

DIRECT ACTION IS LABOR'S WEAPON



DIRECT ACTION WILL GET THE GOODS

# Industrial Worker

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

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## LUMBER STRIKE CALLED OFF

Seattle, Wash., July 3, 1913.—At a special mass meeting held for the occasion it has been voted to call off the strike of loggers and lumber workers of the Puget Sound region. This action was taken in view of the fact that with the limited amount of men remaining to do picket duty, etc., it was impossible to take care of the vast territory which was in the strike zone. This dwindling away of men who are on strike to other regions is one of the most serious drawbacks there is to strikes of migratory workers of the West.

We have, however, succeeded in doing a greater amount of agitation for the eight hour day and better conditions in camps during the months that the strike was on, than would have been done in a year under ordinary conditions. The men will return with a determination to perfect the organization, while this strike in itself will do much to better the general conditions, etc. We have not been as successful as we would have liked to have been in this fight skirmish, but then one battle lost does not mean the fight is over. We are on the battle line fighting harder than ever with our whole organization intact.

Yours for Industrial Freedom.—Frank A. Schless, Sec. N. I. U. F. & L. W.

## GIRLS GET POLICE CHIEF'S GOAT

Two hundred girls and women are on strike against the Oregon Packing Co. at Portland. About sixty remained at work, these being women who had other means of support or girls who lived at home. The others were unable to exist on the low wages paid.

Ten cents a box was paid for stemming cherries, the work requiring two hours or more to finish. Under protest the company raised the price to 15 cents—and then piled on one-third more cherries. The women struck.

Portland's new chief of police tried to defy public opinion by ordering the strikers not to parade, picket or carry on street speaking under penalty of a jail sentence. The girls gave this defiant answer: "Bring on your injunction; bring on your patrol wagon and take us to jail, if that's the new police system, but we will be right here waiting until you get back."

So far the chief seems to be bluffed by the striking girls.

## MARSHFIELD MOB BRUTAL IN ACTIONS

Fellow-worker Fred A. Roberts sends this letter about the Marshfield deportation outrage:

"I was coming up the street in Marshfield when I saw about 150 men with a flag in the lead headed for the city jail. Upon inquiring what was up I was told that they were about to deport the I. W. W. They took Edgeworth and Everett out and started down the wharf with them, waving the flag and singing 'My Country 'Tis of Thee.' As I raised my voice in protest against the dastardly outrage I was told to shut up or I would go the same way, whereupon I heartily condemned the action of a mob calling themselves 'law-abiding citizens.' Arrest followed and five minutes after a mob formed at the jail and the cowardly marshal turned me over to the mob. They had a speedy launch waiting and I was roughly pushed aboard, the mob calling me wild names and saying 'Throw the son of a b— in the river.' On landing at Sandy Point a double row of the mob members formed and, amid kicks and blows, we were led to the center and made to take our hats off and kiss the flag. The honorable (?) R. A. Coppie made a speech and with a few parting kicks we were told to go. I did not move fast enough to suit them and they knocked me down, sat upon me and kicked and dragged me and dragged me back to throw me in the bay, howling, 'Drown the god damn son of a b—.' One of them told me to run and not look back under pain of being tarred and feathered.

I have been working in Marshfield for six months and at the time this happened I was working for the Water Company in the city.

I would like to ask the editor of the Coos Bay Times if he will dare to publish the names of the cowardly mob that beat me up at Sandy Point. I herewith submit the names of some of those who were in the mob: Wm. Shoupe, constable; R. O. Graves, R. A. Coppie, John Kortley, Fred Powers and Hugh McLain."

To these we add the names of David A. Jones, A. J. Mendel, J. Albert Matson, and also Sheriff Gage who was a passive spectator to the outrage.

## UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES



HAS HE THE LEPROSY?

## Tucker Contractors Concede Demands

Salt Lake City, Utah, June 28.—As most of the contractors on the D. & R. G. construction work at Tucker have conceded the 25c raise with better accommodations, etc., Local 69 has called off the strike temporarily for the following reasons:

While the slave-drivers refuse to recognize the One Big Union in any way whatever, which as you know is the least of any rebel's troubles, they have been shipping carloads of new bed-springs, mattresses, etc., for several days. Incidentally a force of carpenters were sent out to make the necessary improvements regarding sanitation and bathing facilities.

Realizing that concrete results had already been accomplished, despite the imprisonment of active members in Provo and the wholesale deportation of any worker not willing to scab, as a matter of tactics Local 69 called the strike off in order to make preparations to wring further concessions from our "loving" masters.

One feature very apparent to all in this vicinity is that it is plain to see what organization can do when carried on with up-to-date methods as expressed in the principles of industrial unionism. The contractors were well aware that many agitators were busy in the camps, also that a strike was probable, but they expected a week or a month's notice, a in

craft union route. Result was the Utah Construction Company and their subcontractors were so taken by surprise that they are guessing yet. Meanwhile the wooden shoe is doing a fine business, much to their alarm and expense, and they have found out to their sorrow that "direct action" is a power that not only gets the goods but also that there will soon be a general awakening of labor to that mighty truth.

The steam shovel engineers and all mechanics on the grade showed their class spirit by sticking and doing everything in their power to help us in our struggle for better conditions, and it was a source of great encouragement in every way. The D. & R. G. railroad employees were also with the strikers to such an extent that some lost their jobs and others were threatened with dismissal. This goes to show what can and is done by the worthy corporations when their pocketbook is in danger.

Another news item showing class rule is this, the high and mighty dignitaries of the Mormon church, being heavy stockholders in the Utah Construction Company, have notified Local 69 to vacate their headquarters at 117 W. S. Temple on the first of July, this being church property. This is one more link in the chain of evidence against the so-called men of religion.

Another little item was the mock trial of Morgan, Ridgway, Weaver, Rice, McCue and the writer. It was a kangaroo outfit from start to finish and while I was released after a jury trial, it was not the fault of the prosecutor and his accomplice, Judge Jones. All of our witnesses were deported from Tucker under threats from the gunmen there with the result that Morgan was sentenced to 60 days, Ridgway, Weaver and McCue to 75 days, and A. Rice 50 days. So much for Utah "justice."

Meanwhile the men are getting back into the camps at Tucker and vicinity, continuing their organization work in spite of the avowed intention to keep the I. W. W. members off the job. Direct action gets the goods. The workers will prevail no matter to what length the Utah Construction Company goes, and the I. W. W. proposes to keep on wringing concessions right along with the final abolition of the peonage system as our goal. Recognition means nothing to us. What we are after is the organized power to gain the necessary results in the shortest period of time, with the least amount of hardship and suffering. Also to educate the workers to match their brains against the masters in such a way that will enable them to carry on all industries when the final clash comes.—Ed. Rowan.

## Traction Magnates Try to Bribe Minneapolis Organizer

The degree of success attending the efforts of Street Car Men's Industrial Union No. 263, I. W. W., to enlist the workers of the Twin City Rapid Transit Co. of Minneapolis, Minn., may be gauged by the fact that an attempt has been made to bribe National Organizer John T. Leheny to leave the city. The agent of the company who attempted the bribery is Harry K. Basse. The exposure of the affair has strengthened the street car workers.

From Manifesto No. 3 we quote the demands of the men:

**Demands of Street Car Men's Union.**

In order that the street car employes may know where we stand we present, for your consideration, the following demands:

(1) "A work day shall constitute 9 hours and shall be put in within 12 consecutive hours. All time worked over 9 hours or after 12 consecutive hours from 'plugging in' time, shall be overtime." Contrast that with the time you are now working. Contrast it with the following run, which from the standpoint of actual working time is the best we have found. Plugged in at 6:04 a. m., pulled out at 6:14 a. m. to pull in at 8:24 a. m. and pull out again at 4:21 p. m., pulling in at 7:02 p. m., then out again at 7:28 p. m. and worked until 11:15 p. m. when he finally "registers in." The actual working time is 8 hours and 28 minutes but it took 17 hours and 11 minutes to put it in. Where is the man with a spark of manhood in his veins that would not kick at such an arrangement of working hours? We hope and feel sure he is not employed on the street cars in the cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul.

(2) "Sundays and holidays shall be regarded as overtime." Do not you street car men, when carrying pleasure seekers to and from parks and theatres on Sundays, Holidays, and evenings, ever desire the same pleasure? Service makes it often impossible, but the fares collected do not make the payment of overtime impossible—and you know it. The patrons know it and we know it.

(3) "Overtime shall be paid for 'plugging in' and 'cashing in' time." Figure up what this would mean with the number of employes on the Twin City Rapid Transit Co.'s pay-roll.

(4) "Students shall receive 20 cents per hour for 'breaking in.' Wages to be paid students at first regular pay day." Contrast this against the 10 cents per hour that is now paid. And more, if a student, after being "turned in," quits or is discharged within 12 months, he is not paid his student money at all. You workers must realize the great injustice that is being done by depriving him of his student money, even if it is only 10 cents per hour, in the event that he should quit.

(5) "24 cents per hour shall be the wages for the first 12 months after the man is 'turned in.'"

