000 LOG CUTTERS.

Two jobs to every man; union scale; 75c per thousand paid; double length logs; true scale. Don't work for less.

TIE MAKERS.

Also wanted; pay union prices, 20c per tie in virgin timber, more in culled forests; no sawmill competition. Don't work for less.

WOOD CREWS.

Teamsters, loader men, skidder men, tram crews and steel gangs, also wanted; wages \$3.00 to \$5.00 per nine-hour day; go to and from work on company's time. Don't work for less, except less hours.

SAWMILL.

Planer and yard men also wanted; minimum wage \$2.00 per day; nine-hour day; all "boys" get same wages as men; no

slave-driving allowed. Don't work for less, except less hours.

GUARANTEE.

Good clothes, good grub, clean camps, no robberies, no discounts, no grafts, cheap rents for houses, not shacks, free light, free water, free speech, press, organization and assembly, payday every Saturday night in United States money, not "commissary counterfeits."

THIS IS NO PIPE-DREAM.

This is what the One Big Union means to get and it invites you to help get it.

WAKE UP.

Join the One Big Union of Forest and Lumber Workers.

JOIN TODAY.

Don't be a "Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Job."

COME ALIVE.

Delegate yourself to organize the job you are working on and take the Union with you everywhere.

ORGANIZE.

Labor is scarce. The time is ripe. The fight is on. Organize.

HELL!

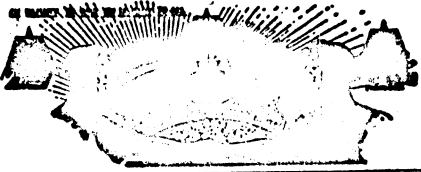
Don't be satisfied with a "commissary living," the worst on earth, and don't be a coward.

ORGANIZE.

For further particulars address, Jay Smith, Secretary Southern District, Box 78, Alexandria, Louisiana, or F. R. Schlies, Secretary National Union, 211 Occidental Ave., Seattle, Wash.

NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL UNION OF FOREST & LUMBER WORKERS.

INDUSTRIAL WORKER



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CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD
General Headquarters—307 Merchants Building, Chicago, Illinois.
Vincent St. John, General Sec'y-Treas
Jas. P. Thompson, General Organizer

GENERAL EXECUTIVE BOARD

P. Eastman, Jos. J. Etter, Ewald Keetgen, F. M. Little, J. M. Foss.

Entered as second-class matter, May 21, 1910, at the Postoffice at Spokane, Wash., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

A tramp is an exceptional individual who has discovered that under the wage system it is as easy to live without an income as within one.

The only person who made a speech in favor of the A. F. of L. during the past year was Seth Low, one of the country's biggest labor skinners. The other speeches were all apologies for craft unionism. Significant, is it not?

IT CAN'T BE DID WITHOUT A MAKE-UP.

The Tailors' Union of Oakland, Calif., is now engaged in a struggle with Ross Bros.' branch store. The retail clerks are anxious to strike to aid their craft union brothers in their struggle. Here enters the craft union system.

The laws of the Retail Clerks' International Protective Association, of which Oakland Local 47 is a part, prevents the members from striking except for a direct cause, such as a broken agreement or violation of the rules of the international. To strike means to be deprived of strike benefits of about \$10 per week, and to lose sick and death benefits. There is also the fear of the international furnishing "card" men to break the union strike. How can the clerks show solidarity?

The Oakland Local Union solved the problem by taking away the cards of the men in the store and also taking out the house card. This makes the firm unfair to labor. It penalizes the clerks for desiring solidarity.

Simple, is it not? Delightfully so! In fact so simple is it that no one but simpletons would stand for it.

The A. F. of L. condemns scabs, and yet is the greatest agency in the country for producing them. Scabbing is a fine art with this Civic Federalized institution. They don't want any one to scab without a union license. Mr. Block says, "I'm going to join so I can scab without getting my block busted."

A PROPOSED GENERAL STRIKE.

As a protest against the Balkan war, a one-day strike on December 16 is proposed by the International Socialist Party. Coming from an organization composed of elements in society other than wage workers, the idea is absurd. None but economic organizations can invoke the aid of the strike without inviting certain failure.

The idea of direct action that is implied in the intended strike is commendable. Were the industrialists to enter into the proposal throughout the world, the demonstration might prove of value. It shows that the politicians themselves have but little faith in parliamentary procedure as a means of forcing action from the various governments.

But the general strike must always have an economic basis, an underlying cause, a certain amount of spontaneity, in order to succeed. The element appears lacking in this case. Neither has there been sufficient propaganda of the general strike in the various countries, to insure an understanding of the part the rebel minority must play in such an event.

Scarcely a socialist paper in this country has mentioned the proposed strike. The I. W. W. was not notified of the intention. In America but little attention has been paid to the war, and even less to the proposed strike.

While the I. W. W. would welcome such a strike, we think that it would be impracticable at this time. Belief in the value of the general strike is not lessened thereby. Direct action—action at the point of production—remains the only hope of labor.

MANAGING SOCIETY.

Notwithstanding the general belief, society is not managed today through any legal machinery. It is not carried on through legislatures at Washington, D. C., or through parliaments of the various lands. It is ruled through industry.

The foreign investor, who has never set foot on the soil of North America, has more to say about the lives of the workers than has the president of the United States. It is he who dictates what shall be the wages and conditions of the workers in the country in which his money is invested, and not the government of city, state or nation.

It is safe to say that the average workingman, if it were put up to him, would rather have the selection of his foreman than the doubtful privilege of voting for an elector to ratify the choice of Wall Street as to who should play the puppet in the National Capitol.

It is doubtful if you, the man who is now reading this, can tell what county you are living in. It is quite sure that not one out of ten city workers could tell what ward or precinct they live in. And still more certain is it that there is no one in a

hundred but would gladly go to Canada, or, if there, return to the States, in order to better their condition. It is the job that counts.

Thousands of migratory workers have gone into Canada in the past year, there to work for American contractors. Thousands of Canadians came here to work for Canadian employers. In either case the lives of the workers were not influenced by the form of government, by tariff laws, by income taxes, by municipal ownership or any other legal enactment. Industrial conditions alone ruled.

The point of the foregoing is this. The workers are commencing to see that they must run society. They are discussing ways and means. Some advocate a legal change through seating men in political office. If they applied their everyday experience to the subject, they would see that the whole problem is one of industrial control. He who controls industry controls all else.

To gain their whole product the workers must control industry. They must organize at the point of production. They must challenge capitalism at its very base. Industrial organization is vital. Without it the workers could not manage society even were it turned over to them by the capitalists.

