

INDUSTRIAL WORKER

VOL. I

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One Dollar a Year

No. 17

LABOR EXCHANGE

I. W. W. NEWS ITEMS

Sanderson, one of the California agitators, taken a big bundle of the papers to be among the fruit pickers near Brawley. The farm workers need organization, and when we are organized, the workers will be able to suit themselves. Awful—eh?

Wash., the Consolidated Lumber Co. has two camps with about 20 men in a camp. This will soon be increased to 50 men. Haywood is the feeding contractor. He gets from \$2.00 to \$2.50. Board \$4.65 per week. This is a "consolidated" company. The board would all belong to the consolidated union—the I. W. W.

In St. Johns, Wash., says the harvest is in there about August 1. He sure to get a lot of I. W. W. reading matter and a bunch of the Industrial Worker, before going out to the harvest fields. We have a number of copies for free distribution among the harvesters. You can track off your blankets for the harvesters to read by.

Last accounts Albert V. Roe, our fellow worker who is traveling in New York City and the Worker, was in La Crosse, Wis. There is a street car strike in that town, and he says an account of it from Roe for the Worker. Roe has been holding street meetings and has not been arrested. To be arrested for speaking on the street, it is necessary to come to "sunny old Spokane." It is necessary that a man started to read the "Declaration of Independence" on Stevens street on July 4, but was advised to stop before being arrested. Hurrah, for Liberty!

A PUFF.

I used to get your paper, since the beginning. This is the best paper that I ever got. The cartoons are bully. I am a member of the I. W. W. CHARLES ENGEL, Los Angeles.

SONE "CLASS" TO THIS!

Los Angeles, Cal., June 28. I read your letter to Fellow Worker Paul and got a good laugh. In my mind the worst thing that can happen to this coast would be the suspension of the "Worker" and I will do all in my power to help keep it on its feet. Enclosed find money order for \$7.50 for 12 issues of this my second batch and I intend to read in more in the near future. G. A. FRICK.

LUMBER WOODS IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS.

Palmer's two logging camps at Palmer Jet, on the O. R. & N. branch line from La Grande to Joseph. Conditions generally good, no employment. "Chuck," average; wages: Sawyers and skidders, \$2.50; swappers, trackmen, etc., \$2.25; board, \$5.00 per week; weather not altogether unfavorable. ALFRED ANDERSON.

STRIKE AT WENATCHEE.

Wenatchee, July 5, '09. There are three I. W. W. workers on a contract job here at Wenatchee, and we are getting only \$2.25 for ten hours' work. We have a strike this morning for \$2.50, and we got the whole gang to go with us. Mr. L. H. of L. H. & N. contractors, said they would not pay us more. So we just walked out. Kindly inform all workmen around there not to come to work for these wages. The board is \$5.25 a week, so you see there is not much left. Personally I belong to a Minneapolis local of the I. W. W. So do all you can to assist us in this strike. GEORGE DRISCOLL.

IT'S UP TO THE UNION.

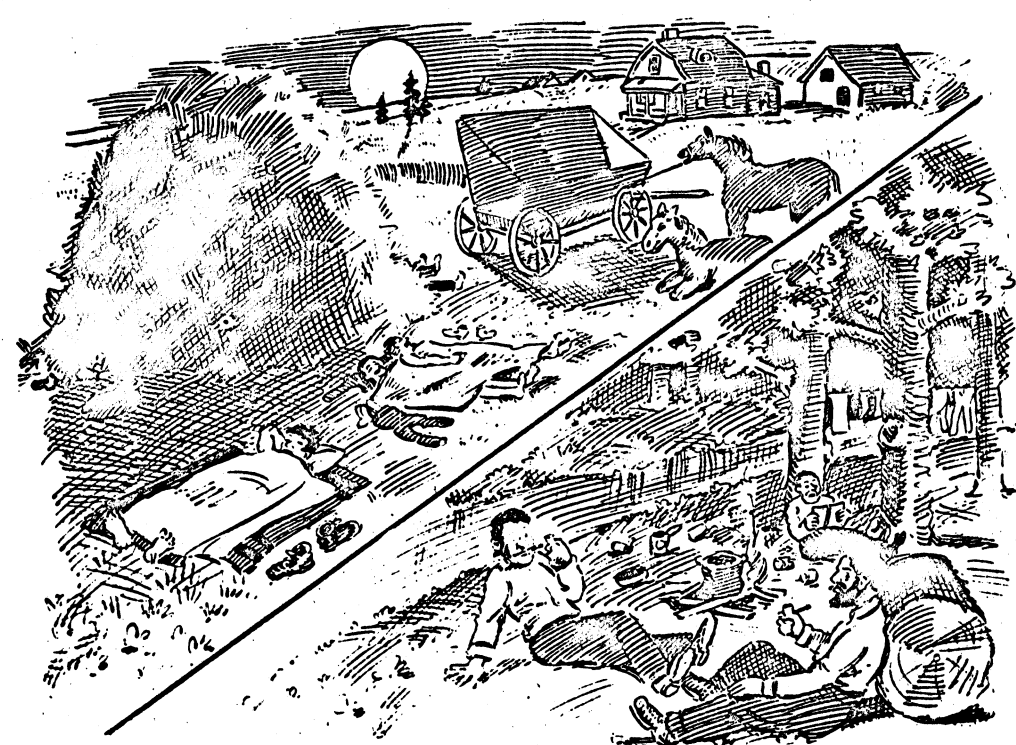
Vancouver, B. C. A fellow worker here, I am venturing to make a few suggestions regarding the membership of the L. U.'s of Spokane of their press. One of these is: that shares be offered for sale in the paper, to the number and amount which would guarantee the purchase of each member who could be found willing to take up these shares, would be able to reap the material benefits, only so far as they desire at present but, at any time that they desire to be in the position to pay for itself, any member who wished to refund his share or shares, could have the original purchase price refunded to him. Another is, that a call be issued for loans, but as the first suggestion amounts to practically the same thing, I will leave it to your opinion of this. FRED C. LEWIS, Vancouver, B. C.