(6) "30 cents per hour for the second year."

(7) "30 cents per hour for the third year and thereafter."

Considering the nature of street car work these demands are certainly within the bound of reason, and a man who would not unite with his fellow man for the betterment of their living conditions, to that extent, can be regarded, by the workers, only as the embodiment of a scab—SCAB.

**Wages of Shop Men.**

So much for the men on the lines. Look for a moment into the Car Repair and Construction Shops.

Look at the next car you step into. You realize that it is the product of skilled labor. No dauber could spread that paint and varnish, run those stripes, or paint on those numbers. To do that takes skill. For this work the Street Car Co. pays an average of less than \$15.00 per week. Contrast this with the wages paid to union painters who are not required, in most instances, to have half the skill. A painter on a building gets 50 cents per hour. Have not the street car painters a kick coming?

Let the machinists talk for themselves, we will talk for the machinist's helper. An able-bodied helper, and to be a helper he must be able-bodied, receives for the first two months the benevolent sum of 75 cents per day, and for the next 12 months he receives A WHOLE DOLLAR per day. Perhaps that is why he does NOT ride in automobiles.

When the car is turned over to the carpenters it is in the poorest condition. He must do all the repairs, sand-papering and sometimes plane the cars. He works under a system of piece work and on most occasions he gets less than \$3.00 per day, in many cases less than \$2.00, and in some cases less than \$1.00 per day. How does that contrast with the \$4.00 per day paid to union carpenters? And remember, union carpenters work only 8 hours while the street car workers work 10 hours.

The union has secured Lock Box 440, Minneapolis, Minn., and is rapidly getting in touch with the whole body of street car employes.

## LABOR SKINNER A SKY PILOT

Ipswich, Mass., June 25.—Noting the lack of Eastern correspondence in the "Worker" I think it is about time the East and the West should meet.

A strike has been in this town for the past nine weeks. The Ipswich Knitting Mill is the lowest paid mill in the knitting industry—the average wage amounting to but \$6.00 per week. Sky-pilot Bishop Lawrence, the head of the Episcopal Church in Massachusetts, is the owner of the mill.

About fifty uniformed thugs were imported to maintain "law and order." On June 10 the strikers were picketing the mill when suddenly the police began to club and shoot the strikers—one woman striker was instantly killed and several others wounded. Fellow-worker Pingree, his wife and myself were arrested and charged with murder and riot. The murder charge was dropped for lack of evidence and we are now out on bail on the riot charge.

The mill owners are using every means within their power to break the solidarity of the strikers. They are drunk with power and are brutally suppressing free speech and public assembly. Fellow workers have been arrested for daring to open their mouth in behalf of the striking slaves. In the face of all this opposition we must win. The strikers are only now beginning to feel the pangs of hunger and must have support if the strike is to be a success.

Hold meetings and raise money to help feed the strikers. Send it to Ipswich Defense League, Box 282, Ipswich, Mass.

## FIGHT SETTLED FOR TIME BEING

1120 Jackson Street, Omaha, Neb., July 3rd, 1913.—I. W. W. Locals, Fellow Workers: The fight in Omaha is settled for the time being. We are speaking on the streets. The Socialists favored us in this fight. Yours for industrial freedom,

P. McEVROY, Secretary 384.

## WOULDN'T CHANGE A WORD OF HIS REPORT

It now develops that the Senatorial Investigating Committee, composed of Republicans and Democrats, have reported a condition of affairs in West Virginia that serves to still further discredit the three "whitewashers," Debs, Berger and Germer, who were sent out by the Socialist Party to make known the way things stood under the reign of Dictator Hatfield. The Senatorial Committee ignored Governor Hatfield and the crooked U. M. W. of A. officials and failed to note the peace and contentment the Socialist Committee mentioned. Instead they found miners huddled together in tents, unable to secure employment.

Berger played the politician as usual by unloading the blame on Debs. Speaking of the report he says, "Well, it was written by Debs, and he was the revolutionary member of the committee." Evidently no one has told Germer what to say, as he is not reported as talking of the matter.

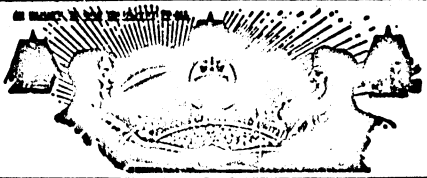
But Debs, in a letter to W. H. Thompson, editor of the Socialist and Labor Star, says, "So far as I am concerned I want it distinctly understood that I stand by that report. I would not change a word of it." Debs further remarks that he hopes the policy of the report is carried out. To which editor Thompson replies:

"As a result of this 'policy' none of the outrages committed by Hatfield and his military brigades were brought to the attention of the investigators. None of the 52 comrades, including Mother Jones, C. H. Boswell, John Brown, George Parsons, who were tried by a drumhead court martial which began its hearings on March 7 and proceeded in defiance of a writ of prohibition from a civil court, were allowed to testify. Nor was the arbitrary destruction of newspapers and the jailing of their owners brought to the notice of the committee. I hope that this 'carrying out of his policy' will fill Comrade Debs' big heart with pride."

And John Kenneth Turner, who gets right on the ground and does not depend upon crooked labor leaders or corrupt politicians for his information, has his articles announced in the Appeal of Reason as follows: "Turner will contribute a powerful criticism of Hatfield's conduct toward the strikers since he became governor. The findings of the Investigating Committee seems to favor Hatfield and rather put the blame on Gov. Glasscock. Turner takes the opposite position."

But "Gene" Debs won't take back a word of the false report he wrote and signed in connection with Berger and Germer. Maybe Oiler was right after all!

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## "FOOLS RUSH IN"

One fool sailed westward till he found a world;  
One found new worlds within the mind of man;  
The cynics called Columbus charlatan  
And burned Giordano Bruno! . . . Who unfurled  
The heavens like a scroll, that man might know,  
But foolish Galileo? . . . Who began  
Our new free art and thought and social plan,  
But that poor outcast crazy fool, Rousseau?  
There is one toast the future ages drink  
Standing!—To those who dare, rush in, and die!—  
Those who defy all rights and break all rules,  
Who fight impossible battles, and who think  
True thoughts—of whom with one accord we cry,  
The fools, the fools, the fools!"—God bless the fools!  
—Curtis Hidden Page, in Harper's Magazine.

The Illinois Central strikers have been out for twenty-one months. Their hope seems to be based upon the fact that the railroad equipment is constantly deteriorating. This being a factor in winning their demands why should not the strikers get back on the line and let the equipment deteriorate while drawing wages. Surely sabotage is better than nearly two years of waiting and starving.

The confession of Colonel Martin Mulhall that the National Association of Manufacturers is the Invisible Government of America, comes as no surprise to the I. W. W. It is exactly what we have claimed at all times. Industry rules—and the place for the workers to seek power is at the point of production. Economic control is the control of the world. The confession is merely added confirmation of the correctness of our position.

## A WORKER'S ECONOMIC VALUE

Claiming that it is becoming increasingly difficult to secure competent workers, and particularly mentioning the printing trade, Charles H. Luddington of the Curtis Publishing Co. recently told an audience in Philadelphia:

"If the community is seriously contemplating requiring that the employer pay every employe a full living wage, regardless of the economic value of his or her job (and I do not wish to be understood as standing against the principle) it should in all fairness recognize its own responsibility to give the employe a more adequate and practical training."

As the Curtis publications are listed as unfair by the International Typographical Union and that union embraces practically the bulk of the most efficient workers of the trade, being the strongest financially and numerically among the skilled workers, Luddington's view is doubtlessly colored by the fact that he has but a small field to select from.

That such training schools will arise is a sure thing. Their beginning is already noted in many cities, especially in the night school departments. There are also schools for nearly every trade and all these arise from the demand of the employers for workers who will not spoil their material while learning a trade or to fit those who have been denied a chance to learn a trade by reason of union apprenticeship rules and high initiation fees.

As skill is disappearing before the march of the machine and, on the other hand, the employers are preparing to fit more workers to hold the remaining skilled jobs, it is but a matter of time until the skilled worker will be reduced to the same economic level as the unskilled man. And as the unskilled are making rapid strides in gaining the solidarity necessary to assure them a larger share of their product we find the two sections of workers coming more closely together.

Luddington implies that there is such a thing as a job upon which the economic value of the worker is not equal to a living wage. But even under the wage system there cannot long be such a thing as a body of workers who labor for less than it takes to reproduce the mental and manual powers necessary for the carrying on of their portion of industry. The rising spirit of revolt, the great strikes, the growth of revolutionary ideas and movements, all come from the fact that Capitalism is trying to have the industries operated on less than a living wage. Their present success is their future ruin.

The only real economic value of a workers' toil is the workers' full social product or rather its equivalent in food, clothing, shelter, education and amusement. The securing of the whole product will not come because of any action of the community but only from the wage workers themselves. That is the reason

that revolutionary industrial unionism is so vitally necessary. Of course, in a class society there can never be any action that will benefit the whole community, but were it possible to train each individual so that less human energy would need to be expended in the productions of socially necessary things and to so arrange matters that the increase would go to the actual producers we would have the condition for which the I. W. W. is striving.

