

# Ettor, Giovannitti and Caruso Freed!

DIRECT ACTION IS LABOR'S WEAPON



DIRECT ACTION WILL GET THE GOODS

# Industrial Worker

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

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## SCANDAL SHAKES

### PORTLAND SOCIETY

Portland, Oregon, is shaking with the biggest scandal that ever touched the northwest. It reaches into the Y. M. C. A., the Chamber of Commerce, the Commercial Club, the Arlington Club, the "best circles of society."

Involved in the network are nearly a hundred of the leading citizens, doctors, lawyers, architects, business men, Y. M. C. A. men, and other "pillars of society."

One aged man has attempted to suicide. Many others have left the city. Some were arrested at the depot while about to flee. Fifty or more are under arrest.

Three of the prominent Y. M. C. A. men are involved, including the one who attempted suicide. The scandal is connected more directly with the Young Men's Christian Association than any other institution.

The Associated Press, as usual, attempted to suppress the news. It was not until it had been hawked around the streets for two days that the United Press got hold of the revolting details.

The U. S. Postal department would stop this paper from circulating were it to publish even the barest details of the orgies that occurred in the Y. M. C. A. building and elsewhere throughout Portland. Young lads, still in their teens, have been the victims of degenerate actions on the part of Portland's "best citizens."

The rotten mess was uncovered about Nov. 13, and for a price there were those who were willing to defend sodomy and other vile practices.

The "Worker" has the names of many who are involved, but names would add nothing to the story. It is not the men, but Capitalism, that is shown up.

The Y. M. C. A. has for years made a plea for (Continued on page 8.)

## I. W. W. Win in Willimantic

Victory again perches upon the banner of the I. W. W. as a result of a skirmish with the American Thread Co. at Willimantic, Conn.

The employers thought the I. W. W. was dying, so on November 9 they discharged one member. On November 11 another was let out. On Tuesday, November 12, a slight discussion arose and 11 more were fired.

These last fellow workers were Poles, and the mainstay of the organization in Willimantic. Their discharge brought discontent to a head and on Wednesday the two most important departments were struck. This tied up the balance of the 6,000 workers, through lack of material to work upon.

Many who thought the strike would fail, soon saw the strategic position of the Poles and were enthused thereby.

On Friday, the third day of the strike, the superintendent was willing to treat with a committee of 11 from the strikers. Demands were presented as follows:

- 1—Reinstatement of all strikers.
- 2—All discrimination and abuse of workers to stop.
- 3—A 54 hour week or nine hour day.
- 4—To put the speed of machines back to where it was previous to the general raise of 15 per cent. (The machines had been speeded up for the raise.)
- 5—No discrimination of any person on account of union affiliation or nationality, etc.
- 6—To pay wages to all apprentices.

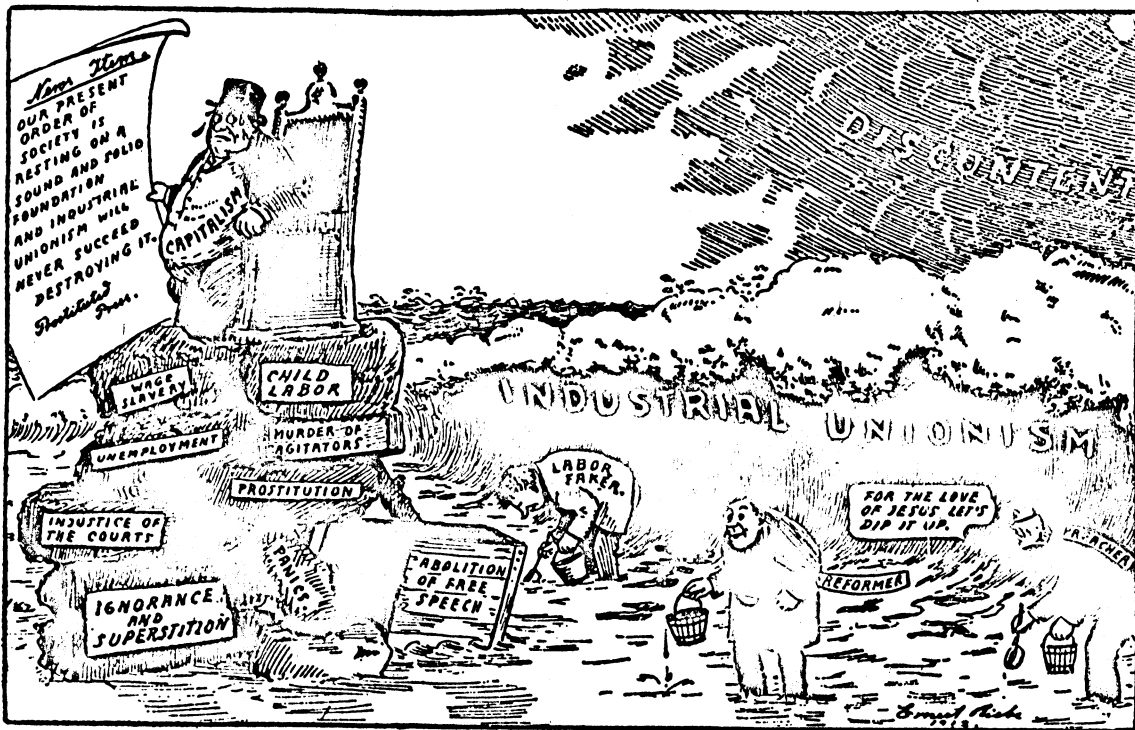
The third and sixth demands were put in simply for agitation purposes, as they are not practicable until made concertedly upon all thread companies.

The demands were agreed to with these two exceptions. The workers won practically all they were fighting for at the time.

The absence of organizers or speakers was significant. It shows that the workers are awakening and acting for themselves. Organizer Jos. Biscay had been sent for from New Bedford, Mass. By the time he arrived, the strike had been won.

The report of the strike committee was followed by a dance and general blow-out.

Merchants who advised strikers to return to work and who went so far as to deny credit to the men the first day they were out, are now kicking themselves. Their agents have been treated to a dose of "direct action" with rolling pins and brooms in the hands of the women fellow workers. Orders have fallen off at the antagonistic stores and the cockroach merchants feel themselves slipping into the ranks of the wage workers.



THE RISING TIDE

## TELEGRAM

Salem, Mass., November 26, 1912

**Ettor, Giovannitti and Caruso are acquitted. The jury was out for six hours. Judge Quinn concluded his charge to the jury yesterday at 12:45. He stated that in event of a conviction the only verdict against Ettor and Giovannitti would be second degree murder, while Caruso might be convicted of first or second degree murder. Great enthusiasm followed the verdict of acquittal. Heslewood.**

## Ettor and Giovannitti's Closing Words to the Jury

(Special dispatch to the "Worker.")

SALEM, MASS., Nov. 24.—The week just passed in the trial of Ettor, Giovannitti and Caruso will prove a week of vast social significance. During this period the trial has been taken out of the criminal court and raised onto a higher plane, into the social arena. The old world wide struggle between the old order and the new was once more re-enacted with the results in favor of the new.

This most extraordinary achievement was due to the bitter attack of District Attorney Atwill upon the principles and ideals of the I. W. W. and the brave and eloquent defense made by both Ettor and Giovannitti. The occasion, while significant of the social tragedy of a court room, was tense and breathless. Women sobbed, the jurors wept, and even the ashen hue of the prosecutor reflected a realization of the profound meaning of the occurrence.

District Attorney Atwill assailed the I. W. W. as seditious, treasonable, subversive of law and order, and an attack upon organized society and the rights of property. He invoked the Massachusetts constitution and bill of rights, its customs and traditions, and urged the jury to choke the I. W. W. in its inception, before it got too big and powerful to control.

He unsparingly denounced Ettor as the proponent of the I. W. W. and its principles. He called him "brilliant, clever, daring" and referred to him as "the 'Little General' whose intelligence and brain has conceived and organized the Lawrence strike and carried it on in defiance of the state."

Atwill called on the jury to assert the sovereignty of the state over the mob, as represented by the defendants, at any and all costs. "This," he cried, "must be a reign of government under the stars and stripes and not under the red flag of socialism and anarchism." Poetry on "the blue and the gray" was quoted, and patriotism was invoked in condemnation of "this militant, revolutionary organization." The lives of its leaders were demanded in order that it might be silenced for ever.

Ettor's defense was eloquent and unflinching. He declared "I am being tried for my social ideas, not for my acts. Social views cannot be tried in a court room. History sits in judgment on these and decides either for or

against them. The social crimes of our age become the religion of the next. You may indict ideas, you may demand that they be choked, but ideas grow and flourish in proportion as they are prosecuted. Kill me and my comrade Giovannitti and the day you do it a thousand will take our places."

"I have nothing to defend, nothing to extenuate, and ask no privilege, no favor, no pardon. I went to Lawrence to help my starving sisters and brothers. I did all that I could for them and no man could do more. If you believe that I should die for this well and good. I shall accept the penalty. I shall go to the chair with my head erect and so will my comrade Giovannitti. It is preposterous to think that I should desire the death of one of my own sisters. But if you believe I went to Lawrence to murder or incite to murder, then kill me. I will pay the penalty, I will pay the price. Don't blame this boy Caruso—blame me. The district attorney has said much about outsiders coming to Massachusetts and about the traditions of Massachusetts. I would remind him that when Massachusetts and the nation were struggling to establish themselves in the revolutionary war, it was two outsiders, Kosciuszko and Pulaaski, two Poles, who came to their assistance. I was born in this country and I have a constitutional right to move about it as I please. Seventy years ago a well dressed, respectable mob in Boston dragged Lloyd Garrison, the abolitionist, through the streets with a rope around his neck. Today he is one of the traditions of Massachusetts and men of Massachusetts are proud to be counted among his descendants.

"The district attorney accuses me of wanting to destroy property. He knows that is not true. I stated that the workers should own collectively the property they use collectively, and that if they destroy any of that property they will only have so much to reproduce when they come in possession of it.

"The district attorney represents wealth as an individual creation, that should therefore be individually owned. This is a conception of wealth that is discarded and no longer applies to modern conditions. Today wealth is a social creation and should be owned by the social creators—the workers. Today social wealth is a social necessity and should not,

therefore, be owned by private individuals. "I am accused of subverting law and order. I told the workers at Lawrence that the mill owners had violated the spirit of the 54 hours law. I told them that it was the mill owners who planted the dynamite and did the car smashing; that I believe it was their agents who started the riot in which Anna Lopizzo was killed. Is this inconceivable? Is it not possible that men who will conspire to defeat the intent of a good law and will plant dynamite to discredit strikers will not also smash cars and provoke riots? Do not their interests demand it? It is the capitalists who subvert the law and order.

"Gentlemen of the jury Ever since I was a boy capable of understanding I have raised my voice in behalf of labor; of my class. I was conscious, while so doing, that I was baring my breast to the bayonets and the shafts of the opposition. I have sang the songs of labor and I shall continue to sing them. If you believe that I had a hand, a suggestion, or a voice in the killing of Annie Lopizzo send me to the electric chair. If you believe that Joseph J. Ettor and Arturo Giovannitti became murderers because of their social ideals, and they should therefore be killed, it is up to you to kill them. We will both die with a song on our lips. If you should decide to free, we will both carry the flag of labor as before until our class, the working class, is free from wage slavery."

Giovannitti spoke along the same lines. He said: "This is not a question of property but of humanity. As of old, the Apostles of a new faith must be crucified to appease the old."

But especially touching was Giovannitti's appeal for Caruso, whom he pictured as unlettered and unable to comprehend the situation. Giovannitti said: "Let this poor simple young man Caruso go back to his wife and child. Kill us and let him go. If we are responsible we are responsible for everything."

Caruso offered no appeal. Both Giovannitti and Ettor begged that they be either acquitted or killed. They protested against imprisonment and declared death preferable.

The judge will charge the jury tomorrow morning and the verdict is expected to follow immediately. JUSTUS EBERT.

## LIBERTY IS DEAD IN LITTLE FALLS

(Special to the "Worker" by Phillips Russell) LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., Nov. 18.—Despite "authoritative" reports that all the textile mill strikers would return to work this morning, the picket line was the largest that has turned out in several days, and the total number of new scabs that obtained entry was two. The rumor factory was unusually busy yesterday and nearly all the news agencies sent out circumstantial stories to the effect "at the strike was 'settled'" and that the big parade of strikers Saturday afternoon was in the nature of a celebration.

There was no truth whatever in these stories. No return to work was even contemplated, and the only thing even remotely resembling a settlement was a meeting between a committee of strikers and Judge Gilbert of the Gilbert Knitting Mills. This conference resulted in nothing, Judge Gilbert merely making an offer to allow 60 hours' pay for 54 hours' work; but as the strikers are holding out for a 10 per cent increase for day work and 15 per cent for night work, they got little satisfaction.

No word whatever has been received from Manager McLaughlin of the Phoenix Mills, whose obstinacy continues to stand in the way of a complete settlement. A committee of business which recently visited him in the hope of bringing about an end to the strike was received coldly, and public sentiment is now rapidly turning against him. The merchants of the town are beginning to feel the pinch severely, trade having fallen off to a minimum. These gent, who early in the strike saw fit to hold a public meeting which approved of the course of the police in their ferocity toward the strikers, are now waking up to the fact that the working people are not only the producers of the community, but the consumers, and that if the strike is not ended soon the little savings of the workers will be exhausted and a dull winter for trade will be the dismal prospect.

The mass meeting held in the Lumberg Theater in Utica yesterday raised a total of \$125 for the strikers. Mayor Lunn of Schenectady and William D. Haywood made addresses to an audience of about 600, which applauded almost continuously. Five girl strikers from Little Falls helped take up the collection and sold copies of the Schenectady Citizen, containing Robert A. Bakeman's terrible story of what took place in the cells of the local police station after the arrest of the first batch of strikers, when helpless men had their faces beaten into a pulp by blackjacks in the hands of the police and detectives. Bakeman tells how one boy, who was shot through the back of the head, was left lying in his cell for several hours without any attention whatsoever. Bakeman tried to wash the blood off some of the prisoners and had to carry water to them in an envelope.

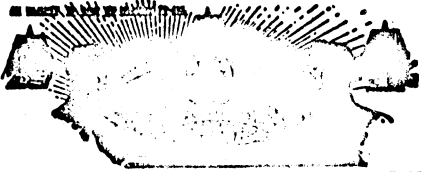
Mayor Lunn plainly charged that the "riot" of October 30, for which more than forty men and women have been arrested, was purposely started by the police. He told of having been accompanied to Herkimer jail Saturday by Valeria Vitasiek, the little Polish woman with a 2-year-old child, who is accused by a 214-pound detective of having committed a murderous assault on him with a six-inch knife.

Haywood declared that the fight was by no means over, but was going to be extended, and that Utica might be discussing its own strike within a week. He pointed out that the strike in Little Falls was but a part of the general class struggle, and that will not be ended until "overalls are put on every capitalist in the country." In the presence of the policeman and plain clothes men who were thickly planted in the rear of the theater he mercilessly arraigned the police and detectives of Little Falls and Lawrence as being expressions of the brutal force of the master class. The Little Falls strike would be won, he said, and the rights of the working class would be fully established before the I. W. W. had finished with the town. Eight hundred members had already been taken into the organization, he said, and word had been received that 250 men were ready to come at a moment's notice to establish the right of free speech and assembly.

It was for revolting against the theft of 60 cents that the textile workers of Little Falls have been punished with a ferocity unparalleled in any town of any civilized country on earth except America, where the police are given arbitrary powers not approached in any other nation.

(Continued on page 8.)

# INDUSTRIAL WORKER



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## CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS

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Jas. P. Thompson ..... General Organizer

## GENERAL EXECUTIVE BOARD

P. Eastman, Joe. J. Etter, Ewald Keetgen, 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.

During the election just past 'Gene Debs failed to register and so was deprived of his vote. Don't laugh, durn ye, this is serious.

When the factory slave punches the time clock no race, creed, color, sex or age is registered. And his fighting union should not concern itself with such things either.

Slavery is an attitude of mind as well as an economic condition. Until the workers feel that all who toil are equal and all who do not are inferior there will be no freedom.

District Attorney Atwill: "Do you belong to the I. W. W.?"  
Defendant Caruso: "No, I don't belong to the I. W. W. now, but I will when I get out."

Organizers' credentials should be issued to the capitalist thugs.

The promise of the I. W. W. to use the "open mouth" strike of packing-house workers in the Pittsburg district is having its effect. Fearing that the present employees will tell business secrets and rotten packing conditions, the Packing House Employers' Association is about to request all employees to join the A. F. of L. That is the logical way to organize the "reward your friends" kind of unionism.

The Nome Industrial Worker, the official organ of Local 240, Western Federation of Miners, says: "In joining the I. W. W., the Timber Workers took up the only logical movement which is available to a progressive and a militant labor organization which has a function and a sphere of usefulness to fulfill for its membership and knows it. There will be others."

In the Raleigh and New Willard Hotels, Washington, D. C., every employee struck except two chefs. The International Hotel Workers' Union is handling the strike. Negroes who were imported from Baltimore, Md., to break the strike, refused to scab when they learned that the union took in all workers. They joined instead. Because the union buried race distinctions, the students of Howard University, a colored college, have endorsed the strike. How's that for solidarity!

## CASES IN CONTRAST

Says the Indianapolis Register (Socialist) in its issue of November 15:

"Labor as a whole seems to take but small interest in the present trial. Not only that but it is often stated by workingmen that the men accused deserve to serve time.

The reason for the apathy of the workers may be found in the fact that the men on trial at Indianapolis, on charges of complicity with the McNamara brothers in the various dynamitings that culminated in the blowing up of the Los Angeles Times building, have not even the half-hearted support of the body with which they are affiliated.

The defendants are nearly all of the opinion that the wage system is a finality. They hold that all that the workers can do is to secure some amelioration in their lot. That ideal is not lofty enough to warrant much support.

Contrast this case with that of the men in Salem, Mass. Ettore, Giovannitti and Caruso have been the center of interest to the workers of the world. They hold ideals that fire the masses of the people. They look toward a reconstructed society where men are masters of the machine and all are usefully employed. They stand for industrial freedom and the industrial republic.

For the same reason the Grabow trial has held second place in interest. The sturdy Southern lumberjacks are resolved to cast off the chains of wage slavery.

Back of the two last named trials has stood the I. W. W. and other revolutionary elements in society.

Back of the men at Indianapolis is but a pitiful wail for a fair and impartial trial. As though a worker ever gets a fair and impartial trial in the courts of the masters.

We desire to see freedom gained for the defendants in Indianapolis. If we thought for a moment there was a chance for conviction, our energies would be thrown to their defence. But the organization which they represent is too useful to the employing class to be thus destroyed.

Our purpose in mentioning the cases is to show by vivid contrast the difference of support given to imprisoned members by an organization that is content to merely drift, and one with a clearcut and revolutionary aim.

## OF COURSE WE'LL DO IT

We appear this week with eight pages. The habit seems to grow on us. Soon it will be eight pages regularly. It all depends upon our readers.

We have plans in view to make the "Worker" better with each issue. These plans all hinge on the number of subscriptions gained through the winter months, and the manner in which bundle orders are kept up.

This paper is practically the only one in the world that is on a self-supporting basis while carrying no paid advertising. With eight pages regularly we will be in a class by ourselves. Here is what we have in store for our readers:

A series of cartoons by Ernest Riebe that will grow better with each issue. A continuation of the Mr. Block series and occasional two column cartoons to drive home certain points.

Reproduction of photographs of strike scenes, of risky places where workers toil, and other views of interest.

Articles from well known writers on vital questions that are directly connected with industrial unionism.

Telegraphic dispatches from those points where the class struggle rages the fiercest. News notes from men on the job.

Bits of description from organizers and speakers to show how to gain solidarity of action.

A special correspondent to deal with actual experiences in various industrial centers. We intend to expose industrial despotism so as to aid organization at the point of production.

A larger size of type on a better grade of paper. This feature will make it a pleasure to read "Industrial Worker" even by the poor lights in the bunkhouses of the camps.

These are but a few of the things in store for our readers, when the support fully warrants same. It will be but a short time until the changes are possible, for we know the loyalty of the supporters of this paper.

We ask that all who stand for revolutionary industrial unionism start in right now to make our next special issue a tremendous success.

The issue will be devoted to the lumber industry. It will deal with the workers in the woods and mills of the United States and Canada.

Whether this will be eight pages, or just four pages at half the price, depends largely upon circumstances.

It will be No. 196 and will be arranged to reach all locals for Christmas Day.

The lumber industry is the basic industry on the Pacific Coast. It is the keynote to industrial control in the South. We already have a good foothold. This issue will put seven league boots on the National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers.

Start the ball rolling right now for a record breaking issue.

## WE ARE PROUD OF OUR ENEMIES

The American Federation of Labor, assembled in their thirty-second annual convention at Rochester, New York, on November 11, 1912.

Their deliberations were so strongly tinged with fear that the I. W. W. would put the antiquated crafts out of business, as to be laughable.

Samuel Gompers declared that "Free workers do not employ the methods of slaves," ignoring the fact that the workers today are all slaves to the class that owns the tools of production.

The I. W. W. replies that any method to bring freedom is justified.

The A. F. of L. executive council made a report in which the I. W. W. was taken to task for its "policy of misrepresentation."

Contracts between master and slaves were defended in these words: "We must declare in unmistakable terms that it is the moral duty of all our organizations to live up to our agreements and respect all decrees of the federation as a whole and its affiliated organizations."