THE MONTANA STRIKE.

Wash's trial in Kalispell the attorney for the Somers Lumber Co. asked one of the witnesses if he knew what a county road was. The witness replied that he did. The lawyer was surprised at the answer, because he said to the witness: "How do you know what a county road is? You are not a lawyer, are you?" Moral: You must be a corporation and a lawyer in the Flathead valley before you know what a county road is. Oh, my!

The Somers Lumber Co. has rewarded some of its faithful slaves at last. The scab-herding dogs who were protecting the company's property for them at \$3.00 a day are now working at the mill for \$2.25 per day acting as strike breakers. They are even scabbing on themselves, as they had not been recalled when they went to work. It is needless to say that these men are pretty well spotted and I doubt if they could work any place else. Moral: Don't scab if you want to work with decent men.

To our fellow workers and sympathizers, keep away from Somers! Mr. Wells of the Somers Lumber Co. is the type of a modern scab. He has fenced in the town of Somers and issued orders and injunctions to keep the scab men out of there. One of his pet deputies said that if I set my foot in Somers again he would arrest me. I went down to Somers and held a meeting there. Needless to say I escaped alive. None of his deputies came near me; it is a seven-day wonder when they can violate the czar and his deputies' laws



THE HAPPY LIFE OF A HARVEST HAND

"For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care,
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share." Thomas Gray—7 42.
Now I lay me down to sleep,
And the bugs around me creep;
If I should quit without a stake
Straight for the jungles, I will make! Hobo Poet—1909.

FREAK COLLECTIONS IN LOS ANGELES, CAL.

and escape alive. Will some kind friend kindly inform the czar that these agitators are only fighting to get the slaves more of the product of their toil, and not to destroy property, as he believes? JOE DUDDY, No. 421, I. W. W.

EMPLOYMENT SHARKS AGAIN.

Pinehot, Idaho, June 27, '09. "Industrial Workers" received. Just like getting a letter from home. The slaves devour its contents. They even commit to memory the coffee and doughnut signs. Last Thursday the Lyons Employment Office (just across the way) shipped three tenderfeet here as laborers. They each had with them a suit case, stuffed with socks and a pair of toothpicks, but not a stitch of bedding. For this job, one dollar did they pay. The lying shark told them that there were all kinds of feather beds and Hudson Bay blankets here, to give away—when there is not even a gunny-sack closer than Spokane. I hope Teddy captures this Lyons don't just think of it! Shipping poor men to a place like this, without bedding, where the nights grow iceles on the breath in the good, old summer time! Now, I am kept awake at nights listening to their chattering teeth; about how they will "see" somebody when they return to Spokane. "Dear" Spokane, you must be a lover of employment sharks or you can't go to heaven when you die. HARNEY McCALIE.

EMPLOYMENT SHARKS AGAIN.

Pendleton, Ore., July 2, 1909. I received the bundle of the "Worker" at Elgin, Ore., about a week ago and distributed same among 150 workers, to nearly all of whom the publication was a "new thing," as well as that one union proposition. What, of course, mostly interested the lumberjacks were the labor notes from the different parts of surrounding country. However, a few kept nipping at it, and if some of the boys go there to work—I left there yesterday and am at this writing in Pendleton, Ore.—I hope they will have the paper sent them regular and thus ever keep it before the savages. Herewith a note regarding job in region referred to for publication in your labor note column. ALF. ANDERSON.

You will find enclosed another copy of the state law of Washington, which I think will be a great help to the workingmen of the state, in no case is a boarding outfit to furnish board to any one who wants to work on the railroad line of the state without signing his life away; nor to feed any one who wants a hand-out. If they do, they are violating the law of the state, which will be a fine thing for the "law-abiding citizen." ONE OF AN EXTRA GANG.

