

# The Working Class and Employing Class Have Nothing In Common--Not Even the Streets

# INDUSTRIAL WORKER

VOL. I SPOKANE, WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1909 One Dollar a Year No. 23

## LABOR EXCHANGE UNION NEWS ITEMS

The post cards, addressed and ready for the members of the I. W. W. to send in to the Industrial Worker, have finally arrived from the printer, and have been sent to the various industrial unions in the Northwest, with the request that each member be asked to take a card out with him to the next job and fill it in, and send the same to the Industrial Worker, so that the members of the I. W. W. may be able to know the conditions in the various camps. Members of the I. W. W. and the various secretaries are asked to show interest in this matter.

### DIRECTORY OF UNIONS

So far we have not received the addresses of the secretaries of the outside unions, with the exception of two or three. Those industrial unions wishing their names and addresses in the Worker, please notify the editor at once.

The I. W. W. boys at Waterville, Wash., have won their strike for \$3. B. C. Stork of No. 434 says it is a surprise how easy the farmers are when they really think they are up against a union. All the roads into Waterville have been posted and picketed, and all stages met by pickets.

The notorious Washington employment office is shipping men to Columbia Sliding to Pat Welch, the contractor. There are no jobs there and the men can't get their tickets signed. Just remember the name, boys: The Washington Employment Office, in Spokane.

There are plenty of jobs at present all through the northwest country. If a man is willing to work for his boss, he will get it. He is getting fat, and the workers will be on the face this winter, the same as last, or worse. The only remedy is to organize and fight. Or, if you love your master's flag, lie down and die quietly like any whimpering hound.

The Palouse towns are crowded with men—many of the Missouri seals from the east—and things could hardly be worse. If a man wants to see human degradation, and to see the missing link of Darwin, go and interview a Palouse rancher and his "men." Pullman and vicinity is the lowest spot, socially, on the face of the earth.

### Cottonwood, Idaho.

I will advise you of the wages around Volvo, Cottonwood and Grangeville. They are trying to hire men at \$2.50 a week. \$3 for each logger, \$3 for engineers, \$4 to \$4.50 for separator men, \$2 to \$1 for forkers. The ranches are going to advertise for men to flood the country. The fare is 5 cents a mile on the branch. There is a bunch in town and they refuse those wages. J. S. ELLING.

The following items have been sent to the Industrial Worker by the members who are interested in posting the boys up on the conditions at the various camps and jobs:

One Logging Co., near Seattle: Wages, \$2.25, up. Pay on 10th of month; \$1 hospital fee. Camp unhealthy, and grub is bum.

Logging Camp at Melbourn, Wash.: Boss is named C. H. Clements. Pay every month, wages, \$2.50 to \$3.75. Grub bum. Sleep in bunkhouse and tents. Hospital, 50¢ per month. Employment shark sends men to camp. Like three miles on men's own time.

Building laborers in Seattle can get about \$2.50 for eight hours. Hard graft.

An extra gang on the C. M. & St. P. at Easton pays \$1.85 per day. Anybody can get on, though they send to the sharks for help. Sleep in a box car. Easy boss and lousy bunks. Gang working east toward Spokane.

Bennett Lumber Co. pays \$2.25 to \$4.50. Pay on the 15th of month. Bunk house; \$1 hospital fee; 12 hour shift. Grub fair.

Freeman, Wash., Brickyard. Spokane Brick & Lime Co. Wages, \$2 for 10 hours. Pay on 10th of month. Grub poor. Sleep in shack or lousy bunk house. Discount of 10 per cent if you quit. Latex shovels are used—No. 3.

Don Lumber Co., Dec., Ore.: Wages, \$2.25 to \$3. Pay every month. Grub, fair. Bunk house; \$1 hospital.

Stinson Lumber Co., Bryant, Wash.: Wages, \$2 to \$3.50. Good grub. Bunkhouse. Hospital 10¢ per cent of wages; 150 men and two camps. An average layout of the kind.

### PORTLAND NOTES.

Labor conditions in and around Portland are somewhat improved the last month; at least there are more jobs for the slaves to choose from, all of which are little or no good.

Considerable work in the town from \$2 to \$2.50 for common labor; nine and ten hours' work.

The Tillamook railroad is building and many men are wanted from \$2.25 and \$2.50 for muckers; \$4 for broad axe men; with rotten board \$2.25 per week. This job is a fierce one and men may stay over two weeks, as the bosses want three crews—one going, one working and one coming. Incessant agitation on this job has improved it materially.

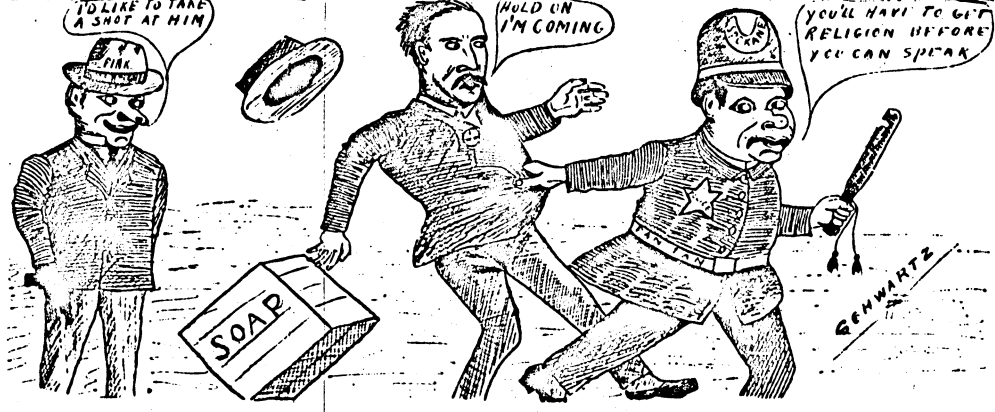
Cellio job is open again; \$2 per day of 10 hours. Chuck-tenders, \$2.50 with a 2 cent bonus. Machine drillers, \$3; blacksmiths, \$4.

Logging camps are starting up again and considerable of this work comes in to the I. W. W. hall and with the camp delegates hold for the new loggers and lumber men. There is little doubt but that we will have more information regarding the jobs and employment sharks can furnish at the I. W. W. hall.

The I. W. W. is the candy from now on. The men in and around Portland and all the employment sharks have been whipped by the I. W. W. and are hanging on by the teeth. One shark sold a job last night and is hanging on with the hope of selling one again when his stake will be made. He will be ready to quit. Let us hope that the I. W. W. will help him out.

Millmen are coming to the union for the first time in some cases and this will mean a lot to the shark.

It is the property of those only who can ascertain it.—Emerson.



FREEDOM FOR GRAFTERS AND PREACHERS; GAG-LAW FOR WORKERS

### WAKE UP, LOGGERS!

Loggers L. U. No. 432 of the I. W. W. has found it necessary to get an organizer on this coast to organize all men working in the lumber industry in the Puget Sound country, and eventually all along the Pacific coast; one that understands the industry and has the ability to undertake the job and make a success of it.

We have at last succeeded in getting such a one here and since August 11 Fellow Worker Fred W. Healewood has been at the work laid out for him.

He has met with great success since he came here and deserves the support of every logger in this part of the country, and it is the duty of every workman, working in or around logging camps to give him their support in inviting him to your bunkhouse in every camp the organizer happens to reach at any time. Don't allow any humdrum of a so-called boss or driver to show his foolish authority to tell you who or who cannot visit you in your bunkhouse. If it wasn't for you, he wouldn't have it. Think of it! A so-called boss over three and one-half men. What would happen to him if the three men would tell him to go to the devil and he, the one-half of one man, who don't know how to take hold of a saw or an axe, would be left by himself out in the cold. Why, he would freeze to death for the want of knowledge of how to cut his own wood.

Who would fall the timber? Who would do the hook-tending, the hooking, the rigging, the dogging up, the running of the donkey and so on? Why, he would have a fine logging camp, wouldn't he?

And the idea of such a one telling you who is to visit you, or who is not, and in your bunkhouse at that! Why it is laughable, and any logger that will stand for it, is certainly not what he claims to be.

Wake up! Act like men and you will be respected as such. If you don't, they will ride you to death and make you say you like it.

The organizer is a workman and also a man. Why do you care so much for the boss, when he doesn't give a snap for you? Why do you eat portercouse steak, and he sowlly and beerna. Why do you rest on a spring or featherbed and he on a plank? Why have you a bank account and he has not? Because it is too much trouble, isn't it?

Cannot you realize the confusion in all this? If you don't, you should, and it is high time that you "come to."

Why do you pay rent for bunkhouses? In order to be able to use them? Will they go ahead and use them? The boss don't ask you whether he can use the place he pays for. He would be very foolish to do so, but you allow him to dictate to you.

He men! Stand for your rights, and as soon as you go, you will command respect.

Read the Industrial Worker and I. W. W. literature. It will give you the answer to all questions.  
W. M. LIEBRECHT,  
306 James St., Seattle, Wash.

### CONDITIONS IN SAN PEDRO.

So far, the working class of San Pedro don't want to do anything for themselves in order to improve their existence. They assemble mornings and noons daily to be pointed out by a Southern Pacific functionary at the foot of Fifth street. A few are permitted to work. The others are left there to walk the streets to live off the shade of the few that fall from the piece. The Mexicans are doing the railroad work. At present the S. P. has 15 boxcars loaded with peon families on the beach, where they live like hogs. Those poor workers must be shown the way out. I asked a Mexican a few days ago: "Why don't you go among your countrymen and put them next?" He answered, "I cannot, the S. P. has spotters and I couldn't get another day's work in Pedro."