Efficiency under present conditions merely means more workers competing on the labor market.

## ONLY WAGE WORKERS WANTED

The I. W. W. accepts only actual wage workers into membership. We realize that a class movement must be based upon an identity of interests and not merely a similarity of social views.

We are not unmindful of the fact that there are those of other classes who would willingly give some support but we must insist that they do not understand us. They are in the same position as the society girl who works for a time in a department store and thinks she has grasped the feelings of the wage slave clerk. While she may become tired, she has a rest to look forward to. While she may become hungry there is not the haunting fear of hunger always before her. While she may become despondent there is always the chance to return to her parasitic existence. She can never know the aims and aspirations of the proletariat girl clerk. So also it is with the lawyers, preachers, farmers, professional and business men. They have something to fall back upon and they cannot understand us.

Still more do we see the absurdity of those who would reconcile on the political field the employer and employe. The farmer and the farm hand, the storekeeper and the clerk have nothing in common. What one gains the other loses. They are at each others' throats over the division of labor's product, yet there are those who would have them unite peacefully at the ballot box. It is foolish for a slave class to talk of political equality as existing at the same time as industrial slavery.

The power of the workers is economic. It comes from class organization on the industrial field. When solidarity is gained in the mines, mills, factories and workshops, it makes no difference who may be holding the political offices, they will be shorn of all power. Present political strength is but the reflected might of the controllers of industry.

We must fight the State, but the State is just an institution that gains its present form from the existing mode of production and exchange. Therefore our principal battle must be for industrial control.

To gain control of the industries we can rely upon no force except that of wage working producers. These we must unite without regard to race, color, sex or age. The workers must free themselves. It is time to line up in the great class war.

## CHEAP AT ANY PRICE

Seattle, July 4—Deportation of that class of persons who broadly proclaim their opposition to the American government and their hatred of the Stars and Stripes was urged today by Assistant United States District Attorney J. J. Sullivan in a Fourth of July speech before a local gathering at Lake Washington.

His position as a government official giving weight to his words, Sullivan not only commended the action of Superior Judge A. W. Frater of King county recently in refusing citizenship to an Industrial Worker of the World, but also urged that congress pass a law providing for deportation of such undesirable.

Sullivan's speech was a patriotic outburst filled with denunciations in the strongest terms of the I. W. W. and the things they stand for.

The deportation scheme of Sullivan and Frater resembles those who propose it—it won't work. The capitalists of any other country would not take kindly to having a bunch of rebels unloaded onto them, and any attempt to deport the large number of I. W. W. members who were kicked into existence in this country would simply create more of the I. W. W. spirit among those who remained.

But then what are Fourth of July orations for if not to allow boot-licking politicians to exhaust their over-supply of hot air. Wallace Irwin, author of "Letters of A Japanese School-boy," in the current issue of Life, hits the situation off to a nicety. A few extracts may prove interesting.

"On July 4th date, which are the same this year as usual," Sydney report with inflamed vest. "Morning of that day Japanese Thinking Society will give Free Lemonade Barbecue at Fingelstein's Celtic Park where they will conjoin in Happy American sing-song, 'This Country 'Tis for Us' and I shall be expected to make slight speech welcoming all Japanese to America—\*\*\*\*"

"However, in making July 4 speeches it are considered necessary to mention Our Pat Riotic Ancestors and a few 1776 battles. Otherwise it would not seem respectable.\*\*\*\*"

"Yet on that hot July date every United Stateser consider himself free and equal—"

"Equal to which?" are next question I make. "Do it make them equal to rebuking Hon. Carnegie when say Peace with one hand and manufacture battle-steel with other? \*\*\*\*Equal to reducing high cost of breathing? Equal to telling what Congress are conversing about while they investigate Wealth Trust?!"\*\*\*\*

"How could I tell?" suggest Sydney. "I have not been in politics long enough to know something."

"Few people has," I corrode with scratch voice.\*\*\*\*"

"But when I speak this red-white-and-blue oratory on July 4 I shall do my duty by all eagles and Hon. Geo. Washington who shall be mentioned.\*\*\*\*"

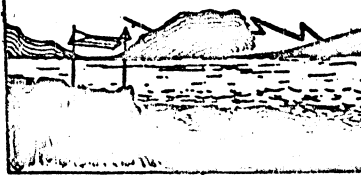
"Sydney Katsu, Jr." I rake off, "reply this conundrum. What are difference between a postage stamp and a 4th July oration?"

"I give it upwards," say Sydney.

"A postage stamp is worth 2c." I snagger coveatiously while Sydney stomp away leaving me quite divorced."

There was no charge for admission to hear Sullivan. His talk would be cheap at any price. We might remark, for the benefit of Sullivan and others, that deporting rebellious workers while allowing the cause of their rebellion to go untouched is a method that no one but an idiot would seriously consider.

## TRANSLATED NEWS



### INTERNATIONAL BULLETIN OF THE SYNDICALIST MOVEMENT

International Syndicalist Congress  
The report of the committee appointed by the Holland national federation of unions (membership 11,500) on the possibility of organizing an international syndicalist congress, says in part:  
"The project of such a congress has been received in France with much sympathy on the one side and on the other with opposition. Some organizations, as the national federations of leather workers and cabinet makers, though criticising the existing international labor center, declared against an international congress, fearing that it might harm the international unity necessary for the working class. These organizations are, therefore, rather in favor of propagating inside the international purely labor congress."

Others in France have assured the Dutch committee that these French organizations, though revolutionary in their tendencies, are still too much dominated by politicians.

In all the other countries the proposal of an international congress has been received with sympathy. By April 15 answers had been received by the committee in Amsterdam from the following countries: United States, Germany, France, Holland, Sweden. In the answers the question of where 'o hold the congress found the following countries favored: Holland by six votes, France by five votes, Switzerland by two votes, Germany and England by one vote each.

Before the results were made known in the meeting of the committee on May 8, the situation had changed a good deal. The English syndicalists had sent no answer, but on nearly the same date that the Dutch appeal was issued the Industrial Educational League of London sent out a call for an international syndicalist congress, fixing the date on September 27 and following days. In view of this the Dutch committee turned over the preparatory work to the English I. S. E. L.

Here the report stops. Holborn Town Hall in London has been taken for the congress. The work of organizing the congress is in the hands of the English committee, and its success depends largely upon their activity. A month has passed since then and the organizations of the different countries have not heard from the committee. It is to be hoped that a definite call and a provisional program will soon be issued, so that the unions of even the most distant countries will have time to thoroughly examine and if necessary alter the agenda, and instruct their delegates for the congress of revolutionary syndicalists.

### France

Minister Cheron has introduced a project of law with the slightly disguised purpose of limiting the activities of the unions and their federations.

Cheron explains: "Our project extends the civil capacity of the trade union. It permits the union to acquire property, and it gives it the right to receive gifts and bequests. It encourages all professional activity by clearly defining the union's rights. The project allows the union to store, lend and distribute tools of the particular trade, and to engage in the distribution of the produce of labor. It guarantees the trade union protection of its label, these labels being allowed to be deposited as other commercial labels. It lays down the conditions on which the union may be dissolved." Cheron intends to take away from the unions their character of class organization by having long collective contracts between the employers and men with sufficient guarantees from both sides, so that the unions lack the strength to attack the employer without giving notice. Thus, kept in check by the preoccupation of their property and their commercial powers, the unions will be unable to break the contracts when a favorable moment arises.

Cheron concludes by saying: "The project means a most important reform, giving the unions guarantees dictated by experience, and the possibility to secure rights. But on the other hand it imposes upon them certain clearly defined obligations. Each union belonging to the Trades Council, in order to take part in the election of the council of administration, must dispose of a certain number of members, and in proportion to this number it will have a vote in the council."

In other words, the principle of proportional representation is to be introduced. The syndicalists, who at one time were in favor of proportional representation in labor organization, will not be able to view this governmental proposal with enthusiasm, as time has shown its futility.

"The unions and trade federations not permitted to deal with else but purely trade matters, will be prosecuted and punished with fines and dissolution in case of infraction of this regulation."

It is perfectly clear that the government intends to make all direct action, spontaneously decided upon by the workers, all anti-military propaganda and action an impossibility. Always it will be easy for the government to find a pretext for the dissolution of any organization that is rebellious.

The "pillars of society" in Portland, Ore., who were tried and convicted of sodomy in connection with the scandal among the boys of the Y. M. C. A., are now to go free because of a loophole in the law. Still we are told that civilization would perish unless the workers respect the law, the courts and the degenerate Y. M. C. A.

## WE DON'T CARE HOW WE GET IT

William Marion Reedy, writing in the St. Louis Mirror of June 27, contrasts the strike of the St. Louis telephone girls with the larger conflicts waged under direction of the I. W. W. Speaking of syndicalism, but meaning revolutionary industrial unionism, Reedy says:

"The reports from all the great industrial centers are to the effect that the unrest of the workers is unparalleled and that their temper is increasingly that of the men who speak and act for the Industrial Workers of the World. If I mistake not, the great organization of employers headed by Mr. Kirby is well posted as to this unrest and is not unprepared to meet conditions as they arise. In labor circles one hears more and more discussion of the general strike, and, to those who talk it after union meetings, it is anything but the myth its metaphysician, Sorel, calls it."