Organizer E. J. Foote is now in San Francisco. He has had the best of success with the help of the industrial unions Nos 141 and 92, Portland, Ore., during his stay there for the past few months. Over 100 members have joined the I. W. W. at Portland in the last month. Foote is expected back in Portland after working for a while in Frisco. The Portland union has mapped out a plan of camp delegate work which is bound to bring results this fall and winter. Foote will also start a Finnish union in Astoria, Ore., when he returns from Frisco. On June 29, some of the employment sharks in Portland hired a bunch of saloon bums to rotten-egg Foote at a street meeting. He got next to the deal and called the bunch down from the soap box in good order. One of the stiffs then handed Foote his egg, and the rest of them sneaked away. Fellow Worker Duynslager, the former secretary of the executive committee of Spokane, is still working at his trade in Portland and wishes to be remembered to all the Reds.

linary worker happens to get among them and show them the folly of their union he is condemned as an Anarchist and should be hung. The very latest freak move of the plumbers was this: at a regular meeting they voted to cut their own wages from \$4.50 per day to \$3.50. This was voluntary upon the part of the plumbers, and it was a great surprise to the boss plumbers. Then the steam fitters, seeing what the plumbers did, considered it a very wise act, and they voted to do likewise. The make-up of the A. F. of L. in Los Angeles are all artisans, a laborer among them is as scarce as hen's teeth; the only possible show for him is in the hod carriers and that is a closed union. The carpenters are working from \$2.25 up to \$3.25 per day. Metal polishers, \$1.75 to \$3.00, and their membership dropped from 80 to 17 members. There is a labor temple cigar in the market; it is the poorest rope on sale, but the pure and simpletons smoke them just the same, because the Temple receives a royalty on each cigar sold, and every other inferior article on the market that can not demand a sale on its merits enters an agreement with the Temple association for a trifling percentage on their goods. This is a brief outline of A. F. of L. tactics in Los Angeles and southern California. And what the progressive revolutionary worker in this section has to contend with, so speed the day when their fakirs and jobsites be relegated and in its stead a class conscious revolutionary Industrial Union will reign. G. A. FRICK.

A GRUB MORTGAGE Great Northern Railway Line. Office of the Division Superintendent. Spokane Division. Spokane, Wash., July 1, '09. All Concerned: On account of the current state law of Washington, before any deductions can be made for board or store account it will be necessary to have them sign one of the mimeograph orders attached and signature witnessed. Order shall then be signed by foreman and turned in with regular board bill at the end of each month. Timekeepers and foremen will see to it that any one entering the service, who require deductions made on account of board or store accounts, signs one of these forms before such board or store supplies are furnished. In case the employe signing such order leaves the service before the end of the month the form must be attached to his time order. Any ample supply of these forms will be furnished on request, and no excuse will be accepted for them not being used as stated above. Please acknowledge receipt and advice if P. C. CONNELLY, Division Roadmaster.

Form 5126 100M RP Office of Division Superintendent. Great Northern Railway Company. Replying, please refer to No. To the Great Northern Railway Company: In consideration of my employment by you, I agree to accept such maintenance as may be furnished me by you or at your request during the period of my employment, at its cost to you, as a credit upon wages due or to become due to me. Witness: (Employe unable to write their names should make mark X and have their names written by a witness.) To Boarding House Keeper: You may furnish board or lodging to the employe whose signature appears above during the period of his employment, and deduction will be made as above authorized; provided that this order is submitted to me before his time is made up.

Then all our luck went straight to the new men and put the same before them (some of them were W. P. M. miners), and those men immediately lined up with us before the boss's house and gave him to understand no old scab went. You ought to have seen his face; it was a picture, and he was trembling like a leaf. He not only agreed to take it all back but told me he would give 50 cents for all over us. Well, after this, things went fairly smooth until the end of the month when the grub began to get rocky. "From bad to worse," no fresh meat, no spuds, nothing but canned goods. Anyhow, to draw a long story short, after we got our statements for the month of May, we found (as previously stated) that he had charged us with board while on the boat at the rate of 75 cents per day (instead of \$5.00 per week as per agreement), and also tried to steal time from us. Our bunch again interviewed him and told him that we would not work any until it was rectified. He said, either take it as it was or quit. Of course we quit, and made him fix the statements to our satisfaction. The Last Act. His launch came to Hinchbrook Point two days after and we were told to go aboard for Cordova. He having given us orders on a storekeeper there by the name of Joe Diggs, for our money. But instead of this the launch went only so far as English Bay and landed us there, "as they said," until the weather cleared. This was expected to happen the next day, but they did not return for two days. After landing we found there was nothing to eat but spuds (and some onions and canned milk in the storehouse there. J. D. Smith and another went out to a U. S. government survey boat, that was anchored in the channel, and bummed two loaves of bread (open-hearted, was not it?), and another fellow shot four sea gulls of which they made a mulligan. On the 19th we landed in Cordova, with orders on Joe Diggs, at 12 o'clock at night. He would not rush them till morning, but we obtained \$10.00 on account that night. The next morning we had an interview with him and Walkington, the man who hired us, he being on his way to Seattle. We were then informed that old Abernethy (the contractor in charge at the Point) had written in for Joe Diggs to hold out \$5.00 for fare on his launch for bringing us to Cordova to get our money. We promptly informed him that we would not pay any fare. So he went off to a lawyer, got a written