San Pedro is overcrowded with laborers. Lumber yards and longshore workers are paid 30¢ per hour and up to nine hours. Pile driving workers on S. P. work, 10 hours and \$2 per day. Same kind of work done for Union Oil Co., \$2 for 9-14 hours. I asked the foreman why he deducted a quarter of an hour from the men's meal hour? He answered, "Ordered by the company."  
RODERICK MACDONALD.

## GREAT FALLS UNION AND SACRED CONTRACT

The Industrial Union of the I. W. W. of Great Falls, Mont., was organized in 1906. After the second annual convention of the I. W. W., the Great Falls union left the general organization, preferring to cast its lot with the discredited ex-president, Sherman. After Sherman had demonstrated that the principles of the I. W. W. were not to be downed by individual grafters and persons with personal aims and grudges, in December, 1907, the Great Falls union made application to be reinstated in the I. W. W. This was accepted to by the general executive board and the Great Falls union was known as No. 308. It was a mixed local—that is, there were not enough members of the I. W. W. in Great Falls, working in one industry, to form an industrial union properly so called.

Various irregularities were practiced by the Great Falls union; such as a monthly button showing the wearer to be in good standing; the issuing of receipts for dues instead of the dues stamp in the membership book, etc. These practices have been the cause of much scandal and question on the part of the other members of the I. W. W. who from time to time visited the constitution and principles of the I. W. W., the members of the aims and objects of the Industrial Workers of the World. On March 2 of this present year, and on several other occasions, No. 308 arranged a new wage scale to go into effect on April 1. The union decided it was not strong enough to force a rise in wages, and notwithstanding this, a committee was appointed to confer with the local business men, and try to "persuade" them to keep living expenses as they were. If the cockroach merchants were "good," it was thought no new wage scale would be needed!

There are in Great Falls two so-called central bodies of organized labor. One is the "Cascade Trade and Labor Assembly," and the other is the "Cascade Central Labor Council." The latter is an A. F. of L. bunch straight. The union No. 308 was "affiliated" with was the former, as was also the mill and smeltermen's union of the W. P. of M.—a firm upholder of the sacred contract. This assembly contained team owners, barbers, bartenders, the independent restaurant workers, etc.

The Great Falls union, having no conception of the principles of the I. W. W., signed a contract on May 4, 1909, which was printed in the former number of the Industrial Worker. This was to last for three years. The independent union of hotel and restaurant workers, which is not affiliated with anything outside of Great Falls, says that any one signing this contract is "unfair" to them, although they firmly believe in the sacredness of a contract between a master and slave.

The attention of the general administration of the I. W. W. was called to the irregularities of the Great Falls union, and J. H. Walsh was sent by the I. W. W. headquarters to Great Falls to inform the members that they must either repudiate the contract with the employers, or give up their charter in the I. W. W. This latter, Walsh did not do. F. W. Healewood was then sent to Great Falls, but owing to an epidemic, and the fact that public meetings were not allowed in the city, the matter was put off till the quarantine was lifted. Thomas Whitehead of the general executive board of the I. W. W. then went to Great Falls and laid the matter before the now defunct No. 308 of the I. W. W. The majority of the members refused to break their contract with their masters, and the charter of No. 308 has been taken away and cancelled. It is reported that the Great Falls people have formed an independent union, though still bound hand and foot with an agreement with their enemies, the Great Falls employers. The personnel and the character of this bunch, parading under the name of the I. W. W., may be judged by the fact that it was customary to charge \$4 for initiation, if paid in cash. If not paid in cash, the boss or

contractor was allowed to take another 25 cents from the man against whom an order was signed by the business agent of the "union," Scriven, the one-time secretary, in a man who rents offices in a public building in the city, and not even a member of the working class. It would be hard to find any group of workers with less idea of their class interests, than this aggregation of Great Falls, Mont. Their only idea was to do a "fair day's work" for their masters, and to keep up a treasury for the benefit of jobs. The whole affair was a disgrace to the I. W. W. and a stink in the nostrils of the revolutionary workers in all places.

Thomas Whitehead has organized a group of workers in Great Falls who understand and will fight for the principles of the I. W. W. The address of the secretary is Morris Wagner, 520 Fourth avenue south. The I. W. W. local in Great Falls, as organized by Whitehead numbers about 25 members.

Far from being a loss to the I. W. W., the expulsion of this bunch of ignorant and cowardly slaves is a distinct gain. Without large industrial control the I. W. W. has nothing to offer the working people, if not principles adhered to.

The regrettable incident is the cost of sending the various representatives of the I. W. W. to Great Falls. Just why J. H. Walsh did not conform to the rule of the I. W. W., and take up the charter, when ordered to do so, remains to be explained to the general executive board of the union and to the working people in general.

The new local in Great Falls will not be tied down by any contracts and the organization is well relieved of a bunch of ignorant cowards, which are worthy members of the "Independent" union, or of the A. F. of L.

Ignorance on the part of the membership has always made an easy field for the treachery of fakirs in every labor union. If the example of this Great Falls affair shall spur the members on, to a more thorough study and interest in the principles of the I. W. W., it will be well worth the cost of a few hundred dollars in expelling a bunch of scabs.

### I. W. W. SPEAKERS.

The growth of the I. W. W. depends to a great deal on the propaganda expounded by our organizers and soapbox speakers. Some speakers that I have heard are constantly elaborating on the Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone affair or upon their own personal experience with the police and the capitalistic courts, etc. No I, as a member of the I. W. W., hold that such subjects are not very constructive. The Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone affair is a very common incident in the labor movement. I further hold that any local union that has organizers and speakers in the field is responsible for the utterances of these speakers. It is, in my own mind, only one way to remedy these defects, and that is by studying the literature pertaining to industrial union. When the agitators or speakers know the subject whereof they should speak I surely think that the result of their efforts would be satisfactory.

O. BROSTROM,  
Cor. Sec. Local No. 12.

A weazened little Irishman applied for a job at the docks loading a boat. At first they said he was too small, but he asked them to give him a trial and he made such good progress that they gradually increased the size of his load until at last they had him carrying a 300-pound length of steel shafting under each arm. But when he was half way across the gang plank it broke and he fell in. When he came to the surface, "Throw me a rope," he shouted and sank again. A second time he came up. "Throw me a rope, I say," and once more he sank. A third time he rose struggling. Then he shouted angrily, "If you don't hurry up and throw me a rope I'm going to derry on of these things." I wonder if there are any more at home like him?

JOE DUDDY.

A mule once drew a heavy load up a steep hill; when he had almost reached the top, he kicked himself loose and the load rolled down again. That mule was caught and had to go back and draw the same load to the top of the same hill again. There are lots of mules in this world. Wake up, you suckers, and get wise.

## MISERABLE SLAVERY IN LOGGING CAMPS

The logger who has any idea in his mind that he is free, and in a free country, with equal rights with his boss, is, to say the least, laboring under a delusion.

For the last year, Loggers L. U. 432 of Seattle has attempted to organize the loggers on the Pacific coast into the woodworking department of the Industrial Workers of the World, and up to the present time, success has crowned what efforts have been made by approximately 6000 men being enrolled.

Believing that an organizer that was familiar with the organizing of loggers in Montana, would hasten along the work on the Pacific coast, the loggers local sent for Fred W. Healewood of Montana, and instructed him to make a systematic tour of all the logging camps on the coast, especially in the states of Washington and Oregon.

Organizer Healewood arrived on the 10th of August, and on the 11th he called the men together at Brown's Bay, Camp No. 3, and while addressing the men he was ordered to stop speaking by the superintendent (whose name is Grammer) and immediately leave his property, on threat of bodily harm being done to him, if he did not go.

As the Brown's Bay Logging company is a part of the National Lumbermen's association, we believe that their organization of masters will use their power to head off the organizing of the coast loggers.

The fact that the master class (not only on the Pacific Coast, but entire America) hates the Industrial Workers of the World is a proof that they understand the plan of organization, as well as the aims and objects of the I. W. W. If the loggers understood their interest as well as the boss does his, there would be no need to send organizers to the camps to speak to the men, as the loggers would enroll themselves under the banner of the Industrial Workers, where "An injury to one is an injury to all."

The man who says he is free and in a free country, when he can not receive a visitor of his own working class into his home, where he is paying \$5 a week for board and room, is either a coward or a fool.

A negro slave had the right to receive visitors in slavery days and a hired girl of today, who does the scullery work for the rich, is given the privilege of bringing friends to her master's home, but not so with the loggers. They are only free to work long hours like hell and keep their mouths shut.

### "Equal Rights."

You will have equal rights with the boss—when you are dead! Your boss can, and has organized to raise prices, cut wages, get more money out of your hides, and you did not order him away, and forbid him to organize. Why? Because he is your master and you are his slave.

If there was such a thing as equal rights, you would have the same power to stop the boss from organizing, as he has to stop you.

Of course you don't care about being called a slave, because you think you are free. You are free to starve if you don't like your boss, and you can't better your conditions without organizing your boss.

