

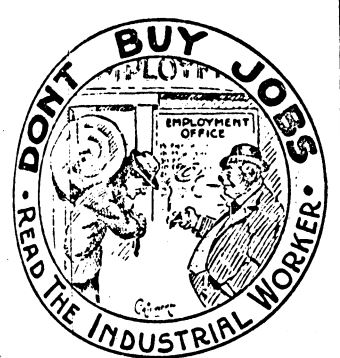
# Quit Your Job. Go to Missoula. Fight With the Lumber Jacks For Free Speech

# INDUSTRIAL WORKER



VOL. 1 SPOKANE, WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1909 One Dollar a Year No. 29

## LABOR EXCHANGE UNION NEWS ITEMS



Things in Tacoma are fierce. Longshoremen are getting 10 to 30 cents per hour. Truckers for the St. Paul & Tacoma Lbr. Co. get 25 cents per hour. The jobs in town are almost as bad as Contractor Malony's in Spokane. Charles Grant of Spokane is in Tacoma, as well as Robert Bowman and several more of the Spokane Reds. Many of the boys are heading for Redlands, Cal. for the winter. Industrial Union No. 419 of Redlands ought to be a winner soon.

A few items sent in by Loggers' Industrial Union 432, of Seattle, are as follows:

Tait, Wash.: Neil & Gowan's camp: Wages \$2.50 to \$4; pay any time. Bum bunk houses, and boss birds through emp. shark. They short-pay the help on quitting. Stay away, everybody.

Hamilton, Wash.: Dempsey's Logging Co. \$2.25 to \$4.50; pay once a month; fair grub and bunk house; hospital fee, 75 cents; I. W. W. man can get on.

Pay & Co., Seattle: Wages \$1.75 to \$4.25; pay weekly; rotten grub; I. W. W. man can get out sleep outdoors. You can chew here if you are on the bum, but don't ask the boss; simply go in and eat.

Hogiam, Wash.: Keasel Construction Co.; \$1.50 for concrete work, and \$2.25 for pick and shovel; sleep outdoors; no hospital fee; have to work like a horse, because the job is unorganized. Hogiam is the wettest town in the world. There are seldom ten bright days in the year. Keep away from Hogiam if you can't swim.

Lake Washington: Wages small, crew short-handed all the time, wages about \$1.50 per day; no house on float—hogs, dogs and men all together; chicken roost in top bunk.

When the boats go by, water splashes in the window.

Get meat once a week and that is on Friday; being a Catholic I had to dig fresh water clams. I. W. W. men could get on if they came from Employment Shark and not talk Union.

111 hours work.

Regular oldtime Gunnysack and Riley May We outfit. Go there if you want a good job! Get beat out of one day's pay, \$1.50.

Q. LINKE.

Three Lakes, Wash.: Three Lakes Lbr. Co.; \$2.25 per day; pay every month; fair grub; bunk house; hospital fee and 10 per cent discount. An average job for the Coast.

Port Ludlow, Wash.: Stewart & Co., contractors; \$1.75 per day; bum grub; sleep outdoors; employment sharks, and altogether the nastiest job on the Pacific Coast.

Skykomish, Wash.: Skykomish Lbr. Co.; \$2.50 to \$4.25; fair grub; bunk house; hospital fee; a pretty fair camp.

Arlington, Wash.: Cobb & Healy; \$2.25 up; bum grub; bunk house; hospital fee 75 cents; 12 hour shifts, and only 20 minutes for dinner; rotten.

Globe, Ore.: Broughton & Wiggin Lbr. Co.; \$2.25 to \$4; pay 10th of month; fair grub; bunk house; \$2 poll tax. Red Cross Emp. shark has this job.

The labor market in Portland is becoming overflooded again, due to the number of big contracts finished in the surrounding country. There is, however, some work in town at 25 cents per hour but lots of men to do it. The Tillamook job is a fierce one, having been put in the bad by the station men; the work on the tracks will start up before long but those who know say that it is a bum steer.

The Deschutes railroad is building but they have the three gangs as usual, one coming, one on the work, and to make the deal worse, the Red Cross Employment shark from Portland is on the job riding horseback from one camp to another firing men and filling their places. The railroad construction work in southern Oregon is the same old tale of bum chuck, lousy bunk tents, discounts, etc., with the boss looking down your collar all day.

Conditions in the logging camps are no better than formerly, only there is as a rule more work than there was last year. The Portland Emp. and Rainier is short handed, also the Eastern and Western camp. Oak Point: grub is 50 cents a day in the last camp.

Grass Harbor is working full handed but there is plenty of men. There are a number of Portland men up there and there is good prospect of getting in a union there this winter.

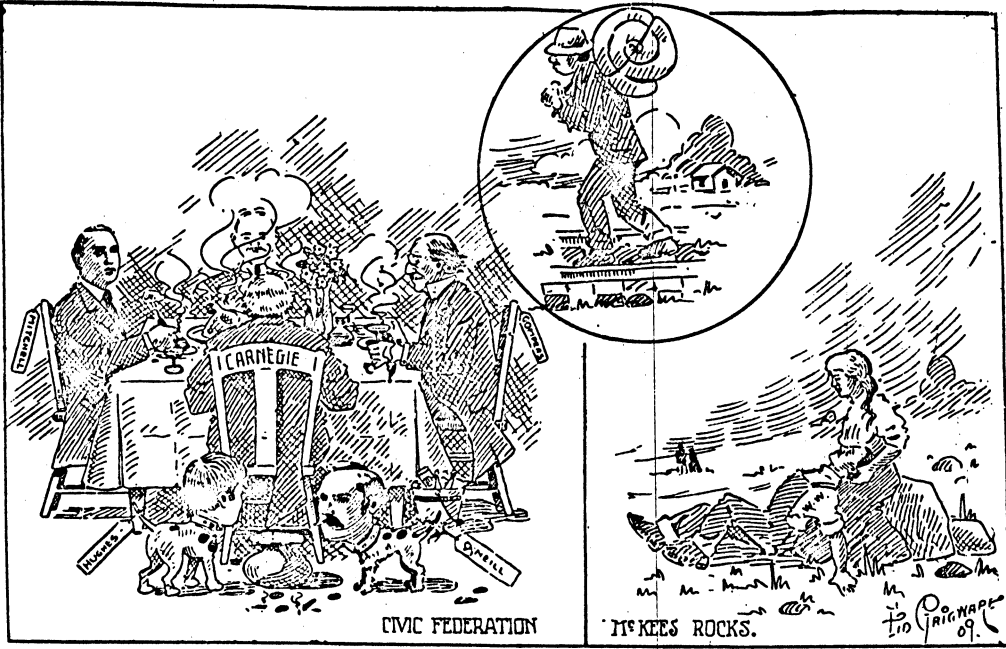
Cross Bay wants men in the woods and mills. Wages \$2.25 up, but not so far up that it hurts much.

Lots of men are going south to California to get out of the rain which starts in a month or so but they will find that they can starve just as well by leaving old Cal. as any place else. From reports that I can get the situation farther south is worse than it is here, and Alice knows she is led enough.

I. W. W. Portland is calling for 5,000 members by the first of March, so that we can enforce a scale of \$3.00 for 8 hours; it can be done if the stiff will wake up.

The union is renewing its efforts to establish a labor bureau in Portland, but of course there are few bosses at the present time coming to employ after men. Of course it will depend upon the members to turn in the information about work of all kinds so that we can actually start to send the men out from the hall and put the kibosh to the employment sharks.

Portland Employment Sharks At It Again. The Portland employment sharks are still making an injunction against the I. W. W. This last move on their part is a plea for an



THE WORKING CLASS AND THE EMPLOYING CLASS HAVE NOTHING IN COMMON

## INDUSTRIAL STRUGGLE RAGES IN SWEDEN

Referring to the enclosed statement of the general strike in Sweden we, the undersigned, duly authorized delegates from the Swedish national organization of workers, earnestly appeal to you to hasten to the support of the striking Swedish workers in order to help them to fight their great battle to a successful finish. All contributions are to be sent to Landssekreteriet, Stockholm, Sweden.

The strike is now in its 8th week and the Swedish Unionists are standing firm in spite of all the efforts made by their opponents to beat them down. This must not be understood to be a fight against the capitalists of Sweden alone, for the entire capitalist class of Europe are combined and are using their best efforts to break this great labor body, the most thoroughly organized in all Europe today.

The workers of the world can not afford to permit the destruction of Swedish organization. Its present efficiency is the result of over 25 years of indefatigable work on the part of its builders and precursors. What is needed is financial aid and much of it.