"The little strike now on here affords me this occasion to speak of the bigger strike there is reason to believe is brewing. And the new idea of the strike is one that is hard to deal with. Moreover, the Syndicalists don't believe in arbitration, compulsory or otherwise. They don't believe in the State. They don't believe in any more work than just enough to get the most wages for the least amount, and that little work to conceal all the time a subterranean strike, a systematic, unremitting, perpetual terrorization of the employing classes. They won't listen to proposals of profit-sharing, government ownership or anything like that. They want it all. And they don't care how they get it."

"Which is the beginning of the Revolution. For the Syndicalists don't want reasons for a particular strike. They are not against low wages only; they are against the wage system. They say they have created everything there is; it belongs to them; they will by hook or crook, make the capitalists let go of everything they hold. And they aim to keep up their battle even under the flags of truce, every day, all around the world. If any one does not want to be hurt, his only place of safety is within the ranks."

## SHOULDN'T THROW STONES

The California Social-Democrat objects to the I. W. W. song which contains the verse:

"O, why don't you work  
Like other men do?  
How in hell can I work  
When there's no work to do?"

But this consistent craft-union-socialistic paper comes out with a poem on June 28, the second verse of which runs as follows:

"Jim gee  
Hully gee  
An' no more work for me;  
I've worked an' I've worked an' I've shuttled  
an' I've spun;  
I won't work, I'll never work,  
An' dam me  
If I ever work,  
I'll be in jail if I work when I'm twenty-one."  
We believe, with Paul Lafargue, in "The Right To Be Lazy," and we are at least consistent about the matter.

## NOTHING IN COMMON

(By Bruno Schmytz)

The boss and me, we can't agree;  
Glory Hallelujah!  
I feed him and he skins me;  
Glory Hallelujah!

Rather than rejoin the navy a deserter from the U. S. Ship Tacoma, captured at Savannah, Ga., on June 24, committed suicide. Patriotism is on the toboggan.

"The Western Federation of Miners has withdrawn its organizers from San Francisco because of the protest of the Building Trades Department of the American Federation of Labor against the miners being given jurisdiction over tunnel work of the character to be done here."—San Francisco Labor Clarion. Will some gentleman kindly rise and explain just how this is a step toward industrialism or syndicalism or socialism or anything else except plain job conscious fakerism?

## 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 when-ver 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.

ANOTHER CASE OF INGRATITUDE  
(John Reed in The Masses)

Walking late down Fifth Avenue, I saw him ahead of me, on the dim stretch of sidewalk between two arc-lights. It was biting cold. Head sunk between hunched-up shoulders, hands in his pockets, he shuffled along, never lifting his feet from the ground. Even as I watched him, he turned, as if in a daze, and leaned against the wall of a building, where it made an angle out of the wind. At first I thought it was shelter he sought, but as I drew nearer I discerned the unnatural stiffness of his legs, the way his cheek leaned against the cold stone, and the glimmer of light that played on his sunken, closed eyes. The man was asleep! Asleep—the bitter wind searching his flimsy clothes and the holes in his shapless shoes; upright against the hard wall, with his legs stiff as those of an epileptic. There was something beatific in such gluttony of sleep.

I went to him and shook him by the shoulder. He slowly opened an eye, cringing as though he were often disturbed by rougher hands than mine, and gazed at me with hardly a trace of intelligence.

"What's the matter—sick?" I asked. Faintly and dully he mumbled something, and at the same time stepped out as if to move away. I asked him what he had said, bending close to hear.

"No sleep for two nights," came the thick voice. "Nothing to eat for three days." He stood there obediently under the touch of my hand, swaying a little, staring vacantly at me with eyes that hung listlessly between opening and shutting.

"Well, come on," I said, "we'll go get something to eat and then I'll fix you up with a bed." Docilely he followed me, stumbling along like a man in a dream, falling forward and then balancing himself with a step. From time to time his thick lips gave utterance to husky, irrelevant words and phrases. "Got to sleep walking around," he said again and again, and "They kept me moving on."

I took his arm and guided him into the white door of an all-night lunch-room. I sat him at a table, where he dropped into a dead sleep. I set before him roast beef and mashed potatoes, and two ham sandwiches, and a cup of coffee, and bread and butter, and a big piece of pie. And then I woke him up. He looked up at me with a dawning meaning in his expression. The look of humble gratitude, love, devotion was almost canine in its intensity. I felt a warm thrill of Christian brotherhood all through my veins. I sat back and watched him eat.

At first he went at it awkwardly, as if he had lost the habit. Mechanically he employed little tricks of table manners—perhaps his mother had taught them to him. He fumblingly changed his knife and fork from right hand to left, and then put down his knife and took a dainty piece of bread in his left hand; removed the spoon from his coffee cup before he drank, and spread butter thinly and painstakingly on his bread. His motions were so non-naturalistic that I had a strange feeling of looking on a previous incarnation of the man. These little niceties, so instinctive to him, and yet so unaccustomed—what did they mean? It flashed through me that they must belong to his youth.

As the dinner progressed, a marvelous change took place. The warmth and nourishment, heating and feeding his thin blood, flooded the nerve centers of that starved body; a quick flush mounted to his cheeks, every part of him started widely awake, his eyes flashed. The little niceties of manner dropped away as if they had never been. He slopped his bread roughly in the gravy, and thrust great knife-loads of food into his mouth. The coffee vanished in great gulps. He became an individual instead of a descendant; where there had been a beast, a spirit lived; he was a man!

The metamorphosis was so exciting, so gratifying, that I could hardly wait to learn more about him. I held in, however, until he should have finished his dinner.

As the last of the pie disappeared, I drew forth a box of cigarettes and placed them before him. He took one, nodded and accepted one of my matches. "Thanks," he said.

"How much will it cost you for a bed—a quarter?" I asked.

"Yeh," he said. "Tanks."

He sat looking rather nervously at the table—inhaling great clouds of smoke. It was my opportunity.

"What's the matter—no work?"

He looked me in the eye for the first time since dinner had begun in a surprised manner. "Eure," said he briefly. I noticed with somewhat of a shock, that his eyes were gray, whereas I had thought them brown.

"What's your job?"

He didn't answer for a moment. "Brick-layer," he grunted. What was the matter with the man?

"Where do you come from?"

"Meme jev. 'Albany.'"

"Been here long?"

"Say," said my guest, leaning over. "Wot do you tink I am, a phonygraft?"

For a moment I was speechless with surprise. "Why I was only asking to make conversation," I said feebly.

"Naw you wasn't. You tought that just because you give me a hand-out, I'd do a sob-story all over you. Wot right have you got to ask me all them questions? I know you fellers. Just because you got money you tink you can buy me with a meal. \* \* \*

"Nonsense," I cried, "I do this perfectly unselfishly. What do you think I got out of feeding you?"

He lit another my cigarette. "You get all you want," he smiled. "Come on now, don't it make you feel good all over to save a poor starvin' bum's life? God! You're pure and holy for a week!"

"Well, you're a strange specimen," said I angrily. "I don't believe you've got a bit of gratitude in you!"

"Gratitude Heil!" said he easily. "Wot for? I'm thankin' my luck,—not you,—see? It might

as well 'a' been me as any other bum. But if you hadn't struck me, you'd 'a' hunted up another down-and-outer. Yo', see," he leaned across the table, explaining. "You just had to save somebody to-night. I understand. I got a appetite like that too. Only mine's women." Whereupon I left that ungrateful bricklayer and went to wake up Drusilla, who alone understands me.

"POLITICAL POWER" A MISNOMER  
(By Ernest Griffeth)

The word power in connection with the word politics loses its meaning. There is no such thing as political power. There may be political persuasiveness or political coercion, but not power. Power is something tangible, something that can be depended upon, something that can be measured; and none of these can be applied to any political action of whatever nature. Political action is diplomatic and savors of arbitration and compromise; economic action is forceful and anything but diplomatic—it cannot afford to arbitrate or compromise. The two are as different as day and night; one is an expression or reflex of power, while the other is a living, breathing power within itself; one is what a man would do if he could; the other is what a man could do if he would.

If an employer writes a letter to an employee telling him to do a certain thing or he will be discharged, the writing of the letter is a political action, and its expression has absolutely no power. The employee can tear the letter up and throw it away with contempt, and nothing would happen. But he knows it is best to do as he is told because the boss has the power to discharge him; and it is the ownership of the machine, of the job, that gives the boss this power. The boss uses politics to make his wants known—he uses economic power to enforce them. Political action is the weak expression of a great desire.

And if political action were only useless it would not be so bad, but it is misleading in its teachings. It leads the worker from one wilderness into another, and the second is little better than the first. The desire for life is aroused in him and then he is pushed forth like the ancient slave, naked and with a sword of wood to fight for his life against an enemy armed with a steel sword and covered with steel armor. His chance is nil—a delusion. The strong today (capitalism) is armed not with the control of political parties, but with the control of the machines of production. Political bickering is simply one of the rotten effects produced by a rotten cause. And the workers who spend their time and energy in building up a political party to combat capitalism are wasting that time and energy in fashioning a sword of wood to cross with one of steel.