Revolutionary industrial unionism, such as is advocated by the I. W. W., looks to something more than just a betterment of present conditions. It seeks to build the foundation for a better order. It intends to form the means of operating the industries when they have been wrested from the capitalists.

With full political control a watchmaker could not carry out measures of benefit to coal miners. Neither could persons selected from one state, or even one nation, carry out measures intended to aid the workers of an industry, for the reason that the industries extend beyond state or national lines.

What the I. W. W. proposes is to have the workers of each industry manage the work with which they are most familiar. No one else is fitted to do so. The exchange of products between the different industries must be based upon the needs of each industry. The public service industry can carry on every useful function that is now being performed by the mayors and city councils.

The agitation for the commission form of government is a capitalistic recognition of the fact that where politics enter, efficient management leaves. For purposes of deluding the people the national congress is maintained, yet it is common knowledge that there are no such things as senators and representatives from the various territorial divisions. The men are simply representatives of the different branches of capitalist industry. They are a cumbersome body with which the employing class would gladly dispense, were they not useful in deluding the wage workers.

As industry is the basis of all institutions, it is only by gaining industrial control that the workers can gain freedom.

On with the I. W. W. On to industrial control.

CONSTRUCTIVE SABOTAGE.

To every positive there must be a negative and in all cases destruction must precede construction. Therefore, there is no absurdity in the term "constructive sabotage."

Sabotage may mean the direct destruction of property. Again it may mean indirect destruction through organized inefficiency. Or as an alternative it may proceed from a greater degree of efficiency than is desired by the employing class.

This last is the point toward which sabotage tends when coupled with class solidarity.

The direct destruction of property for immediate individual benefit or to make a gain for a small group is but the following out of the theory of economic determinism. As such no revolutionist can condemn it.

The indirect destruction of property for group benefit may also be a class weapon. It may be abused, but so may any other means of warfare. Like the strike, the fear of its use has as great a power as its direct application. The constructive qualities, in such a case, comes from its power to solidify labor. A consciousness of economic might springs from the knowledge thus gained, that the employers have no force save that given by the labor of the slave class.

As solidarity is produced there comes an added feeling of responsibility upon the organized workers. Gaining more and more the control of industry they realize that ere long the management of the whole of society will rest in their hands. Sabotage, which is sure to be used so long as a slave class exists, will then take on a definitely constructive character.

It is already the trend for sabotage to be directed more against the product than the machine. As the idea of an injury to one being an injury to all sinks in more thoroughly we shall see products sabotaged in a different manner—constructively.

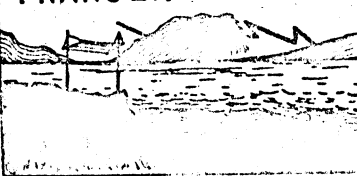
The workers are coming to see that their class are the ones to whom adulterated food, shoddy clothing and rotten materials are sold, and by refusing to adulterate products they not only destroy the employers' profits but safeguard their own lives as well.

The bakers can gain the same result by putting the best of materials in the bread and pastry as they can by inserting coal oil. The secret refusal of packinghouse workers to handle rotten meats certainly is constructive from a class or a social viewpoint. Yet such actions are as fatal to the employers' profits as is the direct destruction of products. In fact it does mean the destruction of slum in bakeries, of "slunk" calves in packinghouses, of "shoddy" in the woolen mills, and the destruction of capitalist property in profits.

The mass of workers are already propertiless. No tie binds them to our so-called civilization. Sabotage, for protection as well as for revenge, appeals to them. They have nothing to lose and much to gain by its use. Their economic condition calls for sabotage as a weapon against oppression. This mass must be impregnated with the ideal of working class control of industry so their sabotage may take on a constructive character. That ideal is already firing the brains and nerving the hands of thousands of migratory workers.

Without apologizing for sabotage in any form, it can be said that constructive sabotage is destined to be a vital power in the class struggle from now until Capitalism falls and the industries are operated by the producers of all wealth.

TRANSLATED NEWS



INTERNATIONAL BULLETIN OF THE SYNDICALIST MOVEMENT

Denmark.

The editor of the paper "Solidarit" has been condemned to 80 days' imprisonment for his articles against the leaders of the reformist trade unions. At the occasion several protest meetings, all very successful, have been held in Copenhagen. The condemnation is sure to bring good results for the revolutionary syndicalist movement in Denmark.

Austria.

At the recent national congress of the German Social Democratic Party of Austria, held from October 21 to November 4, the constant decrease in numerical force of the political organization was discussed. The organized workers were reproached with not sufficiently being interested in the propaganda for the S. D. Party. Hueber, the secretary of the National Central organization of the Austrias Trade Unions, declared that it was impossible for him to exercise any direct influence in that sense over the workers. He forgot to say that in Austria the unions must pay a certain percentage of their contributions to the political party without having the chance to refuse. The delegate Wolf-Schwertner remarked rightly that "the trade union offers the members something in return for their contribution, which cannot be said in the case of a political organization." The unions are freeing themselves from the political leaders. The process is slower here than elsewhere the labor movement is more developed. Nevertheless progress is visible and the workers see more and more that their economic power as a class is paralyzed and broken by the politics of the parliamentary party.

Protests Against War.

On Sunday, Nov. 10, at Vienna, the protest meeting against the Balkan war took place. The Social Democratic Party organized one demonstration while the anarchists and syndicalists held another. The backward condition of the Austrian trade unions is shown by the fact that they have left all action against war in the hands of the political party.

The French Confederation of Labor, after a strenuous attempt to gain action from other European countries, has determined to devote itself to anti-military agitation at home. It was hoped that the economic organizations would concern themselves with anti-war demonstrations but in both Germany and Austria the unionists are under the spell of politics and state that such manifestations are the duty of a political and not an economic organization. Fear of adverse effect upon their petty reform legislation on behalf of the old-line unions is given as the cause in Austria and a somewhat similar view holds good in Germany. Yet, in case of war, the workers in the factories and workshops would be the first to suffer and not the puppets in parliament.

CHEW ON THIS A WHILE.

Someone sends us an editorial from the Fresno Labor News with a request for brief comment thereon.

The editor of the Leader did not write the editorial. He swiped it wholesale, without credit, from a sky pilot named Steisle. This is a common practice of A. F. of L. editors.

The writer, Steisle, once did a little work in a machine shop and since that time has been engaged in adding an air of sanctity to union scabbery and incidentally taking sides with the employers.

The article says that organized labor welcomes employers' associations, and that employers may hire whom they please. He does not speak on behalf of labor in uttering such sentiments. Labor, when organized, will abolish employers' associations by abolishing classes, and, as strength is being gained, he employers will be forced to hire additional men—and union men at that.

