

"AN INJURY TO ONE IS THE CONCERN OF ALL!"

Workers of the World Unite

First Fight, the 8 Hour Day



Industrial Worker

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One Dollar a Year

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WHO SAID A LOGGER LIVES?

The question has often been asked: "What constitutes living?" If it is the mere fact that we have life in our bodies and are plodding along in search of a job with our our blankets on our back, then we are all living.

Do They Drink?

Sure they drink. That is, the most of them do. Saloon keepers have waxed fat from the scanty earnings of the lumberjack. The saloonman knows when every pay day in every camp in his neighborhood. He also knows that the lumberjack will bring his blankets into the saloon for safe keeping until he has a look about the burg and buys another job. The saloon is the only home he has, and there is to be generally found his friends from other camps, who are, of course, always glad to see him. Then the check has to be cashed, which is considered a favor, and the lumberjack reciprocates by buying a drink "for the house," which means all hands, if the gang is not too large. The saloonman is also glad to meet the new arrival with the check, and he too does the honors by "setting them up." Sometimes the checks do not admit of a large "blow-in," as the two-by-four (time check) was administered before a "stake" was made. In parts of Montana this employment ticket graft is "worked to a frazzle." There are camps that are known to have three crews of men. One crew coming to the camps with the "tickets for a job," another with a two-by-four going away, and the other crew at work in the woods producing 20 times more of the boss than the wages could buy back at night. When men are plentiful and the labor market is well stocked, then the employment shark reaps the harvest. If men are scarce and times are good (which means lots of hard slavery) the boss generally tries to "hang onto" his crew after he has selected a good, sound, husky bunch. He can't afford to monkey with the "divvy on the employment ticket" then, as there is much more money to be made in keeping a full crew.

Checks for 5 Cents. Pay checks have been issued to first-class lumberjacks in Montana by no smaller a corporation than Jim Hill's railway, for amounts ranging from 5 cents and up; scores of them for amounts less than \$1. The reader will doubt this statement and immediately say that it would be almost impossible to figure a man's time down so fine. Not so. This check may represent all the cash a worker will receive after working four or five days and perhaps longer. The employment fee in these particular cases are deducted from the wages earned, as in hard times the men have not the money to put up to the "HOG" in advance. Then there is the dollar for the doctor and hospital. (There is generally no hospital and the doctor could not pare a corn.) Poll tax must be paid, which is generally about \$4, if it has not been paid at some other camp, and if the worker loses his receipt, he pays again. Spring mattresses are on sale generally, and as they are fixtures to the bunk, they have to be paid for. The next fellow buys them over again. Boots, rubbers, socks, tobacco, etc., are for sale by the benevolent company at double their town value, and, of course, the woodsmen must have clothes and tobacco. It is now easy to understand how a man could be paid off with a nickle, 15 cents, 31 cents, etc. After all the grafts are worked and deducted from the wages due, the bank check represents the balance due.

Every employer of labor in the camps does not work the graft for all it is worth, but the employment shark graft is quite general, as is also the doctor.

The Food. The food is generally of the coarsest kind. Although not the fault of the cook, as many



The working class in England are refusing to be held in check longer by the sacred contract. Labor leaders are being told to stand aside with their Civic Federation advice. The coal miners are smarting under the union contract which is the idol of John Mitchell. The machinists are being scabbed to death with the other crafts of the A. F. of L., who continue to live up to the sacred contract. President O'Connell is a firm believer in the sacred contract himself, and would contract every machinist with the boss if he could. The Industrial Union is the hope of the slaves. Down with labor fakirs and contracts with the boss.

of the camp cooks are of the best in the land. Good butter is a rare article in a logging camp. Some of it is as white as wax, and as rotten as a putrid carcass, if smell goes for anything. This brand of "Ole," as the men call it, is very cheap, but strong. Strength is what the boss wants.

A lumberjack in Montana put some butter on the railroad track (so the story goes) and the train was derailed. The "main squirt," or superintendent, occasionally visits the camp and eats with HIS MEN. He pronounces the food fine, especially the butter, and shows how tough he is by plastering it good and thick on the bread. He generally takes to the timber or the automobile immediately after supper.

Environment. The environment in which the lumberjack as logger lives is anything but a pleasant one. It consists of working long hours, eating poor food, sleeping in overcrowded bunk-houses, which are alive with vermin (lice and fleas), being robbed by Employment Hogs, packing the blankets, and having to leave them in the saloon in town, where many call home. From the toil of these men a few have made millions and live in the palatial mansions in the cities. The streets are named after them, and they are generally the leading citizens. They have their automobiles and their yachts, and to say the least, they revel in luxury. When the logger has produced more logs than can be sold or consumed, he is immediately laid off until a demand is created. The boss calls this "CURTAILING PRODUCTION," and the lumberjack calls it H—L. If a machine can be procured that will get out twice as many logs as men and donkey engines, with the same sized crew, in it goes. The "flying machine" does this very thing and it was only this year that thousands of men were laid off for a month at a stretch on Hoquiam Harbor to satisfy the great productivity of the "flying machine." The boss got rich, as the "flying machine" drew no wages, and did not need feeding when standing idle. The workers got poor, because the boss did not want them to work. They had by long hours of labor, together with some working man's invention, worked themselves out on the street.

The boss logger is organized to control the price of logs and lumber. Whether times be good or times be hard he has a cinch on the situation. The slave logger is not organized to control that which he has to sell to the boss—HIS LABOR POWER. No effort has been made to shorten the hours of labor. No organized effort has been made to rid themselves of the "EMPLOYMENT HOG." Thousands of loggers are buffeted about on the sea of capitalism with their blankets on their back, having no other purpose in life than to be "looking for jobs," and thus satisfying the greedy man or a few parasites who have by hook or crook gotten control of one of the natural resources of the earth, which was provided by Nature for the common use of mankind.

If we are agreed that the forests were intended for mankind and not for the enrichment of a few gluttons, then it is up to the loggers and all workers employed in the lumbering industry to wake up and organize right, so that they may at least live. Let us begin by getting an eight-hour work day and tending a can to the employment

shark. It is up to the workers to do the curtailing by doing less work each day. There is only one union that is really worthy of the name of a "labor organization" in America. It is founded on the truth—THE CLASS STRUGGLE. The irrepressible conflict between the toilers and the parasites; between those who own the tools and do not use them, and those who use them and do not own them. Between master and slave. Join your union today and take an interest in the work of getting all together. It's your duty. GAL 9—I W W—Houtchens Do it. If there is not a local of your industry in your nearest town, then start one. If you don't know how to start one just ask the "INDUSTRIAL WORKER," or the first I. W. W. secretary you can locate. A LOGGER.

EVERYBODY GET BUSY

FRESNO FIGHT REOPENS. Fresno, Nov. 7.—Fellow Workers F. H. Little and F. Hicok hit the road yesterday morning for Visalia and Porterville, trying to turn back some of our renegades. So soon as 15 men accumulate we will go at it again. Leave all I. W. W. literature and cards at home. Also all women folks. On arrival inquire at Fresno Coffee Store, 1128 I street, by handing question in on slip of paper, purporting to be an order for goods. Continue with men and funds. Copies of this letter have been sent to all locals west of Rockies and four back east. Be damned careful on the road or you will never get here. Yours for a better fight. I. W. W. COMM. U. L. Leister, Box 209, Fresno, Cal.

FERRER.

McClure's Magazine for November contains a splendid article from the pen of William Archer, the noted English Critic, on the life and death of Francisco Ferrer, the great Spanish educator, who was shot to death by a squad of soldiers in the trenches of the Fortress of Montjuich, Barcelona, Spain, on the 13th of October, 1909, after the finding of a verdict of guilty by a military tribunal. Every charge made by the adherents of the murderous church and state of Spain has been refuted by Archer, after a careful investigation right on the ground. Archer has a reputation which is world-wide of giving the facts to the public as he finds them. He was sent on this special mission by McClure, to investigate both sides and fully determine the facts pertaining to each and every charge made against Ferrer and the cause of the Barcelona strike, riots, etc., of which Ferrer was charged and shot for being the instigator. The article will be continued in the December magazine and should be read by every person who is anxious to arrive at the whole truth.

