

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

ORGANIZE RIGHT



ORGANIZE YOUR MIGHT

Industrial Worker

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AGITATE—EDUCATE—ORGANIZE—FIGHT FOR THE EIGHT HOUR DAY



THREE THOUSAND HAVE JOINED THE I. W. W. IN THE LAST MONTH

A BIG STRIKE OF THE BUILDING TRADES IS ON IN VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

VANCOUVER, B. C., WORKERS PUTTING UP GALLANT STRUGGLE—CRAFT DIVISIONS AND SACRED CONTRACTS A CURSE.

The general strike in the building industry here (Vancouver, B. C.) is on. The strike started with the bosses having several weeks' time in which to prepare, despite some mistakes made through inexperience of the craft unions, and the inability to pull together on account of the craft divisions, which separates the workers with a common interest; still, the hope rises stronger that it will prove successful for the wage slaves. At first it was only a few crafts carrying on a diminutive guerilla warfare, while the I. W. W. agitated class solidarity and a general tie-up. The idea spread until the Labor Council of the A. F. of L. decided to call upon all the men of the Building Trades to come out. Not being solidly organized there was no way to force all the unions to come out, but the men responded, with the exception of the bricklayers, who were advised by their "International" to stick to the job and remain loyal to their "sacred" contract. Some of the other crafts even went so far as to dislodge their general organization and walk

out. The Chinese carpenters threw in their lot with the other workers and came out. The only mistake to mar the event was the putting off of the strike for nearly two weeks after the first news of the action came out. The craft unions advertised a monster mass meeting in the Horse Show building, for June 3rd, the Saturday before the strike. About 5,000 people were present at this meeting; many walked miles to be on hand. The one car line proved insufficient to carry the throng, and many could not come as a consequence. Three of the principal labor leaders spoke at this meeting. In the meantime the I. W. W. was not idle. We hammered away at our meetings on the street, pointing out that concerted action was necessary in order to win. A communication from the I. W. W. was read at the mass meeting announcing that we would do all in our power to help whip the bosses in the struggle, was answered with enthusiastic applause from the vast audience. On asking for the platform, it was put to a vote whether the meeting would hear the I. W. W. organizer. This was answered by a loud unanimous affirmative. After the three mentioned leaders got through, I was called upon. It was then after 10 p. m. Representing the I. W. W., I pointed out the necessity of not only acting together in sympathy, but that organization along industrial lines was absolutely necessary in order to be assured of success. I mentioned briefly some of the past strikes of the Industrial movement in the United States, France and South Africa, giving an idea of I. W. W. tactics. The idea of sabotage used in France was loudly applauded, as well as the necessity of striking without notice. When I pointed out that there should be absolute co-operation among workers on strike, the hotel and restaurant employees refusing to feed scabs, the transportation workers should refuse to haul scabs, troops or Pinks, and the teamsters, being a portion of the transportation industry, should refuse to deliver material to a scab job, the answer from the crowd was a roar of approval. On the whole the meeting helped to bring the craft unionists into closer touch with the Industrial idea, giving them a better opinion of us and our organization. The following evening, Sunday, the day before the strike, we held a meeting on the street as usual. The crowd blocked the street from curb to curb. Though we had no other speaker in town at the time and my voice was

almost out of commission, the result was 12 members. On the evening of the first day of the strike, Monday, Fellow Workers King and Thompson were on hand, and we hired a large hall for the next evening, Tuesday. Our meeting in the hall, though on very short notice, was a success. Fellow Worker Thompson was the speaker of the evening, myself and King assisting. The audience was enthusiastic, the collection toward defraying the expenses being \$35.65. Another meeting was pulled off Thursday, with the same program. In this meeting the collection was \$38.00, 17 new members initiated on the spot, not to mention the regular flow coming in since as a result. Most of those who joined were members of craft unions, showing that the members of the A. F. of L. are beginning to look ahead and to think. The strikers are fighting with a determination to win. The future looks bright. Immediate victory would be assured if other allied industries, such as railroad men, power house men and street car employees (transportation workers, in short), lumber workers, etc., all came out and paralyzed industry. The employers are advertising for scabs up and down the coast, unable to get them. The

town swarms with unemployed, but they are too loyal to scab. Three professional strike-breakers are on hand all to no avail. At a meeting of the Employers' Association this week it was decided to hire anybody in order to keep up a bluff that work was going on. In this they have failed. As a special inducement some sharks have advertised that fences will be built so the scabs cannot be seen working. In the meantime the I. W. W. is being much discussed among the wage workers. The capitalist sheets as usual are coming out with their lies about how the strike is over, etc. On the other hand, our good politicians—the "comrades"—are trying to discourage the workers and lead them to follow the political mirage. The usual method of the boosters of capitalism who are going to do things by following "civilized" methods, that is to say, the rules laid down by the boss. They are about the same here as in the States, with the same old dope, telling how the class struggle is on the political field instead of on the job. A move is on to start a labor party so that the workers in the future will vote, while the bosses smile, instead of fighting on the job where it hurts his pocket-book. —JOS. S. BISCAY.

THE WORST FORM OF WAGE-SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES POSTAL SERVICE

A U. S. POSTAL CLERK TAKES ISSUE WITH TAFT.

Leaves a Few Nuts for Taft and Other Despots to Crack—What Capitalist Government Ownership Means to Government Slaves.

"His Excellency" made a speech in Harrisburg, Pa., on the 14th of May. "His Excellency" is a Unitarian, who doesn't believe in the divinity of Christ, who is at present the Executive head of this great CHRISTIAN nation, who was put there by Roman Catholics, who even worship Christ's mother and grandmother. "His Excellency" (like Napoleon I.) bestowed the title on himself when he was in the Philippines getting the dope on the layout preparatory to its division between the Roman Catholic church and the Tobacco and Sugar trusts. (The church sold out since for three millions and Taft made the deal). The SPEECH dealt with organized labor, and especially with his reasons why the government employees should not organize. In an able editorial in the May 25th edition of the "Industrial Worker" the situation is made very

clear and I won't attempt to enlarge on what is contained in that issue. Taft states that "the government employees are a PRIVILEGED CLASS whose work is necessary to carry on the government, and upon whose entry into the government service it is entirely reasonable to IMPOSE conditions that should not be and ought not to be imposed upon those who SERVE PRIVATE employers." It is apparent to anyone with an ounce of brains that he meant postal employees and not, for instance, "The department of the interior," or any other, for the only trouble he is having is with the postal branch. A lot of "guts" are needed to call us a "privileged class" and that accounts for the fact that "His Excellency" was commissioned to do it. If this republican form of government or government by misrepresentation, was ideal or just, Taft nor any other representative of SPECIAL PRIVILEGE would need worry about an organization of the working class. You will note in a passage from the great speech that Taft made a masterful stab at creating the impression that we are in the service of

the WHOLE PEOPLE. The people just settle the bills and Hitchcock is our employer. We work at present for the Republican party. Urban A. Walter, editor of the "Harpoon," published at Denver, Colo., is being persecuted now for telling the truth about Taft's and Hitchcock's attitude on the Gag Rule. He sent or attempted to send through the mails some envelopes stating in red on the outside that Hitchcock was enforcing the Gag Rule and that Taft refused to rescind or recall the order. Now let me say a word to you postal employees concerning the U. S. constitution. You have all taken an oath, to uphold and defend the constitution of the United States of America, and I doubt if 1 per cent of you ever saw a copy of it, in the postal rules and regulations, or in any form about a post office. My first connection with the service was in 1897 and I am in the service now, and I have never noticed a copy on the job. I for one can't be true to my word of honor, and be silent. When I began work I had hopeful, rosy dreams of what I thought "patriotic devotion to duty" would bring me in the future. I

worked hard, developed efficiency and got next to the ropes. Since then I've quit dreaming along those lines, my patriotism has had an awful jolt. I learned to think after a fashion—and now I blame "the interpretation of the constitution" for a lot of my misery. The Post Office Department had its beginning in the constitution. Article I, Sec. 8—"Congress shall have power to ESTABLISH Post Offices and Post Roads." And in the early times the government built buildings, roads and equipment, and provided for the safe transit of the mails; it also had a monopoly of the business, and excepting an odd lean year, IT PAID. But the word "establish" got interpreted! Since then the department does the establishing on paper something in this fashion: "All public roads, streets and alleys; all navigable waters; and all steam, electric, tram or cable lines built, building or to be built, are hereby established as post roads." And old shacks of buildings are rented from patriotic Shylocks, and likewise "established" as post offices. But it takes about \$30,000,000 per year to keep just the railroads "established," and us workers have to produce it out of our hides and tallow

direct, or indirectly when we buy our luxuries—booze and tobacco. Another thing, when some town board vacates a few streets and alleys as a bonus to some corporation for use as a lumber yard or garbage dump, these streets cease instantly to be "established post roads." Same way with a toll bridge or ferry or a star route on a navigable lake. If the owner of the bridge, ferry or steamer at the expiration of a contract so wishes, he makes no bid or a prohibitive one, puts his bridge, ferry or steamer out of commission so far as the department is concerned, the sovereign people on that "established post route" are short on mail service. An opinion was handed down by some honorable pirate, to the effect that the "government monopoly of the mail included first class letters and packets only." Now we haven't got even that monopoly, as the railroads are exempt from sending their mail through the postoffice, so they send most of it with the express messenger, and commercial bodies are allowed to tack an envelope

(Continued on Page Four.)