"Organized labor does not draw the color line," says Steisle. That is a lie. The Labor News has nearly two columns against Japanese in that same issue. The barbers refuse to admit women or negroes. The U. M. W. of A., in certain places, will not admit negroes. Some unions in California bar a worker if foreign-born, or even if born in another state. Steisle knows it, too.

"Trades Unionism opens wide its door to every man in the craft." Another lie. The electrical worker and the stationary engineers in several places have closed their books to applicants. Other unions have done likewise. Apprenticeship is limited in some crafts and admission can be had only by serving such apprenticeship. Also many craft unions have exorbitant dues.

In closing the article Steisle makes a damaging admission. It requires no comment. Speaking of the walking delegates the writer says, "Frequently he winks at open violation of stipulated agreements on the part of the employer in order to prevent a strike."

The Wall Street Journal calls the A. F. of L. "the greatest bulwark of capitalism." The only way for the workers to get out of wage slavery is to form a revolutionary industrial organization to fight the employer at every conceivable opportunity. It must embrace all who work for wages.

The I. W. W. is in the field challenging the present social order and all its retainers. It is feared alike by the employers and the labor leaders who would preserve capitalism.

The courts love the people, like the wolves do sheep.—Thomas Jefferson.

IT'S UP TO THEM.

The Socialist Party, in solemn conclave assembled, voted by a majority that any who advocated sabotage must be expelled from their organization.

Reginald Wright Kaufman and his wife openly advocated it and dared the party to fire them. No action was taken.

We reproduce herewith an extract from Justice, a Socialist paper of Pittsburg, Pa. Fred Merrick, as editor, is responsible for it. An additional reason for its publication is the sound sense contained therein:

"If the United States Steel Corporation would have to conduct its fight within the bounds of political laws established, those who tell us to rely on political action might have a little ground upon which to stand, but when we know that none of the political laws will be respected either by this industrial tyrant or their political proteges from judge to sheriff, and that the present struggle will be in the full sense of the word war, and that in the present struggle it will be clear that the workers have to employ every weapon within their power to whip the enemy. Every employe of the Steel Trust must recognize that he is a wage slave who is being exploited by the same master who is fighting the railroaders. If it is not possible as yet to call a general strike in other departments of the corporation, then let those workers who are still at work, but are class conscious, employ every weapon at their hand, of course, using their intelligence so as not to victimize themselves. We mean to practice the Passive Strike and to employ Sabotage in the steel mills of the United States Steel Corporation. Every day, human beings, working for wages in these plants, are being murdered and a definite system of preventing damage suits is followed. With such a master, let no slave scruple to curtail production to the greatest possible extent. Good mechanics know how to reduce the normal output of the plant without being discovered at the game. Let things begin to happen right now, just as they have been happening to the working class all these years. The United States Steel Corporation must be hit at the vital spot—its pocketbook. If the locomotives and machinery in different plants are put out of commission, not by dynamite planted by some foolish striker, but through little accidents resulting from neglect on the part of the workers right on 'Lae Job'; the United States Steel Corporation will suffer and nobody else. They will not be slow, however, to catch the idea and learn a lesson.

The reason the Lawrence strike was successful, and the reason Etor and Giovannitti were freed, was because the agitators at that strike openly taught the practice of sabotage. They said if the workers go back defeated, your plant will be gradually ruined and your products spoiled. This will be done in such a way that the workers cannot be detected in the practice of these methods. When this was announced, the Woolen Trust realized that the textile slaves would become actually more terrible in defeat than in victory. Let the agitators and the strikers give warning to the Steel Corporation now that if they are defeated in his strike, that none of their plants in the United States are safe from now on, that it is war to the knife, war to the death, until this strike is won. They will not hesitate to murder you with their Cossacks, to imprison you with their sheriffs, and to sentence you to death with their judges. Do you hesitate to destroy their power to exploit you, and to ruin their profit-making system? If you do, you are lacking in physical virility and mental strength. You are not fit to live in an age in which the class struggle is intense, an age of giants of labor and giants of capital.

The Revolution is On—On With the Revolution.

Will Merrick be expelled for treason? Haywood, in a recent speech in New York, said, "I believe in sabotage, that much abused word." Haywood is a member of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party. Will he be expelled?

It seems that the middle class bluffed, but the workers held the trump cards.

AND THERE YOU ARE!

The Brotherhood of Carpenters is worried. Its progressive members say that if reforms are not initiated in the union, the radicals will leave and join the I. W. W. The conservatives argue that if any of the proposed changes are made, they will prove an entering wedge for an industrialism that will finally force the organization into the I. W. W.

We are glad they have found out that the answer to every social question under this system can be summed up in one word—Revolution.

PREAMBLE OF THE I. W. W.

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 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 trade 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 has interests in common with their employers.

Their 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 everyday 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.

The San Francisco Labor Council

By Thomas McConnell, Jr.

PART II.

The working class of San Francisco is represented in the Labor Council. The people who hunger and thirst are represented there, and their little children and wives and mothers. Some of the men who work look very tired sometimes; and sometimes the women looked fagged out and forlorn. Many times have I sat there and listened to the poor trying to voice their hopes, their fears and their anger in face of the politicians' sneers and leers. It is a place for honest workingmen—a labor council, as the name indicates. The chairman, John McLaughlin, is a workingman. It is hard to believe it when you look at him. True, he has not soiled his hands for many years; he now occupies a soft political job in a big office; but he is an honest workingman. If McLaughlin is a workingman so are all political job holders working men; and as such should be admitted to the Labor Council. Michael Casey is an honorable workingman. You wouldn't believe it if you felt his soft hands; he has not soiled those hands in many years; he has held political jobs, and he has flats. But he's a workingman. If Casey is a workingman so are all the landlords in San Francisco workingmen, and as such are eligible for membership in the Labor Council. Andy Gallagher is a poor workingman, it is hard to believe that he is an honest workingman when you look at his fat face and hoglike body. True, he has not worked at his trade for many years; now he is a member of the Board of Supervisors. If Gallagher is a workingman so are all members of the Board of Supervisors workingmen; so are all of the aristocratic gang with which he sits, and as such are entitled to membership in the Labor Council.

Harry I. Mulreavy is a delegate. He is a new one. For many years he has been county clerk of San Francisco. He has been in politics for at least fifteen years. Recently he gathered up his political gang and joined the Office Employees' Union. With a majority in that organization, all of which majority were his appointees in the county clerk's office, he elected himself delegate to the Labor Council. Harry is a hard working man. You wouldn't think so if you saw him; he looks like a banker. But he's a workingman, nevertheless. If Harry I. Mulreavy is a workingman, so is every other professional politician in San Francisco a workingman, and as such is eligible for a seat in the Labor Council. We have two lawyers in the council, McConoughy is one, the other claims to represent the Shoe Clerks' Union. I don't know his name, but he recently harpooned a client, Dominick Kane, whose boy was killed by Chinamen. Mr. Kane hired this bright young man to help prosecute the Chinamen. McConoughy is assistant district attorney, under Fickert, the man who moved that the graft cases, involving Pat Calhoun, be dismissed. These lawyers are honest workingmen. Looking at them one would find it difficult to believe that they had anything in common with the toil-marked workers around them. Nevertheless they are workingmen. If they are workingmen so is every other lawyer in San Francisco a workingman, and as such entitled to representation in the Labor Council.