Necessary to political action are the politician, the legislature, the state. The latter is left for the workers to fight about. The capitalist class does not elect its representatives from states; it elects them from industries. What few differences still remain among members of the capitalist class are industrial and are decided by representatives elected from the different industries and not from squares of land marked off by imaginary lines. The capitalist class does not recognize the state or any of the laws of the state only insofar as they can be used to keep the workers fooled, divided and oppressed.

The state is a tool of the master class. Its main function is to act as a political mediator between economic lions who sometimes growl over the spoils of labor. The state has no power; it is nothing more than a large chunk of blue air held up for the workers to admire and respect. The workers respect it and remain slaves.

When capitalism goes the state must go. It is wasteful; it has absolutely nothing to do with the production of commodities, and therefore cannot be tolerated by a free working class. And it is upon this wobbly foundation political reformers base their so-called power. The word power can have no meaning when applied to political action. There is only one real power—the brawn and brain of the workers acting in unison. Capitalism has no power; but capitalists use that fictitious myth, the state, just as they use the church, to keep the workers ignorant of their own power; and when the workers lose their respect for the state and church and say "Yes!" or "No!" together, all things besides dwindle into insignificance—they, the workers, are all.

SABOTAGE AS THE FIRST RESORT  
(By P. Brankin)

In the "Worker" of May 29 John Pankner advises the lumber workers to start a Cxey army, etc., viz: "If the police break our ranks and the mills fill up with scabs we should mass our forces 10,000 strong to march through the lumber camps and mills to sweep everything before us. Such mass action will arouse enthusiasm, give courage to the weak and timid, and give publicity to our cause. Such an army could force each town to feed them while on strike and thus solve the food problem. As a last resort we can colonize the camps and give the bosses a taste of irritation strikes and sabotage."

"We will mass our forces 10,000 strong to march through the lumber camps."

How often have the workers been warned not to mass in army style or parades. Does this not give the capitalist thugs a chance to put up a job on you, a la West Virginia, New Orleans, I. a., to use vigilante tactics? Let us use our head for something else but a hat rack or to stop axe handles with.

"Give courage to the weak and timid."

To hell with the weak and timid; the I. W. W. is no place for such. That is one of the reasons the pens are literally lined with rebels and nothing is ever done. We are revolutionary??? Sure.

"Such an army could force each town to feed them"—BULLETS—while on strike."

"Give the bosses a taste of sabotage as a last resort."

As sabotage is the first and last argument,

and final test of strength, and is the only thing that is a good answer to vigilante tactics, what in hell is the matter with it being the "first resort?" You all know that the mass passive resistance strikes have about reached their limit, because of lack of funds, etc., to feed the men when on strike. We have always boasted that we, the I. W. W., don't need money to fight capitalism. All these mass strikes have been educational, but like all tactics they have to be changed to meet changed conditions. But your average I. W. W. will say "We can not practice direct action on a large scale because it will hurt the I. W. W. We are not strong enough; we will use sabotage when we get economic power, etc." You wisecracks will admit that when we have "economic power" we won't need sabotage. You would not destroy your own house, would you? The point is: now is the time to use sabotage—between now and the time we get this said economic power. Damn the so-called public opinion. It is editorial opinion and not public opinion at all.

Let us agitate against this thing of quitting our jobs.

Strike on the job; that is the only place to strike at all.

We are constantly told that this can not be done because if we go to striking on the job the bosses will lock us out, and weed us out of the lumber plants one at a time. Let us see. Suppose they do weed us out one at a time. If we I. W. W.'s are wise, by the time the boss gets next to us we will have done the trick we came to accomplish, and another I. W. W. can quietly take the place of the fired member and be a scissorbill; if necessary, curse the I. W. W., etc., to gain the point.

What if they lock out the whole lumber industry? Did you wisecracks ever take note of the fact that you do not necessarily have to be working on the job to hit the boss in the pocket-book? Wherever we go we see the sacred property of the boss on all sides of us. The I. W. W. has got to change its tactics to conform to its principles and theories, if it would continue to gain ground. I notice there is an increasing lack of support to free speech fights, passive resistance strikes, etc. And what is worst of all, a growing lack of interest as shown by the last general vote. Fancy only 2,500 voting out of a possible thirty-five thousand! The rank and file are asleep. And one of the causes is the worn out tactics in use, especially the strike off of the job.

JEAN SPIELMAN EXPELLED FROM I. W. W.

Jean E. Spielman, Book No. 1809, who was a holder of credentials from General Headquarters as voluntary organizer, was expelled from the I. W. W. on June 26 by the unanimous vote of Local 64, I. W. W., Minneapolis, Minn., of which local Spielman was a member.

Charges were preferred on June 16 by National Organizer John F. Leheney and additional charges on June 23 by Fellow-worker Ernest Riebe.

The charges were that Spielman organized a building workers local, consisting of a fraudulent membership, accepting persons expelled from the I. W. W. and also printers, machinists, teamsters, and other ineligible parties. A charter for Building Construction Local No. 221 was then secured by misrepresentation from the G. E. B. Under Art. 1, Sec. 2, Par. 6, of the constitution, Fellow-worker Leheney filed charges against Spielman.

The basis of the additional charges by Riebe is found in Art. 7, Sec. 2, which provides that no member of the I. W. W. shall represent the organization without first having been authorized by the G. E. B. or some subordinate part of the I. W. W. Spielman held a meeting at which one Goodhue, an expelled member of Local 69, I. W. W., Salt Lake City, Utah, was speaker. When requested to remove Goodhue from the box Spielman refused.

The charges conclude with the words: "This act of the said Spielman is only one of many similar in kind and character that tend to defeat the aim and disrupt the I. W. W. movement in Minneapolis."

THE EDUCATIONAL MACHINE

Man's greatest achievement in the modern age is the machine. This wondrous creation with its thews and sinews of iron, and its motive force of steam or electricity, had it been possible in a more primitive age, would have been deified. Even now it is an object of worship. We pay homage in the form of special privilege. We make human sacrifices to it; we consciously or unconsciously reproduce it in our institutions; we have governmental machinery, church machinery, educational machinery.

To our educational forefathers who thought of the child's mind as a sheet of white paper upon which the teacher might write what he wished, or as a block of marble to be hewn into shape, education seemed a simple process. What was more natural than, when the ever-increasing possibilities of the machine dawned upon them, than to apply its principles to education? So the pedagogical energy of the nineteenth century was devoted to the development of a great system with all sorts of ingenious contrivances and processes for informing, illuminating, refining and polishing the material upon which it worked.

Individual differences among the pupils gave but little concern to those lovers of uniformity and conformity, who elaborated the system. Is one pupil especially quick? Hold him back; it is not necessary that he exercise his full powers. Is another slow to grasp a subject? Drag him along even if he never gains a firm footing.

To the teachers of a hundred years ago, the modern school with its fine buildings, its generous equipment, its numerous text books, its diversified curriculum, its carefully planned course of study and its normal school and college trained teachers, might seem almost perfect,—the complete realization of their ideals.

But today we are not satisfied. On every hand arise complaints against our public school system, detailing its injuries to the physical, mental, and moral welfare of the pupils. But

the most widespread, the most insistent complaint is that the school dwarfs and checks the child's individuality. His intellectual food is so carefully prepared and so systematically administered that he has neither time nor opportunity to use his own resources.

The advance in biology and psychology has given us a new conception of education. We no longer regard the child's mind as a sheet of blank paper, but as a living organism, acting from the inward impulses of a million-generationed ancestry and responding to the outward stimuli of a many-sided environment; therefore, the well-intentioned efforts to instill so much arithmetic, so much grammar, so much patriotism, so much morality each day, each month, each year, have become not merely absurd but criminal. From every side comes the demand to break the lockstep, to give more freedom.

Our conception of education has changed. Why has not our educational system changed? First and foremost, because it is the chief bulwark of existing institutions, as every prominent citizen who addresses a gathering of school children affirms. There is little danger that pupils who for so many years have had their energies so carefully directed and their thinking so carefully done for them, will ever exhibit progressive, much less revolutionary, tendencies. They become average citizens who keep in the trodden paths. On the other hand, a single generation of young people trained to think honestly, independently and fearlessly would sweep all shams, political, religious, moral and social from the earth; and that is what capitalist rulers dread above all things.

In the second place, we are not ready to pay the price. The factory system is cheap. To be sure, it squanders the energy of teachers and pupils but it saves dollars. And while the taxpayer cheerfully contributes hundreds of millions annually for army and navy, and other hundred millions to capitalist masters, he shudders at any proposal to increase the school tax. But when the workers themselves determine the disposition of the wealth they create, they will demand for their children the opportunities that only the favored few now enjoy. Then the ideal of the educational machine with its factory-like uniformity of results and its factory-like disregard of the individual will disappear to be replaced by Froebel's beautiful conception of the school as a garden with its freedom, its sunshine, its opportunities for growth and development.—A. C. B. in the Commonwealth.