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To bestow a life—which may be either a curse or a blessing—unless the being on whom it is to be bestowed will have at least the ordinary chances of a desirable existence, is a crime against that being.
JOHN STUART MILL.

KICKED OUT.

After one of the most bitter contests that has ever been waged President Hawley of the Switchmen's Union has been deposed as well as his whole executive board. Unconstitutional methods and bad management of the Switchmen's strike last winter caused the official head chopping.

UNAPPRECIATED.

John Mitchell, who is out preaching the IDENTITY OF INTERESTS BETWEEN SLAVES AND MASTERS, held a meeting in the Auditorium in Canton, Ohio, on April 7th, and spoke his message of "peace" to a bunch that did not fill the first two rows of the pit in the theatre. When a man is smooth enough to draw a handsome salary as an officer of the A. F. of L. and another one as an officer of Carregie and Belmont, and can't fill more than two rows of seats it looks as if the working class was "getting next" to some of the fakirs. The poorest speaker in the I. W. W. would have half filled the old theatre at the least.

WOUNDED.

"The Daily News" of Prince Rupert takes up a large portion of the issue of May 30th in reproducing the article by Doyle 322, showing up conditions in and about Prince Rupert and which appeared in the "Worker" of May 25th. A long editorial goes with the article and it is noteworthy of the fact that this King lover of an editor does not refute a statement made in the article appearing in the "Worker," but uses up his time in defending the king of England as a "necessity" and urging the Local of the I. W. W. to officially repudiate the article. This fellow evidently does not understand the I. W. W. or such a request would not be made. We wish to be shown where the article is not founded on facts. We care nothing for some poor offspring of a deceased king or such bunc as national pride or civic patriotism. The air smells just as sweet in America as in Canada and we see no difference in the shape of the trees or the perfume from off the flowers. The parasites look just as fat in Canada as in the United States, and the slave carries his blankets and are robbed by employment sharks just the same. The slave in Prince Rupert who is ever heard to speak a word for National pride or civic patriotism either before or after being shot down like a dog on the street, should be sent to the home for mental cripples. Kings as well as all other parasites who revel in luxury from the toil and misery of slaves, need many mental prostitutes to bolster up their rotten system of stealing the toil of others and in this they have a true watch dog and barker in the editor of the "Daily News." This ought to get him a raise of pay.

USELESS LAWS.

Chico, May 22.—The Diamond Match Company, operating big factories at Barber, a suburb of this city, will replace practically all its women employes with men on account of the new eight-hour law. In the match-making department alone more than 100 women and girls will be let out. Many of these are experts brought from Eastern states and receiving good salaries.

For some time it has been impossible for the company to get a sufficient number of competent women to do the work, and with the enforcement of the new eight-hour law conditions are made worse, as the work of practically 100 men depends on the labors of these women, and their hours would of necessity have to be shortened with the shortening of women's hours from nine to eight. It had been rumored that the company contemplated the employment of Japanese to replace the women, but General Superintendent W. A. Fairburn denied this.—San Francisco Chronicle, May 24.

Here is a place for Mr. Politician to ponder for awhile. This is for the gentleman that is going to DO SOMETHING for

labor if elected. This is for the fellow that is going to emancipate the workers if you will only vote for HIM. This is for the guy that goes about yapping, "JOIN THE UNION OF YOUR CRAFT AND THE PARTY OF YOUR CLASS." This is for the geke that sings and hollers, "STRIKE AT THE BALLOT BOX."

This stuff does not apply to an Industrialist, as we believe and teach that we will get nothing that we are not able to TAKE. We say again that LAWS made by some representative of labor amount to nothing unless we have the power of organized labor to enforce the LAW, and if we have that POWER to enforce or FORCE the boss to come through, the LAW written in the union hall is just as good as the one with a government seal on that is passed in some so-called temple of justice or capitol building.

Here is a case where the LAW does not apply to men and where men may work as long as they like, and as these are some of the uneducated that revere their own chains, they will play the good American scissorbill SCAB and put the girls on the street. There is nothing to expect from a hog but a grunt, and there is nothing to expect from a lot of craft unionists but organized scabbery.

The workers will be able to get nothing in the way of better conditions, until they are able on the economic field to take it, and the man that sails under the name of a labor unionist and believes in dividing the workers on the economic field is doing more to make scabs than all the Jim Farleys that ever infested the earth. We are getting sick and tired playing with these so-called revolutionists that will beg admittance to an organization that is hand and glove with the richest men in the world and then go on a platform and tell the working class to STRIKE AT THE BALLOT BOX. The sooner we line these traitors to labor up in their true position in society and pull the mask of a Benedict Arnold or a Judas from off their slimy faces, the sooner we will get to where we want to go, and that is our FREEDOM. There is only room for one union of the working class in this country, and the man that says there is room for two or two thousand is a traitor to his class, and this especially applies to the fellow that is obstructing the path of the Industrialists.

CONTENTMENT.

The church has ever aided the pirates of the nation and those who would suck the very life's blood from the toilers, by preaching to the slaves, "Be content with the lot that God has placed you in." This gab has been peddled and repeddled ever since the well clothed Jesus Screamer has been the paid emissary of the master class, whether the master has been a chattel slave owner, a feudal lord or an up-to-date wage slave owner.

It is but a few days ago that Elizabeth Gurly Flynn (for speaking to the workers in a bleak New England town where not a spear of grass or a flower would bloom) was denounced from the pulpit by a Catholic priest as being a disturber of the peace, an anarchist, a disturber of law and order and an undesirable citizen. If to be all these things because we oppose the rule of a parasite and would try to make life happier for ourselves as well as our fellow men, then we plead guilty to the whole set of charges and justify our actions and our speeches, from the fact alone, if there were no others than priests and preachers are parasites and are living from the toil of slaves and IGNORANCE, and that if it were not for IGNORANCE some of these useless parasites bedecked in the cloth of Christ would be wielding a pick and shovel or doing something useful in society. There are a lot of vote eaters running around this country claiming that they have no fault to find with religion, etc., so long as the poor dupe will vote some special brand of politicalism. We want to say right here that WE are the avowed enemy of every mug (whether he is a preacher in a rich man's church or the poor, deluded fool that rolls in the horse manure on the street corner) that preaches CONTENTMENT to slaves who have no other way to get away from their misery than through DISCONTENT AND FIGHT. We are sorry for the poor imbecile that sucks in this rotten capitalist doctrine of contentment. It is the boss that gives the money to the priests and preachers to keep the slaves on their knees. As long as a slave is praying some one else is PREYING on him, and the fellow that does the PREYING is a firm believer in all this rot that keeps the slave on his knees. Where there is the most superstition, there is where there is the most misery. The whole institution of Christianity from the Holy Rollers to the Catholic Church preaches to the slave to "be content with the station in which God has been pleased to call us." Get from under this array of rot and stand on your own hind legs and organize and FIGHT for the full product of your toil. Down with this cry of CONTENTMENT and up with the fighting organization. If you want to do any praying you can do it when you have kicked the parasites off your back. You won't want to then.

THE EIGHT HOUR LAW.

