

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

ORGANIZE RIGHT

ORGANIZE YOUR MIGHT

W EMANCIPATION W
★ EDUCATION ★ ORGANIZATION

Industrial Worker

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

TO ARMS, YE BRAVES

AN APPEAL FROM THE I. W. W. BRIGADE IN MEXICO.

Tia Juana, Mexico, May 24, 1911.

To all Members of the I. W. W. and to all other Radicals.

Fellow Workers:—It is now about five months ago since the I. W. W. boys hoisted the red flag over Mexico, and since that time victory after victory has crowned our efforts to make the revolution in Lower California a real revolution for Emancipation and Industrial Freedom of the working class. So far only a few of the I. W. W. boys have been killed and the revolution has been only supported by Mexicans and American members of the Liberal Junta, and the members of the I. W. W. locals down here in California, and right now about half of the 250 insurgents here in Tia Juana are members of the I. W. W. But, fellow workers, this revolution has just started and for to carry it to a successful end more men and also more money is needed, for to buy more guns and ammunition. Reds are coming and joining every day, and we are short of guns and that is the most important matter right now. And so, fellow workers, this letter is sent out for the purpose to give you a true account of how things really are here in Tia Juana. We have plenty of horses, cattle and provisions—enough to feed a thousand men for many months and you bet we are not living on coffee and doughnuts either, but living on the fat of the (what used to be) the Otis and other Ranches. We cannot see why you fellows will stand for coffee and in the good "old U. S. A." while we, your fellow workers are living high and keeping the Red Flag flying here in our country as you see. We have got a Utopia down here. We do not work, and we don't get pulled for vags either. We drill half an hour daily so that we will be able to plug the federals full of holes when they have recovered enough to show up again. Now, fellows, this Lower California is a very nice country to have control of. It's not too hot here and it is also a very rich country in metals and otherwise, and if you fellow workers back us up with men and money we will surely take this country and will be able in various ways to help organization work in the U. S. A. So, fellows, stop looking for a master; stop counting the ties; stop gazing at the Job Sign, and take the first train and come down here. Here there are no bosses and you the FREE. Also tell other Radicals to come as we want nobody else. Hold meetings, read this letter, collect money and come. Don't believe the Capitalist papers when they tell you there is peace in Mexico because Diaz has resigned. There will never be peace in Mexico until the Red Flag flies over the working man's country and Capitalism shall have been overthrown.

Act at once and let us know if you can help us out with money and men.

F. G. PETERSON,
JACK PHELAN,
FRANCISCO MARTINEZ,

(Seal) For the I. W. W. Brigade.
RICARDO FLORES MAGON,
ANSELMO L. FIGUEROA,
ANTONIO DE P. ARUJO,
LIBRADO RIVERA,
ENRIQUE FLORES MAGON;
For Liberal Junta.

