

UNITE! UPON THE FIRST OF MAY



WORKERS! CAST YOUR CHAINS AWAY

Industrial Worker

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

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MAY DAY-LABOR'S INTERNATIONAL HOLIDAY-DROP YOUR TOOLS-SHOW YOUR POWER

THEIR SLOGAN IS "SOLIDARITY"

MILL STRIKERS IN FIGHT TO A FINISH—THUGS GET A BONUS FOR SLUGGING MEN—McPHERSON KIDNAPED AND SLUGGED.

The Grays Harbor strike is comparatively quiet—the calm that precedes the storm. Ideas and plans are being developed and the fight is to be to a finish. The slogan of the strikers is "Solidarity."

The failure of the unorganized loggers to strike at this time has not disheartened the mill workers. They realize that men called out unwillingly as a doubtful asset. When the loggers know the facts and determine the new wage scale and other demands there will be concerted class action in the camps.

The "Strike Bulletin," issued by the mill workers at Aberdeen, announces a semi-weekly issue in enlarged form, commencing this week.

The strikers who have been fooled into returning to work are being already weeded out by the mill owners. In one mill where the bosses went from home to home to get strikers to go back under promise of better wages, the employers have already discharged them all. At another mill 40 men who were suspected of taking part in the strike were also discharged. The raise which the men were promised was not given them and they are finding out that the I. W. W. was right when its members explained that the bosses would not keep their word to any man who was foolish enough to believe them and would never raise the wages unless the workers stood together. The workers are now more dissatisfied than ever and from now on will not make terms with the bosses except as an organization.

We are informed that the deputies imported here from the outside cities to do the dirty work of the mill owners, refused to haul men out and beat them up unless there was something extra paid. The bosses finally had to establish a price on each person beaten. This price is \$10 for each person who is taken into a dark place and beaten up. For an extra good job, the deputies get even extra on top of this. It is understood that this bonus does not come through the city authorities where it could be traced, but through private channels. What those private channels are, can be better imagined, when it is known that every person hauled out of town was first taken to a building which is notorious for its degraded and criminal inmates. The chief has been in the place to view the kidnaped persons before they were taken out of town. How much bonus the chief gets is yet unknown, but before the strike goes on much longer, all such details will be available.

Thursday evening the brave deputies captured a man by the name of McPherson. They loaded their victim into an automobile and hauled him to the West mill. After dragging their man into a dark place they beat and bruised McPherson beyond recognition, then turned him loose with orders to leave town. When he recovered sufficient strength to move about McPherson telephoned to Chief Templeman asking if he could get warrants out for the sluggers. It is said that the chief replied that McPherson had been telling too much about the actions of the deputies and officers and could not get action for his beating. It is further stated that the chief told McPherson that if he wanted to live a long and peaceful life, he had better leave town at once and keep his mouth closed about what he may know. It is said that the bonus was raised for the beating of McPherson. He is now preparing legal action against the thugs and the chief who threatened his life.

A man by the name of Wachsmann was arrested upon leaving the police court after he had testified in behalf of strikers. No warrants were served and no charge placed against the prisoner who was held four days before being released. His personal belongings taken from his pockets by the police, were destroyed. Other witnesses have been approached and threatened after their testimony was given in favor of strikers or sympathizers.

A man was picked up in Raymond and railroaded as usual on the charge of being a vagrant. The police judge sentenced the striker to 30 days and then told the man that he would suspend the thirty days in jail if the man would work in the mill for one month. The scabs are coming so slow into Raymond that this method of sentencing strikers to scab is being worked now.

The crew of the "M. Turner" were asked to help load the "Daisy Mitchell" because the scabs did not know how to handle lumber. Other efforts are being made to bring the sailors into scabbing on the longshoremen.

(Continued on Page Eight).



MAY DAY BRINGS ITS MESSAGE OF HOPE

Spread the Story of San Diego's Shame

"One of the astonishing features resulting from the free speech trouble in San Diego is that it has united the laboring elements as they never before united. In fact, solidarity is an accomplished fact in this city. If out of the publicity this affair is receiving throughout the nation, it should arouse the spirit of solidarity in other places, then will the sacrifices which have been made in San Diego not have been made in vain. Surely, such a result would, indeed, be the greatest victory in the World."