In describing the city of Barcelona and the houses of superstition which have always flourished there, we quote him thus: "And dotted everywhere—facing us at every turn—throughout this city of modern industrialism are monasteries, convents, religious houses of one sort or another, some humble and unpretending enough, but many of them (Continued on Page Four.)"

THAT TIMES EXPLOSION.

It is now admitted by all fair-minded people, who have followed the evidence in the Times explosion inquiry, that the building of the Times in Los Angeles was blown up by gas caused by leaks in the pipes in the basement of the building.

Evidence adduced at the inquiry shows that on the morning of the day of the explosion workmen were forced to go home sick on account of inhaling gas. Telegraph operators employed by the Times also gave testimony as to the stench of gas in their departments on the day of the explosion. Of course these men were promptly discharged.

Now that unprejudiced people are satisfied that the building was not blown up by scab haters, who can answer the following question: Who placed the dynamite under the homes of General Otis and ehandelar?

Who placed the dynamite under the bed of Sherman Bell in Colorado during the last strike of the Colorado quartz miners? General Sherman Bell was asleep in bed on his porch when the powder exploded. The porch was blown to atoms. The bed torn to threads and the notorious labor crushed Bell thrown for thirty feet and was not injured. Tough mug, all right, and unquestionably the right kind of material to stop lead on the field of battle.

This gag of capitalist tools accidentally finding bombs after they themselves have set them in an old one and has been worked to death. This setting of bombs (for the purpose of creating a prejudice against the labor movement) is a dangerous precedent to establish, as some of them may accidentally explode, and then the same kind of sorrow will be expressed as is usually shown for the fellow who sets a trap gun in the chicken house, with a string from the trigger to the door latch, then forgets about it and opens the door himself. Don't play with powder. IT'S DANGEROUS.

A TELEGRAM

San Diego, Cal., Nov. 13, 1910. Editor Industrial Worker, 326 Main Ave., Spokane, Wn. San Diego police prevent meeting Sunday; arrest two members and detain them hours without warrant. No evidence against them. Were photographed and put through Bertillon system. Man arrested for street speaking hires hall. Police close up hall. Business element trying to suppress free speech. Workers, Fresno first, then San Diego. PRESS COMMITTEE, Local 13.

EHI LISTEN.

Don't you see what the I. W. W. is up against? It means that if we lay down on this job of fighting for "Freedom of Speech" that we will have to fight the battles of the past all over again. We are strong enough at present to whip any town in America that makes a distinction between an organization that is fighting for better conditions on earth, and a miserable, crawling, subservient aggregation that is looking for wings after death. This ought to be a good winter to win free speech fights. Work is scarce, and the boss is very cheeky. On to Fresno.

A. F. of L. SHINGLE WEAVERS

(November "Shingle Weaver.") All railway men of France are on strike at this writing. It's not craft unionism, but the "General Confederation of Labor" that is involved. All the same I. W. W. in America.

No notice was given the boss to allow him to get scabs, but on a second's notice the railway systems were paralyzed. From section men to conductors the workers asserted their power. From pick and shovel to ticket punch, the tools were left where the boss could find them (along the railroad track). Trains were stopped wherever they might be when the strike time came. Ships were left at the docks, and press dispatches say the strike will extend to the street cars and subway railways.

With a contrast to our craft strikes in America, where a switchman goes on strike and every other craft union on the railroad (with its sacred contract with the boss) stays on the job and helps whip the switchman. The machinists struck on the Santa Fe system for 226 weeks (over four years) and never stopped a railroad train. It is needless to say they lost their strike.

These are our fellow workers in France that Gompers (our own Sammy) went to a few months ago (while they were in congress in Paris) to advise them to organize like the A. F. of L. in America. Sam got a cold turn down there when he told the delegates of the Syndicalist movement that the I. W. W. was a negligible quantity in America. They replied to Sam that the I. W. W. looked good to them and gave him to understand that craft separation could not be peddled in France and then Sam came home on a scab ship. He went away on a scabby proposition, and it was quite appropriate that he come home on a ship that was manned by a scab crew.

Sam was handed \$1,000 by his capitalist brothers of the Civic Federation, and a banquet given in his honor in New York the night before he sailed. We wonder if Sam was not sent to Paris to show the Frenchmen what a poor brand of unionism they had, and ask them to accept the old fossilized and antiquated brand that he gets \$5,000 a year and expenses for boosting? Whether he was sent matters not. The facts are that he got the \$1,000 for spending money, and he did denounce the I. W. W. in the Paris congress, and he was turned down flat, and he did ride home on a scab boat.

Mark Hanna state dthat the A. F. of L. was the bulwark of capitalism, and Mark was president of the "Harmony Club," or "Civic Federation," and Sam was vice president. When Mark died, Sam should have taken the gavel, but nothing doing. Belmont (who owns a big chunk of New York), the man who whipped the railroad men into submission on the subways of New York, got the gavel and has faithfully wielded it ever since in the interests of an idle class of parasites.

I am not in favor of paying per capita tax to the "bulwark of capitalism" myself, and there are a few hundred around Bellingham in the same boat. We have no trouble in paralyzing the system now by our ignorance in piling up wealth faster than it can be used, and then take to the water tank and bread lines.

We work so hard, so many hours, and produce so much, that the boss sends us home, while he curtails production. Let us curtail it for him by working an eight-hour day, and if there are still bread lines and any need of curtailing production, we will shorten the work day to six hours, and keep shortening it until we take the works. Why not? Think it over, fellow workers. We have nothing to lose, but sore eyes and shingle weavers' consumption, and no more fingers.

Let us unite. One union for all and all for one, and the sooner the better for the slaves.

WALTER HAMMONS, WM. WHITFIELD, Press Committee, Local No. 8, W. U. Bellingham, Wash.

Spain was more enlightened 1700 years ago than at present. There is more money spent for candle grease than for education. The boss is not afraid of the light that shines from candles. Don't light the way to the porterhouse steak. That's bad.

Hell is paved with good intentions. Almost enough now to put in a double floor. MAKE GOOD.

INDUSTRIAL WORKER

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CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS.

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD.
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W. E. Trautmann General Organizer

GENERAL EXECUTIVE BOARD.
C. H. Axelson, Francis Miller, Charles Scurlock, J. J. Etor, Geo. Speed.
Entered as second-class matter, May 21, 1910, at the Postoffice at Spokane, Wash., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

This week finds the "Industrial Worker" with a "muck-stick" artist throwing ink. The "Worker" will adhere to its old policy of "hewing to the line" and letting the chips fall where they may. It will fight the capitalist system and all its agencies, always advocating the one big class union of the workers on the industrial field as the fastest "cut across lots" to our emancipation. If we knew of a faster way to get our freedom we would certainly advocate it.

The "Worker" will appeal to the man on the job at all times and try to show him the necessity of stopping competition in the field of labor by craft division or any other agency that keeps our forces divided.

That our task is a gigantic one goes without saying in view of the fact that the master class has for hundreds of years spared no effort in keeping our class in ignorance so that he could the better pick our bones clean, thus making an easy life of pleasure and idleness for himself.

In asking the members of our class to awake from the age-long sleep into which you have been lulled, and fight our common enemy the boss, we are but asking you to do your duty. In asking our present members to push the work of education and organization we are but asking you to fulfill your obligations to your organization. With only a few to do the work it makes it hard. If we all put our shoulder to the wheel and do our part we are but shortening the time when bread-lines will cease and a few revel in luxury from the sweat and toil of the workers.

The fact that our organization is hated by the master class more than any other, is only more proof of the soundness of our position. We have grown by persecution, which has been seemingly necessary in getting any sound movement on its feet.

The sentiment is rotten ripe for one revolutionary union where every slave can act together if necessary in forcing conditions from the master class. As force is the basis of everything and all governments, we stand to create a force by organization that will eventually paralyze the capitalist system of production and distribution and carry on production when the reign of the boss is over.