To this the I. W. W. replies that any agreement binding one body of workers to remain at their task while others are on strike, is scabbery. Smooth words will not soften such treachery.

Contracts binding workers not to take advantage of favorable opportunities to better conditions, practically force members of a craft to scab upon themselves. For this reason, and many others, the I. W. W. declares that the A. F. of L. is not the labor movement of this country.

Regarding our "policy of misrepresentation" we wish to call attention to the fact that no attempt is made to refute the charges made by the I. W. W.

Facts are not misrepresentations.

It is a fact that John Golden of the United Textile Workers offered his services to the employers as against the workers in the Lawrence textile strike.

It is a fact that members of the Jack Spinners' Union are acting as deputies against the textile strikers in Little Falls, N. Y., at the present time.

It is a fact that members of the Journeymen Tailors of America are at work in a struck shop in Seattle at this time.

It is a fact that the A. F. of L. Cooks and Waiters' organization is offering the services of its members at lower wages than those accepted by the International Hotel Workers' Union.

It is a fact that A. F. of L. official treachery was the main cause of the breaking of the Transport Workers' strike on the Atlantic coast.

It is a fact that in numerous strikes throughout the country the A. F. of L. carpenters have built the stockades and the bunkhouses for the scabs, and that A. F. of L. crafts furnished supplies to break the strikes of their own members.

It is a fact that United Mine Workers in Wyoming mined coal, knowing that it would be shipped to Colorado to supply the market and thus defeat the striking miners in the Northern Colorado coal district.

This list could be lengthened to fill a volume, and half the tale would not be told.

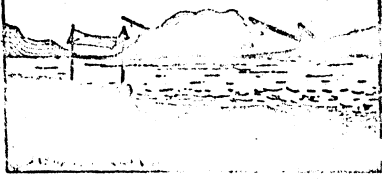
For some thirty-two years the record of the A. F. of L. has been one unbroken line of scabbery upon other organizations, treachery to allied crafts and open contempt for the unskilled workers.

The American Federation of Labor cannot successfully deny this. We have the proof.

To see the make-up of the convention one needs but to look at the committee chairmen.

(Continued on page three)

## TRANSLATED NEWS



### INTERNATIONAL DELEGATION OF THE SYNDICALIST MOVEMENT

We mentioned that the publishing of another daily paper of parliamentary labor tendencies, the Daily Citizen, has caused the Daily Herald to take more and more the direction of revolutionary syndicalism.

At present the latter paper defends by its contents as well as by its illustrations the tactics of direct action. This paper does even when these tactics mean to attack parliamentarians. This is not at all to the taste of the socialist parliamentarians, even not of those of the left wing, who first were said to collaborate with the Daily Herald. As we know the leaders of the Marxist British Socialist party we never thought it would be possible to have their continued support. And in the number of October 26 of Justice, the organ of this party, we find an article in which the Daily Herald is seriously censured and Direct Action called futile.

For our part we are pleased to see that the Daily Herald has taken such a pronounced attitude the last week's and we hope that it will be able to continue its existence in its present revolutionary and independent attitude.

### Italy

The Azione Sindicalista tells us how the incidents of our comrades arrested after the meeting at Bologna have ended. The judicial authorities, faced with a hunger strike, were alarmed. They had asked the lawyer Nicolai and the wife of Zocchi to persuade the prisoners to stop the hunger strike, promising that their case would be dealt with on October 21. But Zocchi and Corridoni refused, and only when the papers duly signed and made out were shown to them they consented to take food. They had forced their prosecutors to capitulate.

On Monday, October 21, the trial took place according to promise. A great number of police and detectives had arrived, but also a large number of friends. After hearing the witnesses and the defence the four prisoners have been sentenced: Corridoni to 40 days, Zocchi to 27 days, Venturi to 30 days, and Giacaglia to eight days' imprisonment.

The public gave the condemned an enthusiastic ovation, but the police carried them off at once in motor cars to the prison in order to take them away from the sympathetic crowd.

### Denmark

The Union of Employers of Denmark has informed the central of the Danish Trade unions that it intends to lock out 40,000 workers unless two strikes of small importance and two questions of tariffs are ended in a short time to the satisfaction of the capitalists. This is the system of fight which in central and north Europe the employers have the custom to use against the labor unions which are not enough docile.

The real intentions of the masters are revealed by the nature of the two strikes in question. The one took place in a factory of sulphuric acid, where the workers had declared to be ready for the arbitration of the official bureau, whilst the owners, a limited company which has been paying 40 per cent interest, had rejected arbitration as the latter had proposed a slight increase of wages. The second strike is in a factory of electricity at Copenhagen.

In both these strikes no more than 130 men are involved. And in consequence of these two small strikes and two differences of pay of still smaller importance, the employers propose to lock out in the whole country all the metal workers as well as all the members of the union of unskilled workers.

Beside the 40,000 workers who will be locked out, 10,000 others will be thrown out of work, as they cannot continue to work then.

### Switzerland

The Voix du Peuple of Geneva writes: "Switzerland is the country of all the liberties, where the people are happy . . . etc., etc., that is what our good bourgeois press is continually preaching to us. This is certainly not our idea because we have known for a long time that Switzerland is the country of cowardice, of crime and misery. Our government does not shrink from any low act to deserve the approval of the Tsar and to suffocate liberty. The arrest of Comrade Bertoni has been followed by the expelling of Borghi, and these are typical. To these two cases we can add still another. On the proposal of the Federal Attorney General Kronauer at Bern, three Italian comrades, Guazzoni, Pedruzzi and Brovelli, are expelled. And why? Because they had taken part in the demonstration before the American and Italian consulates to protest against the shameful trial and accusation against Ettore and Giovannitti. For the Federal Council the expulsion is a shame and stain. Undoubtedly the much praised liberty exists only in legends!"

### LAW AND LIBERTY

(By Mrs. G. L. Wolfe.)

The great unrest of the people that will not be quieted, showing they are awakening to a sense of their wrongs, will terminate in a revolt against the yoke that binds them in abject slavery to the power of greed.

This worldwide movement that accepts every man, regardless of race or color, is slowly but surely gaining a power that will rush with such a mighty force upon capitalism, when the day comes to strike, that they with their puny strength will be as powerless to stay the torrent as though they should attempt to turn aside the tides of the ocean.

When the poor toilers of the earth tire of

their slavish condition, and seek to better their environment, they find that only by the strike can they secure more wages and shorter hours of work.

Then are they frightened back into submission by the cry "law and order!" If they disregard this command, dire are the consequences, imprisonment with all its horrors, loss of work, petty persecutions.

But this idea of "law and order" is entirely ignored by the capitalists in the brutal methods employed against organized labor, the shooting down of the strikers, throwing them into jail, on every flimsy pretext.

The profit sharing class well know the majority of the laws made are never intended to be kept, only to be used as a whip over the heads of the poor, to keep them in bondage. The capitalist and trusts can evade the laws with impunity, as judges and courts are so easily bribed. "Liberty" and "freedom" have little meaning for the men, promptly thrust in prison for daring to ask for their rights and living wages.

What of the poor wretch who heroically tries to support a wife and children on starvation wages? Throw flags over him until he is so entangled in their folds he cannot walk. Stuff the stars down his throat, so we cannot hear his moans and cries for bread, dress him in stripes and condemn him to penal servitude, for he has committed the unpardonable sin of demanding a share of the earth's riches!

The masses certainly have a surfeit of law, for they are lawed unto death, from the time they enter the world until they leave. As soon as their eyes are opened their birth must be recorded, and they cannot lay down in the grave until a certain amount of red tape has been adjusted. I wonder sometimes if we must submit a permit to St. Peter before he will open the pearly gates.

The privileged rich can break every law, especially those that are for the benefit of the masses, while the slaves of labor must submit without a murmur.

The wage-earners give their time, health, and labor, for a few paltry dollars, hardly sufficient to keep the breath of life in their bodies. Were they paid double, treble, the wages received, they could never be compensated for the sacrifices made in the interests of capitalism.

But the spirit of the helpless poor shall cry out for vengeance, and every little bleeding finger of a child laborer shall be raised in protest against this terrible system of society, that starves humanity, body and soul, at its very door.

Capitalism rides gaily by, reclining on silken cushions, while pauperism crouches at the wheel, begging for only a crust. Every spoke of the chariot wheels of the oppressor is built of the bone and sinew, the blood and tears of the exploited.

When the coffers are full to overflowing with the ill-gotten gains, perchance the conscience is occasionally troubled, but promptly set at rest, and soothed by a generous donation to the heathen to buy Bibles, or a goodly sum to pay for the stained glass windows, in the imposing edifice, where they rest on plush cushions once a week and "thank God they are not as other men."

Poor, struggling humanity toils on at its weary round of labor, hoping for the better day, when the chains of capitalism and fetters of oppression will be destroyed.

So let us sound the cry, organize! organize! to the uttermost parts of the earth! By its mighty power will the workers of the world obtain the great boon of freedom!

Unite in the ONE BIG UNION for your rights, for liberty is the divine heritage of man.

"Men of Labor, young or hoary,  
Would ye win a name in story?  
Strike for home, for life, for glory,  
Justice, Freedom, Right."

### 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 add 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.

### SPEAKER WANTED

Local 323, Vancouver, B. C., would like to get in communication with some good organizer—one acquainted with the coast preferred. Anybody that can deliver the goods, please write to the secretary, stating full particulars, etc. Address 24 Cordova street, West, Vancouver, B. C.



## Dog-Cheap Living For the Under Dog

(By Georgia Kotsch.)

Cometh now a female society person with the fifty-eighth variety for reducing the cost of living. I am not acquainted with the lady, but judge her to be a society person because she "landed" from the Mauretania. Ladies' maids, stewardesses and steerage femininity also land sometimes, I daresay, but the fact is never chronicled in the papers. They are not persons or they are not capable of saying things silly enough to be sensational.

This lady has been to Geneva, as a delegate to the International Peace Conference and incidentally stumbled upon her discovery in Germany.

No, it is not a new style in vegetarianism, saving your empty pay envelopes, killing the baby, nor making erquettes of the potato peelings.

It is dog—dog steaks, hound chops, cur-tail bouillon, blanc mangy jelly, poodle pate a la poulette, pickled pups' feet, terriers on toast. Hot dogs are to become more than a name—have become so in fact.

Exclaims the lady enthusiastically: "When I was in Munich I saw one hundred dogs sold for food in one day to poor people. Of course the dogs had been inspected before the sale, and they were perfectly fit for food."

I gather from the statement that the poor, the under dogs so to speak, are to have a monopoly on dog meat, which would seem to be the case of dog eat dog.

We welcome any new acquisition. Hitherto about the only monopolies we have been able to accumulate have been poverty and hard work. A shadow, however, blurs my ecstasy.

It is that the American beef trust knows a good thing when it sees it as well as does this fair tourist, and while she may be generously willing that the poor shall monopolize the juicy flea fed roasts, Rover ragout and curried Carlo, a beef magnate is usually dogmatic in the opinion that the carnal solids and soups au gras in which the extravagant six-fifty-a-weekers riot should be well paid for and upon his thrifty mind I fear the advent of this new era of dog days will have no effect.

I could yelp with pain that this discovery should have been made in Germany—the home of the big Socialist vote. Is there, alas, no tie that binds between the ballot and the dinner pail? Must we unhitch our cart from the brightest star in the firmament of managing other people, the dog star of politics?

We know it is of the greatest importance to persons of the class who "arrive" on ocean liners that the "poor" may live cheaply. That is why the largest cotton mill in the world has been located in Mexico and the largest steel plant in China. Beans, rice and dog meat. Philanthropic trinity! Cheap, nutritious and profitable unto dividends!

No, thank you, dear lady, there is no possible objection on our part to dog meat served on the Mauretania to the class who consider it "perfectly fit," but as for us we live a dog's life as it is, and it is quite unnecessary to incorporate the friendly cur in our system. We are getting tired of a dog's life anyhow. It is becoming so uninteresting, don't you know, devoid as it is of travel, the means of culture and other things which go to make life worth living, that we find it more exhilarating to lay it down in jail, on the gallows, than to sustain it upon dog just to continue a dog's life. If you don't know it go on another voyage of discovery to the miners and dockers of England, to Lawrence, to Lake Charles, to San Diego. And when the poor get into this dogged frame of mind it means more than an election, though an election may take its cue from it.

The worst thing about this new notion of ours is that it is not a blind mob spirit, but it is intelligent, disciplined and wholly determined to get along without any advice from well-fed parasites as to what we shall eat or wear or do. Watch it grow.

Incidentally it will obviate the necessity for journeying to peace conferences. We poor folks are just going to quit killing each other for the benefit of the upper classes. It's dog-gone simple, isn't it?

**SOME BOHEMIAN PAMPHLETS**  
"Direct Action" by Voltairine de Cleyre, has been translated into Bohemian and issued in attractive form by the committee that has the publication of her works in charge.

Joseph Kucera is translating the pamphlet, "One Big Union," into Bohemian, in response to a promise made to Mikolasek just before he was murdered by the San Diego police.

Those who desire further information regarding these Bohemian pamphlets should write to Joseph Kucera, 35 W. Eleventh street, New York City.

**A HUNGARIAN MONTHLY**  
A Hungarian Monthly revolutionary paper, called Kozos Tarsadalom, has been started in San Francisco, Cal. E. C. Suetich is the business manager. In the current issue is an article by E. S. Nelson, "A Call to Wage Workers," and "The Fighting I. W. W." by Haywood, the latter being reprinted from the International Socialist Review. The first two issues of the paper were altered by the printers, who were apparently in league with opponents of the I. W. W., and this forced the present publishers to secure their own type and have their composition work done at the home of the manager.

The address of the publication is 2834 Mission street, San Francisco, Cal.

**DIRECTORY OF LOCALS**  
Australian Administration, Industrial Workers of the World—Ed Moyer, General Secretary-Treasurer, Wakefield Street, Adelaide. Adelaide Local—B. Powell, Secretary-Treasurer, Wakefield Street, Adelaide. Sydney Local—George G. Reeve, Secretary-Treasurer, 2122 Cumberland Street, Sydney. Auckland Local—F. H. Torrey, Secretary-Treasurer, Queen's Building, Wellesley St., Auckland (New Zealand). Christ Church Local—Syd. Kingsford, Secretary-Treasurer, 8 Judd's Building, Christ Church (New Zealand).

Don't destroy this copy. It costs money. Pass it along.



JOSEPH CARUSO

JOSEPH J. ETTOR

ARTURO GIOVANNITTI

### WE ARE PROUD OF OUR ENEMIES

(Continued from page two)

There is John Tobin, of the Shoeworkers. He is chairman of the Committee on Labels.

We are prepared to prove that the Shoeworkers' label has been bought and sold by John Tobin as though it were merchandise. It has been used by manufacturers who paid their workers lower wages and worked them longer hours than when the men were unorganized or when they belonged to organizations other than the United Shoeworkers. Tobin is a member of the executive committee of the National Civic Federation.

There is James Lynch of the Printers. He is chairman of the Committee on Organization.

He should be a good member of that committee, for he helped organize the "Wahnetas," an inner circle of the typos. This organization places a virtual blacklist on a radical who dares oppose the ring. Lynch has taken the employers' part in many a controversy. In the Chicago pressmen's strike he stood with the "organized scab" stereotypers as against those who showed genuine union spirit.

James Lynch is a member of the executive board of the National Civic Federation.

There is John Mitchell of the Miners. He is chairman of the Committee on Adjustments.

He is some adjuster all right. He has adjusted a number of strikes in favor of the employers.

John Mitchell claims to have resigned from the National Civic Federation. He is, however, one of the directors of the Militia of Christ.

There is Dennis A. Hayes of the Glasworkers, a member of the National Civic Federation and of the Militia of Christ; Joseph Valentine of the Molders, member of the National Civic Federation; John R. Alpin of the Plumbers, member of the Militia of Christ; William Huber of the Carpenters and James Duncan of the Granite Cutters, both of whom are executive board members of that labor-hating organization, the National Civic Federation.

Other committee chairmen are: Thomas Rickert, Garment Workers; Richard Curran, Molders; J. Kline, Blacksmiths; John Lennon, Journeymen Tailors; H. B. Perman, Telegraphers; and our old friend, Andy Furnseth, of the Seamen. Lock the door, please.

We will gladly publish a letter from any of the above named gentlemen in support of their side of the question.

The I. W. W. does not wish to be understood as fighting the individual members of the A. F. of L. Our war is against those who stand in the way of a unification of labor's forces. It is also directed against a form of organization that is not in harmony with industrial development.

Our biggest fight, however, is against the employing class. This fight cannot be waged upon a basis of "mutual interests." It cannot be fought along the line of "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work."

The I. W. W. is striving to abolish the wage system so that the workers can run the industries in their own interests and take to themselves the fruits of their labor.

In this great fight, between master and slave, the I. W. W. is proud of its achievements. It is prouder still of its enemies.

## A Digest of the "Labor Movement in France"

(By Hugo Lenx.)

An essay upon Revolutionary Syndicalism in France, by Louis Levlne, has created marked interest in the subject of Direct Action. Numerous Capitalist papers have published extracts from this book as bearing upon the recent revolt of the Lawrence Textile Workers. Parts of it have also been published in the Industrial Worker.

A history of French Syndicalism as complete as this one, and with such practical object lessons to the Revolutionary Industrial Unionist in the matter of labor politics, suggests the advisability of condensing it into a short article for the "Worker."

The news that the organized labor movement of France has reaffirmed its position upon the question of Direct Action and its refusal to enter politics, does not seem important until one understands the reason for the French workman's abstention from politics. A long and painful journey has brought Labor in France to the position where it has good reasons to refuse alliances with politicians, Socialist or otherwise. A short review of Mr. Levlne's book is timely:

The rising middle class of France, the Bourgeois, dictated the law of March 2-17, 1791, which abolished guilds and introduced the era of free competition. June 14-17, 1791, another law, that of Le Chapelier, was passed, forbidding organizations or meetings of workmen. Organizations of merchants did not, however, come under the law.

Under Napoleon's consulate in 1803, another law was passed forbidding coalition of workmen. To this was added the law of 1810, prohibiting and punishing coalition, making strikes and collective effort of workmen a crime.

These laws were succeeded by one in 1834, which prohibited combinations of more than twenty persons if they were branches of a larger association, and another on strikes in 1864.

Workingmen's societies which could evade the laws then sprang into existence. Some like the "Compagnonnages" (companionship) had been in existence since the sixteenth century, when strikes were organized by it. This organization came into being during the time of the craft guilds. It was of a secret and protective nature and its members were bachelor journeymen. They comprised the flower of the skilled craftsmen, and had examinations for

membership. After 1830, the influence of this organization declined with the passing of personal skill and the development of rapid means of communication.

They were followed by the "friendly" or benevolent societies, which looked after sickness, accident or death of members. It was formed along trade lines and embraced members of the trade. "In a general way the government did not hinder their development." In 1823 there were in France 132 such organizations with 11,000 members.

The "friendly" societies were followed by the "societies of resistance," designed for the purpose of exercising control over conditions of employment. They had little or no benefit features, were secret, but free from ceremonial characteristics. The ideas of these three kinds of organizations were succeeded by the grander one of abolishing the wage system.

As the result of a strike of printers in 1864 the law against coalition was abolished and the right to strike granted.

In 1867, for the purpose of avoiding strikes, the French workmen asked for the right to organize "syndicats" of each trade.

On March 30, 1868, the Minister of Commerce and Public Works announced that the government would tolerate workmen's organizations upon the same basis as those of the employers. This period of toleration lasted until 1884, when labor organizations were brought under protection of a special law.

The first "syndicat" (by name) was organized in 1867, that of the shoemakers. After the declaration of 1868 the societies rapidly increased. The main function of the "syndicat chambers" was to promote co-operative societies. Along with them developed "societies of credit and savings," which had for their aim the collection of funds. A national bank of "Credit du Travail" (Credit of Labor) was organized, but it became bankrupt on November 2, 1868, and the failure broke the co-operative movement and turned the energies of the workmen into the "International Associations of Workmen," organized in 1864 by Marx and others.

The "International" was persecuted by the government of France after 1867, was practically dead in 1868, but revived in 1869 under the leadership of men with collective and communalistic ideas. This rise was due to a successful strike movement in 1869, the last year of the second empire. This success brought into

being the idea of the general strike as the new weapon of Labor. Toward the end of the year the "International" had a membership of 250,000 workmen in France.

There were about seventy syndicats in 1868-70, which were formed into a federation, but the whole structure was swept away by the Franco-Prussian War, the Paris Commune and the proclamation of the Republic. The work had to be begun all over in 1871, and in 1875 there were 135 syndicats. In 1876 the first labor congress was held in Paris.

This congress was organized with the aid of Barbaret, a republican journalist, who did not believe labor should "foment strikes." The program of the congress was to solve industrial difficulties peacefully. It promoted the idea of co-operation but repudiated the principle of Socialism as a "Bourgeois Utopia." A second congress of the same character was held at Lyons in 1876.

At the next congress in Marseilles, in 1879, a new departure was made. Barbaret's influence, along with that of the "co-operators," gave way to Socialist ideas. The title of "Socialist Labor Congress" was adopted and a resolution to organize a Socialist Party, with the aim of appropriating the means of production, was adopted. This change was due to the fact that the workmen were losing the patriotic ideas which bulwarked the new Republic during the critical period from 1872 to 1879. After the Republic was firmly established they came out for their economic demands. Socialism, as advocated by Jules Guesde, a disciple of Marx, now took hold of the syndicats.