So says the San Diego Herald. And then it makes another significant statement: "For the first time in the annals of San Diego the church and the saloon are working together. The personelle of the vigilantes represents not only the bankers and merchants but has as its workers leading church members and bartenders. The Chamber of Commerce and the Real Estate Board are well represented. The press and the public utility corporations, as well as members of the grand jury are known to belong to these dupes of the madman, John L. Sehon."

When confronted by such a combination it is quite natural that labor should drop trifling quarrels and present closed ranks to the enemy. What a combination—shylocks and skimmers, sky pilots and saloon keepers, land sharks and sluggers, all backed by Harrison Grey Otis, Spreckles and the M. and M. Capitalism in all its phases from rum to communism, from usury to white slavery, in fact every institution of the Plunderbund had their representation on the scene. History will record, as usual, their failure to dam the river of progress. San Diego, Cal., has done herself an immeasurable harm, but that harm is but small compared to the injuries received by the workers. For what has transpired San Diego must pay. Michael Hocy has been murdered and his slayers must face San Quentin and the gallows. Illegal bands of armed and drunken thugs have beaten unarmed and defenceless workers. For them the doors of the jail must open, to swing upon their cowardly backs that they might in silence reflect upon their

vile inhuman natures and that they may not pollute the rising generation.

San Diego—as a city—must pay for the brutalities of its officials and their secret connection with the vigilante murder mob.

The boycott is already in force and years of its operation will not be sufficient to erase the memory of the injuries received by the workers at the hands of San Diego.

The exposition of 1915 must, will, and shall be made a failure. No worker must patronize it. It must be placed under the ban to such an extent that to participate in the affair will seem a crime so monstrous as to smell to the clouds.

San Diego even now is sick of having allowed herself to be made the tool of Otis and his gang of highwaymen. Let her repentance increase as the years roll by.

The I. W. W. may be whipped in a skirmish, but will be sure to triumph in the war.

San Diego! We will spread the story of your shame—will proclaim the depths of your degradation until your name shall come to be synonymous with all that is polluted and vile. "An injury to one is an injury to all."

Is The I. W. W. To Grow?

New York, April 20, 1912. Editor "Industrial Worker":—Last Monday night, April 15, General Organizer J. P. Thompson appeared before the general meeting of the Brotherhood of Piano Workers and after presenting the case of the I. W. W. the brotherhood voted to join our organization in a body. The organization thus gained is about 1,000 strong. On Tuesday seven men working in Hardman & Peck's factory were discharged because of their activity in the union. Immediately our men, who numbered about 100, went out on strike and carried the rest of the workers, about 500 in all, with them.

The workers are of various nationalities and all the trades of the piano workers comprising a number of girls and women. Meetings are held every morning at 9 o'clock, usually lasting till noon, at their hall, 424 W. Forty-ninth street. A splendid spirit of solidarity is displayed, pickets are kept on the ground all of the time. The factories are closed tight, no one goes in and the workers vow that they will stay shut till the workers go back in a body.

Funds are needed to help carry on the strike and any one who wishes to contribute to a good cause is urged to contribute. Send to Frank Roth, treasurer of the strike committee, 424 W. Forty-ninth street, New York. THOMAS FLYNN.

JUSTICE WEARS I. W. W. LABEL. With but two exceptions the entire force on Justice, an organ of the Socialist party of Pittsburg, Pa., is organized industrially. The two exceptions are the editor and the business manager, who are not eligible to membership in the I. W. W.

The employees served the following notice on the management of Justice last Tuesday: Pittsburg, Pa., April 16, 1912.

To the Manager and Board of Directors of Justice Printing & Publishing Company, Gentlemen: We, the undersigned wage workers, employed in the office of Justice, hereby inform you that the entire force have joined the Industrial Workers of the World and we hereby notify you that we have the label of the above mentioned organization and request the use of the same in conformity with

MASTER AND MAN. News Item—Mr. Bruce Ismay's name appears among those of the "women and children saved." Mr. Ismay is one of the owners of the White Star Line.

The Captain stood where a Captain should, For the Law of the Sea is grim; The Owner romped ere his ship was swamped And no Law bothered him.

The Captain stood where the Captain should, When a Captain's boat goes down; But the Owner led when the women fled, For an Owner must not drown.

The Captain sank as a man of Rank, While his Owner turned away; The Captain's grave was his bridge and, brave, He earned his seaman's pay.

