DIRECT ACTION IS LABOR'S WEAPON

W EMANCIPATION W
EDUCATION ORGANIZATION

DIRECT ACTION WILL GET THE GOODS

Industrial Worker

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

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There Can Be No Peace So Long As Hunger and Want are Found Among the Millions of Working People

KING WINTER GRIPS G. T. P.

SNOW STOPS SCABS FROM WORKING —LABOR SKINNERS BALKED— NO SETTLEMENT YET.

The struggle continues and the most valuable asset of the capitalist system, the unemployed, are approached at every road crossing, every village, town and city, with glowing headlines in the various papers and special body snatchers advertising the great opportunities for the workingmen on the G. T. P. construction work. Every possible inducement is put forth; everything but the truth is dished up; just as on the construction work everything but food is dished up. No labor troubles, oh no!

There are labor troubles though, and so long as our demands for a nine-hour day and living conditions are not complied with, there is no prospect for peace. Meanwhile, penitentiaries cheap hospitals, reformatories and workhouses are evacuating their digested and undigested contents out over cities and villages, and totally unfit as the output is for work it becomes a menace to itself and to the public in whose charge this lowest product of capitalism will eventually fall. It is pitiful to notice these men—degraded by compulsory idleness to complete mental and physical wrecks, going around the city begging and borrowing with never an intention of paying back, while paralytically drunk, doped and deadened so far as self-respect is concerned.

The more of this brand of railroad construction laborers that Foley, Welch and Stewart, together with the G. T. P., are able to secure the sooner will the I. W. W. have a chance to demonstrate, without fear of successful contradiction, that they are only ones capable, not only of building but also of operating the modern industries.

Some of the contractors' subsidiaries have been down town lately telling the ignorant people of Prince Rupert that there is no strike on the construction that everything is going fine. Shortly after giving out this information, they state that they are looking for an opening for business in Prince Rupert. They have spent very little money in town and they stay at the cheapest "flops" to be found. Evidently something has gone wrong with the machinery of exploitation on the G. T. P.

The only thing flourishing at present is King Winter, who now reigns supreme in Prince Rupert and northern B. C. The contractors' supplies will keep until spring and then maggots and flies will have a feast from the remnants left by the rats and squirrels.

We shall keep account of how many lives the contractors will be responsible for this winter on the whole construction line. None of our members will be among the dead.

The G. T. P. construction offers capitalist society a splendid opportunity to get rid of a lot of the denizens of the workhouse. We shall do our utmost to prevent them from getting men with sane minds and sound bodies to go up in the Hell of Canada. Mr. Smithers of the G. T. P. wants the emigration bars lifted. (Foreign labor papers please copy.)

A. O. MORSE,
Box 917, Prince Rupert, B. C.

"WHO'S FOR THE HARVEST?"

A syndicated article appearing in the Scripps-McRae press during the month of October is supposed to give the facts of the harvest in the North Dakota fields. The Scripps papers hypocritically pretend to stand for the workers, but this article is purely from the viewpoint of the labor skinning farmer.

It tells how a real estate man (who wouldn't lie about conditions, of course) drove through the country near Fargo taking observations.

"He returned and from his observations made a passionate plea for help. He told of women in the fields; of tiny boys working until they reeled from fatigue; of farmers' daughters working eighteen hours a day to supply four meals to the autocratic farm hand. He told of strong men with tears in their eyes pleading for help."

The article winds up with the words, "Who's for the Harvest?"

If the observations are to be believed then we can see the farmer as he really is. If this particular breed is willing to work his wife, his daughter and even his babies, all of whom are his own flesh and blood, for eighteen hours a day and until they reel from fatigue, what would he do to a man whom he had never seen before he had hired him, and who would be

Continued on page 4

IN A WORLD OF PLENTY

Reproduced From Life

THE MEN FROM NOWHERE

By Thomas McConnell

(In presenting this story by Thos. McConnell we wish to venture the hope that it will meet with sufficient favor with our readers to allow us to follow it with other writings by McConnell. We wish to secure the necessary additional subscriptions to permit of a weekly tale by this gifted writer. In our eight-page issue of November 28, he will have a page and its contents are sure to cause an upheaval in certain quarters. Get on the subscription list at once.)

The land which I have in mind has been called the most bountiful soil in the world. So it is. Its fruits are sent over all the oceans, to all the lands of the world; are eaten in the great palace at Petersburg, in the castle of the Hohenzollern, in Buckingham, and in all the houses of the rich at home and abroad.

One summer an army of toilers gathered a great crop of food from the land of California. When the crop was stored in the houses of the masters, the toilers were dismissed. They went to the City, where their slim purses were soon exhausted. And then the winter, with its icy winds came down upon them. They walked through it, hungry and shelterless most of the time. There was no employment for them, and the law forbade them to eat the food which they in the sweat of their faces had gathered from the breast of nature. So they walked and watched and waited in the foul bottom of the City, without home, without wife, without sister, without God or country; and uptown the food that had come from their toil, steamed on the tables of the master class, and smiled from out glass dishes, and blushed on silver plates. Sometimes the toilers, in rags, ventured uptown and asked alms on the streets. It was the duty of the police to clear the streets of them. Many a man spent the winter behind jail bars because he had extended his work-worn hand for a mouthful of the food which was the product of his labor.

Spring came. For a while there was a drought in the land. The skies were blue all day. The masters looked in vain for clouds. The soil, upturned and made loose by the plow gave its moisture to the sun. The dryness went deeper and deeper into the earth and made arid, yellow dust of it. The yellow sickness, the withering touch of death, stole over the grass blades and the sprouting crop. The winds raised clouds of dust from the parched fields, the road grew hard and white. It was so in all the land between the mountains and the ocean.

In the churches of the City, people who believed in God, knelt and prayed to him, asking for rain.

And the famished gatherers, they who had garnered nature's wealth last year, and who had since built hopes of deliverance upon the goodness of the soil, now felt their hopes withering and dying, even as the crops were sickening in the thirsty ground. But they did not pray to God. Living in stinking bunkhouses, eating the scanty bread of charity, whipped along by the arm of the law, driven from pillar to post, they felt the hand of God, like the hand of the law, was a cruel fist, shaken in their lean faces. If they had any thought of God, they knew that he was the God of the rich and the powerful. If he was the God of the poor, why did he not raise his hand against the plunderers of the poor, the destroyers of homes, against men who lived off the earnings of little children and weak women? If he was the God of the poor, why did he starve them and stifle them and torment them with biting winds and icy rains all winter? No. God, if he existed, was cruel and villainous to the workers. He was the master's God.

But the toilers waited patiently for a change in the weather, and watched and listened. They watched for it as they sneaked like thieves through the respectable streets, bent on begging nickels. They listened for it as they rested their weary selves on the unclean beds of charity. They listened for it, the workers did, through jail bars, and listened for it in vagrants' cells. They waited for it through hungry days and through nights interminable.

(Continued on page four.)

CARUSO PROVES A COMPLETE ALIBI

(Special Dispatch to the "Worker.")

Salem, Mass., Nov. 9.—The defense proved a complete alibi for Caruso today. His wife and two friends testified that he was at supper with them on the evening Annie Lopizzo was shot. One friend, the landlord of the house in which they lived, recalled the occasion because of his reference to shooting heard in the distance at the time. The other testified to the fact that Caruso and himself had, at the same time, discussed his godfathership of their then expected child. This testimony was substantially corroborated by other testimony.

Caruso himself, also Ettor and Giovannitti, are expected to take the stand on next Monday.

The feature of the week was the testimony of more I. W. W. elements in favor of Ettor and Giovannitti. Governor Foss' secretary, Dudley Holman, said he found Ettor helpful and fair in his efforts to induce arbitration and in the securing of data.

Frederick Henry Brown, Congregationalist minister, social writer and investigator, was asked:

"Did you ever hear Mr. Ettor advocate, advise or suggest violence or disorder, in any manner, shape or form; by means of suggestion or otherwise?"

Brown answered emphatically: "Absolutely, no."

Nicholas Vanderpuyl, another minister of the same denomination, stated that he heard Ettor say:

"This strike, if won, will result in less automobiles for the bosses and more pork chops for the workers."

He also said that Ettor declared:

"The workers control the situation; you don't need to use violence."

Grace Marvin, reporter on the Boston American, heard Ettor say:

"You don't need violence. It is much more forceful to keep your hands in your pockets and keep away from the mills, as the police cannot weave cloth with their clubs or the militia with their bayonets."

Many others, non-members, testified that the cry was: "Stick together; public sympathy is with us; no violence and we win."

Camille Jordon told of arranging a meeting between Ettor and the gas and electrical workers, on which Ettor based his speech on "Lawrence will be an unhappy city in darkness and without cars."

He gave the name of one of the men.

Edward Franceschi told of Giovannitti's instructions to him to keep paraders on January 29, away from the police, militia and mills.

Pasquale Quoro told how Giovannitti warned against the police and militia; saying "They prowl around like wild animals in the woods ready to take your blood if you give them the opportunity to do so."

Evidence was introduced showing that Ettor had no power to exclude or expell any of the delegates to the strike committee. An attempt is made to show he was a dictator and was responsible for all happenings.