Let no bickering over petty things enter into our councils. Our job is a big one. No man is as great as the movement, and if any man attempts to put himself above the revolutionary movement, he should be relegated to the rear. The boss has nothing to fear from the man who soaks up the heat continually around a union hall stove and who talks about everything but the right thing. Let us have system that we may have organization. Let us have organization that we may have system.

If the "Worker" is allowed to die for the lack of support of the members, it will be to our everlasting shame and disgrace. You all know that getting out the "Worker" consumes a lot of money each week. Don't forget that it needs YOUR assistance. Let us make it the greatest fighting machine in America. The moss has to be torn from the old mildewed brain of the satisfied slave. FORWARD NOW. ALL TOGETHER.

Any old dead fish can float down stream. It takes a LIVE one to swim up. ALWAYS BEAR THIS IN MIND.

Whenever you see a "BOY SCOUT" don't forget to stop him and point out to him the reason the capitalist class is so anxious to make a soldier out of him, and have him subservient to the boss. Be kind to him, and speak kindly to him. It is not his fault. When the row of rifles were leveled at the breast of Professor Ferrer in the trenches at Montjuich fortress in Barcelona, Spain, a year ago, his last words were words of kindness to those who were peering along the rifle barrels ready to touch the triggers on the word FIRE. He did not reproach them, but in these words: SHOOT AND SHOOT STRAIGHT, MY CHILDREN. IT IS NOT YOUR FAULT. Long live the modern!

Follow in the footsteps of this great educator and work to tear down ignorance and superstition before the rifles are leveled at your breast. We have nothing to fear from a parasite who revels in luxury from the product of our toil. It is the ignorance of our class that we must fear. With that eliminated the rest is easy. Ferrer was murdered by the very men that he had worked night and day to free. Don't sit around the hall. Keep at work.

It is claimed that the members of the I. W. W. do not want "honest" work. This claimed is advanced by a boss. And he is right. We don't. "Honest" work is work for the profit of the boss. An "honest" worker is one that meekly submits to the dictation of the boss, to the conditions imposed by the boss. We are NOT "honest"! We are so dishonest that we are going to refuse to work for the boss and go to work for ourselves. HONEST? We are not only undesirable and dishonest, but we are everything else that is bad for the interests of the boss who lives by our labor. "HONEST?" Well hardly!!

We workers are not interested in the title, nor who is entitled to the things that labor produces. What we want is the GOODS. And when we TAKE the goods it will be because we have the POWER, and not because we are in a meta-physical way "entitled" to anything we cannot TAKE.

KICK OUT THE KNOCKERS.

Beware of the stool pigeon who inhabits the union hall and is scabbing on the Pinkerton detective agency.

Those who sit around the stove in a union hall and cast insinuations and slurs at someone else who is doing his best to accomplish something in the line of organization is lower than the small end of a snake's tail.

There is nothing lower than the member of the union who wiles away the time finding fault with others.

An honest man is not afraid of an honest man, who makes an honest charge against him, but no man is safe against a backbiting cur who is eternally snapping at the heels of those who wish to forge ahead.

Many an honest man has been driven out of the union by this class of cattle. There are men so constituted that they will not, in fact, cannot stand to hear personal abuse heaped on some one's head who is not present to defend himself. Those who leave in disgust are generally quiet, unassuming men, but who are deep thinkers and whose advice and good council would be valuable to the organization, while the knockers of the scab Pinkerton carrying a card and wearing a button is a curse to the organization. Those who believe in direct action had better "practice what they preach" and proceed to rid the I. W. W. of disrupters who will infest the halls this winter, paying 50c a month dues, and driving \$50.00 worth of fighting material from the organization.

If the back door is too small to handle them all at once, then try the front. If your boots have thin soles, then get good strong half soles put on. We would grow ten times faster if the disrupter is kicked out. The Pinkerton detective agency is paying \$3.00 a day for union smashers. Don't scab on a Pink. Get paid for your dirty work.

Don't make excuses. Make good.—Philistine.

Get that sub you have in mind. We are going after the MAN ON THE JOB.

President Taft has been made an honorary member of the Boy Scouts. He is also an honorary member of the A. F. of L. (shovel stiffs' union). As one of the duties and qualifications necessary to be a good scout is "To obey the master," we feel satisfied that this head of the United States army and navy can qualify in this particular. Whether he can pick and clean a chicken in given time, hike 10 miles or swim 50 yards, is very doubtful, but we are sure he can serve the master. Roosevelt or Bunkovelt is also getting in with the kids on the honorary list. He is also a member of a craft union—the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. The poor children are certainly getting into bad company, and there is no question but that the day will come when they will be sorry for their past record as legalized murderers.

The I. W. W. has many members who in their younger days were hired murderers and stood ready to kill their fellow man on the signal to "Fire." These men today stand for something better than murder, and they hope to live long enough to live down the "folly of their youth."

It's a sickening sight for an intelligent slave to look at an ignoramus strutting down the street with a red horse tail in his hat and badges on his breast (which is a certificate of murder), waiting for some corporation tool of an officer to yell FIRE!! when for \$13.00 a month he can slaughter his fellow man, and nearly always a fellow slave as he himself is.

Birds of a feather flock together. The A. F. of L. ought to be proud of its honorary members.

How about that sub? You need the "WORKER" and the "WORKER" needs your money to pay the printers.

Hell is paved with good intentions. DO IT NOW. You know. That sub.

The American flag was torn to shreds in the capital of Mexico on November 10th. The plant of El Imparcial (a government organ) was wrecked by the furious crowd who gathered. The demonstration had two objects: one to show contempt for the Diaz despotic government of Mexico, and the other to denounce the actions of Americans in burning to the stake in Rock Springs, Texas, Antonio Rodriguez, a Mexican, accused of murder.

The Mexicans in expressing animosity toward the people of the United States characterized them as "Giants of the dollar, pigmies of culture and barbarous whites of the north," and asked: "Where is the boasted Yankee civilization?"

We plead guilty to the whole charge and take off our hats to the Mexican peon who has discovered the truth quicker than the American scissorbill who goes about with patches on the seat of his pants and a bunch of firecrackers in his pocket, waiting for the "Glorious Fourth" so that he can celebrate his freedom.

That sub you know. Be sure and send it in. We should have had it today.

Man has all the vices but not all the virtues of the beast.—R. G. Ingersoll.

With the working class of Spain, Portugal, France, England and Mexico at present showing their strength to the master, together with the I. W. W. growing daily, it looks as if we may be closer to our freedom than we imagine. Speed on the education. DOWN WITH CAPITALISM. How much of this country do you own? IF YOU ARE RIGHT YOU CANNOT BE TOO RADICAL. IF YOU ARE WRONG YOU CANNOT BE TOO CONSERVATIVE. Better frame this one and hang it up in the union hall. If there is one thing more disgusting than another, it is to see some poor deluded half-starved slave, covered with rags, and his home on his back, objecting to join the union "BECAUSE WE ARE TOO RADICAL." Probably a few days in a bread line with his paw out for a dry crust of bread will cure him of this. The bread line is about due.

When you hear a "beast of burden" with his blankets on his back telling of the virtues and great brains of his boss, put him down as a hard subject to work on. Stick to him and he will yet see the necessity of more wages and less hours. After he discovers what is the matter he will soon want all he produces.

POLITICAL SHYSTERS

HOW POLITICAL SHYSTERS GOT BEATEN AT THEIR OWN GAME.

The following shows how the "unwashed aggregation o' stramps" puts it over the wise Mike of a middle class scissorbill:

Talk about Ruebens coming to town to see the circus, but these gents in Libby have every mossback skinned a mile when it comes to easy marks.

Fellow Workers Spicer and Shippey have increased the size of their pork chops as a result of their speaking tour to Eureka, Mont., where they were SUPPOSED to pull some political chestnuts out of the fire for those who had employed the Swain detective agency to use the name of the Industrial Workers of the World. The boys had a good trip and after getting the dough, exposed the whole fake arrangement. They forgot to line up to the "SACRED CONTRACT" with the boss. The "swell guys" of Libby are poorer but wiser, and are out the county seat, which they might have won had they not played with a live wire. Moral—Don't monkey with the I. W. W.

The Sacred Agreement.

Spokane, Wash., Nov. 5, 1910.