To hold your place in the ghastly face Of Death on the Sea at Night, Is a Seaman's job, but to flee with the mob Is an Owner's noble Right. —B. Hecht, in Chicago Journal.

the rules and regulations of the I. W. W. (Signed), Elizabeth Hobe, stenographer; Joseph J. Tanner, stenographer; Donald G. Murray, composer; Jos. C. Piert, pressman; Vincent J. Lauer, apprentice; J. A. Sturgis, compositor.

I. W. W. ORGANIZE TOBACCO WORKERS.

At a finely attended meeting of tobacco workers of Pittsburg, Pa., on Sunday evening, April 14, some two hundred workers signed applications, put up the fees and became an organized local of the I. W. W.

The workers of Pittsburg are answering the question, "Is the I. W. W. to grow?" to the best of their ability. Go, thou, and do likewise.

Bruce Rogers writes in from Hoquiam, giving the following news regarding the mill strike:

"Throughout the entire trouble the Finnish strikers and their women have shown the greatest fortitude and solidarity, and for this they will be severely punished by the mill owners and their tools and hirelings, for just as sure as I write this, these grand people will be baited like the Jews in Russia! Nothing but winning the strike will save them.

The strike committee is encountering a great many more cases of distress than can at present be cared for and are sorely in need of funds."

Fellow workers, shall we allow this display of solidarity to go unheeded. Send in funds at once and hold meetings to raise more. United action will win.

ONE BIG UNION FOR C. N. MEN

RAILROAD DAY WORKERS STAND SOLID—STRIKE BREAKERS ARE IMPORTED—MOVE IS COSTLY GUN MEN ON SCENE.

Lytton, B. C., April 18, 1912. "The strike on the Canadian Northern shows the day workers standing solid, and this fact is causing the contractors, backed by the provincial authorities, to exercise all the ingenuity in devising tactics of the brutal order, with a view of intimidating the strikers back to work.

The line and woods are filled with gun men, acting as deputies and provincial police. The strike camps that are on government land are being closed up and the strikers are driven out of the camps by gun men. This has been done at Savana, where 50 men were arrested for trying to persuade Dailey's steam shovel men—Indians and a few Yaps that had been scraped together—to quit work. At Spences Bridge the same took place, with the arrest of 5 men. At Spuzzum, which was the first place attacked by this method, Collins and an Austrian were arrested, charged with intimidating an officer—since changed to "inciting to murder"—they have been remanded for a week and removed to New Westminster.

It is apparently the intention, by these tactics, to make gaps on the line where scabs can be unloaded. Tactics, on our part, are in progress to counteract and render ineffective these costly plans of the enemy, for some one—either contractors or the provincial government—must pay these gun men, who, being professionals, won't even do this non-producing work for nothing.

Our tactics to counteract theirs shall be nameless. We will be content if they prove effective.

The skunk who shot Henry Dobson in the leg had his hearing and was remanded and taken to Ashcroft. Summons were issued to the witnesses to appear there. The Attorney General released him. Henry Dobson was arrested, charged with "trespass on private property" and "inciting to violence," and remanded to higher court.

Another move on the part of the enemy is the holding up of the mail—letters being delivered three days from Kamloops—perhaps with the idea of getting the fellow workers quarreling because their letters are not answered in the time they would be under ordinary circumstances.

News just received from Hope Camp, which was on government land, that they have been chased off. We are trying our best to establish these camps on rented ground. If we succeed in this, their next move may be to close up all places. To do this they will have to break their sacred property laws, and, while we have no doubt they will resort to this if necessary, they know that it will open the eyes of the workers very quick and may only do it as one of the last steps. Then will come the game of keeping them on the move both night and day, as the boys will stick, or, it may be, we will decide for as many to get back on the job as can, carry the strike on the job, and repeat the dose until they have had enough.

Word comes from Yale that Station men have quit because of police protection. Many of them at the meeting of Station men at Lytton said they would under no circumstances work under police protection, but some are not living up to their promise. With them out of the way, the situation would have been much simplified in our favor.

News from reliable sources to the effect that have at last succeeded in getting a gang of Italians, who are told there is no strike on, to ship for \$2.25 for 10 hours and board themselves, and a gang of English speaking workers to be shipped from Vancouver this week end. They will find some of the scabs dear at any price and will learn more about I. W. W. tactics.

The provincial government really thinks it can drive the I. W. W. out of British Columbia, but in the end it will find that it can not stop effects from following causes—like King Canute of old in commanding the tide to stand still. The tide of economic discontent will continue to rise, and will sweep before it all governments that obstruct its course.