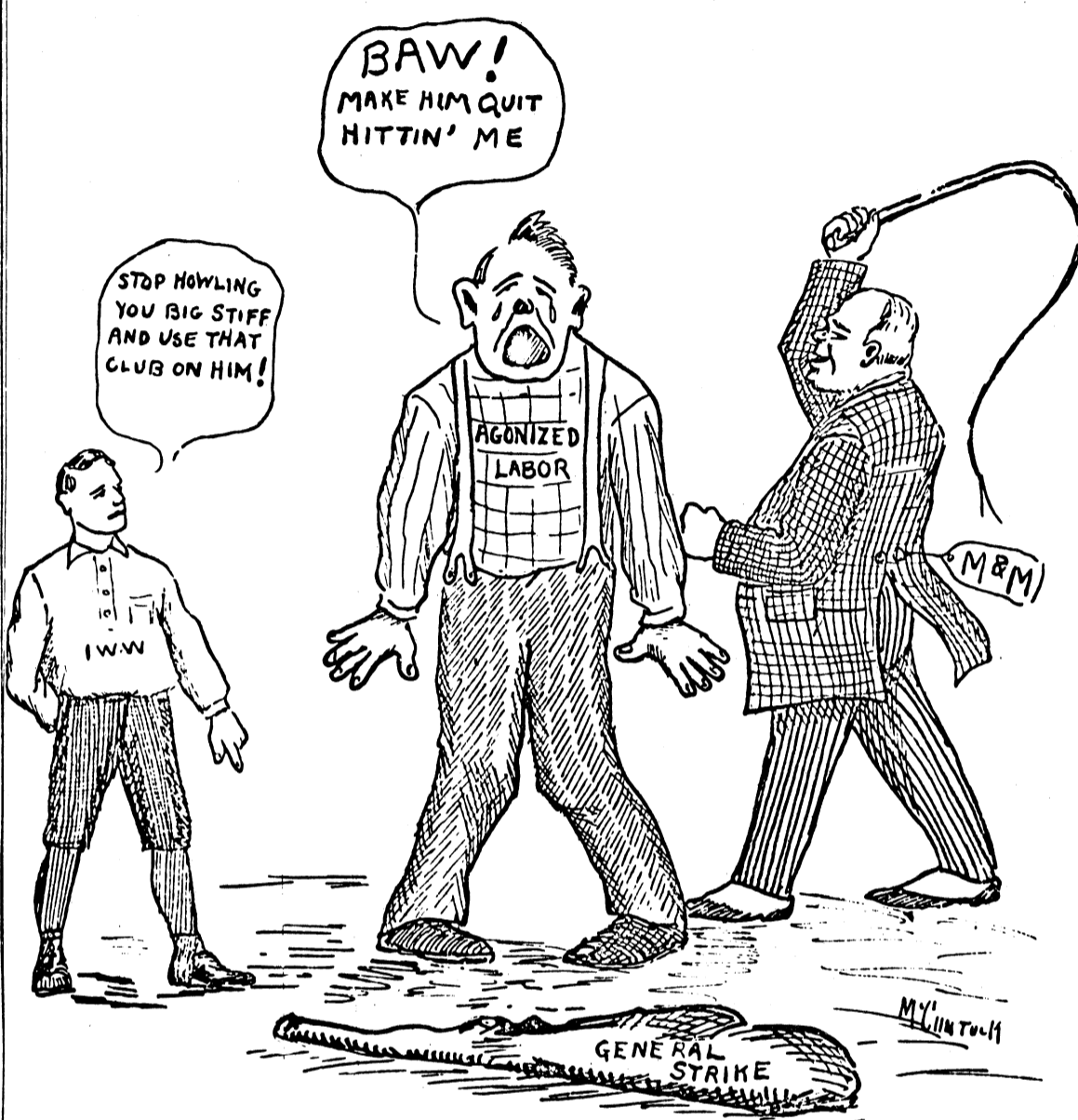
Address all communications to F. G. Peterson, 519 1/2 E. Fourth street, Los Angeles, Cal.

ONLY ONE I. W. W.

There is only one I. W. W. in America. Any person or persons claiming to represent the I. W. W. and do not have credentials signed by Vincent St. John, General Secretary of the I. W. W., and W. E. Trautmann, General Organizer of the I. W. W., are imposters. The head office of the I. W. W. is located at 518 Cambridge Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Beware of fakirs who try to discourage the workers by telling them that there is no hope this side of the grave.

Are you agitating for the eight-hour day in May, 1912? Some old lobster in New York says it is no good, but do YOU think eight hours better than 10. Only the slave knows. Petty grafters that never did a day's work in their lives are not expected to know the difference between eight hours' hard work and 10.

Do you subscribe for the "Industrial Worker"? This is a cordial invitation for you to do so.



LOS ANGELES

TELEGRAM

To Industrial Worker, Spokane, Wash.

Vancouver, B. C., June 5th, 1911.