Union Scabs and Others.

We have two strikes in San Francisco today. The Journeymen Tailors' Union is asking more pay for bushelmen and alteration hands. The pressmen are out of the Examiner, in sympathy with their fellows in Chicago, who are fighting a reduction of wages.

Wherever the tailors have a picket before a scab store there the employers have placed a picket. One shouts "Unfair to the union," the other "Fair to the employers' association." The bosses have also placed pickets before "fair" shops; they shout, "Unfair to the employers' association." The clerks are denouncing the tailors "for boycotting houses that employ union clerks."

The pressroom of the Examiner is full of scabs. The composing room is also full of union printers. They have cards to prove that they are not scabs. But the only difference between the scab in the pressroom and the union printer is a card. The little children who sell Hearst's paper in the streets know that. Both are running the Examiner for the benefit of Hearst and to the detriment of the pressmen. Next to the printers are the union stero-typers making plates for the scab pressmen, above them are the photo-engravers, good union men, and in the base-

ment, shoulder to shoulder with the scab pressmen are union mailers. Their international won't let them quit, that's the cry.

The Stronghold of Unionism.

"I am proud to be mayor of this stronghold of unionism," howled McCarthy during the last campaign. Sitting behind him, Casey, Gallagher and the rest nodded their wise heads in approval. "Aye," they seemed to say. "Behold in us the men who made San Francisco a great citadel of unionism."

But on another occasion, when election time was far away, I heard Mr. Gallagher complain that half his salary as secretary of the Labor Council was begged from him in dimes and quarters by hungry workingmen. There are hungry union men in the town today. "You're gettin' what you voted for," snarl McCarthy gangsters, with the defeat of McCarthy in mind. After his inauguration two years ago, I heard the mayor in the Building Trades Council telling workingmen that it was not the business of a mayor to raise wages or provide work; that was the business of the union, he said. The mayor represented the whole people. He tells them today that unemployment is due to the fact that he is not the mayor. Don't you see the swindle, workingmen of San Francisco? While McCarthy ruled the city you toilers fared no better. Hours and wages remained the same. Now he is once more the ruler of the Building Trades, and you are none the richer. While mayor he said to the dissatisfied: "Your union will take care of you; the mayor can't do it." As ruler of the unions, he says to the grumblers: "Why in hell didn't you keep a good man in office when you had him there?"

Breadlines for Skilled Tradesmen.

What does your job give you, workingmen of San Francisco? Often have I seen hard times come upon you to find most of you without a month's rent ahead. Death, in eight cases in ten, finds your family penniless. It is not at all strange to see the widow crying at the union's door for aid. A man is killed on the job. Then comes the cry: "His widow and children are destitute." How often has that been heard in the Building Trades? How often have the sick whimpered at the door for aid? It is well that some unions have sick funds. It is well that some have funeral funds. Such funds have saved many from paupers' field, many from the charity hospital. The existence of sick and death funds means this, you are not sure that your job will give you enough to live on in case of sickness; you are not sure that it will give you enough for funeral expenses. It will give you living expenses while you remain active and can give the boss all that's in you—just a living. Andy Gallagher might attempt to contradict this by reading the Declaration of Independence; he might attempt to refute what I here present by quoting the second stanza of "My Country 'Tis of Thee"; he might strive to paralyze my arguments by shouting, "Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys." But we are beginning to see that Andy is a bag of stinking wind, his Fourth of July guff is out of date; Andy's intellectual resources are summed up in his everlasting cry, "God save Gompers."

In hard times I have found the Molders' Union giving meal tickets to hungry members. I have found the majority of unions giving out-of-work stamps to hundreds of members who could not raise 50 cents a month for dues. I have seen molders sleeping in box cars at the railroad yards, and boilermakers tramping the streets with stomach empty. I have seen members of Painters' Union 19 trembling with cold and hunger and whining to the secretary for the price of a cup of coffee. I have seen the Building Trades assembly room full to overflowing for months; men played checkers, instead of erecting buildings. They played checkers for months, but they did not make a living at it. Most of them were destitute, thousands of them. How did they fare? The married men lived on credit. Ask the corner groceryman, he'll say I speak the truth. So will the butcher and the baker. The married men lived on "tick," promising to "square it up" when times got better. I know many whose wives went to work in sweat shops. I do not say that all were destitute, some had a little laid by; but the vast majority lived from hand to mouth—paupers. Some single men "stood off" the landlady; some were fortunate enough to get "tick" in a restaur-

ant once a day. Others were unfortunate with both landlord and cook.

Bundle-Stiffs and Aristocrats.

You despise the migratory worker. You call him a tramp. Your leaders hate him, too. You regard him as a menace to your great labor organizations. Yet in hard times many of you discover that the tramp is your brother. When your job is taken away in hard times, you drop to the bottom and there flop around in the hobo's hands like fussy old women. Then you learn that a job is all that stands between you and the tramp.

Last winter there were few jobs. In this citadel of unionism there were breadlines. The unemployed paraded through the streets. Members of the Building Trades wrote letters to the newspapers, saying that while the migratory worker paraded his misery in the streets, there walked on the sidewalks hundreds of trades unionists, well known in the town, no richer than the beggars in the street, but too proud to parade their poverty. They wanted the town to know, however, that they were beggars, too.

The fine ladies of the Associated Charities took over the dilapidated Sailors' Home; there they doled out charity to the workers. If you worked two hours chopping wood, they would give you a meal and a bed. I slept there one night as a hobo and ate their chuck the next morning. Waiting for breakfast we congregated in the desolate yard around a fire, such as tramps build on the road. There we sat, a hungry, forlorn crew, and each man told his hard luck tale. This man proudly displayed a card in a carpenters' union, he was not a bum. Oh, no, he was an honest union man. Another man had an ironworkers' card; another a cement workers'; another a cigarmakers'. There were many A. F. of L. cards in the crowd. With the union men sat the migratory laborer, the tramp-worker, with the smell of the jail on him. The despised hobo had new company now. The aristocratic union man was his bedmate. The hobo, with skillful hand, built the fire and nursed it for the shivering, starving mechanic. The hobo procured can and water and showed the aristocrat how to boil the lice out of his clothing. The tramp and the trades unionist sat side by side in the bleak dining room, gulping vile coffee and chewing beans.