THE "GOLDEN LAND" WORK IN "OUR" ALASKA

Cordova, Alaska, June 21, 1909. I am sending you some information that you may be able to use for the Industrial Worker. Fellow Worker J. D. Smith and four other I. W. W. men, with two members of the S. L. P. and a W. P. of M. man, had a pipe dream in Seattle in which we dreamed that we were going to make a winter stake in Alaska. Now to let you know how the dream panned out. First, a man by the name of Walkington, of the Standard Building company, hired us to go to a place called Hinchbrook Point or Hinchbrook Island, sixty miles from Cordova, to build a lighthouse, at \$3.00 per day of eight hours. We understood it was mostly concrete work. I might add that he tried to hire us for \$2.75 at first, but we refused this insufficient sum, so agreed to \$3.00. Now comes the interesting part: After a trip on the good ship Bertha of nine days, we reached a place called English Bay, a distance of 4 or 5 miles from Hinchbrook Point, where the lighthouse site is. The weather was so bad (rain and wind) that they could not land us, so we were transferred to the ship Jeanie, which had reached there five days previously with lighthouse supplies. They kept us on this boat five days doing nothing, and when we received our statement at the end of the month he had us charged with board while on this boat, and this is what proved the downfall of our pipe-dream. But this is anti-climatic. The first trouble after we landed at the Point was with the boss in charge, a carpenter who thought it necessary to holler when he had anything that he wanted. He got balled out right away.

Union Indians.

There were several more carpenters who had been there for some weeks previously fixing (?) up the camp. They were receiving \$4.50 and paying board. Also, there were some Indians who had been working for \$2.00 and board for eight hours and straight time for overtime, but they had just had a strike, and won, for 50 cents for overtime. A peculiar trait of these Indians (which the boss did not like) was to take an alarm clock and set it on a convenient rock or stump, and when through work they would show it to the boss and stick up their fingers to show him they knew how many hours they had worked. The boss said the clock gained 10 or 15 minutes every day. Now the next thing is, we found that we had to do longshore work; that is, whenever the surf was not too rough, we unloaded material from scows or boats into the beach—a wet job. This did not look good to us at the rate of 37 1/2 cents an hour, so we got together and demanded, on the morning of the 17th of May, 50 cents an hour for all longshore work, and Contractor Abernethy (the partner on the works) had to come through, as he was up against it. I will add that there was a painter who came at the same time as we did from Seattle, who stood with us in the strike, although it did not make any difference in his wages, he receiving \$4.50 and board; but he was all right; he did not suffer from jobitis. The carpenters, of course, stayed with the boss and helped to scab on the laborers (the usual craft style). Now the next thing on the programme was: The contractor sent the launch, (of which he had three hired) to Cordova for more men, and in the course of a few days the launch brought back ten more laborers. Now! here is where the boss received another jolt. The same night that they arrived and lodged in a new dry bunk-house (not an old leaky affair like the one we were in). The boss came and stuck his head into our bunk-house and informed us that when he agreed to give us the 50-cents for longshore work that we had had him in a pinch, but now this was all over, as we had ten new men, and we would have to go back to the old scale of 37 1/2 cents straight.

Union Wins.

Then all our luck went straight to the new men and put the same before them (some of them were W. P. M. miners), and those men immediately lined up with us before the boss's house and gave him to understand no old scab went. You ought to have seen his face; it was a picture, and he was trembling like a leaf. He not only agreed to take it all back but told me he would give 50 cents for all over us. Well, after this, things went fairly smooth until the end of the month when the grub began to get rocky. "From bad to worse," no fresh meat, no spuds, nothing but canned goods. Anyhow, to draw a long story short, after we got our statements for the month of May, we found (as previously stated) that he had charged us with board while on the boat at the rate of 75 cents per day (instead of \$5.00 per week as per agreement), and also tried to steal time from us. Our bunch again interviewed him and told him that we would not work any until it was rectified. He said, either take it as it was or quit. Of course we quit, and made him fix the statements to our satisfaction.

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ELIZABETH G. FLYNN ADDRESS TO WORKERS

Address of Miss Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Organizer and lecturer of the Industrial Workers of the World, given at Spokane, Wash., on Tuesday evening, June 29, 1909.

This is the first time you will know, is held under the auspices of the Industrial Workers of the World. The organization is a new form of organization, one that stands for the interests of the working class and for the welfare of the people. We are interested in the welfare of the people, and we are interested in the welfare of the people of the world. We are interested in the welfare of the people of the world, and we are interested in the welfare of the people of the world.

The working class of this country have not the natural impediments; they have the fear that the soil will not be productive; not the fear that there may be too much land; and that there may be too much land. Today the working class have only conditions that they themselves are in a position to remedy. They have only false conditions, not the natural impediments; they have the fear that the soil will not be productive; not the fear that there may be too much land; and that there may be too much land.

There are a whole lot more men in this country than there are jobs for the men, more men than there are jobs for the men, more men than there are jobs for the men. There are a whole lot more men in this country than there are jobs for the men, more men than there are jobs for the men, more men than there are jobs for the men.

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two and a half dollars or a dollar and seventy-five cents a day. And what comes of the millions upon millions that labor produces? Surely the dollar and seventy-five cents, the dollar and a half, or even three dollars a day does not represent the sum total of the product of labor; for if it did, the worker would not be getting his wage. The employer does not take us for love; he does not like us and he does not give us a job because we are going to be brothers in heaven. That does not interest him a bit.