SPOKANE PICNIC A SUCCESS

Fine weather and a bunch of live rebels contributed to make the I. W. W. picnic at Minnehaha Park, Spokane, Wash., on July 6, a great success.

Preparations were made for a couple of hundred people as the picnic was not advertised to any extent outside of the organization, and the committee had to send to Spokane for an extra wagonload of food to supply the several hundred persons over the estimated number, who took advantage of the opportunity to enjoy themselves.

A Scandinavian ball game, three-legged races, sack races, and many other forms of amusement kept the crowd in good humor. One feature was a mock meeting of the Salvation Army, at which many gave their testimony. This realized a collection of \$10, which was forwarded to the Paterson strikers.

Toward night a heavy windstorm cut short the festivities.

The picnic brought the members in closer touch with each other and was successful from every standpoint.

WHO GETS THE STEREOPTICON?

Los Angeles locals would like to hear from numbers 76, 198, 289, 147, 92, 96, 168, 156, 155, in La Huelga General subscription contest. As 66 has failed to mail in their subscription number, seventy-six will be the next in line for the stereopticon machine. If they fail to respond then one ninety-eight will be next in line and so on for the nine numbers given here. Let us hear from you at once as we wish to ship the machine just as soon as the boys at the Spanish Branch are able to get the plant set up and in working order. La Huelga General will appear. Then our next effort will be to translate the I. W. W. pamphlets into Spanish. Of course, "copy rights" will not be translated.

Send all communications to La Huelga General, 420 N. Los Angeles Street. Yours in the fight,

W. B. COOK,  
Secretary L. A. Locals.

A GOOD JUROR

Counsel (to talesman): "Have you any knowledge of anything in this world or the world to come?"

Talesman: "I have not."

Counsel: "Do you know enough to come in out of the rain?"

Talesman: "I do not."

Counsel: "If you were standing on a railroad track and an express train approached at a speed of ninety miles an hour, would you step out of the way?"

Talesman: "I would not."

Chorus of Lawyers: "Step right into the jury-box!"—The Public.

While picketing employment offices in Minneapolis, Minn., in order to prevent the shipment of lumber workers into the Pacific Coast strike district, Fellow-workers Jack Delaney, Jim Nathal and others were arrested and held incommunicado. Parasites work hand in hand. The workers must learn to stick together as closely as the master class tools do.

There is no preacher or Holy Pope Can piddle me their Bible dope: I've heard too much of their Salvation, That is one reason I face Starvation.

Wage slavery at a glance. That's the "Pyramid of Capitalism" poster. Send 15 cents for a copy or \$1 for a dozen. Post cards of same are 25 cents a dozen, \$1 per 100.

IS YOUR MAIL HERE?

There is mail at 115 N. Browne St., Spokane, Wash., for the following persons: John Lane, Walter Loew, Will B. Newton, Nels V. Nelson, A. Pettersen, James Rank and James Rowan.

Local 450, I. W. W., Coalinga, Cal. has suspended business until further notice. Secretaries please note.

F. W. Johnson and G. F. Chandler can secure their membership books by addressing R. Soderquist, Sec. Local 431, I. W. W., Box 1011, Eureka, Cal.

Book No. 116544 was stolen from Sam Folz, while he was at work in the Bay Side Quarry, Humboldt County, Cal. Secretaries and other watch for this book. Finder please return to Box 1011, Eureka, Cal.

A local reading room has been opened for construction workers at 29 South Desplaines Street, Chicago, Ill. This fills a need of long standing. All rebels going to the "Windy City" should drop in and help build up a good, virtue local.

Local 79, I. W. W., Calgary, Alta., has headquarters at 134 Ninth Ave., West. Communications should go to Secretary J. D. Vincent, who has replaced D. Evans, resigned. All locals will please note that communications cannot be recognized unless same bear the official seal of the local.

At the last business meeting of Local 40, I. W. W., Missoula, Mont., two members were expelled from the I. W. W. for begging on their cards and because they were suspected of being stool pigeons for the police and the lumber trust. They were both cooks by occupation, Frank Warnock, Book No. 53353, George Jackson, Book No. 103230.

LA HUELGA GENERAL

Spanish Organ of the I. W. W., published by the Spanish Branch of the I. W. W., Los Angeles, Cal.

Subscription price:  
One year .....\$1.00  
Six months ..... 50  
Thirteen weeks ..... 25  
Address 420 N. Los Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

THE LUMBERJACK

Southern official organ of the I. W. W., published at New Orleans, La., by the National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers, Southern District. A rebel weekly of particular interest to lumber workers but which will appeal to every red-blooded toiler. One dollar a year. Bundle orders two cents per copy. Address Box 540, Alexandria, La.

A. BERMUKAS

The Wage Worker  
Hungarian paper published by the Hungarian locals of the I. W. W.; subscription price \$1.00 per year; foreign, \$1.50 per year. Address: A. Bermukas, 435 E. 72nd St., New York, N. Y.

SOLIDARITY

Eastern official organ of the I. W. W., published at Cleveland, Ohio. A revolutionary weekly paper with complete news of all eastern labor matters as well as a general survey of the class struggle. Subscription price is \$1.00 a year, 13 weeks for 25c, bundle orders 1/2c per copy. The best weekly paper east of the Mississippi. Address 112 Hamilton Ave., East Cleveland, Ohio.

REVOLUTIONARY LITERATURE

Single copy orders for the following pamphlets will be filled from this office:  
One Big Union, Wm. E. Trautmann.....\$0.10  
Ettor and Giovanniotti Speeches..... 25  
Industrial Unionism, Joseph J. Ettor..... 10  
Proletarian and Petit-Bourgeois, Austin Lewis ..... 10  
Industrial Conspiracies, Clarence Darrow. 10  
Political Socialism Capturing the Government, B. E. Nilsson..... 10  
I. W. W. History, Vincent St. John..... 10  
Patriotism and the Worker, Gustav Herve 10  
Eleven Blind Leaders, B. H. Williams..... 10  
On the Firing Line..... 05  
In lots of 50 and over..... 03  
I. W. W. Song Book, 43 songs, 11 new ones 10  
In lots of 20 or over..... 05  
Send all orders to Industrial Worker, Box 2129, Spokane, Wash.

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE

You read the "Industrial Worker." You know it's worth \$1.00 a year—and then some. It gets better all the time. The Mr. Black cartoons alone are worth the price.

If you haven't read Solidarity, published in Cleveland, Ohio, then you've missed a lot. It gives the industrial news of the East at \$1.00 a year.

Then there's the Lumberjack of the Southern District, full of fire, filiosity and lumber worker news. It is also \$1.00 a year.

Here's our offer: "Industrial Worker" and Solidarity, one year \$1.50.

"Industrial Worker" and Lumberjack, one year \$1.50.

All three for \$2.25. Better send that two dollars and two bits right away to the "Industrial Worker," P. O. Box 2129, Spokane, Wash.

In renewing your subscription or changing your address, give old address as well as new.

If the number on your label is 225 your subscription expires with the next issue. Renew promptly in order to avoid missing an issue. "THE INDUSTRIAL WORKER," Box 2129, Spokane, Wash.

### Edgeworth Tells of Deportation From Marshfield, Ore.

Portland, Ore., June 30, 1913.—On the night of the 24th of June I heard that there was a movement on foot to give the I. W. W. the run, so I started at once to my room to get all books and valuables out of sight as I knew they would destroy them or do something with them that would be detrimental to the Local. Just as I was about to cross the street to the hotel two bulls (W. Shoupe and Levi Smith) grabbed me and said that they wanted to search me again (I had already been searched the Saturday night before) to see if I was carrying a gun. I told them to search me right on the street as I was tired of their bringing me to jail all the time and finding nothing on me, but they said that they wanted to see me down at the station anyway and I had to go along with them. On our way to the jail they asked me all sorts of foolish questions, such as "where are you working now?" "when did you work last," etc. Now these people have had their eye on me for the last year or so as I have not left the town in all that time. They knew every move I made as they could see me and did see me every day.

The sum and substance of the matter was that they were arresting me for the mob of the next day. R. A. Copple told me the next morning that everything was cut and dried the day before they ran me out.

As soon as they had me behind the bars they went out to look for Wesley Everest as they wanted to run out all they could find—so the bulls told me. I heard Wm. Shoupe say to Levi Smith: "Well, we have done our part and now we will see what they (referring to the mob) are going to do." That night, as usual, they brought in six or seven "drunks," men that had about one or two glasses of beer under their belt, and they shoved them all in one cell (A 6x10) to stay there all night and go before his honor (?) in the morning and pay a fine of all they had because the city is in need of money to keep up sixteen or eighteen grafters.