To whom it may concern:

I, R. Nord, do hereby agree to pay to H. S. Shippey and to L. Spicer the sum of twenty-five dollars (\$25.00) each, (said amount to be deposited with T. H. Dixon, Sec'y Spokane Locals, I. W. W.) and railway fare and expenses (not to exceed \$5.00 each) for the purpose of delivering lectures in the city of Eureka, Mont., on the 7th and 8th days of November, 1910. The subject of these lectures to be "Persecutions of our speakers in Eureka and elsewhere."

Said money on deposit with T. H. Dixon, to be paid to H. S. Shippey and J. L. Spicer upon their return to the city of Spokane, Wash., and application for the payment of same on fulfilling above contract.

As T. H. Dixon is the secretary of the Spokane locals of the I. W. W. it is needless to say that the money was paid.

The following orders were issued by Mr. Nord when the contract was agreed to. Just imagine an I. W. W. speaker telling an audience that the only way we can do anything against capital is with our ballots. The following speech was written by a capitalist, and it cost him nearly \$100.00.

The Orders.

"Talk briefly on the subject of the order and then come out with something like this: 'We have got to stick together, and the only way we can do anything with capital is by our ballots. You, most of you remember what the people of this town did to some of our speakers a little over a year ago when we were trying to organize ourselves to fight against starvation wages. For the benefit of those of you who do not know about this I will state that our speakers were egged off the streets and we were run out of town. Now, fellow working men, this is our opportunity to get even with the people of this town, by casting your ballot against Eureka for county seat.'"

Knowledge is power. More knowledge, please.

GO AFTER THIS DEFICIT.

Spokane, Wash., Nov. 13, 1910.

Weekly report of the receipts and expenses of the "Industrial Worker" for week of Sunday, Nov. 6, to Saturday, Nov. 12, 1910:

Receipts.
Received for bundle orders..... \$68.50
Received for subs..... 33.15
Sub cards and papers sold by H. S. Shippey..... 9.00
Papers sold on street and in hall..... 5.90
Chas. Bernat, donation..... 1.00

Total receipts \$117.55

Expenses.

Spokesman-Review, Chronicle and Press \$.65
W. Z. Foster, Paris, France, expenses paid 5.00
Postage stamps 5.00
Grauman-Walker Co., acct. printing..... 75.00
McDermid-Salnavé Co., cartoons and etchings 10.80
Great Northern Express Co., shipping papers 2.00
Hauling papers to postoffice..... .50
Paste25
Herbert Hodge, drawing cartoons..... 20.00
H. S. Shippey, balance wages due to Nov. 10th 12.00
os. O'Neil, wages, asst. editor..... 7.50
F. H. Heslewood, wages, editor Nov. 10th to Nov. 12th..... 9.00

Total expenses \$147.70

Total deficit Nov. 5..... \$279.33

13—WORKER Stuart

Total expenses Nov. 6 to Nov. 12..... 147.70

Total \$427.03

Total receipts, Nov. 6 to Nov. 12..... 117.55

Total deficit, Nov. 12, 1910..... \$309.48

T. H. DIXON, Secy.

"Those too the Tyrant Serve, who, skilled to snare
The feet of justice in the coils of law,
Stand ready to oppress the weaker still
And right or wrong will indicate for gold,
Sneering at public virtue, which, beneath
Their pitiless tread, lies torn and trampled
where
Honor sits smiling at the safe of truth."
—SHELLEY.

THE "WORKIN' STIFF."

Note: The United States Census says there are 10,000,000 casual laborers in the United States—that is, 10,000,000 men who work at temporary or "short-time" jobs. To the underworld these men are known as "workin' stiffs."

They asked me, "What's a workin' stiff?"
And I told 'em best I knew,
Though all I got was a doubting snif
And a titter when I got through;
But I told them straight as the bow of Pate,
The same as I'm telling you.

A workin' stiff is the lad that toils
On the tracks ere the trains go by,
And he is the victim and they are the spoils;
And the victor?—is you and I.
He levels the path for the engine's wrath and
stretches the strands of steel;
But he always rides where the ballast glides,
by the roar of the brooding wheel.

For his is the brunt in the screech atrife,
The brawl of a moment's breath;
And it lies in the places far from life
And only an inch from death.
He must blind his brain for his body's gain
and live in the seconds bought—
So his work is long as his arms are strong,
and his pleasures as swift as thought.

Would you sunder the wall of a basalt chute
To a river of grinding rage?
And lead it out like a conquered brute
From its path of pre-Cambrian age?
Would you Eden breed from a desert seed,
through the bowels of a barren cliff?
Promote it a bit, and the granite will split at
the tread of the workin' stiff.

When the wheat is ripe on the standing grain
He crawls on the steam-wrapt blind,
And, haggard, swags to the trembling train
As it wings through the rough night wind.
Then—the endless days in the header's haze
and the breathless, broiling heat;
A bleary blank, for an all-night tank, and
then—let him beg on the street.

Does a city shake to a broken shell?
Does it burn to a blackened heap?
Does the ocean vomit a whirling hell
That buries it dead in the deep?
Will you build it new with the famished few
that foster the wasted veins?—
As the field is born from the blasted corn that
fell in the April rains!

On the road, he's a cat, and a bloody flnk.
And a scissor-bill to boot;
And bindle-stiff is a gentle link
In the names that he must bruit.
For the lowest bum and the foulest scum are
higher than such as he,
As the stars in the sky are lit high from
their brothers in the sea.

He's a workin' stiff—ergo, he works.
He's a stiff—id est, he's broke.
He hasn't the sense to play the firks,
And he hasn't the brains to moke—
Which is to observe that he hasn't the nerve
required of those who steal,
And equally lacks in the mental tacks incum-
berent on begging a meal.

When he's off the road he's a nasty tramp;
If he's working, a fly-by-night;
If he lands in court he's a vagrant scamp,
And a couple of months is light.
But, breathless, he may progress to the ranks
of the Johnny Yegg;
For the name and the game, and the game
and the name, are only diserved a peg.

And truth of it is that he's neither a tramp,
Nor a fink, nor a Johnny Yegg.
Nor a fly-by-night, nor a vagrant scamp,
Nor much of a fellow to beg.
He works when he can, like another man,
and quits when the job is done;
But the jobs are short and away apart, and
most of the time are none.

So he works the while that there's work
to have,
GAL 3—I W W Houtchens
And goes when the work is gone;
For work is the master and he the slave;
And The Master's will be done.
And sometimes he drinks; but he never
thinks—and the cause redeems the end.
Since the mind must bend as the back's in
clined and the back must ever bend.

Ay, the workin' stiff is the lad that plods
Up the tracks as the trains go by;
He builds the railroads and rides the rods,
And his cities rend the sky.
But he's never a bed to lay his head nor a
roof to hide his grime;
He harvests the wheat that the world may
eat, and—goes hungry most of the time.
—LIONEL C. MOISE, JR.

TRYING PRAYER TO FIGHT EPIDEMIC OF DIPHTHERIA

Chicago, November 3.

Prayer instead of medical science in fighting an epidemic of diphtheria is being tried in Zion City today. Overseer Wilbur Glen Voliva will take supreme charge of the Dowie estate and of Zion City next Monday.

Voliva declined to talk concerning the epidemic, but on matters connected with Zion City he spoke freely. He said that many changes would be made in the city as soon as the receiver turns over to his charge the \$2,000,000 estate.

In the first place Voliva announced he would be supreme ruler. He did not explain just what would happen to the independents who fall under his wrath, but he indicated that he would show them that life outside Zion would be far pleasanter than in the city founded by Dowie.—Exchange.
A twentieth century cure. If this doesn't work, we would suggest eating peanuts.

NEWS FROM THE MAN ON THE JOB



A GOOD PLACE TO STAY AWAY FROM.