The United States census shows how the producers of the necessities of life get one-fifth of their product as wage, and the four-fifths goes to the running of the industries and the men that own the industries; goes to them that they work for every wish and the bargain that we make is simply dividing up with the men that employ us and saying to them we will work in your factory and I will give you the bulk of the product, work the first two hours for myself, produce my wage, and then pay you for being a good boss and giving it to me; and then the rest of the day put in producing enough to pay for the raw material, the wear and tear on the machinery and reward you for allowing me to produce it for you; and of course the capitalists say to such a bargain as that "Absolutely delighted," and accept.

The class struggle exists in two forms; in a demand on the part of the worker for more wages, for shorter hours, for safer working conditions and thus the unconscious and sometimes conscious striving of the class as a whole to get possession of the means of production and the source of raw material; in other words, a struggle for a little more of their production to-day to take the whole loaf.

The union movement rests on the part of the workers to organize that power that the capitalist has to purchase from us and the only power that we control, the power of wealth producers; and the union movement is strong only in organizing that power which seems to lie within the citadel of the corporation; and there is no situation in any kind of warfare that is quite so strong as the hole that you have inside the fort of the enemy; and this movement only as we are organized the way that it is organized in the shops and the mills, the mines and the factories.

Now let me give you an instance of that, so that you may realize from experience the weight of the argument. We had a strike in New York City that was typical for three forms of scabbery. It was a strike of the Interborough Railroad Workers; the road was owned and controlled by August Belmont, who is the tool of the Rothschilds of France.

Note the connection now. To New York, came Mr. Samuel Gompers and Mr. Mann, who was president of the street car workers. They looked over the situation and they said, "Go back to work; you have broken your contract." The men refused on the philosophy that they might just as well starve idle as starve working; it was a case of starve anyhow. (Applause.) Mr. Gompers and Mr. Mann went straight away from New York—those friends of the workers—and left them high and dry, stranded. They never received the slightest assistance from organized labor and their union was broken; their strike absolutely defeated. You cannot find a union man on that road today. If you speak of the union as I spoke to one of them he would say to you, "Don't say anything about it around here, I might lose my job if they heard us talking about it."

That is the road of August Belmont, the great friend of organized labor! And didn't Brother Gompers, who believed in the interests of capital and labor, serve well Brother Belmont? Oh, you just bet he did! But the workers, the men, they learned that there were several forms of scabbery; that there were scabs besides Farleyites. Farleyites are at least honest scabs; they are scabs and they know it; they admit that they are antagonistic to organized labor; but these electricians, what about them? Didn't they assist in breaking the strike just as much as the Farleyites? They were in a measure scabs also, but the only difference was this: that they were organized union scabs with union cards. (Applause.)

And they learned also that the contract system enforced by their leaders is simply a rope around them tying them down to the master class; that as long as they are bound down by a contract that their leaders call upon them to enforce, the masters and not they, are in supremacy; and they learned that to invest their power of action in a few men simply made those men tyrants over the men to whom they should be servants.

THE OPPORTUNITY OF AN OPPORTUNIST

(By E. J. Foots.) (An incident of the panic of 1907.)

Seated at his desk in the small impaneled corner of the main building of the Independent Sash and Door Co., the boss mechanically snapped the rubber band around a package of cashier's checks, representing after a fashion, the coin of the realm that was to take the place of the money issued weekly to the employees. A rap on the door marked "private," admitted a clerk from the general office with word that the foreman desired an audience.

"Well Kern, what is it?" and the boss swung round in his chair to face the burly form of his general foreman who stood with his hat in hand and the obsequious smirk on his face only worn in the presence of his chief.

"There's trouble brewing, sir, among the men about these cashier's checks; they say they won't take scrip for pay on account of their being discounted at the stores."

The plant of the Independent Sash and Door Co., employing about one thousand men, was one of the few concerns that had stood out against the overtures and intrigue of the trust in that industry; firstly, because of its ability to exploit a political patronage secured by the wily opportunism of the boss; secondly, because of the immunity his firm had received from the separate trade unions represented in his factory.

In local and state politics he had stood for such policies as are commonly considered to be helpful to the workers in general and on several occasions had spoken in public on phases of the labor problem; openly declaring that the socialist class should elect their "friends" to office and that as an employer he considered himself more the servant of his employees than their master.

These quasi-socialist utterances had gained for him a popularity among the workers; which popularity he traded on with good effect to himself. Often had he been asked to run for some political office but as often he refused on the ground that his business required all of his time.

His enemies said of him that he was too cowardly to fight in the open; proceeding from the theory that advocating political reforms was easier than attempting to put them into effect. The large union hall was packed to the doors; the men expressed their opinions for and against the advisability of going on strike for money in payment for their work in place, as one man expressed it, "phony paper." The president of the union rapped for order and explained the situation after the discussion had revealed a sufficient length of time to cloud the point at issue with the private opinions of the members present.