So far there has been only one striker reported killed. At Dailey's shovel camp at Savana, when 150 men went to ask the Indians to quit, they ran the "dinky" engine through the bunch suddenly, one man stepped on the wrong side, got a gash in his head and ribs and legs broken. He was taken to Kamloops hospital and has since been reported dead. At present it is not certain if the rumor is correct. Yours for Industrial Solidarity and Victory. THOS WHITEHEAD.

THIS GOT MANN ARRESTED.

The following article was from the first issue of the monthly journal, "The Syndicalist" and its appearance for distribution among the soldiers in hand bill form was what caused the arrest of Tom Mann and those connected with the magazine.

Open Letters to British Soldiers:

Men! Comrades! Brothers!
You are in the army.

So are we. You in the army of Destruction. We, in the Industrial or Army of Construction.

We work at mine, mill, forge, factory, or dock, etc., producing and transporting all the goods, clothing, stuffs, etc., which make it possible for people to live.

You are working men's sons.

When we go on strike to better our lot, which is the lot also of your fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, you are called upon by your officers to murder us.

Don't do it!

You know how it happens. Always has happened.

We stand out as long as we can. Then one of our (and your) irresponsible brothers, goaded by the sight and thought of his and his loved ones' misery and hunger, commits a crime on property. Immediately you are ordered to murder us, as you did at Mitchellstown, at Featherstone, at Belfast.

Don't you know that when you are out of the colors and become a "civvy" again, you, like us, may be on strike, and you, like us, be liable to be murdered by other soldiers?

Boys, don't do it!

"Thou shalt not kill," says the Book.

Don't forget that!

It does not say, "unless you have a uniform on."

No! Murder is murder, whether committed in the heat of anger on one who has wronged a loved one or by pipe clayed Tommies with rifles.

Boys, don't do it!

Act the man! Act the brother! Act the human being!

Property can be replaced. Human life, never!

The idle rich class who own and order you about, own and order us about also. They and their friends own the land and the means of life of Britain.

You don't. We don't.

When we kick they order you to murder us.

When you kick you get court-martialed and cells.

Your-fight is our fight. Instead of fighting against each other, we should be fighting with each other.

Out of our loins, our lives, our homes you come.

Don't disgrace your parents, your class, by being the willing tools any longer of the master class.

You, like us are of the same class. When we rise, you rise; when we fall, even by your bullets, ye fall also.

England, with its fertile valleys and dells, its mineral resources, its sea harvests, is the heritage of ages to us.

You, no doubt joined the army out of poverty.

We work long hours for small wages at hard work because of our poverty. And both your poverty and ours arises from the fact that Britain, with its resources, belongs to only a few people. These few, owning Britain, own our jobs. Owning our jobs, they own our very lives.

Comrades, have we called in vain? Think things out and refuse any longer to murder your kindred.

Help us to win back Britain for the British and the world for the workers!

FERRER VINDICATED.

A Belgium newspaper has received information from one of the executives of the estate of Professor Francisco Ferrer, of the Modern School, who was executed over two years ago by the Spanish government, largely through the efforts of the Catholic church, for alleged participation in the Barcelona bomb throwing, that the supreme court at Madrid has practically reversed the judgment of the military court and declared Ferrer innocent. The confiscated property has been restored to Ferrer's heirs.

Ferrer's name will be honored among thinking people long after the names of his murderers have been entirely forgotten.

THIS WAS NOT SABOTAGE.

"San Francisco, April 15.—Running short of twine a child augmented his kite string with a piece of wire. In flying the kite at Mason and Broadway streets the metal connected with the high power transmission wires. Running lines of fire darted from pole to pole and two fires resulted. The fire alarm system was grounded and the department had to be summoned by messenger and telephone. A heavy steel pole was warped where it came into contact with a loose wire end and a steel rail was practically severed by the heat. People along the line rushed to their houses and remained there until the current had been cut off at the power house."—News Item.

Had there been a tramway strike in progress the whole affair would have been blamed to the I. W. W.

SOME DIFFERENCE.

In the spring time blithe and gay,
With an air of spendthrift rake—
Then the painters briskly say:
"Send us up some sirloin steak."

But when winter's frost and snow,
Through all nature sends a shiver,
Then they ask in accents low:
"Mister, what's the price of liver."
—Painters' Journal.