A Congress of International Workingmen, authorized by the Congress of Lyons, 1878, which was to be held in Paris in that year, was prohibited by the Government. Guesde, who would not give way to the demand, was imprisoned and the Congress dispersed. The trial created great excitement and had subsequent effect in the Congress of Marseilles in 1879. (To be concluded next week.)

Local 23, I. W. W., Cleveland, Ohio, has opened headquarters at rooms 16 and 18 Kelley block, 603 West Superior avenue. The fellow workers are welcome.

Propaganda Local No. 28 has just been organized at Eugene, Ore. The local starts with 25 members. Address is P. O. Box 47. Keep your eye on Eugene.

## "As Tutti Frutti To Navy Plug"

In the minting and financial news column of Goodwin's Weekly, Salt Lake City, Utah, issue of Oct. 19, 1912, is an article on the Bingham strike that is worth considering. As Goodwin's Weekly is an employing class magazine there is but little comment required. It serves to show the evolution of the W. F. of M. under the benign influence of Harry Orchard's pal, and the opinion held by those who have watched events in the labor world. This should open the eyes of those few rebels left in the W. F. of M.:

"Persistent in their belief that a raise of wages in the face of a strike would be a surrender to the Western Federation of Miners, the Bingham operators, in some instances, are paying much more than is demanded by the strikers, to strikebreakers, in order to 'teach the Federation a lesson.' It appears from the quoted utterances of the mineowners that they are not familiar with the evolution of the miners' organization in the last few years. The Federation is not, it is plain to everyone familiar with its history, the radical organization which fought pitched battles with the mineowners at Bull Hill, Coeur d'Alene, Cripple Creek and Goldfield. In the last two or three years the union has become very much 'house-broke.' In a decade, if present tendencies continue, the Federation of Miners will be as conservative as the Good Templars. Instead of advising union men to 'buy guns' as Ed Boyce did fifteen years ago, President Moyer is advising his union to 'buy mines' and develop them. The mineowners here have been inclined to view the withdrawal of one demand after another by the Bingham strikers, until scarcely anything in the way of demands was left except the demand for a wage increase, as a sign of weakness. The unionists see in it a change in the policy of the miners' organization.

Many straws as big as bamboo fishing poles point to an internal revolution in the ranks of the Federation. For one thing, it has given its assent to an affiliation with the Mine Workers of America, the "pure and simple" trades union of the coal miners. Again, it has authorized working contracts for stated periods with the mineowners, which in itself is a sharp reaction from the old policy of striking from sympathy. It is evident that the Federation has been learning "lessons" somewhere, and the mineowners of the various districts may claim some of the credit if they choose, but a more potent schoolmaster is to be found in a branch of the union itself, or, rather, a former branch, for the leaders of the old fighting clan, such as Haywood, have drifted out of the miners' union into the Industrial Workers of the World, a strange and portentous product of the conflict between capital and labor.

The Western Federation of today is as tutti frutti to navy plug compared with the I. W. W., and the spirit that the Boston mine operators are denouncing now as the animating principle of the Federation has in reality passed on to the Industrial Workers. The latter made their fight for control of the Federation at Butte, Mont., two years ago and were beaten. Ever since they have been dropping out of the older organization, leaving the control of it more and more in the hands of the conservative and non-revolutionary members. These statements are not made in advocacy of the Western Federation. They are simple facts which should be known to the men in charge of the mines, for there is a possibility, if not an imminent danger, that in destroying the influence of the moderating Federation they may be playing into the hands of the very people they think they are antagonizing by their anti-union activities.

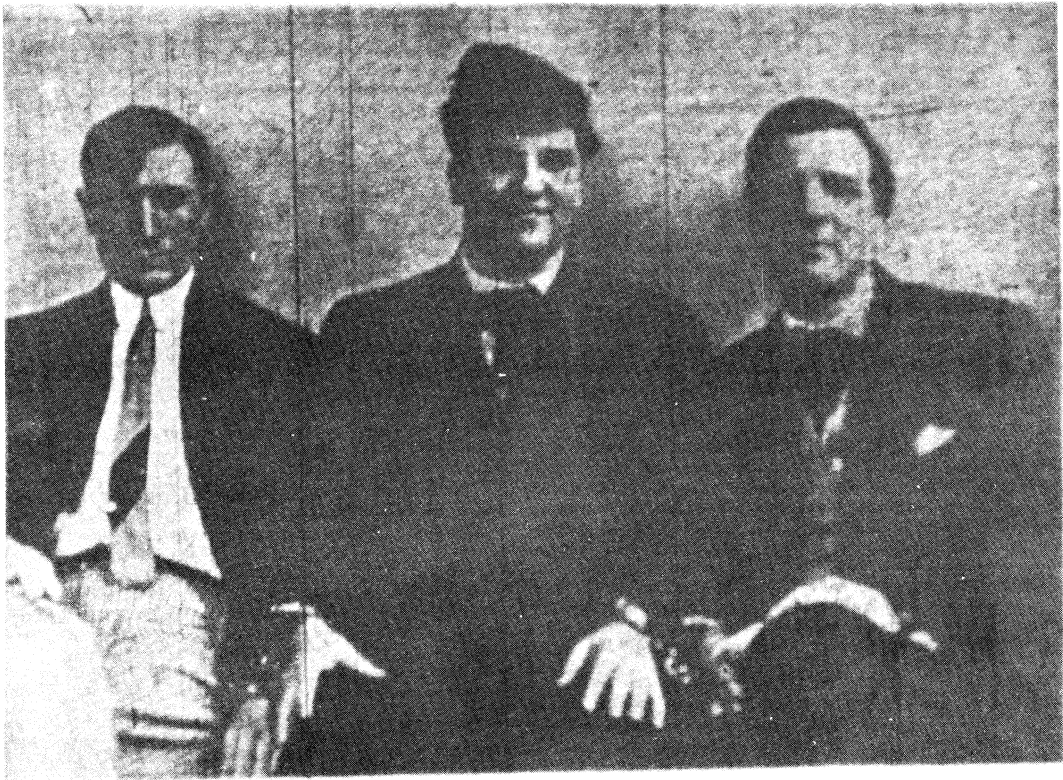
Even though the Western Federation is all that has been charged by its antagonists here, the substitution of the Industrial Workers would be a sorry trade. The latter would bring back in accentuated form all the lawlessness of the early western mine strikes together with more subtle and vexatious evils which cannot be enumerated and described in this limited space. They were manifested in some degree at Goldfield, Nevada, and they have been exemplified in a measure at Ely within the last week. Missionaries of the new labor movement are working like beavers in Utah as elsewhere to extend their organization, and if anyone believes that the rout of the Federation in the contest at Bingham would not be seized by them as an entering wedge for "industrialism," he must be ignorant of their tactics."

### WE MUST REACH THE MEXICANS

A printing plant will soon be in operation in Los Angeles, publishing a Spanish paper, pamphlets and leaflets. A committee has been appointed to raise one thousand dollars for the purchase of this plant. The call is being sent to all known labor organizations in the country. The necessity of reaching our Latin fellow worker through the medium of his mother tongue is as well known to you as to the committee. The plant will be the property of and under the direct control of the I. W. W. We have a live Spanish local in good working order. They have their own headquarters and are doing business among the Mexicans. When they have the advantage of a paper their local will grow as fast as ours have. They have the men who are capable of conducting and managing the paper in a successful manner. Thousands of pieces of literature of every cult and teaching are being spread among the Mexicans every week, with the exception of the revolutionary teachings of the I. W. W. We have inquiries at the hall and at every street meeting for Spanish literature. What is the matter with us? We say our mission is to educate the working class, yet here are thousands of wage earners dead willing and anxious to learn of the ONE BIG UNION, yet barred from that knowledge by a barrier that it is the duty of the I. W. W. to remove. We do not care to capture Mexico, but let us capture the Mexican for the ONE BIG UNION.

Dig into your treasury up to your arm pit and come on.

Send all money to F. Velarde, Secretary-Treasurer Press Fund, P. O. Box 521, Los Angeles, Cal.



**JOSEPH CARUSO**

**JOSEPH J. ETTOR**

**ARTURO GIOVANNITTI**



# Moving Pictures of San Francisco By Thomas McConnell, Jr.

Admission five cents. Step inside boys and see yourselves as others see you. Patriotic airs with the movies. To accompany the first picture the orchestra will play the "Star Spangled Banner."

## The Waterfront

Early morning. Cold, dark, foggy. Quarter past six. The gate of a dock in the foreground, one of many along the front. Here you see a mob of men standing at the gate, begging for a job, as dogs beg for a bone. Stevedores. Some are young and stalwart; some old and feeble; others middle aged, warped and bent by hard work. Here comes the boss. See the mob fluttering now, each trying to look alive, each trying to get ahead of the other. Now the boss is picking them out. He hires the youngest, the strongest. No chance for the worked-out ones here. They must mope away with woeful faces. They must sit all day along the dirty wharves, most of them with empty pockets. An original picture is it not? A mob of shivering men whining for jobs on a cold winter's morning. Stevedores are very numerous. About five, it seems, for one man's job.

Stevedores at work (Orchestra will play something lively—"Waltz Me Around Again, Willie"). See the ships. Many cargoes are going in; many coming out. Men are wheeling on hand-trucks loads ten times heavier than themselves. Men are tugging at heart-breaking burdens, and staggering under great loads—marble, iron, bags of cement, bales and boxes. A man must be a Hercules for this work. See the slings with tons of weight swaying over their heads. Infirmities come swiftly upon the stevedore. I see fellows that I used to sit with in school-days. They are young in years, but pitifully old and worn in appearance.

The hold of the good ship Lord Templeton. ("Rule Britannia" from orchestra). Coal Shovelers at work in the black depths. Whatever else we may say of Lord Templeton the man we cannot deny that his bottom was cleaner than this. Black, noisy, dreadful are the guts of the Lord Templeton. I'll bet his lordship of the flesh managed to keep something better than coal in his belly. The air down here is thick dust. It is hard to swallow. It is heavy and oppressive, like the atmosphere of a suicide's chamber. The hold is hot, like a windless night in sweltering summer. In all the world there is not a more depressing, stifling, suffocating place than the hold of the Lord Templeton. Think of men getting up at daylight to beg for such a job as this. I'd rather whine for bread in the sunlit streets than work for it in this stercoriferous hold. Through the thick dust the workers are visible, dimly. Merely black bulks bent over. Ceaselessly, feverishly they work with weighty shovels. For half an hour you may watch them; not a man of them will dare straighten his back. One upon the other, the hungry buckets come down, demanding to be filled. Not a word is said, each man keeping everlastingly at his toll. High above, through the hatch opening, is a little square of blue—the sky. I wonder that the workers of the hold have not developed cloven hoofs and spiked tails; they work so close to hell. Half an hour is a long time for a sane man to remain in that stifling, dusty hold. The shovelers work eight hours—sometimes half into the night in overtime. Christ only knows how they do it.

Headquarters of the Riggers and Stevedores' Union. The flag is flying at half-mast, speaking of death. It is always so. They say down on the front that "the flag of the riggers and stevedores never flies full." The union is always in mourning. A large portion of its funds goes for funeral expenses. Every week, as certain as the rise and fall of the tide, a man dies. The books show forty-eight deaths a year. Up to November 18th, this year, forty-two had been laid in the earth. The year has six more weeks to go.

Here is a picture taken some months ago, showing a joint meeting of three waterfront unions—Riggers and Stevedores', Longshore Lumbermen and Lumber Clerks'. These unions have voted to amalgamate. Above the whines and the howls of frightened politicians, the roar of the rank and file swelled up, in favor of solidarity. For years they had been split asunder by swindling knaves within the unions. For years they had been controlled by thievish politicians who made the fight for the boss. Now they are one union, presenting a solid front to the master. "The cause of one is the concern of all" is the cry. No more bickering among ourselves; we stand united against the boss. Shoulder to shoulder stand the men who handle cargoes; one card covers all, and the front is open from end to end to lumberman, stevedore, rigger and clerk.

Night of the amalgamation, showing a cafe. At a table a gang of frightened politicians is seated. Woe is in their faces. Their tongues are tired, their throats parched; for they had talked long and loud to keep the waterfront workers asunder. See the gentleman with the long face? He has lost his meal ticket; he is a chronic office-holder. He, like some of the others, will have to look for an honest living tomorrow. And they don't know how to go about that. The path among square men will be full of thorns for these knaves, too. They will be kicked and spit upon by all who are loyal to the working class.

## Looting a Union

Here is one of the waterfront's celebrities—Mr. Williams, who was for four or five years business agent for the Longshore Lumbermen. He rested on the bottom of the aristocratic inner circle uptown. He was in "right" with P. H. McCarthy, president of the Building Trades Council. He was a cog in the machine with which McCarthy ruled the building trades. He was one of Mac's good dogs. He was given places on important committees. In the Labor Day parade he rode in the front, on a big horse, along with the elite of the labor movement.

The Longshore Lumbermen kicked him out not long ago. During the proceedings it was

said by members of the union—many members—that Williams had looted the treasury. This much was shown, that during the first year after the earthquake \$35,000 were taken in an inflation fee. On top of this thousands in monthly dues were collected. But at the end of the year the treasury contained only a few thousand dollars. After the manner of the great ruler of the building trades, Williams had formed a ring of grafters with which he controlled the Longshore Lumbermen. The "welcome" on the doormat was not safe before them. At last the union lay wrecked and poverty-stricken at the feet of Williams and his unclean gang. Then the rank and file rose in wrath and assailed the Williams machine. This happened at the election of officers. Seeing the hands of honest men descending upon him, Williams scurried uptown and whined for help to the "great labor leaders." And they helped him, as they had done in many other elections. The union had to fight hard to free itself of the talons of this vulture. There was but a handful of money left in the treasury. Williams had members of his gang appointed to count the ballots—each receiving a fee of \$500, the last of the funds. Fraudulent votes were cast for Williams. Attempts were made to cheat the rival candidate in the count. An enemy of Williams, protesting against brazen fraud, was shot down by one of Williams' accomplices. A riot ensued. The police were called. Then honest men put the union in the hands of the Building Trades Council. It was found that Williams had been voted out. The council declared the election null and void, and called for a special election to be held under the supervision of the building trades. At this election a new ticket was voted in. Exit Williams. That happened a few years ago.

Here is a picture of one of San Francisco's public parks. It is under the direction of a park commission, appointed by the mayor. The job of park tender is a nice fat one—a political plum. Observe the little man with the mustache playing a hose on the grass. That is Mr. Williams, who was accused of looting the treasury of the Longshore Lumbermen's Union. He was placed in this political job while his friend P. H. McCarthy was mayor of San Francisco. Who will say that the way of the transgressor is hard?

## Furuseth.

Another picture, showing four men, a rigger, a stevedore, a lumberman and a sailor. Back to back stand the rigger, longshoreman and stevedore; but the sailor stands apart, mute, watching the other furtively out of the corner of his eye. The others have no good word for him; only words of hate. To them the sailor is a scab. The rigger is afraid of him; time and again the sailor has been found rigging his ship for scab wages. The lumberman is afraid of him; for many years the sailor has handled lumber on decks for a wage much less than that of the longshore lumberman. The stevedore is afraid of him, knowing that he will scab on him in handling cargoes. And whenever a sailor is found scabbing, and is accused, he will say: "Go and see Andrew."

Here he is—Andrew Furuseth, father of the seamen, president of the International Seamen's Union and secretary of Pacific Coast Seamen's Union. Andrew is a great man, a learned fellow, an authority on the injunction, a veteran labor leader, a sage, as wise as an owl. He is tall and raw-boned like Lincoln. He likes people who say that he resembles Lincoln. Andrew lives the simple life. He will take nothing more than sailor's pay. They say he lives in a bare little room. Simplicity is a passion with Andrew. Once he was threatened with arrest. "Very well," he said. "They cannot put me in a smaller room than that which I now occupy; they cannot give me a plainer food than that which I now eat; nor can they make me more lonesome than I am now." So it is plain that Andrew is a great soul; for only a great soul could say that. They say he is a bigger man than Comper, and more fit to preside over the American Federation of Labor. When he speaks in the labor council, the council is silent—as if a Socrates were speaking. An oracle is Andrew Furuseth. Some people call him the biggest man in America. Few will deny that Andrew is a great man.

Among the few who deny Andrew's greatness are the rigger, stevedore, lumberman and shipwright. To them he is a scab-herder. Horrors! Think of men calling Andrew Furuseth a scab-herder! For years Andrew has insisted on the sailor's right to scab. "Go to Andrew," has been the parrot-like cry of the scabbing sailor. "Go to the master of the ship" has been Andrew's reply, "the sailor belongs to the master of the ship and must do the master's bidding." He said that to the longshore lumbermen sometime back. His sailors were discharging lumber into open shop yards, shoving cargo into the hands of non-union lumbermen. Andrew not only refused to stop this, but went to a meeting of the Longshore Lumbermen's Union and defended his scabbing sailors. He was hooted out of the hall. More than once has he been driven out of halls with the cry of "Scab" falling about his reverend head. Shortly before the earthquake this great man was hissed and hooted out of the City Front Federation. The Shipwrights' Union at that time was boycotting the shipyard of W. R. Boole in Oakland Creek. It was a scab yard and Boole a union-bater. Thomas McConnell, Sr., president of the Shipwrights' Union and father of the writer, submitted to the federation proof that members of the Sailors' Union were doing shipwright's work at Boole's scab yard. More than that, Andrew's sailors were manning the ships that went to the scab yard. A resolution was submitted calling for a sympathetic strike—a resolution to keep all union men away from Boole's yard, and which would prevent union sailors taking ships from San

Francisco to the non-union yard at Oakland. Against this resolution Furuseth fought tooth and nail. He was against sympathetic strikes. He would not have his sailors mixed up in the affairs of shipwrights. The shipowners were fair to the sailors; the sailors could not afford to strike. But the Federation was almost unanimously in favor of the resolution. With glee the rigger, the stevedore and the lumbermen united against Furuseth. "I serve notice on you that if this resolution goes through my union will withdraw from this Federation," cried Andrew. "Scab! Scab! Scab!" cried the loyal men. Andrew made good his threat. The resolution passed. In the arguments, Furuseth was stripped to his yellow hide. Longshoreman, rigger, stevedore—all aired their grievances against him. But Andrew broke the back of the Federation. He walked out with his sailors; he took the Alaska Fishermen with him. He left a great hole in the City Front Federation. Thereafter it existed in name only. But Andrew will long remember his exit. For as he walked down the hall, a hundred branded him for what he was—a traitor, a Judas, a yellow scab. A great man is Andrew Furuseth. He is a big feature at the conventions of the A. F. of L. Time and again he has shouted: "If I have to choose between the sailor and somebody else, then, by God, I'm with the sailor." He is at the convention of the A. F. of L. now, howling and whining against amalgamation. He don't like solidarity. It means ruin to the A. F. of L., he says. It means destruction to the master class, too. And Andrew believes in masters. Three meals a day and a job; the worker wants no more, and can get no more without interfering with the rights of the master. So thinks the Sage of the Seamen. Year after year he has whined to Congress for laws that will better the lot of the sailor. At the sailor's expense he has traveled all over the world—accomplishing nothing. He's a beautiful soul, though.

Strike pictures are interesting. Here is one—San Francisco's Second street car strike. First day of strike, showing car barn in Turk street with mob in front. Four carpenters make their appearance on the fence and set to work stretching barbed wire.

"Scab! Scab! Scab! Scab!" roars the mob. Whereupon the carpenters produce from their pockets a square card, and hold it over their heads. It's the card of the Building Trades Council. "Go to the executive board of the Building Trades," they shout. Go to P. H. McCarthy's office. We're union men, and this job has been discussed and approved of by the officers."

A wagon appears, loaded with beds and bedding for the scabs inside.

"You're a scab!" shouts the crowd, pointing to the teamster.

"No!" roars the driver, displaying the button of his union. "I'm a Brotherhood man. Go and talk to Michael Casey and John McLaughlin. See the president and the business agent. They won't let me quit this wagon because the drayman is fair to us."

Fourth month of strike, showing the cars in motion, manned by non-union men. Streets are full of wagons, carrying passengers. Labor Council and the Building Trades passed resolutions, boycotting the cars. The unions are supporting the strike with weekly assessments. Here is the strike committee, composed of the city's foremost labor leaders. Half of them are scarcely on speaking terms with the other half. For years they have been fighting in politics. They may fight among themselves over the spoils, as Herve said of the master class, but against the rank and file they are banded like thieves at a fair.

A new picture. Patrick Calhoun, head of the United Railroads. He has raked the country for men to break the Carman's Union. He has filled the town with pimps and thugs. On all sides he is denounced as labor's greatest foe. He has jeered at all who tolerate unions. Many rumors have been going around. Certain leaders of the Building Trades, members of the strike committee, have been accused of being in league with Calhoun. Men claim that a Building Trades official has held secret conferences with Calhoun.

Another scene, several years after the car strike, which was lost. Members of the strike committee gathered at the Mission Savings Bank. Out of a safe deposit box the records of the car strike are taken. A match is applied to them; the records of the car strike dissolve in flame and smoke. Next day the newspapers contained this item in the labor columns: "In the presence of members of the strike committee, the records of the car strike were destroyed in the Mission Bank yesterday." Low music, please.