That night the sheriff came within hollering distance of me and I tried to call him over to where I was, but he only grinned as he got the wink from Wm. Shoupe, the bull. A lawyer was sent over to see what I was in for, but he was told that he could not see me. (This lawyer's name is C. I. Regard of Marshfield.) Morning rolled around and about 8:15 a vigilante came to cell 1 and started to open it. When he was told that we were in the other cell he quickly came to it and brought us out. I asked for permission to wash and comb my hair but they would not let me and they said "we are in a hurry." I looked out toward the entrance of the jail and there I saw the mob of capitalist anarchists. As we advanced toward the entrance about ten men came up to us and brought us out into the middle of the street. (One of these men (?) had a large American flag in his hand.) There they formed a procession—flag in front—and we were marched down to a boat landing to be put aboard and deported. The minute we came out of the jail all we could hear was "tar and feather them," "hang them," "shoot them," "kill them," etc., and this kept up until we were out quite a ways on the boat.

This did not scare either of us as we knew that none of them had the backbone to do anything because they were afraid of the Scandinavian sympathizers in that locality. Some of them would tell us that we would get protection under the "stars and stripes" but when I referred to us being run out under the "stars and stripes," they would drop that bunk. When we passed 215 N. Front street the mob began to holler, "get Stogard," "run him out," etc. (they referred to A. Stogard, a Finn who runs a cigar store at that address).

When we were on the dock waiting for the boat I asked for something to eat, in a voice

loud enough so everybody could hear, and the sentiment for us was strong enough to make them get us a breakfast. Tobacco was also given us. When we were put on the boat they told us to get up on the deck and say good bye and tell the crowd that we were sorry for being offensive while in that territory. Everest got up and fooled around and they pulled him off while I started to give them the real dope. I started in easy, but when I began to accuse them of being anarchists they pulled me off and pushed me down into the cabin. Some of them said that none of that kind of talk went any more, so I did not have another chance to get my anger into them. After they had us in the cabin they sang "My Country 'tis of Thee," and all the other patriotic songs.

On our way to Jarvis Landing they gave us all kinds of fatherly advice and B. S. One of the most prominent of the mob told us we could come back to Coos County when we changed our principles. They were very careful not to abuse either of us as they feared something. Two or three pimps among them advocated violence but the rest of them would not stand for it. They told us to be careful and not call at any of the R. R. camps around Gardner as they were afraid we would get a bunch and come back. They said if we came back to Marshfield, they would give us a coat of tar and feathers, etc.

When we were landed on the sandpit, 8 or 10 miles from Marshfield, they formed a large ring with us and the American flag in the center and one of the scissorbills gave us a spiel. He said that Coos County had no room for such "animals" as we were and that the anarchist principles and doctrines of the I. W. W. were forever at an end as they meant to keep all agitators out of the county. He told me to tell all my friends to keep away as we were not wanted and that if we persisted in coming there they would use direct action on us. He said that it was a case of the I. W. W. rule or the business men rule and that they were going to stay with the men that created the pay roll. He said that we were just "never works," anarchists and people that would not let anyone else work and the citizens thought it time to get rid of us. Had there been just ten men present to raise a protest against the actions of the mob, you could not have seen a vigilante for their heedless as they are all as cowardly as it is possible for such rascals to be.

They made us kiss the flag (I am sure we "love" it now) and we were sent on our way rejoicing.

I stayed there a few minutes to ask if I could hire a horse as I have one bum foot, when, lo and behold, down the bay came a speed boat with two more I. W. W.'s who protested against their actions. They got these fellows in the middle of the ring and gave them another spiel and when they asked them to kiss the flag, there was nothing doing. They tried to coax them to do it and when they saw that they would not do so they all jumped on them and beat them up. One man was knocked down and one of the mob placed his foot on the poor slave's neck and jumped up and down on it five or six times as hard as he could, then they picked him up by the hair, punched him and dragged him about for some time. I tried to talk them out of administering that kind of "justice" but I was told to shut up as they were doing it. After many more kicks and punches and rough handling the two kissed the flag and were sent on their way with the warning never to come back.

In the crowd that beat up these two men were business men, merchants, clerks, preachers, lawyers, pimps, bartenders and Fred Powers, son of A. H. Powers, the Coos County king, also the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce.

### Peoria Fight For Free Speech Is Postponed Until This Fall

Peoria, Ill., June 29.—Many fellow workers think that the I. W. W. won a victory in Peoria, but the fact is we got a severe beating and were forced to postpone the fight until fall. We were up against the strongest M. & M. outfit to be found in the country.

In spite of opposition things were progressing nicely and the Avery plant was out almost solidly when suddenly the whole picket line was arrested, along with every I. W. W. man the police could lay hands upon.

Most of the boys were held in jail for a month. Few came in to take part in the free speech fight. Those who did come were rushed off their feet, pinched and beaten up on the main street in full view of everyone. Some were beaten up after they were in the jail—myself for one.

The boys outside were young and had never before been in a fight, so they got cold feet. Outsiders came in slowly so the fight was called off to prevent the boys from staying in jail all summer. The prisoners were given to understand that they could have the right to speak if Little, Cannon, Moore, Watts and Levine were to leave the city. The above named were for staying and fighting it out but this is what happened. The men left town. The boys were all released, but as soon as

they got a job the police notified the bosses and practically put them on the blacklist. We tested free speech on Saturday, June 21, but the moment the speakers said "I. W. W." they were pinched. Monday they were released and made to leave the town.

The police raised Mrs. Preston out of bed at 3:15 a. m. and forced her to tell where two of her boarders, Fellow-workers McCauley and L. D. Castro, were working. When these two went to the job in the morning their time was in the office. I went to the mayor about this and he denied all knowledge of the matter. Regarding free speech the mayor said he had never told Little or Moore that the I. W. W. could speak as he thought I. W. W.'s were rank anarchists and not to be allowed in Peoria. So all we can do is to wait until fall and then get a bunch together to go to jail en masse.

The slaves in Peoria are rotten ripe for the One Big Union propaganda and we need to get a foothold in the Mississippi valley where the I. W. W. has scarcely touched. Two dollars a day for ten, twelve and fourteen hours in this part of the country, and the I. W. W. will have the fight of their lives here where the bosses are used to big profits on the slaves.

Remember that Peoria will need you this fall and we will yet organize the whole valley.—John Arcott, Sec. Local 27, I. W. W.

On June 23 a strike of 10,000 or more garment workers took place in Cincinnati, Ohio. Demands were an eight hour day or a 10 per cent raise for a fifty-hour week. A compromise was refused. The General Secretary of the United Garment Workers of America declared the strike "unconstitutional" and ordered the men back to work. They refused to go. A large number of them favor joining the I. W. W.

In Rochester, N. Y., the manufacturers and other labor skinners recently set up a howl against "outside organizers," blaming them for all strike troubles. But these same "honest business men" are now loud in their praises of the "outside organizers" who were hired to manage a dough-raising campaign for the Y.

M. C. A. The amount raised was \$762,000 and it came from those who declared they could not afford to pay increased wages. It does make a difference whose bull is gored!

Eighteen hundred street car employees recently struck in Cincinnati, Ohio, completely tying up the system. Thousands of persons in the city wore in their hat bands and on their coat lapels, ribbons bearing the words "I Will Walk," the initials of the I. W. W. Conditions of labor were so intolerable that the men struck, knowing they would have to forfeit \$75,000 they had in the company's Mutual Aid Society, placed there under an agreement not to join any union. The strikers were successful in gaining many of their demands.

### "No God—No Master"

"No God—No Master" seems to stick in the craw of those who rob us in our pay envelopes. Their legal lackeys in Boston are jimmying a law through the Massachusetts legislature. In part it says "No red or black flag, and no banner, ensign or sign having upon it any inscription opposed to organized government, or which is sacrilegious, or which may be derogatory to public morals, shall be carried in parade within this Commonwealth."

Massachusetts might prepare to burn a few persons who don't believe in slavery or in ghosts, holy or otherwise. The next generation may also want some "glorious traditions."

If this proposition becomes a law the mill slaves will not dare carry their pay envelopes where they can be seen, for it is a sure thing that an inscription thereon of "Jennie Jones, Weekly Wages \$6.75" is derogatory to both public and private morals. And any amount of waving star spangled banners by Portuguese William Wood will not alter that fact.

### SPokane Militia Receive Riot Pay

Last week Companies H and I, National Guard of Washington, were paid for riot duty on November 2nd and 3rd, 1909, on which days the tin soldiers were mustered at the armory awaiting orders to patrol the streets on account of the I. W. W. free speech fight in Spokane. The "yellow legs" were paid by a special appropriation as their services were "illegal," not having been authorized by the governor. Wonder how the tax payers like it?

### MEETS DEATH BY DROWNING

Fellow-worker Emilie Wahl, an active member of Local 82, met her death by drowning in the Saskatchewan River, Edmonton, on June 30. All fellow workers who have known Wahl will realize that the movement has lost a good rebel.

Several members of Locals 82 and 340 have been drowned in the Grand Canyon, Fraser River. No parasites drowned yet, only slaves. How many more lives have we to give?—E. Webster, Secretary 82.

### WHAT WAS THE TROUBLE?

New German Cruiser Refuses to Move. "Hamburg, Germany, June 20.—A third attempt was made yesterday to launch the German battleship cruiser Derfflinger, but without success. She was christened last Saturday, and refused to move from the stocks, and a second attempt on Wednesday to launch her failed."