Duluth, Minn.
The employment sharks of Minneapolis, Duluth and Superior are shipping men to Swallow and Hopkins, at Winton, Minn., stating that there is no walking and that the train goes right to camp, which is not so, as the D. & I. R. railroad only goes as far as Ely, and it costs 50 cents to get to Winton on the stage, and then you go five miles by boat and on a logging railroad and by boat again. The camps are out 30 to 70 miles, and when the lake is frozen up or the ice going out in the spring there is no way to get out. It is the most detestable country a man ever looked at—all lakes and rocky ledges. Over 100 men left the camps who never called for their checks at the head office where they are cashed. They are supposed to be drowned. The board is bum; bum bunkhouse; slave drivers of foremen; hospital fee \$1.00 per month. Would take two days to get from the camp to hospital under favorable conditions. Pay low wages; charge high prices for clothes and tobacco. The Duluth Employment Co. ships all new-comers and greenhorns out there. It is a good place to stay away from.

A. A. RICE,
Member Local 68, Duluth.
FROM EMENCLAW, WASH.

advise other slaves to keep clear of Stone Webster's camps, near this place, as they are now firing, not hiring, so the slaves would have their hike as their only reward. However, should there be any slaves in your vicinity who are not averse to wood cutting and whose backs have acquired the requisite amount of moss necessary for this rain-soaked country, there is a fairly good demand for that sort of graft here. With best regards for the I. W. W. and Revolution.
ROBERT LEE HARRIS,
SOREN SORSENSEN,
J. F. GIBLIN,
RALPH ORNESS.

Fellow Worker John M. O'Brien sends a lengthy description of a trip to a job (with six others) on Vancouver Island.
The job is at Alberni, B. C., and is worth \$50 to get it. Between staging and walking for two days and nights, only to find a slave pen of the worst kind. It's a railroad camp and John advises all workers to keep away from it.
Space will not permit of the interesting, lengthy description of the hard trip to the job and back. Keep away.

Am working on construction at Natron, Ore. Wages, \$2.25 per day. Food fair; \$1 for hospital. Hansen Employment ships men here. Also shipping from San Francisco. Walk 35 miles after getting to Natron.
(Signed) WORKING MAN.

Am working at Kalama, Wash., for N. P. railroad. Wages, \$2.25 for nine hours. Pay once a month. Sleep in tent. I. W. W. men can get on. Hire from shark. \$1 for hospital.
(Signed) GEO. W. REESE.

Fellow Worker J. W. Johnson has all the flues caulked on Jim Hill's engines and puts his spare time in writing a pamphlet for railroad men—"God knows they need it."

PREAMBLE OF I. W. W. CONSTITUTION

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.
Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.
We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.
These conditions can be changed and the interests 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 every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.
Knowing, therefore, that such an organization is absolutely necessary for our emancipation we unite under the following constitution.

Camp No. 12. Bonners Ferry Lumber Co., better known among lumber jacks as Pigeon No. 12. Stable, bunk house, mess hall, kitchen, water closet and four legged pig pen all in one ring. Bum grub, bum bunkhouse and bum foreman called Bum Bush for driver. Wages cut to \$2.25 and \$2.50 for sawyers and swampers. All foreigners quit in a bunch. English speaking slaves left one and two at a time. All intelligent men stay away.

MEMBER 222,
Spokane, Wash.
NOTICE.
To loggers and lumber workers. The WORKER is desirous of keeping in touch with the doings in the lumber industry. You are urgently requested to drop a line to the paper, reporting the conditions of your job and the industry in general.

A LIVE ONE.

Fellow Worker J. F. Hurd of Spokane I. W. W. is leaving today for logging camps in the St. Joe district in Idaho. Hurd is a live one, and is responsible for a great number of members in the I. W. W. in the last two months. He is an old member of the A. F. of L. and, although a skilled workman, yet he prefers at present to work among the lumberjacks, as he has lots of confidence and hope that the Jacks yet will be a fighting organization, and will knock down the hours of labor to eight at the very first clip. He carries credentials from Spokane I. W. W. as a camp delegate and is entitled to the respect and confidence of all toilers.

Am working for C. Fiddick, logging contractor. Wages, \$2.75 to \$4.50; pay whenever you get it. Sleep in bunkhouse; 12 men, no bull cook. Grub a little above the average. Sidehill work; no hospital fee; no taxes. Boss is O. K., and hires men by employment shark. Inclosed find the new list of wages made up by the shark, which are considerably lower, as paid at the present time by the bosses.
Yours for the goods,
GERHARD MOHRING,
Local No. 45.

P. S. I. W. W. men can agitate here to their heart's content. About a month's work here.

THAT TIMES EXPLOSION.

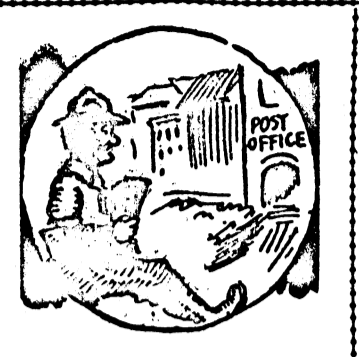
I do not join with other revolutionists in the assumption that the Los Angeles "disaster" necessarily occurred through the immediate conspiring of General Otis, his colleagues in the long and venomous war upon labor, or their despicable Hessians and spies. It must be confessed here that to one who is familiar with similar conflicts all the circumstances do point accusingly to organized capital, even to the exclusion of the theory of an accidental explosion by gas, but suppose that sooner or later the facts appear to be otherwise, what then? Shall we join with the masters in hounding to the gallows and death a member of the working class, who, acting individually, and smarting under some special form of capitalist tyranny, set with his hand the deadly fuse? Perhaps his home had been broken up or he had been compelled to stifle his manhood and go the way of the patient ox, homeless, loveless and without a fireside. He might have had a mother, sister, wife or daughter debauched and fed to vice by the system which makes millionaires on the one hand and kicks, bruises, beats and starves his class, on the other.
For my part I wish to say that there are exigencies in this strife which puts a premium on cunning and cruelty, under which I would gladly assume responsibility, for his brave and courageous deed.
Then it seems to me that we are putting aside a valuable opportunity to let spies, scabs and strike breakers know that theirs is not a healthy occupation.

BRUCE ROGERS.
The workers have nothing to gain by violence, although it is surprising that there are not more acts of vengeance on the part of men who are driven by the lash of hunger. The following are the words of Francisco Ferrer:
"That which violence wins for us today, another act of violence may wrest from us tomorrow."—Ed.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

In the future make all money orders sent to this paper payable to the Industrial Worker and not to any individual, thus avoiding complications.

Boosters' Brigade



Education is necessary in having a sound organization. Don't forget that sub today.

Procrastination is the thief of time. Are you helping to build up your local?

Fellow Worker Whitehead, secretary of the organization committee in Seattle, comes in with three subs for the "Worker."

Secretary Clyde of the Seattle Loggers is always on the job. This time with three new ones. Got to get those loggers.

Fellow Worker Albers of New Orleans is there like a duck with four. Come again, Frank. Got to give them hell.

Sunday night's propaganda meeting in Spokane brought a bunch of five. Always call for subs at the propaganda meetings. It pays.

FROM LOCAL NO. 247 OF SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN.

Members from this local who are willing to pay their dues will find some one there in the evening. Do not carry the idea that this local can exist on hot air. This means you. If any member undertakes the stump and is not capable, or tries to sing and cannot do, it is up to you to take his place and do better or shut your gap. In other words, put your shoulder against the wheel and try to push it along. Pay up your debts, so we can be able to hire some capable person, who is able to do this work. Sympathy without limit; promises by the gallon, and good wishes by the bushel will never accomplish anything, therefore I ask those who carry the principle of the I. W. W. at heart to stop hair-splitting. Try and do something for the organization. Before I close will ask you again to wake up from your long dreams. Begin to do something for yourselves and the fellowmen of your class, so we may live to see the day when we will have the power to throw off the yoke of wage slavery and abolish capitalism and the wage system. With best wishes and hopes,
I remain yours for Industrial Freedom,
H. SEIGLEMAN,
Secretary Marine Transportation Department of Local No. 247; 1717 Fifth street, Superior, Wis.

FROM FRESNO.