Vancouver in throes of a General Strike. Chinese carpenters are striking and craft bricklayers working. Monster mass meeting held Saturday night; 5,000 present. I got the floor and explained that I. W. W. would and must assist in every strike against the boss. I explained how to strike by giving no notice, call of every workers, and refuse to haul or feed scabs or troops. Explained Swedish general strike and strikes in France, Sabotage, fallacy of politics, power on the job and how to get the eight-hour day by refusing to work longer. One great Industrial Union taken with great applause and enthusiasm. Notify all workers to keep away from Vancouver, B. C.

JOS. S. BISCOAY.

HOW POLITICALISM WORKS IN GERMANY

A SOCIALIST FUNERAL—"RESPECTABLE" SOCIALIST POLITICIANS KEEP SLAVES OUT OF PROCESSION.

Comrade Borgmann, a member of the Reichstag, died a week ago. He was buried today. Thousands of Socialists turned out to his funeral. I have no idea how many there were of them, but there must have been towards 20,000. To one who has been taught to consider the German movement as the very acme of revolutionary endeavor, the demonstration was a disappointment. In many respects it was even tamer than an A. F. of L. affair. The most striking feature of it was the costumes of the demonstrators, plug hats—the real stove pipes—and "Jesus Christ coats"—you know the kind the "pawson" wears on Sunday—were the prevailing modes. I should judge that 90 per cent wore this "proletarian" makeup. (Here was where my Parisian criffe got sore). I call the wearers "demonstrators," perhaps they were workers—I don't know—but one would never guess them to be so from their clothes or manner, and least of all would one guess them to be revolutionists. It is true a few wore red ribbons, but these were aids or corporals or

something of that nature and had charge of keeping order. I suppose the balance were forbidden to wear red, as the S. D. systematically suppresses all demonstrations that tend to arouse the ill will of the "sleeping" bourgeoisie tiger.

The tactics of these revolutionists seemed strange. The sidewalks were densely packed with people, so much so that they overflowed into the streets and streamed along abreast of the cortege. As these spectators were mostly workers, I thought they would be invited to fall in line, as would have occurred in even an American Federation of Labor demonstration, but no, the S. D. was out in its glad rags. The influx of the poorly dressed workers would have ruined the revolutionary effect of the plug hats and "go to hell" coats. It might even have exposed the S. D. to the unjust accusation that it is composed of the despised "lumpenproletariat." And as one of the ideals of the S. D. is to be "respectable," every effort was made to keep the procession clear of the contaminating poorer dressed element. This task fell on the aids, or ribbon bedecked ones, as the S. D. in Berlin has such a peaceful reputation that the streets were bare of policemen.

The well dressed Socialists in line poured broadsides of slurs and hints into the poorer dressed Socialists (nearly everybody is a Socialist in Berlin) along side to induce them to crowd back onto the sidewalk.

And so it went on during the two hours' march to the cemetery. Here occurred an incident or series of incidents that seemed to me to be entitled to the proverbial biscuit. Five hundred yards from the entrance to the cemetery we—the "lumpen" part of us—were met by about 200 rebels (?) with "aid" badges on their arms and we were all shoved over onto the off side of the street. I didn't quite savor this proposition at first, but as we came closer to the cemetery entrance it became clear. Our side of the street ran off into a sort of "cul de sac," while the other went on to the cemetery. At the strategic point that we—the lumpen ditched element—had to round in order to reach the cemetery entrance, there was stationed another large detachment of plug hat rebels who kept us at bay. I saw only one uniformed policeman in the bunch. Here we stood while the inviolate Socialist

(Continued on Page Four.)

GURLY FLYNN ARRESTED

PREVENTED FROM SPEAKING TO BALDWIN MEN—IS JERKED FROM BOX—HELD UNDER \$400 BAIL—FREE SPEECH TEST CASE TO BE MADE.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., May 26.—Free speech and free assemblage has again been attacked in Philadelphia. It was too threatening to the capitalist order to permit a woman, a mere girl, to tell the slaves of the Baldwin Locomotive Works the message of Socialism and labor organization.