At last meeting your boss had, they were advised by their corporation doctor, to feed you well and keep you clean, and have you all examined by a doctor, before you get to work, so that only good, sound, husky plugs might get employment, and when you get sick or hurt you can go to the poorhouse, or to hell—neither your master who refers to you as his men, or the employment shark, who fattens on you, will give you anything.

No better argument could be advanced as a reason why you should organize industrially than the emuity displayed by your boss to the I. W. W.

His organization is bad for you and yours will be bad for him, and he knows it, and you don't! He don't want you to shorten the hours of labor, or get more wages, or force him to send to the union hall for his men, instead of the employment sharks; or elect your own doctor to run your own hospital, and then when you get enough power, to run the industries yourself, instead of slaving your life out for to make profits for your boss. Why, that would be awful for the workers to own the forests, when God intended them for Grammer (God) and Co., like Haer got all the coal mines in Pennsylvania!

If you believe that your interests are the same as your boss', you should not organize; it would be better to blow it in on the sidewalk—you would get something, if only a head-ache.

Nothing can be accomplished without organization—your boss will admit that. Ask him! Men are battling for better conditions and fighting the boss all over the world, in some places with guns and clubs.

Japanese are striking by thousands in the Hawaiian Islands; hundreds of thousands of our fellow workers in Sweden are fighting for better conditions; the same in Spain; but here in free America, where one workman has not the right to speak to another in his home where he is paying rent, there exists an utter indifference to the noble work of raising the standard of living for the workers and somebody freeing us from the clutches of the capitalist mugs, who threaten men's lives and talk of their men.

Wake up loggers—many a good man is today suffering in jail, because he has dared to turn his face to the streams and fight the powers that be.

Any old fish can float down stream, but it takes a live one to swim up.

### Wake Up, r- Rot!

Get in the swim and assist in bettering your own conditions. The boss wants profits, and it must all come out of you. It is to his interest to pay you as little as possible and work hell out of you. Shorter hours and more wages means less profits—that is what your boss hates the union for.

Have you displayed as much energy and ambition as your boss, in making your conditions better? If not, start now by joining Loggers L. U. No. 432, I. W. W., of Seattle! None but wage workers can join. Your boss couldn't join, if he paid a million dollars. You can join for \$2, and the dues are 50 cents every month.

Study industrial unionism. There is no need

(Continued on Page Three.)

# Our Fellow Workers, Preston and Smith, Are Still In Prison

## INDUSTRIAL WORKER

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JAMES WILSON

Editor

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The dog is returned to his vomit, and the blanket stiff to the employment shark.

The I. W. W. is the only organization in the land that has no one but people who work for wages. Line up, if you are a wage-worker.

Which is the most foolish—to give \$10 to a fat saloon keeper, or to take a dollar and join the only union that is worthy the name—the I. W. W.?

The I. W. W. does not tell any man how to vote, or how to pray. The I. W. W. tells all working people how to eat—if they have the nerve and the intelligence.

Every morning when you get up, whether it's in a box car or in a house, the bread-and-butter question is before you. The I. W. W. is a bread-and-butter union. Join it!

Just why, O noble American white man, should you sweat all day and then go to your hovel, while your well-fed master lives in a palace and is happy? Are you made to furnish comfort for your master?

A man who lets his wife and family suffer, because he is afraid to "steal," has denied all human ethics, and is lower than a brute. It is the duty of the working people to take by force what they have created. But this requires organization.

Religious superstition is one of the weapons to make cowards of the working people, and to divide them. The church is like the politician, always on the side of the upper dog, and against the oppressed and robbed. If you don't believe it, go into a fashionable church on Sunday with your overalls on.

The district organizer of the A. F. of L. is a crooked contractor and a common thief. No contractor can be a member of the I. W. W. All the officers of the I. W. W. are men who work for wages. Are you too good to belong to a union of the men you have to work with every day? Are you a slave and too cowardly to admit it?

A problem for "scientific socialists": If the working class can not better their condition under the wage system, why should not a man take \$1 per day, when he is able to get \$1.50? If one man can be better off with better wages, why can not ten? If ten, why not 100? If 100, why not 1000? A general rise of wages means a general fall in profits.

Spokane has, among its other attractions, a free employment office. This is run by the political gentlemen of Spokane, and therefore all on the square. A colored man hung around the office for several days last week, and the employment agent explained that it would not do to send the colored men out, because many people were prejudiced against a black skin. The man complained to Pratt, the mayor, and religious censor of the city. Pratt was sorry, and gave the man the price of a good meal at the best hotel in town. Pratt gave this colored man, just 10 cents. Ten cents a meal is the "pan-tan" scale for the unemployed.

A Minneapolis paper has the following: Investigation by police and health officials shows that religious fervor during and immediately following revivals was directly responsible for at least three suicides last spring. A recent bulletin issued by the national government in which vital statistics of the country were discussed went into an analysis of suicides. It was observed, particularly in the Southern states, that an epidemic of suicides usually followed religious demonstrations. What with the Bible-pounders and the Bible-backs driving people crazy, and the politicians telling the working people to shoot their enemies, it looks like the year of "Jubilee" was upon us!

A man in Texas wrote to Karl Marx as follows: "Houston, Tex., Aug. 19, 1898.—Mayor, Spokane, Wash., Dear Sir—As I am looking for a location with a better climate, better soil and better water; where fertilizers are not needed to produce, where ground and water are good and plentiful; where good people live and love their homes; where morality and Christianity are the guiding force of the people—if you have such a place there or know of one I would be very thankful indeed to be advised of it. Very respectfully, W. P. Kirham."

Spokane is there strong with the morality and the Christianity—now that the Salvation Army holds street meetings, but the water is scarce in Spokane. About a third of the Spokane houses have no water during the afternoon, and yet they have just had an "irrigation" congress here.

The following resolution was adopted at the Fourth Annual Convention of the Industrial Workers of the World:

**Political Parties and Discipline.**

"Whereas, The primary object of the Industrial Workers of the World is to unite the workers on the industrial battlefield; and

"Whereas, Organization, in any sense, implies discipline through the subordination of parts to the whole, and of the individual member to the body of which he is a part; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That the I. W. W. promote industrial unity and of securing necessary discipline within the organization, the I. W. W. refuse all alliances, direct or indirect, with the existing political parties or anti-political sects, and disclaims responsibility for any individual opinion or act which may be at variance with the purposes herein expressed."

### BLOODSHED, THE HOPE OF POLITICIANS

"Cries of unprovisioned dotage ere the dotard fall asleep? Noises of a current narrowing, not the music of a deep?"

One of the politicians, a man named Victor L. Berger, prints a paper called "The Social-Democrat Herald." In the issue of July 31 is a leading editorial under the title: "Should be Prepared to Fight for Liberty at All Hazards." Here are some extracts from this outpouring of a man whose lofty mind revolts at the direct action program of the I. W. W.:

No one will claim that I am given to the reciting of "revolutionary" phrases. On the contrary, I am known to be a "constructive" socialist.

However, in view of the plutocratic law-making of the present day, it is easy to predict that the safety and hope of this country will finally lie in one direction only—that of a violent and bloody revolution.

Therefore, I say, each of the 500,000 socialist voters, and of the 2,000,000 workingmen who instinctively incline our way, should, besides doing much reading and still more thinking, also have a good rifle and the necessary rounds of ammunition in his home and be prepared to back up his ballot with his bullets if necessary.

Here follow several paragraphs showing the increasing misery of the working class. He also says that the workers are exploited as consumers as well as at the point of production! This from a follower of Karl Marx!

Now, I deny that dealing with a blind and greedy plutocratic class, as we are dealing in this country, the outcome can ever be peaceable or that any reasonable change can ever be brought about by the ballot in the end.

I predict that a large part of the capitalist class will be wiped out for much smaller things than the settling of the great social question. That before any settlement is possible, most of the plutocratic class, together with the politicians, will have to disappear as completely as the feudal lords and their retinue disappeared during the French revolution.

That can not be done by the ballot, or by any ballot. The ballot may not count for much in a pinch.

And in order to be prepared for all emergencies, socialists and workingmen should make it their duty to have rifles and the neces-

sary rounds of ammunition at their homes, and be prepared to back up their ballots with their bullets if necessary.

The "Western Clarion," another political paper, published in Vancouver, B. C.—also a socialist sheet—comments on the above editorial of Berger as follows:

"Them's our sentiments." Johnny Canuck go get a 30.30. If you have it handy, you may be permitted to revolute in peace. The one thing that capitalists hold dearer than their property is their lives, and your ballot will look good enough to them if they know you are dead or willing to be around to make it good. Otherwise, don't count on any peaceful by-yourself revolution, etc., etc.

Least any "comrade" should listen to the talk of the industrial union agitators, the same number of the "Clarion" also says: "To the class struggle unionism has no more relation than have the various associations of wholesalers, retailers, lawyers, and the like."

In other words, the associations of the employing class are no part of the battle, and therefore, the associations of workers are no part either! The "Clarion's" position, if it has any, is then this: vote and strike. The vote is no good in a pinch, and neither is the union. Vote, if you want to, strike if you want to, but after all, you must shoot! We merely quote this rot of the "Clarion" as showing that the shooting doctrine is common among the politicians when forced to admit that the "peaceful" ballot is a delusion.