To be found out, there lies the crime.—Ex.



SAN DIEGO, CAL., HAS ENACTED SCENES THAT RIVAL THE WORST ATROCITIES OF DARKEST RUSSIA. FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, AND PEACEABLE ASSEMBLY HAVE BEEN TRAMPLED UNDER FOOT BY AS CONSCIOUSLESS A CREW OF PROFIT PIRATES AS EVER DREW A BREATH. ARRESTS FOR SPEAKING UPON THE STREETS, AND FOR "CONSPIRACY" TO UPHOLD LIBERTIES SUPPOSEDLY GUARANTEED BY THE CONSTITUTION, HAVE INCLUDED SOCIALISTS, SINGLE TAXERS, TRADES UNIONISTS, AND OTHER LIBERTY LOVING PERSONS. THE I. W. W. MADE UP THE BULK OF THE PRISONERS. MEN WERE TURNED OVER TO AN ILLEGAL CITIZENS MOB BY THE OFFICIALS OF SAN DIEGO. ALL WERE BADLY BEATEN, SOME WERE CRIPPLED, AND TWO WERE KILLED OUTRIGHT IN COLD BLOOD. SAN DIEGO'S PROSTITUTED PRESS TOLD OF DYNAMITE, POISONED WATER SUPPLY, ARMED MOBS OF WORKERS AND OTHER THINGS EQUALLY ASININE. THE CITIZENS AT FIRST SWALLOWED THESE FAIRY TALES, BUT NOW THE TIDE IS TURNING. THE ABOVE CARTOON SHOWS THE STATE OF MIND OF SAN DIEGO'S CITIZENS UPON READING "NEWS" INSERTED IN THE "KEPT" PRESS AT THE INSTIGATION OF SPRECKLES AND THE M. & M.

BUILDING A NEW SOCIETY

(This article was purchased by the International Socialist Review with the promise that it would appear in the November or December issue of that magazine, and as it was not published the editor feels that there is no harm in printing it in the "Worker" at this time. The ideas contained herein will be elaborated upon and will appear in pamphlet form in the near future.—Editor).

Industrial Unionism has pushed itself to the front within the surprisingly short period of time, and with a compelling insistence has become the foremost topic under discussion in the labor world. It, like other new subjects, has been misrepresented by its avowed friends as well as by its bitter opponents. That the growth of industrial unionism is due to economic conditions and therefore is evolutionary is a fact so apparent as to admit of no argument.

The sentiment within the craft unions for a broadening of their sphere for a closer federation in the industries—is illustrative of this tendency. Yet as we shall later see, it is evident that the craft unions cannot evolve into an industrial organization even though their members may develop into industrial unionists in belief.

The desire for industrial unionism also manifests itself, however imperfectly, in the mass upheavals of the unorganized workers in the larger industrial centers. But mass uprisings, or even mass organization, is as far from industrial unionism as is the affiliation of craft bodies.

Industrial unionism presents itself in three parts and fails of its purpose if any one of these be slighted. These three are FORM, AIM, TACTICS.

The form of industrial unionism must be in conformity with that of capitalist production; it must organize cell for cell, tissue for tissue, with capitalism. Its changes must be evolutionary to accord with the concentration of industry. Organization, then, lies along industrial lines and is not based upon craft or territorial division.

The grouping together of craftsmen in an industry does not meet the form of capitalism as it altogether leaves out of the reckoning that vast and ever-increasing army of unskilled laborers. The introduction of additional labor-saving and labor-displacing machinery, the further sub-division of labor, and the continued crushing out of the middle-class, are factors adding daily to the number of unskilled and propertyless workers. A false industrial unionism based upon a closer federation of skilled workers will be doomed to disappear as capitalism advances.

The industrial form must not be arbitrary and for present working purposes should be composed of departments corresponding with the industries as they now appear; sub-departments in accordance with the present divisions of those industries; national unions of workers engaged in a specified line of endeavor; locals of these same unions; and branches of these locals for the better conducting of trade and shop affairs. In using the word "national" it is not meant that the union concerns itself with those imaginary boundary lines between Mexico, Canada and the United States, but only with such natural divisions as are made necessary by distance or other barriers to close communication.