If the workers come to the rescue and keep up the flow of funds as they are now coming in, and which are only now arriving in Sweden, then victory will surely be ours. This is the time for action. All the forces of labor the world over should stand with us in this struggle. If we go down it is only a question of time when you will follow.

C. E. THOLIN,  
JOHN SANDGREN.

### CONTRIBUTIONS FOR SWEDISH STRIKERS

From Spokane I. W. W.	
Previously acknowledged	\$56.75
Luigi Adamo	1.00
N. Pearson	.50
Enoch Sylvander	.50
Herman Ottosen	.50
M. Mastold	.25
E. Johnson	.25
A. Transon	.25
P. E. Peterson	.25
August Anderson	.25
W. B. Gunnston	.25
Andrew Larson	.25
Sels Kalden	.25
C. E. Peterson	.25
H. E. Hermanson	.25
John E. Anderson	1.00
Emil Johnson	.25
Herman Nordin	.25
J. A. Davidson	.25
August Carlson	.25
Victor Larson	.25
Carl Larson	.50
John Pearson	.25
Ragnar Johnson	.25
J. P. Thompson	.50
R. A. Ross	.25
August Rakow	1.00
William Lohtholm	2.00
James Caddy	1.00
Alfred Anderson	1.00
Gustav Rakow	.50
D. G. Gillespie	.50
Nels Lindahl	1.00
John Mack	2.00
Richard Sachs	1.00
John Purache	.50
A. T. F.	.25
Max Harlon	1.00
Joseph Drimal	1.00
T. Tollefson	.25
L. O. Lund	.50
Phil Fiddler	1.00
O. Anderson	1.00
N. E. Olsen	.50
W. P.	1.00
Chris Melby	1.00
P. H. Moore	2.50
John Nilson	10.00
John Franzen	.50
Charles Johnson	1.00
Alfred Person	1.00
O. H. Anderson	1.00
J. Hellerstedt	1.00
Christ Johnson	.50
S. Weirlander	1.00
John Mack	1.00
C. S. Pardon	1.50
B. W. P.	1.50
Chris Melby	1.00
F. H. Moore	2.50
Barney McCabe	.50
Total	\$63.25

## FREE SPEECH BATTLE; FIGHT OR BE CHOKED

ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN IS A 19-YEAR-OLD GIRL. SHE HAS BEEN SPEAKING IN MISSOULA, MONT., AS ORGANIZER FOR THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD, INDUSTRIAL UNION NO. 40. I. W. W., OF MISSOULA HAS BEEN TELLING THE LUMBER WORKERS THAT THEY MUST UNITE IN ONE UNION TO FIGHT THE BOSSES. HER HUSBAND AND FELLOW WORKER LITTLE ARE NOW IN JAIL FOR SPEAKING ON THE STREET. IT MAY BE NECESSARY TO FILL THE MISSOULA JAIL AND IT IS UP TO YOU, I. W. W. MEN, TO GO TO MISSOULA AND, IF NECESSARY, BE ARRESTED FOR THE CRIME OF SPEAKING ON THE STREET. THE UNIONS OF THE I. W. W. INVITE EVERY FREE BORN "AMERICAN" AND EVERY MAN WHO HATES THE TYRANNICAL OPPRESSION OF THE POLICE, TO GO TO MISSOULA AND HELP THE WORKERS THERE TO WIN OUT.

ARE YOU GAME?  
ARE YOU AFRAID?  
DO YOU LOVE THE POLICE?  
HAVE YOU BEEN ROBBED, SKINNED, GRAFTED ON?  
IF SO, THEN GO TO MISSOULA AND DEFY THE POLICE, THE COURTS AND THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE OFF THE WAGES OF PROSTITUTION.

Notice—We would suggest to the Missoula police, that no I. W. W. men be shot nor clubbed. That no I. W. W. women be raped nor insulted.

THIS STRUGGLING UNION, NO. 40, I. W. W., CALLS ON ALL REVOLUTIONISTS TO HELP!

E. J. FOOTE.

### FROM CORAM, CALIFORNIA.

On my return from Denver, where I attended the 17th annual convention of the Western Federation of Miners as a delegate from Kennett Miners' Union, No. 174, I took a day or two off in San Francisco and visited the boys of Local No. 173, I. W. W., of which I am also a member. I was requested to write the Worker a letter and let the workers know the labor conditions of this vicinity and will try to comply with this request.

I am a slave at present in the Balaklava smelter at Coram. The Balaklava Mine and Smelter employ between 500 and 600 men. At the mine, muckers are paid \$2.50, chucktenders \$2.75 and machine men \$3.25 for eight hours work. Board is 75 cents a day, 5 cents a day for bunkhouse rooms, \$1 a month for hospital. The wages in the smelter vary from \$2.34 per day to \$3.50, board where you please, or batch if you feel so inclined. Five miles north of here is the town of Kennett, where is situated the Mammoth Copper company mines, and smelter wages are practically the same, with the exception of muckers and chucktenders, who receive 25 cents more a day than the Balaklava scale of wages. I can say that there is always an opportunity of getting work, although the masters do not like union men, we wage slaves welcome any man who carries a card, and with all the opposition we get from the master class we have a local here of about 325 members and have every reason to believe that we will have 1,000 members before long. I believe every Local of the W. F. M. should have a copy or two of the Industrial Worker, and it is my opinion that it is only a matter of a year or two when we will see the I. W. W. and the W. F. M. lined up together again in one organization.

Well, I will close for this time. If any dusty worker comes this way, be sure to call and see me, as you are always welcome with me.

Yours for industrial freedom,  
AUGUST WALQUIST,  
Coram, Cal.

### CONTRIBUTIONS FOR MCKEES ROCKS.

Previously acknowledged	\$42.75
J. P. Thompson	.50
C. L. Vilgno	1.00
James Caddy	1.00
John Mack	1.00
C. S. Pardon	1.50
B. W. P.	1.50
Chris Melby	1.00
F. H. Moore	2.50
Barney McCabe	.50
Total	\$53.25

Mass Meeting at I. W. W. Hall  
**THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7th, 8. p. m.**  
JOHN SANDGREN, delegate from Sweden, will speak on the Swedish General Strike, auspices I. W. W.  
FREE ADMISSION      GOOD MUSIC      EVERYBODY INVITED

**Gif Akt!**  
Medarbetaren JOHN SANDGREN, delegat till Amerika från de sträjkande fackföreningarna i Sverige kommer till Spokane den 7 oktober. Mass möte hålles uti I. W. W. Hall, under auspiciet af "The Spokane Industrial Unions of the I. W. W."  
Medarbetaren Sandgren kommer att tala både på engelska och svenska. Fritt inträde.      God musik.      Allmänheten inbjuden.  
Spokane, torsdagen den 7, oktober, kl. 8:00, e. m.

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

## INDUSTRIAL WORKER

REAR 412-420 FRONT AVE.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE  
Spokane Local Unions of the Industrial Workers of the World

JAMES WILSON, Editor  
E. COUSINS, Assistant Editor  
TELEPHONE MAIN 1566

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The Industrial Worker is published by workmen. We have no capital. Subscriptions and orders must always be prepaid.

All communications relative to the Spokane I. W. W., other than the Industrial Worker, should be addressed to C. L. Filigno, Secretary Executive Committee.

Entered as second-class matter April 8, 1909, at the postoffice at Spokane, Wash., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Don't forget the strikers in Sweden. The "liberty" to scab, is the only liberty that the employers uphold. Many is the hand that carried the American flag on Taft day, that will carry the banner and batter back doors next winter. God knows!

Think of a "brave patriot" who is afraid to look his boss in the eye and tell him to go to hell! Such a man should take some "pink pills for pale people." Military Rules for Workers: Break the guns and spike the cannons! Why fight for a country you don't own? The employers own the country. Let them do the fighting!

The number of unemployed workers is growing every day. By shortening the hours of labor, every worker can have employment. The working class must unite in one union, or slowly starve.

One of the critics of the Industrial Worker says that "of course the uncultured minds of common laborers can not be expected to show any refinement of phraseology." Salt this down, and see if you can digest it. It ought to go all right for desert with ten-cent stew.

We must organize in spite of the masters, and in spite of their laws. The law is against the workers, and the I. W. W. is for the workers, by the workers, and of the workers. Stop fighting your fellow workers and fight the employers. They have no rights that we ought to respect.

The employment sharks have an industrial union, known as "The Associated Employment Agencies of Spokane, Wash." These thieves have sense enough to organize. The workers have the I. W. W. to fight the sharks. Do you belong to the Union, or are you willing to be skinned by organized, licensed robbers?