It is notable that the attacks of the politicians are mostly against the large capitalists—not against the bourgeoisie—the crockroaches. The middle class of France was glad to have the feudal lords exterminated, so that they, in turn, could prey on the workers. But while to follow the vagaries of these freaks would mean that the follower must be as illogical as the inventors, even as the same mind can not unravel the cobwebs of an idiot's brain; and while the I. W. W. would waste time to criticize all the whims of the politicians and religionists, it is well to see who are the real leaders to "violence." This man Berger would have the workers believe that if the few working people who have "homes" would also get a rifle and ammunition, they could shoot "socialism" into the capitalist class. It is a pity that these military leaders would not furnish books of tactics. Most of "Science of Revolutionary Warfare" would be a good primer for these politicians.

Of course the scheme is too crazy for sane people to entertain. It is the crack-brained, the irresponsible, that are to be thus made the dupes of cunning knaves. How long would a band of undisciplined workers last against a machine gun; against the military force of the United States, and of Canada, and of England? But even granting that these apostles of murder, the politicians, should succeed in killing some members of the employing class, will rifles weave cloth? Will powder and shot grow grain? Will a fanatic mob be able or willing to carry on the intricate productive life of today? If not, will all working society be willing to turn back to barbarism, or will those in control of industry not be in control of everything?

These same politicians are all tarred with the one stick. "Vote or shoot!" The fact that the armies of the world could not exist, were it not for the efforts of the workers themselves, enters not into the thought of these superficial dreamers. The economic foundations of society are unknown to these blatherskites. But their malignity, and willingness to lead, if possible, the workers against the guns of the enemy must be noted. The members of the I. W. W. and the French industrial union have been attacked by the politicians of all shades of crookedness, but when did such a crazy scheme of military force ever come from the brain of a thinking workingman or woman?

Society must eat; it must have clothes, houses, all the thousand needs of life. Without industrial control, no class has ever triumphed since history began. Will a few rifles in the hands of assassins take the place of the ability to carry on production? Even admitting an absurdity, that these political freaks and their dupes were able to seat some of their members in the halls of legislature, would that abolish the employing class? A group of unstable people who could be led into heedless, military or marauding expeditions—could they be the ones coolly and deliberately to organize industry in the benefit of the working people? And even so, who would say that the workers could take over and manage the industries, with no solid foundation of organization?

We have been criticized for the so-called "anti-political" stand of some of the utterances of the "Industrial Worker." What would our critics have said if we had done as the politicians: first deny the power of the so-called ballot, and then tell the workers that they had no other remedy but bloodshed?

The I. W. W. is composed of workers. It is not led by irresponsible freaks. We teach no "ism." We have no creed but the interest of the working class, and our program is that which upholds the interest of the workers at all times and in all places. The blind worshiping of the ballot box has a sharp polarity. "The civilized plane" and the rifle are two words for the same thing.

The I. W. W. is alike removed from the confusion of the anti-political sects, and the vagaries and dangers of the political idolaters.

Let these articles, which are characteristic of the tribe of politicians, be an everlasting warning to all our readers, that direct action—organized industrial force applied against the master class does not mean bloodshed nor murder. The politicians are the Gopons, the Judases of the working class, and while the trades unions misled the workers into thinking they have interests in common with their employers on the industrial field, the politicians divide the workers into thinking that on election day all classes have interests in common at the ballot-box.

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common, and the sooner this fact is learned by the workers the sooner will they rely on their own organized efforts, and learn the folly of military expeditions of a hungry, undisciplined mob against a well-fed and merciless enemy.

As for forcing the hand of the government, compare this military scheme with the industrial strike—the French postal strike for a starter. Which is the worst, you peaceful politicians: a heap of undistributed mail in every postoffice in France, or heaps of unburied corpses of the working people?

### "I'M GOING TO BUNCH THIS JOB!"

How often have we heard this expression, or ones like it. The job is rotten; the boss is a hog on two legs; the grub is fierce; the camp lousy; the wages low. "I'm going to bunch her"; "all I want is a grub-stake"; "I'm going east, or north, or south, or west"; going, going—and after a few more years of hardship, poor food and privation—gone!

Conditions among the unorganized working people are about the same; whether it is Washington or Oregon, or in Maine or Massachusetts, the scale of wages, and the kind of food and shelter are just about what the man out of a job will submit to, in order to keep from actual starvation. Take the man in the railroad or logging camp; the workers have no union; they have no way of forcing the boss to furnish better conditions; one camp is as like another, as two peas in a pod. And yet, the thought is to go enough of a stake to go to town and repeat the same old experience. Nature will have her way, where possible, and no philosopher, or leader, need throw stones at the working people on account of their excesses or mistakes, without reckoning the causes of them. Many is the man in a railroad or logging camp, deprived of the society of women, half-fed and overworked, whose powers of human resistance are not equal to the sharp recoil of oppressed and outraged nature. The license of the drunkard, the vile debauch of the red-light district, are the logical outcome of the swinish conditions of all the outdoor construction and logging work in the country. This is especially true of the northwest. It becomes simply a struggle to hold the job long enough to get to town to relax a little, and then—out after another job, and perhaps a worse one. Then, too, in the reproach heard, that the man who would stay with the job, put up for a time with the miserly and try to organize the workers for resistance against the boss—is afraid of losing his job. This is an idle, lazy and unjust accusation against the men who are doing what they can to fight the common enemy of the working people—the masters. "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel" is an old proverb and a true one. The successes of the employers, the battles won by the generals in all times, have been won by those who stayed to fight. "Fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer" is a classic expression of dogged determination on the part of a general, who, careful of his own life, was careless of the lives of his soldiers. There is little to choose between the different battle-grounds of industry. The man of courage will fight the enemy, whether it be for a bone, or for a fortune. But without going into philosophy, let's take the ordinary logging or grading camp in the northwest, with which most of the readers of the "Worker" are familiar. The grub is bad. A resolute effort on the part of even a minority of the men on the job will generally improve the grub. The refusal to go to and from work on the time of the men, will, more often than not, cause the straw boss to yell, "All out!" a little later. While the small and desultory efforts of groups of workers to better their condition, may not meet with the approval of the parlor socialists, they have real benefit to the working class. Rome fell by inches. Gibbon tells of one road being made impassable here, one bridge falling there, a wall left unrepared around a small town; these things, a million drops in the ocean of human life, caused the success of the onrushing tide of the invaders. It is idle for us to demand the unconditional surrender of the employing class, if we have not the organization and the courage to cripple at least the pickets. The class war is a war of a thousand skirmishes, and the success of the working class is not a brilliant sham battle to be fought on election day; it is not the one sole success of the "general strike," but it is the combined current of the blood and tears—the defeats and gains of the working class in all countries and at all seasons. The shield and sword of Spartacus will take part in the general strike to overthrow the master class of today. Were we believers in the power of the souls of the departed, we might be able to behold the spirit of Wat Tyler and Jack Cade in every battle between workers and masters in the year 1909.

The class struggle is fought between the employers and every man, woman and child who works for wages; the time, the place and the manner are dependent on the surroundings. The man who has taken the obligation of the I. W. W. is bound to fight the master class at every turn—for better food, for better pay, for shorter hours—much or little as the case may be. Make the conditions of the workers better, and it will be better for you as an individual. You cannot escape the class struggle. How do you know, lumber jack, or railroad man, that you will not be back, this next winter, at the very camp you are "bunching" today? Therefore, as long as there is a heart in your body, as long as your manhood revolts at the bestial conditions you, and your fellows suffer, as long as your blood boils to see the luxury of your master and the misery of yourself and fellow workers, have at least the satisfaction of harassing the enemy to the limit of your power! If it is true, that you are so

little in love with your job, that you are ready to "bunch her," then you will make give your boss a run for his money before you quit. Stay and let the boss run and fight—but fight! One grain of yeast will raise a loaf of bread. One agitator can stir a whole camp to revolt. Will you not be the one to do at least the soul-satisfying knowledge that you have forced the enemy to give you even an inch of ground? The brave dead are better than the living cowards. They at least are dead, while the coward has merely a death in line of sight. Always, everywhere, without stopping. Only the timid fear the outcome. If you have nothing to lose and can gain—today a little and tomorrow very thing!

### CERTAIN HOPE OF THE WORKERS

A fountain rises no higher than its source, and the rise and fall of the class and the final triumph of the working class depend on the working class alone. We condemn the parasites who fasten themselves on the working class and on the working class organization, but are we not apt to forget that the parasite could not exist if the parasite's victim had the energy and the ability to remove it? "While men slept, the enemy came and sowed seeds in the field." While the workers are careless, indifferent and lacking in spirit the seeds of discord and treachery are sowed in the ranks of the industrial organization. Suitable industrial organization is essential in the struggle between the workers and the employers, but no form of union, however perfect in itself, can make up for lack of intelligence and watchfulness on the part of the workers themselves. While we cry out against the damnable treason of the trusted officers of the old-fashioned unions, while we lament the sell-out of this or that group of workers by those in whom the workers have trusted, are we not forgetting that the workers are to blame? This does not mean, as the wretch who would betray us, and so long as man is a social animal, so long will we all be more or less dependent on the integrity of our fellows. But viewed as a whole, the working class itself is the last court of judgment and the hope of the working class, despite the utmost efforts of the employers and their agents.