As a result of the Eight Hour Law for women in California Harrison Gray Otis (the guy that runs about in an armored automobile) has discharged the eight girls who have been employed in the composing room. When a boss decides not to live up to LAWS, a scab has nothing else to do but to go home. The rest of the scabs signed a petition and presented it to Mr. Otis of brass cannon fame, but petitions have about as much penetrating power on a member of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association as water has on a duck's back. This petition business applies to all kinds of scabs, organized or unorganized. Force is the basis of everything. Industrial Unionism is FORCE. SEE!

Any errors in the way of not getting receipts for money sent to the "Industrial Worker" or any other matters pertaining to the financial business of the paper, should be taken up with Vincent St. John, 518 Cambridge Bldg., Chicago, as well as with the management in Spokane.

THIS IS NO. 116

If this number appears on the yellow label alongside of your name, it means that your subscription expires with this issue. To insure getting the "Worker" continuously you should renew a little in advance as the paper will be immediately stopped when your number appears above.

THE LIFE WORK OF KELLY COLE

By Frank Bohn.

James Kelly Cole was killed in a railway accident at Tomah, Wisconsin, November 17th, 1909. He was on his way to take part in the Spokane free speech fight and was riding free.

At that time I wrote a short letter in the Call, drawing attention to the self-forgetfulness which led to the untimely death of this young comrade. To me he was simply one of many who were then fighting for freedom of speech in Spokane and elsewhere. I had not even learned his name. It is therefore a peculiar pleasure to discover that, dying in the cause, he left us something very much worth while. A little book of poems entitled "Revolutionary Writings" suggest to us the deep loss suffered by the movement when he went to his death.

His picture as well as his poems makes one regret not to have known him personally. He was a representative of a type—the type of idealistic young Americans of both sexes who are now throwing into the Socialist movement. He was fortunate in having had educational advantages. He had been a student at one of the Chicago High schools and abundant leisure during his youth afforded him opportunity for wide reading on a variety of subjects.

The most significant feature about his personality and his work was the revolutionary spirit. His intense hatred for misrule coupled with his desire for emancipation from wage slavery once led him into a tactical error. He was forced to spend more than a year in the federal prison at Leavenworth, Kansas.

"Revolutionary Writings," by James Kelly Cole, price 25c, Vincent St. John, 160 N. Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

The savage brutality of our prison system is suggested in a number of poems expressive of the revolutionary attitude toward this phase of our present fiendish criminal law. We regret that space will not permit us to quote "The Shadow of the Bars" in full. "The raven croaks her lone, prophetic flight Across the dismal waste, and sable Night Hath clothed the prison wall in garb of gloom. Upseen the orbs which through eternal time Are Wisdom's fount, and source of Hope sublime; The fearful shadows shroud a living tomb.

The vagrant wind taps constant on the pane, A dreary chant of woe, without refrain, It beats with careless count the pulse of strife; And restless, fevered thought of bitter things, Discordant with the wind intensely rings The tuneless canto of a wasted life.

Unknown, upon that hard and narrow cot, The peaceful sleep of boyhood's happy lot; Here dreams grotesque the fevered brain abuse; Dreams conjured in the glaring pit of hell, Wove red with threads of pain in Mah's wierd spell, With terror glint the eye, the brow suffuse.

Upon a meager shelf a picture stands, A pile of faded letters, slender strands, Which hold the heavy heart in Love's embrace; 'Tis all that's left him of the golden hours, When life was sweet with song and scent of flowers, And Hope revealed her glory in his face.

Hath not the earth brought forth abundantly, In field of grain and heavy laden tree, Enough for all; then why, in justice, should Some hear the curse of poverty and crime, Some live in sunny places, sweet with thyme, When all belong to Man's great brotherhood?

Beneath the callous guard's malignant eye, In silence he must toil, nor satisfy The yearning in his heart for fellowship, By word or sign to those who share his fate; All sympathy is crushed or turned to hate, And self and He hold grim companionship.

Hate grows and feeds upon its monstrous growth, Vile brooking lust becomes his mate, and both Pile jointly in the heart where Virtue's throne Was burnt to ashes in the flames of fear, Where Hope was drowned in mem'ry's acrid tear,

And Faith mocked God and died unwept, unknown.

And now the brazen fell its warning rings; The lights go out—the night wind gently brings The solemn tone of taps; nerve-racking jars Of bolts and keys disturb the stifling air, Beside his bunk the convict kneels in prayer, And o'er him steals the shadow of the bars.

Taps.

When lights go out and darkness reigns alone; Borne on the whispering wind, a plaintive tone, The sacred chamber of my soul invades, And thrills, and flits with sorrow's softened shades, O bugler! well we know, without thy art, That lights are out in every human heart! Hear the sad, the solemn call, Wafted o'er the prison wall.

Now—er—M—O—R—E! Now—er—M—O—R—E!
Nevermore—Nevermore—Nevermore!
Now—er—M—O—R—E! Now—er—M—O—R—E!
Now—er—M—O—R—E! Now—er—M—O—R—E!
"WHAT'S THE USE," reminds us of a form used by Robert Louis Stevenson in many

of his ballads. Stevenson wrote about the cedar canoe on the creek, the moon and stars shining over the Southern Pacific at Tahiti, and to the woman he loved who followed him there. James Kelly Cole in "WHAT'S THE USE" expressed the sentiment of a reading, thinking boy who is hustling for a job at hard labor:

"This world is full of pain and gloom;
What's the use?
We fight through life from crib to tomb
What's the use?
We work and sweat both night and day,
For that wee bit men call pay,
And then we plod the same old way,
What's the use?

We rise at dawn to start at work;
What's the use?
We cannot rest or labor shirk;
What's the use?
We come home worn at night to sleep,
But when the sunbeams light the steep,
We hustle out our job to keep;
What's the use?

His poems are not many, but the variety of them gives us some indication of the breadth of his human interests. There is a poem to his pipe, entitled, "AN OLD FRIEND." Another "MY MOTHER'S GOD," expresses the state of mind natural to the religious and patriotic American boy when first touched by Socialist thought. Probably a little later period brought forth, "BROTHERS AND SISTERS." Here he is wiser in the world's ways. Yet the emotional element still predominates over the harsher attitude of the class conscious revolutionist. It seems to be an appeal to the whole world for pity upon human suffering:

Is he draped in ragged clothing,
Are his hardened features vile;
Do you look on him with loathing,
Or a thoughtless, sneering smile;
Does he leer at you in envy;
Evil gleaming in his eye?
In the darkness of the twilight,
Would you fear to pass him by?
He's your brother,
Did you meet her in the glamor
Of a city's gilded hell;
In a mercenary amour,
Did you drink and wish her well?
Did you note the worried visage
Of the "Madame" by her side;
Did you read upon the first page,
Of another suicide?
She's your sister.

He had been the average American boy in the average church and home. Some of his poems take us back to the simple life and joys of that home. At twenty-one he had broken in fierce rebellion against this smooth, smug, quiet life. He soon became a first class outdoor Socialist agitator. His life teemed with great hopes for the world to be and for the love of the fighting as it is. On the plains of Northern Mexico there now bleach the skeletons of scores of young American Revolutionists of this type, members of the Industrial Workers of the World and of the Socialist Party. The world at large think they are fools and two-thirds of the Socialists utterly fail to understand their passion.

James Kelly Cole studied hard, spoke well, wrote well and organized successfully. But for him there was one supreme means of expressing the feeling toward the world of the present. He longed with all his soul to make physical war upon it. He loved Byron dying for the liberties of Greece and John Brown going to the scaffold. He was both these curious extremes of life. The last stand of the communards was to him the revolutionary reality.

Then came the call. His fellow workers were suffering by hundreds in the jails of Spokane. The old rights of centuries had been denied them. Minds like his are not much troubled by doubting. In the gloom of a November evening in a western wilderness he met death in a most unromantic form.

The last of his published poems is entitled, "TO THE ROSE." It closes with the stanza: "Oh, Rose: soon will my journey cease. My spirit seek an earthly peace, Among the stones, the clouds, the clay, That gave to thee thy colors gay. Only a fool would fear to go, Where tints like thine are taught to grow And bloom, to meet the shining sun— The climax this: Then duty done! I pray my soul, in grand attire, With natural things, may greet the noon Of many deeds and in the light, Of duty done—then seek the night Of rest and peace, that other men, The law of love and life, may ken. Now to thy soul I make this prayer, That when I go; no matter where: I shall have left a few good deeds; That I may not be cast with weeds, To die forgotten; but like thee, Find rest in glorious history.