A new machine for making bottles has thrown thousands of bottle blowers out of work. The bottle blowers of the A. F. of L. charge an initiation fee of \$500 to enter their craft union. Machinery is displacing skilled labor every day. Industrial union is the only means by which the workers can control all the machines, and keep all the product.

Many human lives were saved by the strike at McKee Rocks. The loss of life was far less with the plant of the Pressed Steel Car Co. closed, than when it was run as it formerly was. Men were killed and maimed every day by dangerous work, and the criminal neglect of the company. But these were all workmen. Who ever heard of a soldier losing his life working?

The address of the I. W. W. regarding the International Trades Union Congress, published by the Industrial Worker two weeks ago, was written by the General Organizer, Wm. E. Trautmann, and endorsed by the General Executive Board of the I. W. W. Owing to a typographical error, fellow worker Trautmann's name was omitted in the list of official signatures as published. We regret the oversight which was accidental.

Don't forget that it costs money to print this paper, and any man with sense can see that the employers give us no help with the Industrial Worker. If you think this paper is useful in getting the workers lined up against the masters, get some subscriptions. If this paper is not radical enough, tell us about it, and we'll be glad to remedy the fault. Nothing can be too radical, if on the side of the workers. The employers are radical—they starve us and jail us and hang us. "Radical!"

After the fall of Napoleon, the French aristocrats tried to revive the old idea of the divine right of kings to loaf and steal. This kind of dope didn't last long with the French, though they were always fond of a joke. Victor Hugo tells of two workmen who saw old Louis XVIII getting into his divine coach, with his divine fat belly, and his divine girthy sore foot. "Is that the State—that old fat man?" said they. But the American workers are more patriotic. Some of them wore "Taft" buttons in Spokane when "that old fat man," surrounded by soldiers, was in town.

On another page will be found an article by Gustave Herve who was tried and convicted in France for saying that workmen are foolish to fight for a country they don't own, and in defense of liberties they have not got. Whether the Spanish workers looked at things as "scientific" revolutionists or not, the fact remains that their anti-military spirit enabled them to cripple, if only for a time, the preparations of the Spanish government for war. It is an inspiring lesson for all lovers of humanity. The church, as usual, was on the side of bloodshed—so well do the priests and preachers follow the "Prince of Peace!"

### TO THE MEMBERS OF THE W. F. OF M.

The card of the Western Federation of Miners is recognized by every Industrial Union of the I. W. W., and we have been ready and glad to do our utmost to help the boys in the Miners' union whenever there has been a strike or trouble, although Comrade O'Neill of the Miners' Magazine says we are only a "bunch of tramps." "We feel bad enough" about being on the bum so often—the Comrades ought not to rub it in too hard. Industrial Union No. 223 of Spokane took the leading part in the agitation here against the conspiracy to hang Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone. Mr. Moyer paid a visit to Spokane last summer, and publicly told the members of the A. F. of L. in Spokane that the I. W. W. is only a gang of "dirty, tramp anarchists." The hard-earned dollars of the "dirty, tramp anarchists" may have helped to save Moyer's neck from the noose, and this is our thanks from Moyer, who thus insults the Spokane I. W. W. of 5,000 members, and the whole organization. Moyer's cowardice takes the form of reviling workmen, and we must forgive his little soul. Not every man can stay two years in jail and still be game!

Comrade O'Neill occupies a position that would be honorable if it were not his. He gets \$5 per day as editor of the Miners' Magazine. He gets this from the W. F. of M. How much does he get elsewhere? This Comrade is now on a trip in the East, and as we see by a bill advertising one of his meetings—in St. Louis—he speaks on the grand principles of "socialism and trade-unionism." By all accounts, O'Neill is likely to be president of the United States—if he gets elected. Let us hope he will not be too hard on the I. W. W.—tramps or no tramps.

Although the A. F. of L. has scabbled, scabbled on the W. F. of M., Comrade O'Neill has forgotten and forgiven all—a scab is no more a scab, if he belongs to O'Neill's political party. Here is a item from the Miners' Magazine of Sept. 16:  
"The Labor Day Edition of the Labor World of Spokane, Washington, reflects great credit on the ability of Hon. D. C. Coates and his associates. Not only is the Labor Day edition of the Labor World a gem from a mechanical standpoint, but the editorial matter displays

a praiseworthy amount of study and research. Organized labor of Spokane is to be congratulated on having men of such ability at the helm of a journal that is bravely fighting for the rights of man."  
The Spokane Labor Day World would be a crime if any but Hon. Coates and Dixon. Hughes had printed it. It glorifies the unspeakable Spokane police judge who has jailed the members of organized labor in Spokane, and been most active in suppressing free speech. The pictures of the city slavers—who belong to the A. F. of L. in some cases, and in other cases to the Washington Water Power Company—are printed and praised. The whole paper is an insult to every decent working man and woman in town. The editorials spoken of, should be read to be appreciated. It is enough to say that Hughes has at last succeeded in proving that the interests of bosses and workers are the same! The name of George Pettibone together with a picture of his grave are printed on the same page with those of wretches who are doing their utmost to build up what Pettibone died to tear down—tyranny. The sheriff of Spokane, the police judge, the mayor, and the criminals generally are placed in the same category with whom—Harry Orchard? No, George Pettibone. If the polluted corpse of Judge Mann were buried in the same field as the body of Pettibone, a wall should be built between them. The very dust of two such extremes, cruelty and matchless heroism, ought not to mingle. The Labor World however holds up Mann and Pettibone, as both being "friends of labor," and this is the paper which the editor of the Miners' Magazine says is "bravely fighting for the rights of man." The Labor World was active in trying to organize the "international" to break the strike of the I. W. W. in Montana the last summer, and not one of the sixty A. F. of L. unions in Spokane recognize the card of the W. F. of M. under any circumstances. Hughes of the "Labor World" is a well-to-do business man—and a socialist. It is for political reasons alone, that O'Neill is willing to drag the reputation of the W. F. of M. in the mire and to insult its membership.

Where are all the oldtime W. F. of M. fighters that they are willing to see their Union disgraced to help the political ambitions of a ring of schemers?  
But enough of personalities. When a labor union is made the catspaw for a group of designing politicians, it is all off with any real fight against the masters. Treachery and compromise take the place of stick-together and fight.

We would be glad to think that it is not true that Moyer and O'Neill were personally concerned in the shooting of Vincent St. John. And it would be well if the world knew nothing of the trial of O'Neill, alias John M. Logan, for the murder of Danny Falvey at Lead, South Dakota, some years ago. The members of the W. F. of M. have troubles enough without dragging such things into daylight. The I. W. W. will help the W. F. of M. in any strike, and we are willing to act as good union men. We must protest against the Labor World and the scab who edits it.

To those who will follow us, how small and contemptible will appear the little squabbles which after too often disgrace the labor movement! The shortcomings of this or that man, the "sins of will, defects of doubt and taints of blood"—how will the future smile that we, in our petty anger, could so often take paving stones to kill flies! The mantle of charity and tolerance must be thrown over our shortcomings, if they are honest. A fellow-feeling for others must make us excuse much, as due to the bitterness and misery of the class struggle. But no cloak can cover treachery. No charity should clothe a wolf with wool. The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. A member of a labor union who tries to deny this fact is either a knave or a fool. But the excuse of ignorance and folly is not for those who have had the opportunity to learn the truth: the adept cannot plead ignorance. The whole working class of the world must unite in one union to win freedom. Who, then, denies this except the enemy—the employing class—and those who are false to the interest of workers? Men may hate an enemy, but they despise a traitor. After all the brave and bitter struggles of the Western Federation of Miners, which for so long kept the campfires of revolt ablaze in the West, after all the heroic struggles to preserve the industrial character of their union, after the bulletins, the outrages, the attempts of the American Federation of Labor to split the miners into petty warring groups, what can be said of the members of the same union, who in their ambition to become political leaders, befool the reputation of the Union—yes, even besmirch the tombs of the dead? To take time and space to publish the crimes of all the traitors would be to advertise the infamous and forget the worthy. But the lesson of the folly of leadership, though hard, is necessary. The working class alone can free itself, and every idol shattered is a step to liberty.