The growth of class feeling, the increasing need of industrial union by the working class and the repeated and bitter experiences of conflict, party lost, or partly won, are the stepping stones of progress for us all. Like the giant of the fable, whose strength was ever renewed by touching the rock, the rebound of the working class is greater from each bitter struggle, however dark the moment may seem and however much our close view of the surging wave shuts off the sight of the broad horizon. But the spirit of perseverance in its own inspiration, and none but weaklings will falter in the class war, which cannot be escaped. An organization of the working class, founded on the ever present fact, and the needs of the class, cannot permanently be injured by the folly or the shortcomings of any of its members. It may be injured, it may be set back, but its progress cannot be any human possibility be stopped. We are prone to blame others for our own shortcomings. It may be easier to find fault with a speaker, to criticize an organizer, or to blame a union secretary than to go as a good union member to the fellow workers with our help and encouragement. A man who is ready to find fault with others is generally ready to do nothing else. Criticism should be free and outspoken. We want no leaders, nor do we tolerate dictation from any man. But should we not always remember that the education of the working class and the spread of the principles of the I. W. W. is the one grand remedy for all the shortcomings of the organization? The trifling frictions and doubts of today will make us smile in a few years to think that we so much overestimated their importance. The I. W. W. is founded on reason, justice, and is guided by experience of the workers themselves. Let us be sure we are doing all we can every day to spread the knowledge of the organization among the working people, and there is no fear that the awakening intelligence and aroused spirit of the workers of the world will be stopped by trifles any more than that a river will be turned aside by a few pebbles.

### WATCH THE ENEMY

Granny Durham, whose paper, the Spokane Review, is a modern edition of the "imitation of Christ," by Thomas a Kempis, lately had a long editorial with the title: "Farmers Want Free Grain Bags." The farmer who hires one wretched hobo to harvest his grain, and who lives in poverty, hunger and dirt, is a member of the employing class, and therefore, the enemy of the working people. The day of the small calibre scissor-bill, is the least of the grubs which afflict the little farmer is rapidly passing. Not the price of grain sacks, Granny Durham is, of course, on the side of the large employers, and not to take up the fight of the little out-of-date rancher and small-bore merchant who sells two more peanuts in a bag than the man next door—warranted. Nevertheless, it is good policy to shed a few crocodile tears over the small rancher, while going to a banquet with the officials of the Great Northern, Northern Pacific and other railroads, and the representatives of the big capitalists. "Free grain bags" would be a good thing for the ranchers, but free speech is a bad thing for the workers. "O, Liberty! What crimes are committed in thy name!" It is the task of the Industrial Workers of the World to demonstrate a free working class, and not "free grain bags" to prove that human liberty is impossible, except on the side of the large employers. It is the moral excellence of the Spokane Review, to think of the moral excellence of the Spokane Review. Freedom is grand when it comes to grain bags, but it is anarchy when it concerns the workers who have made the grain bags! The gift is holy, but the altar which make holy the gift is refuse!

This is, more than all, the day of organization. The nineteenth century was the age of increased production—the machine age. The twentieth century will be the age of just distribution. The quarrels of the small ranchers against the grain bag trust are nothing to the working people. Between the two, the big employer is the better master, rather than the driver with one or two slaves. The employing class are eliminating the little rancher, and the little factory. The organized industrial power of the employing class is being centered in fewer and fewer hands, and the class lines are being made sharper and more plain. The man who admits that he has nothing in common with Rockefeller, might still "sympathize" with the "poor" rancher. Goodbye, little rancher. We know you starve us even worse than the man who owns a farm that covers a county. The moral of the ever-growing power of the employing class is a useful one. It is teaching the need of organization, by means of organization, kings reign and judges declare "justice."

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. Every editorial like this in the Spokane Review is every event of the present day, is showing that the failures, of social groups are due to lack of organization, and the resistless sweep of human development. It simply remains, for the working people to organize on the same industrial lines as the masters, and take and hold the instruments of production—short the earth.

"Free grain bags" may meet the holy aspiration of the Palouse farmer. Free working class, alone, will satisfy us!

The Chicago American has the following: What a fortunate thing it is that men want to work and like to live! Suppose for a moment that the out-of-work, hungry, unlucky creatures, numbering thirty thousand in Chicago, should suddenly change their character.

It is a harmless supposition, as it implies that a great body of good, though unlucky, men should be suddenly metamorphosed. But suppose, for instance, that thirty thousand men should have a meeting and say:

"The state provides food, lodging and good care for every thief. It does not provide anything for us. Let us, therefore, accept the situation like philosophers and become thieves."

Suppose the thirty thousand men thereupon, very quietly, without any show of violence, should each proceed to steal something and then announce the intention to accept the consequence by pleading guilty. It would embarrass the state and the reigning powers, would it not?

What would society do with thirty thousand self-confessed thieves to take care of? It could not lock them up. It could not let them go, though not nominally sentence them and have the governor pardon them, because the thirty thousand would then proceed to steal something else.

What could be done? Nothing! There is no punishment save imprisonment for theft, and the wholesale thieves would ask for and demand imprisonment, with the usual rations.

Imagine twenty or thirty thousand men in Spokane trying the same thing. Just what would Mann, and Sullivan, and Pratt, and Hughes, and the rest of the bunch do? Shoot us? Look how much it would cost to bury us and pick us up afterward! Vag us? Put us on the rock-pile? There would be a slide on the rock-pile, even if they all went to work! Let us go to steal something else? Think over this scheme!

### Gompers' Style Amazes French.

Parliamentary journalists were amazed at the contrast between Mr. Gompers' style of living and that of the local strike leaders, such as Pataud. Gompers, his wife and daughter occupied an expensive suite of rooms in a fine hotel. The newspapers remarked that French labor leaders cannot afford such luxury; when they visit another city they are glad to share a bedroom with one of their associates.

Gompers' attire and manners also provoked comment. His interviewers describe him as "well groomed, with the quiet, dignified manner of a clergyman." They were the more surprised because labor leaders here are notoriously noisy and careless about their personal appearance. Even the fact that Mrs. Gompers and her daughter dress in the fashion caused surprise.

Gompers calmly pointed out that while the Confederation Generale du Travail (Confederation of Labor) here has only about 300,000 members, with perhaps \$75,000 in its treasury, the American Federation of Labor has 2,000,000 members.

"It counts its deposits in banks by millions of dollars; it controls 227 newspapers," Gompers is quoted as saying.

CAPITALIST STATE AND ECONOMIC POWER

(By Vincent St. John.)

The capitalist state is a creation of capitalism. It is the state of the capitalist class, and its primary function is to enforce the will of the capitalist class upon the working class...

A Few Questions.

To raise men of the socialist party the following questions are respectfully referred to the working class upon any pretext, refuse to answer candidates when elected, what will you do?

The army is powerless if the worker will not support it by producing wealth to maintain it. The army is powerless if it has to produce its own supplies and transport them or go without.

Robert Hunter, one of the "faddists" in the labor movement, says that the capitalist will not permit any form of industrial union.

Let me whisper in your ear, Bobbie, that they can not put the working class in jail—no means that they (the plutes) would have to go to work themselves. They can not put the working class, as that means the same thing.

They can not put any considerable portion of the workers in jail either—to do so means to lessen the supply of labor in the labor market, and that means an increased price for labor power.

The workers will have to be educated out of the prejudice they have against going to jail. That won't be so hard once we get rid of our "respectable" parlor socialists—that is, relate them to the real world.

What good is an injunction that is disregarded by all at whom it is issued? If a striker is in jail he feeds on the taxpayers, and he will feed just about as good as he will on strike benefits.

THE PALOUSE AND THE PALOUSERS.

(By Charles Grant.)

When writing about a country and its inhabitants, it is customary to dwell upon its location, the physical features, the climate and the moral status and occupation of its people.

The soil is what is known as volcanic ash, and is admirably adapted to growing wheat, corn, mustard and tarweed, the latter two growing in great abundance and all without any special effort on the part of the farmer.

The climate is what is called temperate, and in the winter the temperature goes down to 20 degrees below zero and the summer temperature is about 97 degrees above the zero.

Inhabitants and Origin.

The present inhabitants are many of them Palousers and their descendants. Most of the Palousers came from eastern states, chiefly Missouri, Kansas and that portion known as western Oregon.

means of transportation. Most were poverty stricken victims of eastern conditions, who ran away rather than try to solve the problems. Others were natural renegades—the drift and worthless of prospect and mining camps, claim jumpers and horse thieves, forced to come in order to escape the suiting decoration of a looped rope.

Then in the aggregate the Palouse pioneers were the sum and dregs of southern and eastern states, and it is due to this origin and environment that the present holders of the land are of such a low caliber in the sum total of civilization.

Occupation, Customs and Home Conditions.

Having the opportunity to observe and study the Palouser in his natural haunts and everyday life, noting his peculiarities and brutalities, I am in a better position to describe him (unpainted) than Granny Durham of the Spokesman-Review, who is interested in him only so far as profits can be made out of him for his use as a tool for Grandma Durham.

It does not require much ability or knowledge of farming to raise wheat or mustard upon the Palouse hills, and even that ability is generally furnished by hired men. And also hired men known as harvest hands do all the cutting, shocking and thrashing of the wheat and other crops.

The harvest hands have absolutely everything their way, whenever they feel disposed to make the demands and set the screws. The Palouse has never produced an engineer nor a separator man, though in the course of years evolution may reproduce them.

Although the Palouser is exalted by most men, still he has two traits that are looked upon by Grandma Durham as virtues—the ability to subsist upon poor food and a great appetite for Grandma's advertised cures for weak men.