A well known lawyer is quoted as saying that Atwill has absolutely no case; and that the trial would have collapsed long ago were it not for the court's rulings against the defense. These have made it impossible to introduce evidence showing that the mill owners planted dynamite in order to discredit the strikers. They also prevent the economic cause of the strike being shown, except by indirection. Despite these rulings much evidence is gotten in showing that the capitalist side is on trial for conspiring to "murder" a strike and its successful leaders.

Big demonstrations at the court house were stopped by the police.

Arrests are threatened because of posters, recently circulated, entitled: "Labor is watching" and urging preparations for a general strike in case of the conviction of Ettor, Giovannitti and Caruso. The poster is said to be in contempt of court.

Next weekly telegram will most likely announce verdict.—Ebert.

SAWDUST RING WANTS VICTIMS

THREE OF THE BRAVEST REBELS HELD—EDWARDS, DOREE AND FILIGNO STILL IN JAIL.

(Special Telegram to the "Worker.")

Alexandria, La., Nov. 8.—Organizers Edwards, Filigno and Doree are still in jail. We are fighting for their release or immediate trial, but we need funds badly.

The boys will be railroaded unless all rebels get busy and rush funds to Jay Smith.

The indications are that the Burns Detective Agency is trying to take vengeance for its defeat, and endeavoring to placate the sawdust ring by victimizing these three boys. They are in great danger unless attention is centered on their case.

Deluge Judge Wiston Overton of Lake Charles, La., with letters and telegrams of protest.

Let all organizations and all rebels act at once on this, demanding the immediate release of all three organizers.

We appeal from the industrial despotism to the industrial democracy. COVINGTON HALL.

Alexandria, La., 11-4-12.

Walker C. Smith.

Dear Fellow Worker:—We defeated the Operators' Association in the fight against myself and fifty-eight other fellow workers. At 4:35 Saturday evening we were declared not guilty of the murder of A. T. Vincent.

The other charges of murder were nolle prossed, and about 4:45 Saturday evening the doors of the jail were opened. But all of the fifty-nine men did not get to walk out imaginarily arily free men.

They are holding six of our boys charged with highway robbery growing out of the Grabow trouble. These men are no more guilty of this charge than we were guilty of murder, and they must be turned loose.

Also in the Lake Charles jail there are two members of the I. W. W., E. F. Doree and C. L. Filigno, and one other member of the B. T. W., Clarence Edwards. These three men are charged with tampering with and trying to bribe state witnesses and jurors in the case just ended. These men must be turned loose or that jail turned over. Let's go into the fight for their liberty.

All the charges against them are false and have been trumped up by the damned Burns agency and the hellions connected with them.

I am going to enter into the fight again and fight harder than ever before. I leave in an hour for Lake Charles to see what can be done for those nine men still in jail. They will either be turned out of there or, by God, they'll have to turn me back in.

ON TO ONE BIG UNION.

Yours for Industrial Freedom,
A. L. EMERSON.

ON TO LITTLE FALLS, NEW YORK

General Headquarters, Chicago, Ills.
October 31, 1912.

To All the Locals and Members:

Fellow Workers:

The textile workers employed in the mills of Little Falls, N. Y., have revolted against a cut in wages, following the passage of a 54-hour week law in the state of New York.

These underpaid wage workers are depending upon the Industrial Workers of the World for aid and assistance in their struggle for better conditions.

This aid and assistance has been rendered to the full extent of the power and ability of the organization up to date. Due to the efforts of the strikers the mills in Little Falls have been forced to shut down. As is customary, the mill owners have employed special police and thugs from private detective agencies for the purpose of intimidating the workers back into the mills at a reduced wage.

On October 30th, the police and thugs started a riot. As a result two policemen are in the hospital and the entire strike committee and all active workers have been arrested.

All members who are in a position to do so urged herewith to get on the ground at Little Falls immediately.

If the authorities are bent on arresting those who are active in carrying on the strike, we want to fill their jails for them and force them to build new jails.

Remember this is a fight for the control of the textile industry of New York State.

Remember this is a fight for the control of industry in the textile mills of New York state.

Upon the active aid and assistance rendered will depend the chances of victory. Raise men in your locality to start for Little Falls at once.

VINCENT ST. JOHN,
General Secretary-Treasurer.

IN A WORLD OF PLENTY

Reproduced From Life

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CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD
General Headquarters—307 Mortimer Building, Chicago, Illinois.
Vincent St. John ..... General Sec'y-Treas.
Jas. P. Thompson ..... General Organizer

GENERAL EXECUTIVE BOARD
P. Eastman, Jos. J. Ettor, Ewald Koettgen, F. H. Little, J. M. Foss.

Entered as second-class matter, May 21, 1910, at the Postoffice at Spokane, Wash., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Cursed are the meek, for they shall be handed a lemon.

If a portion of mankind are designed to be the burden bearers for the balance is it not strange that God, or Nature, or the loins of their parents, did not fashion the minds of the toilers so that none would rebel against their lot in life? Revolution is the duty of the slave.

WHAT HE VOTED FOR.

A negro damsel was watching the progress of an election from a convenient fence corner.

"What they votin' fur, Miss Mattie?"

"For President," replied the mistress; "at least, for the man who will elect him."

"But what they votin' fur?"

"Oh, you mean who? Mr. Wilson is running against Mr. Taft. Now, if you're a Republican"——

"That ain't it, neither. 'Pears like white folks gits things awful mixed. I mean jest what they votin' fur? Las' 'lection pappy he voted fur a barrel of flour."—Judge.

LESE MAJESTY!

The American Employer thinks that the "Industrial Worker" is disrespectful to Taft because we alluded to that dignitary as "the fat office boy of the plutocracy," and also as "Injunction Bill."

Yet the magazine offers nothing to prove that Taft is slender and graceful; to show that he does not run errands for Wall street, or to disprove the oft-repeated statement that he has issued injunctions against workers in favor of employers.

We are accused of being "almost treasonable." Why almost? If telling the facts about the robber class and their servile tools is treason, the American Employer can leave out the "almost." We plead guilty.

Lese Majesty in the Twentieth century! Shades of Patrick Henry!

THE TAIL FAILS TO WAG THE DOG.

When the Western Federation of Miners progressed backwards into the American Federation of Labor there were many who hoped to see the old adage proven, "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."

Some believed that Moyer, Harry Orchard's pal, and O'Neil, triple graduate from Keeley College, would be able to revolutionize the Civic Federationized body. They hoped to see the tail wag the dog.

Such absurd hopes were doomed to disappointment as shown by subsequent events. Instead of altering the A. F. of L. the W. F. of M. has adopted the principle of signing agreements with employers. And agreements are simply licenses to scab.

Here is a section added to the constitution:

"Local unions or groups of local unions may enter into wage agreements for a specified time, providing such agreements have the approval of the executive board. Negotiations for agreements must be made between the representatives of the local or locals affected, and the employers, with at least one member of the executive board, or representative of the general organization present.

Careful examination discloses the fact that the dog is all dog from its Civic Federation head to its Western Federation tail. As the dog wills so wags the tail.

"SHALL WE SHOOT OUR AGED PASTORS?"

"Shall we shoot the old ministers?" was the question asked by the Rev. George Eckman, editor of the Christian Advocate, at a recent meeting of Methodists in Illinois. And he went on to say that so far as the ministers' comfort was concerned the idea would not be a bad one.

"When the pastor gets old," he declared, "he is turned out of the ministry without more equipment than Adam and Eve enjoyed in the Garden of Eden; but our first parents had this advantage—they were young."

He suggested that rich men might endow aged pastors as they do libraries and hospitals. And he pointed out as a reason for his suggestion that IF IT HAD NOT BEEN FOR THE SAFEGUARDS OF RELIGION, RICH MEN COULD NOT HAVE MADE THEIR MONEY AND COULD NOT KEEP IT TODAY.

The solution ought to be found in paying pastors enough salary to enable them to save for their declining years.—Los Angeles Examiner.

Back of the foregoing is the idea that the employing class have only contempt for the tools that are used to perpetuate their reign of thievery. Without any compunctions of conscience they cast off their gun men, their prostituted editors, their venal judges, and their corrupt clergy, when their services are no longer required.

When the gunman has murdered for the employer he is thrown in jail on some charge or other and is allowed to rot there. When an editor has sold himself to the service of the masters, has praised their misdeeds as being virtues, has glossed over their crimes and has perpetually lied about the workers on every conceivable occasion, he is cast off the moment he becomes old and useless with no thought of the services he has performed in the interests of robbery. When Judge Hanford got found out, and judges are pretty much alike, the capitalists, who had bought him from time to time, turned against the old whiskey soak and helped to shove him still further in the mire.

Now the question is asked: "Shall we shoot our aged pastors?"

No! Don't shoot the aged pastors. That's too messy. Just Oslerize them.

Why should they be kept when their usefulness has ceased—when their dirty work is done. The kept clergy have told the slaves to be submissive so as to receive their reward in the sweet by and by. Let them take their own medicine.

THE BULWARK OF CAPITALISM.