A great many years ago, an old man with a large family, lay dying. He called his children—twelve sons—to his bedside, and blessed them and mapped out their future according to the several qualities and characters of each. To one he said: "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." This remark showed experience and observation. What great and good work was ever accomplished without stability and perseverance? Has it not ever been the "man with one idea," and the man who courageously stuck to one line of action, after making sure of its correctness, that went out in the struggle? A crank is useful to turn things—he makes things go round. The highest virtues are rarely found among mild, easy-going folk. Perseverance and energy have made world-conquerors of beggars. Idleness and instability have ruined kings. The loss of sight is probably the greatest bodily affliction. The lack of energy and doxed stick-to-it is probably the greatest drawback to the labor union. Men may drop a tiresome book; they may leave a dull game of cards; or go to sleep under a preacher's sermon. But who but a fool would slumber on top of a maat or lolter in the path of a roaring pack of wolves? It is when men sleep, that the enemy sows tares in the field. It is when the members of the Union are slack in their duties, that traitors and thieves betray the working class. We cannot escape the class struggle. It is of no avail to say that many of the workers are spiritless, and that effort seems unrewarded. Peace can not be found by trying vainly to shirk our duty to ourselves and to the class of which we are life members. The world is indeed a "broad field of battle" and a field which has no road of escape but to the grave. The ancient Persians used whips to drive their slaves to fight the enemy. The employing class uses the whip of hunger to drive the workers to fight—their enemies, but each other. But the master class fears no rebellious slave. Whether or not we would tamely sit down and let the old world wag as it may, the cold fact is that we cannot if we would. It becomes then, simply a question of exerting ourselves to keep the wealth we make. There is not a slave of gold so bound down but what can do something—here, there, now or then, to cripple the power of the enemy and improve his own condition. Hardships await us all, but which is the most bitter: the daily life of misery, privation, and contempt, or the scowl of a boss, or perhaps the club of the policeman or the prod of a bayonet? We would not try to be rhetorical but try to use plain language to point out to some fellow-worker that he can not despair; that nothing is accomplished without effort and perseverance. The best that awaits us, except by our own exertions, is a life of hard joyless work; poor pay, and if fortunate, a grave outside the potter's field. Since we must fight if we would win, let all our energy be turned in the direction of fighting the employers to good effect! What we need is "boldness, boldness, and again, boldness." Half the terrors we fear, are the nightmares of a lazy sleep. Fear of the plague has killed more men than the plague itself, if we credit the old story.

No greater delusion can exist than that the work of agitation and organization is ever lost. The working class can never be defeated. What seems like defeat here or there, is but the scattering of the forces only to re-unite with many new recruits. We see so much discouragement and so few fighters, that we forget how much more bitter and dark has been the struggle many times in the past. The present outlook for the Industrial Union was never so bright. Not only in America, but over the whole earth, the revolutionary activity is no longer the work of the few pioneers. Whole nations are involved, and for a union man to falter now, is to be an unheard-of coward and weakling. We little value the effect of our personal influence. We are too much inclined to think that only the orator can rouse the workers, whereas, the whole force of the revolution depends not on leaders, but on the energy and courage of every worker. Have you added a new member to your union today? Have you helped organize the working class? Are you distributing union literature in season and out of season, or waiting to see a crop grow with the seed painfully sown by a handful of tollers?

The Industrial Union of the workers is the coming form of society. Let the cynics croak and sneer as they may. The good opinion of your fellow workers is more to be desired than the cross of the Legion of Honor? What are you doing to deserve it?

### DON'T BUY JOBS—JOIN THE I. W. W.

In response to the request for articles showing the hopeless case of the American Federation of Labor, the Industrial Worker has received several articles written for the purpose of explaining just why the workers can expect nothing from patriotic separations of the working people, and why the anti-patriotic I. W. W. which unites all working people, is the coming power. We intend to compile a leaflet for free distribution to make this point plain to the working people. If you have the art of making facts plain, in a plain way, write up something and we will print it as soon as we are able to get the space. This is one way in which all our contributors can be of great practical help to the Union.

### WALLACE W. F. OF M. MAKES STRONG APPEAL

Local Union No. 17 of the Western Federation of Miners desires to call to the attention of the people of the Coeur d'Alenes, the fact that the last chapter in the Harry Orchard case has been enacted by the allowance of an insurance company of \$12,954 to the proprietor of a building in San Francisco, which Orchard swore he blew up and the insurance of which the insurance company contested on the strength of Orchard's testimony. This allowance by the courts is additional proof that Orchard lied in his efforts to convict the Western Federation officials. It is further proof that the case was an infamous conspiracy by the Mine Owners' association and their hirelings to disrupt the W. F. of M. The defenders of that plot can now drink their gall and wormwood, though it may be consolation to them that they succeeded in compelling Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone to spend a part of their lives in prison cells and also in depleting the treasury of the organization. But we can point with pride that we came out of the fight victorious and are now stronger, financially and numerically, than ever before—and this, too, with all the combined capitalist powers, from the smallest constable flunkies and prostituted scribblers of the Mine Owners' association up to the president of the United States arrayed against them.

This victory is one which organized labor may well be proud of. We are not boasting, however, and to rejoice is not our object—only to continue organizing and educating. There are many evil conditions existing and we do not blame individuals, except in so far as they support the profit system, which is the root cause of the fight between capital and labor, which we realize will continue to exist until the principles of the W. F. of M. shall prevail. And labor, the producer of all wealth, shall receive all it produces. At present it is necessary to continue to organize in order to prevent soulless corporations from further encroaching upon the liberties of the working class. We want to ask you men of the Coeur d'Alenes who are not yet in the ranks of organized labor, what powers have you to right your wrongs as individuals? It needs no argument to show what the result would have been had Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone been fighting their cases as individuals instead of members of organized labor.

If you can exercise your individuality in your present unorganized state, why did you not come out of the Federal mines and mills and join your fellow workers in the celebration of Labor Day? We state it as an irrefutable fact and challenge contradiction that it was because of fear losing your jobs. How can you say with consistency that you are a "free born American citizen" when you dare not observe a legal holiday for fear of being discharged by the very people who are such sticklers for law and order? Did you have any doubt that these law and order people would have violated the law had you celebrated Labor Day instead of working? If it was a case of involuntary servitude on your part that day, look in the dictionary and see if you are not a slave! If you have to work for wages, which is only part of your labor, for corporations or individuals, are you not a wage slave? If it is in the power of any one to prevent you from providing for yourself and your families are they not your masters? These are but a part of the degraded conditions that labor is subjected to in the Coeur d'Alenes. Is this not a deplorable condition—and only too true?

The Fighting W. F. of M. The Western Federation of Miners is organized to change these conditions for the better, but the progress depends principally upon the length of time you Non-union Men continue to ride upon the backs of Organized Labor by staying out of the union, and thereby helping your masters to further enslave you. You stand as individuals subject to discharge at any moment and for any cause whatever. You can not protest; you have no powerful organization, no treasury to back you up, so you must go down the line, and if you are fortunate enough to have any money you must spend it hunting another master. It's no concern of the corporation how much expense you are put to, or how much trouble or anxiety your wife and family may have to endure.

With these facts in mind it ought to be convincing evidence to any working man that he can not expect any voluntary concessions from a corporation whose object is more profits. For concessions, whether they be in the form of better working conditions, shorter days or higher wages, mean less profits, which is contrary to the interests of capital. But harder working conditions, longer days and smaller wages means more profits for capital, which is not to the interest of Labor.

These are not mere theories, but facts. Again we challenge any of the defenders of the present so-called civilization to point out, if they can, the "identity of interests" of Capital and Labor. We can see no ground for harmony until the present system of industrial anarchy is abolished. We ask you, Mr. Non-union Man, to stop crawling before these corporations. Stand up and be counted as one! Join with us and help to hasten the day Labor will be a badge of honor instead of one of servitude.

The above resolution was unanimously adopted by the Wallace Local of the Western Federation of Miners and ordered to be given all publicity possible.  
LESLIE W. TURNER, Secretary.

### FORCE.

Force is the essence of power and there is nothing accomplished save by force—and force alone. The priest and preacher tell us to be good with goodness as outlined by them, or we will be forced to endure eternal torment. The politicians insist that we respect the laws sold by them, or else be forced to jail for our disobedience. The capitalists and landlords demand that we serve them abjectly and without question or be forced into idleness, hunger and living death. Everywhere and in all things force is the supreme law. And all force is physical force, and that, though never a gun be fired, a bomb exploded, or force Rome ruled the world and by force she fell.

If force England conquered and by force she is being sent staggering to ruin. If force chattel slavery was born and by force it perished. If force the feudal nobility lorded it over earth and by force it adorned the guillotine. By force the capitalist class assumed the purple of authority and by force it will follow the slave lord and feudal barons into the oblivion of the past.