Admitting that we are no experts on ship construction, still it is a safe bet that the cause of keeping the cruiser at her stocks can be found in the small pay-envelopes of the workers. Oh, you wooden shoes!

### Shall Workers Be Railroaded?

In Ipswich, Mass., nine miles from Salem where Ettor and Giovanitti were tried for murder, I. W. W. members have been arrested and thrown into jail on inciting to riot and rioting charges.

The facts briefly are these: The textile workers in Ipswich struck for an increase of 20 per cent and better treatment at the hands of the bosses. Later a demand for an eight hour day was added. The strike was conducted in the usual manner and the strikers were keeping the mills closed by constant picketing. The police determined to break up the picketing. Clubbing tactics were resorted to by the police. A riot ensued. A woman was shot by a stray bullet discovered afterwards to have been fired by a policeman. Herman Pingree and Mrs. Pingree, I. W. W. organizers, were arrested on a charge of murder. Fifteen other strikers were arrested on charges of rioting. The evidence at the first hearing proved so conclusively that the police were responsible for the death of the woman that Herman Pingree and his wife were discharged on the murder charge. They were held, however, on the riot charge, together with fifteen others. The authorities are making a determined effort to railroad these men and women to ten or 15 years in prison. The judges say that picketing is unlawful.

Action must be taken at once in behalf of these fellow workers. Protest meetings must be held, and funds secured to fight for them. Send all funds to J. S. Biscay, Box 282, Ipswich, Mass.

### SPANISH PAPER NOW RUNNING

The plant for the Spanish I. W. W. paper, La Huelga General, has been purchased and installed at 420 N. Los Angeles street, Los Angeles, Cal. Send all communications to that address. Make all checks payable to La Huelga General.

Get busy and send in your orders. The fund has been exhausted in making the initial payment. The paper will be given to the organization at the convention in September.

### FRISCO OPENS MARINE WORKERS HALL

For the purpose of organizing a Marine Transport Workers' Union in San Francisco, Cal., a new hall has been opened on the waterfront by Local 173 at Room 8, No. 9 Mission street.

All sailors and waterfront workers, when stopping at San Francisco, should visit the new hall and help build up a new and successful local.

The Labor World, Pittsburg, Pa., devotes a large part of its issue of June 19 to a bitter attack on the I. W. W., "because we propose to take and hold the industries; and also takes two full pages to prove that Socialism would mean that men and women could mate without asking permission from Church or State. How perfectly awful!!

### English I. W. W. Growing

13 Little Newport Street, Charing Cross Road, London W., June 21, 1913.—No doubt when you read of the great strike in what is known as the "Black Country" England, you are in an ecstasy of delight, thinking that at last the working class of England has awakened. The idea is not correct. The workers in the Midlands of England are on strike not because they have become "class conscious," but rather from long-standing rotten unbearable conditions, and furthermore while on strike they are not taught the class struggle, but are pumped full of Parliamentary action and Trade unionism.

The few class conscious rebels who have a chance to work among the strikers, are checked as much as possible by the Pollies who want to go to Parliament at \$2000 a year. Tom Mann has done noble work among them, but like the syndicalist after a most revolutionary address, advises them to join the union of their craft. As they really are not craftsmen at all, they may join the Gas Workers and General Laborers Union, which in Warrington have "Walker's" famous brewery under their banner. I think that the English working class are about the worst I have ever struck, always shouting against suffragettes, and for "Our Empire" and Free Trade and more battleships, while he sleeps outside and steals to feed his worn-out body. The Englishman brags about his hard-headedness. I perfectly agree with him,—"solid ivory with a mahogany finish."

At present the strikers have organized four marching armies, each going in a different direction. The result is cheering as we know what the few score of I. W. W. men have done on our various marches to Free Speech fights and strikes, etc. The men are having a holiday and are seeing a little of "Their Empire" while at the same time are getting enough to eat for the first time in their lives. The various cities visited welcome them, not because they love the men but they fear them, and supply food and shelter. Of course the socialists and other union men also contribute to the deserving cause.

Many of the firms have conceded the minimum asked for, 23 shillings (\$5.25) a week of five and one-half days.

Just think, fellow workers, that we have women (the mothers of our class) working making chains, in a blacksmith shop and other large factories, stripped to the waist, swinging sledge hammers for the magnificent wage of 10-6 or \$2.50 a week, and even some women work for 2-6 or 60c a week. They call this a civilized country. And these same women raise boys who go to war and die for this glorious (slavery, excuse me,) country. No, the English workers are a long way from being as far advanced as those in America or France. Why, do you know, when you say "don't vote" they look at you dumbfounded, just like when you tell a narrow-minded Christian that you don't believe in God. They think you are crazy, that's all.

The I. W. W. in the last five weeks have made rapid strides. We have taken in about 300 new members into Local London, and our street and park meetings are the biggest some F. W.'s ever saw. We are having organized opposition already, showing our good work. Next week "The Government Workers' Union," about 800 postal and telegraph workers, will join the I. W. W. What we need most is literature. Our American pamphlets are too expensive over here. All the workers can spare here is 2c, no more. Several of the boys and I have written up a couple of pamphlets and now we can't publish them because of lack of money; \$10.00 will publish about 2200 24-page pamphlets. We need these badly. The crowds go crazy over our songs and we will try to get out a song book adapted to England.

The great number of strikes now on in the British Isles, the Home Rule and Anti-demonstrations in Ireland, Suffragette and Marconi's, not to speak of I. W. W.'s, Socialist partyites and Anarchists, all go to make up what the "Kept Press" call "the banner year of industrial unrest."

The newly organized I. W. W. have many sympathizers all over Great Britain and all we need is to reach them with our principles, to form a strong Industrial Union movement which is sadly needed here.

If any members of the I. W. W. wish to subscribe to a fund to help publish the pamphlets, donations should be sent to Thomas Dobson, 96 Haberdasher St., Hoxton, London, England, our secretary-treasurer.

Best wishes to all the American fellow workers.

For the English I. W. W.—GEO. H. SWASEY, London Organizer.

### RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE

Bellingham, Wash., June 29, 1913. Whereas, it has come to our notice that Fellow-worker William Clark has been taken from us by death on the 17th of this month, and

Whereas, we have lost a noble and efficient worker, and one who always had the love of freedom and the interests of the organization at heart, therefore be it

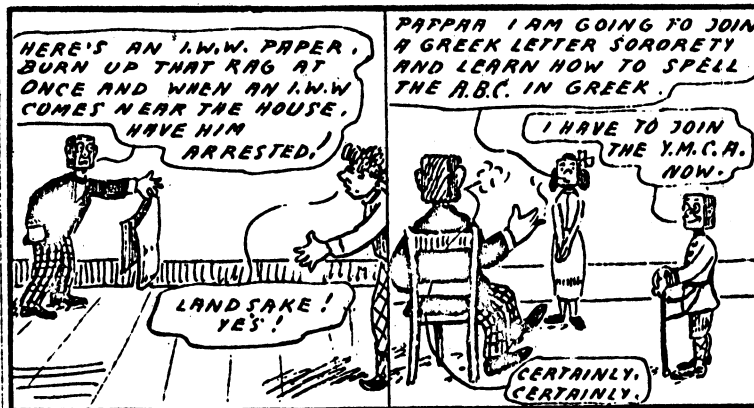
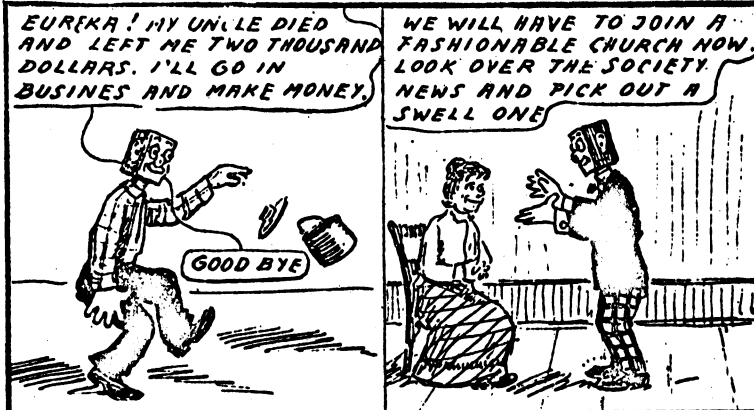
Resolved, that we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the relatives of the deceased fellow-worker, and also that we double our efforts to push forward the work of organization in which he was so deeply interested.

Ordered that we have these resolutions printed in the official I. W. W. papers.—Local 237, I. W. W., Bellingham, Wash.

### Mr. Block BY ERNEST RIEBE

A pamphlet consisting of 24 Block cartoons, showing the different adventures of the average worker who has capitalist ideas. Just the thing to knock the scales off the eyes of would-be scabs, fifteen cents a copy at all I. W. W. local's. Per hundred, \$8, from THE BLOCK SUPPLY CO., Box 166 Minneapolis, Minn.

### Mr. Block He Inherits \$2,000



Continued Next Week