This feeling was shown today at noon by the bosses of the Baldwin concern when their lackays, the police, jerked Elizabeth Gurly Flynn, organizer of the I. W. W., off a soap box on the corner of 15th and Buttonwood streets while she was addressing a crowd of workers.

Miss Flynn was hustled off to the police station where, after several hours waiting, she was given a hearing. The charges against her are obstructing the highway and breach of the peace.

When the hearing was finally given, Police Magistrate Scott expressed himself bitterly against the accused. He said he was opposed to "outside agitators coming into the city and disturbing the peace."

Miss Flynn told the magistrate that she intended to stand for her rights of free speech. She asked for a jury trial and it was granted. She was held under \$400 bail.

Workers Will Support Fight.

A test case will be made of it, and many Socialists and I. W. W. men have pledged themselves to stand behind her.

There never was a more outrageous trampling on the rights of free speech and free assemblage in the dust than in the case of Miss Flynn. A squad of police officers appeared on the scene at the stroke of noon. They were there to see that the workers in the Baldwin shops were not to be spoken to, and they said no meeting would be allowed.

These cops were asked if this order covered all streets and corners, and they boldly declared that it took in the entire district.

The police made no bones about their mission. They were there to look after the interests of the owners of the Baldwin works. The message of organization was not to be delivered to that concern's employes.

Sergeant Pierson, one of the men who made the arrest, stated on the witness stand that the superintendent of the Baldwin works objected to the meeting, and that was sufficient to rush the woman, who was delivering the message to the workers, into a patrol wagon.

The excuse made by the superintendent, according to this cop, was that the employes had only forty-five minutes to eat their lunch, and they would not get back to the shops in time to be at their work when the hour struck again, if they stood and listened to the speaker.

There was nothing unusual to cause the arrest of the speaker. The crowd was very orderly. The chairman who introduced the speaker was not molested. After he made a few remarks, Miss Flynn mounted the box, and then the cops showed up. She said that the organization was willing to make a fight for free speech, and that it would book no orders from Baldwin's on that score.

Just then a big, burly cop stepped up on each side of the speaker, and placed her under arrest. The crowd hooted and jeered, and expressed its feelings in no uncertain terms.

Baldwins Fear Organization.

The heads of the Baldwin concern are in deadly fear that the workers of that firm will organize, and that is the reason behind the outrageous arrest of Miss Flynn.

The magistrate practically intimidated this. When told what the organizer's salary was, he sneered, and asked her if dues and initiation were charged by the union. When he was informed that they were, he said, "it looks like a money-making scheme—not a benefit for the workers."

It was learned after Miss Flynn's arrest that a patrol wagon was waiting around the corner before the noon whistle blew, with eight or ten policemen ready to make the charge on the lone girl.

In the courtroom one of the ignorant asses on the police force who helped make the arrest testified that the speaker was talking "anarchy," but when Attorney Nelson, for the defendant, asked what he meant by anarchy he proved the density of his ignorance by saying he "didn't know."—"Call."

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It is difficult to free fools from the chains they revere.—Voltaire.

All classes have been insistent on their own rights, and regardless of the interests of their fellow man. Thus the captains of industry have ever stoutly maintained their right to monopolize and control; have ever built up their combinations even against positive human law, but they just as loudly deny the right of the working man to monopolize and control the one commodity he has to sell—his labor—which is his flesh and blood, his very life.—Scott Bennett.

USELESS INFORMATION.

A few members of the I. W. W. as well as others who are sympathizers, are yet writing, stating that the "camp is a bum out, butter is rotten, bunks are lousy," etc., as well as a hundred and one other grievances that will fit the ordinary camp on a railroad or logging camp. Warning men to stay away from this or that camp is but a warning to stay away from the fight, stop trying to organize or educate, and trying to get all I. W. W. men into some camp where conditions are a little better than in some other camp.