The vote was unanimous to strike.

labor in the coming struggle for that equity and common justice which is the birth-right of all men, but which can never be secured until grievous wrongs have been righted in our industrial and political system.

Workers Hungry But Not "Clear."

"Now, as to the point at issue that brings you here protesting, clearly within your right; I fear that you are much in the dark, as regards the great mass of people, as regards the financial condition which compels the substitution for currency which you will receive, and rightly so, fiat money. The daily papers have partially told the cause of this panic; partially I say, because they haven't told you all the truth. It is true that the amount of currency was inadequate to handle the growing volume of business. Now the term, business, is a very elastic term; it is meant to define the production and the exchange of commodities which are produced and exchanged by you and your fellow workmen; but it has also been stretched to include a practice that our civilization can not much longer condone; that is the exchange of values that have no existence; in short, fraud and piracy has been and is today traveling under the name of business. Commodities produced and unproduced are sold on the market; industrial bonds that are good are placed for sale alongside of bonds that never were good because they were a guarantee of watered stock or stock that never existed and therefore needed no water; in short, they have attempted to exchange the universe of blue sky with only the money necessary to handle bona fide commodities.

"Naturally, we have run short of change. "Just how good this kind of currency is," here the speaker held up a cashier's check, "can only be determined by the quality of the security back of it; if that security be watered stock or blue sky, this check is worth as much; if on the other hand, it is secured by bona fide values, which have an earning power equivalent to the amount the paper calls for, it is as good as gold; because you men have taught in your educational program that the value of a commodity is the amount of labor expended in its production; and gold is no exception to this economic fact."

"Now, as to this check I hold in my hand, I say this check because it is issued from the same bank as the check you are to receive for your wages; most of you know that the bank this check is issued from, holds the bulk of the stock of this plant and that I am the largest stockholder in the bank as well as the factory; well then, this check is secured by the earning capacity of this factory; by the product you men produce; if you cease to work and the plant stands idle this check is of small value because it is the product and not the buildings that guarantee the amount for which this check calls for. So you see, men, you are trying to destroy not only your source of employment but you are striking at the one economic tenet that will pilot you into industrial democracy where you will eventually secure the full equivalent of your labor."

"This is the one equalizing law of production that will adjust itself and in so doing aid in the adjustment of the whole social system; to assist in this adjustment it is necessary for you to act politically for it is a political problem; it is broader than your action; instead of striking work you should use your political power to control work; in short, you should strike at the ballot box and in so doing you will be able through these agencies of civilization to work out harmoniously the conditions you desire but which your present action will prevent you from attaining."

"I have no currency to pay you because it is at a premium and held in reserve, but so long as you work in this shop producing commodities, these checks are good for they represent a part of your labor power applied to production."

"Men," he concluded, "I hope you will go back to work at one o'clock after enjoying the rest of the morning at the company's expense."

As he returned to his office the men silently filed out of the building to congregate in small crowds on the street where further discussion ended in general approval that the boss was right and should be run on the socialist ticket for governor.

"What do you think of that hot-air?" asked the union president of the organizer.

A KIND LETTER FROM A FARMER.

Palouse, July 6, '09.

When my boy was in Spokane enjoying the good old Fourth, he bought a copy of the Industrial Worker. The man he bought it from, told him to read the article about harvesting, and what the harvest hands should do.

My son began to read, he says, under the impression that it was some new-fangled idea or some advice about a sunstroke or some such thing; but when he had read a little of the article he was shocked to learn that a paper could circulate such advice, and not be suppressed. So he decided to bring the copy home and show it to me.

I want to say that I have read the article from beginning to end, and my conclusion is, that the man who wrote the article knows very little about farming, but is, I think, one of those city dudes who do not realize the hard task the average farmer is up against.

The idea of telling men—harvest men—through the columns of a paper to take advantage of the farmer at every opportunity is something ridiculous—looks like as if that person wanted to put the farmer out of business.

I want to ask the man who wrote the article if he knows of a healthier life than that lived by the average farm hand. Compare the farm hand to the man that works for a city or railroad contractor. The farm hand is up early and gets the good, fresh air into his lungs, that makes him fit for the hardest kind of work. I admit the hours are long, but he might as well be working as killing himself staying up at nights, going to the theater, which only closes at 11 p. m. Why, my boy says that the two days he spent in town made him feel more tired than if he worked a whole week. There is always some amusement going on in the city to keep the workmen up till the small hours of the night. Then there is the bar room where the men spend all their money. Another benefit derived from working on the farm is good, wholesome food—plain food—not so much pie and cake as in the city. No man who ever worked for me could say he was not fed often enough or well enough. Of course, farmers are not, as a rule, rich men and their table, though not luxuriously spread, is ample to satisfy the appetite of a workman.

When the farm hand is done for the day he can turn in, and as a rule his sleep is sound. I never, as a rule, get up before 5 a. m., except during harvest. That is the busiest time of year for a farmer, and I want to say that the farmer who does not try to do some harvesting an hour or an hour and a half before breakfast is not a very successful one. Farmers must take advantage of every opportunity to harvest his crops or the rain may spoil them, and it's my candid opinion that the man who teaches the workmen to take advantage of their employers—their benefactors, I might say—is an enemy to the farmer and to all employees.