The Wall Street Journal on one occasion said that the American Federation of Labor was the greatest bulwark of capitalism. The truth of the statement is shown by the actions of John Golden during the Lawrence strike. Events since the strike, and commendatory articles in the capitalist press, show that Golden is still busy in the interests of the employers, who pay a $7 weekly wage to the mill slaves, although they doubtlessly pay more to Golden.

The Lawrence Telegram reproduces an article from the Textile Manufacturing Magazine which runs as follows:

"President John Golden, of the United Textile Workers of America, is to be congratulated upon his able and scathing arraignment of I. W. W. leaders. Coming from one of their own number, and one who has done so much to advance the cause of labor, it ought to prove convincing to workingmen. The luxurious manner in which I. W. W. leaders lived at Lawrence, while their deluded followers were on strike, was common talk and knowledge among newspaper reporters and others who came in contact with them, but it needed the statement of some such man as President Golden to lend conviction to the story. Mr. Golden took occasion during his address before this week's Boston meeting of the United Textile Workers to warn manufacturers that they must choose between his organization and the I. W. W. He is well aware, however, that manufacturers were much quicker than his organization to refuse to recognize that anarchistic and un-American body. If the American Federation of Labor had awakened earlier to the menacing nature of the I. W. W. movement and had opposed it vigorously it could never have secured such a strong foothold in New England. Even if manufacturers may not feel that they can openly cooperate with the United Textile Workers in their campaign against the I. W. W., the work of each may be no less effective. Certain it is that manufacturers welcome as never before the building up of well managed, clean and strong labor unions.

Of course the employers will welcome the A. F. of L. in those industries where it is possible for the I. W. W. to make headway at this time. It would not be odd if it were found that the expenses of the recent sham battle in the steel industry, when Gompers tried to "organize" the slaves of the rolling mills, were partly met by campaign contributions from the Steel Trust itself.

But let the game go on. More of the workers are wise to it. The day when the labor fakir can pull the wool over the eyes of the slaves and remain under cover is about over.

Golden would be looked upon with scorn by Benedict Arnold and Judas would turn aside in disgust. Of such are the A. F. of L. leaders.

FILIGNO, DOREE AND EDWARDS.

The latest news to come to the "Worker" is that the men held in connection with the Grabow "riot" on charges of highway robbery because they disarmed a hired murderer of the Lumber Trust, are now free. This leaves Doree, Filigno and Edwards still in custody.

The Sawdust Ring is endeavoring to take vengeance upon these three men because they had to let the other prisoners slip through their fingers. They seek to take advantage of the fact that the arrested men are not so well known as was Emerson, and being but few in number they hope to find the workers deserting the prisoners. The I. W. W. cannot let it be said that the men were deserted in their hour of need.

These three warriors in the interest of the working class are not being held because of any effort they have made to better their own immediate condition in life. It is because they are fighting the battles of you wage slaves who read this.

In asking that you support them by sending funds for their defense they do not ask more than is due. They are anxious to be back on the firing line to get the workers lined up for the fray. They seek to have the slaves form the ONE BIG UNION that is to fight the every day battles of the toilers and finally to free them from wage slavery.

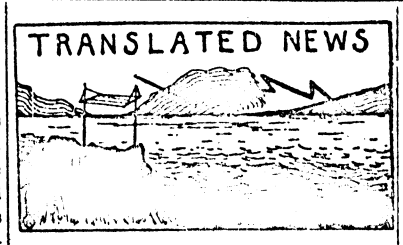
The Brotherhood of Timber Workers spent the funds that they had on hand, as well as all that was sent to them, in an effort to free Emerson and his associates. The efforts were successful. The organization in the South, however, is confronted with some pressing debts, and yet must carry on the defense of the three prisoners. Are they to carry the burden alone? Their fight is your fight.

Every local should set aside one day for the collection of funds and hold a mass meeting at night, just for this case. Send the whole of one day's receipts without even deducting expenses and the boys in the south will go free.

Some of the locals in the Northwest have already done this in the Emerson case and are preparing to do the same in the cases of Filigno, Doree and Edwards. They do this because they feel the class spirit prompting them to action and also because they know that it will be but a short time until the intolerable conditions in Weyerhaeuser's Northwest Hell will force a revolt. Then it will be the turn of the organization in the South to give their help to those on the firing line. Every cent given to this cause is an investment upon which returns are certain.

Let your answer go to Jay Smith, Box 78, Alexandria, La.

Hold that meeting and send that money at once. This is a statement, a supplication and a demand. Get busy, rebels.



INTERNATIONAL BULLETIN OF THE SYNDICALIST MOVEMENT

Italy

The national congress of Direct Action will be held at Modena on the 23d, 24th and 25th of November.

England

Among the miners of South Wales, where many militant young sydicalists are to be found, a strong dissatisfaction with the tactics followed by the official leaders is observable. At the meeting held a few days ago the Executive of the South Wales Miners Federation announced that the number of members, 162,000 at the time of the national strike, has fallen to 100,000. The dissatisfied members may form a new and revolutionary Federation.

Spain

Scarcely was the project of law about railway men made known when the agitation for a strike was again started. It is stated that at a meeting of the railway men of the North, held on October 13 at Barcelona, the president of the Trades Council told the men to prepare for another general strike. The Attorney-General has the intention to persecute Ribalta, the leader of the Catalonian railway men, who is said to have declared that unless the proposed bill gives full satisfaction to the men, a revolutionary strike will be immediately declared. The railway men count on the support of the 69 labor societies to obtain their demands.

The strike on the Southern lines has come to an end. The employees resumed work with the exception of the engineers and stokers.

France

Twenty-three French teachers are before the Tribunal. Their only crime is that they are organized. The investigation of the judge, Chenebenoit, on the case of the organized teachers has been closed. The 24 members of the council of the teachers' union, among whom are Chalopin and Laplerre, the treasurer of the union, will be brought before the tribunal as well. The investigations of the judge did not take long, though the police and the ministry laid before him many papers. Probably the judge and his patrons, the government, saw the impossibility to make of it a serious case of law. The declarations, signed by the judge, show that the government has had its hand in them: "Considering the law of March 17, 1884; considering the preparatory work of the voting of this law; considering also the jurisprudence of the Court of Cessation, the judge is of the opinion that the teachers do not possess the right of organizing by trade." According to him the teachers cannot invoke the statu quo decided by Parliament in 1905 because they adhered in 1907 to the Bourse de Travail (Labor Exchange) and because of their resolutions of the Chambery congress. Therefore the judge threatens the teachers with the 9th article of the law which says: "For infractions of the articles 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 the directors and administrators of unions will be prosecuted and fined from 16 to 200 francs." And the chief point is: "The tribunal, at the request of the Attorney, can pronounce the trade union to be dissolved." That is of course the whole aim of the government!

* * *

"War on War!" Under this title the French Confederation of Labor has issued a manifesto in favor of a vigorous campaign against war. The manifesto says: "In the Balkan the war is declared. Montenegrans, Bulgarians, Servians and Turks have begun to murder each other. Europe, only just emerged from the crisis caused by capitalists and financial France by its aggression in Morocco, is faced by the terrible responsibilities of a war conflagration by the present conflict which may involve all the other European powers. The desire for territorial expansion of Austria and Russia, the search for new markets for some other countries, added to the greed of financial and industrial groups, imperil the peace of the world. The clerical incitings, the race hatred will make this war not only a vast capitalist piracy but also a fanatical crusade. The complexity of the involved interests, in the implacable character of this war, gives little hope that it will be localized, a hope which the bourgeois press holds up to pacify the uneasiness of the people. Unless all the sincere partisans of peace—continues the manifesto—are vigilant and active in a vigorous protest, they risk to see events getting quickly worse and be unable to stop the brutality of accomplished facts."

The manifesto ends with an appeal to the labor international: "If it is true that at present the governments of France and Germany are united in an effort to preserve peace in Europe, it is all the more necessary that the German and French peoples are in the first ranks in the intervention and protest made necessary by this terrible position." The Confederal Committee of the C. G. T. has decided to start a campaign in the country with the help of the Labor Exchanges to prepare the workers for energetic action in case of any war. It has charged the Confederal Committee to organize an international demonstration against the war in Paris, as was held last year in Berlin and in Spain, and was held in 1900 in London during the French-English conflict. The Confederal Committee is likewise instructed to come to an understanding with foreign organizations for the holding of similar demonstrations on the same day as that in Paris, in other towns as Vienna, Berlin, London, etc., with the assistance of French delegates.

THE VALUE OF ORGANIZATION.

(By Rosa Markus.)

For innumerable ages there has been waged in society a bitter and intense class war—a violent, brutal struggle between the element which robs and rules and the body which produces, serves and starves. Throughout the course of history social intitutions and systems have undergone vast changes, but the great basis of exploitative regimes—private property—has been but slightly affected. Hence the class war has been incessant. Time lent to it numerous forms and phases, but has never stayed the course of that bitter conflict. In ancient times it was the battle of the master with the bleeding, suffering chattel slave. In medieval times it was the struggle of the feudal lord with the oppressed and exploited slave. In modern days it has become the contest of capital with the robbed wage slave. But whatever its form or phase, it is ever the bitter, bloody revolt of the robbed against the robber, of the slave against the master, of the expropriated against the expropriators. It is ever the battle of two distinct, hostile classes.