One or two good agitators can soon cure the "rotten butter" or the "lousy bunks." There are a score of petty grievances that can be settled right on the job which could never be settled by running away from the place only to go to another which may be a "shade" worse or better. If you wish to quit, FORCE the boss to make you quit for agitating for better conditions. It costs no more to be fired than it does to quit and there is a little honor attached to being fired for being an agitator, at least we think there is. Running away from a job is a poor recommendation that you are an agitator for better conditions. This paper cannot get rid of the lice in your bunk house or get you better butter. If you want us to shut the paper down and come and throw the rotten butter through the window and burn up the lousy bunks, say so and we will be along on the first train. Tell the "Worker" where you are fighting for better conditions and it will all be printed. When you talk about running away from a rotten pound of axle grease, the retreat will not be mentioned. Keep agitating.

COFFIN TRUSTS.

There are many organizations known as labor organizations that are flying under false colors and are being held together with "sick and death benefits." Were these insurance features taken away many organizations known as "unions," would die of their own weight. When a craft union is unable to accomplish anything in the way of better conditions for its members, and dissension is running widespread through the ranks at the apparent impotency of the union to make a successful fight, it is then that the leaders have to act and act quick to save the craft and keep the pie-card in sight for another period. Something must be done to make the workers believe that there is something yet good in a craft union. There is only one thing to do and that is to start an insurance society and keep the old name of a "labor union," to give the worker back some of his own money when he is sick or dies. This was done at the last convention of the International Shingle Weavers of America. Prior to the convention, the ranks of the weavers were honeycombed with dissension and distrust in craft unionism to accomplish anything in the shape of better conditions. The craft is more impotent today than it was a few months ago and tomorrow it will be more impotent against organized capital than it was yesterday. Sick and death benefits have nothing to do with building up a power against organized capital. Getting a few dollars when a finger is taken off or a coffin when you die will not whip the lumber trust. These are days when the crying need is for one big union of the working class that can and will act together to better the conditions of our class, not a craft. There are a thousand and one secret organizations that will look after the sore finger or the coffin when an accident or death occurs and we are sorry to see so many of the shingle weavers that were imbued with the spirit of solidarity, apparently "laying down" either discouraged or disgusted at a time when the best efforts of every rebel should be right on the "firing line" where the fight is the thickest. Regardless of the schemes and plans of the Youngs, the Fplsoms or any other labor leader with their coffins and their accident benefits, let

us organize and fight for the day when deaths and accidents will be at a minimum. To accomplish anything for the workers we must prepare our army. One big union must be the battle cry. A craft union is about as strong comparatively when fighting organized capital, as an ant is to an elephant.

HELL IN THE SOUTH.

Fullerton, Louisiana, April 10, 1911.

I, _____, IN CONSIDERATION OF THE GULF LUMBER COMPANY FURNISHING ME EMPLOYMENT, STATE THAT I AM NOT AT THIS TIME IDENTIFIED IN ANY WAY WHATSOEVER WITH ANY LABOR ORGANIZATION; AND FURTHER, THAT I WILL NOT INTEREST MYSELF IN, NOR LEND ANY ENCOURAGEMENT TO, NOR BECOME IDENTIFIED WITH ANY ORGANIZATION OF LABOR DURING THE TIME THAT I AM EMPLOYED BY THE ABOVE MENTIONED COMPANY. (Signed) _____

Witness: _____
 Every man that goes to work in the woods in the Southern States, such as Louisiana and adjoining states, is required to sign this badge of slavery and be content for ever more with the dear boss, who is organized in what is known as the Southern Lumbermen's Association. It is a trust, and a trust is an organization of parasites, organized to sell the lumber in the dearest market and buy slaves in the cheapest. It is the very essence of the class struggle, and the slave that cannot see through it like looking through a sieve is too dense to even roll logs around for the master class, so we will not be bothered with the brainless.