Cold, Cruel Charity.

In that cold, bare, cheerless dining room, with its long table, lined on both sides with famished men, I witnessed an episode which I shall never forget. Did you ever encounter one of those silent men who make you wonder what dreadful thoughts are moping in their minds? At the table sat a silent man who towered above all in height. He was long and lean, had a gaunt face and a battered Stetson hat. His clothes were dirty and tattered, his shoes worn from his feet; he was a tramp-worker. All last evening in the reading room, and in the morning before the fire, I had watched him, hoping to hear him break his silence. He said not one word. His face was terribly sad; hard toil had lined his face and twisted his body; his hands were worn and battered.

We had been sitting at the table but a few minutes when a man who had taken but a few gulps of coffee, did something that astonished us all. He began to vomit. Pushing his plate of beans away, he arose.

"I ain't had a meal for forty-eight hours, boys. An' now I can't eat," he said.

Instantly two men grabbed for his plate, as famished wolves might pounce upon a hare. One was a thin little Englishman, a hobo from all appearance; the other was a carpenter, a man with a union card, lean and sorrowful, but far more robust than the skinny little man at his side.

"Leggo that plate!" snarled a voice at the carpenter's elbow; it was the long, silent tramp.

"Why should I?" whined the carpenter, clinging to the beans.

"Because he needs it more than you do!" shouted the tall tramp, rising.

"That's for me to say," answered the carpenter. "This ain't no affair of yourn, man. Lea' me alone." So saying, he tore the plate from the grasp of the weaker man.

As he did that the tall man sprang upon him with tiger-like fury. A terrible blow felled the carpenter and scattered the beans in the air. He lay groaning on

his back, making no attempt to rise. Murder was in the long man's eyes.

The Cry of the Toiler.

"Get up, you spineless hound," he hissed. "Stand up an' I'll tear yer dirty heart out. Is it no affair of mine that the weak are brushed to the wall by hogs? Yes, it is, ye white-livered spaniel. Ye might get away with that grabbin' game while Gompers is behind ye. But Gompers and his gang are not here now; no, they're dining at the Civic Federation. Yer sittin' down with roal men now, ye yellow cur. Yer not in the Building Trades Council. All the year ye've crawled on yer belly to the boss; but the rest of us that has no Gompers cards and has no use for bosses, have been jailed and kicked and cuffed. All the year ye've scabbed on yer fellow-worker; ye've built wire barricades agin' him when the boss locked him out. But what have ye got to show fer it? Yer Gompers' card is all ye have in yer jeans now. Ye can't eat that; ye can't wear it. Yer out of place, ye dirty whelp, among good men down here. We know yer breed. Ye'd sell yer soul fer a job. An aristocrat, are you? But yer eatin' the beans of charity now along wi' tramps. An' yer sleepin' in charity's lousy beds along wi' tramps. The boss has taken yer job away, so ye've come down to bunk wi' me—me that has not the standin' of a dirty dog in society."

At this instant an official of the charitable organization appeared in the doorway with some elegant ladies—four of them—at his back.

"Good gracious! What's all this about?" he exclaimed, seeing the weeping carpenter on his back and the long tramp, full of malice, standing over him. "Stand back, sir," he commanded, advancing to aid the carpenter.

"Back be God damned! Back yerself!" snarled the hobo. "Back or I'll tear ye limb from limb! Back ye psalm-singin' scut!"

The beautiful ladies from the mansions gasped in fright. The official retreated before the red glare of the tall man.

"Yer doin' well to help this poodle," said the tramp in low, stern tones. "He serves ye well. He's on his knees to you all the time. He helps you when you want to reduce another man's wages. Yes, he's a faithful servant. But to me and to all of the working class that wants emancipation from thievin' bosses, realizin' that we can only free ourselves by organizin' solid as a class an' standin' one for all and all for one, this man is a yellow scab. We say, 'an injury to one is the concern of all.' 'No,' sez he, standing by the master's side, 'an injury to you is no affair o' mine.'"

Here a dainty old lady with white curls advanced and looked at the menacing tramp through a lorgnette.

"Be reasonable, my good man," she purred. "You have no reason to complain against us. Are we not feeding you?"

"No!" roared the tramp. "Ye give us crumbs from the table that we filled fer you. We're feedin' you, just as the poet said:

"We have fed you all for a thousand years,

An' you hail us still unfed,
Though there's never a dollar of all your wealth

But marks the workers' dead.
We have yielded our best to give you rest,
An' ye lie on a crimson wool;
For, if blood be the price of all yer wealth,
Good God! We ha' paid in full.

"There's never a mine blown skyward now
But we're buried alive fer you;
There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now

But we are its ghastly crew.
Go reckon our dead by the forges red,
An' the factories where we spin;
If blood be the price of your cursed wealth,
Good God! We ha' paid it in!

"We have fed you all for a thousand years,
For that was our doom, ye know;
From the day when you chained us to yer fields

To the strike of a week ago.
You have eaten our lives an' our babies an' wives,
An' we're told it's your legal share,
But if blood be the price of your legal wealth,
Good God! We ha' bought it fair!"

Songs to fan the flames of discontent, 10 cents. Get an I. W. W. Song Book today.

Subscribe for the "INDUSTRIAL WORKER."

MIGRATING FROM MEXICO.

The war in Mexico forced thousands of Spanish speaking wage workers to migrate to the United States. These workers have come with the idea that this country is labor's paradise. Their illusions are being rudely shattered.

The employing class, through their agents, the padrones, seek to keep the Mexicans in slavery by keeping from them the message of industrial unionism and by inflaming the other workers against the "foreigners."

The Mexicans are awakening, but so far the revolutionary message has been given to them only by word of mouth. No effective work can be done until we have a Spanish press.

The Los Angeles fellow workers have a live Spanish local. They want a fund to start a paper. They have able writers and need only the mechanical equipment. The paper will be owned by the I. W. W. and edited under direction of the G. E. B.

The purchase of a plant will allow the publication of leaflets, pamphlets, etc., in the Spanish language. This will insure a great growth to the I. W. W. in the Southwest. The great body of Latin speakers who follow maritime pursuits will also be reached.

One thousand dollars will do the trick. Can the rebels raise that much before January? One dollar each from 1000 rebels. It can be done.

Cease to cuss the foreigner. Lame him up to help you fight the boss.

Send your dollar to F. Velarde, Sec. Treas. Press Fund, Box 832, Los Angeles, Cal.

The initial issue of Direkte Aktion has just reached us from Kristiania, Norway. It contains the article by Louis Levine which appeared in these columns. The article was originally in the Forum magazine. Direkt Aktion also has several good articles on sabotage which we will have translated for future issues.