One of the greatest and most necessary weapons in an economic struggle is strong, determined organizations. The ruling classes of today, like those of all periods and epochs, employ organizations as a means of strengthening and perpetuating their power.

Thus in Los Angeles we find the M. and M., and broadcast throughout the country may be discovered numerous organizations of a similar nature.

Notwithstanding the many statements to the contrary, the ruling classes are intensely class-conscious. This fact has been established beyond a doubt by their solidarity in times of great danger. Thus recently, when the city of San Diego lay torn and bleeding in the clutches of a determined free speech fight, the ruling elements banded themselves with almost insane effort into vigilantes, hoping thereby to calm and suppress the disturbance.

But how different are the tactics and movements of labor! The proletariat battles among itself, thereby wasting hopelessly the mighty energy which should be directed against the one great robber and oppressor—Capital. The labor movement represents a mighty battefield, torn into hostile divisions and almost irreconcilable sects.

It is only IGNORANCE—ignorance brought about by centuries of enslavement and oppression—which creates these great hostilities in the ranks of the exploited masses. The proletariat cannot afford to create enemies among themselves. Each member of the oppressed body is as miserable, as impoverished and enslaved as the other. The labor struggle is international. Neither race, color or creed are exempt from this bitter conflict. Great, inseverable bonds unite the proletariat of the world—the backs of all are bent under the weight of slavery and exploitation. The working class has but one enemy, possesses but one foe—the class which robs and enslaves it.

Bitter experience and the stinging knout of economic oppression are forcibly opening the long-closed eyes of labor. Mercilessly is the proletariat being whipped into class solidarity and organization.

Organization constitutes the foundation of life. The animals of all species are forced to render mutual aid in the struggle for existence. Just so must labor, sooner or later, not due to a great ethical awakening, but through absolute and dire economic necessity, combine and unify its forces. Today man cooperates for a master. Tomorrow the struggle for existence shall force him to cooperate for HIMSELF. The great insurrections of history have proved failures through the absence of class solidarity. The revolts of Greece, the rebellions in Rome and the labor disturbances in the Middle Ages were all finally suppressed due to the lack of a strong organization. Life is but a repetition of history. Therefore let us learn and take heed from the mistakes of the past. Class solidarity should be the watchword of the labor movement. "An injury to one is an injury to all," should be the slogan and emblem of the proletariat. Class solidarity alone can destroy the walls of slavery and robbery and elevate the towers of freedom and equality. Organization is the only key which can and MUST open the portals of the future system.

Thorough education must of course precede all forms of organization. Mere blind unifications is even more useless and injurious than division. The only foundations upon which organization may be built with security are human intelligence, courage and daring. All other bases are unstable.

Education must inevitably lead to organization. Organization is the mighty weapon for the destruction of the present system. It paves the great path toward the abolition of the tyranny and exploitation, toward the establishment of liberty and economic equality; in short, toward class and wage emancipation.

It was the principle of class solidarity which gave victory to the Lawrence strikers. It is by class unity that we will and MUST effect the release of our two compatriots, Ettor and Giovannitti. It is by class organization that we are to finally break our bloody shackles and take what is ours as birthrights—life, liberty and the world.

"AWFUL BRAVE" NOW.

The San Diego Sun has been printing some very good illustrated matter in reference to the arrest of Rev. Mr. Lunn, the Socialist Mayor of Schenectady, for speaking in a park in Little Falls, New York. The righteous indignation expressed in these articles against those who "would destroy free speech" would have come in very handy in San Diego a few months ago when that band of degenerates, known as vigilantes, were parading about our streets, picking up workingmen to take out to beat up. During those days the Sun, for fear of losing a few advertisements, remained safely perched upon the fence.—San Diego Labor Leader.

Members of Local 380, I. W. W., Tacoma, Wash., who are now out of the city, are requested to write at once to the secretary at 110 S. 14th St. This is important.

WHAT IS THE I. W. W.?

The Industrial Workers of the World is without doubt the most revolutionary body in the world today. It is the concrete expression of the spirit of revolt against economic oppression.

It is more than a labor organization. It is an IDEA and an IDEAL. It represents the dispossessed and disinherited toilers united in action for the purpose of taking back what has been stolen from them.

In membership the I. W. W. is composed of wage workers only. These are of all nationalities, speaking all tongues, bearing the characteristic markings of all races, yet all of one nation—THE WORKING CLASS.

Herein are assembled men and women, children, too, young and old, born here and abroad, skilled and unskilled, home-guard and blanket stiff, alike using the term "fellow worker" in addressing each other. There is no barrier of race, creed, color, sex, age or skill, to entrance into its fighting ranks.

Its members pay allegiance to no imaginary boundary lines, and claim no country except the world. Being propertyless and landless they have no patriotism nor reason for patriotism. They are simply rebellious slaves striving to gain industrial freedom.

The I. W. W. is filled with the spirit of direct action. It seeks organization at the point of production for the purpose of gaining immediate benefits and finally securing industrial control. It would have the tool users be the tool owners. It would have the products go to the producers. It stands for the WORLD FOR THE WORKERS.

The abolition of the wage system and the creation of a new social order is its IDEAL. For this ideal the members will suffer hunger, brave the blacklist, rot in the bastile, and fight—ever fight, for the freedom that awaits them when the rest of the workers awaken.

This new and virile labor organization realizes that the workers themselves must strike the shackles from their limbs. It knows that no slave class ever framed a law and that freedom was never handed by the oppressors to the oppressed. To it has come the knowledge that justice, liberty, rights, etc., are but empty words, and POWER alone is real. Refusing to even try to delegate its power, it stands committed to the policy of DIRECT ACTION.

Declining to even try to match the pennies of the propertyless workers against the millions of the master class, it proposes a system of low dues and low initiation fees that are just sufficient for operating expenses. It strives to have the workers realize the tremendous power tied up in their muscle and mind—a power that represents the measure of the masters' weakness. The workers are asked to withhold their labor power, to refuse to apply it to the machine, or to apply it so that the machine does not function properly, and thus defeat the masters. It holds that the only power of the master class lies in the ignorance of the workers as to their economic might, for once the workers know that their labor alone creates value, they will seize and hold the machinery of production and distribution and operate it in their own interests.

It sees skill displaced by the machine and by the sub-division of labor and so marshals its army into ONE BIG UNION upon the broad basis of industry. It scorns the disappearing craft with its claims of superiority and its endless train of jurisdictional quarrels among the toilers. Its locals and branches are formed so as to avoid all unnecessary dispute and at the same time give full play for the carrying out of shop and language details. By organizing industrially the I. W. W. gains immeasurably in solidarity, and, what is of more vital importance, it forms thereby the firm foundation for the future order of society.

From bitter experience it has gained the knowledge that the charging of a new initiation fee with each change of occupation is simply to fine the worker for his desire for unity, and so it advocates a universal transfer card. This card entitles the holder to recognition in all lines of industry without the necessity of again paying toll for the privilege of joining hands with his brother slaves.

The I. W. W. is a portent of the approaching change. It is a sign that the workers are no longer content to be submissive slaves in the industrial hells on earth in hopes of a happy hereafter in a mythical heaven. It calls upon the workers to refuse to meekly and humbly starve while the warehouses and granaries are filled to overflowing with the good things of life which they alone have produced. It refuses to accept the ideas and institutions of the master class, for it knows that such acceptance means death to all working class hopes and aspirations. It teaches no fallacy of a legal revolution and takes no part in upholding any of the props that support the profit system. Such labor as its members do under capitalism is performed unwillingly and they refuse to take pride in their work until such time as they are laboring on their own behalf.

The Industial Workers of the World, in striving to gain better immediate conditions, seeks no mere reform. There is no thought of being contented with the gains that are made. In wresting immediate benefits from the employers its main thought is to gain control of industry to that extent and thus force the toilers to fit themselves for the management of Industry when Capitalism shall have been overthrown.

This is the I. W. W. Will you join today?

NEW LOCALS

Brick, Tile and Terra Cotta Workers' Union No. 231, Mecca, Ind.—September 3, 1912. John Fiscus, General Delivery, Secretary.

Local Union No. 12, English Branch No. 1, Los Angeles, Cal.—September 3. J. E. Clark, Box 832, Secretary.

Local Union No. 12, Mexican Branch No. 2, Los Angeles, Cal.—September 3, 1912. J. E. Clark, Secretary.

Piano and Organ Workers, Local Union No. 558, Branch 1, New York, N. Y.—April 19th, 1912. A. Schwamb, Secretary, 446 E. 134th St.

Mandolin and Guitar Workers' Local Union No. 558, Branch 2, New York, N. Y.—September 3, 1912. Edmondo Rossini, Secretary, 149 West Fourth Street.

Textile Workers Industrial Union, No. 20, Lawrence, Mass.—July 5th, 1912.—Thomas Holliday, 5 W. Washington Way, Secy.

Building Workers' Industrial Union, No. 95, Br. 2, Lathers, New York—Sept 12th, 1912. Louis T. Arra, 2112 Second Ave., Secy.

Toledo Industrial Union, No. 86, Toledo, Ohio, —Sept. 17th, 1912. L. C. Fergison, 1520 Nevada St., Secy.