There is no need to talk about constitutions and all the old-time stock rot about the constitution guaranteeing life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness to every individual. When this bunc was written, the Southern states was a living mass of chattel slaves, and now it is a mass of free slaves. Freedom that implies the cruel lash of the taskmaster and the whip of starvation ever over the heads of the workers if they refuse to submit to the will and dictates of a cruel lot of blood-thirsty monsters who own the woods and who would put a meter on our throats and charge us for the air we breathe if they had an invention that would work. We don't give a tinker's damn about how the Creator created us or whether he created us to be free or anything else pertaining to it. What we know now is that the Lumber trust is going to do everything in their POWER to smash the Industrial Union of Lumber Workers in Louisiana and her sister states. This is no time for platitudes or guff, but it's a case of getting men to sign these infamous documents and go to work and use every weapon known to the working class in this great struggle for liberty. The boss has thrown down the gauntlet and is itching for the fight. There are as good a bunch of men on the job in the lumbermen's locals in the South as can be found in a day's march anywhere. The boss has had the officers of the union arrested for embezzlement, they have tried to bribe them, and now they are doing what is their last weapon when all the insidious ones have failed, and that is to openly fight. Are we equal to the task? We have the agitators; we have the workers with the brains; we understand the use of the weapons that have ruined the master class in France; we have the literature that can wise up any slave that does not revere his chains and who is not wedded for life to a dirty parasite; we have the best speakers in America, and there is no reason why a growing rebel organization should be smashed in its infancy just to satisfy the greedy desires of a lot of fat, lay stiff that wish to live from the product of some one else's toil. An intelligent dog will try to fight the lice from off its back, and a man that will not rally to the fight the boys of the union are putting up in the South does not deserve to be classed with a human being. WE HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT OUR CHAINS. It's the boss that has everything to lose in this fight; it is the boss that is itching for our very life's blood, so let us give him the battle of his life and keep fighting him till we have the RIGHT to go on and on with our work of education and organization. The "Worker" will fight with the Southern lumberjacks. The Union in the South is growing by leaps and bounds. The men there are for the EIGHT HOUR DAY. The fight must be won and the boss whipped to a frazzle. It's the class struggle. We are not blaming the boss for robbing us, but we are blaming the slaves for allowing it. A capitalist is like a hog that eats all it can and then wallows in the rest. Let us cut down his feed.

JUST FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

Fellow Worker A. Crawford, editor of the "Voice of Labor," printed in Johannesburg, South Africa, is touring the world for the purpose of studying labor conditions. He is at present touring America, and wherever he has been heard, he has given the utmost satisfaction to Direct Actionists and Industrialists. Fellow Worker Crawford is a staunch defender and worker in the cause of the I. W. W. in South Africa, and he has little faith in the workers getting anything from their masters, except by the power of the ONE BIG UNION on the Industrial field. Fellow Worker Crawford has made a special study of conditions in Australia and New Zealand; the subjects he speaks on, while in America, are: "The Failure of Palliative Legislation in New Zealand," and "How the Australian Labor Party Smash Strikes." This must be very hard medicine for the American politician to stomach, but then they will have to take it whether they like it or not. The I. W. W. secretary in Salt Lake reports a fine and rousing meeting held by Fellow Worker Crawford, and we are sorry that we cannot give his address and route at this time so that other I. W. W. locals could have the benefit of hearing a man that is clear cut and well posted on the progress being made by the workers throughout the world. Fellow Worker Crawford is carrying credentials from the I. W. W. in South Africa and America, and we join with the locals that have already had the pleasure of listening to him, in wishing him a successful trip and one that will redound to the best interest of the workers everywhere.

OUR COUNTRY, EH?