Haywood will speak on the kidnaping of McNamara in Princess Rink, Spokane, on Sunday evening, June 25, at 8:15 p. m. Don't fail to hear the big mine.

SLAVERY IN BELLINGHAM

BELLINGHAM A SLAVE PEN—WORKERS WORN OUT WITH GRINDING TOIL—PREACHERS WELCOME IN MILLS TO PREACH CON-TENTMENT TO WORKERS —AGITATORS BARRED.

Bellingham, the "Metropolis and City of Lights" of Northern Puget Sound, is, without a doubt, one of the worst Hell holes of Capitalism along the Sound.

Several slave pens, otherwise known as saw mills, are doing business there and for the convenience of the mill owners, the safety of the lumber, and to keep the horde of hungry slaves from pestering the foreman with applications for jobs, and last but not least to prevent labor agitators from coming in contact with the slaves, the masters have surrounded their property with high fences.

The wages of the common laborers, slaving in the mills, range all the way from \$1.50 to \$2.00 for a shift of 10 to 13 hours.

As a result of receiving such a magnificent remuneration in return for the hardest of hard labor, those modern "Knights of misery" can only afford to feed on the cheapest kind of food, wear the scantiest of clothing and pass their earthly existence in the most dilapidated of shacks.

Through hard work and poor grub, the slaves generally develop their hands, feet and back, to the detriment of their brains and belly. They are mostly thin, emaciated and hump backed; their stomachs have a tendency to shrink instead of expand.

Every now and then new machinery is installed in the mill pens, at other times they have to "clean up." During that time the slaves are given a vacation without pay.

Some of the mill owners, not satisfied with working their slaves to death, they sometimes take a notion to post some insulting notices round their mills and the following is a sample:

NOTICE.
"When you work for a man, in Heaven's name work for him."
"If he gives you enough wages to buy bread and butter speak well of him."
"Don't loaf. You are getting paid to work."
"You are part of the machinery, you ought to be proud of it."
"Employees finding time to visit other employees and thus preventing them from working, please call at the office for your time."

The above is posted at the office and also on the fence of Loggie's mill, one of the most notorious sweat boxes in the city. In the yards of that mill, men are rustling lumber and loading cars for the " princely" salary of \$1.50 per day. Those working as night firemen are getting \$2.00 for a shift of 13 hours. The block pilers working on a ten block table are paid at the rate of \$1.75 per day. To fill that job at Loggie's a man must combine the speed of a race horse, the quickness of a monkey and the strength of a mule. Twelve men quit that particular job during the space of two weeks, as they couldn't stand the strain.

During my stay in Bellingham, I never heard a slave speak well of Loggies, neither have I seen one boasting of being proud to be a part of his machinery. The whip of hunger and the lack of organization are the means by which those unfortunates are driven to slave for that slave herder.

Labor agitators are not welcome in the mills. They must keep from trespassing on "private" property. However, when the workers come out to eat the contents of their dinner pails the agitator can talk to them.

While men who are trying to enlighten the mill workers on the subject of organization must stay out, the long faced, hypocritical sky-pilot is always welcome and received with open arms by the boss. That worthy makes a specialty of imposing upon the slaves at the noon hour. It is not enough for them to get hell all day while working, even when they have a short respite to enable them to eat their scanty meal, they must learn all about an imaginary Hell to come.

With that object in view preachers visit the mills once a week. It would take too much space to describe some of the sermons of that dealer of celestial wings, however, some of the gems of wisdom peddled by the pilot are worthy of notice, and this is a sample:

"When you work you must do an honest day's work for your boss."
"A man working ten hours a day for two dollars has no kick coming; he is getting a good remuneration for services rendered."
Amen.

That kind of bunk is music to the ears of the boss and sometimes to add more "decorum" to the hymn show, the boss pretends to listen attentively to the squeaking of the heavenly messenger. Many of the workers hate the sight of the bible pounder.

Bellingham, like most of the Western Cities can boast of several "pluck the sucker" organizations, such as the Chamber of Commerce, the Young Men's Commercial Club, Boosters' Club, etc.; all these outfits are trying to boom a city of starvation wages, deserted houses, empty stores and the grave yard.

At half past eight o'clock in the evening, the streets are deserted. The reason is simple. The wave of purification following the visit of Billy Sunday has made the town dry and the slaves have to go to bed early so as to recuperate from the result of their grinding toil.

Stone and Webster is building an electrical line out of Bellingham, and with the understanding that the home guards would be employed in preference to outsiders, the business men of the town subscribed a huge sum of money; however the contractors have given so far the preference to men shipped by the employment offices. As a result the home guards are feeling sore.

The sentiment for Industrial Unionism is growing amongst the workers of the Northern part of Puget Sound. A strong agitation must be kept up there until every town, no matter how small has a strong Local. We can't afford to rest upon our past work.

Agitators and organizers should follow one after the other so as to keep things stirring. Those thousands of underpaid workers must be organized in the I. W. W. That's their only salvation. The boss is uneasy when he knows that some agitator is in town. At the street meetings held in Bellingham during the last few weeks several of the bosses were attentive listeners. They knew well enough that in the future when the slaves are organized industrially, they will have to get off their backs.

FRED ISLER.

What the Locals are Doing

CALIFORNIA LOCALS.
All locals in California or individuals who can arrange for meetings for Organizer Thompson of Seattle, should notify H. Weinstein, Box 832, Los Angeles, or Thomas Whitehead, Secretary Organization Committee, I. W. W., 211 Occidental avenue (rear) Seattle, Wash.

LOGGERS.
To All Members of 432.
The half yearly meeting of Loggers' Union No. 432, will be held at I. W. W. headquarters in Seattle, on Sunday, July 2nd, at 2 p. m.

Every member of the local is expected to be present as matters of importance will come before the Loggers' Union which necessitates a full attendance.

The matter of establishing a National Industrial Union of lumber workers will be one of the most important matters to come before the meeting. Matters pertaining to the struggle between the Southern Lumbermen's Association and the Independent Union of Timber Workers in Louisiana, Mississippi, and other Southern States, will come before the Loggers' Union to act on. Other matters pertaining to the organization on the Pacific Coast will be discussed and acted on also. Every logger is urged to be at the meeting on July 2nd.
J. H. REYNOLDS,
Fin. Sec. No. 432, I. W. W., Seattle, Wash.

NEW LOCALS.
Car Builders No. 500, Br. 3 Italian, Pullman, Ill., May 6, 1911.
Bakery Workers No. 46, New York, N. Y., May 17, 1911. Henry Wichert, 214 E. 41st street.
Public Service Workers Industrial Union No. 385, Leavenworth, Kas., May 19, 1911. S. F. Hoover, 518 Walnut street.
Prince Rupert Industrial Union No. 326, Prince Rupert, B. C., May 23, 1911. A. O. Morse, Box 917.

WHO KNOWS?
Any person knowing the whereabouts of Joe Weimer, who used to be around the S. P. hall in Portland, would confer a favor on a fellow worker in Australia by having him communicate with the editor of the "Industrial Worker," Box 2129, Spokane, Wash.

FROM EUREKA, CAL.
To All Live Members of the I. W. W.
As you no doubt know the I. W. W. has a Lumber Workers' Local in Eureka that Fellow Worker Pancner worked hard getting started. After this local was on its feet Pancner went South of here to start another Lumbermen's local at Fort Bragg. One hundred men there are willing to start a local if we can get a corresponding number of Italians; 60 per cent of the woodsmen are Italians. Now in order to do this, Pancner needs funds and a few live members to act as delegates, as this local cannot give him all the assistance he needs. If you want to see a National Industrial Union of Woodsmen and want to get the effect of the eight hour agitation that is being carried on throughout the country. Act now. Come down from Portland on the north and from Frisco on the south. If we are to get the benefit of the agitation that is being carried on we have to get it now before it's too late. Come to the Great Redwood country. If you have some cash to spare send it to John Pancner, Box 623, Fort Bragg, Cal.

JOHN MURDOCK,
Organizer I. U. 431, I. W. W.