Fur Workers' Union, No. 175, Br. 1, Pittsburg, Pa.—Sept. 30th, 1912. Fred Feigenbaum, 217 Oakwood Ave., West View, Pa., Secy.

Leather Workers' Industrial Union, No. 175, Pittsburg, Pa.—September 30th, 1912. Fred Feigenbaum, 217 Oakwood Ave., West View, Pa.

Metal and Machinery Workers Union, No. 19, Waterbury, Conn.—Sept. 11th, 1912. B. J. Buskus, 866 Bank St., Secy.

N. I. U. of Clothing Workers, I. W. W., Boston, Mass., No. 190.—Oct. 1st, 1912. Barnett Colker, 202 Chambers St., Secy.

Textile Workers N. I. U., No. 205, Holyoke, Mass.—Aug. 21st, 1912. Albert Didui, 182½ Main St., Secy.

Local Union, No. 204, English Branch, No. 1, Fall River, Mass.—July 29th, 1912.

Local Union, No. 204, French Branch, No. 2, Fall River, Mass.—Sept. 8th, 1912.

Raincoat Makers' Union, No. 190, Br. 1, Boston, Mass.—July 20th, 1912 Barnett Colker, 202 Chambers St., Secy.

Local Union, 190, Branch No. 2, Boston, Mass.—Sept. 8th, 1912. Barnett Colker, 202 Chambers St., Secy.

Metal and Machinery Workers' Ind. Union, No. 15, Moline, Ill.—Oct. 12th, 1912. Frank Watts, 2400 Fifth Ave., Rock Island, Ill.

Coal Miners' Industrial Union, No. 240, Dillonvale, Ohio.—Oct. 9th, 1912. Ludvik Karnos, Secy.

General Laborers' Industrial Union, No. 357, Cliffside, N. J.—Oct. 4th, 1912. Salvatore Libertini, Box 109, Secy.

Sugar Workers' Industrial Union, No. 130, Boston, Mass.—Oct. 16th, 1912. J. J. Ballam, 699 Washington St.

Textile Workers' Industrial Union, No. 206, Ipswich, Mass.—Aug. 23, 1912. Harold Pingree, 15 Union St., Secy.

Coal Miners' Industrial Union, No. 351, Minersville, Pa.—July 27th, 1912. A. J. Banisenchas, Box 43, Secy.

Wood Workers' Industrial Union, No. 559, Herkimer, N. Y.—Oct. 11th, 1912. W. Rapacz, Box 57, Secy.

Tobacco Workers' Industrial Union, No. 102, Ybor City, Tampa, Florida—Oct. 21st, 1912. V. Mijon, Box 89, Secy.

Leather Workers' Industrial Union, No. 176, Lynn, Mass.—Oct. 21st, 1912. Jos. M. Meirowitz, 86 Vine St., Secy.

Cigar Workers' Local Union, No. 102, Br. 1, Ybor City, Tampa, Florida.—Oct. 21st, 1912. V. Mijon, Box 89, Secy.

Department Store Workers' Industrial Union, No. 540, Pittsburg, Pa.—Oct. 24th, 1912. James Micheles, 2316 Cobden St., Secy.

Alteration Department Workers' I. U., No. 540, Br. 1, Pittsburg, Pa.—Oct. 24th, 1912. James Micheles, 2316 Cobden St., Secy.

Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union, No. 418, Longmont, Colo.—Oct. 24th, 1912. Thos. S. Price, 408 Baker St., Secy.

Canton Industrial Union, No. 87, Canton, O.—Oct. 24th, 1912. Paul Tucci, 728 Madison St., Secy.

Plaster Board and Box Makers' L. U., No. 95, Br. 3, New York, N. Y.—Oct. 28th, 1912. Domenico Villa, c/o 149 We t 4th St., Secy.

Building Workers' Industrial Union, No. 97, Old Forge, Pa.—Oct. 28th, 1912. John Yannilello, Box 13.

Printing Plant Workers' Industrial Union, No. 460, West Hoboken, N. J.—Oct. 29th, 1912. Anacleto Rubegà, 193 Clinton Ave. W., Secy.

Public Service Workers' Union, No. 384, Omaha, Neb.—Oct. 30th, 1912. F. H. Alexander, 108 N. 13th St., Secy.

L. U. No. 85, Scandinavian, Br. 1, Chicago, Ill. —Oct. 30th, 1912.

Wire Fence Workers' Local Union, No. 33, Br. 4, Cleveland, O.—Nov. 1, 1912.

Solidarity and the "INDUSTRIAL WORKER" can be had in combination for $1.50 per year. Canada and foreign, $2.

WAKE UP! LUMBERJACKS AND LOGGERS!

(By W. T. Nef.)

In going over the different part of the woods I find a great difference exists in the working time and wages, especially the time.

The lumber workers of Western Montana, in and around Missoula, are maintaining the nine hour day with wages of not less than $2.40 per day. There is certainly some difference between these wages and hours and those of the lumber workers of the Pacific Northwest.

In the Northwest, along the coast, the loggers and sawmill men work ten hours per day and sometimes more. Furthermore, the sawmill men get only $1.75 and up per day along the Columbia river and in the Puget Sound district.

Now, lumber workers, what's the matter with reducing the work day to nine hours all along the coast and in Eastern Washington and Idaho, this coming spring and summer? It can be done if you will only join with the National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers, and get busy with the agitation. Join the I. W. W. The initiation fee is but $1 and the dues 50 cents per month.

Nine hours is too long but it is much better than ten hours. The employers will never reduce the hours willingly so we will have to agitate and compel them to do so. As soon as we get the nine hours we can go after a still shorter workday. All the while we can strive to form the ONE BIG UNION of workers so as to operate the camps in the interest of the men who work in the woods and the mills.

Get busy. Write to the nearest secretary. All together for the nine hour day and freedom for the loggers and lumber jacks.

AID IS NEEDED.

Fred Quirion, member of Local 327, I. W. W., is now in Vancouver, B. C., in desperate straits because of injuries received at the hands of the hired murderers of the contractors on the Canadian Northern.

Our readers will remember how Quirion with several others went to Savona, B. C., to do picket work on the job when the strike broke out. They will recall the fact that the superintendant of Daly's steam shovel camp jumped into the cab of a dinkey engine and ran it into a crowd of strikers and pickets who were on the track, catching Quirion between the engine and the bank. The fellow worker had one leg broken in three places, the other badly wrenched at the ankel, several ribs broken and his scalp severely torn.

In the Kamloops hospital he was not given proper treatment, being discharged before the wounds had healed. Immediately upon his release he was arrested and jailed on a charge of intimidating the men, while the foreman was not even served with a summons. He was thrown in a filthy cell and mistreated, in spite of his serious condition. The failure to arrest the foreman is a sample of "British fair play" as administrated by the provincial government in Canada on behalf of American contractors who left Ireland because of English oppression.

The fellow worker has been trying to make his living by selling I. W. W. papers and literature in Vancouver on the street. Owing to his crippled condition he cannot follow his usual work nor can he get around fast enough to have his sales pay expenses. He needs assistance until such time as he has completely recovered from his injuries.

Quirion was one of the most loyal and hard working of the striking men who went on the picket line. He should not be left to shift for himself by the rebels. Members of the I. W. W. who are willing to assist the fellow worker until he regains his health are asked to send a donation to fellow worker Fred Quirion, 34 Cordova St. W., Vancouver, B. C.

ON THE FIRING LINE.

Our new pamphlet "On the Firing Line," is about ready for delivery. It deals with the McNamara case, the Lawrence strike, the Ettor-Giovannitti case, the Enemies of the Working Class and will contain the article, "What Is the I. W. W.?" which appears in this issue of the "Industrial Worker."

The pamphlet is 48 pages and in size is slightly larger than the song book. It will have a neat appearance, which, with its low price of 5c per copy, should insure a ready sale.

The pamphlet is intensely interesting and should be widely circulated. Order at once.

SAN FRANCISCO MEETINGS.

Under the auspices of the I. W. W. Open Forum the following meetings will be held in the I. W. W. hall, 3345 Seventeenth Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Sunday evening, Nov. 17, Debate: Resolved that the program of the Socialist party is more practical than that of the I. W. W. Affirmative, Norman Duxbury; Negative, Hugo Lenz.

Sunday evening, Nov. 24, J. Edward Morgan will lecture.

On Dec. 4, James P. Thompson General Organizer of the I. W. W., will speak upon the Lawrence strike.

REDLANDS ACTIVITY.

Local 419, Redlands, Cal., opened their headquarters at the corner of Orange and Central avenues, on Nov. 7. This is one month earlier than usual.

The growth of the I. W. W. all over the country is partly responsible for it but a great deal of credit is due to the activity of those who carried on literature agitation in the absence of any speakers.

A bumper crop of revolutionists is expected in the orange groves this winter and all rebels in the neighborhood of Redlands are asked to visit the local.

There is plenty of room for propagandists in Southern California, where the workers live on sunshine and orange juice, while the bosses live on the best portersteak.

On November 3, D. Reuben Penn, of India, lectured on "The Prospects of an Indian Revolution," to Local 69 I. W. W., Salt Lake City. The speaker's remarks showed that the workers are awakening in all parts of the world.

PRESS FUND.