Moreover, if you city folks know more about farming you would have no fault to find with the farmer or the wages they pay. I have worked for a farmer myself before I owned a farm of my own, and I tell you, air, that I did not get the wages that I now pay my help.

By G—d, some of the fellows that come harvesting ought to be thankful to the farmer for providing them work, and the healthiest kind of work in the world. Can you point out to me one single case where you ever seen, heard or knew of where a farm hand had not a good appetite and was not always willing to eat? I venture to say you can not. The exercise he does always gives him an appetite that a bear might envy.

The article in your paper also alluded to sleeping with the pigs. Well, I want to say that the farmer that allows the harvesters to sleep in his barn is a poor and foolish man. What are harvesters, as a rule, but tramps and men who don't care a bit for the interests of the farmer? Some of them don't show any more respect for their employer than they do to one of themselves, and I say again the farmer is a foolish man to allow such men to sleep in his barn. Some of these tramps would not care if the barn was full of dynamite, they would smoke anyway. I don't see what objections there can be to sleep in a nice strawstack; but one thing, they can not sleep in my barn. One tramp, of course, he was a tramp—insisted that he should sleep in my house, and when I told him he could not he quit, but before he quit he carried off a saddle belonging to my boy.

And now, young man—I judge you to be a young man by your article—I want to say that I know at least one of your members. I hired him to work for me. That was just as independent as he could be, and he just worked as he pleased. He made the other working-men I had almost as bad as himself. So, you see, I can not recommend that member of your organization to anyone except I had a grade at some other farmer. That man was the most impudent I ever met. He would argue the point with anybody. He even told our school teacher, a neighbor of mine, that he was an ignoramus. He had no respect for anyone. He thought no more of talking about the president than if he had been a tramp like himself, and the day I paid him off he pulled my whiskers and called me a parasitic pig.

If all the members of your organization are like the one I had experience with, I don't think it would be good policy to hire them. Why, they would be running the farm themselves.

A PALOUSE FARMER.

Subscribe for the Industrial Worker. It Exterminates Cockroaches

Advertisement for Oscar Silver, featuring the slogan "IF SILVER SAYS SO, IT'S SO" and "Silver's Special Sales Are Money Savers". It lists various men's suits and pants with prices, such as \$25.00 Suits Cut to \$16.50 and \$18.00 Suits Cut to \$12.50. The ad also includes the address "The Big Double Store Corner Front and Bernard Sts." and "THE WORKINGMAN'S STORE".

FINANCIAL REPORT OF MONTANA STRIKE

The following financial report, by the secretary of the strike executive committee of the members of the Industrial Workers of America...

Table listing financial receipts and expenditures for the Montana strike, including names of contributors and amounts.

IMPORTANT!

We must have our own I. W. W. Labor Exchange. Do not fail to write to your union or to the Editor of the Industrial Worker...

STRIKE WORKINGMEN

Stay Away from Greenwood

Greenwood Miners' Union No. 22, Western Federation of Miners, have declared a strike against the mines and smelter of the B. C. Copper Company...

On June 1st, 1907, Greenwood Miners' Union and the Manager of the B. C. Copper Company adopted a "wage scale" to be paid the employees of the B. C. Copper Company...

The Strike Committee will notify the public through the press when the strike is declared off.

STRIKE COMMITTEE OF Greenwood Union, Greenwood, B. C., June 26, 1909.

Table listing financial receipts and expenditures for the Montana strike, including names of contributors and amounts.

July 1st, total receipts to date \$776.55

July 1st, total expenditures to date 768.05

Table listing financial receipts and expenditures for the Montana strike, including names of contributors and amounts.

(Concluded Next Week)

THE "GOLDEN LAND" WORK IN "OUR" ALASKA

(Continued from Page One.) statement to the effect that he had the right to charge such fare. We laughed at him, and told him that we could hire a lawyer to write out a statement just the reverse; in fact, to write most any old thing for a fee.

SONG OF THE WILLING SLAVE. (For a "BASE" Voice.)

"My job is bread and meat to me, Though others cry in pain Aloud against wage slavery— I never shall complain— The meek shall heaven obtain.

"To serve my master as a god I deem it no disgrace, Nor call it shame, to breed a brood My labor to replace— Replenishing the race.

"Times are as times have ever been, As times shall ever be; A wage is all my father 'seen— Is all that I shall see; There must be slave and free!

"The weak may weep, the bold rebel Against those for whom I slave; But no, not I! There waits a hell Of torture o'er the grave! Thus sang the willing slave. —JAMES BOYLE.

LEISURE.

The words of Jesus ben Sirach are as true today as when they were written: "The wisdom of the scribe cometh by opportunity of leisure; And he that hath little business shall become wise.

How shall he become wise that holdeth the plow, That glorieth in the shaft of the goad, That driveth oxen, and is occupied with their labors.

And whose discourse is of the stock of bulls? He will set his heart upon turning his furrows; And his wakefulness is to give his heifers their fodder.

So is every artificer and workmaster So is the smith sitting at his anvil So is the potter sitting at his work; And each becometh wise in his own work. They shall not be sought for in the council of the people.