The Colorado Socialist, a party owned paper, is authority for the statement that speakers have been routed through Colorado over the Rock Island railroad on passes gained by the state secretary through a corrupt Republican politician. State Secretary A. H. Floaten, formerly a N. E. C. member, who has strongly denounced sabotage and called the I. W. W. a "lawless aggregation" has charged the locals for speakers railroad fare and then used passes in violation of the Interstate Commerce law. Consistency!

ETTOR AND GIOVANNITTI

Before the Jury at Salem, Mass.

Speech stenographically reported and published verbatim in a 120 page pamphlet. Revolutionary to the core. A scathing arraignment of the wage system.

Nicely bound. Large type.
25c per copy. \$10.00 per 100.
Send all orders to Vincent St. John, 307-164 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

"It is the only paper that strikes me just right," says a Socialist from Stockton, Calif.

"I would sooner be without meat than the great 'Industrial Worker', is the remark of a rebel from New Orleans, La.

"I am a delegate to the San Francisco Labor Council. Send the paper for a year. You certainly hit the nail on the head."

Says the International Socialist, Sydney, Australia, "The American I. W. W. is the only organization of general scope that strictly adheres to the revolutionary principle of industrial unionism, and, by doing so, is making working class history."

ON THE FIRING LINE.

Our new pamphlet is now ready for distribution. It is very neat in appearance and is printed in large type. The contents are as follows:

The McNamara Case
The Lawrence Strike
The Ettof-Giovanitti Arrest
The Question of Violence
Enemies of the Working Class
What is the I. W. W.?
The price is \$2 per hundred or 5 cents the single copy.

ITALIAN WORKERS TAKE NOTICE

The I. W. W. constitution in Italian is now on hand in the General Office, room 307 Mortimer building, 166 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill. The price is \$5.00 per 100.

DIRECTORY OF LOCALS

Australian Administration, Industrial Workers of the World—Ed Moyle, General Secretary-Treasurer, Wakefield Street, Adelaide.
Adelaide Local—R. Powell, Secretary-Treasurer, Wakefield Street, Adelaide.
Sydney Local—George G. Reeve, Secretary-Treasurer, 2122 Cumberland Street, Sydney.
Auckland Local—F. H. Torrey, Secretary-Treasurer, Queen's Building, Wellesley St., Auckland (New Zealand).
Christ Church Local—Syd. Kingsford, Secretary-Treasurer, 8 Judd's Building, Christ Church (New Zealand).

REBELLION.

(Covington Hall in "The Coming Nation.") Rebellion comes, hope's sacred fire, To Freedom's son from Freedom's sire;

With Lucifer it marched on God, And broke Jehovah's scourging rod; It stood with Christ in Pilate's hall And doomed the Caesars to their fall.

It sent Gautama on his quest, Him Asia calls her light and blest; With Quetzalcoatl, long ago, It stirred the heart of Mexico.

With Moses it for freedom sought; With wild Mahomet, too, it fought; It gave Zoroaster all his fame, Confucius his deathless name.

With Cromwell's legions, grim and cold, It trampled on the statutes old; With Voltaire, Marat and St. Just, It raged 'till Europe rose from dust.

It called Abe Lincoln from the plains, Set Marx and Ferrer breaking chains, And hovered o'er the Commune when it fired the souls of working men.

'Tis that which stirs the race today— 'Tis that which makes truth's lightning play— 'Tis Revolution in its birth— The soul of Freedom—the light of earth—

REBELLION!

SHOULD BE SPANKED IF NOTHING MORE.

About two weeks ago a representative of the striking miners at Ladysmith and Cumberland, B. C., asked Local No. 1, Socialist Party of Canada, to allow two speakers a brief time to explain the strike situation at an Empress Theater meeting in Vancouver.

By motion of "Comrade" Bennett, a non-union barber, the strikers were turned down on the ground that they were engaged in a "commodity struggle" and not a "class struggle."

If poor, old Karl Marx could return he would braid his whiskers into a cat-o-nine-tails and scourge those super-scientific spittoon philosophers until every drop of milk and water ran out of their veins.

WHO'S VIOLENT?

Who is violent? Not the worker, He who slaves along each day, But the Master, yes, the shirker, He who fattens on our pay.

Always on the back of labor Do they heap their jibes and sneers, Always in the face of labor Do they fling the blood and tears.

Not for long, my starving brothers, Shall their hell-born rule obtain, Not for long, my sweating brothers, Shall they grind our souls for gain.

It has been a bitter struggle Thru the long primordial night, So make haste and gain the knowledge And make ready for the fight.

PATRIOTISM IS A BACK NUMBER

The United States Marine Corps advertises for men.

Two things are quite noticeable in these advertisements. The first is that there is no appeal to patriotism. The second is that there is no reason for patriotism.

Patriotism is all right as a mask behind which William Wood may rob children, but it draws no recruits. A business proposition must be put up to the prospective dupes.

Things have come to a pretty pass when the government must show up the rotten working conditions in the industries in order to bribe men to defend those industries in the interest of the robber class.

This advertisement is a clear proof that wage slavery offers nothing to the toilers:

Can you save \$120.00 every year and have it draw interest at four per cent, without any risk of losing it? Is your life insured for as much as six months of your pay? Will your present employer pay your expenses while you travel all over the country, at home and abroad? If crippled, or sick for the rest of your life, will you be taken care of? Are you confined in an office all day, without any time for outdoor exercise? Are you assured of the best medical and hospital attention, free of all charges? Do you get your clothes furnished free, or do you have to save, save, all the time, to look presentable? You say: "No employer offers all these things." You are wrong. The United States Marine Corps offers you above, and more. Talk to the man in uniform; he will tell you the particulars; or call at our main office. Do it now, and stop wasting your time looking for a better proposition.

The Building Trades Council of Alameda County, Cal., refused to indorse a laborers' wage of \$3.00 per day when same was presented to them by the Central Labor Council. Is \$3.00 too much? The boss thinks so and so thinks the Building Trades Council.

The New Mitchell Sawmill Company of New Mitchell, B. C., recently asked its employees to sign an agreement waiving all pay until May first. Many men quit the job. Where is the guy who said that the capitalist advanced the money to operate the industries and should receive profits therefrom? How about the labor workers always have to give their labor in advance?

A carpenter sent to make some repairs in a private house, entered the apartment of the lady to work.

"Mary," the lady said to her maid, "see that my jewel case is locked up at once." The carpenter understood. He removed his watch and chain from his vest with a significant air and gave them to his apprentice, "John," he said, "take these right back to the shop. It seems that this house isn't safe."—Ex..

SMOKER FOR FOREST AND LUMBER WORKERS.