Standing With Calhoun  
A change of scene. A courtroom. Patrick Calhoun, enemy of organized labor, is on trial, accused of bribing union labor supervisors. The graft prosecution has been going on for many months. Good union men want to put Calhoun in jail because he is a foe of labor. Scabs are still in possession of the cars. The old unionists are blacklisted. The dirty taste of the strike is still in the mouth of the working class. One cannot forget the expose of Bolan. He was treasurer of the union and handled the funds. He was a bosom friend of P. H. McCarthy. All through the strike, according to his own confession, he was in the employ of Pat Calhoun. An election is at hand. Pat Calhoun, the papers say, has a candidate for district attorney. Fickert is the man's name. The town does not know him. But Calhoun will put him against the prosecution's candidate for district attorney—Honey. If Honey is defeated by Fickert, Calhoun shall be safe.

The election. The issue is, Are you with Calhoun or against him? Are you with Honey, who wants to put Calhoun in jail, or with

Fickert, who is described as Calhoun's candidate.

"Vote for Fickert, labor's candidate," says Michael Casey, president of the Teamsters' Union.

"The Building Trades is for Fickert," howls P. H. McCarthy and all his gang.

"Fickert is labor's candidate," cry the frauds and knaves who rule the labor movement.

"Yes," whispered Calhoun, the man who broke the Carman's Union, the man who filled the town with thieves and thugs. "Vote for Fickert. He's a fine young man."

"The scabs in the barns were told to vote for him. Which they did, as did McCarthy, Casey and their gangs. Fickert was elected. Calhoun dwells in the East now. The band will now play "Rally Round the Flag, Boys."

## Casey at the Bat

Half past five in the morning. Who is this walking through the gloom in this cold rain. A thief, perhaps a footpad. Good people are in their beds now. How wearily he walks. Now he is in the light under the lamp post. What's that in his hat? A button, on which is written "San Francisco Brotherhood of Teamsters." He is a teamster. Of all our workers, the teamster is the first to leave his bed in the morning and the last to come home at night. Ten hours a day he works, in wind, in rain, in mud and slush, loading and unloading heavy burdens, and being thumped about all day on his seats. It's an awful job. Like that of the stevedore, it makes men old when they are young. The teamster's workday begins two hours before that of the majority of the workers in the city. At 5 a. m. many teamsters must be out in order to reach the barn at 6:30. He is at work when the city is asleep; and comes back to the barn when the rest of the town is sitting down to supper. In winter he goes out in the dark and comes home in the dark. The brotherhood has about two thousand members. Of this number, about two hundred show up at the weekly meeting of the union. The union is ruled by men who are not teamsters. These men do not get up at dawn; they are too wise for that. They warm their beds while the teamster is tramping through the gloom. They do not come home at 7 o'clock, tired and dejected from the team. They work very little. Therefore they can sit in the weekly meetings and run things for the men who get up before daylight and work till dark at night.

Michael Casey, president of the union, drove a truck many years ago. I'll bet it makes him tired when he thinks of it. Now he is a politician and a landlord. For many, many years Casey has had his snout in the political trough in San Francisco. Many years has he been president of the Board of Works. He is a chronic job-holder. Parties may come and parties may go, but Michael Casey goes on forever. No matter who is elected, Casey keeps his snout in the trough. And he has used his political power to hold his machine intact in the union. He keeps his henchmen in jobs, some in the corporation yard, some in the streets. Lately his machine has been badly battered by civil service. It is pitiful to look at the teamsters' delegation in the Labor Council. If there is one working teamster among them, I don't know him. Yet these men who are not teamsters claim to represent teamsters. Casey owns flats; not many flats, but enough flats to make a landlord of him; he collects rent. You may throw Casey into a spasm at any time of day or night by suggesting that the teamsters might work eight hours instead of ten. He is a bosom friend of George Renner, a big drayman. Renner holds that commerce would topple, the city would fall and chaos would reign if teamsters worked less than ten hours. Casey seems to share that opinion. Commerce could never be regulated to meet the eight-hour day. The teamster must regulate his life to suit the requirements of commerce. Commerce is the Draymen's Association and the Chamber of Commerce; these organizations contain some of the hungriest rascals that ever cursed a labor union.

Something very startling happened in the Brotherhood last election. Casey had a rival for the office of president. He was a man from off the trucks. "Put a teamster at the head of your union," he said. "I'm for an eight-hour day. I'm against politicians. Let teamsters rule the Teamsters' Union, not politicians who have nothing in common with us."

"An eight-hour day!" gasped Casey's gang. "This man is an anarchist. Beware of him. He'll destroy the union that we, Casey and the rest, built up. Casey was re-elected. Perhaps the teamsters want a landlord to rule them. John McLaughlin is Casey's right-hand man. For years he held the office of business agent—one hundred and fifty a month. He was given an assistant with whom he cut up the salary. This assistant was not elected by the men on the teams. He was appointed by the executive board, which was Casey and his crew. McLaughlin now occupies the office of labor commissioner, a plum from Governor Johnson. I do not know how the labor commissioner's force goes about its business. But I do know that the district south of Market street is full of Greek laborers, carrying pay-checks, which the Southern Pacific Railroad, in violation of the law, has refused to cash. I know also that there are many violations of the eight-hour law for women in San Francisco.

Speaking of the S. P. railroad, brings Boss Herria to mind. He played a big part in the political history of San Francisco while the S. P. political machine was in power. Before him our great labor leaders, with one foot in labor's ranks and the other in politics, cringed and crawled. Year after year they performed for the Black Boss as parts of the railroad's machine. It is only a short while since some of the foremost labor leaders were known far and wide as parts of the railroad machine.

## P. H. McCarthy

This picture dates back more than ten years—before the great fire. In the foreground you see one of the grandest mansions in the city. It is a brown stone affair with a great park around it. This is the man, son of James D. Phelan, millionaire. A man, short and broad, with a heavy mustache, is coming down the steps. The millionaire, having bid him good night, is standing in the doorway. Who is the broad man? A millionaire like Phelan? A member of Swell Society, like Phelan? No. He is P. H. McCarthy, president of the Building Trades Council. In politics, he is Phelan's best man. The millionaire is ambitious, and McCarthy delivers the votes of working men to him each year. Phelan is mayor of San Francisco, having been elected by the votes of workingmen. Did not the president of the Building Trades Council vouch for the millionaire as a friend of labor? Did not Phelan trust this great representative of labor with important political jobs? Was not his residence and his office open always to P. H. McCarthy? Sure, my dear Henry.

Year 1901. Teamsters' strike. Town full of trouble. Mayor James D. Phelan, with the president of the Building Trades Council at his elbow, has put the police on the trucks and wagons; there they sit, alongside of the scabs, and on their knees are guns. "When they howl for justice, give them your clubs," is the order of the millionaire mayor. Right and left the police are using their clubs, and many a man is stricken down in the street. A big brute of a man named Whitman is chief of police. He is a fury in the streets.

Here is a newspaper, full of strike news. What's this, glaring from the front page. A statement from P. H. McCarthy, president of the building trades. The strike is unjust, he says. Its leaders are crooks, he says. He goes to great length to point out that he and his Building Trades Council have no sympathy for the striking teamsters, and consider them dupes of crooked leaders. He advises the teamsters to go back to work. They do not act on his advice.

Few days later. The Building Material Teamsters' Union is chartered by the Building Trades Council. It is a brand new union, formed to scab on the striking teamsters. The scabs, with the backing of McCarthy's Building Trades, picks up the building material where the strikers had dropped it and haul it to McCarthy's men on the buildings.

A few years later. Crocker Bank in foreground, one of the largest in San Francisco. Carriage is waiting in front. Down the steps, arm in arm, come Crocker, the millionaire banker, and P. H. McCarthy of the Building Trades. The millionaire is running for mayor. McCarthy is in his band wagon. Into the waiting carriage the two worthies climb and are driven away to a crowded hall. Here the millionaire and the labor leader sit on the platform. The band plays "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." In the front seats McCarthy's henchmen of the Building Trades Council, delegates who make up his machine, are seen. Every minute they let out whoops for the millionaire candidate. Then the president of the Building Trades makes a speech, describing the banker as labor's candidate, a friend of the workingman. Later the millionaire confirms the assertions of McCarthy. He will not deny that he is a friend of labor, he says. He don't care who knows it. Sink or swim, live or die, he will remain the friend of the workingman.

Headquarters of the Building Trades Council. Over this temple, built to labor, a banner is flying. Is it the red flag of the working class? No. "It is a political banner. Vote for Crocker; he is labor's friend," it says. "He is the candidate of the Building Trades Council."

New scene. Weekly meeting of Building Trades Council. P. H. McCarthy in the president's chair. A delegate of the Painters' Union takes the floor.

"My union," he says, "has instructed me to protest against the use of this council's name to further the interests of millionaire candidate for mayor. We, as workingmen, have nothing in common with millionaires. This banker is not a friend of labor; for years his family have been like millionaires around the necks of the poor in San Francisco—"

"Sit down," roars McCarthy. "You're out of order. You can't come in here and make speeches in favor of Crocker's opponent. This is a council of labor—"

"Throw him out," shouts McCarthy's dogs. "Very well," continues the delegate. I'll say nothing more about Crocker. I serve notice that my union has voted to repudiate Organized Labor, official organ of this council, on the ground that it is no longer a labor paper, but a political sheet. The Painters' Union will contribute no more to its support."

"This is an insult to the Council," sneered McCarthy. "It will not get by," said he, grinning maliciously.

It did not get by. The cutthroat machine, made up of McCarthy's gang, held that all unions were obliged to support the Building Trades Journal. The Painters' Union was called upon to stand with the power on pain of expulsion. The union refused to do so. Its delegates were expelled; its charter was revoked. The card of the Building Trades was taken from its members. Fines, ranging from fifty to one thousand dollars, were placed against its members, the heavier fines standing against the active men. Painters were denied the right to work on buildings. They were driven from post to pillar. Finding a painter on a job, McCarthy's business agents would call upon the contractor to fire him; if he refused, the job was struck. The union was broken up. A new union was formed. It was made up of the scum of the old organization, and chartered by the Building Trades Council. Dozens of fighting painters were driven out of San Francisco by persecution, which continued

for more than year. So the old Painters' Union passed out. Funeral music, please.

Scene after great fire of 1906. City in ruins. Working class is being robbed by merchants. Cost of living sky-high. McCarthy's Building Trades Council has informed the newspapers that it will tolerate no demand for higher wages from its unions.

But the Electrical Workers' Union of the Building Trades says that the contractors are willing to pay a dollar above the union scale. The electrical workers claim that the bosses, flooded with work, are paying five per day instead of four in order to get men.

Later. The Electrical Workers have adopted a new wage schedule, calling for five per day. The President of the Building Trades Council is indignant. He calls attention to the Council's law, which demands that the wage schedules be submitted to Council for approval. The Electrical Workers say that McCarthy's executive board was on record against higher wages.

Few days later. Looks bad for Electrical Workers. Contractors have been told that new wage scale is illegal, and will not be tolerated by Building Trades Council. Contractors have been assured by labor leaders that men will be provided to do electrical work in case of strike. Acting on this assurance, many contractors reject the new wage schedule; many who had accepted it. A strike is called. The Building Trades Council, in McCarthy's hands, refuses to recognize the strike. The charter of the Electrical Workers' Union is revoked; it is then offered to men who will work for less than five per day. The slime of the old union responds, headed by Teddy Yoell, a McCarthy man. Along with them come many strangers. The scabs are chartered. There is much excitement for weeks. McCarthy is called a herder of scabs, a friend of the bosses, an enemy of the working class. Yoell and the rest sink through the streets just as other scabs do. They fear violence; many carry police whistles, which they will blow as old women do when the slightest danger threatens. End of Electrical Workers' Union. The orchestra will now play "Down Went McGinty." Here is an up-to-date moving picture. It shows the hod-carrier at work. It is a soft job—the mortar is soft, I mean. It is not nice to carry it in in hods along the rickety boards of new buildings. It is not pleasant if you consider the weight and the hardness of a hodfull of bricks. The hod-carrier works longer than the other men on buildings. He must start half an hour sooner than the others. For years he has kicked against working more than eight hours. At last, some months ago, the convention of the State Building Trades Council endorsed the "hod-carriers' request for an eight hour day; it agreed to stand with him in case of strike. Later he presented the demand to the contractors. They rejected it. A strike was called. But the plumber, the carpenter, the tile setter, and all who could work without the aid of the hod-carrier, remained on the job. Forced to idleness, the brick layer and plasterer fretted and fumed. And the contractors' association served notice on P. H. McCarthy that unless the hod-carriers returned to work the association would declare for the open shop. The hod-carriers went back to work, having been informed that the Building Trades Council considered the strike "inopportune" and would take steps to put men in the places of the strikers unless they returned to the job. A miserable compromise was thrust down the hod-carrier's throat. He went back protesting. But he went back and worked more than eight hours.

History more recent. This picture shows a meeting of the Labor Council. A week ago the Housemiths' Union demanded an eight-hour day for its members in shops. They had been working nine hours. Now a delegate of the Housemiths' Union takes the floor. In behalf of his union, he reports that most of the employers had granted the eight-hour day; that a majority of the shopmen had been working eight hours for the past few days. Applause.

Later. Another meeting of the Labor Council. Andy Gallagher, a great labor leader, rises to his feet with much dignity. In pompous style he announces that the Council has a very important matter to pass upon, and moves that the body go into executive session, closing its doors to all outsiders. The non-members pass out; the doors are closed. The same is done in the jail across the bay when they are going to hang a man. Vile deeds will not stand the light of day. But murder will out. We all know what happened behind those closed doors. They declared against the eight hour day for housemiths. McCarthy's executive board a block away, had expressed the opinion a week before that the housemiths in the shops should work nine hours; the Labor Council endorsed this opinion behind closed doors. The housemiths were forced back to the nine hour day; forced to relinquish what they had already won. Why? Some say that the foul deed was done at the request of the Home Industry League, which argued that employers could not compete with the east on an eight-hour basis; some say that the labor leaders held that a strike of iron workers would operate against the men on trial in Indianapolis. "It is inopportune," said McCarthy's men.

So the Housemiths held an indignation meeting in which they denounced the dirty gang that holds the labor movement in its clutches. Handbills were distributed in the streets, denouncing the black deed. Then the "leaders" riled up. The Building Trades Council appointed "a special investigating committee" to hunt down out-spoken ones and "discipline" them.

Teddy Yoell is a fine gentleman. He is a baseball fan. When the season is on he never misses a game. He is a fixture in the "boozie cage." Many years have passed since the breaking up of the old Electrical Workers' Union. Like the rest of the gang, Yoell does not believe in getting his hands dirty in honest work. For years he has been secretary of the Atlantic Exclusion League—salary thirty-five per week. Teddy hates the Japs and Chinese. But he likes swell cafes, such as the "Richieu" which employs Asiatics, and the Waldorf, which has Chinese cooks. Teddy hates the Chinese; but he likes the lunch; he is strong

for lunch. The labor movement supports Yoell, each union contributing to the league. Some time ago, the Photo-Engravers Union withdrew from the league, claiming that the league was a political organization whose main purpose was to keep Teddy Yoell. Teddy has been McCarthy's "kept man" for years.

Burying the Hatchet.

Here's a fine picture; Dates back more than two years. Shows a room in the Building Trades Council. It is full of "leaders" from the Labor Council. It is strange to see them sitting in the Building Trades Temple. For years McCarthy had regarded them as his arch enemies; for years he has shaken his fists at them, and heaped vituperation upon them. And they had given him as good as he sent; they had knifed him in the last election when he ran for mayor and was defeated—defeated, as he well knew, by activities of his enemies in the Labor Council. They had, with few exceptions, supported a white-haired old college dean and elected him. For years McCarthy had fought them in politics, and threatened their unions—their meal tickets. For years he had laughed the Labor Council to scorn. He had called it an organization of dish-washers. Mechanic, he said, had nothing in common with waiters and dish-washers. And when the cooks, waiters and waitresses went on strike, he refused to aid them, saying that they were not a part of organized labor, and in his council a union of scab teamsters was formed. But here, in the Building Trades Temple, sits Michael Casey who for years howled "crook" at McCarthy. Here is Andy Gallagher who had denounced McCarthy time and again. Here are the Labor Council leaders who had vilified McCarthy for years. And here is McCarthy sitting down with Casey, Gallagher, McLaughlin, Billy Haggerty and the rest. The gangs have buried the hatchet. Why? To fight the master class? No. To capture the city offices with votes. They have formed a Union Labor party and selected McCarthy as candidate for mayor. Everything is lovely now. Here he is—P. H. McCarthy, union labor candidate for mayor. The orchestra will play "All That I Ask is Love."

The campaign. Labor is united against its arch enemy—Edward Robeson Taylor, McCarthy's opponent, who took the Board of Works out of Michael Casey's hands. Gallagher howls from the platform, asking votes for McCarthy. Casey lines up his band for McCarthy. McLaughlin, himself a candidate for supervisor, is as busy as a bee. It is a labor ticket. McCarthy is for wideopen town—a liberal administration. Let no man be afraid, he his business what it may. Are you a saloonkeeper? Then you have a candidate on the union labor ticket—Tim Minehan, a whiskey drummer. Are you of the tenderloin? Then we ask you to vote the ticket that holds the name of John L. Herget, a tenderloin saloonkeeper. Are you selling prostitution? Or living off the earnings of prostitutes? Then speak to Jere Bassity, who is described by the San Francisco Bulletin as King of Pimps. Jere Bassity is supporting the labor ticket.

The Union Labor Administration.

McCarthy is mayor. He has made Harry Flannery, a wealthy saloonkeeper, president of the police board; with Flannery, as a representative of capital on the police board, is Percy Henderson, a rich politician, who was one of the railroad's best men. The other two police commissioners are union men. Who will be McCarthy's chief of police, the town asks? Andy Gallagher is mentioned in the papers. It is rumored that Andy wants the job. Will you take it Andy? Will you take the job and drive from pillar to post women of the working class who have been forced to sell their bodies for bread? The laws of capital demand that. Will you take the job, and clean the streets of down-and-out workmen who are forced to beg in the winter? The laws of capital demand that. Will you take the job, and arrest the sons and daughters of the poor, whom poverty taught to be thieves and nothing else? Andy is non-committal at first. Then, in grandiloquent style, he declines.

John Hartin is made chief. He is the candidate of some tenderloin saloonkeepers, who put money into McCarthy's campaign.

Later. The Bulletin, having failed to put Taylor in office, is holding the searchlight on McCarthy. It is holding up Bassity the divekeeper as a big power in McCarthy's cabinet. On the night of the election—the whole town knows this—McCarthy walked arm in arm with Bassity along Kearney street. Bassity was in bad company. Of the two, give me Bassity. I know both men; McCarthy is not fit to lick Bassity's boots. True, Bassity makes his living in the tenderloin; but he sums up better than some of the worthy parasites who are denouncing him in their soft places.

Later. The respectable Mr. Flannery, president of the police board, has been arrested by the police of Marine county. He is charged with aiding bunco-men in a robbery across the bay. Accusing Flannery of having deserted him, one of the con men has made a confession, implicating Flannery. Telegrams are produced, tending to show that Flannery had agreed to turn San Francisco over to confidence men. The informer, a notorious bunco-man, says that he plotted with Flannery to put a gang of swindlers to work in San Francisco; Flannery was to receive a large percentage of the loot. In return for this, Flannery agreed, said the con man, to appoint on the bunco detail policemen who would co-operate with the swindlers.

On this showing, McCarthy has suspended Flannery from the police board. (Later, Flannery resigned. Although acquitted of the robbery charge, the disclosure of his intimacy with swindlers, ruined him politically.)

Elmer Leffingwell, McCarthy's secretary, is accused of taking money from a brothel-mis-tress. She claims that Leffingwell, aided by the mayor's sergeant-at-arms, took money from her, saying that some of it would go to the mayor. Both men visited her, she said, and named the dates. Leffingwell has made an answer that has set the town laughing. "I have a double who is going about impersonating me," he said. "She met my double."

Martin, under fire, resigns as chief of police. The town is full of pickpockets and bunco-men;

the papers claim the thieves were getting free reign.

John Seymour, chief of the Wells-Fargo detective force, is appointed. He serves for about a year; then resigns, after having aided W. J. Burns in bounding and harassing to distraction the sick wife of Caplan, accused of dynamiting.

McCarthy turns again to a great corporation for a chief of police. Gus White is taken from the San Francisco Gas and Electric company and given the chief's star.

Board of Supervisors. It is in possession of labor's representatives, among them Herget the saloonkeeper and Minehan the whiskey drummer. They have been here for a year. But wages are the same outside; and the workday has not decreased. Something important is on hand today; the room is full of ladies from the tenement settlements at North Beach. People who think that the poor should have fresh air, if nothing else, are at hand. A supervisor from the Building Trades Council has introduced an amendment to the breathing-space ordinance. This ordinance requires that a certain area in building lots be left open for air. This was a humanitarian measure in the beginning and was fought by the landlords. But the contractors have been whining to the Building Trades Council, saying that many landlords will not build because the breathing-space ordinance confiscates too much of their land. Confiscation, they call it. Amend that law and building will flourish, making work for the Building Trades. Now the amendment, cutting down the fresh-air area, is up for final vote. The fresh air people rant against it in behalf of the poor. They say that a labor board dare not take action against its own people.

But the amendment is passed; not unanimously; some of them voted against it; but not many.

There is one more picture which I should like to present—the Labor Council. But I have taken up too much space already, and will reserve my last picture for another issue.

In closing I will again apply to San Francisco's labor leaders that remark which Herve hurled at the masters. "They may quarrel among themselves over the spoils; but against the working class they are banded like thieves at a fair."

Don't forget my next moving picture show.