By force democracy is destroyed and by force it will rise again. By force the moon and planets, the sun, and stars are kept in their appointed places. By force the atoms mingle and by force the universe is held together. By force man left the caves, where day his brother brutes and by force he will conquer the palaces. By force all liberty was given and by force all truth proclaimed. By force does right prevail. In force is progress cradled. And force never changes; all that changes is the method of its expression. Rome's grave was dug with the sword; England's is being dug with competition. It is the same. It is all Force. Yesterday, today, tomorrow it will rise again, and will ever rule. Yesterday it was the sword power. Today it is industrial power. Therefore, they who today control industrial power control all power. Therefore, the industrial organization of the working class on the plans and principles set down by the I. W. W. is the chief necessity of the working class, for such organization alone is capable of gathering the force necessary to carry society over the grave of capitalism to the Industrial Commonwealth. And force and violence are not necessary twin terms—the great (?) labor (?) and great (?) leaders (?) to the contrary notwithstanding.

### COVINGTON HALL. WHO IS TAFT? GOD KNOWS.

Is he fat? God knows he is. "Of what meat doth this, our Caesar, eat?" makes him so great? God knows. He is an American citizen. God knows he can. He can speak on the streets and in parlors. God knows he can. Can other Americans speak on the street? God knows they can't. No policemen will arrest him. God knows they won't. No police judge will fine him. God knows he won't. No jail or rockpile for him. God knows they won't. He rides in Pullman cars and automobiles. God knows he does. We ride in box cars or walk. God knows we do. Does he make the grub? God knows he doesn't. Does he eat the grub? God knows he does. We make the grub and eat mud and God knows we do. Does he make the beds? God knows he does. He sleeps in the best of feathers. God knows he does. We sleep on hay or boards. God knows we do. Will he fill the empty dinner pail with goldenly talk? God knows he will. Does he eat coffee and doughnuts? God knows he don't. Does he hunt his way through the country? God knows he don't. Does he pay his own car fares? God knows he don't. Who pays it for him? God knows we do. Would he work for one dollar a day? God knows he wouldn't. Would he like to see others working for a God knows he would. Does he like injunctions? God knows he does. Is he a union man? God knows he isn't. Is he an I. W. W.? God knows he isn't. Would he be one? God knows he wouldn't. Would they let him be an I. W. W.? God knows they wouldn't. Will he work? God knows he won't. Does he like baseball? God knows he doesn't. Does he play tennis? God knows he can't. Will the soldiers salute him? God knows they will. Did he not tell the Filipinos in a speech that the soldier was no specimen of American men? God knows he did. And now they will drum their heads off for him. God knows they will. Will he sleep in police stations and in Sunday tabernacles next winter? God knows he won't. Does he care much about us? God knows he don't. Do we care much about him? God knows we don't. What will working men do this winter? God knows. Our friend calls himself "Cincinnati Fall" God knows he does. And his other name is "Bill," without a scissior." God knows it is.

### BARNEY McMADE. ANOTHER NAIL IN CAPITALIST COFFIN

Greatest Victory in the History of the Western Federation of Miners and the Western States for the Principles of Industrial Union. The seceding engineers at Butte, Montana, came back and took out cars in the W. F. of M. The Amalgamated Copper company was foiled in its attempt to split the Western Federation of Miners into factions in Butte. Credit is due to Joseph Hutchison (executive member), a staunch Industrial Unionist, leader of Propaganda League, and the many I. W. W. in the Butte miners, engineers and smelters' unions. Friday, Sept. 24th, all mining operations ceased in the city of Butte. Saturday the committee who did picket duty had all worn kneed miners in town and the element in No. 1, who were acting the part of sheep, began to take water and hunt their master for shelter. John McMullan (who is considered by the workers to be a more stinky snail than Pinkerton) was one of the instigators of the lamentable but educational struggle. McMullan was one of the main skunks that took part in causing the I. W. W. and W. F. of M. to call the second annual convention of I. W. W. Chicago. McMullan also took a leading part in the continuation of above mentioned scoundrel at the 15th convention of W. F. of M. McMullan was assisted in causing this scoundrel C. C. Mitchell, Alex. Mengler, Barney Lander and Abe Wentwood—hoopwinking the pack and file by a small majority, claiming that we draw, they could settle personal grievances against officials at headquarters and ENJOY MEMBER Lowney. The Amalgamated will have to relearn their sleuths made a grand failure, resulting in cementing the miners, engineers and smelters more firmly, and educating them to our great cause—Industrial Union. Watch the next W. F. of M. convention.  
JAS. C. KRUST.

Force is the midwife of every old social system pregnant with a new one. It is itself an economic power.—Marx.

THE REVOLT IN SPAIN; RESULTS OF STRUGGLE

By Gaston Herve, in "Wohltand fuer Alle" (Vienna.)

Because "order" has been restored in Barcelona the official dispatches announce the end of the revolution in Spain, must we therefore believe that the uprising of our Catalonian fellow workers is indeed vanquished—that their heroic struggle was in vain? No, by no means.

Our Spanish fellow workers have grasped the opportunity which offered. What they have accomplished, and wherein they have failed—on this must we be clear, that their struggle was to the good of all the oppressed of Spain in the struggle for freedom in the future.

Success of Anti-Militarism.

We can safely assert that the movement, as far as the immediate cause of the outbreak was concerned, was fully successful. The masses and working people of Catalonia rose in order to hinder the sending of their sons to Morocco to the end that their sons might occupy the iron mines for a dozen capitalists and thereby lose their lives at the hands of the invader of their country.

Sabotage.

This deep-rooted anti-militarist conviction of the Spanish people found its expression in a gigantic and united spontaneous organization for sabotage. Without resolutions, without central committees, at the first blaze of revolt in Barcelona, and from there clear into north Spain, the telegraph and telephone lines were cut, the rails torn up, the bridges blown away, the roads barred with fallen trees and telegraph poles, and watched by armed peasants, every hostile action of the authorities in the different cities was made impossible.

commands of any central party leadership. By this means they are able to master a revolutionary situation which makes it possible to cause large masses of the population, relying on themselves, to act with them.

These are subjected from their youth to a systematic course of clerical stupidity, irritation and mind-killing drill and discipline. Only by such as these is the government protected from the exploited people struggling for freedom.

And now to the most important question: Why was the Spanish uprising suppressed? For four days long the revolutionists were in possession of Barcelona. What did they do in this time?

The Outcome and Its Cause. And now to the most important question: Why was the Spanish uprising suppressed? For four days long the revolutionists were in possession of Barcelona. What did they do in this time?

It appears that the great mass of the Catalonian people—the town residents, at least—although among the foremost and most revolutionary in Europe—have not freed themselves from a kind of superstitious belief in authority.

The Scarecrow of Authority.

It appears that the great mass of the Catalonian people—the town residents, at least—although among the foremost and most revolutionary in Europe—have not freed themselves from a kind of superstitious belief in authority.

At all events, the people of Barcelona did not take the necessary steps for the abolition of the physical power of the state and the direct appropriation of the social wealth for the free use and enjoyment of all.

representatives in the city council would act as a provisional government and help them. And that these representatives, who were in the majority, have proved that they were absolutely incapable of doing this—this is perhaps the most enlightening result of the past revolt.

Surely this was the cause of their momentary defeat. The people, used to leadership, were not capable this time of giving a vigorous enough thrust without leaders in the direction of the social revolution—that is, in the positive transformation of industry.

ALL FOR THE CAUSE.

Hear a word, a word in season; For the day is drawing nigh When the cause shall call upon us— Some to live, and some to die.

He that dies shall not die lineally Many an one has gone before; He that lives shall bear no burden Heavier than the life they bore!

Nothing ancient is their story, 'E'en but yesterday they died; Youngest they, of earth's beloved— Last of all the valiant dead.

In the grave where tyrants thrust them, Lies their labor and their pain; But undying from their sorrow Springeth up the hope again.

Mourn not, therefore, nor lament it That the world outlives their life, Voice and action yet they give us, Making strong our hands for strife.

Some had name, and fame, and honor— Learned they were, and wise and strong; Some were nameless, poor, unlettered, Weak in all but grief and wrong.

Named and nameless, all live in us; One and all, they lead us yet; Every pain to them for nothing, Every sorrow to forget.

Hearken how they cry, "O, happy, Happy ye, that ye were born; In the sad, slow night's departing, In the dawn of the morn.

Fair the crown the cause has for you, Gain to die, or gain to live; Through the battle—through the tangle, "Peace to gain, or peace to give."

Oh, it may be, oft meseemeth, In the days that yet shall be, When no slave of gold ablieth "Twixt the breadth of sea to sea.

Oh when men and maids are merry, Ere the sunlight leaves the earth, And they bless the day beloved— All too short for all their mirth.