Food.

And now I come to the most distressing and disagreeable of all—the foodstuffs displayed upon a Palouser's table. Although wheat is the chief cereal raised in the Palouse, flour, the manufactured product, is the scarcest. Strange as it may seem, nevertheless it is a fact.

Meat: In the line of meats he generally buys the cheapest, such as the neck of beef. Once in a while this will be substituted by pork, but often, very often, there is no meat of any quality upon a Palouser's table.

Spuds: Of these there seems to be a fair supply in most places, but in some there is great scarcity.

Coffee: And this completes the bill of fare upon a rancher's table. The coffee is always of the poorest quality and is always over or underdone, but never good.

Kitchen: There is no such thing as a dining room in a Palouser's home. The meals are always eaten in the kitchen, which is always small and hot and full of flies. It is never free from smells, for here the children are washed and dressed.

WILHELM II. SPEECH TO SOLDIERS. You now belong to me, body and soul. You have now only one enemy, and that is my enemy. On account of the present socialist agitation it may happen that I will command you to shoot your brothers, yes, even at your fathers and mothers—even so, you must obey me without hesitation.

My friends have you heard of the town of Somers. On the banks of the Flathead Lake, where stands the Somers sawmill fair, which some time or other scents the air with the dirty smell of scabs?

It lies in the Flathead Valley. In the state of old Montana. That scabby feeling is native there; it's the home of the worthless I don't care, where all the scabs reside.

LABOR MOVEMENT IN SAN FRANCISCO

(By George Speed.)

It may be of some interest to fellow workers of the Northwest to hear something in relation to conditions in "Frisco." True, most all members think they have the "most difficult job," to get in touch with the workers in their own respective localities, and for some unaccountable reason many workers are unable to see the value of industrial unionism.

And it was on the expiration of the 30-days sentence that Smith was murdered. This was in June. On the evening of the last day of his sentence, he was chained to the pump, which is used to pump water in the tank in the city hall or town hall.

An Average Lawyer—A Scamp.

And it is a peculiar fact that the city attorney was present and took an active part in the hearings administered in the jail, from which his dead body was removed that night under cover of darkness.

A. F. of L. Scabbery.

Furness of the sailors union proposes to organize the men on lines similar to that of his union. He knows his past treatment, the hands of these gents; that he would be only used as a buffer, as they were during the carmen's strike.

Remarks. If this man Smith is the Smith that many suppose him to be, and from every source from which I can learn I believe he is, he was known as a peaceful, manly fellow, who would take an occasional drink, very, very frank and outspoken, is very well known in the north-west and has many friends.

THE GENERAL STRIKE.

The characteristic main periods of the general strike idea can be reviewed as follows: 1. The general strike is the only form of revolution possible under the present conditions, qualified and created by the economic situation of capitalism.

2. The general strike can disturb society most severely because it attacks its vitality, its main support: production and consumption. 3. The general strike is the clearest, most direct and unveiled expression of revolt of the proletariat, and only the result of the development of its every day means of battle, "the strike."

4. Due to the division of labor, it is sufficient that only a few wheels stop in the complicated mechanism of modern production, to bring whole series of machines, factories, even whole industries to a standstill.

5. The general strike needs no money support and is more apt to succeed in an unfavorable business crisis than in a favorable one. 6. The general strike can figure on the largest masses and largest success, because it starts quite lawfully; does not require great heroism; does not expose any one to danger, and is even promoted by the cowardice of those who stay at home.

7. Through the interruption of all means of transportation and communication it is no more possible to fetch produce and nourishment from districts which remained quiet. The political and military authorities lose the possibilities of quick communication and movement of troops.

8. Through the absolute necessity to protect the large cities and centers of industry, the private property of the exploiters, to watch the numerous railroad trucks (not only to uphold law and order, but also to care for the engines of their own army) and through the endeavor to continue the most necessary production by aid of soldiers, the dispersion and organization of the military forces will soon be effected, and the consequence thereof will be their complete impotence and the "victory of the proletariat."—Ex.

GEO. SPEED, Local No. 173, S. F.

THE TOPPENISH MURDER CASE.

There was an old fellow hanging a round Foley's saloon, a notorious dive, the upstairs of which is occupied by prostitutes and pimps. This old fellow, called Sam, was a cook and was somewhat of a barroom stiff, and at that time was down and out, but he was acting as a roustabout or swamer.

Two young fellows, sons of a Granger rancher, and two of the men who lived off the earnings of the women upstairs, and Foley, the proprietor, thought it would be a great thing to play a joke on old Sam, the cook.

The joke was conceived one day in February when old Sam was asleep on a chair in the barroom, and having on a pair of cloth shoes the five men implicated thought it would be grand fun to saturate the shoes with alcohol and then set them a fire. This they did, but

the fire spread, running up his pants leg and in their effort, or supposed efforts, to quench the fire in his pants, they forgot his feet, which were so badly burnt that he is still on crutches. Old Sam was unable to get the men arrested in Toppenish and had to get a lawyer named Sutroly from Yakima and through him had Foley, the two young ranchers and the two other disreputable characters arrested.

The man Smith who was murdered, was the chief witness for the prosecution, and was the only man that would testify in behalf of Old Sam, the cook. This man Smith had worked in and around Toppenish and was last employed at Sunnyside in a section gang, and I am told the same foreman is still there, but could not learn his name.

Cold-Blooded Murder.

About 4 o'clock p. m. the city attorney and some other official and the policeman arrived at the pump and began the treatment that ended in his death. The attorney was the first to strike him, knocking him down. And as a crowd began to congregate, some of the snar people began to cry shame.

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MISERABLE SLAVERY IN LOGGING CAMPS

(Continued from Page One.)

for any man to be ignorant of it. It is the only method by which the great hosts of labor can ever be brought together to fight their common enemy—the profit monger.

After you read this, go and ask your boss why he objects to you joining the I. W. W. Don't tell him you are going to do so, as he might blow your head off.

When you come to Seattle, just forget the skidroad for a while and do the right thing. The bluffer who herds his men at Browns Bay, says he believes in unions "if they are run right," and says he is willing for his men to organize, so long as they don't join the peaky I. W. W.

A boss' union is no good for you, and any union of workers that he likes is no good. The latest method of destroying the I. W. W. is to bring in organizers of the American Federation of Labor and force the men to join the company union. It was the plan used by the capitalists in Goldfield, and in the Missoula district in Montana.

The I. W. W. men reduced their hours of labor to nine hours a day and raised their wages in the spring of 1907. This was hell for the boss, and in the spring of 1908 the I. W. W. men were forced out of the state, because they would not join a lot of scabs.

Wages have gone down and conditions are hell, all of which has been obtained by a union which is loved by the boss.

If you oppose the power of the boss, you will be dubbed an anarchist. If you let him kick you into the dust, and insult you by a lot of capitalist autocratic gab (which would make the Czar of Russia blush with shame), you will be a "good American citizen."

If fighting for better conditions and freedom from the rule of American Czars, is anarchy, we plead guilty to the charge.

The I. W. W. is a union for the workers, and not for the boss. Only scissor-bills, Reubens, Missouri yaps and company suckers will ever join a union that is run to suit the boss.

Organize industrially, and run your own union; you have nothing to lose but bread lines, soup houses and your dear loving master.

The man who would work 11 hours a day rather than offend his boss ought to take lots of it—the harder and longer you work the sooner you will hit the bread line for a hand-out.

308 James street, Seattle, is the office and headquarters of Loggers I. W. No. 432. Come in.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE LOGGERS I. W. NO. 432, I. W. W.

Read the Industrial Worker, printed in Spokane by the I. W. W. locals. It is a sure cure for ignorance, and ignorance is the worst disease which can afflict a wage worker.

Subscription price \$1 a year, 50c for six months. Address James Wilson, Editor, Room 416 Front Ave., Spokane, Wash.

TO THE REVOLUTIONIST.

Workers of the world, unite! No longer need we wait; So let us organize to hold The wealth that we create. No more of bosses need we beg An ill-paid job or berth, But organize industrially Let's take and hold the earth!

The unit; group; battalion; The regiment and brigade— The army of the working class, In fighting force arrayed. Yet lo! no booming cannons bellow, No bayonet smeared with gore, No gun or knife or bloody strife Will win this great class war.

For mighty are our numbers And strength that makes us bold; And mightier than cannon is The labor power we hold. The mills, the mines, the factories, The transports, and the farms Are kept in motion only by Young giant Labor's arm!

Lo! with this strength and numbers Come interests that bind Us into one great union— Skilled, trained and disciplined. Industrially united and Class conscious to the bone, The workers of the world shall rise To take and hold their own.

Workers of the world, unite! Wake, slaves, and organize! None but the brave deserve the fair; None but the bold, the prize; And when we stand united, boys, We'll raise a mighty shout; Then hold the tools of industry And lock the bosses out.

Workers of the world, unite! The final fight begin; You've nothing but your chains to lose, And all the world to win! H. T. K.

MONEY TALKS.