**"THE FIGHT IS ON!"**  
(By Covington Hall.)  
"The fight is on—on with the fight!"  
On with the battle for the right!  
To hell with the statutes and laws,  
Made but to strangle Labor's cause!

"The fight is on—on with the fight!"  
On through the darkness to the light!  
To hell with courts, in crime grown old!  
To hell with justice bought and sold!

"The fight is on—on with the fight!"  
On with the fog-hung, starless night!  
To hell with the thing still crying "Please!"  
Down in the dust, there, on his knees!

"The fight is on—on with the fight!"  
On with the One Big Union's might!  
On with the Red Flag of the free—  
On up the slopes of destiny!

**SAN DIEGO (RUSSIA)**

Fellow Workers: No doubt many of you would like to know the state of affairs in this medaeval city. The police thugs and vigilantes expected a renewal of the fight on the 15th of October and so were armed and ready to repeat their atrocities. Finding everything quiet they were put on the guessing seat, and have been kept there ever since. This naturally brings on nervitis which is a hard complaint to cure. Similar to hydrophobia.

Some of our members have been dogged everywhere they go. Tuesday night last at 9 o'clock three of our boys were reading in the hall when who should come in but the wild-eyed chief, Keno the great, and his aide de camp. He spotted a red flag on the wall made of paper, and immediately tore it down and into pieces, stating that as often as we put them up he would tear them down. He then wheeled round on a fellow worker suffering from tuberculosis, who had just come from San Pedro that day. After asking him where he came from, and if he carried a card, he whipped out his gun and pointed it at the fellow worker, saying: "Now, you s— of a b—, get to hell out of here and don't you come back." After forcing the fellow worker out of the hall at the point of a gun, an automobile arrived and Keno and his aide de camp drove away. This is the first time that Keno, the nervitis patient, has been seen out after daylight, so we expected something special in the "Onion" the next morning. Sure enough there it was in big head lines, **TWO BANDS OF INSURRECTOS IN HIDING AT THE FOOT OF G ST. A SHACK FULL OF AMMUNITION AND BARRICADED WITH DRY GOODS BOXES. ALSO A STRANGE SLOOP WAS SEEN IN THE BAY.** Detectives kept watch all night, but were unable to catch certain individuals whom they expected to find; Needless to say the next day they searched some shacks but found nothing.

From the foregoing facts it will be seen that it is impossible to hold propaganda meetings here or do any very effective work. Not only are the streets denied us but halls as well. If the fellow workers who received financial aid from Local 13 before leaving San Diego, are in a position to do so, we would like to have them send whatever amounts they can afford. The only way in which we can keep up the local is by dues and contributions to our work with what literature we are able to sell. It is not an appeal for funds, but only a gentle reminder that Local 13 needs the dough and has poor chance to get it.

**PRESS COMMITTEE.**

**ITALIAN WORKERS TAKE NOTICE**  
The I. W. W. constitution in Italian is now on hand in the General Office, room 307 Mortimer building, 166 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill. The price is \$5.00 per 100.

**Bisbee—Twin Hell to Dante**

**A MINER'S VOICE FROM THE SOUTH WING OF THE TWIN HELLS**

After reading in the "Industrial Worker" of October 24 the article entitled "Butte, Montana's Hell," I decided to let my fellow slaves know something of the conditions in the south wing of the Twin Hells.

However, before I describe this inferno in my own language, allow me to quote some facts from the report of the managers of Phelps, Dodge & Co., to the stockholders of said company. I shall quote from the 1911 report and use only such data as will be necessary to correctly understand the industrial conditions in this wing of hell.

Page 2 of report:  
"The company's business at the mines and at New York has been conducted without any notable changes. All the principal officials, whether of the clerical or the technical force, remained at their post, and the accompanying reports show how loyally they have done their duty. The copper sold during 1911 has been 180,201,965 lbs. Average price was 12.36 per lb., net cash, f. o. b. New York. Five dividends, averaging 12 per cent, were disbursed during 1911, amounting in total to \$5,400,000."  
"JAMES DOUGLAS, President."

Page 3 of report:  
"I beg to submit herewith reports of the managers and superintendents of the constituent companies of Phelps, Dodge & Co., comprising the Copper Queen Con. Mining Co., The Detroit Copper Co., Montezuma Copper Co. and the Stag Canon Fuel Co., for 1911. Since my last annual report the statements show a decreased cost in the operations of each of the companies."

Output—		
Copper.	Silver.	Gold.
190,145,627 lbs.	1,794,895 oz.	27,154 oz."

Page 4 of report:  
"The C. Q. C. M. Co.: The ore production of the mines exceeded that of 1910 by 23,000 tons. I am glad to state in spite of the very material reduction in copper contents, the cost per lb. is less than in 1910. At the Douglas smelter the operating cost shows satisfactory reduction, and, though the construction charge to copper on account of the building of the new roasting and reverberatory plants was abnormally heavy, the cost per lb. of copper produced, was the same as for 1910."

Page 7 of report:  
"The total sale of the merchandise during 1911 amounted to \$5,317,993.99, on which a profit of 7.51 per cent was made. \$399,532.00 net profit."  
"WALTER DOUGLAS, Gen. Manager."

In this department 228 wage workers were employed. They received an average wage of \$99.00 per month—a total of \$144,340. Had they been organized in the ONE BIG UNION, this \$899,532 would have been added to their paychecks instead of going to a few parasites who had less than \$1,000,000 invested.

Page 12 of report:  
**HOSPITAL DEPARTMENT**  
Dr. F. E. Shine, Superintendent and Chief Surgeon of this department, submits the appended report of work done:

Bisbee Hospital	
Number of hospital operations	213
Number of deaths in hospital	26
Number of dispensary calls	34,880
Number of minor operations in hospital	74
Douglas.	
Total number of calls	25,038
Number of operations	38
Number of deaths	37

By this report we see that to produce this profit cost 63 human lives and that 325 were crippled and maimed; many of them for life.

Page 8 of the report shows a net profit of \$7,283,508.00. A few parasites living in New York, London and in Paris, dining and until they have the gout, reaped profits of seven and one-half million dollars, while 2,770 wage slaves, who had their lives invested, get only enough to continue their miserable existence that began with the first breath of life.

In reference to the hot boxes spoken of by the Butte miner, I wish to quote from page 20 of the report:

Mine Fires  
"Two fires are still smouldering, one in the Holdbrook and one in the Lowell. They originated in the gob of old sulphide stopes, through the heat generated by oxidation of the ore and are fed by the timber buried in the waste. They have not seriously impeded production, but the cost of confining the fire and pumping water for its extinction has added 10.7 per cent per ton to the cost of ore extracted."

If it is not all any miner wants to know, I will say that in any of the Queen mines, lower than the 500 level, you may hold your light around any of these sulphide stopes and see the steam boiling up. The humid heat, together with the fumes from these fires, produce a sickening sensation that few men can stay in more than a few minutes at a time. The bases that come from the fires I can only describe as being like a thousand phosphorous matches lit under one's nose. When the gases enter the nose, a man invariably gasps for breath, and on opening the mouth he is choked. In this atmosphere, where all the oxygen has been burned up, it is impossible for anything to live for any length of time. There are hundreds of miners in Phoenix, Tucson, and other "one-jung" resorts, who are suffering from the terrible white plague—miners' consumption—who caught the disease in one of these infernos. Who is the man who could tell all the glories of this system? Not Dante!

Page 32 of the report shows nearly two million dollars more paid out in dividends to those who toil not.

All through the report we hear of the reduction in the cost of producing copper and it is my desire to explain where this reduction was made.

It has long been the boast of scabs and advocates of the "open shop", (which in Bisbee means unlimited competition in the labor market) that the Queen never forgot her hero subjects, and there was a time when the heroes did get some minor rewards for their treachery to the working class. But, in this age of scientific management, the Queen has been compelled to change its methods of producing wealth just as other capitalist industries have done. The age limit and the speed-up methods were applied, and those who could not come up to the pace setters, were let out irrespective of whether they were heroes or sheros.

Last Sunday I witnessed a strange sight. It was in the Butte saloon. The place was well filled when an object came through the door.

It was a biped, hollow chested, pale faced and watery eyed. An object that at one time might have been called a man, but the demagogue or mountebank of capitalism who would call it a hero, has lost his sense of humor. At the bar a young man was drinking a toast, I only heard a part of it: "A scab lay lying in a cabin, alone; all his life he had been a traitor to his class; he had no money, no friends, no home; it is sad, but it is what has come to pass," then turning to the crowd, in a sarcastic voice, he said: "But what the hell do we care." The object knew that this was meant for his benefit and he turned and skulked away. I knew what the man was. He had betrayed his class in Cripple Creek, in Goldfield, and had come to Bisbee, the scabbles of them all, but had been rejected here by the masters whom he had served so well. Oh, you age limit!

After glancing at the above report and noting those who had fallen in the industrial conflict here, I looked up the report of Carrol D. Wright, U. S. Labor Commissioner, and saw that there had been 35,000 of my fellow slaves murdered and 85,000 crippled and maimed, through the criminal negligence and greed of the profit system, in teh mining industry since I have been one of that army.

My master's voice called me to produce some more profits. As I went over the hill I looked down the gulch at the Evergreen which covered acres and was studded here and there with little white boards, each one of them representing one of the unnamed victims of the system. Soon I was down 1,000 feet. At lunch I went to the station for water. Two miners were carrying out a fellow slave—his ribs and one leg broken, head and face cut. A slave herding scabdriver remarked: "If that damn fool had as much brain as a last year's bird-nest, he would not have been hurt." It was the bursting of a chute, and not a question of brains. These are the cold, unvarnished facts.

One question invariably arises: "What are we going to do about this?"

It was in search of an answer to this question that I mingled with some of my fellow slaves. I found many prophets. Many with a patent prescription, the one and only way; civilized planers; some were flopping two wings; some respectable business men, who always stand for the working man's interest until some of them try to get more of the good things of life, then they stand on their heads. They asked me if this or that was not a step towards the millennium.

I answered that there are but two steps toward emancipation from wage slavery; they are:

First to explode mental dynamite in the cobwebs that surround the brain of our fellow slaves—the cobwebs of superstition and ignorance that have been woven by capitalist pulpits, press and political demagogues.

Second to decrease the profits of our masters. Any method that will do this is not only justifiable but right. In order to walk forward with both feet, we can go much faster if we all go together. There is but one organization that is big enough for all, regardless of craft, creed, sex, race or color; there is but one organization that can organize us on the industrial battlefield to fight in the conflict between master and slave; and that organization is the **INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD.**

There is not a large group of rebels in Bisbee. But there is a small militant group of workers, who are ever on the job, as at Lawrence, and one day, not the cause, but the occasion for a struggle will come and then the masters will know that we are here.

**AWAKE! YOU SLAVES OF BISBEE! JOIN HANDS WITH YOUR FELLOW SLAVES TO ABOLISH THIS DAMNABLE SYSTEM OF WAGE SLAVERY AND ESTABLISH INDUSTRIAL FREEDOM FOR ALL!**

**JOIN THE ONE BIG UNION—THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD!**

Yours for a Better World,  
A MINER.

**INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM**  
**THE ROAD TO FREEDOM**

Advance orders are still desired for Joseph J. Ettor's new pamphlet of the above title. Delivery will be made at an early date. The pamphlet contains 24 pages and sells at 10c a single copy or \$5.00 per hundred.

Send orders to General Headquarters, room 307 Mortimer building, 166 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

**HAYWOOD COMING WEST.**

Wm. D. Haywood will lecture in the states of Colorado, Washington, California, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, Washington and British Columbia in the month of January, 1913. All locals wanting to secure Haywood dates write at once for terms and dates to Industrial Union Agitation Bureau, 307-164 W. Washington St., Chicago.

On Sunday, Nov. 10, the Scandinavian fellow workers of Local 82, Edmonton, Alberta, held a good meeting that resulted in nine new members. A sum of \$10 was collected for organization work.

Card No. \$1,516, which was stolen from Joseph Dunn, has been found. The fellow worker can secure same by writing to Local 56, Box 241, Bakersfield, Cal., and enclosing his duplicate, numbered 83,273.

**CABLEGRAM**  
October 15th, 1912.

To Governor Foss, Boston, Mass.:  
Strongly protest against continued detention of Ettor, Giovanitti and others.  
(Signed) EDWARD MOYLE,  
General Sec-Treas. Industrial Workers of the World, Australian Administration, Protestant Hall, Castlereagh St., Sydney, N. S. Wales, Australia.

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.

Songs to fan the flames of discontent, 16 cents. Get an I. W. W. Song book.



# Language Federations

(By Francis Miller.)

This is something that is not provided for in our present form of organization or constitution. Some of the French branches of the I. W. W. formed a federation some years ago, and there is talk of forming a Polish federation.

In my opinion this question should be seriously considered and settled by the members of the I. W. W.

Language branches as proposed would have an executive board representing all the I. W. W. branches of that language that would affiliate. Headquarters should be where the secretary is located. Federations would hold annual or biennial conventions. Revenue, a tax on members of branches affiliated.

The 1912 convention of the French federation was held in Lawrence last September. A much-discussed motion that meant the dropping of the federation almost carried. It might as well be stated here that this federation has had a hard time of it, and practically has been non-existent for a year previous to this convention.

I am convinced that the language federation has no place in the scheme of organization of the I. W. W. and that they would prove detrimental to the organization of the workers in ONE BIG UNION.

On general principles such language federations have no place in an organization like the I. W. W., which is supplanting older forms of organizations, partly because they divide the workers needlessly into small groups, while the I. W. W. does not divide the workers any more than is found necessary for the proper conduct of its business and the upbuilding of its organization. Language federations are of no help in the struggle in the shop. When the workers face the employer, it is not as Frenchmen, Italians, etc., but as wage workers. When a strike committee is formed, the committee represents the workers of that industry on strike and not members of language federations.

Nearly all questions that would come before their executive committee meetings and their conventions would have to be referred to the Industrial conventions—the National Union and Department conventions.

Language federations are not necessary to organize the workers. It is safe to say that the I. W. W. has organized locals of workers of twenty or more nationalities. The French branches of New England were organized without a federation! Literature can be gotten out in the various languages—without a federation; language organizers can be put in the field—without a federation; language papers can be printed without a federation. To do this, one thing is essential—money. Language federations will not create new sources of revenue. On the contrary, it would mean the frittering away of the resources of the organization.

For example: New Bedford local No. 157, Textile Workers, has English, Italian, French, Polish and Portuguese branches. At present the dues of the members of all these branches go into one treasury. This money can be spent only by vote of the committee representing these branches. Local 157 pays a tax of 10c per member to the National Industrial Union of Textile Workers.

With language federations the New Bedford local would pay, besides the running expenses, relief, propaganda, etc.:

- Per capita to the National Union,
- Per capita to the French Federation,
- Per capita to the Polish Federation,
- Per capita to the Italian Federation,
- Per capita to the Portuguese Federation.

Guess they would have to cut out propaganda and most of the running expenses! And this condition will hold good in most of the big textile towns, when well organized.

Then there is the tremendous waste of time and energy and duplication of work. Instead of one executive board and one secretary to act as a central exchange for these textile workers, you would have six or more executive boards and secretary-treasurers.

Then, also, each local instead of paying expenses of delegates to two conventions each year as at present, might have to pay for delegates to ten conventions each year. For instance: Textile locals send delegates to textile conventions, and also pay their share of the expenses of delegates to the general convention, but with French, Polish, Italian, Portuguese, etc., conventions held it would mean delegates to all these conventions—and the local would pay the expenses.

This multiplicity of conventions would work against any of them being good, big, representative conventions. There would be conventions galore, small and unimportant, which would pass unnoticed alike by workers or the press.

In the coming together of workers of many nationalities in ONE BIG UNION, there is bound to be a good deal of misunderstanding and friction, caused largely by differences in temperament, training and knowledge of the movement. This is a serious proposition, and it can only be overcome by patience and tact on the part of the active and militant—by fairly threshing out the differences that arise and letting the majority decide.

Now, by having language branches connected however loosely, in a federation, the tendency would be to drag local differences and troubles into the federation, thus involving the other branches.

Language federations will not help to unite the workers. The discussions at the meetings of the executive boards and conventions would show the influence of the labor movement of their respective countries.

As a matter of fact, it is undeniable that the most of the discussion at the convention of the French federation was beside the point; due to the fact that most of the delegates understood the French movement far better than they did the American. Thus instead of the active workers of the various nationalities coming together and learning to understand each other they would meet in conventions, nationality by nationality, and the differences of opinions, due to their tradition, temperaments, and the state of the movement in their respective countries, would be intensified.

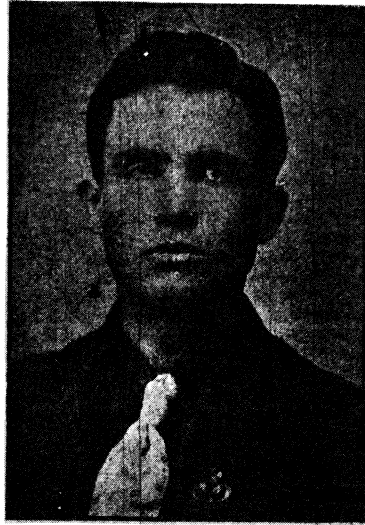
One of the most important functions of the

# Louisiana—A Rival to Despotism Russia

The state of Louisiana, not satisfied with arresting and tearing from their homes and families more than half a hundred working men and working farmers, with throwing them into jail and holding them there for nearly four months, with denying to whole families of helpless children the support of their fathers, with the widespread misery it has caused on account of the Grabow trial, with the anguish and tears it has helped to wring from the hearts of women and children, still insists on appearing before the world in the role of a man-hunter for the Southern Lumber Operators' Association.

The state of Louisiana still holds for trial, on "evidence" furnished by the Burns Detective Agency, it is reported; our organizers, C. L. Filigno, Clarence Edwards and E. F. Doree, whom it has charged with "attempting to intimidate and bribe witnesses", this though we hardly had money enough to pay for our meals, and we suppose from all we hear, the state of Louisiana will go the limit and do its little best to send these organizers to the levees in order to appease the real state, the Southern Lumber Operators' Association, and try to send them there on the testimony of the most degenerate set of hirelings that ever polluted this or any other planet, the detectives, pimps and gunmen, the rurales of the Dikes of the Lumber Trust. The state of Louisiana only indicts and arrests working men and working farmers, acting on the theory, it would seem, that the Lumber Kings, the landlords and their rurales can do no wrong, for despite all the brutal outrages that have been inflicted on the Timber Workers and their farmer allies, and despite their protests and appeals for protection under the law, the authorities of the state of Louisiana have never taken action, except against the workers. Even now it is silent when Lumber Companies are discharging men practically for obeying the summons of the court to appear as witnesses in the Grabow trial, yet we are told to "respect the law," which, in Louisiana, has degenerated into nothing but the whim of a sawmill manager or a landlord's overseer. "By your works shall ye be known and by your works shall ye be judged" is as true of the state of Louisiana as it is of any

other Pharisae. The state of Louisiana, granting the workers no protection whatsoever, is yet seeking to entice working men and working farmers within its boundaries, and we say to them, "Look well before you leap," for a state that allows a private ring like the Southern Lumber Operators' Association to outrage all the humanities in the war it is making to hold in peonage 50,000 workers is either no state at all or is a despotism pure and simple, a land where you come but to be enslaved. Ware! you suckers, who are preparing to bite at marsh lands and cut-over lands. Except your



ED LEHMAN

Affectionately Known as "Old Brava." One of the fighting organizers who helped to form the Brotherhood of Timber Workers. He was 104 days in jail as a result of the "Grabow riot." The authorities begged his pardon when they arrested him.

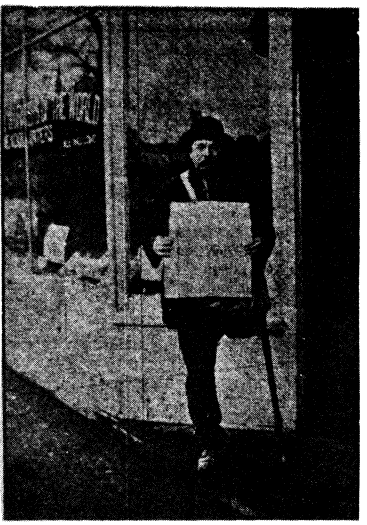
I. W. W. is the bringing together of the workers—divided as they are by different languages, traditions, temperaments, and creeds—not superficially, but practically, so as to get unity of action. It is recognized that the sooner the workers of all nationalities in this country learn to speak English, the nearer we will be to a stage where unity of action will be possible. It is self-evident that language federations will not help to bring this much desired result about.

To sum up, language federations are not necessary. They would incur a waste of energy, time and money, and it would tend to keep the workers divided. All the good that language federations would accomplish can be accomplished by a less expensive plan. This is simply to arrange that all national unions or departments that have locals divided into language branches should provide that each language branch could send a fraternal delegate to their convention. This would help to make the conventions worth while.

It might be necessary in some cases to have interpreters for some of the delegates, but that would not be for long, because such conventions would prove a wonderful stimulus to the study of the English language by the foreign-born rebels. They would have an opportunity to become acquainted with delegates of all nationalities. In the clash of ideas and opinions they would learn to understand each other, and this bringing together of the militants of all nationalities would be of inestimable value in organizing the toilers of the world as they are thrown together in the melting pot of American capitalism into ONE BIG UNION. And the I. W. W. will need men with this training, men who understand the movement and each other, in the conflicts to come.