MEXICAN CONFERENCE.
The first meeting of the New York Mexican Revolution Conference was held at the Ferrer Center on May 24th, at which the following organizations were represented:
Circolo Libertario "Pensiero ed Azione."
Italian Socialist Federation.
Arbeiter Ring, Branches 145 and 364.
Italian Labor Circle.
Industrial Workers of the World.
"Mother Earth."
Francisco Ferrer Association.
Alexander Berkman was elected Temporary Secretary and Charles W. Lawson Temporary Chairman. It was decided to call a conference of delegates from all trade unions and radical organizations, circles, clubs and societies to devise ways and means to assist the Mexican revolutionists and arrange for a large mass meeting. The conference will take place at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon, June 4th, at the Ferrer Center, 6 St. Marks Place.

BY THE COMMITTEE.

IS NOT FOR THE WORKERS

SOCIALIST PARTY
BLACKLISTING RADICALS.

"BILL" HAYWOOD CALLED "HIRESLING OF OTIS AND 'M. & M.' BY APPEAL TO REASON—REDS PROHIBITED FROM SPEAKING FOR S. P.

The exploiters of labor who control the Socialist party, have added another bit to the already overwhelming stench of rottenness which is arising from within that party.

The latest move of these "practical politicians," who forgetting the real needs of the working class, play only for votes and political

honor(?) is to BLACKLIST ALL REVOLUTIONISTS IN THE SOCIALIST PARTY. This is done for the purpose of weeding them out, as there is a move on to place the party affairs entirely in the hands of the "Opportunist" capitalist element.

Among the radical Socialists who have been "BLACKLISTED" are Eugene V. Debs, William D. Haywood and Wm. Thurston Brown. The men have been prohibited from speaking in the State of California for the Socialists by the State Socialist party of California.

That rotten capitalist sheet called the Appeal to Reason has even gone so far as to charge WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD and others who are advocating the General Strike to save the McNamara brothers, with being PAID HIRESLINGS OF OTIS AND THE "M. & M." An article to this effect appeared in a recent issue of the "Appeal" featured upon the first page.

This all shows that the Bourgeoisie will stop at nothing to injure the proletarian movement, all they are after is political jobs.
STANLEY M. GUE.

POINTERS ON TACTICS

EXTRACT FROM SPEECH BY JOB. S. BISCAY BEFORE GENERAL STRIKE AUDIENCE.

"When Organizer Biscay of the Industrial Workers of the World, deprecated the action of the bricklayers for refusing to go out on strike, several hoots were given for the union. "Mr. Biscay astounded everybody by stating that he had just received confidential information that a body of militia would be landed in Stanley Park on Sunday night to put down the strike on Monday."

"He said he thought it was futile to use the ballot as it never gained anything for the workers, and they might go on voting forever. What they ought to do was what was carried out in France, and that was staying on the job and shirking their work, making all the mistakes they could. This course was said to have been exceedingly effective in France. If the unionists proposed to strike they should never give notice but all quit at once. He said that too long a time had been accorded the master builders in Vancouver in which to prepare, and there were even now three professional strike breakers in the city.

"Further he urged that instead of having an affiliation of small unions, the labor men ought to form one big union, with a few departments such as the department of building."

"The capitalists will do anything if it pays," said Mr. Biscay when he drew near the end. "They will go from warping your mind when you are knee high to a grasshopper, to prodding you with the bayonet, when your stomach is sticking to your backbone with hunger and your women are forced out into the street. They even make much of their money out of this fact, that the long hours, and small pay for women, with the great lack of employment cause them to enter the street life, where the living is easier. Why, in Seattle last year, they made \$2,000,000 out of 800 girls."—"Vancouver Province."

FROM SEATTLE.
Editor I. W. W.—Dear Sir: I would like to suggest what I think a very good idea whereby we could gain members by the thousand. The idea is to have arrangements made for parades to be held in every city that has members enough, all members out of town to be requested to come to town and attend. The parade to be on the Fourth of July, with banners to suit the occasion, the union to be thrown wide open for all to join free of charge for one or two weeks. Some banners bearing the invitation (Come join us free tonight). I think this matter should be taken up at all meetings, and if you think it a good plan I would like to see an article on this subject in the "Worker." I am in a position to know that there are lots of married men who can hardly afford to part with a dollar and a half at this time and it would in my way of thinking help the union a whole lot.
MEMBER I. W. W. No. 5638, Seattle.

THE HELLSH SPIRIT OF MILITARISM.
The hellish spirit of militarism expressed itself the other day when the 17th infantry, sent to the alleged maneuvers in Texas, heard that they were to be used for actual fighting, and, as the newspaper report testifies, "fairly tore the roof off the barracks with cheers." Think of it! Human beings actually cheering the prospect of being called on to butcher other human beings! It is hard to think that even the vilest creature living can sink to such horrid depths of infamy. The only excuse for an army is to do a larger sort of police duty, not from pleasure, but for the protection of their country. Imagine the police force cheering the increase of crime, because it gives a prospect of the fun of clubbing and shooting the criminals; or the scavenger rejoicing over an unusual accumulation of filth, to give him greater exercise; or the hospital nurses hiliarious over the spread of the pest! There is, perhaps, nothing quite so horrible on this earth as the man who can actually lust after the blood of his fellow man.—"Truth Seeker," New York.

The "Industrial Worker" has had to increase its order at the printer. Had to stick on another 500 this week. Lets make it double what it is now in the next month. Buy a bunch of sub cards.

BOOSTER'S BRIGADE

A. Joll sends in \$1.00 from St. Louis, Mo., to assist the "Worker." Its thankfully received.

J. P. Thompson, the genial organizer in Seattle, donates 50 cents to assist the "Worker." Thank you James. Get the subs at your meetings. The 25c ones.

Covington Hall shops in another \$1.00 for the "Worker," just "to help along a bit," he says.

J. Parker sends in \$1.00 from Vancouver to help get the "Worker" out of the hole. We're bringing her.

Thomas Coultas of Seattle, Wash., donates \$2.00 towards the "Worker." Many thanks, Thomas.

Twenty-two dollars have been received from Fellow Worker Whitehead of Seattle in the past week for subs, bundle orders and donations. This is not accomplished with philosophers or stove brigades.

Paul Stock sends in \$2.75 for subs from Boise, Idaho. Fellow Workers Stock and Kirby are trying to establish an I. W. W. local in Boise. They take 30 "Workers" a week. Success to the live ones and down with stove philosophers and knackers.

Lee Burton sends in \$2.50 for subs from Monroe, Ore. Come again Lee.

A. Millicheap of Victoria, B. C., sends in \$2.25 for subs. Good stuff for Cannucks that believe in sending degenerates to put the crown on a parasite's head.

The I. W. W. in Vancouver, B. C., sends in \$13.25 for subs and bundle orders. They ordered 500 of the last issue after the papers were off the press and we were unable to complete their order. We won't be caught napping again. Get your orders in on good time so that we may know how many papers to print.

FOR "A DAILY."
Nestor Donogio sends in another dollar to apply on the deficit of the "Worker" and says we must hurry now and get the DAILY in operation. He says "After the convention in September, and if my master will still have me as a wage slave, I hope I can afford more money as a new assessment for the "Daily-Industrial Worker."

LEAVING THE ARMY.
Houston, Texas, June 1, 1911. Special to "Worker."

I am enclosing a clipping showing what a fine thing it is to be a private in the U. S. army. I have just landed here from a trip to Rio Grande points, and over 1,000 men have deserted the army since it was sent down here, which is "bully" as Teddy would say. At San Antonio the officers are quartered at the very best hotels, having their wives and families with them and their hardest work seems to be to keep up with their "social duties" and flirting with the girls. The men, though, stayed in the fly-infested camps and ate bull-neck and sand. Nearly all the private soldiers are nothing but boys.
COVINGTON HALL.

RE-ORGANIZED.
The Superior, Wis., Local of the I. W. W. No. 247, has been reorganized. We have opened up a fine reading room at 1616 Fifth street. All wage workers are welcome.
JAMES J. STARK,
Financial Secretary No. 347, I. W. W.