The report of the "Industrial Worker" to the Seventh Annual Convention contained a recommendation regarding the "Press Fund." The Auditing Committee, to whom the report was first sent, failed to refer the other sections back to the other committees and so the matter did not reach the convention floor. It now remains for those who donated to the fund to take action as to its disposition.

After careful examination of all sides of the matter, the editor is of the opinion that the ownership and operation of a printing plant is not practicable at this time. The raising of the amount to cover the initial expense is one of the least items.

A plant equipped to properly publish the "Industrial Worker" would cost at least $10,000, of which amount $2,500 would have to be cash. Even with all of the extra printing of the western locals the plant could not operate full time and the expense is nearly as great when the machinery is idle as when in use. The type could not be set by hand and a linotype is sold on a basis that makes it necessary to be in steady operation in order to cover its cost. No revolutionary organization can hope to secure commercial work to fill out spare time, and without such work, with our present needs, the plant would be a white elephant in our hands. The fact that our office was burned this summer shows that it is undesirable that property be accumulated while the organization is yet relatively weak in economic power.

Taking these things into consideration we ask that those who contributed to the fund advise us as to the disposition of the amounts they sent in. The whole sum has been deposited in the bank under a separate account.

Should the amounts be turned over to the general fund we will be able to issue some much needed literature. This will be an asset and the returns from sales could be again placed in trust until such time as it is found advisable to own and operate a plant. Such a step would also release the funds in such manner that an eight page paper could be started at once without fear of having to return to the smaller size. Of course, if there are any who desire their money refunded we will do that also.

Let us hear from the persons who have donated to the "Press Fund." The fund stands as follows:

Previously acknowledged	$183.21
Vander Madden	1.00
C. E. Hopkins, Redlands, Cal.	.50
J. D. Stevens, by S. E. B.	.50
Harry Howell, Grand Island, Neb.	1.00
I. J. Blocer, Colterville, Cal.	.50
Total	$186.71

TREADING ON THE TOES OF THE REFORMERS

San Diego, Cal.—The cartons and editorial on "Juries" of the eight-page edition of the "Worker" evidently hurt the feelings of the reform comrades in this burg, as it was the topic of the evening at their last business meeting.

Of course, the I. W. W. boys and some of the S. P. members, who stand for the overthrow of the capitalist system saw nothing offensive in the paper, but the office seeking, vote catching element in the Socialist party were certainly hurt. A motion was made to not allow the I. W. W. papers to be sold in the Socialist hall, and it carried by 10 votes—26 for and 16 against. In the discussion on the subject, many interesting things were said. A member of the S. P. literature committee, who is a doctor, stated that it interfered with their business, they not being able to sell more than a dollar and a quarter's worth of literature in a week, and he hoped every sane (?) Socialist would bar papers which were detrimental to the party from the hall. Fellow Worker MacKay, our literature agent, who, by the way, is a member of the S. P., then stated that it only took him two days to sell $7.00 worth of literature in the same hall, plainly showing there was a greater demand for our papers than there was for any others.

Kasper Bauer, of free speech fame, who is running for office in this campaign, and who was praised by the prosecuting attorney in the "conspiracy case" during the free speech fight, then told the comrades that they had the right to suppress anything they did not like in their hall. He was followed by another dear comrade who said he could not understand why the Socialist party allowed any members of the I. W. W. in the party. Did you ever hear such trash? Many of the comrades were so disgusted that they left the hall. The time is evidently near when all revolutionists will be forced to leave the party, as they are so close to the Progressive party that Teddy will soon swallow the reformers up. San Diego local of the S. P. claims to have 400 members, but only 40 attend their business meetings and instead of getting more they are likely to get less at their future meetings. They have a machine, headed by P. S. Ford, a meal ticket artist, who joined the I. W. W. at the beginning of the free speech fight, in order to get on the Free Speech Laegue committee. He paid one month's dues, but has been spending his time trying to belittle the I. W. W. ever since. Needless to say Local No. 13 will not take any more dues from him. Quite a few comrades are wise to his game. A few weeks ago Local No. 13, I. W. W., not being able to get a hall in the town, sent a committee to the Socialists to know if they would hold a protest meeting in their hall for the benefit of the timber workers, who are in jail, in Louisiana, but was informed that they could not hold such a meeting, whilst the campaign was on. So you see, its "Votes and Office" and not the class struggle that interests these politicians. We are now selling "suppressed news" outside the hall, and expect to order larger bundle orders very soon, as our papers are selling like hot cakes.

For direct action,
LOCAL NO. 13, I. W. W.
San Diego.

Many a man would read the "INDUSTRIAL WORKER" while waiting to be shaved. Subscribe for the barber shop today.

IS YOUR MAIL HERE?

If your mail is listed below write to the given address at once. Secretaries should cut this out and paste on headquarters wall to supplement the last list. Members should see that the secretary does this. If he don't, then kick.

Seattle, Wash., 211 Occidental avenue (rear): John Bjork, S. H. Dixon, Haldar Hoyer, Chas. Kindburg, Frank Manton, Jim Ross, J. Simpson.

Tacoma, Wash., 110 S. 14th St.—Donald Black, Jas. Cobbs, Nestor Dondoglio, Robert Glennon, Wm. Heafter, Yova Knesevic, T. Newell, George Nicket, M. J. Quirk, Staney Sapiesrko, F. G. Tigved.

San Francisco, Cal., 3345 Seventeenth St.—J. D. Gordon, Lester Bernard, Patrick J. Corr, W. S. Hafford, S. A. Sarensen, Wm. Heuck, Heinrich Sanner, Jno. W. Kraus, Mr. Searby, Mr. Wilson, Joe Sebasta, Joe Hindennair, A. Bath or A. Botti, James Mackey Jr., Prof. Myron Marshall, Edward Bolod, A. Malak, Geo. H. Peterson, Wm. Dosay, Lawton Lawrence, Eugene L. Brock, H. Pries, Johann Becker, Herbert Scholz, O. Goddart.

SWEDISH SPEAKER AND ORGANIZER

Any local in the Northwest that is in a position to use the services of a good Swedish speaker and organizer will please communicate with the "INDUSTRIAL WORKER," Box 2129, Spokane, Wash.

Alfred Johnson is prepared to lecture in halls or on the street, and will do organization work as well. His terms are $15 a week and mileage.

All persons owing money to Local 13, I. W. W., are requested to remit at once to Box 312, San Diego, Cal.

Hotel and Resturant Workers, No. 133, I. W. W., Denver, Colo., have moved into the same headquarters with Local 26, I. W. W., 1850 Arapahoe street. The Hotel Workers have reserved one of the local rooms for their offices.

N. I. U. of T. W., No. 157, I. W. W., meets in Phelan hall, 45 Delano street, New Bedford, Mass., on the last Wednesday in the month. J. S. Biscay, secretary.

Subscribe for the "INDUSTRIAL WORKER.

IL PROLETARIO

Il Proletario is an organ of the syndicalist movement, published in the Italian language. It expounds the principles of the I. W. W. Arturo Giovannitti awaiting trial because of his activity in the great Lawrence strike, is the editor. Subscription price is $1 per year. Address 149 W. 4th street, New York City.

PREAMBLE OF THE I. W. W.

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people, and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class take possession of the earth and the machinery of production and abolish the wage system.

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

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

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

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

Solidarity

Organ of the I. W. W., published in New Castle, Pa. A revolutionary weekly with up-to-date news of all Eastern labor matters. You need it as well as the Worker. Subscription $1 per year, 13 weeks for 25c, bundle orders 1½ cents per copy.

Address P. O. Box 622, New Castle, Pa.

Songs! Songs!

To Fan the Flames of Discontent
SONGS OF JOY!
SONGS OF SORROW!
SONGS OF SARCASM!
Songs of the Miseries That Are.
Songs of the Happiness To Be.
Songs that strip capitalism bare; show the shams of civilization; mock at the masters' morals; scorn the smug respectability of the satisfied class; and drown in one glad burst of passion the profit patriotism of the Plunderbund.

SONGS! SONGS!
I. W. W. SONG BOOKS.

10c each, $5.00 per hundred, $35.00 per thousand, cash in advance. Order of the "Industrial Worker," Box 2129, Spokane, Wash.

PICTURES POSTCARDS

The part that pictures play in revolutionary education is large.

The poster picture, "Pyramid of Capitalism," is world famous.

It represents the working-class—men, women and children—at the bottom of society.

A platform upon their bent backs supports the capitalist class who are rioting at the banquet board.

Above them is the second platform on which stand the soldiers, representing the armed forces of capitalism.

Above them on the third platform are the preachers and priests teaching the workers contentment with their lot.

The next platform has upon it the rulers of the nations—kings, czars, and presidents.

Surmounting the entire structure is a bag of gold, showing the aim of capitalism.

The poster is 16x20 inches, on heavy white paper in most attractive colors.

The price is 15c each, or $1.00 per dozen.

Postcards are similar to the picture and are 35c per dozen, or $1.00 per 100.

THE MEN FROM NOWHERE

(Continued from page one.)

At last the rain fell. It rained for a week on and off, now in a thick steady downpour, now in little showers. It drenched the soil, the miles of soil that lay between the gray mountains and the ocean.