U. S. ARMY EDITOR CAN'T UNDERSTAND ANTI-MILITARY AGITATION.

In the "Industrial Worker" of May 25 we printed an article under the caption of "They enlist to eat" and signed "A Soldier." As the writer of the article referred to an editorial which appeared in the "Army and Navy Register" of April 22, combating the argument against militarism, which has been widely circulated on a "sticker" under the caption of "The Military Ideal" and as the soldier who wrote to us did not send along a copy of the official organ of the murderous institution known as the "army and navy," we wrote to him asking for the publication referred to. It now transpires that the editorial and reproduction of "The Military Ideal" in the "Army and Navy Register" caused so much comment of a favorable nature among the soldiers in favor of the anti-military propaganda, that when our revolutionary fellow worker went to three different "posts" to get the paper, that he had no trouble in finding the papers, but every one of them had "the Military Ideal" as well as the editorial comment by the editor clipped out. However our fellow worker in the army succeeded in locating one intact and we herewith give it to our readers, so that we may all have a chance of reading the result of the teachings of Patriotism, etc as peddled to the rank and file of the army. Listen to the "stuff" the \$14.00 a month slave is given for desert after a meal of embalmed meat or rotten fish:

A Dastardly Act.

"An amusing disclosure of misguided sentiment, unaccountably unfriendly to the Army, is made in the text of certain placards which have lately been posted in conspicuous positions throughout the city of San Diego, Cal. We are in receipt of one of these bulletins and reproduce it with some attempt at its typographical embellishment:

"It is surprising to learn from a correspondent who furnished us with the document that it was read with evident satisfaction by at least some of the people who saw it... The fact that a large number of troops are stationed in the neighborhood of San Diego adds to the significance of this exhibit... It is difficult to understand why a person with sufficient intelligence to compose a vindictive attack of this sort is incapable of patriotic appreciation of the need of national defense... It is equally difficult to understand how people who have any common sense will read a public announcement of such wanton maliciousness with patience. In the literature which the opponents of a military-naval force have produced, there has been nothing quite so hopelessly vicious and rabid as this ignorant and inflammatory diatribe... It might well be expected that such an attack on the military personnel will defeat its avowed purpose largely for the reason that the injustice and wickedness of its terms are too apparent for any other effect than arousing the indignation of the people who believe in THEIR country and who have respect for THEIR government.

There can be no avoidance of the intention of the authors of this diabolical creed to create a lasting prejudice against the military service... It will probably have no such result in any degree observable from the returns of the recruiting office... We prefer to believe there is sufficient faith in the real military ideal to make an effort of this character futile and that if the bulletins exposed in San Diego were read, as is asserted, with eagerness and interest, it is due to the same sort of appreciation which would be manifested for that which was outlandish or outrageous... There must be enough intelligence and patriotism among young men of this country to receive a message of this import with indignation provided they are inclined to take the document with the seriousness desired by those responsible for the infamous and incendiary composition."

The editor who has to handle the editorial department of the "Army and Navy Register" certainly has a hard job on his hands, and although his best attempts are answering the anti-military argument only met with having all his dope cut out by officers of the army, there is no doubt but what he will stick to the job like a leech as will many of the soldiers and for the same purpose as described by the soldier in the "Industrial Worker" and that is to get something to eat.

It's difficult for this editor to see why we can't see the necessity of national defense, and why we should not fight for OUR country and OUR flag, and become imbued with a strong sense of PATRIOTISM. We will answer this gent in a minute by saying, that we have no country to defend and we do not know of an instance where this country has had to be defended since the war of the revolution when the country was taken from King George of England and in that instance there were plenty of volunteers to look after their country without paying them to do so. We have nothing to be patriotic about as we own nothing, yes NOTHING! Not even the job that we have to grind away at every day we can get work from our master. The men that own the country are not doing the fighting. The men that are in the ranks of the federal army are there to GET SOMETHING TO EAT, and not to fight for THEIR country because any soldier with the brains of a gnat, knows that he did not join the army to defend a country but rather to DEFEND HIS STOMACH. These are truths that may be hard for the scissor bill editor to swallow, but the fact that all this matter referring to this question, was cut from this official organ immediately after the papers were delivered at the army posts, is sufficient to inform us that the army is

afraid of the TRUTH being told to the soldiers. Let the capitalists do their own fighting. Let the workers unite on the Industrial field and shorten the hours of labor and keep on shortening them till every slave in the world has a job and the master class as well as the rest of the leeches who preach his doctrine are FORCED to do their share of the work of the nation.