Some shall pause a while and ponder On the bitter days of old Ere the toil and strife of battle Overthrew the curse of gold.

Then, 'twixt lips of loved and lover, Solemn thoughts of us shall rise; We, who once were fools and dreamers, Then shall be the brave and wise.

There amidst our world new-budded Shall our earthly deeds abide, Though our names be all forgotten And the tale of how we died.

Life, or death—then who shall heed it— What we gain, or what we lose; Fair files life amidst the struggle, And the Cause for each shall choose!

Men at some time are masters of their fate; The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, But in ourselves, that we are underlings.—Shakespeare.

SOLID I. W. W. UNION AT McKEES ROCKS

Blunt old Samuel Johnson, whose fierce struggle for existence in the capitalism of eighteenth century England made him bitter against the ruling hypocrites of his time, blurted out the now famous saying, "Patriotism is the last refuge of the scoundrel."

One C. A. Wise, "Chairman of the Strike Committee," whose actions subsequently showed him to be only a tool of the Pressed Steel Car Company, and who was boosted to the skies by the capitalist press, was the star actor in the "patriotic" stunt.

ALL FOR THE CAUSE. (By William Morris.) Hear a word, a word in season; For the day is drawing nigh When the cause shall call upon us— Some to live, and some to die.

Wise called the second strike at McKees Rocks, notwithstanding the capitalist papers accused the I. W. W. of doing it. On the mound at 4 o'clock the 5,000 strikers found Wise and a bunch of about 300 followers—hoodlums from the district; strike-breakers who had been thrown out of the works, and other "desirable" and "patriotic" elements.

The Second Strike. Wise called the second strike at McKees Rocks, notwithstanding the capitalist papers accused the I. W. W. of doing it. On the mound at 4 o'clock the 5,000 strikers found Wise and a bunch of about 300 followers—hoodlums from the district; strike-breakers who had been thrown out of the works, and other "desirable" and "patriotic" elements.

Two processions marched to the works next morning. The first, 300 strong, was headed by Wise with a red, white and blue sash around his waist. The second consisted of the I. W. W. men, 4,000 in line, singing the "Marseillaise" and other revolutionary songs in six languages as they marched through the streets and crossed the now historic O'Donovan bridge, where the bloody battle took place between the troopers and strikers.

Men at some time are masters of their fate; The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, But in ourselves, that we are underlings.—Shakespeare.

This dramatic incident and the events connected with it were grossly twisted by the lying capitalist reporters, who tried to make out that the I. W. W. had started the second strike and had been deserted by all the Americans and most of the foreigners—all "patriots"—who, they said, "had gone over to Wise and were henceforth going to fight their battles under Old Glory!"

Wise has further discredited himself by refusing to turn over the funds of the strike committee in his possession, and it is common talk in McKees Rocks that he and four other members of the committee voted themselves \$3 a day since the strike started and paid themselves out of funds sent to feed strikers.

B. H. WILLIAMS, New Castle, Pa., Sept. 22.

I. W. W. AND A. F. OF L. Fellow Workers and you A. F. of L. Separated Slaves. In the Industrial Worker of September 16 you will notice an article that reads as follows: "There is a great demand for a leaflet showing the impossibilities of the A. F. of L. developing into a revolutionary industrial union."

Why is it an impossibility? You separated slaves like to get pay for your work, do you not? You certainly will have to answer "Yes." The I. W. W. says you are entitled to all you produce. Well, isn't this plain to you?

Now we will take John D. for instance. Did you ever stop to think of John's income? Do you think John could make a loaf of bread? Do you think he could make a coat to put on his back? Do you think he could make a pump to pump his oil? There are a great many things too numerous to mention that we know John D. could not do.

Are the fellow workers at McKees Rocks divided, or do they stick as one man? They show that solidarity that all slaves must show if they ever break their chains. Why does the I. W. W. say that the workers and the bosses have nothing in common? Now, doesn't the boss want to get all he can out of your labor, and don't you want to get all you can for your labor? If that is a fact, how can your interest and the boss's be the same?

No one has a right to superfluity so long as there is any who has not the necessities.—Eugene Sue.

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"IF SILVER SAYS SO, IT'S SO." WORKINGMEN—I WANT YOUR TRADE. I don't try to make you believe I will give you something for nothing, but I will give you at all times a big honest dollar's worth of strictly reliable merchandise for every dollar spent at my store. I am out of the high rent district—sell for cash only—make no deliveries—and have no "frills" of any kind attached to my way of doing business—all this means a big saving on the selling cost—this saving goes to those who buy at this store—it means you get better goods for less money here. Try this store and my way of doing business, when you need anything in the way of Clothing, Furnishings, or Shoes—you will find large well selected stocks—you will get the best of courteous treatment—you will find that everybody gets ONLY ONE PRICE AND ALWAYS A SQUARE DEAL HERE. TWO RED HOT SPECIALS FOR SATURDAY MEN'S \$15.00 SUITS FOR \$10.00. Get next to one of these snappy fall suits,—six different patterns in fancy worsteds—blues, browns, greys, and greens,—splendid fitters and extra durable wearers,—all sizes, Saturday, \$10.00. MEN'S \$20.00 SUITS FOR \$15.00. If you want the best going for a small amount of money, pick one of these suits Saturday,—all the latest shades and models in fine fancy worsteds and cassimeres,—you can pay ten dollars more for a suit but you will not get better quality, better style, better fit, nor better wear,—all sizes, Saturday, \$15. OSCAR SILVER The Big Double Store Cor. Front and Bernard Sts. "THE WORKINGMAN'S STORE."

**INTERNATIONALISM;  
WORKINGMEN UNITE**

On August 14 the editor of the "Times-Democrat" said: "To what extent the French army and the French people generally have been inoculated with the poison of internationalism is perhaps not for Americans to know. But the fact that the virus is spreading is apparent to even the casual observer of events."

It is not perhaps strange that the cult which preaches the "brotherhood of man" so sweetly should depend largely for its success upon the advocacy of the basest immorality—the independence of the individual from all obligation to duty whatever, to-wit: ... The "brotherhood of man" is an attractive slogan, no doubt, but it is not plain how it is to be advanced by the destruction of family, communal and national ties."

Where the editor got the idea that internationalism advocated "the independence of the individual from all obligation to duty whatever, to-wit," I do not know, but I do know that he did not get it from the internationalists, for internationalism is an outcome of Marxian philosophy, is a child of working class thought, and, as far as the working class is concerned, internationalism teaches and must teach that it is the bounden and sacred duty of workingmen and women the world over to stand by each other; that if needs be, though it be a call to annihilation, it is the duty of the workingmen gathered into the Dock and Cotton Council here in New Orleans, to refuse to handle ships that have been loaded by soldiers or other scabs in London, Belfast, Hamburg, Marseilles, Naples, Havana, or any other port in the world; that the cause of the workers in one nation is the cause of the workers in all the nations; that, if the international capitalist class has the right to plunder the world, it is the duty of the international working class to take it away from it, as, by so doing, it not only frees itself but the whole race as well.

**One Working Class.**  
As a matter of fact internationalism, like the philosophy it sprang from, essentially denies the right of the individual to do as he pleases, and that whether the individual unit be a man, a woman, a family, a commune, or a nation, for "From the point of view of a higher economic form of society, the private ownership of the globe on the part of some individuals will appear quite as absurd as the private ownership of one man by another. Even a whole society, a nation, or even all societies together, are not the owners of the globe. They are only its possessors, its users, and they have (it is their duty) to hand it down to coming generations in an improved condition, like good fathers of good families." If this quotation from the greatest internationalist since the days of Jesus Christ (was he, too, "hygienic") argues for the "basest immorality—the independence of the individual from all obligation to duty whatever," then language falls in its purpose, the conveying of thought from man to man, and the world duty, and especially in so far as our moral conduct is concerned, becomes meaningless.

The "brotherhood of man"—this was the "poison," the "virus" that fell "so sweetly" from the lips of Christ, that became the terror of kings and priests and preachers in the hands of Thomas Paine, and is today ripping capitalist society to its foundations.

To sneer at this ideal, the brotherhood of man, is to sneer at all the great and mighty deed that have given life and more than that race might pass from brutality on to reason and to love.