Spring went away, and summer came in. And the earth was again laden with wealth. Once more Mother Earth delivered herself of a mighty crop. Leagues of food on bending vines, on heavy trees; the earth groaned under its great load. It was immense, boundless, in the aggregate worth millions. What a fine sight was the wheat alone, the miles and miles of wheat, waving and shimmering in the sun like a vast sea.

The gatherers. Where were they? Where were the men who had unburdened the earth last year? Where had they spent the winter? And would they return to gather the crop again?

The toiler wanted no prayers to bring them back. They were already on the roads, with the lash of hunger at their backs. They made little noise on account of their shoes, which were worn down. They were coming back, however, not in a body, but scattered out, far and near. Together they would have made a queer army, these men who had no country, no home, no wife, these men of rags and haggard looks.

Once more they returned from the Horizon, the Men from Nowhere, once again to pick the crop, and to load the markets. They came on foot, along the roads by the fields, shambling painfully, resting now and then to nurse their bruised feet. The laden soil called to them. And they would stop to gaze at it, and to breathe its fresh odors. Eyes that had grown weary with searching for a living in the City, now looked, as they had looked last year, at the leagues of food that the earth had put forth to nourish humanity. Eyes that had stared bloodshot, through sleepless winter nights, now gazed upon the miles of corn. Eyes that had got used to the jail's gloom in the winter, now surveyed the vast tracts of wheat that swayed before them. And the air was clean, delicious. After the sickening atmosphere of the City's lousy bed-houses, after the killing stench of the jails, after the stinks of the black roads, the gatherers drank in once more the unsullied airs of the fields, the sweet, invigorating airs of Mother Earth.

Soon the bunkhouses hummed, as of yore, with the voices of the workers. It came up in the night, their rough talk, and was heard in all the miles that stretched between the black mountains and the ocean; it was heard wherever the ripe grain shivered in the night wind; wherever the corn waved; wherever the breezes shook the heavy trees or sighed in the burdened vines. They talked of the work that lay before them. The gathering of the wheat alone was a mighty task. But instead of being repelled by the contemplation of this toil, the gatherers rejoiced in it. The chance to work brought gladness to their hearts, and healed the wounds of the winter. And this man's face had the pallor of the prison, but he laughed now, which was strange indeed. And that man's face had the whiteness that comes from the gloomy places of the city, where famine lives; but he smiled now, which was beyond understanding. And they talked of the trouble just passed, of the hunger they had endured, of the cold that had tormented them, of the police who had harassed them, of the judges who had sentenced them, and of the jailers who had herded them. They went to sleep at last and around them waved the wheat, the corn, the fruit, awaiting their hands, the hands of the men who had been called thieves and scoundrels and loafers all winter.

Dawn brought the mountains out of the night, the dawn of the first day of toil; brought out the hills again to look upon the bountiful earth. What a sublime spectacle, this generous soil, with its golden leagues of grain, its yellow leagues that whispered in the long valleys; its counties of murmuring cornfields; its broad Southland, a paradise of orchards, of fragrant orange groves and far-reaching vineyards.

The bunkhouses awoke with the daylight. And soon the gatherers swarmed on the land like ants, toiling. They pitched and hauled and fetched and carried. New sounds, the noise of agricultural machinery, drowned the singing of birds and the lowing of cattle. Iron reapers, each with its gang of sweating attendants, roared, rumbled, snarled. Humming rumbling, booming, the mechanism of the big threshing machines speeded. Lumbering wagons filled the roads, coming to the fields empty, going away groaning with stuff from the toilers' hands. The voices of the gatherers were heard in all the land. They were heard in the warehouses that received the crop; the long canneries, with high smokestacks and hungry machinery heard them; among the tons of empty boxes that yawned beside the railroads, yawned for what was to come from the soil, the gatherers were heard; and the noise of their toil resounded among the lengthy trains of cars that waited to carry off the crop. This was very early in the morning.

The sun, spreading its red vanguard over the sky, came up and found the toilers at work. It seemed to grow angry as if it regarded them as plunderers and devastators; as it mounted farther into the sky its cruel glare made a white inferno of the earth. The air blazed, and quivered far and near with heat waves. Harness on the horses grew hot, lathers of perspiration appeared on the animals. Handles of pitchforks grew painfully warm; their steel prongs flamed with the sun's reflection. The water that was to quench the toilers' thirst grew hot as the sun burned the metal of the buckets. The air became humid and hard to breathe. It was a merciless sun. With burning gleams it assailed the workers; with withering gaze it witnessed their activities. The earth and all upon it sweltered. Idle dogs, their tongues lolling out, their sides heaving, crawled to the shade and sprawled in it. But necessity chained the workers to the burning soil; they had bargained with the masters to gather the crop for wages of meat and bread. They had to fulfill the bargain though the dreadful heat made them sweat and pant like beasts of burden. Little puffs of wind came to them at times, but came as inklings of Delhi, as hints of hell—very hot.

To one who had his feet to the fire all winter, the heat of summer is not so bad. To one who through the winter kept his body well with wholesome food and warm clothing, and a clean white bed, the sun is not terrible. But to him who starved through the winter, and walked through its black nights with the wind in his marrow, and wandered like a stray dog through the wet streets always, the heat is an awful thing.

But woe to the man who lagged or cringed under the sun's blaze now. For it was not the master's affair that bodies had had no meat during the winter; it was not the master's affair that hearts had grown weak with famine; it was not his affair that privation had made men sick. Woe to those who had left their strength in the City's bottom.

The sun b trayed the weakest to the master—the scorching sun with its hellish stare. It made men fall, as the wounded do in battle, stagger for awhile, then lying down in the dirt, inert and gasping. Others were found as they bent to the toil, exhausted, half dead with fatigue on the edge of collapse before the middle of the day.

There was a place for the weak, so the master said. But it was not on his payroll, neither was it at his table, nor in his bunkhouse; it was somewhere beyond the Horizon, where the poor go when they are sick, and tired. You follow a long long road, a winding, dusty road, a hard, dry road, a bleak and desolate road—the road to the black and blue land of Charity. And when you get there you must walk with head bare, and bowed down in humility, and beg in whispers.

With noon came a brief respite. The workers sprawled on the earth like dead men, breathing short and quick, as stokers do, hot and weary. They arose soon, and toiled through the long afternoon, the endless afternoon, when the sun lingered and lingered over the hills.

Night. Torrid night. The windless earth was like an oven. The darkness throbbed as with a fever. The flame of a candle, burning in the open air pointed its slender self at the moon with never a flutter; for the atmosphere came out of Limbo and was dead.

In the bunkhouses all the stale odors of other seasons, the smells of filth, of grease, of spital, were up and about; they could not rest while the air was heavy with the stinks from the sweating bodies of the toilers, who had come in to sleep.

Sleep! Who could sleep in these stifling places? Why, the gatherers, to be sure; the toilers from the fields. Being fagged out, they could sleep on filthy beds.

But they slept fitfully, and with mumblings, as if disturbed by uneasy dreams; they moaned as if dreadful thoughts were haunting them. They tossed about in the vile bunks as if suffering bodily torments. And this was the end of the first day's toil.

That was the story of each, of every day and of each night during the harvest. Weeks of toil grew into months. The wagons made deep ruts in the roads. The storehouses became full to the roofs; prodigious masses of heaping boxes were piled up. The canneries rumbled all day and all night. Train after train departed over the rails, laden with the things of the workers' hands, to be placed on the tables at Petersburg, in the dishes of Buckingham and in the plates of Fifth Avenue.

Another dawn brought the hills out of the night, and showed a new scene. A little wind whispered of Autumn. A new land, shorn, naked, empty, stretched below the mountains. All was still and lonesome now. The threshers were gone, and the reapers and the wagons. The fields were left to jays and cattle. Stubble covered the fields where grain had been. The soil was bleak and bare. No longer weighted, the vines swayed in the slightest breeze and the trees spread out their empty arms and sighed as if in sorrow. Summer was dying.

The toilers! Where were they? Where were they who had gathered the crops? Come, let us look in the bunkhouses for the gatherers. The houses are empty and silent and forlorn. To the Master! He will tell where the toilers are. "O, Master, where are your gatherers?"

With a circling sweep of the arm the master answered: "Gone." "Whither?" "Am I my brother's keeper?"

They had walked toward the Horizon, each with his little purse. They had passed on again, the Men From Nowhere, as the dust goes before the breeze, north, perhaps, or south, or east, as the wind blows.

II.

The middle of winter came to the City, lashed it with icy rains, swept it with chilly winds, and made it somber wth fogs.

The Mayor, a good man, having got up early, was gazing anxiously at a gang of ragged men that stood opposite his residence. These shivering beings had come to show him by their mute presence that there were homeless, hungry and penniless men in the city. For a month the likes of them had shuffled up from the City's bottom every morning to stand before his windows and devour his house with hungry eyes. He was afraid of them, was this rich Mayor, afraid of these starving men who had nothing to lose but their miserable lives. Weeks ago he had placed a guard of police before his house. The police were there now, two men, silent and watchful, but not more patient than the whispering unfortunates standing on the other curb. At breakfast the Mayor saw in his wife's eyes the oft-repeated question "Are they there?"