The conclusion: Do not divide unnecessarily, do not waste energies, organize on the job.

Subscribe for the "INDUSTRIAL WORKER."



JOHN HOULAND

With his industrial leg he hops around Salt Lake City and the nearby camps, selling hundreds of copies of the "Industrial Worker" and Solidarity, as well as some of the Italian organ, Il Proletario, each week.

Songs to fan the flames of discontent, 10 cents. Get an I. W. W. Song Book today.

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

## TO SAN FRANCISCO BAY READERS

All readers of the "Industrial Worker" around San Francisco Bay are asked to gather all information possible in regard to places where there is a chance to organize locals of the I. W. W.

Particular attention should be paid to industries where there are no craft union organizations and full particulars should be gathered as to how many workers are employed, what difficulties to be met, who can be depended upon to help in the work, etc.

Help your own cause by sending such information to the Bay District Organizer, John Paner, 3345 Seventeenth street, San Francisco, Cal.

## A. F. OF L. SCABS AGAIN

The striking workers at the Hotel Statler in Cleveland, Ohio, have just lost their strike. The loss was not because of any desertions from their ranks, however. The men were organized in the International Hotel Workers' Union and stood as firm as a rock for their demands.

The strike was lost because the business agent of the Cooks and Waiters' union of the American Federation of Labor entered into an agreement with the management of the Statler Hotel to furnish "union scabs" to take the places of the strikers at wages lower than the scale paid to other cafes and restaurants in Cleveland.

This scabby proposal, which is in line with the usual tactics of the A. F. of L., lost the strike, but the hotel workers got most of their jobs back, and practically all demands were afterward granted in order that the hotel management might secure competent help.

## SOME TIME SAVING SUGGESTIONS

- Make all money orders payable to the "Industrial Worker" and not to individuals.
- Write your name and address plainly, as well as those of the subscribers you send. Use ink where possible.
- Write on one side of paper only. Keep business matters separated from news items and articles.
- Articles should reach this office by Saturday morning at the very latest. Telegrams can be inserted if received before 8 a. m. Monday. Do not telegraph where a letter will answer the purpose.
- See that enough postage is affixed to letters. Remit money by postal money order, express order, bank draft or registered letter. Postage stamps in good condition accepted as cash. Don't send Canadian stamps.
- Do not register letters where they contain money orders. Retain the stub as a protection.
- Allow at least two weeks to elapse before enquiring about a new subscriber's paper.
- Ask subscribers if they wish paper mailed in plain wrapper to avoid detection.
- Always state whether sub is a new one or a renewal. If a renewal give old as well as new address and use same initials in sending names.
- If you receive the paper it is paid for and no bill will be rendered.
- Enclose postage when you desire the return of manuscript.
- In sending cartoons make them in proportions of 8 inches wide and from 5 to 6 inches deep. If you can't draw send in ideas.
- In sending names to which we should mail samples don't pick dead ones.
- Where much bookkeeping is required the 13 week subscriptions are handled at a loss. Use prepaid cards and take subs for long terms where possible.
- Order in advance when any big meeting or event is expected. Sometimes we have but few surplus copies.
- Send cash with orders if possible as we have no cash surplus.
- If the "Worker" don't suit you in some particular write in your complaint. We may never hear of it if you circulate it around the hall. We are willing to acknowledge mistakes and correct errors.
- Boost the "Industrial Worker."

Subscribe for the "INDUSTRIAL WORKER." Do it now!

Thirteen week sub cards save bookkeeping, protect the purchaser, agent and paper, and make subscriptions easy to get. Five for a dollar. Send 'em now.

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

pocketbook be fat and heavy with gold, there is no life, no right, no justice for you in Louisiana.

"Impartial Justice" in Louisiana, especially in the "imperial parish of Calcasieu," means that you can go free if you attempt to assassinate a champion of the workers, but if, like Edwards, Doree and Filigno, you attempt to aid in the work of organizing the toilers you will be thrown into jail and railroaded to the levees by the state of Louisiana, alias the Southern Lumber Operators' Association.

You Southerners, whose fathers followed Lee, Forrest and Jackson in many a hard campaign, how long are you going to stand for this? You Toilers of America and the World, will you allow the Lumber Trust and the Burns Detective Agency to wreak their spite and vengeance on Doree, Edwards and Filigno, on these three fearless champions of your class?

We know you will not allow this crime, Workers of the World; we know it! Arise, ye Rebels! and set them free!

N. B.—The above also applies to the Kingdom of Kirby, alias the "Empire of the Lone Star," alias "The Sovereign State of Texas" and likewise to the alleged "Sovereign States of Arkansas and Mississippi."

## STRIKE!

A strike is on at Merryville, La. All red-blooded workmen will stay away from there, persuade all others to do likewise and send all the help they can to Lee Lovejoy, secretary finance committee, Local Union 118, National Industrial Union Forest and Lumber Workers, Merryville, La.

Attention—All Forest, Lumber and Tie Workers in Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Mississippi, Florida and throughout the South are hereby called to action! Get busy! Organize your job! Organize it today! Send all applications and requests for information to Jay Smith, secretary Southern District, box 78, Alexandria, La.

Don't be a Peon!

Be a Man!

## COMMITTEE OF DEFENSE.

Foreign exchanges please copy. If space forbids its insertion as a whole, kindly use the part referring to the real estate sharks.

## EDUCATING THE CHILDREN.

Lena Eyer, 13 years old, has been suspended from the Franklin School in Salt Lake City because she refused to salute the stars and stripes. The girl is the daughter of a prominent Socialist and has taken her ideas from him.

The Superintendent of Schools says that Lena will not be allowed to return to school until she complies with the regulations. The salute to the flag is one of them.

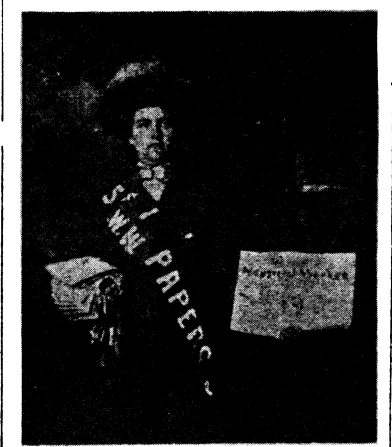
Here is Lena's answer: "I owe nothing to the flag. It stands for a government that does not belong to the people any more. It allows some people to starve and others to get all the good things in the world. My stepfather has told me about Socialism and I have read a lot about it myself. I think it is right and the Socialist flag is a better one to salute than the American flag."

Mr. Poulsen says in his letter to my stepfather that he suspended me because if I stayed in school, other children would refuse to salute the flag. I never tried to get any of them to copy after me and I never talked about my own ideas until he forced me to. Now I'm going to get even by explaining Socialism to all the boys and girls I know. I will never salute the American flag, and if they won't let me go to school on that account, I guess I can get an education some place else. I can read a lot of books, any way."

The stepfather says: "In refusing to salute the flag the child acted on her own initiative. She became interested in Socialism several months ago and I took pains to explain it to her in the best way I knew how. Recently she came to me and asked if she should salute the American flag at school. I told her to use her own judgment."

Lena has a sister a year younger than herself who says she has not yet been asked to salute the American flag, but that she would not do it if she were.

A country that must compel patriotism with threats of depriving a child of an education is certainly in sore straits. An act like this one will prove beyond a doubt, to even the children of the country, that the American flag does NOT stand for freedom.



MRS. CLARA GASSENHUBER.

One of the boosters for the "INDUSTRIAL WORKER." She has been doing good work in Minneapolis, Minn., and is now on her way to the Pacific coast. When she hits town the bundle order increases.

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# In The Harvest

(By Louis Molla.)

Every summer and autumn a vast horde of migratory workers commonly called hoboes come from the four corners of the country intent on selling their labor power in the harvest centers of the Northwest—hoping and eagerly striving to earn and save enough by which to avert the rigors, the terrors, of the inevitable—Winter.

It was this exploited horny handed horde that I followed thither one hot, stifling day in August, and before many days had passed I found myself mingling with the element of my class within the borders of the "Wild Rose" state, North Dakota.

Everywhere I went I was deeply impressed, as never before. The boys seemed in their true element, and why not? Labor stood in great demand, therefore we remained independent, indurate and resistant.

Oftimes heretofore when crops were poor the farmer dictated the price of labor, but now, holy horrors! to their great dismay we controlled the power to demand and secure whatever we asked. Jungle after jungle I saw these conditions in vogue, the law of the group or camp determined the will of the individual, and the whole secret of our power and success was none other than "solidarity."

Today, up near the Canadian line in Dakota, wages are higher than ever before, and many a field of once golden waving grain lies rotting, devastating, because some exceptional farmer would not come to our terms. As a rule these petite farmers are bourgeois in mind and character and seem astounded at our economic audacity (!)

It is needless to say that the casual, transient worker—the hobo—is undergoing a mental change. Once the I. W. W. to him was an object of ridicule and indifference, while today to the majority, at least, it is one of paramount respect.

On three different occasions I participated in strikes, and better conditions were the immediate result. Solidarity is undoubtedly permeating the bone and marrow of the working class, and when the dormant giant—labor—awakes, arises, goodbye to capitalist institutions—like feudalism capitalism will become a forgotten c. a.

The workers are already cherishing a higher conception of ideas or ideals; before the eyes of the conscious worker national boundaries vanish, the workers of this and all countries forget all racial prejudice and for once clasp each other's hand in the true brotherhood of man.

The key to the future society must be in the development of the labor union. The I. W. W. is that union; based within the industry; organized as industry develops, one union within the industry, all industries welded into one gigantic organization and direct action scientifically applied as occasion demands. Such is and must be the union and methods of the working class before Industrial Freedom can be accomplished. Then gradually, as we follow these tactics, we have the coming society in the embryo, and finally in its complete state.

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The liveliest wire in the labor movement.

Handed to you hot off the bat fifty-two times a year for One Dollar. Trial subscription, 13 weeks, 25 cents.

Our weekly cartoon alone is worth the price.

Get on The List Today.

THE INDUSTRIAL WORKER,

Box 2129, Spokane, Wash.

# Language Federations

(By Francis Miller.)

This is something that is not provided for in our present form of organization or constitution. Some of the French branches of the I. W. W. formed a federation some years ago, and there is talk of forming a Polish federation.

In my opinion this question should be seriously considered and settled by the members of the I. W. W.

Language branches as proposed would have an executive board representing all the I. W. W. branches of that language that would affiliate. Headquarters should be where the secretary is located. Federations would hold annual or biennial conventions. Revenue, a tax on members of branches affiliated.

The 1913 convention of the French federation was held in Lawrence last September. A much-discussed motion that meant the dropping of the federation almost carried. It might as well be stated here that this federation has had a hard time of it, and practically has been non-existent for a year previous to this convention.

I am convinced that the language federation has no place in the scheme of organization of the I. W. W. and that they would prove detrimental to the organization of the workers in ONE BIG UNION.

On general principles such language federations have no place in an organization like the I. W. W., which is supplanting older forms of organizations, partly because they divide the workers needlessly into small groups, while the I. W. W. does not divide the workers any more than is found necessary for the proper conduct of its business and the upbuilding of its organization. Language federations are of no help in the struggle in the shop. When the workers face the employer, it is not as Frenchmen, Italians, etc., but as wage workers. When a strike committee is formed, the committee represents the workers of that industry on strike and not members of language federations.

Nearly all questions that would come before their executive committee meetings and their conventions would have to be referred to the Industrial conventions—the National Union and Department conventions.

Language federations are not necessary to organize the workers. It is safe to say that the I. W. W. has organized locals of workers of twenty or more nationalities. The French branches of New England were organized without a federation! Literature can be gotten out in the various languages—without a federation; language organizers can be put in the field—without a federation; language papers can be printed without a federation. To do this, one thing is essential—money. Language federations will not create new sources of revenue. On the contrary, it would mean the frittering away of the resources of the organization.

For example: New Bedford local No. 157, Textile Workers, has English, Italian, French, Polish and Portuguese branches. At present the dues of the members of all these branches go into one treasury. This money can be spent only by vote of the committee representing these branches. Local 157 pays a tax of 10c per member to the National Industrial Union of Textile Workers.

With language federations the New Bedford local would pay, besides the running expenses, rent, propaganda, etc.:

- Per capita to the National Union,
- Per capita to the French Federation,
- Per capita to the Polish Federation,
- Per capita to the Portuguese Federation.

Guess they would have to cut out propaganda and most of the running expenses! And this condition will hold good in most of the big textile towns, when well organized.

Then there is the tremendous waste of time and energy and duplication of work. Instead of one executive board and one secretary to act as a central exchange for these textile workers, you would have six or more executive boards and secretary-treasurers.

Then, also, each local instead of paying expenses of delegates to two conventions each year as at present, might have to pay for delegates to ten conventions each year. For instance: Textile locals send delegates to textile conventions, and also pay their share of the expenses of delegates to the general convention, but with French, Polish, Italian, Portuguese, etc., conventions held it would mean delegates to all these conventions—and the local would pay the expenses.

This multiplicity of conventions would work against any of them being good, big, representative conventions. There would be conventions galore, small and unimportant, which would pass unnoticed alike by workers or the press.

In the coming together of workers of many nationalities in ONE BIG UNION, there is bound to be a good deal of misunderstanding and friction, caused largely by differences in temperament, training and knowledge of the movement. This is a serious proposition, and it can only be overcome by patience and tact on the part of the active and militant—by fairly threshing out the differences that arise and letting the majority decide.

Now, by having language branches connected however loosely, in a federation, the tendency would be to drag local differences and troubles into the federation, thus involving the other branches.

Language federations will not help to unite the workers. The discussions at the meetings of the executive boards and conventions would show the influence of the labor movement of their respective countries.

As a matter of fact, it is undeniable that the most of the discussion at the convention of the French federation was beside the point; due to the fact that most of the delegates understood the French movement far better than they did the American. Thus instead of the active workers of the various nationalities coming together and learning to understand each other they would meet in conventions, nationality by nationality, and the differences of opinions, due to their tradition, temperaments, and the state of the movement in their respective countries, would be intensified.

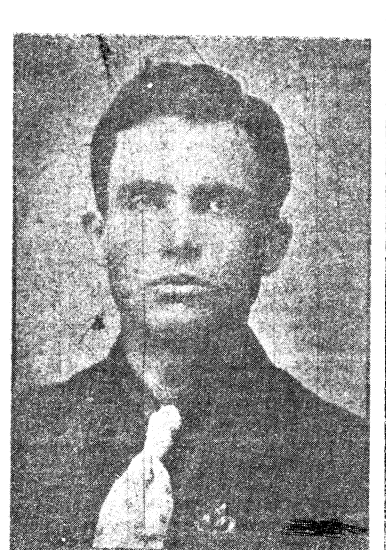
One of the most important functions of the

# Louisiana—A Rival to Democratic Ruin

The state of Louisiana, not satisfied with arresting and tearing from their homes and families more than half a hundred working men and working farmers, with throwing them into jail and holding them there for nearly four months, with denying to whole families of helpless children the support of their fathers, with the widespread misery it has caused on account of the Grabow trial, with the anguish and tears it has helped to wring from the hearts of women and children, still insists on appearing before the world in the role of a man-hunter for the Southern Lumber Operators' Association.

The state of Louisiana still holds for trial, on "evidence" furnished by the Burns Detective Agency, it is reported; our organizers, C. L. Filigno, Clarence Edwards and E. F. Dorae, whom it has charged with "attempting to intimidate and bribe witnesses", this though we hardly had money enough to pay for our meals, and we suppose from all we hear, the state of Louisiana will go the limit and do its little best to send these organizers to the levees in order to appease the real state, the Southern Lumber Operators' Association, and try to send them there on the testimony of the most degenerate set of hirelings that ever polluted this or any other planet, the detectives, pimps and gunmen, the rufuses of the Dixies of the Lumber Trust. The state of Louisiana only indicts and arrests working men and working farmers, acting on the theory, it would seem, that the Lumber Kings, the landlords and their rufuses can do no wrong, for despite all the brutal outrages that have been inflicted on the Timber Workers and their farmer allies, and despite their protests and appeals for protection under the law, the authorities of the state of Louisiana have never taken action, except against the workers. Even now it is silent when Lumber Companies are discharging men practically for obeying the summons of the court to appear as witnesses in the Grabow trial, yet we are told to "respect the law," which, in Louisiana, has degenerated into nothing but the whim of a sawmill manager or a landlord's overseer. "By your works shall ye be known and by your works shall ye be judged" is as true of the state of Louisiana as it is of any

other Pharisean. The state of Louisiana, granting the workers no protection whatsoever, is yet seeking to entice working men and working farmers within its boundaries, and we say to them, "Look well before you leap," for a state that allows a private ring like the Southern Lumber Operators' Association to outrage all the humanities in the war it is making to hold in peonage 50,000 workers is either no state at all or is a despotism pure and simple, a land where you come but to be enslaved. Wares! you suckers who are preparing to bite at marsh lands and cut-over lands. Except your



ED LEHMAN  
Affectionately known as "Old Gravy."  
One of the fighting organizers who helped to form the Brotherhood of Timber Workers. He was 104 days in jail as a result of the "Grabow riot." The authorities begged his pardon when they arrested him.

I. W. W. is the bringing together of the workers—divided as they are by different languages, traditions, temperaments, and creeds—not superficially, but practically, so as to get unity of action. It is recognized that the sooner the workers of all nationalities in this country learn to speak English, the nearer we will be to a stage where unity of action will be possible. It is self-evident that language federations will not help to bring this much desired result about.

To sum up, language federations are not necessary. They would incur a waste of energy, time and money, and it would tend to keep the workers divided. All the good that language federations would accomplish can be accomplished by a less expensive plan. This is simply to arrange that all national unions or departments that have locals divided into language branches should provide that each language branch could send a fraternal delegate to their convention. This would help to make the conventions worth while.

It might be necessary in some cases to have interpreters for some of the delegates, but that would not be for long, because such conventions would prove a wonderful stimulus to the study of the English language by the foreign-born rebels. They would have an opportunity to become acquainted with delegates of all nationalities. In the clash of ideas and opinions they would learn to understand each other, and this bringing together of the militants of all nationalities would be of inestimable value in organizing the toilers of the world as they are thrown together in the melting pot of American capitalism into ONE BIG UNION. And the I. W. W. will heed men with this training, men who understand the movement and each other, in the conflicts to come.

The conclusion: Do not divide unnecessarily, do not waste energies, organize on the job.

Subscribe for the "INDUSTRIAL WORKER."



JOHN HOULAND  
With his industrial leg he hops around Salt Lake City and the nearby camps, selling hundreds of copies of the "Industrial Worker" and Solidarity, as well as some of the Italian organ, Il Proletario, each week.  
Songs to fan the flames of discontent, 19 cents. Get an I. W. W. Song Book today.  
"A Pyramid of Capitalism" poster would look well in your room. They are 15 cents.

TO SAN FRANCISCO WAY READERS  
All readers of the "Industrial Worker" around San Francisco Bay are asked to gather all information possible in regard to places where there is a chance to organize locals of the I. W. W.

Particular attention should be paid to industries where there are no craft union organizations and full particulars should be gathered as to how many workers are employed, what difficulties to be met, who can be depended upon to help in the work, etc.  
Help your own cause by sending such information to the Bay District Organizer, John Panzer, 3345 Seventeenth street, San Francisco, Cal.

A. F. OF L. SCABS AGAIN  
The striking workers at the Hotel Statler in Cleveland, Ohio, have just lost their strike. The loss was not because of any desertions from their ranks, however. The men were organized in the International Hotel Workers' Union and stood as firm as a rock for their demands. The strike was lost because the business agent of the Cooks and Waiters' union of the American Federation of Labor entered into an agreement with the management of the Statler Hotel to furnish "union scabs" to take the places of the strikers at wages lower than the scale paid to other cafes and restaurants in Cleveland.

This scabby proposal, which is in line with the usual tactics of the A. F. of L., lost the strike, but the hotel workers got most of their jobs back, and practically all demands were afterward granted in order that the hotel management might secure competent help.

SOME TIME SAVING SUGGESTIONS  
Mails all money orders payable to the "Industrial Worker" and not to individuals.  
Write full name and address plainly, as well as those of the subscribers you send. Use ink where possible.  
Write on one side of paper only. Keep business matters separated from news items and articles.  
Articles should reach this office by Saturday morning at the very latest. Telegrams can be inserted if received before 8 a. m. Monday. Do not telegraph where a letter will answer the purpose.  
See that enough postage is affixed to letters. Remit money by postal money order, express order, bank draft or registered letter. Postage stamps in good condition accepted as cash. Don't send Canadian stamps.  
Do not register letters where they contain money orders. Retain the stub as a protection. Allow at least two weeks to elapse before enquiring about a new subscriber's paper.  
Ask subscribers if they wish paper mailed in plain wrapper to avoid detection.  
Always state whether sub is a new one or a renewal. If a renewal give old as well as new address and use same initials in sending names. If you receive the paper it is paid for and no bill will be rendered.  
Enclose postage when you desire the return of manuscript.  
In sending cartoons make them in proportions of 8 inches wide and from 5 to 8 inches deep. If you can't draw send in ideas.  
In sending names to which we should mail samples don't pick dead ones.  
Where much bookkeeping is required the 13 week subscriptions are handled at a loss. Use prepaid cards and take subs for long terms where possible.  
Order in advance when any big meeting or event is expected. Sometimes we have but few surplus copies.  
Send cash with orders if possible as we have no cash surplus.  
If the "Worker" don't suit you in some particular write in your complaint. We may never hear of it if you circulate it around the hall. We are willing to acknowledge mistakes and correct errors.  
Boost the "Industrial Worker."