Industrial Union No. 12 of Los Angeles, Cal., has sent in \$23 for the Industrial Worker on their own hook. This paper is printed for the benefit of the I. W. W. and we expect no help from anyone else. Below is a list of the contributors from No. 12:

Table listing names and amounts: Ed. Ross 1.00, John White 1.00, O. J. Sautter 1.00, Sam Lehrer 1.00, G. W. Reese 1.00, Sidney Smith 1.00, I. Nosholtz 1.00, L. E. Freeman .50, W. Bauldorf .50, Gus Sandberg .50, Rudolph Mischler .25, Fred Fildmudt .50, John Troy .50, C. M. Quinby .50, Walter Sautter .25, G. A. Frick .50, E. M. Dickerson .25, A. C. Holst .25, F. Robbins 1.00, H. Sterndorf .50, Frank M. Smith 1.00, No. 12 bundle orders 10.00

Total \$23.00

The Portland (Ore.) unions also sent in bundle orders for \$17. Tom Hall of Enville sends in \$5 and offers to go to jail as soon as we start the street fight against the Pan-Tan, Hughes, Pratt & Co. Various other gifts have been received which will be acknowledged in the next number.

I. W. W. Song Books Now Ready. The Classic Songs of Revolution and the Songs of the Modern Blanket Strif 25 Songs in All. B. HOLMES Literature Agent I. W. W. REAR 412-420 FRONT AVE. Price—10 Cents Each \$5.00 per 100 \$2.50 per 50

# THE CONSTITUTION— RULE OF THE I. W. W.

(Continued from last week.)

## PREAMBLE.

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

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

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

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

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

## ARTICLE III.

**Duties of the General Executive Board.**  
Section 1. The General Executive Board shall be composed of the General Secretary, Treasurer, the General Organizer and one member from each National Industrial Department, as provided for in article II, section 1. The General Secretary-Treasurer and the General Organizer shall be elected as provided for in article II, section 2, except in case of vacancy, when they shall be elected as provided for in article II, section 3. The other members of the General Executive Board shall be elected by their respective National Industrial Departments. No member of the General Executive Board shall act as National Organizer on salary.

Sec. 2. The General Executive Board shall have general supervision of the entire affairs of the organization between conventions, and watch vigilantly over the interests throughout its jurisdiction. They shall be assisted by the officers and members of all organizations subordinate to the Industrial Workers of the World. They shall appoint such organizers as the conditions of the organization may require. All organizers shall at all times work under the instruction of the General Organizer. All organizers, while in the employ of the Industrial Workers of the World, shall report to the General Organizer in writing on blanks provided for that purpose at least once each week. They shall receive as compensation for their services eighteen dollars per week and legitimate expenses.

Sec. 3. The decisions of the General Executive Board on all matters pertaining to the organization or any subordinate part thereof shall be binding, subject to an appeal to the next convention, or to the entire membership of the organization, provided that, in case a referendum vote of the membership is demanded by any subordinate part of the organization, the expense of submitting the matter to the referendum shall be borne by the organization taking the appeal, except wherein the decision of the General Executive Board shall be reversed by a vote of the membership; then the expense shall be borne by the general organization.

Sec. 4. The General Executive Board shall have full power to issue charters to National Industrial Departments, National Industrial Unions, Industrial Councils and Local Unions, as provided for in article II, section 2. They shall also have power to charter and classify unions, or organizations, not herein provided for.

Sec. 5. In case the members of any subordinate organization of the Industrial Workers of the World are involved in strike, regularly ordered by the organization, or General Executive Board, or involved in a lockout, if in the opinion of the General Executive Board it becomes necessary to call out any other union, or unions, or organization, they shall have full power to do so.

Any agreement entered into between the members of any local union, or organization, and their employers, as a final settlement of any difficulty or trouble which may occur between them, shall not be considered valid or binding until the same shall have the approval of the General Executive Board of the Industrial Workers of the World.

Sec. 6. The General Executive Board shall meet twice within a fiscal year to audit the books of the General Secretary-Treasurer and transact such other business as may come before them.

Sec. 7. The General Executive Board shall, by a two-thirds vote, have power to levy a special assessment when subordinate parts of the organization are involved in strikes and the conditions of the General Executive Board require, but no special assessment shall exceed 50 cents per member in any one month, nor more than six (6) such assessments in any one year, unless the same shall have been approved by a referendum vote of the entire membership.

Sec. 8. The General Executive Board shall have full power and authority over the official organ and guide its policy. The editor shall be nominated and elected in the same manner as the General Secretary-Treasurer and shall receive such compensation as in the judgment of the General Executive Board is just and proper.

Sec. 9. The members of the General Executive Board shall have power to visit any subordinate body of the I. W. W., and have full authority to examine and audit all accounts of said subordinate bodies, and also to compel the use of the universal system of bookkeeping as adopted by the conventions of the I. W. W. from time to time.

Sec. 10. The G. E. B. shall elect from the unopposed delegates an auditing committee of three who shall audit the books of the General Organization prior to the convening of the convention. They shall be paid at the rate of \$2.00 per diem.

(To be continued.)

## A WORKER'S "OUTING."

(By J. A. Jones.)

After making inquiries regarding the most direct and feasible route to Spokane, and receiving a mine of information, I was fortunate (?) to choose the Union Pacific.

Leaving Denver about 5 o'clock in the evening, my first jump took me to LaSalle, where I was ditched by a union "brakie"—because I didn't have his price. I found sufficient time to dig supper, before the next express, which left shortly after dark. The trucks were mine for a free trip into Cheyenne—that town made famous among the "boes" by the exploits of the mail-coated warrior, Jeff Carr, sheriff and U. P. detective. This notorious protected murderer is now out on \$150,000 bail for killing a 16-year-old kid, who disobeyed his orders. The boy was traveling with his mother. He stepped off into the lunch room at Cheyenne, and while there, his train started. He caught on the hand-rails of a Pullman, but could not get inside. Carr ordered him off, and when the boy didn't jump at his command, shot him. The boy's father, a rich rancher, declares he will go broke to convict Carr, but in the words of Prof. Vebelin of the Standard Oil (Chicago) University, "The ethics of business are ruled by the needs of business," and the U. P. stands in the way. Various "illegal" attempts have been made on the life of this member of the slugging committee of the capitalist class, but that coat of mail must first be "voted" out of existence!

Shortly after my arrival, the Overland Limited left for Laramie; I followed on the next freight. In the early hours of the next day, the U. P. bull in that town flashed his star and invited me to take a walk, escorting me as far as the yard limits, with instructions to keep on hiking. Most of these division points are situated on some river or creek, running north or south, so it is up-grade in both directions. This makes it easy to catch a train out.

## The "Taming" Process.

Rawlins' bulls have been pretty tame recently, the result of an incident that took place a short time previous to my visit. One of them, with the intention of making a name for himself as a bold, bad man, went out, hunted up a drunk, incapable of defending himself, and beat him up. When searched, a ticket for Cheyenne was found in the victim's jeans. The people of the town organized a lynching party and went hunting for Mr. Bull, who ducked for the desert, and after dark crept back to the Rawlins State Penitentiary, where he was safe from the fury of the enraged citizens, while his victim hovered between life and death.

As the bulls ride all trains out, we drilled up to the top of the grade and caught a freight to Green River. When the train slowed down before pulling into the yards, we dropped off and took to the wagon road. About 100 yards from the first house the command, "Hands up!" was sprung on us, backed up by a Colt .45 in the hands of a sharp-shooted Mexican. We obeyed, were promptly frisked and marched through the town, over the bridge and told to keep on going. If we didn't, the state law called for 30 days on the rock pile for riding trains would be invoked. I waited until his highness with the U. P. special detective and deputy sheriff badges had disappeared in the direction of an incoming eastern train, and then made tracks for grub for the bunch. A seven-mile grade out of here was a great help in making a through freight. Granger was a short jump. Here the O. R. & N. branch to Pocatello or Pookaloo leaves the main line of the U. P. We had no trouble in making our way over the next two divisions.

## Horrible Example.

Perhaps the fate of the bull at Pocatello had something to do with it. A short time previous a "boe" had been beaten up and he had promptly mailed a cheese knife, sharpened it at a blacksmith shop, returned to the station, grabbed a commercial traveler by mistake, saying, "You're the guy that beat me up!" "No, I'm not; there he is," said the frightened traveler. The "boe" grabbed the bull and practically carved him in two, dropped the knife and made a complete getaway. A short time after, a guy in Anacosta smelter was arrested charged with the crime, but his boss came and by his timebook proved a complete alibi. The blacksmith couldn't recognize the guy that sharpened the knife. No more arrests have been made.

The citizens of this, the Gateway town, are a noble bunch. The reform element, church people, etc., decided to clean up the town. They did so. Grass grew in the streets. Beer went stale in the kegs. Money rusted in the banks, through disuse. This would never do. A reaction set in and a 20-foot board fence was built around a block of swell houses in the heart of the town and the women and their masters were invited to return and make it on a prosperous appearance. Cement sidewalks, new buildings are appearing in all directions and the grass hasn't time to grow because of the crowds that are continually on the move, including great numbers of "boes."

The trip north to Butte was a continual fight with a bunch of money-hungry "shacks." I arrived in Butte O. K. after four and a half days on the road.

Next week I will write up my trip from Butte to Spokane. Yours for industrial freedom,  
J. A. JONES.

Fight for your master and he will despise you. Fight your master, and he will respect you.