In its aim the industrial union must not contest itself with a species of guerilla warfare but must strive for the ultimate abolition of the wages system. Further, the industrial union must form the structure of the new society within the shell of the old. To regard this as Utopian is to deny history, for in this same manner did capitalism build itself within feudalism, disregarding the laws and customs of the latter, until finally it generated strength sufficient to break the shell. So must it be with the society of the future. Even now it is in the course of construction. The industrial union furnishes a means of carrying on industry when capitalism is overthrown, and precludes the disappearance of the state. So far as functions are concerned:

The General conventions correspond with the Congress.
The Departmental Conventions correspond with the State Legislatures.
The Industrial District Councils correspond with the City Councils.
The Local Unions correspond with the Counties or Wards.
The Branches correspond with the Precincts or similar divisions.

Delegates from these various sections correspond with congressmen, senators, representatives, councilmen and so forth.

This contrasting with political and industrial representation does not imply that present institutions will find a counterpart in the next social order. In fact, many institutions will disappear altogether.

Present political divisions will of necessity die out under an industrially managed form of society. It is not conceivable that men selected from various geographical divisions can function as industrial representatives. This is to be seen in present society, for the legislative bodies today, while ostensibly selected from certain political areas, are in reality no more than the representatives of the various economic divisions of the employing class.

The commission form of government may be said to be another evidence of this tendency. It is advocated because men elected from wards cannot be relied upon to possess sufficient knowledge of civic affairs to properly conduct the city administration. The commission plan allows the selection of men capable of managing the different economic departments of the city and makes these officials directly responsible for the department in their charge.

The workers, as well, must select their executive officers, not because of popularity, but solely on account of their fitness to perform the duties connected with their office.

The work of these representatives from the different departments will in time become almost wholly statistical in nature.

The tactics of industrial unionism, naturally, are mainly applicable to the every day struggle, yet they must at all times be in accord with the ultimate aim.

Various forms of strikes, sabotage and direct action go to make up the tactics—these, of course, to be conditioned by the circumstances surrounding each particular case. The tactics can be condensed into the following short rule: "NEVER DO WHAT THE EMPLOYERS WANT YOU TO DO."

The workers should not strike in the dull season in their industry except to aid other workers who are striking.

They should strike without notice so no arrangements can be made to hire and house scabs.

They should leave their tools where they may happen to be when reached by the strike order, or else put them in some out of the way place. The consequent confusion and disorder makes it doubly hard for scabs to operate a plant.

They should endeavor to stop the raw materials from entering a strike-bound district and the finished product from leaving.

They should slow up in their work whenever a strike is imminent, so as to give the employers no chance to fill orders when the works are closed. This increases the economic pressure on the employers and thus shortens the strike. It lessens the army of unemployed by creating employment and makes the position of the workers more secure.

They should sign no contracts with the employing class unless forced to do so by economic pressure. Contracts are simply agreements to scab for a certain length of time at a specified wage.

They should, if forced to sign contracts, break those same contracts the first opportunity they have to better their economic conditions, or whenever they can aid fellow workers on strike by so doing.

They should break all injunctions restraining their liberty by acting in such large numbers as to render such mandates inoperative.

They should, if a strike is not speedily settled, apparently submit and return to work before their forces are utterly demoralized. They can then strengthen their ranks and await a more favorable opportunity to resume the strike.

They should, when possible, in cases of dispute, remain at their posts and turn out the product in such shape as to render it unfit for consumption. The employers are generally at a loss to know how to meet this form of strike and the demands are granted.

The above mentioned tactics and others as well could be illustrated by actual occurrences but space forbids. One actual happening that can be applied with slight changes to other lines of work are as follows:

"Striking waiters with their friends entered a scab restaurant and occupied every seat. They ordered the cheapest dish on the bill of fare and remained at the tables and counter until all the regular customers had departed without being served. The proprietor, seeing his profits melting away, acceded to the demands of the waiters when the same procedure was attempted at the next meal hour."

No remarks regarding industrial unionism would be complete without a mention of the general strike. There is a widespread misconception that the general strike means a planless cessation of work backed by no organized methods. Such is not the case.

The general strike means a stopping of work in a city—an industry—or a nation. The social general strike means the cessation of work throughout all society.

Considering the manner in which all industries are interwoven and how conditions in one branch affects the other, this cannot be said to be the Utopian dream it appears at first glance.