It is the soul of internationalism and, being so, it is bound to destroy the nations, for the nation is the body of capitalism, but it can not destroy the commune, for the commune is essentially a unit of production, as such is the basis of future society, while, as for the family, it, too, is going on to freedom—the unbounded, unforced relation of the sexes, to a condition where love for love will be the only consideration given or taken by the man and woman entering into marriage, where the mandate of our Mother Nature will be the supreme law that sanctifies the holiest bond on earth. But all this, all moral questions aside, still internationalism will win, for it does not depend upon its soul, the brotherhood of man, but upon its body, the ever-increasing socialization of the machinery of production and distribution, as well for its conquest of the race; for, when an industrial organization like the Illinois Central railroad, the Standard Oil Co., the American Tobacco Co., etc., leap not only state lines, not only national lines, but continental lines as well, the materials are at hand—the soul of internationalism enters its body; that body rises; its millions fall, and the "peace of God" dwains over all the earth, for men will no longer have to fight each other like a lot of drunken tigers in order to secure the means of life. COVINGTON HALL.

**WHO ARE FIGHTERS?**

Of course when a person understands the class struggle and the objects of industrial Unionism, it is quite natural that he will think about it more or less; but some are in a position where they can carry on the educational work better than others. For instance, it may not be possible for a man with a wife and children depending on him to talk and distribute literature as openly as a man who is absolutely footloose, and who, if he loses his job, simply gets perhaps a much needed rest, and an opportunity to devote his entire time to fighting the capitalists.

No doubt there are hundreds of married men who are literally burning with the desire to come out in the open and fight the capitalists tooth and nail, to take advantage of every opportunity to enlighten the wage-workers as to their class interests, but who cannot do so for fear of losing their jobs. The conditions are hard enough for a laborer with a family when he has steady work, but when he is out of work part of the time it is simply hell.

On the other hand there are thousands of single men who thoroughly understand the class struggle, the Marxian system of economics, the principles and tactics of the I. W. W. and who are not willing to turn their hand over to help, for fear of being laughed at or receiving a short answer. The feelings of some of these fellows are as easily hurt as the greenest ribbet that ever came from the remote districts of Arkansas. Others are not afraid of losing their jobs, but when they are out of work they will sit around Headquarters all day and play checkers or split hairs as to whether a paper should take in advertising or not when they might be out distributing leaflets or hustling for subs.

I have seen men with families depending on them risking their jobs in the cause of Industrial Unionism, and I have seen some men with not a soul to look after but themselves who were afraid to be seen at Headquarters for fear of losing their jobs. They have plenty of knowledge but no spirit to go with it. They are like the farmers (living at the time of the American Revolution) who hoped Washington would win but who hauled their produce to New York City and sold it to the British army at fancy prices,

while Washington's army was suffering with cold and hunger at Valley Forge.

Now there are a few men who have thrown down the gauntlet and who intend to fight to a finish, to never let up until they are either dead or the exploiting system is a thing of the past. A man or woman of that kind is never out of a job, and after the backwardness and dislike to approaching people wears off, a more satisfactory job never existed. We are not being exploited when we work at that job; the more we work at it the more we want to.

Now, Fellow Workers, let us get our shoulder to the wheel, and resolve that in the future all launts and sneers and short answers shall have no more effect on us than water in a duck's back. Especially all of us shovel-stiffs, hay shovelers and mule skinnors who are out of work half the time, let us send by the next mail and get a supply of leaflets, five and ten cent books and a bundle of Workers and the next time we get out of a job and have to hike, let us hike to a purpose. We might as well travel in gangs as to travel alone, and every town we come to, get on the main street corner and sing "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum," and then if none of us has any ability as a speaker, proceed to sell our literature and if we don't accomplish anything else we will give the sleepy moss-backs something to talk about the next day.

Enclosed find a dollar, for which send the Worker for a year. E. F. LEFFERTS, Oxnard, Calif.

**THE LABOR TRUST.**

I had just finished reading P. Kropotkin's "Memoirs of a Revolutionary" when the Industrial Worker for September 16 arrived. I cast my eye immediately on the paragraph, "Syndicalism," and was struck with the statement of a generalization I had just formulated as a result of my study of the "Memoirs," viz: "Some endeavor to attach the origin of the present labor movement to the principles as composed by anarchist conceptions; others apply themselves on the contrary, find them in the socialistic conception. It is the outcome of events."

Kropotkin alludes to the historic fight when Bakunin was expelled from the International by Marx, and the subsequent division of the labor movement into the unionist branch of the north of Europe and the anarchist (no government) branch of the south. He relates that he attended a meeting in Geneva, where a Marxian Socialist leader (Ookin) made a fiery speech for the workers, but that when the watchmakers wanted the Socialists to assist in their campaign for higher wages and better hours, Ookin refused on account of thereby jeopardizing the chances of comrade B. to election to some minor municipal office.

The prince was disgusted and left for the Bakunists. He never returned. In his own words, he became "an anarchist." The real state of his mind is hard to analyze, but it may have been something like this: He became convinced that there was no hope of accelerating evolution through politics and reforms, so he cast his lot with the one who felt as he did. He realized that revolution comes not through politics as much as through industrial unions on the order of the Russian Communists.

Since 1872 there has been lots of history. Capitalism has become international. It has conquered Japan, and is spreading its victorious banner over China. In this fact we see the advance to an ultimate stage. Capitalist solidarity precedes proletarian solidarity. When iron mills and steel mills are established in China and the oriental workers are exploited to desperation, then the devastating course of capitalism will have been run, and ere that time the new era of the Labor Trust will already have been ushered in.

The course of civilization has been from east to west. When it gets back to the place of beginning there will be a new start. The next stage will not take thousands of years in which to circumnavigate the globe. It more than likely will make the trip in one generation.

When brain and brawn unite in a close, tight and intelligent copartnership there will rise the Labor Trust. Instead of working men uniting to own the government, to run co-operative commonwealth or to elect the mayor of the moon, they will get busy in their own shops, their own bosses, timekeepers, paymasters, and a few others of their necessary organization, which they have rather neglected heretofore in their eager chase after that will-o'-the-wisp, the election of a "friend of labor" to office. I have seen in stated in the Industrial Worker that the abolition of the wage system is the end aimed at. I protest and vigorously demur.

The wage system must not be abolished. What, pray tell, have you to offer better? No, the system is good—only the wages are too low. To raise wages and cut down hours and likewise dangerous work is the way to the revolution. Lessen the output, increase the quality; stuff the pay envelope until it bursts; starve the stock and bondholders until they howl and join, perforce, the jolly proletariat! Do not, for God's sake, touch one hair of the wage system. That would be sacrilege out-rageous. But sweep away with one fell swoop the whole system of wages and salaries, paupers and idlers, beggars and pensioners. Put all on the wage scale. "Big wages and short hours" to him who works, and the choice of occupation thrown in! That is the blessed goal of our intentions, of our somewhat fevered strivings. To reach it, have our heroes shed over them, and sometimes question if there are any such heroes of immortals existing. George Brandes, in his preface to the "Memoirs," states that a man owes it to himself and to society to produce with the utmost intensity of which he is capable. Thus did Pasteur. Such as he are heroes. They have the training so to strive. It was the fault of a society which ran after false gods—that's all. My hero is my race. I picture myself in the near future writing a thousand word article for some stimulating journal like the Industrial Worker and receiving about \$5 per word for it, and then—writing another one. That would be joy to me and sorrow to the capitalistically minded son of a b— who wants to abolish the wage system!

**I. W. W. IN GREAT FALLS.**

The bunch of fakers who framed up the deal in Great Falls, Mont., to leave the I. W. W. rather than break a contract with their bosses are getting busy again. They have arranged to have Industrial Union No. 41 of the I. W. W., which is growing strong, fired out of their hall. Bottomly, a democrat alderman, is one of the "workingmen" who is taking the active part in trying to scab the I. W. W. out of Great Falls.

Next week we will have a full account of this layout.

**TOUR OF JOHN SANDGREN.**

- The following are the remaining dates of Fellow Worker Sandgren's trip:
- October 1—Milwaukee, Wis.
- October 2—Minneapolis, Minn.
- October 3—St. Paul, Minn.
- October 4—Helena, Mont.
- October 5—Butte, Mont.
- October 6—Spokane, Wash.
- October 7—Seattle, Wash.
- October 8—Portland, Ore.
- October 9—San Francisco, Cal.
- October 10—Los Angeles, Cal.

**FREE SPEECH RIGHT  
ON ECONOMIC BASIS**

(Only a dream as yet; but dreams sometimes come true.)

Mr. John Smith was furious; and he had a just right to be.

Two of his best men had demanded an increase of wages and a decrease in hours.

He had been paying them a dollar and a half a day and board for ten hours' work, and they wanted two dollars and board for eight hours. He had refused, and his refusal had been short and dignified.

He did not know, at the time, why they had acted so; but he found out afterwards.