TO ALL LOCALS OF THE I. W. W.
The editor of the "Worker" has in his keeping a bridle made by a fellow worker who is doing "life" in the Deet Lodge penitentiary in the State of Montana. He wishes to realize something from his skill and has sent the bridle out to be raffled off or disposed of in any manner that will net him \$25.00. The bridle is a work of art. It represents over a year of steady labor and if labor time expended on the work would be taken into consideration, it would be worth hundreds of dollars. As this is the only way that the prisoners have of securing a few little luxuries such as tobacco, etc., we trust that some western local will remit \$25.00 for the bridle and will raffle it off or dispose of it in a manner that will bring money into the treasury of the local. The first person or local sending \$25.00 to the editor of the "Worker" will secure the bridle.

NOT STRANGE, IF TRUE.
A foreign visitor to our shores took in Tia Juana early this week, and was returning across the line to take train back to San Diego, when he was held up by one of Uncle Sam's patrol who, he claims threatened him with his rifle while under the influence of liquor. He promptly complained to the commanding officer, after he crossed the border, and was informed that he should not mix with the riff-raff on the other side as he would naturally get into trouble.

"But," said our foreigner, "I have no trouble on the other side. They treat me like a gentleman. It was on this side that your soldiers treat me like a dog."—"Ex."

One I. W. W. man in Minneapolis sent for \$15.00 worth of prepaid sub cards to take to the harvest fields with him. Who is next?

PATRIOTISM FOR THIEVES

CAPITALIST EDITORS ARE IN SAME RELATION TO WORKERS AS A FLEA IS TO A DOG—ALL PARASITES MUST GET OFF OUR BACKS.

The Prince Rupert Daily Liar does not like the idea of a workingman expressing his views, if we are to judge by the howl set up by the biased minded editor of that insignificant, political baiting leaflet. When a worker tells the truth, the editors who are hireslings of the capitalist class, call him a traitor and hurl all kinds of anathems at him. This is what has been done with me, relative to my article in the "Industrial Worker" of the 25th of May issue. This editor feels very indignant over the fact that I did not congratulate the old war dogs, Billy Lynch, George Leek and Sloan for shooting workingmen. He says the time is passed when men believe in the divinity of kings. I hope it has and the day has passed when men will stand for idle parasites living on their very flesh and blood. Kings, sky-pilots and editors had the same relation to the working class as a flea does to a dog. They are all enemies of the workers, and the sooner we scratch them off our backs, the better for ourselves.

He speaks about British law and order protecting me, but I may say for the benefit of this man that British law and bad order never protected a working man. It has caused millions more like me to leave my native land through its tyrannical methods. It only protects the capitalist class. If the working class wants protection they will have to protect themselves against the poisonous fangs of the law. We had a fine example of British justice here when contractors, merchants and pimps were armed to shoot us down. He says "there is an amazing lack of patriotism in the action of any man who after concocting a screed so slanderous that no self-respecting editor north of the forty-ninth parallel would publish it." What a lot of rot! Parallels cut no figure with

the working class. They have no country. The earth belongs to us and we must have it at any cost. We have long since forgotten about those imaginary lines.

The same thing is true about patriotism. Wherever you find the most patriotism there also you find the most IGNORANCE. What has a working man to be patriotic for? It gives the master a better chance to skin him, a better automobile to ride in, a better cigar to smoke and the patriotic slave can have the snipe after the master throws it away. What do you think of a wage slave singing "God Save the King" and his belly thrashing his backbone with hunger? I may say that the only business men that were indignant over the article in the "Industrial Worker" were comparatively few. They are of the type of the infamous Billy Lynch and Leek of the "Muskeg Scouts." They have not a spark of manhood men that were sent up for trial will leave here in their bodies. They are as low as it is possible for a man to get. The thirteen working on Friday morning for Victoria to stand trial there. I am yours in Revolt.
DOYLE, I. W. W.

SLUGGED AT NEWHALL, CAL.

Fellow Worker Casterena writes that he was slugged and beaten with rocks in Newhall, California, on May 28th, while going peacefully about his business. He says that Free speech won't be tolerated in Newhall. As Newhall is not a very large place it might be necessary to send a few men to Newhall to let the scissor-bills in Newhall know that they WILL tolerate Free Speech. We have seen other towns much larger than Newhall get gay about this Freedom of Speech business and we have seen them glad enough in the end of a fight to let the workers make a speech on the steps of the Governor's mansion.

WORST FORM OF WAGE-SLAVERY

(Continued from Page One.)

containing the invoice on the package of goods sent by freight or express.

The first interpretation cost the nation the ownership of the national means of distribution, and on top of that forced the working class to pay enormous dividends yearly on the \$3,000,000,000 fictitious capital in railroads alone.

The second decision added another bunch of bloodsuckers to the backs of our class in the shape of express companies, capitalized at nearly \$65,000,000.

What has this to do with postal employees? Just this: Whenever in the past you individually or as a class prayerfully begged for some material benefit, such as increased wages, shorter hours or better working conditions, you were told something about a "postal deficit," were you not? Well, it is a curious coincidence that the birthday of the "perpetual deficit" in the Post Office Department is about the same as the "opinion."

Ever hear of Executive Order of January 31st, 1902? Toothadore I, issued that, and it's in full force and effect now, even though it is unconstitutional. Objection may be raised to that assertion on the grounds that when Congress passed Postal Bills it delegated to the executive branch of government the power to make such rules and regulations as may be deemed necessary to govern each department but you won't find anything in the constitution that warrants the transfer of the powers or duties of any one branch to either of the other two branches of government.

Read the last paragraph of Sec. 8, Article I—Congress shall have power to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for the carrying into execution the foregoing power and all other powers vested by this constitution in the government of the United States. OR IN ANY DEPARTMENT OR OFFICER THEREOF," and even if there did exist such an arrangement, how can congress constitutionally transfer a power that the constitution expressly states it does not possess? Here it is, 1st amendment: "Congress shall make no laws—abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances."

Was the executive order enacted by congress, and does it appear in the Record? NIX. The executive and judicial branches of government have been scalping on congress for a long time now, and if you will take the trouble to notice you will find that they are made up of, and represent the non-productive capitalist class—and therefore the patriotic capitalists are not making much of a howl for the dear constitution.

It is high time our class asserted itself. That's why this appeal is made to you.

We are satisfied that the foregoing is true and we know also that these unconstitutional decisions and interpretations are enforced by and the honorable interpreters and the patriots in whose favor they were made, are protected in their positions by police, spies, national guard, army and navy. It is the historic mission of the working class to take and operate the industries in the interests of their class. There are but thirteen industries or departments of labor in the world. The workers in each industry must co-operate and act as a unit. The postal employees should work in accord with teamsters, sailors, dockmen, railroad men, telephone and telegraph operators, deliverymen, messengers and all other workers in the transportation industry, and not in harmony with the Post Office Department, who merely represent the capitalist class.

The above named spies and scab-protectors are recruited largely from the unemployed of our class, and are in the dirty, degrading protecting business for economic reasons; it furnishes bread and butter.

Our first duty then is to furnish them with decent employment, and as the problem of supplying the wants of the nation have been already solved, there remains but one way to get them employment and that is to cut down our hours of employment and put more men on the job. That reduces the unemployed from which capital recruits its protection.

Marx said, "Workers of the world, unite; you have nothing to lose but your chains; you have a world to gain."

No workers in the postal system have a great weapon. It's our economic power, or power to labor. Our goal, our ideal government, is an industrial democracy. Our only method of attaining it is Direct Action on the job. Voting doesn't help. A vote is a straw thrown out to the submerged. He grabs at the straw and finds that it don't carry him anywhere. It's a false hope; it but serves to divert him from helping himself.

The industrial method requires less numerical following and has a minimum of reactionaries to contend with, as none but workers are in the movement, and because it includes with voters those who have no political powers, as (1) workers of either sex under 21 years; (2) adult women in some states; (3) those workers of foreign birth who are not yet naturalized; (4) workers who haven't legal residence in a community; (5) workers whose vocations and locations will not permit of registering and voting; (6) workers disfranchised on account of race or color. So it will be readily granted that Industrial Unionism and its policy of Direct Action is no mean weapon, and that the workers must be made aware of its importance in the class struggle.

The important point is to make every worker understand the class struggle, for once they do they become class conscious, and they won't

likely overlook any bets that favor their class. Study will convince you that Industrial Unionism will overthrow capital, so don't wrangle and split hairs over philosophy or tactics, but use all your energy to organize your class and fight the common enemy—CAPITALISM.