The county jail slate was wiped clean of every I. W. W. member this morning when the two last of the I. W. W. colony, Peter LeBlanc and John Brinskelli, changed their plea and left town on floaters. There has been no trouble with the agitators since the fifty-two decided to give up the fight last Wednesday and left town on ninety-day floaters. Between sixty-five and seventy have been imprisoned in the jail awaiting trial some time or other, since the trouble began about a month ago.—Ex.
As soon as the forces can muster together the floating will take a different direction. Once that is done the fight will be carried on incessantly until we have FREEDOM OF SPEECH in Fresno, Cal.
Fresno has a delightful climate, and as this is a free (?) country, the Worker would suggest that every man who is out of work should try Fresno. This is going to be a hard winter, and the northern climate is not adapted for men who are unable to find a master. We hope that every floater will float to Fresno. Fresno or bust.

THE JURY HAD A "PLEASANT TIME"

Theodore Denker Passes Away as Direct Result of Great Trial.
(From Chicago American of April 13, 1904.)
Theodore Denker, said to be the last member of the jury that tried and found guilty the Haymarket Square Anarchists, has died from the strain of the case, which so affected him that he lost his mind.
Of the jury that heard the case of the Anarchists every member, Denker, last of all, has met death under peculiar circumstances. Denker was confined in the State Insane Asylum at Elgin ever since the trial, excepting for short infrequent intervals, when he was permitted to return home. His death occurred at the asylum.
Denker was 47 years old and lived at 214 East Sixty-third street, where his wife conducts a restaurant. The notoriety to which the members of the jury and everybody connected with the case was subjected at the time of the trial was so great that Mrs. Denker has tried to conceal the fact that her husband was a member of the jury.
Can't understand how this mug ever lost his mind, as he never had any

WHAT THE LOCALS ARE DOING.

Under this head the "Worker" invites every local of the I. W. W. to report weekly the progress being made. Elect a Press Committee whose duty it will be to send in the news.

Local unions in San Diego, Cal., took in 17 new members during the month of October.

Bellingham No. 337 is growing sound and solid. Close to the 300 mark now, and the boys are after 500 for Xmas. All bonds side slaves, producing wealth for the master every day. No. 337 has two halls; one in South Bellingham and one in North Bellingham. Nothing like catching the slaves coming and going.

Sedro-Wolly No. 318 is right on the map. Local growing by big chunks. Labor temple lot paid for and a rough building erected, that will do for the winter. All workers invited.

A local of coal miners has applied for a charter at Burnett, Wash. All members of the U. M. W. A. They are getting tired of being Civic Federalized. They want to pay their own dues and elect their own secretary. At present the boss collects the dues in the U. M. W. A. All charter members are foreigners from Italy. Ignorant foreigners (!) Let us hear from the foreigners in Roslyn and Cle-Elum. The American will likely come later. He is free?

I. W. W. local in Duluth is alive and fighting against big odds. The boys there say Mr. Employment Hog has got to vamoose. Power to you!

TO THE LOCALS OF THE WEST.

Local No. 45 at the regular business meeting instructed the secretary to get in communication with other locals with the view of putting the Worker on a paying basis; that is, if the Worker cannot be published and maintained on a paying basis at Spokane, that it be published in some other locality. Local No. 45 would suggest that the locals of the west take over the paper, instead of letting one or two locals have control of it, and outside locals, though helping to support it, have no say who the editor shall be or what the cost of the printing is and what the circulation of the paper is. Local No. 45 is getting tired of receiving letters from Spokane appealing for funds in order to keep the paper going. The Worker has been printed in two places since its birth—Spokane and Seattle, and in Seattle it was on a paying basis. So if we cannot keep it going in Spokane, let it go back to Seattle or some other place, so long as it pays for itself.

With best wishes, I remain,
Yours for Industrial Freedom,
THOS. H. BAIRD,
Secretary Local No. 45.
(The receipts and expenditures of "Worker" are printed every week.—Ed.)

Billings, Mont., Nov. 11, 1910.
Industrial Worker,
Spokane, Wash.

Editor and Fellow Worker:
Will let the readers of the Worker know that Billings is a dead one; no work of any kind (the street work is nearly completed) except odd jobs, and about 150 men (hungry for work) ready to grab anything that looks like work and has a master attached to it. There doesn't seem to be any chance to reorganize the local this winter, but Billings certainly needs a class organization.
EMMET DUYSLAGER.

A LETTER TO THE MEMBERS OF LOCAL NO. 68.

What ho! Ye prowling terrier members of Duluth City I. W. W. Local. You who are out in the woods or in railroad camps, let's heart from you. When coming to town, don't forget the number of our new hall, 907 West Michigan street. A modern equipped club room is awaiting you. But what's the use of telling about it now? Just come, and you'll be surprised how the boys have kept things on the hum in your absence.
In the meantime send for literature. It will aid in doing some missionary work among the men on the job. Have you our latest song book? What? No? Oh, you cheerless slave! Why not order some? It will live things up for yourself and your pals, at the same time the slave driver will get the jim-jams hearing the bunch singing. Shall we still be slaves and work for wages!
Also, remember that the Duluth boys have to bear the burden of keeping things going in this burg, while you are away. Therefore, you are most politely requested to look into your due book. If not paid to date, better square up now. It's so much easier to pay now than let yourself drop too far behind, don't-cher-know?
If your exchequer will stand a touch, let's have a sample of the "long green," just to help things go along. We are organizing the tinsmith workers of this town now and it costs money. The restaurant workers ought to be organized, so when you come to town it will be no poorly paid hashness who is waiting upon you, but a nice I. W. W. girl. Yum! yum! The cooks and pearl divers, they, too will carry an I. W. W. card, besides being experts in preparing chuck that'll stick to a hard working man's ribs.
We can do the same thing here as was done by the Spokane cooks and waiters last spring. Will you help us? Come along!
Yours for the goods,
SECRETARY LOCAL NO. 68.
Solidarity please copy. Duluth, Minn.

SHOE WORKERS.

Of Greater New York Joining I. W. W.—Organizing Effort Doing Good Work.

(From Solidarity.)
Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 30.

Joseph J. Ettor, member General Executive Board and organizer of the I. W. W., is still in New York City, where he is making large additions to the ranks of industrial unionism. Since October 9, the date of his last letter to Solidarity, Ettor has held five big meetings among the shoe workers and tailors of the metropolis. As a result Shoe Workers Local No. 168 of Great New York now has over 500 members; with prospects of still greater growth in the near future. The shoe workers of the east are in revolt against Tobinism, and the field is ripe for action.

Local No. 168 held a rousing meeting last Saturday evening, October 29, in the Assembly Cafe, 308 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Over 300 workers were in attendance. Ettor spoke in both English and Italian. S. M. Giovanti, editor of "El Proletario," also spoke in Italian. The speeches were well received, and more members enrolled. In addition, the work of organizing every shop in Brooklyn was systematically taken up. Shop committees were appointed to work to this end, in conjunction with the executive board and the organizer. Another meeting will be held in the Assembly Cafe, 308 Fulton street, Brooklyn, on next Saturday, November 5, at 8 p. m. Shoe workers are invited to attend.

Next Wednesday evening, November 2, a joint mass meeting of tailors will be held in Teutonia Assembly Rooms, Third Avenue and Sixteenth street, New York City. This meeting will be addressed by Ettor, in answer to a representative of the A. F. of L. Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. He was present at the previous mass meeting of the I. W. W. and given the floor. While occupying it, he sought to persuade those present from joining the I. W. W. The joint mass meeting is a result. In addition, a challenge has been published in two languages. So also has an open letter to Arturo Caroti, a prominent Italian socialist, who has gone over to the A. F. of L. There is much dissatisfaction among the Italian socialist workmen over the recent "victory" of the cloakmakers. I. W. W. organization is growing among them.—Solidarity.

Blaine I. W. W. is picking up. Some fine scrappers in Blaine. Times are hard there and work scarce.

MEAT PACKERS ON STRIKE.

Pittsburg Workers Organized in I. W. W. Make Demand for "More Meat."

Just as we are about to close our forms for the week, a report comes from General Organizer Wm. E. Trautmann, who has been working in Pittsburg for about two weeks, that 1,500 members of the I. W. W., recently organized, and employed in the meat packing industry, are on strike.