Local 435, Marshfield, Ore., will give two smokers. One will be on December 23 and the other on Xmas day. Everyone welcome. Bring your friends. Boost the One Big Union and get acquainted with its members and its principles.

JUST AN ECHO.

Thomas McConnell writes from San Francisco in regard to our special issue as follows: "Every 'Worker' in Frisco was sold by Saturday night. In two days the first bundle of 1500 melted away. Double the number could have been sold, in my opinion."

"The labor knives are riled up. Thursday night the Building Trades Council acted on the request for a hall from Syndicalists and Socialists; they wanted to celebrate the release of Ettore and Giovannitti, and give the proceeds of the affair to the defense of Trickett and the rest at Indiana. But the gang were all wrought up. Copies of the 'Worker' were in their pockets. Bowen, vice-president, arose with the 'Worker' in his hand: 'This is what they are doing to us, and they have the nerve to come here and ask something of us. Listen to this, delegates—'

"No! No! No!" shouted McCarthy from the chair. "Don't read it. We have no time for that."

There were speeches from the gentlemen who wanted to rent the hall. I was disowned; they had nothing to do with the I. W. W.; I was not a member of their league; they were not responsible for my writings.

"But they didn't get the hall. 'For four years or more I have missed but few meetings of the Labor Council. I was told Friday that the gang had decided to put me out if I showed up that night. On the other side the band of radicals in the council got together and decided to resist any action to throw me out. But the radicals were few and the others many. So I said to myself:

"Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise"—especially healthy. There's nothing like health."

The "Industrial Worker" wishes to inform its readers that the articles that have been published are but a taste of what will be published in the future. We will have some that fairly sizzle and all will strictly adhere to facts. But remember this, the "Worker" has no revenue from advertising and no support but that from wage workers. To get material for articles costs money. We ask that you get those idle sub cards busy and then order another bunch. Take a sub a day from now until January 1 and we promise you within the next three months an article that will shake the whole of capitalist society.

Look out for another great issue soon.

EFFICIENCY.

(By Michele Cimbalò.) A farmer, who had read a synopsis of Taylor's book on efficiency in his "Western Farmer," watched the Italian he had hired to chop wood. The hired man would raise the axe high and let out a loud grunt as he brought it down.

Thinking to have the slave use all his energy in chopping, the farmer said: "Say, Joe, you use the axe, I'll do the grunting."

"All right," said Joe and silently resumed work, while the farmer perched upon a nearby fence to do the grunting.

Soon the farmer had to go. This left Joe without a grunter. Joe sat down.

About two hours later the efficiency farmer returned. Seeing Joe seated, he cried in a vexed voice, "What are you doing? Am I paying you for wearing out the seat of your pants?"

"Well, there is no one to grunt and I can't chop wood without grunting," replied Joe. "Aw, go ahead and grunt yourself," snorted the farmer as he mentally cursed "scientific management."

ANOTHER CRAFT VICTORY.

On December 5 the waitresses in the Eureka restaurant, Minneapolis, Minn., revolted because they had to eat the cheapest of meals. They demanded better food and \$1.00 raise per week.

The business agent told them they had a good boss, were being treated fairly, and gave the usual line of bull. They now get "liver and" instead of "beans", and the dollar is coming—maybe.

On May 20, 1911, these girls were unorganized and were working twelve hours a day. The whole Eureka force, cook and pearl-diver included, walked up to the boss on that day and said they would work but ten hours thereafter. They got the shorter day.

Can the employer be blamed for having them organized into the A. F. of L. and paying their dues as he is now doing?

The International Hotel Workers are leading the out-of-date Alliance a merry chase in the East. Revolutionary industrial unionism is the only hope for the hotel and restaurant workers.

SLAVERY.

In order to get a \$4 per week job with Sigel, Cooper & Co., Chicago, Ill., a person must sign an application blank giving name, address, nationality, languages spoken, whether married or single, where schooling was had and how much, habits, wages received on last job, why job was left, name of every firm ever worked for, five recommendations from persons other than relatives or employers, and on top of this must agree to play the spy upon the other workers. Then dues must be paid to the "Sigel, Cooper & Co. Employees' Mutual Association." Free America!

A BIG RISK.

On December 12 the giant steam shovel operating on the Milwaukee tunnel in the center of Spokane, Wash., struck a missed shot of dynamite and a tremendous explosion occurred. No one was injured by the tons of rock that fell all around the scores of laborers and spectators. This is one of the risks run by those who are working for a wage of less than \$2 per day. But don't forget the risks run by Jim Hill. His steam shovel might get damaged and thus force him to cut wages to recoup the loss.

Will Robert L. Muller, or those knowing his whereabouts, please communicate with Chas. J. Snyder, Box 533, San Pedro, Cal.

MURDER!

That's What the Boss Will Yell When He Sees That

Lumber Workers' Special Issue

Eight Pages of Fine Articles and Cartoons. 2c per Copy in Bundles.

Telegraph Your Order!

The Industrial Worker

Box 2129 Spokane, Wash.

"WANNETAS," RIVAL WM. BURNS.

Rumor has it that a meeting of the "Wannetas," a secret inner organization of the Typographical Union, was picketed in Pittsburgh, Pa., on November 17, by the radical members of the union in hopes of learning the identity of the gang. The report is that the "Wannetas" members bribed a porter of the Lincoln Hotel and effected their escape by a coal hole in the rear, several being recognized by the pickets, however.

The local executive committee, which is "progressive," held a meeting on November 20. A distagraph was discovered and upon following the wires it is alleged that Secretary Laferty, a "Wah," was found hidden beneath a table in an adjoining room taking notes of what transpired.

The "Wannetas" is said to be one of James Lynch's pet projects for the seating of reactionaries at the union pie counter and also to keep down all revolutionary ideas by means of a silent but effective blacklist.

THEY QUIT THE GIMLET GANG.

The activities of M. L. Crow and J. F. O'Brien in the Journeyman Barbers' Union drew them a fine of \$100 each and expulsion unless they quit the I. W. W.

These two fellow-workers are now completely cured of all leanings toward the idea of revolutionizing the craft unions by the sugar route. They were of the few who really tried "boring" instead of simply talking about it.

To those who will doubtfully say that they would have been unorganized had they not held membership in the I. W. W. at the same time as they were doing their gimlet work, we can cite the case of Carl Rave, otherwise known as "Raving Carl." This worthy borer, who by the way, was expelled some time back from Seattle local when it was found that he had acted as a detective in the Chicago teamsters' strike, is not allowed to enter any craft union in Detroit in spite of the fact that he holds a card in the A. F. of L. And there are others.

By the way, what is the latest news from Nelson? Local 322, I. W. W., still needs an organizer. Write to 34 Cordova street West, Vancouver, B. C., stating qualifications. No chair-warmers wanted.