Subscribe for the "INDUSTRIAL WORKER" Do it now!

Thirteen week sub cards save bookkeeping, protect the purchaser, agent and paper, and make subscriptions easy to get. Five for a dollar. Send now.

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

pocketbook be fat and heavy with gold, there is no life, no right, no justice for you in Louisiana.

"Impartial justice" in Louisiana, especially in the "imperial parish of Calcasieu," means that you can go free if you attempt to assassinate a champion of the workers, but if, like Edwards, Dorae and Filigno, you attempt to aid in the work of organizing the toilers you will be thrown into jail and railroaded to the levees by the state of Louisiana, alias the Southern Lumber Operators' Association.

You Southerners, whose fathers followed Lee, Forrest and Jackson in many a hard campaign, how long are you going to stand for this? You Toilers of America and the World, will you allow the Lumber Trust and the Burns Detective Agency to wreak their spite and vengeance on Dorae, Edwards and Filigno, on these three fearless champions of your class?

We know you will not allow this crime. Workers of the World; we know it! Arise, ye Rebels! and set them free!

N. B.—The above also applies to the Kingdom of Kirby, alias the "Empire of the Lone Star," alias "The Sovereign State of Texas" and likewise to the alleged "Sovereign States of Arkansas and Mississippi!"

STRIKE!  
A strike is on at Merryville, La. All red-blooded workmen will stay away from there, persuade all others to do likewise and send all the help they can to Lee Lovejoy, secretary finance committee, Local Union 118, National Industrial Union Forest and Lumber Workers, Merryville, La.

Attention—All Forest, Lumber and Tie Workers in Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Mississippi, Florida and throughout the South are hereby called to action! Get busy! Organize your job! Organize it today! Send all applications and requests for information to Jay Smith, secretary Southern District, box 78, Alexandria, La.

Don't be a Fool!  
Be a Man!

COMMITTEE OF DEFENSE  
Foreign exchanges please copy. If space forbids its insertion as a whole, kindly use the part referring to the real estate sharks.

EDUCATING THE CHILDREN.

Lena Eyer, 13 years old has been suspended from the Franklin School in Salt Lake City because she refused to salute the stars and stripes. The girl is the daughter of a pioneer Socialist and has taken her ideas from him.

The Superintendent of Schools says that Lena will not be allowed to return to school until she complies with the regulations. The salute to the flag is one of them.

Here is Lena's answer: "I owe nothing to the flag. It stands for a government that does not belong to the people any more. It allows some people to starve and others to get all the good things in the world. My stepfather has told me about Socialism and I have read a lot about it myself. I think it is right and the Socialist flag is a better one to salute than the American flag."

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Our weekly cartoon alone is worth the price.

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THE INDUSTRIAL WORKER,

Box 2120,  
Spokane, Wash.



# Lumber Workers Must Fight For a Shorter Work Day in the Camps and Mills!

To the Lumber Workers (Loggers and Saw Mill Men) of Eastern Washington, Idaho and vicinity:

Fellow Workers:—The lumber workers who now have a local in Spokane, Wash., and are a part of the National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers of the Industrial Workers of the World, wish to give a few reasons for asking you to join with us to build a powerful union.

First: We know the conditions in the Logging and Sawmill camps in which we are compelled to work are not fit for anyone to live in. The owners or employers of these large mills and woods are living in the cities in great mansions where they have all the luxuries that the workers can produce, sleeping in the finest of beds, eating the best of food, and yet these same lumber barons force us to pack our own blankets from camp to camp in search for a job, sleep in dirty, filthy, vermin ridden shacks (called bunkhouses by courtesy) with 10 to 40 men in each room, to breathe the same air over and over until it becomes foul, rotten and fetid.

We ask you workers to join with us so that in common decency we can gain sanitary conditions. The lumber companies will never give better conditions until forced to do so by the workers, all united into ONE BIG UNION.

On the Puget Sound about 5,000 loggers and saw mill men went on strike last spring for better camp conditions. They demanded that springs, mattresses and good, clean blankets be furnished by the lumber companies. Since that strike practically all of the Puget Sound lumber camps have been improved, and in many camps the men sleep on clean mattresses with springs, and only two men to each room. The board has not been raised and yet the food is better than before. The first thing that strikes a lumber worker in looking at the employment boards in Seattle, is the fact that there are many signs stating "No Blankets Needed." You workers know how much of an improvement that is over the old conditions. All together and the blanket carrying can be done away with in Eastern Washington and Idaho.

Second: We want good, healthy food, as our lives depend upon being well nourished. We have as good, yes, even better, right to live than any Lumber Baron or millionaire. We, the working class, are the producers of all wealth and without us there would be no food, clothing or shelter. Why should we not enjoy these things if we produce them?

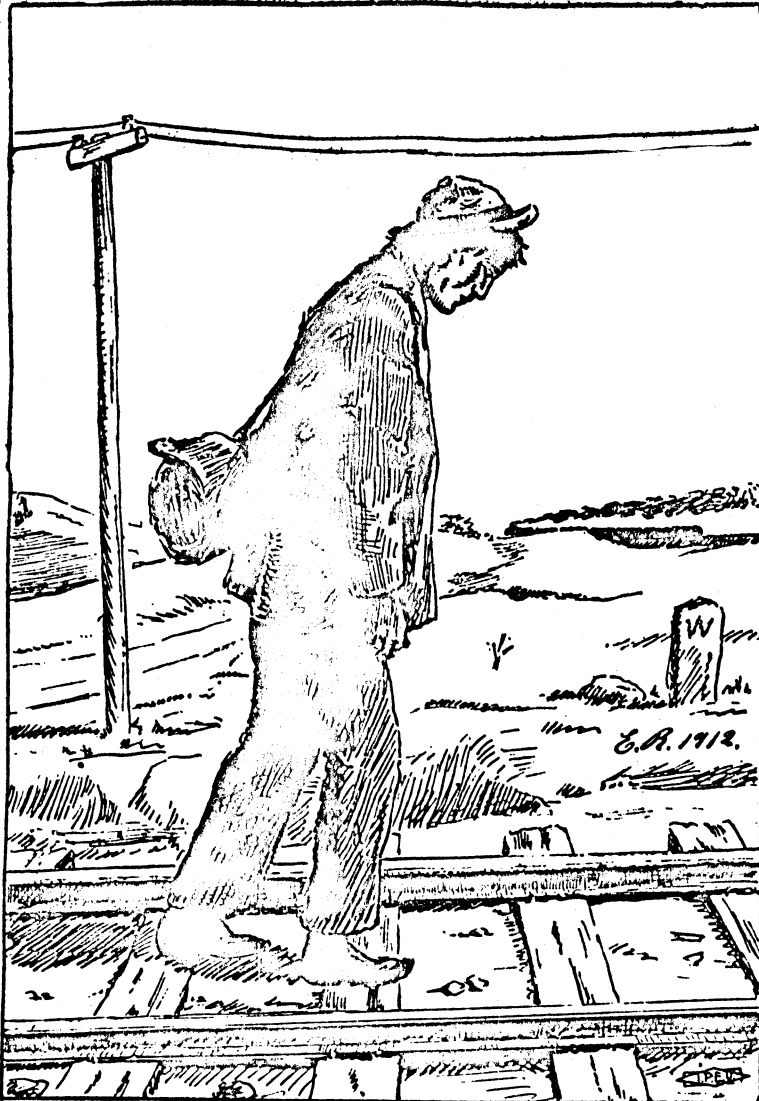
Come, fellow lumber workers, get together into ONE BIG UNION with this as your slogan: "Bum food and bum camps mean bum work."

Third: The most important of all is the shorter work day. There are any amount of lumber workers out of work practically the year around, and unless we protect these men they will offer themselves for lower wages and still further reduce our standard of living. We must cut down the hours so as to give these men jobs and make our own lives easier. If we don't do this we will find the lumber companies using the unemployed to cut wages so as to add to their profits.

We work hard 10 hours per day nearly every place in the woods, only to find that we have produced too much lumber and so are fired in the winter time. The harder we work and the longer hours we work, the sooner the market is supplied, and enough lumber piled up so as to let the employer hold the supply as a club over the heads of those who remain at work.

With eight hours we could produce enough to supply the market yet the lumber barons are so greedy for more dividends and profits that they force us to work 10 hours. These idlers have piled up hundreds

## THE BLANKET STIFF



He built the road, with others of his class, He built the road—  
Now o'er its many a weary mile he packs his load,  
Chasing a job, spurred on by hunger's goad,  
He walks and walks and walks and walks  
And wonders why in hell he built the road.

of millions of dollars in the past few years and yet have done absolutely no work. We lumber jacks have been felling the trees, skidding the logs into the ponds, and sending same down for the sawmill workers to cut into lumber, and yet, although we have done all the work, we are poorer each year. Each day we risk our lives in one of the most dangerous of occupations in order that the wife or mistress of the lumber barons may raise a pampered poodle dog on the best food in the land.

We must get together, fellow workers, and fight against the encroachments of the employers, fight for better conditions, and fight for the workers to manage industry.

Why should we lumber workers work hard, and still have nothing? We can have an easier working condition, shorter hours, better food, better sleeping quarters, and many other improvements almost at once if we build a powerful union of lumber workers. Don't let the lumber-jack working alongside of you tell you it can't be done! Encourage every worker to join the ONE BIG UNION, and it will not be long before we are masters of the situation.

In and around Missoula the lumber workers work but nine hours per day and the smallest pay is \$2.40. This wage is more than the workers in Eastern Washington and Idaho get for a 10-hour day. Even at the nine-hour day and the higher wages the employers are making enormous profits. If the workers elsewhere can get the shorter workday, why cannot those who work in the Eastern Washington and Idaho district?

The employers have their gigantic associations of lumbermen in the Northwest, in the South, in and around Minnesota, and elsewhere. They use these not only to control the markets, but to beat down the workers. They use their power to get more out of the hides of those who work in the mills and camps, and in their conferences they discuss the advisability of reducing wages, lengthening hours and such matters. If they find such a success in uniting together it surely should be to our interest to get together also. The fact that these lumber barons oppose the I. W. W. so strongly is proof that the ONE BIG UNION must be to your interest.

In Louisiana, Texas, Alabama and other Southern states the lumber workers organized into the Brotherhood of Timber Workers and then joined the I. W. W. in a body. There are many thousands of them and they are all prepared to back you in any fight you may make against the lumber companies to better your condition and to strike a blow for more freedom for the toilers in the woods and mills. Not only that, but back of you will be the I. W. W. as a whole.

Taking the conditions into consideration the lumber workers of Spokane ask that all those in the lumber camps and mills of Eastern Washington and Idaho join with us in a strong demand for a nine-hour day, better food in the camps, clean beds and bedding, and no more packing of blankets. We can gain these things at once and then build up the strong organization that is necessary to wrest the tools of production from the parasitic master class and operate them so that the workers will not have to depend upon the plutocrats for our very existence.

All along the Pacific Coast we have locals of the National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers in all important lumber districts and we have just organized a lumber workers' local in Spokane.

Remember, fellow workmen, that organization is the keynote to science and success. In Union there is Strength. Join our ranks so as to develop the necessary power to give a man's life to every worker in the woods and mills.

The initiation fee is \$1 and the dues 50 cents each month.  
Do it! Do it NOW! All together for the ONE BIG UNION.  
Address 203 Front Ave., Spokane, Wash.

## How the B. T. W. Was Organized

In the National Rip-Saw for November is told the story of how the Brotherhood of Timber Workers organized in the South. We give here some of the most important extracts from the story as told by H. G. Creel, their special correspondent:

... The companies gloatingly told each other that race antagonism would help them prevent the formation of a union of timber workers. I saw this in action at Glenmora, La., where the Cady Lumber Co. gave its negroes a holiday on Emancipation Day and refused a day off to its white workers on the Fourth of July. I reached the place two days later and found many of the white millworkers up in arms—not against the company, but against the "niggers," whom, a carefully circulated report said, had agreed to stand by the company in case of "trouble." This was a lie made from whole cloth, but was being worked to create friction. An agent of the company attended my meeting and loudly demanded to know what I thought of such discrimination between "white men and niggers." Much to his surprise I sided with the company, saying "That's right. The niggers used to be chattel slaves. Now they're only wage slaves. They've been freed. The white men have not. The niggers have something to celebrate while you white men haven't. Wait till you're freed. Then you'll be as good as the niggers, and if there's any privately owned lumber company left I'll give YOU an occasional holiday." The hoped-for race hatred fell through with a crash amid laughter. But this is a case in point. The Lumber Trust carefully studies methods for intensifying race antagonism and then sits back to watch it work. Black men or white men, a few lives more or less, are of no consequence to the masters of the swamp lands if their snuffing-out turns a profit to the companies.

The union of lumber jacks, the Brotherhood of Timber Workers, was formed in the face of obstacles which seemed impossible to overcome at first. The vicious commissary, and payment in brass checks or paper "punch-outs" is the rule in practically every camp. Knowing that cash was necessary to finance a labor union extending over several states the companies rebuffed their efforts to keep actual money from their employes. Most of the mills will not exchange for commissary checks held by employes AT ANY DISCOUNT. But to increase its revenue the Trust has long made a practice of redeeming commissary checks at ten per cent discount from small merchants, bootleggers, prostitutes and gamblers. Shortly after the agitation for a labor union began the camps were infested with a new set of card sharks. Games ran all night long in the woods. The newcomers always won. Sometimes in a single night they would fleece an entire mill's force of every commissary check outstanding. No effort was made to stop this. Rather, the companies welcomed the gamblers for the trust was getting its regular ten per cent rake-off on half of checks they won and turned into the mill offices for discount and redemption in coin.

Too late the employers awoke to the fact that the "gamblers" were not gamblers at all, but organizers for the Brotherhood of Timber Workers, taking this means of making the companies finance the very union they were so bitterly opposing.

The Central Coal and Coke Co., known as the "Four C," with mills at Neame and Carson, La., and headquarters at Kansas City, Mo., is an especially reputable concern. Every share of its stock is blood-soaked through the action of its hired gun men in the massacre of Grabow, La. I was told of a long trail of atrocities to its credit. One of them is its robbery of Ace Hickman, an aged homesteader. Nearly 38 years ago Hickman homesteaded, or was allowed to believe that he had legally homesteaded, 160 acres of land four miles west of Do Ridder, La. Much of the tract was in valuable timber. He has lived on the land for

more than 37 consecutive years and his sole means of livelihood has been the cultivation of a few acres. He refused repeated offers for his timber, saying he would leave it to provide for him when too old to work. During all this time no question was raised as to the legality of his title. A few months ago, however, the "Four C" dragged him into court, "found" a flaw in his title, dispossessed him, confiscated the land and cast him out in his old age, penniless and alone. In view of this and a long trail of similar outrages the following is refreshing:

One of this company's logcutters at Carson secretly joined the Brotherhood of Timber Workers in September, was made secretary of the local union in December and appointed organizer in February. On the very day he received his organization papers he was approached by Superintendent Jack Morrison, who off-handedly asked what he thought of the "union talk." I give his experience as he laughingly related it to me:

"I don't know nothin' about the union," answered the lumber jack. "These doggone logs keep me busy, without studyin' about no union."

"Wouldn't you join if you had a chance? Are you man enough to not turn traitor to the company?"

"I never did 'turn traitor' and I reckon I won't begin now."

"The union promises a lot."

"What if it does? That ain't givin' it. Them union fellows don't get me in their clutches."

"Say," said the superintendent with interest, "how would you like to do something special for the company—something to make the big men 'way up at Kansas City feel mighty good toward you?"

"I'm willin'. What is it?"

"You know the men pretty well, don't you?"

"Yes."

"You could learn things from them—if you tried?"

"Maybe."

"Well, see here: Why can't you gain their confidence, find out if any of them belong to the union and report to me?"

"How'm I go'n to find out?"

"Pretend you want to join. Then if there are any union men here you can find out who they are. Let me know."

"That'll take time, Mr. Morrison, and I've got logs to cut."

"We'll pay you full time while you're getting the information."

"Dot, see here, Mr. Morrison, you know I can't keep my temper. If I was to find a union man I'd cuss him out, we'd fight and the ornery devil would probably report me as a union sympathizer—maybe as an organizer—and I'd get fired. I don't want to risk it."

"I'll attend to that," gushed the official who had now swallowed bait, hook, line and pole. "If anybody reports you I'll know he's a man we don't want and I'll get rid of him. And when your work is finished I'll give you a bonus of \$25."

"With this understanding I went to work organizing the camp next morning," continued the log-cutter, with a grin. "Two anti-union men reported me the first day and one the second. And I'm darned if Morrison didn't fire them on the spot. At the end of four days I'd organized the entire camp with the exception of fourteen men who wouldn't join. I hated to do it, but I turned in their names as the only union men in camp. Morrison patted me on the back, paid me \$25, sent for the fourteen and discharged them. They started on a walk to Do Ridder, but I jumped a train, beat them into town, took twelve of them to union headquarters and paid their initiation fee with the 'Four C's' \$25. Two of the fourteen wouldn't join."

Great difficulty was experienced in organizing the Kirby mills in east Texas. Officials and gun men kept sharp lookouts and organizers met with threats and assault at many places. But in spite of this the camps are solidly organized now and the trick was turned while thick-

headed John Henry Kirby and his thick-headed bosses stood by, applauded and were even duped into DONATING MONEY TO PAY THE EXPENSES OF ORGANIZING! One instance will serve as a sample of how most of this was done.

At Call, Texas, a Kirby town, an evangelist approached the mill superintendent for permission to set up his tent and hold a series of meetings. After the company had assured itself the man would preach "right" he was allowed to pitch his tent and the nightly services began. Residents of Call told me that in his sermons he said hell was too cool for a man who'd join the Brotherhood of Timber Workers. "Servants obey your masters," was his favorite text. Labor unions were denounced at every service. So pleased was the Kirby superintendent that he attended regularly, urged the mill men to do so and the company, through the superintendent, gave liberally towards the evangelist's salary and expense. On three occasions the superintendent helped pass the contribution box.

After ten days the meetings came to a close and the preacher moved on. Several months later the lumber people were thrown into spasms upon learning that the "evangelist" had written 275 union applications during his ten-day series. He, too, was a union organizer and he successfully adopted the same plan at several other camps before he was exposed.

And so it has gone, back and forth, with always the same result. Whenever the battle has been a contest of wits the men have invariably won and the companies made ridiculous. The great Timber Trust has been out-pointed and out-generaled EVERY time it has crossed mental swords with its peons. Therefore the bosses have resorted to native and imported thugs and steel-jacketed bullets fired from ambush. The cowardly whelps! In intellect and ability the lumber jacks are so far superior to their masters that there is scarcely a comparison. In point of honor there is no basis of comparison for Timber Trust tools are absolutely without honor. They MUST be to hold their jobs.

Thousands upon thousands of people in cities and towns in the heart of the timber belt knew little or nothing about the hellish conditions in lumber camps a few miles from them. So the union set about informing them. For brilliancy and effectiveness it surpasses anything of which I have ever heard.

Circulars outlining the actual conditions were enclosed in envelopes across the face of which was printed in large type:

Don't Let Your Husband Read This

Distributors entered and placed one of these envelopes, face upwards, on the porch of every house in town. The effect was instantaneous. Upon reading the envelope the startled housewife promptly laid all work aside and allowed the baby to cry till she read every word of the circular. That night she took it to her husband and said, "John, why do you suppose they didn't want me to let you read this?" Thereupon John's temper arose to boiling point and supper cooled on the table till he devoured the whole thing. By the time he finished it husband and wife were both informed.

Covington Hall is going to write us an article dealing fully with the Brotherhood of Timber Workers and their methods of bringing solidarity in the South. This will appear in a special Lumber Workers' Issue of eight pages sometime during December. Subscribe now, so as not to miss it.

### A CORRECTION

In our issue of last week appeared a letter from Calgary, Alberta, containing statements in regard to James H. Tellow as being prepared to act as witness in the Ettore-Giovanitta case. It seems that the fellow workers in Calgary were imposed upon and that the whole story was told by Tellow for the purpose of obtaining money from members and sympathizers of the organization. Tellow's story was plausible but was proven to be entirely untrue.

## An Urgent Appeal to the Tie Makers

(By W. H. Lewis, Organizer Brotherhood of Timber Workers.)

Several years ago when timber was plentiful and of the best quality, when wages were as high or higher than they are now, there was not as much need of organization for the benefit of the tie makers as there now is.

On every hand we find the timber growing more and more difficult to make a living out of than formerly, while wages have remained the same in most places and in others are lower than ever.

The high cost of living, too, has had its effect on us as well as on others.

Those of you who have families will verify this statement. Those of you who are single know that you are forced to pay more for your board than formerly, or where it has remained the same in price the quantity and quality of the food has been reduced.

The cause of all this is three fold:

First, the scarcity of timber. We all know that contractors advertising their jobs as virgin or uncut timber tell a lie. That where we could formerly make \$4 to \$6 per day we now make from \$1.50 to \$3 per day, this where the wages have remained the same. Good tie timber cannot now be had.

Second, the increased number of contractors. Where the big tie companies formerly had charge of the work themselves, they now sublet it. They found it more profitable to let the little fellows to do the hustling for timber, so now all the big guns have to do is to sit up in the office and look wise. The subcontractors in most places have in turn rubbed the most of the work, he taking the example from the bosses higher up, and now here is where we come in. We foot the bill. We provide them with food, clothing and shelter, and the money they spend for pleasure. If it were not so, if they did not make a profit off our labor, we would damn soon be out of a job. I was once on a job where there were three or four little fellows between myself and the "fussy" boss. Let three or four individuals ask the boss for an advance in wages and he will give you the "horse laugh." Let all ask him collectively and he will grant the demands.