The railway mail clerks out of this city (Spokane, Wash.) demonstrated the value of Direct Action tactics in February last. They organized, stated their grievances, made their demands, and were ready to assert their economic power on the 15th, if their demands were not granted by that date, and they didn't have to do anything else, as the department made haste to "come through."

The only purely economic organization in America that aims at the overthrow of capital and has a definite program of carrying on production and distribution when capitalism shall have been overthrown is the Industrial Workers of the World.

AGITATE, EDUCATE, ORGANIZE and FIGHT for the shorter work day, for a starter, then follow it up until the workers control the industries.

Not until then will unconstitutional interpretations, decisions and gag rules, with their attendant deficits and misery, cease, Taft to the contrary: 'tstand 'g.

GERALD CONDARE.

AGITATING

ON THE TRAIL.

Sunday, May 7, I began a lecture tour on the Pacific Coast at San Diego, where a meeting had been arranged by Fellow Worker Stanley M. Gue and Austin Adams. It was not large, for many of the I. W. W. boys of San Diego were in Mexico helping in the revolution, and about all who could raise a dollar went down to Tijuana—15 miles away—to see the fight there. Perhaps a hundred or more were present to hear about "Direct Action for Industrial Emancipation."

By the kindness of Emma Goldman, one of the biggest-hearted women in America, five lecture dates were arranged for me at Los Angeles. And before I could get away I had spoken ten times in the city. Some one carried the news to the person who acts as State Secretary for the Socialist Party—sex uncertain, though familiarly known among the comrades as "Grandma"—that William Thurston Brown had been seen on the street with an I. W. W. button in the lapel of his coat. Horror of horrors! Here was danger to Grandma's pets. If not warned, they might hear something about a form of unionism not recognized by Grandma's Party. So a letter was prepared and dispatched to all the locals of the State, to be read immediately after prayers, notifying them that a naughty man was abroad.

The letter told how Thurston Brown had tried to work the Socialist Party for his railroad fare to the bosom of his family and that he was now proposing to graft on the unsuspecting members of Grandma's family for the Modern School. The publication of the letters between the State Secretary and myself would show that the suggestion of being routed by the S. P. came first from the Secretary, and when in answer to the inquiry about terms, I wrote that the International Socialist Review would furnish tickets for the meetings, I was immediately told that no one who had any use for the Review was wanted in the State.

Since I have never received more than \$25 a month for my work in the Modern School and have been at an expense of \$500 or \$600 in trying to establish it in Salt Lake, the suggestion of the Secretary's letter will not have much weight with intelligent persons.

My meetings in Los Angeles were fairly well attended. Every statement of the principles of Industrial Unionism was greeted with approval, and it was clear that this is the liveliest thing that is being discussed.

One evening was given to a debate with State Organizer Cantrell on the question: Resolved, That Direct Action Through Industrial Unionism and the General Strike is a more effective agency for Industrial Emancipation than Political Action through the Socialist Party. A crowd that taxed the capacity of Burbank hall showed how much interest such a debate arouses. The State Organizer so convincingly proved his ignorance not only of the meaning of Industrial Unionism, but of the uselessness of craft unionism, that workmen all over the hall gave him the merry Ha! Ha! all through the debate. "I'm no fool!" he shouted, at one moment. "How do you know you're not?" came back the question from one of the leading union men of the State, in a voice that could be heard a block. It seemed as if this salaried official of California's bourgeois reform party could not open his mouth without putting his foot in it. All his associations having been with the "cockroach class" and with nice old ladies of both sexes, of course, the notion of revolution was new to him. He had never heard of it before.

The I. W. W. boys have been so impolite as to attend the meetings of socialist locals—where making "tattling" is said to be the chief occupation—and ask questions. To ask questions at such meetings isn't nice. In fact, the questioning instinct was so strong in the industrial workers at the debate, that it could not be suppressed. "If you members of the I. W. W. would work something besides your mouths," said Cantrell. "I should have more respect for you." This remark was so un-called for, in view of the fact that more of the I. W. W. have gone to Mexico and given their lives, if need be, in helping on the revolution in behalf of their fellow workers in that barbarous country, than of any other class; and in view of the further fact that the State Organizer of the S. P. is paid a salary for working practically nothing but his mouth—

for it was observed at the debate that all organs in his anatomy above the level of the mouth had gone on strike—and as a consequence it is greatly to be feared that the audience—except the cockroaches and other lady-like people who expect the co-operative commonwealth to be brought in on a platter, and with gloves—were not in accord with him.

Whether the defender of Direct Action had any argument may be judged by an outline which he is sending to this paper.

Sunday was occupied by the S. P. in carrying through a well-prepared "slate" at what was popularly supposed to be a convention, and the interests of the working class in Los Angeles were placed in the hands of some "safe and sane" reformers who can be depended upon to exchange any and every principle the Socialist movement has ever stood for for VOTES.

The next place on the trail was Fresno, which our brave fellow workers have placed on the map as the latest victory in the fight for free speech. Fresno, the petty bourgeois would like to have us think of as the center of raisin culture—though they do not tell the public that dynamite has to be used in planting the vines—but its only claim to a place in history, thus far, has been given it by the bunch of revolutionists who alone in all its smug population have stood for a principle, even at the risk of their lives from its "respectable" mob. Fresno now has the honor of a place beside Boston, where another respectable mob tried to lynch Garrison, but merely succeeded in driving Wendell Phillips into the arena to lash its pious hypocrisy with his matchless eloquence.

It was a joy to meet Fellow Worker Jack Whyte again, as also Fellow Worker Louise Oliverreau, recently of Salt Lake. Our two meetings here felt the effects of Grandma's warning from Los Angeles, and the party Socialists were conspicuous by their absence.

In Fresno a large crowd assembled in Jefferson Square Hall, where I spoke on "Reform or Revolution—Which?" "Does America Need the Modern School?" and "How Capitalism Has Hypnotized Society," are the two other lectures which I am to give in Fresno. Then on to Portland.

WM. THURSTON BROWN.

A GOOD THING FOR BOSS

PATRIOTISM ON THE BUM—FRESNO'S MAYOR LETS THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

Fresno, Cal., May 31, 1911.

As an example of what good Americans will calmly listen to, or even applaud, when under the intellect-benumbing influence of a patriotic occasion, consider the following extracts from a speech made by Chester Rowell, Mayor of Fresno, at a Memorial Day gathering.

"The present danger to the nation," said Mayor Rowell, "is that of class division. It is not a phenomenon peculiar to America, but is found in Europe as well. * * * The bankers of Europe are united and are an international institution controlling in large measure the destinies of nations. * * * Labor, too, has been organized in many countries and seeks for class privileges and advancement."

"The result of such class stratification has been to cause a movement to do away with patriotism * * * but with the lessening of patriotism there would be less power to control the problems that affect peoples. In case we get into trouble through class stratification, patriotism would probably be the strongest power to oppose the evils."

Here's a nice cold-blooded capitalist statement of the situation, Mr. Working Man. Mayor Rowell seems to use the old saive usually applied to the wage slaves on patriotic occasions, the old badpoodle about all men being free and equal, every man having a perfectly good chance to become either rich or president or both. Mr. Rowell frankly admits that class distinctions are becoming very marked here in America as in the old world, and that the differences between class and class are becoming greater than the difference between nation and nation. He sees the organization and co-operation of capitalists the world over, and their control over the destinies of nations. He sees also the beginnings of organization and co-operation on the part of the working class, and in that evidence of the workers' growing intelligence he sees danger. "The result of such stratification has been to cause a movement to do away with patriotism." Where did this movement originate? In the ranks of the working class, when they began to realize that the interests of the workers of all countries are the same, and that there are in truth but two nations in all the world—the exploiters and the exploited.

"With the lessening of patriotism there would be less power to control the problems that affect peoples." What are the problems that affect peoples? From the capitalist's point of view they are of course the problems that affect the pocket-book—in other words, the great problem of how the wage slaves can be most profitably exploited.

Now, with a thoroughly organized capitalist class, determined to exploit the wage slave class to the uttermost, and an awakened, class conscious wage slave class resolved upon its own emancipation, trouble is inevitable.

It looks like a serious situation. But Mr. Rowell tells us, in the coolest and most matter-of-fact way imaginable, that such trouble can be warded off by stimulating patriotism—which, being interpreted, simply means that the capitalist class deliberately use the senti-

ment of patriotism to keep the working class divided.