A general strike is a basic industry—such as transportation or coal mining—would almost immediately throw hundreds of thousands of others out of employment. The voluntary aid of all revolutionists, together with the stopping of raw materials and finished products, with its consequent curtailment of expenditures, would soon complete the tie-up in all industries. The result would be the SOCIAL GENERAL STRIKE.

A requisite conscious minority of industrially organized workers, having within their union the framework of the future society—or in other words the means of carrying on production—could step in when the capitalist forces were sufficiently disorganized and resume the production of absolute necessities.

The sluggish majority would be revolutionized to such a degree that they would accept the change made upon the initiative of the active minority and by rapid degrees a normal productive condition would be reached.

Two other theories of the revolutionary change are advanced, but certainly this seems the most logical of the three.

To believe that a majority of the workers, on a certain date and under everyday conditions, can institute a general lockout of the employing class, is as fallacious as the idea that the casting of a majority vote on a certain day in the year, by persons vested with the franchise, will cause the masters voluntarily to turn over the industries to an unorganized working class, or to workers divided into many warring crafts.

In summing up it seems that the form, aim and tactics of industrial unionism is firmly based upon the proposition that between the working class and the employing class there is nothing in common, and in its actions emphasizes the ideas that AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL. It furnishes a means of fighting the everyday battle; forges a weapon with which to abolish wage slavery; and forms the structure of the next social order.

Industrial unionism is the hope of the disinherited and dispossessed proletariat. It is the voice of the future. It spells at once—EVOLUTION and REVOLUTION. Its assured success means an end to class rule and the rearing of a race of free individuals.

LISTEN, O MY MASTERS!

(By Covington Hall).

And listen you men who are now serving in the "regular armies" of the Masters of the World, you who, for a beggar's pay, now interpose yourselves, a stolid and unthinking mass of flesh and steel, between the World's spoilers and the World's toilers, listen for the day is once more at hand when TREASON is the SUPREME DUTY of every MAN and MUTINY A SOLDIER'S HIGHEST OBLIGATION.

And listen you priests and preachers who are now blessing deeds of infamy and blood; listen you he-prostitutes of press and platform; listen even you militiamen, you "things" with souls of mud; listen all ye who serve and pander to the Masters of the World, lest our Mother Labor in the hour of her triumph, which is near, be as merciless to you and yours as you have been to her and hers. Listen!

Have you heard the babies crying in the mills? And the mothers moaning at the task that kills? Have you seen the haunting horror in their eyes,
Just before the last hope fades away and dies?

Have you ever seen the old man gasp for breath,
Begging shelter, food and clothing at the gates of death?
Have you ever watched earth's derelicts go down,
In the hopeless sea of sorrow sink and drown?

Ah! you say "the child but suffers for the deed,"
That "'tis reaping where the father sowed the seed?"
That "the mother's sin must flower and unfold?"
That "the work's-another's?" But YOU reap the gold!

YOU—the strong, upon a baby's labor live,
And YOU rape it of the glory love did give;
And YOU made the law which YOU proclaim is just,
And YOU grind the child-heart into golden dust.

In the holy name of "business" you have done
That which Nero's black and monstrous soul would shun—
Taken bread from those too weak to rise and fight,
Seized the orphan's penny and the widow's mite!

Listen, O My Masters! listen, ere we come
Mad to meet you, to the roll of hunger's drum!
Listen, O My Masters, ere it is too late—
Even now men's hearts are flaming into hate!

Listen, O My Masters! Listen, all ye hiring host!
Listen, all ye gunmen, who greed's shameful service boast!
Listen while our hearts are tempted to see mercy done—
LISTEN! FOR OUR TRIUMPH IS AS CERTAIN AS THE SUN!

A DAY OF REST.
(By Ralph V. Chervinski).

Within the last few decades, long before the thought of Social General Strike as a concerted direct action of the proletariat originated in our minds; long before any united, direct action of the working class insured a speedy approach and final realization of universal solidarity, without which we cannot successfully combat the master class, the idea of having the First of May as an international "resting" day sprang into existence.

The idea of the general cessation of work was not inaugurated with a view of having a mere un consequential, passive demonstration. It was germinated by some revolutionary spirits with the purpose of showing to the rest, not as yet awakened proletariat, what such an exhibition of compact solidarity, if once realized, is capable of achieving in furthering the interests of the proletariat on the one hand and eliminating those of the bourgeoisie on the other.

The First of May is a day of rest; of wonderful, most significant rest. It is the embryo of the impending Social General Strike when EVERYBODY will rest.