"Eight of them this morning," said the Mayor. "One extremely reduced, a horrible shadow of a man."

"Eight? A falling off," said the woman. "There were twelve yesterday."

"True," said the Mayor. "The chief of police informs me that some have left to do the early plowing. The early plowing season is approaching. It will give work to some, thank God."

He was a troubled mayor as he sat and ate his white bread. The vision of the wretched delegation outside in the cold rose before him. They seemed to say:

"That bread, your Honor—is it yours? Or did it come from the sweat of our faces?

Beneath his office in the afternoons, when the City roared, they had been marching for weeks, a long brigade of broken men, haggard and dirty, shambling along wearily, swerving meekly from side to side to avoid traffic. The City did not pause for them. The cars did not stop, nor the autos nor the drays. But they, the troubled ones, turned aside patiently to let the City pass.

People looked at them from office buildings and said:

"The summer is coming, it will take them away."

And once they sang, and their droning voices filled the great canyon called the main street, and their words went high up to the windows of the huge buildings of steel and stone. They sang of a flag that was dyed red with the blood of martyrs—the people's flag, they called it. These destitute creatures put a dreadful lot of spirit into their song; there was something frightening in their rendering of of the chorus, something frightening to the ears of the master class:

"Then raise the scarlet standard high;
Beneath its folds we'll live and die;
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the red flag flying here."

The City through which they passed was full of food. It was displayed in windows; it was spoken of on billboards; it was stored in the warehouses; it was being shipped abroad; we ate two kinds of bread, wheat and rye. But the Men From Nowhere ate none.

At night they stood in breadlines, which were scattered about the heart of town. And as they waited for bits and scraps left over from the tables of the prosperous, bits that are given to dogs ordinarily, they talked of the land that stretched between the mountains and the ocean, and wondered if there would be a good crop this year. In the jails there was much talk of that land, too, and of the summer which would make it bloom. It was spoken of in the flophouses at the City's bottom where an army of men, waiting for the harvest time, starved and shivered.

One morning when the wires were giving the news of the Chicago and the New York markets a hungry man stood on the stone steps of the Grain and Provision Exchange, asking alms of the well-groomed men who lived by gambling in foodstuffs.

Inside there was a blackboard on which was written in chalk:

"The Chicago market developed increased strength yesterday. A strong buying movement and a week-end covering by shorts, sent the prices of all three options up. The May contract sold at the highest figure of the year."

Which meant that soft-fleshed gentlemen, whose polished shoes would never feel the soil, and whose white hands would never feel the plow, were buying May wheat in January and calling it theirs before it was above the ground.

In the name of God, a preacher placed above the door of his mission in the City's bottom, a sign which read, "Free Soup." Hungry men came there for food and shelter. But the fat preacher made them pay for what he gave. He made them sing songs that mocked their misery; he made them kneel for long periods, saying stupid prayers. He held up his own hog-like body as an example of God's goodness to the faithful. He said that they were sinners and that the hand of God was on their necks. God had made them sick and sore. God had made the world shelterless for them. God was the tormentor.

And these famished men, whipped by misery, looked with wonder at the sayings on the wall:

"Then spake Christ, saying: 'I am the light of the world. He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.'"

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish but have everlasting life."

Mr. Block

He Tries the Courts

"WHO'S FOR THE HARVEST?"

Continued from page 1

called a "lazy bum" the minute the harvest was reaped.

An explanation of the need for the four meals a day that the autocratic farm hand demands is also in order. They must get the "hands" up early and keep them up late in order to need four meals. One is reminded of the story of the harvest hand.

"Time to roll out and cut the oats," said the farmer to a hired man at about 3 A. M.

"Are they wild oats?" sleepily enquired the "hand."

"Why, of course not" rejoined the farmer. "Why do you ask that?"

"Well," said the farm hand, "if they are tame I figured we could slip up on them in the daylight."

The article tells of the efforts of the I. W. W. in the fields and we hope that the following is true:

"The I. W. W. has reached up into the fields. The pitiably small crews suddenly sit down in the fields and cease their labor at the whisper of the two or three men. More money is demanded. The farmer, already pressed to the limit, refuses. The men sit still and the day passes and the night comes and the farmer knows one more day in the battle has been lost. He yields, and the men get their raise; slowly the wages have climbed. A year ago $2.50 was the day's pay. This year $4 is taken without grumbling."

Who's for the harvest in 1913, fellow workers? With the proper agitation this winter we can open up on the planting and get $6 per day for eight hours next year. And after that we can mature our plans for taking and holding the land and machinery to operate them in our own interest.

The I. W. W. is rapidly gaining in strength to reap the grain for the workers themselves. We want every rebel to join hands with us. Who's for the harvest?

"A Pyramid of Capitalism" poster would look well in your room. They are 15 cents.

SHALL INHUMAN POLICE PERSECUTION AND RUSSIAN METHODS BEAT STRIKERS BACK TO SLAVERY

More than two thousand textile workers in Little Falls have been on strike since October 10th. They came out in rebellion against a reduction in wages ranging from 75 cents to $2.00 per week.

When it is considered that the average wages of these workers was less than $7 per week, the inhuman viciousness of this reduction should be plain to all.

These workers have since been fighting desperately for their lives against a police persecution as brutal and reckless as has ever been seen in this country. In the face of tremendous provocation, they have remained peaceful and non-resistant. They have practically tied up the textile industry in Little Falls, and all that they need to win a decisive victory is YOUR support.

A victory in this struggle means much, as it will undoubtedly affect the textile industry throughout the Mohawk Valley. Already the strike has begun to spread to nearby towns, and an effort will be made to make it general, with Little Falls as the center.

To do this your aid is needed. The strikers have perfected a strong organization, which has withstood the murderous assaults of the police thugs. Nearly all the officials and original strike committee members are in jail, charged with rioting and assault, as a result of brutal attacks by police cossacks upon strikers while peacefully parading the streets.

Socialists who came from Schenectady to help the strikers by establishing relief stations and speaking for them have been brutally beaten and jailed.

The strikers' headquarters have been broken into by police and all contents wantonly destroyed. The strikers are forced to carry on much of their work in secrecy. Yet their spirit is undaunted and they are determined to win. This is the most important struggle for better conditions ever waged in this part of the country. Vicious, foul and lying newspapers are spreading much misrepresentation of the real conditions here.

Workers everywhere, rally to the support of the strikers in Little Falls.

Don't permit the Russian methods of the blood-thirsty police in this struggle to be successful. Hold meetings. Mail or wire protests to Governor Dix, State Capitol, Albany; Mayor Shall, Little Falls, and Congressman Talcott, Utica, New York.

Send all funds to Textile Workers' Strike Committee, Robert A. Bakeman, P. O. Box 458, Little Falls, N. Y.

HERE'S A LIVE WIRE.

The mail this week brought the "Industrial Worker" an agreeable surprise in the form of a money-order, $50, of which was a donation to the paper.

The amount was sent by a Seattle rebel who prefers that his name be not mentioned. It is to be used to spread the idea of revolutionary industrial unionism through the columns of the "fighting sheet."

The donation comes as the fulfillment of a promise made by a fellow worker to the presen editor of the "Worker," while the latter was in Seattle about ten months ago.

Coming at this particular time when working class interest is centered upon the industrial idea and upon the I. W. W., the fifty dollars will do the work that could not have been done by $500, at a time when interest was not keen.

The "Worker" certainly can give a strong vote of thanks to the liberal live wire in Seattle, on behalf of the paper and the organization as well. Here's hoping there are many more like him.

SOME INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

Henry C. Waters reported the recent B. T. W. trial for a chain of papers throughout the country. His article sent out on October 14, contains some interesting matter. Here are a couple of extracts:

The "timber jacks" and "red bones" of the logging camps are not anarchists. They don't know much about socialism, and likewise they are ignorant of legal technicalities. An injunction by a court doesn't mean much to them.

They know they haven't been getting a square deal, and that is enough. They know also that they can shoot a squirrel from a limb as far as they can see it."

"The boys in the lumber camps haven't hardly enough education to have respect for the courts unless the courts are on the square, is the way Emerson explains it."

This last was in reference to the necessity of having Emerson quiet different crowds of lumberjacks who had come to the jail resolved to release him.

Speaking of courts brings up the subject of judges. In the Northwest the old saying "sober as a judge," has been changed to "drunk as a judge," since the exposure of Hanford. The lumberjacks there have slight respect for the courts and judges when the whole district can boast of scarcely one that is not owned by the lumber trust.

RECRUITING OFFICERS GET CALLED DOWN.

Commissioner Creel of Denver, Colo., investigated the charge that the I. W. W. speakers were desecrating the flag in their speeches on the corner of Seventeenth and Market streets, and found that the recruiting officers were persistently throwing stones and other missiles at the speakers each night regardless of the character of the talk.

Creel states that the I. W. W. may talk as long as they desire provided they do not advocate violence, and has ordered that the "rooky" officers be arrested if any further abuses of the speakers are reported.

It is evident that the city of Denver does not care to have a free speech fight on its hands.

Mail intended for the Spokane locals should be addressed to 203 Front avenue, Spokane, Wash, and not to the "INDUSTRIAL WORKER."