Third, the increased army of unemployed is another factor we will be forced to contend with in the near future. Failing to secure employment in their respective trades they will take up something else. And they are already doing this in various localities. Competition in the labor market tends to cause a reduction of wages and also a reduction of accommodations. The object of industrial unionism is to trustify labor. The trusts have taught us one great truth—Co-operation. The labor trust will be all-powerful, because labor creates all wealth, all comforts and all luxuries. All other trusts could not exist were it not for labor. If labor is trustified, all other trusts will sink into oblivion and labor will come into its own. The toilers will be free. Those who labor and contribute all to the comfort of mankind, and those who do not labor and enjoy all the comforts have nothing in common.

The best reasons I can tell you why you should be one of us is because the boss is fighting, the I. W. W.'s so hard. The bosses are very angry because they have failed to murder

Emerson and the boys, and will stop at nothing in their attempt to crush us. Let every worker who has red blood in his veins and is worthy of the name of being a man, come in and help us; roll up your sleeves and get into the fight! The sooner this is done, the sooner we shall have industrial freedom. I have endeavored to point out the causes of our condition. I will now take up the remedy.

All unions organized on industrial lines are working toward one goal, viz, the emancipation of labor. Their motto is "An injury to one is an injury to all." One will do nothing that will be detrimental to the interests of the other. All will co-operate at all times and in all things. The boss has no love for us because he knows that industrial unionism is the one power that he cannot crush.

In short, industrial unionism is a labor trust. All other trusts will sink into oblivion when the labor trust is trustified, because labor is the only true measure of value. Why you can win with us.

All big tie companies contract to furnish the railroads a certain amount of ties in a specified length of time. They give bond to do so and should they fail to fill their contracts they would lose thousands of dollars. By being well organized we would be in a position to force them to pay at least eight cents more per tie than now. Rather than lose the bonus they put up, the big companies would eliminate the little contractors and pay the money to us. They would still make an enormous profit. Should they fail to grant our demands and expect to place their orders elsewhere with the sawmills, they would run up against another gang, because our brothers of the mills and forests would refuse to scab on us.

By uniting with us we can accomplish much. You have everything to gain, and nothing to lose but your chains. Workers of the world, unite!

NEWS FROM THE REDWOOD BELT

Lumber Workers' Local 431, Eureka, Cal., held a successful smoker on Saturday, November 9, at which Halmer Erickson was the speaker.

The news of the victory at Lake Charles, La., is putting new life into the members and is awakening non-members to the need for action. The local is in good condition, but not so good as it should be. We find many working around this part of the country who pay their dues into some local in a big city and thus neglect the vital organization on the job. Steps should be taken to prevent this.

The threat of the A. F. of L. that they will organize the lumber industry and put the I. W. W. out of business is a joke. The lumber workers look upon the A. F. of L. as a "dual" organization.

Several camps have shut down for the winter on account of heavy rains and washouts. All the sawmills and many of the camps will run all winter.

Hoping that this finds all lumber worker locals up and doing, we are, yours for ONE BIG UNION. EUREKA PRESS COMMITTEE.

Will E. O'Halloran please communicate with Local 435, I. W. W., Box 633, Marshfield, Ore.

### Scandal Shakes Portland Society

(Continued from page 1)

clean men, pure men, holy men—and yet, in Portland today, mothers are refusing to allow their boys to enter the building.

In the lumber camps the Y. M. C. A. has been establishing sub-stations for the "regeneration" of man. There are now those who wonder if the word should not commence with the letter D.

While the men who committed the acts cannot be held blameless, neither can they be utterly condemned. One must seek the reason for such actions. They do not come without a cause.

In the navy there are thousands of young men who are arriving at a critical age. They have no means of gratifying natural desires. They take to practices that lead to degeneracy.

Then there is the army, with its enforced seclusion of the male, while sex desires remain. This also leads to degeneracy.

The reformatories are filled with young boys who are brought up in an atmosphere of degradation. Ofttimes the keepers are devoted to vile practices and seek an unnatural companionship with the young prisoners. Degeneracy results.

The penitentiaries, too, are breeding places for such practices. Only exceptionally strong characters can serve a term and remain untainted.

It is impossible for society as a whole to escape the result of the two evils—militarism and crime against criminals.

Inevitably it must force itself elsewhere into society, just as the white plague of the sweatshop gains a foothold among the idle class.

Portland is not alone. Practically every city is infested with similar practices. Washington, D. C., is a hot bed of it. In Denver, Colo., there are places devoted to it. San Francisco has a portion of its famous "Barbary Coast" set aside for such purposes.

In Walla Walla, Wash., on November 22 a prominent church worker, the editor of the Evening Bulletin, was just sentenced to from 1 to 10 years. He has organized boys clubs throughout Eastern Oregon and Washington. On the same paper a linotype operator sent a bullet through his brain, several years ago, just as an officer was about to place him under arrest for sodomy.

To those who say that Industrial Unionism and Socialism would break up the home and destroy the sanctity of the family, we can but reply that unless our victory is soon achieved and society placed upon an equitable basis, there will be no homes to break up and no sanctity to destroy.

Sodom and Gomorrah fell. So also must Capitalism.

### Liberty is Dead in Little Falls

(Continued from page 1)

Efforts are now being made to cover up the unmerciful beatings given strike prisoners in their cells, and in the past few days a number of them have been brought over at unusual hours from Herkimer jail and released after being made to believe that nothing would happen to them if they would plead guilty to a charge of assault in the third degree. Most of them were young Polish, Italian and Austrian boys, and few of them understand English perfectly. They were not allowed a lawyer and in some cases their interpreter was the very policeman whom they accused of beating them. An estimate may be made of the court they were tried in when it is stated that when Attorney Cooper of Schenectady accused the police of these practices a policeman leaped to his feet and exclaimed: "You're a liar! A G—D—liar!" and went unrebuked for it by the judge.

Meantime the Relief Committee is taking good care of the strikers and their families through help received mostly from the Socialists of Schenectady and from some of the more progressive labor organizations. Needy families receive supplies directly in their homes. The single men and women are fed in the relief kitchen twice daily under the direction of Miss Helen Schloss, who spent ten days in jail herself for being seen in the picket line. About 50 people are fed each day at a cost of about seven cents each per meal. Very few strike-breakers have been obtained—and those, and to say, are mostly Americans—and victory must come shortly if the strikers can be cared for. Money must also be raised for the defense of Strike Chairman Legere, Organizer Bochino and Speakers Vaughan and Hirsch of Schenectady, who will get terms in the penitentiary if the authorities have their way. Contributions should be sent to Miss Matilda Rabinowitz, Sec. Little Falls Defense Committee, Box 458, Little Falls, N. Y.

### FOR SHORTER HOURS

Why work for low wages and long hours when there are millions of men out of employment?

If we all work but eight hours it will give employment to the man who is now out of a job. By so doing we lighten the burden on ourselves and upon others. We can then go ahead to make all men useful workers in society.

If there are forty men working on a job and they reduce the hours from ten to eight, they will give work to ten more men. Competition will be less and wages will go up.

For this reason I think that a shortening of hours is of more importance than a raise in wages.

Let us educate and organize, then, for an eight-hour day right now, and for industrial freedom as soon as we have the strength to take it. JOHN D'ONE.

Thirteen week sub cards save bookkeeping, protect the purchaser, agent and paper, and make subscriptions easy to get. Five for a dollar. Send now.

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

### Can the A. F. of L. Organize the Unskilled?

(By Austin Lewis.)

The question of unorganized unskilled labor, or, as the phrase runs, "migratory laborers," is agitating the minds of the leaders of the American Federation of Labor to an ever-increasing degree. It forms the stock subject of discussion in the conventions and is eternally putting up its head at the meetings of the local councils. Even the well-organized building trades are not exempt from anxiety and the smaller crafts are always in a more or less ludicrous state of alarm at the unwelcome incursions of the outer barbarians into their preserves.

This is a new phenomenon. It is but a very short time since the so-called unskilled was a mere pariah, concerning whom the dignified and well-established trades could afford to be remote and supercilious. His struggles were unheeded, his sufferings were not marked, for the superior workingman is not one whit more humane than other superior persons. He will let you suffer, always provided that you suffer quietly and do not trench upon his well-fenced preserves. Mere humanity has affected the mind of the superior craftsman no more than it has touched the sympathies of the upper bourgeois or the aristocrat. We are all brothers under our skins; no one class will put itself out for the sorrows of another, unless those sorrows interfere with its own well-being, or itself is in danger of being driven into the ranks of the suffering class.

Both these essential prerequisites of sympathetic action, however, are notoriously present today in the matter of the migratory unskilled. The despised unskilled is today the great encroacher upon the field of the skilled organized. The home guard is threatened by the invasion of the nomads, and hence a very lively interest is being taken in the doings and in the organization of these nomads. The crafts are going to pieces under the pressure of machine development and the specialization process; hence the position of the craftsmen becomes more and more desperate, and the dread of the migratory more and more intense. In fact, a well-known manufacturer in Portland, Oregon, stated that for hard and concentrated work he preferred the so-called tramp, who had conserved his energies by not working too hard. But it would be a waste of space and energy to dwell upon the strategic position which the migratory workers occupy today, as the readers of this are, by actual experience, much better qualified experts than is the writer.

These are the circumstances under which the A. F. of L. has recently come to take an interest in the organization of the migratory workers. The steps to an organization of this element are, moreover, diverting even if slightly unscientific.

Some two years ago I ventured to call attention to the fact that either the A. F. of L. would fail to organize the migratory workers or, if it succeeded to any extent in organizing them,

the introduction of the new element would revolutionize the great organization, for the latter is quite incompatible with the inclusion of such a nimble lightning change artist in the matter of labor power as is the migratory. And the leaders of the craft organization are already awaking to the fact that in the matter of migratory organization they have caught a tartar.

At the California State Federation of Labor Convention in October, Paul Scharrenberg, the secretary, who had taken much personal interest in this particular question, related the difficulties under which the organization of the migratory laborer necessarily proceeded. He stated that one fundamental difficulty lay in the fact that the members of the skilled crafts would not strike on behalf of the unskilled. That is a pretty admission for a great labor official, and hardly tends to encourage the payment of dues by those unskilled who are to be allowed to belong to an organization which confessedly will not support them. Of course, skilled workmen will not strike on behalf of unskilled. To do so would be a piece of pure altruism which our poor humanity attains only under peculiar and dramatic circumstances. The skilled will strike on behalf of the unskilled only when they are compelled to do so—that is, when the unskilled have attained such an organization as to compel the cessation of work of the skilled, and not before.

The A. F. of L. has succeeded in organizing a certain number of migratory workers on specific jobs and for immediate and temporary purposes, but so far its efforts to make anything like an organization of this class of labor as such has been very far from a success.

In fact, where it has partially succeeded, any real attempt on the part of the so-called unskilled to better their conditions meets rather with the disapproval than the assistance of those who are professedly organized with them. I have in mind a group of unskilled in the building trades here who are struggling for a three dollar wage scale and are receiving a stepmother's blessing from the organization to which they belong. The incompatibility of their inclusion in the organization is painfully apparent to the men themselves.

It would seem that a centralized form of organization can hardly be applied to these men. Organization, with autonomous group action, organization on the specific job would seem to meet the circumstances of their case more effectually. Here, however, we open up a wider vista of discussion than can be well considered in this article.

Local Union No. 58, I. W. W., Victoria, B. C., has moved to a larger and more convenient hall at 576 Johnston street. Wage workers should drop in to aid the local in its work.

Will Edward Flogans please write to his mother, Mrs. L. Flogans, 103 Linden street, Camden, N. J. (formerly 53 Wood street).

### ROUGH WORK IN RUGBY.

At Rugby, North Dakota, the I. W. W. agitation has entered the harvest fields and forced wages up to \$3.50 and \$2.75. In some cases the wages have reached \$4.

The mayor of Rugby ordered the city marshal to raid the camp of the harvest hands, arrest the agitators and run them out of that section of the country. The marshal refused to do this dirty work. He was fired.

Shortly after this the workers returned to their camp one evening and found their camp outfit had been completely destroyed.

This might have been expected. The point of the matter is that Rugby, N. D., has a Socialist administration, and most of the bankers and ranch owners of the surrounding country are "dear comrades" of the Socialist Party.

What's that we heard about a political shield behind which the workers might organize?

### THOMAS KILCULLEN

Thomas Kilcullen, one of our staunchest members, is the latest victim of one of the pre-ventable accidents, which take away so many of the workers lives. The premature death of Kilcullen comes as a blow to the many fellow workers, beside whom he had fought for freedom in the past.

Fellow Worker Kilcullen was employed as a laborer by the O. W. R. & N. R. Co. At the time of the accident he was working beside a compressed air dump car. The air failed to hold the car in position. Without warning it closed, catching Kilcullen's head between the door and the floor of the car. He was instantly killed.

Fellow Worker Kilcullen was one of the victims of the vigilantes in San Diego. During the course of the free speech he received so severe a beating as to be forced to go to the hospital.

Last Monday evening at the business meeting, our Fellow Worker had occasion to point to a motto, which is in evidence on the walls of the hall. The motto read as follows: "A Dreamer Lives Forever. A Toiler Dies in a Day." How true those few words are. The premature death of Kilcullen exemplify them all the stronger.

The membership of the Portland locals is united to a man in paying tribute to the memory of our departed Fellow Worker. It can be truly said that he was one of the bravest and finest agitators against the rotten system under which workingmen slave. Since the accident happened, we are determined more than ever before to do all in our power to organize the workers, so that in the future the hydra-headed monster, Capitalism, will not snatch their lives for the benefit of a few parasites.

The memory and the actions of Fellow Worker Kilcullen will live for a long time to come. FRED ISLER, Sec'y Portland Locals, I. W. W.

### SADDER BUT WISER

OAKLAND, Nov. 20.—On Sept. 19, 1911, we machinist helpers, truckmen and drill press men of the Southern Pacific shops, were given a charter from the A. F. of L. as Machinists' Helpers Union No. 10,405. The skilled crafts needed our help in the then expected trouble, but of course we could not join any of their unions as that would not be dividing the workers properly.

Secretary Morrison of the A. F. of L. advised us that we would not be entitled to strike benefits until we had been organized a year. This was when we went on strike.

We kept the union alive for a year, being allowed a hall gratis by the Shop Federation. Then our secretary wrote to Morrison for benefits for a couple of men who were out of work and who had been on the picket line most of the time since the strike started. In reply we were notified that the executive board of the A. F. of L. had met on September 15 and declared all strike benefits off for the future. They beat us to it by four days.

None of the bunch have pointed their nose toward a business meeting since then. When this strike is over I think that more than just the Helpers' Union will be ready for the ONE BIG UNION. Yours for Solidarity, J. H. LONG.

### A WELL MERITED REBUKE.

Many would-be reformers, sailing under the guise of socialists, are very angry because of the cartoon ridiculing the petty reforms that the patchwork politicians are setting forth in hopes of getting pushed up to the capitalistic counters.

To show that the cartoon was not in the least overdrawn we are reprinting herewith a leaflet issued by the Socialist Campaign Committee in support of the candidacy for supervisor of the First District of Schuyler C. Kelly of San Diego, Cal.

So that it may not be said that a portion was suppressed in order to make the rest appear as reactionary we are reprinting in full, with comment thereon.

The front page of the leaflet is occupied with a cut of the candidate with these words beneath it: "Schuyler C. Kelly, Socialist Candidate for Supervisor of First District." The body of the leaflet is as follows:

Schuyler C. Kelly's Platform. The platform upon which Mr. Kelly is making his fight is the following: First—He sincerely believes a public official is at all times the servant of the people and should respect their wishes and desires.

Right at the start we have a declaration opposed to the class struggle. It is impossible for a public official to serve both the employing class and the working class. Kelly is going to do what no one else in the world's history has ever done, represent impartially two diametrically opposed interests. Furthermore, he is going to respect their wishes and desires. Seems like we once heard something about undated resignations for those who did not do just what the dues paying Socialist party members wanted done! Second—That if elected supervisor he will

discharge the duties of that office in the interest of the taxpayers and the people, and not in behalf of a few wealthy persons.

The workers as a class are not taxpayers, so we see that Kelly is proposing to use his office in the interests of the small labor skinner as against a "few wealthy persons." Where, oh where, is the class struggle?

Third—He is in favor of beautifying our city and county districts and making them more valuable by constructing and maintaining public highways at a minimum cost.

Artistic cobblestones for starving workers. "Our" city, by a candidate supposed to represent the disinherited and propertyless millions.

Fourth—If elected supervisor he pledges himself to let contracts of every nature on bids, the lowest and best bidder to receive the contract, and not permit county work to go to a "favorite" at a price fifty (50) per cent. higher than other bidders.

Petty reforms again in the interests of petty larceny business men. If a bidder can cut the price of labor he gets the job.

Fifth—Comrade Kelly realizes that San Diego should have a harbor and wharves that will be ready to receive the shipping of the world when the Panama canal is finished, and if elected supervisor in the First District he stands pledged at all times to work honestly and faithfully in the interests of our city and do everything in his power to make San Diego the biggest and best city on the Pacific coast.

Here is an insane species of local patriotism on behalf of the business interests. Kelly pledges himself to work in the interests of "our city," but completely forgets the interests of "our class."

Sixth—Having been a member of the Typographical union for twenty-four years, he naturally sympathizes with the wage earner and the common people. He has held many positions of trust and has always been honest and faithful to his duties. He believes the wage earners are entitled to decent hours of toil and wages that will entitle them to live as human beings, educate their children and enjoy a few of the luxuries of life.

Twenty-four years in the most reactionary craft union in the world has brought Kelly to the point where he "sympathizes" with the wage worker. That's some progress, all right. Whether "sympathy" is fish, flesh, fowl or good red herring, Kelly does not state. It is something that can be given alike to the "wage earner and the common people."

The second sentence is nothing else but a pro-election promise to prove a faithful watch dog for the capitalists' treasury.

Kelly "believes"—he doesn't KNOW yet—that the working plug is entitled to decent hours of toil and wages, yes wages, that will enable him to "enjoy a few"—not all—of the luxuries of life. This is the logical result of the Socialist party becoming the tail to that erratic kite which flies in kind of "A fair day's wages for a fair day's work." Where is the social revolution? Where is the abolition of capitalism? Kelly's brand of socialism knows them not.

For fear that the readers may think that this I all we hasten to reproduce the fourth and last page of the leaflet.

### A Statement.

Schuyler C. Kelly, candidate for Supervisor in the First District, on the Socialist ticket, is the descendant of an old Missouri family (appeal to aristocracy), his mother having been born and reared in Ray county, and his parents migrating from Tennessee in the year 1800 and settling in Western Missouri. His father was a native of New York state and was a member of the G. A. R. up to the time of his death, one year ago, having served four years in the civil war (appeal to patriotism), in Company I, Ninety-first Illinois Infantry.

Comrade Kelly himself also served his (?) country in time of war (appeal to militarism), having been captain of Company G, Third Missouri Infantry, U. S. V. during the Spanish-American war. ("War? What for?")

There is consolation in the thought that more workers every year are getting wise to "What comes of playing the game" and so are organizing at the point of production in ONE BIG UNION that is revolutionary of purpose and of action.

Note.—If Kelly's father migrated from Tennessee in 1800 and died one year ago, the old gent must have been considerably over 100 years old, even if he were but an infant when he started to move. But what's a hundred years more or less to a politician?

### EDMONTON BULLS BLUFFED

The English speaking members of Local 82, I. W. W., Edmonton, Alberta, held an open-air meeting in a vacant lot on Nov. 10 at 3 p. m. The police ordered the meeting stopped, as the meeting was within the limit covered by the traffic law.

The crowd was then taken to the market square, and it was but a short time until the bulls came down there also and stopped the meeting.

On Monday night a committee from the local interviewed the chief of police and reported back to the business meeting. The chief declared that he had not ordered the police to interfere. He told the committee that they could speak in the market square, but did not give any answer to the question as to whether meetings could be held elsewhere in town.

On Tuesday night the local started a meeting outside of the traffic district and were stopped again. Immediately the crowd went up to the city council meeting and put the matter before them. Most of the members of the council were against the I. W. W. and practically declared that they had no jurisdiction over the police. One councilman seemed to favor the I. W. W. and told the boys to go ahead with their meetings.

The next night the local held a good street meeting. The bulls came around, five or six of them, and the patrol wagon drove up twice, but the speakers held their ground and pulled off a successful meeting without further interference.

### Mr. Block

HE MEETS OTHERS.



1. I'LL APPLY FOR A JOB AT ONCE.

2. GET OUT YOU DIRTY SCAB! WE MACHINISTS ARE DOING THE FIREMEN'S WORK NOW!

3. ALL ABOUT THE STRIKE. MACHINISTS WALK OUT.

4. TRYING TO SCAB! WILL YOU? WE FARMERS ARE BACK AND DOING THE MACHINISTS' WORK NOW.

5. GEE! I CERTAINLY RAN UP AGAINST SOME STRONG UNION MEN. THIS SHALL NOT HAPPEN AGAIN.

6. I AM GOING TO JOIN, SO I CAN SCAB WITHOUT GETTING MY BLOCK BUSTED.

8. A. 1912.