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# I. W. W. IN ENGLAND GROWS STRONGER

Several issues of the Spokane Industrial Worker have come my way and I take this opportunity of telling you that I think it the finest propaganda paper I have yet seen. The phrase "as full of meat as an egg" exactly typifies it. We industrialists on this side of the "herding pond" are watching your movement closely and congratulate you on the splendid stand you are making. Over here we have a hard battle to make, but the future is plain for us. The trade union in Great Britain show the same stupidity in recognizing their class interests as with you. The same betrayal of the workers occurs with inevitable frequency, the same disheartenment of the rank and file is spread. You may have heard of the great railway betrayal of last year in England. The Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants is the biggest union on the railways. They had more than 100,000 members. They prepared to go out on strike to effect certain demands. Every one knew that they must have won had they come out. Instead they waited months in palaver in giving interviews to newspaper reporters and when victory was in sight, were betrayed by their leader, Richard Bell. This will probably be known to you. Now comes the result of this. The A. S. R. S. have lost 30,000 members since the betrayal! Such is the reward of the union for having pursued a "statesmanlike policy," as it was called at the time. Since that event happened big disputes have occurred among the shipbuilders at Glasgow and the engineers on the Northeast Coast. In the former strike the union officials threatened to refuse strike pay. The strike was beaten at little expense on the employer's part. With the engineers the men again came into conflict with their union leaders. G. N. Barnes was the head of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers. Barnes is one of the leaders of the Independent Labor party and is an old "Socialist." The Northeast Engineers refused to be bullied by Barnes and while Barnes has since resigned his position in the A. S. E., the strike was lost. England is somewhat different, I believe, from the United States, in that all the unions, with the exception of the Miners, are bossed by "Socialists." The Trade Union congress has had no difficulty during the past quarter century in passing a socialist resolution, and the socialist spirit in all their actions. The trade union movement in Great Britain is a paralytic one. Not a single strike of importance has it won for 20 years and Great Britain is the home of trade unionism. The coal miners seem on the point of declaring a general strike in sympathy with the Scotch miners who are suffering a 12 per cent reduction in wages. Notice giving and balloting is in the air and full particulars as to the numbers, financial strength and the important thing, are published openly in the capitalist papers. At the finish the miners will probably be betrayed like the railway men. Winston Churchill, a cabinet minister, is trying to follow in the steps of Lloyd George and arbitrate the men's rights away. Such is the situation in Great Britain at present. Meanwhile the Industrial League has been started and is spreading the principles of industrial unionism broadcast over the country. A paper has been started, the Industrial Worker, which is finding its way into the hands of the thinking trades unionists. What at first surprised us was the treatment we received at the hands of the political socialists. Where we expected a welcome we received a quick rebuff. Slanders and lies were rapidly printed by the Socialist journals about us, no answer from us being allowed. We are now making good progress, to the chagrin of our political friends and their backers, the trade union leaders. The Industrial League is holding its first annual conference on August 1 and 2, of which I will send you an account.

With fraternal greetings, yours for Industrial Freedom,  
A. ELSHURY,  
Sub-Editor Industrialist.

As I promised in my last article, I intend giving an account of the first annual conference of the Industrial League. The League has been formed with the object of spreading forth the principles of industrial unionism with the purpose of starting an industrial union in Great Britain. We have always recognized that our object was a purely economic one and for this reason have always stood out as a non-political organization, neither anti nor pro-politics. Events are justifying us up to the hilt for having declared in this manner. We have started a monthly paper—the Industrialist—and are issuing pamphlets and other forms of literature as fast as our means allow. We have 14 branches in the country; another one starting with August 1, and heretofore not entitled to representation at the conference. Seventeen branches were represented at the conference with a total membership of from 180 to 200. Edward Morris, ex-president of the Operative Bricklayers' union, was appointed chairman of the conference. Morris is a veteran of the labor movement and was secretary of the earliest members of the social democratic party. His word carries weight among the trade unionists.

### An Anarchist Freak.

An anarchist who had been expelled from the organization for violating our principles by preaching anti-political and anarchism here, made himself prominent, being supported by his branch (Wallanston) and another, Edmond Parder by name, was allowed to appear against his expulsion. After his statement the executive committee showed Parder's work in the Industrial League. Parder had been trying to bring the organization around to a declaration of anarchism. He had spoken from our platforms preaching assassination of the czar. He had pushed anarchist papers while inside the organization and had told inquirers that the Industrial League was an anarchist organization. After Parder has replied to this by stating that he had preached anarchism would do so in the future, that he had no belief in industrial unionism and that he didn't believe in majority rule at all, the executive committee closed the discussion and a vote was taken to confirm Parder's expulsion. This was carried by a five to one majority. The delegates from Wallanston and Edmondton thereupon also resigned. The resignations, when formally read in, were at once accepted unanimously. After this the business of the conference was gone through with dispatch. Improvements in the organization were suggested and passed. The new executive committee was appointed and the business manager gave the financial report. Declared satisfactory. A long discussion ensued on the question of putting an organizer in the field. Proposals were made and the matter is to be submitted to a referendum vote of the members. Now that the obstructionist element was out, it was felt that good work can be done and the conference ended with a hopeful speech from the chairman on the prospects of the league.

As I stated in my last letter in reference to the coal mining dispute in Great Britain, the prospects were that the men would be again sold by their leaders. Such has been the case. The men have gone back to work on old terms and have signed an agreement for three years.

They will get 6 shilling per day, or, in American currency, \$1.50. The thing that makes their action all the more contemptible is the fact that, as the men are united, they were certain of winning. The Industrialist League intends seeing to the miners.  
Glad to know of the progress you are making. Yours for freedom,  
A. ELSHURY,  
Sub-Editor Industrialist, Bradford, England.

## FAKERISM EXPOSED.

The strike is still on in Flathead valley against the Flathead Lumber association. When J. H. Walsh, organizer of the I. W. W., was in Somers this spring, agitating and organizing during the strike, the Czar of Somers (Mr. Wells) swore to a bunch of lies and had a temporary injunction served on him to keep him from talking. F. W. Heslewood, our last organizer, in writing to the Industrial Worker, said: "Injunctions can be bought like beer over a bar, from pettifogging justices and judges, any time a corporation wants to buy one," and I'll show you his words were true. The union hired two of the best lawyers in Kallispell to defend Walsh during the hearing to see why the injunction should not be made permanent. They rattled and twisted Mr. Wells so bad during the cross-examination that he admitted he had sworn to a bunch of lies to get the injunction served. Now that is perjury, according to the law, and if it had been a working man that had sworn those lies, he would have got ten years in the pen; but as it was a corporation lacking and the modern czar of Somers, he is allowed to go free and will still be able to buy more injunctions if he has the lawyers on both sides got to the 30th of July to file their briefs in, and when the 20th came the corporation lawyers got an extension of time as they weren't quite ready. The extension of time was only a hoax in order to give them some time to frame a scheme to get clear of the deal altogether and here it is: The corporation lawyer summoned the czar, and they go to the judge to get the injunction dissolved. The judge asked them on what grounds they wanted the injunction dissolved, and here's where the czar swears a few more lies. He swore on his oath that there was no need for the injunction as the strike was settled and everybody working again. He did not mention the fact that he only had scab working for him and that he hasn't been able to hire any more to run his night shift for him. Mr. Wells can swear to any damned thing he likes to before a judge but that don't end the strike. The locals here don't intend to give up the fight and we'll make it so hot for Mr. Czar yet that he'll realize he's not the only fish in the pond.  
JOE DUDDY.

### THE FENCE, OR THE AMBULANCE?

"Was a dangerous cliff, as they freely confessed,  
Though to walk near its crest was so pleasant;  
But over its terrible edge, there had slipped  
A duke (and fully many a peasant)  
So the people said something would have to be done.  
But their projects would not at all tally.  
Some said: "Put a fence around the edge of the cliff."  
Some: "An ambulance down in the valley."  
But the cry for the ambulance carried the day.  
For it spread through the neighboring city.  
A fence may be useful or not, it is true,  
But each heart became brimful of pity  
For those who slip over that dangerous cliff;  
And the dwellers in highway and valley  
Gave pence or gave pence, not to put up a fence  
But an ambulance down in the valley.  
"For the cliff is all right, if you're careful," they said,  
"And if folks even slip and are dropping,  
It isn't the slipping that hurts them so much  
As the shock down below when they're stopping."  
So, day after day, as these mishaps occurred,  
Quick forth would these rescuers rally  
To pick up the victims who fell off the cliff  
With their ambulance down in the valley.

Then an old sage remarked, "It's a marvel to me  
That people give far more attention  
To repairing results than to stopping the cause.  
When they'd much better aim at prevention.  
"Let us stop at its source at this mischief,"  
cried he:  
"Come, neighbors and friends, let us rally:  
If the cliff we will fence we might almost dispense  
With the ambulance down in the valley."  
"O, he's a fanatic," the others rejoined,  
"Dispense with the ambulance! Never!  
He'd dispense with all charities, too if he could!  
But, no! We'll support them forever!  
Aren't we picking folk up just as fast as they fall?  
And shall this man dictate to us? Shall he?  
Why should people of sense stop to put up a fence  
While their ambulance works in the valley?"  
But a sensible few, who are practical too,  
Will not bear with such nonsense much longer.  
They believe that prevention is better than cure,  
And their party will soon be the stronger.  
Encourage them, then, with your purse, voice and pen,  
And, while other philanthropists dally,  
They will scorn all pretense, and put a stout fence  
On the cliff that hangs over the valley.  
From the Chancellor, Omaha, author unknown.

The I. W. W. is permanent, or it is nothing. Build solid!

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