The capitalist class has no need of patriotism. Internationally organized, it can control the destinies of nations—if not interfered with by an organized working class. The working class must be kept patriotic in order that they may be fully under the control of their capitalist masters—in order that, at the first sign of any determined effort to advance their class interests, these masters may confuse and defeat the working class by calling upon them to defend their country—"their country," of which they own not a stick nor a stone, nor even their jobs, which they hold at the mercy of their masters.

What does this bare-faced statement of the capitalist's views in this matter mean? Does it mean that the working class are reduced to such a depth of slavery that the master class may with impunity heap insult upon us—that as a class we are so cowed and craven that our masters may without danger boast openly of the dastardly means they will resort to to keep us in submission? Wake up you workers! Organize your forces and show your too-confident capitalist masters that you are MEN! that you have grown beyond the stage where you can be diverted from your goal—economic freedom for the working class of the world—by any cheap appeal to patriotic sentiment. Organize in the ONE BIG UNION—the union of your class—as the capitalist has organized in his international union, and disregarding utterly all national boundaries and differences, concentrate your combined forces in the great struggle for YOUR OWN freedom and the total abolition of the system which makes an exploiting class possible.

LOUISE OLIVEREAU.

THE CEMENT GUN.

A new invention has just been patented called the cement gun. It is designed for the mixing and delivering of a stream of cement in the building of houses, factories, bridges, etc. It is claimed that each gun will displace 24 men. The building trades industry is about the most backward in America today. Invention and monopoly have not invaded that industry to the extent that they have involved the other industries. That is why the building trades workers form the backbone of conservatism in the craft unions.

Concrete and steel beams and girders, however, are supplanting the bricklayer, the stone-cutter, the plasterer, etc. Where hundreds of journeymen, with years of training, a few years ago were seen erecting a building or a bridge, today a small group of Slavs, Hungarians and Italians do the work much cheaper and in less time.—"Ex."

POLITICAL GHOULS

WOULD HANG McNAMARA IF IT WOULD GET VOTES FOR POLITICAL GHOULS NEXT FALL.

HAYWOOD AND OTHER REBELS ARE WORKING FOR MERCHANTS AND MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION, SAYS THIS BLATHERSKITE.

While several men connected with the defense are gathering data relative to the explosion, Socialists and trade unionists are preparing to capture the city hall next election. All working men and women rapidly are realizing that the capture of the city and state governments is the strategic point in the move, now being made to free the imprisoned iron workers. Dreading the almost certain success of the Socialist political program agents of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association now are in the field agitating against political action and demanding a general strike. The Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association knows the soldiers camped along the Mexican border can make short work of a mob of unorganized, untrained and unarmed general strikers, and that after the unarmed and untrained workers are shot into submission no difficulty will be encountered in trying, convicting and hanging the McNamaras.

The above spasm was written by a special staff correspondent of the famous "Appeal to Reason" and appearing in the issue of May 27. As the fellow who wrote this (Comrade Shoaf) is a staff correspondent of the "Appeal to Reason," and as the above was printed on the front page of the "Appeal to Reason" we take it that the "Appeal" stands for this kind of rot as well as Comrade Shoaf.

We are pleased to know that we are working in the interest of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association as we would have not known it had not Comrade Shoaf informed us. It may be pleasing for Comrade Shoaf to know that Comrade Debs is also speaking for the General Strike as well as Haywood, Mother Jones and thousands of speakers in the I. W. W. and other organizations. We are either a bunch of traitors to our class, or else this spluttering mouthed blatherskite is that wrote this article, and who is special staff correspondent to the "Appeal to Reason." Get the votes in the fall and elect some politician to office in California and they will play the God act and raise from the dead the lime eaten bones of McNamara and his brother. When men will use the bleached bones of a worker for the purpose of getting votes, it but shows to what depths of degradation a lot of slimy political ghouls will go in order to get a job. "Socialists and trade unions are preparing to capture the city of Los Angeles next fall." Trade unions that allow a few men to be sent to jail because they were charged with speaking to some non-union man on the street, and would not pack every jail in Los Angeles as a protest and a cure against such high handed work, would capture a hell of a lot of cities. If a lot of

froth like the kind that is vomited from the hole in the face of the blatherskite that wrote the above to the "Appeal to Reason" would capture anything, it would have been captured long ago. Trade unions that will go on strike and lay around for four years as the machinists did but recently, while every other craft was working to aid the boss in making their defeat more secure, certainly are not going to capture many cities. We never knew of a bunch of slimy politicians capturing anything yet. If anything will tend to hang the McNamara brothers, it is the rot that is peddled by the like of this special staff correspondent of the "Appeal to Reason." We might conclude by using the short and ugly word by telling this frothing reptile that he is a liar when he says the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association have agents in the field agitating for a general strike. May be its Debs; or would he also be a traitor with all the rest of us who are yearning for the life blood of McNamara so that we might get some—VOTES? We have nothing to get but our freedom and we will get that when we have power enough to take it and not before. The "Appeal to Reason" can either tie a can onto Debs or this blatherskite in California. One or the other is a traitor and if the "Appeal" wishes to really appeal to any person's reason, it had better get the tip can out.

THE UNEMPLOYED.

"See the unemployed!"

"I do. What a bedraggled, spiritless, sullen-looking crowd they are, to be sure. Cannot something be done for their relief, O Sage?"

"Most assuredly something can be done for their relief, but, as you well know, to do the sensible thing would not be desirable."

"I know nothing of the sort. The sensible thing is to put them to work at reasonable wages, and I can think of nothing more desirable than that men who wish to work should be allowed to work."

"I am surprised at your ignorance. The unemployed are absolutely necessary to civilization."

"I am sure you are wrong for once, O Sage." "Let us see. If all men were employed, then there would be no unemployed. Am I right?"

"Obviously."

"And if there were no unemployed there would be no strikebreakers when men went out on strike. Is it not so?"

"And, accordingly, when men struck, the employer would either have to concede the demands of the workmen or close their plants."

"Yes."

"And as a small profit is better than no profit at all, employers would not close their shops except as a very last resort."

"Surely."

"And so employees would become as arrogant as employers are now and employers would become as meek as employees are now. Do you follow me?"

"I think I do. That would be a terrible state of affairs, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, for the employers."—Life.

BUSTED, BY GUM!

Monsignore Amette, archbishop of Paris, has raised a cry of alarm on account of the scarcity of candidates for ordination as priests. At the seventh diocesan congress held in Paris recently he declared that if present conditions continue there would soon be no young priests at all. Later, in an interview, Monsignore Amette said that in 1910 only 26 priests were ordained in Paris, and in 1911 there have thus far been only six candidates.

"The chief cause of this state of things," he said, "is the persecution of the church during the last 10 years by the civil authorities. The church is poor. Its supporters think more of this luxurious age of worldly pleasures than of the salvation of their souls. Parents set their children against priesthood as a career. There are many villages in France without a priest, where Catholic services are conducted by laymen only. This evil can be remedied only by increasing the financial resources of the church."—"Chronicle."

USELESSNESS OF ARMIES AND NAVIES

The cost of our army and navy—a useless and ridiculous institution devoted to professional violence and murder—for one year, would reconstruct the school system of the whole United States upon a rational basis. The cost of one Dreadnought would establish a Rational school in every county in the state of Indiana. That is true. Three-fourths of our entire national revenue spent annually upon war or preparation for war.

Wouldn't you as soon carry a teacher of the Rational school on your back as to carry a soldier and a sailor, as every one of you now do?—"The Open Road."

"How are you?"

"Oh, I'm about even with the world."

"How's that?"

"I figure that I owe about as many people as I don't owe."

"How are you?"

"Oh, I'm about even with the world."

"How's that?"

"I figure that I owe about as many people as I don't owe."

A Methodist negro exhorter shouted: "Come up en jine de army ob de Lohd."

"I've done jined," replied one of the congregation.

"Whard' yoh jine?" asked the exhorter.

"In de Baptist Church."

"Why, chile," said the exhorter, "yuh ain't in de army; yoh's in de navy."

"I bet my dad is tougher than yours."

"I bet he ain't."

"My father's been in jail."

"Huh, mine's been in the legislature."—"Ex."