This strike is in answer to a lockout order in three big packing firms, the Fried & Reinemann Packing Company, the Zoller Packing Company and the Rea Packing Company. Wage increases had been asked for. A few firms were ready to grant the requests, but the big Chicago bosses, who came to Pittsburg personally to whip the local packers in line, gave orders so that the local packers were forced to lock out the employees. Trautmann writes:
"In this case the bosses, in conference with the committee, all American-born, tried the old game of prejudicing the Americans against the Hunkeys
"The manager of Schwarzschild & Sulzburger told the secretary of the union, who is himself an American, why he and the hundreds of others should not make common cause with the 'ignorant hunkies.' The answer was seen when the strike order was issued, or rather when the bosses precipitated the lockout. No more will the cry, the innumerable weapon of 'hunkies' and 'Jewish' employers, who have degraded the workers by using the foreigner to beat the native into submission in the past, work in this strike. Indeed this is progress.
"The outcome of this strike will show that the workers as a class are going to claim their own, are going to win better pay, shorter hours and finally emancipation. Thirteen hours' work a day was the rule in Pittsburg packing houses. In the Pittsburg Provision Company's plant, where about 800 are employed, men did not make more than \$8 or \$9 a week.
"The rebellion was spontaneous, although the union of packing house workers was organized a year ago just a week before I left the Pittsburg district after the McKees Rocks strike.
"Drivers, engineers, firemen, cooperers, butchers and laborers are sticking together in this strike. Once more will history be made by the Industrial Workers of the World.
"Send letters of encouragement and contributions to these men. The Chicago bosses know that a victory here will also mean an end to the appalling, inhuman and barbarous conditions in the Chicago packing houses.
"Therefore, workers, come and aid."
Solidarity.

NOTICE.

Any revolutionary organization that has stereopticon slides, and would like to exchange communicate with G. W. Reese, Secretary I. W. W., 63 1-2 N. Second, Portland, Ore.

All politicians are politicians. What's the answer? Not any for the workers!

Get that man on the job with you to join the I. W. W.

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For Three Dollars Four Sub Cards

If you are interested in spreading the propaganda of Industrial Unionism; if you wish to see The Industrial Worker grow; purchase four yearly subscription cards for three dollars. If you are not a subscriber, sell three of the cards at a dollar apiece, and you will have your own subscription free. If you are already a subscriber, sell the four cards, which will net you one dollar, or 25 per cent commission.

*We Must Have the Subs
Lend Us a Hand*

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Address T. H. DIXON, Spokane, Wash.
326-30 Main Avenue

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32 page pamphlet. Price, 5c.
Pamphlets in Foreign Languages—"Why Strikes Are Lost," by W. E. Trautmann, in Lithuanian. Price, 10 cents a copy; 25 per cent off on orders of 100 or more. In Italian—"Report of the I. W. W. to Paris International Congress."

STICKERS! PASTE 'EM!
50 cents per thousand.

REMEMBER JAMES KELLY COLE.

A book has been printed which contains some of the writings and poems of James Kelly Cole. It is an 85-page book. Single copy, 25c; discount to Locals.
Address VINCENT ST. JOHN,
518 Cambridge Bldg., 55 5th Ave., Chicago.

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Official Organ of the Franco-Belgium Federation, I. W. W.
AUG. DETOLLENAERE,
9 Mason Street, Lawrence, Mass.

The Agitator

A Worker's Semi-Monthly
Advocate of the Modern School INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM AND INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM
Yearly, \$1 Quarterly, 25c. Sample Free
JAY FOX, Editor
Lakebay, Washington

Make some slave subscribe to the WORKER. It is good medicine for jobophobia and bossitis.

EXTRA!

A third very much improved edition of the I. W. W. Song Book is now ready for delivery. The book contains many additional songs. Some are classic songs of the workers' hopes and aspirations, while others are especially adapted to arouse the prowling terror of the northwest. The Preamble, Hall Directory, I. W. W. literature and publications, etc., are also features of the song book. However, the price remains the same as the old one.
Order now.

FERRER

(Continued from Page One.)

vast and splendid. Some are devoted to education, others to works of charity; but none it would seem, has succeeded in earning the respect, much less the love, of the working classes, who accuse the frailes of humiliating and exploiting the children they profess to teach and train. Exempt from taxation, some of the religious houses compete in the production of certain commodities; and this unfair competition is keenly resented by the people. Then the secrecy of the conventional life gives scope for strange imaginings as to what passes behind the impenetrable walls. At the present moment, in Barcelona, one of the books most prominently exposed on every kiosk is 'El Tormento en los Conventos,' by 'Fray Gerundio'—no mere catch-penny libel, but a serious indictment. Behind and beneath all suspicions and resentments, however, there doubtless lies the feeling that this monastic host, with its hoarded wealth, is in active alliance with capitalism, militarism, and all the enemies of social justice, as it hovers before the exalted imagination of the Catalan workman. He sees in the congregations an ideal which he rejects with loathing, ensconced behind high-piled bastions of privilege. They are, in truth, almost entirely outside the law; and the populace, in moments of revolt, is apt to pronounce—and execute—sentence of outlawry upon them."

While we stop to consider the above extract, it may be well for us to know that an image of the Virgin Mary in Toledo, Spain, is decorated with 85,000 pearls and as many sapphires, amethysts and diamonds. The crown on the image cost \$25,000 and the bracelets \$10,000. As this is all PRODUCT OF THE TOIL of the workers, it is easy to understand why intelligent workers would revolt. Speaking of the war in Morocco which caused the strike as a protest against it, Archer has the following to say:

The Workmen and the War.

"In most countries the working classes, on the outbreak of a war, are apt, for a time at least, to yield to the contagion of patriotic fervor, and shout themselves hoarse with war cries and war songs. Why was the sentiment of the Spanish working class so utterly different? The reasons are clear, and may be grouped under three heads. In the first place, the Anarchism which is dominant among the Spanish operatives is essentially an internationalist and pacifist doctrine. Its very name declares it anti-patriotic. It regards the flag without emotion, and considers the 'national honor' a myth invented by the soldiers and priests who conspire with the capitalists in that process of exploitation which they call government. In this respect, too, the views of the Socialists are practically identical with those of the Anarchists. Both parties accept the principle laid down at the Congress of Stuttgart: 'Better insurrection than war.' In the second place, this particular campaign had all the appearance of a war of sheer aggression undertaken at the dictation of a group of millionaires, closely allied with the government, whose interests were inexpressibly indifferent to the Spanish workman. It was believed, too, rightly or wrongly, that many of the mining shares were held by, or for, the Jesuits. In the third place—and it was this that brought the women in their thousands into the ranks of protesters—the incidence of military service was exasperatingly unjust. On the one hand, the son of the bourgeois, who could afford to pay \$300 for exemption, need not join the army at all; on the other hand, most of the reservists now being called out were men who, after two years with the colors, had been permitted to return to civil life and to marry. They were now torn from their wives and families, to throw away their lives—as seemed only too probable—in an ill-omened war, undertaken for the enrichment of a few financiers. That was how the campaign presented itself to the popular mind, especially in Catalonia. What wonder if the women who crowded the wharves of Barcelona on Sunday the 18th cried to their sweethearts and husbands, as they marched through the throng: 'Throw away your rifles! don't embark! Let the rich men go! All or nobody!' Some kind Catholic ladies who boarded the transports, dressed in their Sunday finery, to distribute acapularies and other appropriate trifles to the soldiers, were shocked to see their benefactions thrown into the sea."

Those who despise the foreigner has a pile to learn from the actions of the workers in refusing to fight the battles of a few millionaires. When working men and women show the same class conscious spirit as the workers of Barcelona, then, and not until then, will this butchery in the name of flags cease.

In speaking of the activity displayed by the clergy in using superstition as a means to enlist workers to fight the battles of the boss, Archer says:

"The clergy were supposed (and rightly) to be hand in glove with the militarists. A most unwise attempt had also been made in some quarters to represent the war in the light of a crusade of the Christian against the infidel—a piece of hypocrisy that deceived no one and irritated many. At a meeting of 4,000 workmen held at Tarrasa; a manufacturing town in the immediate neighborhood of Barcelona, a few days before the outbreak, a resolution was passed protesting against the sending to war of citizens productively employed and, as a rule, indifferent to the triumph of 'the Cross' over 'the Crescent,' when it would be easy to form regiments of priests and monks who, besides being directly interested in the success of the Catholic religion, have no family or home, and are of no utility to the country."