FROM MEADERVILLE, MONT.

I see by the "Industrial Worker" and "Solidarity" that our fellow workers, Preston and Smith, are still in jail at Carson City, Nevada.

They are in jail because Fellow Worker Preston was forced to kill a man in defense of his own life.

Harry Thaw, the millionaire, is in an asylum. He did not kill in self-defense, but as a deliberate and well planned scheme of revenge. But he's crazy. Sure, Mikel! He's go the coin. There's a difference.

Just to give a further illustration of how the courts and governors hear their masters' voice I will give you an incident that happened in Butte, Mont., the city of graft and fake.

In December, 1905, Antone Mezzano killed Peter Coello. Both were citizens of the U. S. He was sentenced to 99 years in Deer Lodge Penitentiary. The killing of Coello was as cowardly as it well could be. He was shot in the back without any provocation. Nevertheless he was pardoned in spite of the protests of the parents of Peter Coello.

I wonder if Fellow Workers Preston and Smith could get out if they were to play crazy? I don't think so.

This is just one of the many cases that go to show what there is to the claim that we are all equal before the law in this supposed land of freedom.

Hoping that you can find space for these few lines, I am, yours for the liberation of our fellow workers.

PETER MARCHIANDO.

THE DOG.

(With apologies to "The Raven.")
 Once in a winter, drab and dreary,
 I was rustling, weak and weary
 Rustling hand outs as I tramped from door to door.

And my heart congealed within me,
 In a sour and surly fashion I had never heard before.

For her eyes were cold and stony,
 And with fingers long and bony,
 There she stood, and mutely pointed to the wood pile near the door.

Stood and glared and grimly pointed,
 Lean and lank and double jointed
 'Till my shivering body sprung a leak from every separate pore.

So I tried my best to melt her,
 For I needed food and shelter,
 As I never needed anything in all my life before.

And from within the room
 There was wafted a perfume
 That brought to mind the flesh pots of the feasting days of yore.

Then I swore I'd chew or I,
 Would ascertain the reason why,
 So I called her stinky, mean and other ugly names galore.

But just within the inner,
 Room, where I had smelt the dinner,
 I beheld a savage bulldog which the lamplight glimmered o'er

And the dog came snarling past her,
 Rushing fast and rushing faster,
 Making me regret I'd sassed her, as I lit out with a roar.

And I needed no persuading,
 But kept on promenading
 'Till I couldn't see the wood pile nor the lady at the door.

"Thank the Lord" I breathed at last,
 That now the danger's passed,
 And I heaved a grateful sigh from my bosom's very core;

For we cannot help agreeing,
 When we're pressed for time and fleeing
 From an energetic bulldog, that is thirsting for our gore,

That the livelier we paddle
 And the faster we skiddaddle,
 The longer we shall live to grace this world's phantom shore

Ah! I never shall forget
 While my clothes were dripping wet,
 And the sand beneath my feet had ground them sore

How glad I was to find
 That I had left the dog behind
 And would see that dreaded wood pile never, never more.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

"BIRDS OF PREY."

King George gave his first state ball Friday night. The women wore tons of gems and the men strutted in magnificent uniforms. Not 10 people in the whole crowd had ever earned an honest dollar in their lives. They got what they have by being born.—Press.

Up to date J. Pierpont Morgan or Rockefeller has not donated one cent to the "Industrial Worker." This paper must be supported by the workers and the workers alone. No one else will do it. Send in a sub today and help build up a big circulation.

Have you sent for a thousand of them new red stickers? Send to the General Secretary today for 1,000 and stick them up everywhere. It's good propoganda, boys.

Have you sent for a package of those 25c sub cards yet? They are good for 13 weeks, and that may lead to more subs. Get busy everyone. The "Worker" wants to grow.