The day before being Sunday, they had gone to town; and just as they were starting for the ranch they had stopped to listen to an I. W. W. organizer. The next morning while Mr. Smith was eating his cream and oatmeal (the cream, by the way, having come from the milk which the Chink gave to the hired men for breakfast), they had dared to come to the door of the family's private dining room and said they wanted to see the boss.

"Just step around back of the house, if you please, and wait until I finish my breakfast," he replied, rather shortly.

They went. He came around in due time and they presented their grievance and received their check.

"Hard Up for Men."

It had almost taken his breath away; their unjust and exorbitant demands.

Men were scarce, and he was short-handed, but he would not give in.

So he ran out his \$2,000 auto and started to town for four men.

"If those men had stayed until the beans were all pilled (he said to himself as he rode along) they could have had the pleasure of riding to town in this auto; but such men as that don't deserve a ride."

He covered the five miles from his ranch to town in eight minutes; stopped his car on the side of the main street and proceeded to look for his four men.

"I hope it won't take me all the morning to find them," he mused.

He saw a young man with an anxious look on his face standing in front of a restaurant. Going up to him he said:

"Are you looking for work, young man?"

"Yes."

"All right, just get your blankets and go over to that car and wait until I come around."

He afterwards found that the fellow had just arrived from Missouri.

He saw a man on the other side of the street, sitting on the curb in the shade, reading a paper (which was the Industrial Worker); he had bought it from the organizer the evening before. Going over to him he said:

"Do you want a job, young man?"

"What doing?"

"Piling beans."

"What do you pay?"

"A dollar and a half."

"Does that include board?"

"Certainly!"

"How many hours do you work?"

"Ten."

"What kind of board do you give your men?"

"Oh, I feed good; just the same as I eat myself."

"Are the beans long or short?"

"Now look here, young man, that's a nice question to ask."

"That question is all right. If the vines are short, and you have to stoop over to pick some of them up, I don't want the job. But if the vines are long and can all be gathered with a fork, then it is all right. You should have brought a sample along."

"The vines are all long," interrupted Mr. Smith, very much irritated.

"Impudent Tramps."

(Two years ago he would not have put up with any such nonsense; but the practice of asking such questions was getting so common among the hoboes—the class of men that the growers had to depend on to get their beans pilled—that if he passed them by on account of it, he could never get a crew together.)

"What is your name?"

"My name is Smith," said John Smith, after a slight pause.

"My name is Finnegan—Mike Finnegan; but on the ranch they call me the Scratton Jumper; because I come from Scratton, Pa., and because I can jump a fast freight or a job at a minute's notice. Well, you see, Mr. Smith, it's just like this: I am a gentleman of leisure and I don't have to work; but I would not like to see your beans spoil; and so, to accommodate you, I am willing to help you pile your beans if you will give me two dollars and a half and board for eight hours."

"Well, if you are well fixed and don't have to work, that's different."

"I have only thirty cents in my pocket, but I am a gentleman of leisure just the same."

"How do you live?"

"I have adopted an easy and pleasant method of living which is becoming more and more popular among the working men; especially those on the Pacific Coast. I have taken to the jungles. Nature provides me with most everything I need; such as spiders, beans, English walnuts, onions and other things too numerous to mention. All the money I need is a few dimes now and then to buy some sugar and coffee."

"If I ever catch you in my walnut orchard, you will get a warm reception."

"Perhaps it would be a good idea to hire a couple of men to watch me."

But Mr. John Smith had heard enough. He marched off madder than he had been for some time. He continued his search for men until nearly noon, but without success, and then ran out to the ranch with his lone Missourian.

"The Jungles."

He had been told that there were generally a few men to be found camping under the row of gum trees along the railroad; but he had never gone there to hire any because he had an idea that they were not good men to work, and his conversation with the Scratton Jumper only strengthened his ideas.

"I will see Mayor Northrup the first chance I get and see if those fellows can't be driven out of there," he said to himself.

The following Thursday two more men quit; so to town he must go for more men. When he arrived in town he saw the two men who had quit Monday.

"Thinking that by that time they must surely be broke, as he had only paid them twenty-two dollars: he went over to them and said:

"Well, I suppose you fellows are broke now, and sober, and ready to go to work?"

"Yes, we are broke all right," they said, as they each displayed twenty-one dollars.

"What! Been here three days and only spent a dollar; how is that?"

But they were not as willing to explain matters as the Scratton Jumper had been, so they just told him they had "quit drinking."

Economics.

Seeing the mayor on the other side of the

street he went over to have a talk about the labor situation.

"Good morning, Frank."

"Why, hello John."

"Say, Frank, I want to talk with you a few minutes, if you are not busy."

"All right, come up to the office."

Arriving at the office, John Smith proceeded to unload his troubles. He told of the impudence of the Scratton Jumper, about the men lying idle under the trees down by the railroad, while at the same time he could not get men; and he asked the mayor if he did not think that they should be driven out of town.

"Havens told them to leave Monday afternoon but it did no good."

"Wouldn't they go?"

"Oh yes, they went all right, but you know Donovan, who has worked in the sugar factory for five years? Well, he was down there with that loud-mouthed agitator who made that speech Sunday night, and when Havens told them to leave or he would run them all in, he went and bought that corner lot and the one next to it over on G street, with the row of gum trees on the south and west side; and they are over there. There were only twelve down at the railroad when Havens ordered them out, but there are over forty there on G street. I was over there yesterday afternoon. I told them I just came over to pay them a little friendly visit, that they were all right now that they are on private property. Some of them were inclined to be a little hot about the way Havens told them to move. I told them not to mind that; that it was just his way; and that we did not want to make them leave their old camping grounds at the railroad, but the company kept after us so that we just had to."

"And to think that those men are down there idle and that I can't get men to pile my beans," said Smith, exasperated. "How do they live?"

"Oh, they are living all right; tomatoes and coal oil cans furnish them with material for making all kinds of cooking and eating utensils. It seems that they are not spending very much money up town. They are shaving themselves, and when they take a bath they hang up their blankets to keep out of sight."

Paid Agitator.

"They have a lot of books and papers on Industrial Unionism, which I believe is the name of their peculiar kind of doctrine. The agitator is making two speeches a day; one down here at 2:30 and one up town at 7:30 p. m. I am going down tomorrow afternoon and listen and see if I cannot get some incriminating evidence against him. The saloon and lodging house keepers are beginning to grumble about business being dull."

"Why in the name of common sense don't you have him arrested and give him six months in jail? The very idea of letting one man—and a d-d hobo at that—come here and run the town," said Smith.

"I will tell you just why I don't," said the mayor. "I was thinking about doing so, but early this morning Donovan came over and said:

"Mr. Northrup, you have always been a good friend of mine, and I want to do you a favor. You know the high officials of the sugar factory just about run this town and as several of their men have taken a layoff without giving proper notice, they are probably after you to arrest Fellow Worker Jones, our organizer and speaker. Now let me tell you something about our strength. The I. W. W. has a local here of eighty members. They have one hundred and sixty thousand members on the Pacific Coast. They have three firms of lawyers hired by the year and a league of two thousand members ready to march at a minute's notice to any place where the right of free speech is denied. Now, if you arrest Jones you will have to arrest every one of our eighty members, then the league will come and you will have to arrest them. Each man will demand a separate jury trial and sue the town for damages afterwards. Los Angeles spent twenty thousand dollars fighting us and then quit; when they started we had one hundred members, and when they quit we had three thousand. The more the police fought us the stronger we got."

"Now, Smith, said the mayor, 'what do you think about arresting the agitator?'"

But Smith had nothing to say.

E. F. LEFFERTS.

The Jungles, Lompac, Calif.

Spokane, Wash.

Affairs in Spokane are getting interesting all around. The district organizer of the A. F. of L. has a contract on Cannon Hill. He paid his men \$2 per day. The scale of Malony's union is \$2.75. On Sept. 24, 32 of his men struck for the union scale. Malony refused to pay it, and will probably try to get scabs to fill the places of the strikers. This Malony also robbed a number of I. W. W. men—Italians—who are not yet posted on the customs of our glorious country, and the protection of the "flag."

Some of the boys who belong to separated union 12,222 walked off a cellar job near the river on Division street on Sept. 28—right when Brother Taft was in the city too. They report that the walking delegate of their union ordered them back; but they refused to go.

Three I. W. W. men were working on the job, and of course quit with the rest. The trouble is, that the boss is a slave driver.

In short, why should speculation and scheming ride so jauntily in their carriages, splashing honest work as it trudges humbly and wearily by on foot?—Greeley.

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