WITH THE RAILWAY SLAVES.

Two interesting extracts are gained from the Railway Age Gazette of November 8. They require but little comment.

Strike of Canadian Pacific Clerks.

"We cannot permit any employees engaged in confidential positions or who have access to the company's correspondence to be a member of any organization, as such would be contrary to the interest of the company. If the employees were permitted to join an organization such as this, the records of the company would be confidential no longer."

The company from time to time has granted and quite recently has granted substantial increases to the above mentioned class of employees."

If these confidential clerks realize the power they hold and wield it, they can accomplish great things. Singly they cannot do so. Let them take a tip from the following and act in a united body.

Difficulties of Discipline.

"It has lately become familiar talk among the railroad men of the Boston region that one of the New England roads not long ago had seventeen engineers known to be guilty of running past signals set against them.

They were not disciplined for the alleged reason that to administer effective and merited discipline to seventeen engineers at once would embarrass the company in the operation of its trains. And the whole matter slid off with an intimation to the officers of the engineers' brotherhood locals that if any more engineers were caught passing signals and caught one at a time instead of in these inconveniently large bunches, something would have to be done about it."

MINERS WAKING UP.

A coal miner writes from Bear Creek, Mont., as follows:

"Here in Montana the coal miners are organized under the U. M. W. of A., and all must be members. In Bear Creek there are five or six mines with not two miles distance between one and another. So we are all 'brothers,' yet when one mine has trouble the others cannot help. Nearly every week there is some trouble and we have to wait until the governor of District 27 says we can do something. If any of us strike without an executive order, our places will be filled by other card carrying miners.

Early this month one of the mines was struck because 9 or 10 men were railroaded. The men demanded their reinstatement. The official representative came up and advised the men to return to work, but they refused. The official returned first, but the workers stood as one and, in spite of the district governor, the men were reinstated and all returned to work next day. So I guess the miners are waking up and it won't be long until I. W. W. agitation will get them all into a revolutionary union."

Subscribe for the "INDUSTRIAL WORKER."

"THE BRAZEN BROTHERHOOD"

(Continued from page one.)

serious one", for not only are the interests of every labor union in the United States, craft as well as industrial, at stake in this strike, but in forcing it, the British Muunderbund called the "Santa Fe System" has thrown down the gauntlet to the entire American working class and challenged it to uphold rights as old as the race itself, and, if this challenge is not answered by the working class in tones of thunder and by deeds of solidarity, then its neck is already under the iron heel. And lastly, you are, to say the least, misinformed when you say: "Now there is not a single mill that is employing a Brotherhood member knowingly". This is either a joke on your part, or else some body is fooling the wooden-headed old Association some more, and this time it isn't the Burns Detective Agency, either for the majority of the mills in this territory would have to shut down tomorrow night if their managers discharged all the men they know are members of the Brotherhood,—know are members, not merely suspicion.

"Brazen"? You just bet we are brazen, sonny! You don't know us if you think we are not brazen. Not only are we so brazen that we actually have the cheek to run papers in our own interests, which we brazenly imagined we had a right to do, but we are so brazen that we intend to give the Sawdust Ring and the San'a Fe System such a dose of "labor socialism" that they will be glad to puke up the last cent of wealth they have stolen from the South, the Nation and the World.

"Brazen"? Why, sonny, we are so brazened that there is no limit to our brazenness, so brazen we never recognize defeat, so brazen we actually glory in our brazenness. "Brazen"? I should say we are brazen! Whisper it to Kirby, wigwig to Long, detect it to Burns, and you—I've only used you to point a moral and adorn a tale and, since I know the honest old Devil won't let your kind in hades, you can go to Elizabeth, you clumsy, prevaricating boot-licker.

Fellow Workers! Arise and aid our regiment at Merryville! Arise and make the coming panic a Bosses' panic! The fight is on—on with the fight! COVINGTON HALL.

PICKING THE CRANBERRY CROP

(Article syndicated by Scripps-McRae.) The cranberry crop begins to ripen early in September—just when school is opening. The season lasts eight to ten weeks, the berries ripening first in Delaware and later in New Jersey and Massachusetts. During this time a horde of trained pickers, composed generally of whole families from the grandparents right down to the babies, moves up through the bogs, leaving shorn bushes in their wake. And they are exploited, investigators declare, every inch of the way.

To begin with, a majority of these pickers are children, slaving in these loathesome bogs when they ought to be in school. There were 864 children under 14 at work on six bogs, and of this number 604 were under 10!

And do not deceive yourself that it is "healthful, open-air work." The cranberry flourishes only where it can wallow in ooze—in a swamp.

Into these wet, soggy marshes each fall come the pickers. For nine to twelve hours a day they kneel, bent double over the low, ground-trailing bushes—picking, picking, picking. Their knees sink in the mire and their hands are scratched with brambles. About their heads are wound wet rags in an effort to keep off the poisonous mosquitoes.

Above the child always stands the "padrone," swinging his stick and yelling continuously: "Faster—pick faster! We gotta clean up this crop before frost comes. Hurry up! Hurry up!"

And the parents, also picking, do not interfere. For the more their children pick the more goes into the family pocketbook. The cold winter is coming on.

Pickers Lose in Measures. The name 'peck' attached to the measure in which the berries are gathered is evidently used for convenience. One of the large growers said:

"The peck boxes here contain from 13 to 14 quarts. That's where we get the best of pickers!"

In the aggregate, three little children working a nine-hour day, add \$10.43 to the family treasury in a week of seven days.

The housing conditions prevailing on the bogs are terrible. Barracks and shacks accommodate from 1 to 24 families. Families of five or six persons often live in one room. One large shack, recently built, contains 24 rooms, each measuring five and one-half by six and one-half feet. A bunk, extending along the wall four feet above the floor, occupies half the room.

"But," says a manager, "we cannot be expected to give these people an outing in the pine woods, can we? This picking cranberries is a business. The fruit ripens late and must be gathered before the frost comes. We pay what the work is worth. We have to keep a whip-hand over them or we lose out. If some of the children fall ill, we can't help it. It's just a case of the survival of the fittest!"

The International Hotel Worker says "Industrial Unionism was defeated at the A. F. of L. convention. Nothing to be astonished about. What we are wondering at is that the reactionary clique allowed the progressives to even mention Industrial Unionism in the presence of Gompers."

Chas. Wall can obtain valuable papers belonging to him by writing to C. V. Downs, 209 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Will Evert Nymanover please communicate with Local 435, I. W. W., Box 533, Marshfield, Ore.

"A Pyramid of Capitalism" poster would look well in your room. They are 15 cents.

Mr. Block He Celebrates Christmas



Continued Next Week