(Ecclesiasticus, Chapter 35.) "Leisure," says Jesus ben Sirach, "is indispensable if one cares for wisdom." Ibsen, the greatest dramatist since Shakespeare, declares that if the toilers had six months leisure, society would be obliged to adjust itself to a more equitable distribution before they would return to work.

Jack London, in "The Apostate," tells a tale of a millworker, a youth who never knew a day's leisure until sickness laid him in bed, wherein his days became days of bliss—"commencing with his soul," as Walt Whitman says, "the result was when his health was restored he hit the blind" with its attendant hardships sooner than the mill.

Hold men, and none but bold men, have written or sung of leisure; for this is the unpardonable sin in the masters' eyes. Woe be unto such; they shall be vilified; they shall be denied the light of the master's countenance; they shall be deemed vagrant, dissolute and criminal; their writings shall, in all public libraries, be placed in limbo, where none but savours clothed in diamonds and fine raiment can release them; their ideas shall, as ben Sirach's, be torn from the Bible—"is the law—the law of class preservation. For the slave there shall be hung in all public places mottoes, epigrams extolling labor and thrift:

"A penny saved is a penny earned" (for the master).

Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." This should read calloused hands.) "Work! for the day wanes."

And so on in an infinite number. Now, you may rest assured that those who formulated such sayings (slave ethics, Nietzsche calls them) were repaid for their labor. Should you wish to find their graves, your time will be lost hunting in the potter's field, where, no doubt, ben Sirach, the foremost apostle of leisure lies, who says further:

"He who hath little business shall become wise." Not he that hath a little business; no! for a small business man has only a customer's smile, an unctuous voice, a glad hand and a manner that's fawning—and finally in their own good time the trusts will add to those things—a lemon! He has then started upon the road to wisdom, since he can begin to enjoy that leisure—not the best quality, but still leisure that the jobless worker has.

How shall he become wise that holdeth the plow? Search me, Ben, how indeed—and thus must have thought my Swedish friend who once applied to a farmer for a job—a long, steady job—wages were of small consequence, but the job must be a long one, and steady. His first day, between plowing and choring, he worked twenty hours and got to bed at midnight. Promptly at 4 o'clock next morning he was called to work. But the Swede, instead of responding to the call, arose, rolled his blankets and was passing through the gate when the farmer espied him.

"What?" said the farmer. "Are you quitting?" "Yep," said the Swede. "Why," said the farmer, "I thought you wanted a long, steady job?" "So I did," he replied, "but you laid me off four hours last night."

No, Ben, holding the plow is not conducive to wisdom—at least not twenty hours a day, and let us hope that O'Mara, who wrote some humble toll as following the plow Full fruition of my sweat thy love and thou 'Twas Adam's as 'tis mine, no less no more, No tortured babe shall cry to me now! —might be induced to consider six or eight sufficient.

"The glorieth in the shaft of the goad." Teamsters, like poets, are born not made, and their ways to the horseless man are mysterious. Which of us that have ever worked in grading camps but can remember little groups of teamsters gathered 'round discussing horsemanship—botta, spavins, windfalls, hefting each other's whips—in short, glorying in the shaft of the goad today, as they did in Christ's day.

JAMES BOYLE.

FOR THE "GREEN GRASS!"

It is a well known fact that Charles Grant has said, that he had overheard the James Wilson had heard some one say that Travers of the Red Cross had intimated that he had been told that Mayer Pratt had whispered to Chief of

Union Hotel. Open All Night. Telephone Main 2392. ROOMS BY THE DAY, WEEK OR MONTH. TRANSIENT TRADE SOLICITED. H. L. LEVITZ, Prop. 25 Cents and Up. 146 Rooms, 25c and Up, New Building Steam Heat, Newly Furnished. 414 Front Ave. Near Washington St. SPOKANE, WASH.

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Elizabeth Gurley Flynn and Fred W. Heslewood. WILL SPEAK AT

I. W. W. Headquarters. REAR 412-420 FRONT AVE. SPOKANE. JULY 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11. Meetings begin at 8:15 p. m. Come early and get a seat. Big airy hall will be cooled by electric fans. ADMISSION FREE.

RESSA BROS. POOL PARLOR, CIGARS, TOBACCO. Grocery Store in Connection. 416 Front Avenue.

Police Sullivan that a certain cockroach had heard that Mr. Smith was informed by Rev. Bull that the prosecuting attorney had been told by good authority that Jones of the Empire office had overheard a barrel stiff say that a scissor-bill had bawled out Officer Jellsett for saying that he was told by his friend, Judge Mann, that Grandma Durham had said everybody knew that Carr, the employment agent, heard that Bill Shannon had said that it was a fact that he had heard a reporter say that a gentleman from the Oudawa Inn say that Thomas Maloney had been heard to say that he knew that Macho had said that Fred W. Heslewood had made the statement that the I. W. W. was the only workingman's union. By W. A. NOBLES.

Boyd's Restaurant. 218 Washington St. BEST 15-CENT FAMILY STYLE DINNER AND SUPPER. Short Orders at Breakfast and All Day Long.

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