And now for the strike: How it was formed and carried out is interesting. In



Capitalist Law and Order

(Courtesy Spokane Press.)

Uniformed thugs rode down the girl strikers in the recent Garment Workers' strike in Chicago. All a uniformed thug is good for is to protect the interests of the master class. They have no respect for the sex that gave them birth. Policemen in Spokane have just been found guilty of every crime in the criminal calendar, and Long John Sullivan has just been found guilty of many of these crimes. The city council is calling for a grand jury and a special prosecuting attorney to prosecute the cases. This is the gent that fed Free Speech prisoners last Thanksgiving day on a small crust of dry bread, while he fed macques and others of the dregs of society on the best of vituals. This Thanksgiving day he will be hunting a master. Even the capitalist class will throw down their tools when they are of no service to them. (For full account Spokane police see next issue.)

referring to the strike, Archer says:

"A strike committee of three was instantly formed, representing Socialists, Sindicalists (trades-unionists), and Anarchists; but the Solidaridad Obrera, as such, was not represented. Who these three men were is perfectly well known. I have had long talks with one of them. They scout the idea that it would ever have occurred to them to take Ferrer into their confidence. Each of the three had a lieutenant; each lieutenant was to communicate with four delegates; each delegate with four others, and so on. By this simple but effective means the call to a general strike for Monday, the 26th, spread through the manufacturing towns of Catalonia. It was nominally to be a pacific protest, lasting 24 hours only, against the Moroccan adventure. There were doubtless many who hoped and believed that it would not end there; but of actual organization for anything further no one has discovered a trace. In Barcelona, says Don Angel Ossorio, the civil governor before mentioned, 'no one prepares a revolution, for the simple reason that it is always prepared. . . . Of conspiracy, of plant, of concerted action, of casting of parts, of recruitment, of payment, of distribution of arms, of issuing orders, in preparation for the events of the 26th, I have not heard a single word.'"

The Strike and the Revolt.

"I shall now give a rapid sketch of the course of events, leaving Ferrer, for the moment, entirely out of it.

"In the early hours of Monday, the 26th, some workshops and factories resumed work as usual; but as soon as the news spread that the strike was actually taking effect, work was everywhere abandoned. In some cases the employers themselves ordered their workmen out, fearing to have their windows broken. Bands of women went from shop to shop and from office to office, demanding that they should close; and they seem to have met with no refusals. But—unfortunately, as it proved—there was one large body of workers which refused to stand in with the rest. Throughout the morning the electric cars ran as usual, and the servants of the company declined to quit their posts. Had they done so quietly, the day might have passed in peace, and work might have been resumed on the morrow. It was in stopping the tramway service that the first acts of violence took place. Cars were overturned and burned; rails were torn up, and the police and gendarmes, in trying to protect the car service, came into frequent conflict with the crowd. There was a good deal of shooting on both sides, and blood began to flow in several parts of the city. By three in the afternoon the street car service had entirely ceased. Cabs, too, had been driven from the streets, and two at least of the railways connecting Barcelona with the outside world were put out of action. It was not till next day that the isolation of the city, whether by rail or wire, was rendered practically complete."

If those who have interested themselves in tearing down the character of Ferrer can find consolation in the report of Wm. Archer, the noted English critic (on the life and death of Ferrer) the pleasure is all theirs. More Ferrers and more working men and

women of the stamp of those who rebelled against being made a target of in Spain, and the sooner we will be free from the yoke of the master class, and all the dogmas, conventionalities and superstitions that have been pasted into our class for ages past.
Hurrah for the Modern School!

A LOYAL WIFE AND LOVING MOTHER

(Extract from "Liberator.")

"So the fatal day at last arrived. It was a sau, quiet, chilly November morning. I had not seen my husband for three days. We had two children then. I felt that I must take them to see their father, to look into his noble face once more, and to receive his blessing. I took them by the hands and led them to the jail. When I arrived there I found the accused place where the slaughter of the innocent was to take place, all roped in for one whole block around, and police with rifles marching up and down all around. I entreated them to let me see him just once more! I was gruffly ordered away. I then begged them, the brutes, to take the innocent children to see their father; certainly they had done no wrong to deserve punishment; but the reply was a patrol wagon was called and I and the children were tumbled in and carried off to the station house and locked in a cell while the murder was being committed.

"About noon the matron came to my cell and said in a cold-hearted manner: 'Mrs. Parsons, it is all over; your husband has been hanged.' I remembered nothing more until I realized that my little girl was patting me on the cheek and saying, 'Mamma, are you asleep?'

Arouse, ye slaves! Would you read the above from the pen of Fellow Worker Lucy Parsons (who is today a fighting member of the I. W. W.) and still sit down and sleep? Be up and doing. The rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer.

Don't have it said that old women like Fellow Worker Parsons, who has always been on the firing line and has given no quarter, has to do the work in her old age that you lumberjacks, shingle weavers, miners, etc., should be doing.
Do one-half the work that is daily being done by the loyal wife of Albert Parsons, and we will have no fault to find; and, at that, you can only say that you have done your duty.

Avenge the crime that was committed in Chicago in 1887 by organizing in the one great revolutionary union, so that every day may be a day's march nearer to our freedom. That is all that Albert Parsons asked you to do in 1887. That is all his loyal and loving wife asks you to do today.

Let us resolve to smash every "SACRED CONTRACT" in the year 1911, and establish a universal eight-hour day for every man who labors in America. There was more agitation for the eight-hour day in Chicago in the year 1887 than there is today. Can it be that we are getting cowardly and more subservient as the master gets stronger? Let us prove that such is not the case.

ANSWER TO A "FEW KICKS."

Editor "Industrial Worker."
I note by the issue of Nov. 2nd an article headed, "A Few Kicks, What's the Answer," and signed, "Yours for Industrial Freedom, Member No. 40"

This letter should be signed, "Yours for Industrial Disruption."
The above mentioned spasm is quite in keeping with the ideas of many of our insane revolutionary workers, who are strong on philosophy and criticism, but weak on practical Industrial Union ideas; strong on disruption and would be more at home with his desired environments in the S. L. P., where he could advance to the top round of the ladder of knockers.

Such rot as this article contains is not going to be of any credit to the member of local No. 40; no credit to the propaganda sheet of the I. W. W., and certainly should never have been printed.

I am not in favor of high salaries, and we have none; I am not in favor of voluntary services of officers and have them bumming their fellow workers for a meal ticket. I am in favor of paying our officers living wages, and none are getting more than that.

I know the brainy fellow worker who sent in this unsigned article, and know that he refused to work for the organization unless he got a living.

We desire results in the I. W. W. and one man getting results for pay is worth 20 working free and getting partial results.

Just criticism we should have, and I hope that the columns of the "Worker" are not to be used for the purpose of advocating that our general officers or local officers live on coffee and doughnuts.

Spokane locals have been accused of being very extravagant. We have tried to economize more of late than ever before. We have no organizer at present, having acted on the suggestion of local talent who wished to work gratis, resulting in not having any organizer at present.

We are more than anxious to pay \$3.00 a day to any organizer that can produce the goods, and in this offer the member of local No. 40 is not excepted.

J. C. KNUST,

Member Local 132.

(Not drawing salary from the union.)

NOTICE.

Jack Barry, who was at the San Francisco local last February, is requested to correspond with Robert Bowman, 456 Vancouver Ave., Portland, Ore.

Fire in the subs and see that your union is there for a big bundle order. The printer is looking cross.

NOTICE TO ALL SECRETARIES OF I. W. W. LOCALS.

The "Industrial Worker" will run a directory beginning with next issue. All secretaries are requested to immediately notify the "Worker" of the number of the union, place of meeting, hour of meeting, how often you meet; if local has reading room, and name of financial secretary. Locals are urged to attend to this.