Fain would our friends, the politicians, belittle the significance of such a rest; in vain does such a prominent parliamentarian as August Bebel ejaculate in the Reichstag: "General strike—general nonsense." Neither he nor his confereres can stop the onrushing tide that will help us to sweep the masters off the face of the earth.

And what a ridiculous inconsistency on the part of the parliamentarians! While they are most strenuously advocating the cessation of work on one day, the First of May, at the same time they are most bitterly opposed to one day being prolonged into many.

Until recently the observation of the First of May has been confined, more or less, to large cities with a large proletarian population. But as the time passes on it involves more and more not only provincial towns but the whole country as well.

There are class-conscious men who, under stress of circumstances, are compelled to sell their labor power on the First of May. But there is not a man among them who does not feel that he OUGHT NOT TO WORK on that significant day of rest.

From feeling to thinking is one step. From thinking to acting is another. And the time is not far away when all of us who belong to the "thinking" class WILL ACT. The seed that was implanted into our minds a few decades ago will bear fruit of which only we, the proletariat, the most useful class in society, will partake.

No man is worthy of the name who does not study and seek to improve the conditions under which he lives.—Ex.

THE PROSTITUTE.

(Alexander Ralph, in Oakland World). It was his won't hours his work was done, in the early morning hours, to walk up Kearny street; first for a bit of fresh air, and, secondly, to look at the kaleidoscope of night life, that prism of garish and hectic colors. For though he had shorn his Pegasus of wings and harnessed him to the commissary wagon, had given up his insecure position of a short story writer with ideals, and gone in for newspaper work, the habit formed in his younger days still persisted. He felt the call of romance, the romance which is found beneath the workaday suit of the business world; found in the cafes and middle class French restaurants; found in the ebb and flow of the human tide on the main thoroughfares, in its swirls and gyrations in the side streets, and even in the most prosaic business offices. But the streets were the man's keenest joy. Sauntering slowly, his correctly dressed figure slipped unobtrusively through the crowd with that quiet self-effacement bred by years of newspaper training. Yet nothing escaped him. He, without seeming to do so, looked upon the faces of those that passed, and he thought of what Turgenief had said about the human face—that in everyone is to be found a remarkable resemblance to some animal, for wolf, goose, lion or vulture. To him it seemed that the starved dog predominated. Men they were, worn with the ceaseless tramping of the terrible treadmill of toil, crucified by misery, smutted by squalor. Dogs, he thought, whipped by a merciless lash into hopeless subjection. Occasionally passed the hyena type, as he mentally dubbed them. Dressed in the latest styles, though the cut of their clothes was invariably exaggerated with rings on their fingers and chains on their vests, there was yet something in their pale faces, heavy-lidded eyes, loose mouths that irresistibly suggested the hyena. The newspapers and magazines called them picturesque white slaves; the street called them several names, the most respectable of which is maceraux. Women passed, overdressed, meretricious, with a blighted bloom on their cheeks, a bloom which but served to mask a terrible pallor. For a long time the man had racked his diction-rich brains for a parallel from the animal kingdom. But he found none. He had finely, walking slowly, arrived at that place in the street which is flanked on one side by a square in which stands the Stevenson monument on which are inscribed the some what Phillistine pronouncements about earning a little and saving a little more, and flanked on the other by the hall of justice. One could stand on the roof of the hall and throw stones on brothels, on opium dens, Chinese lottery joints gambling holes and wine saloons. In the hall, every day, the jolly, convivial judges of the city made their witty pleasantries at the expense of the unlucky ones who appeared before them, the hungry vagrant, the "wine bums," the street walker who had not been able to earn enough to cultivate the valuable and indispensable friendship of the officer on the beat, the starving snatch-purse, the pickpocket and hold-up who had carelessly failed to "get in right" with the administration. The humorous pleasantries of the jolly judges sometimes set these unwise and unfortunate ones free, but more often they sent them to those boarding houses which a solicitous county and state had provided. It was between the hall and the square that he met her, or, to put it more correctly, that she found him. She was a woman tall and blonde, with a little glide in her walk and with head thrown defiantly back. But the blighted bloom was on her cheek and her eyes were fixed, dead. When she first imperturbed him, he was annoyed, very much so; his intellectual revel in types had been rudely interrupted. But when they passed beneath the garnish light of the arc he looked upon her face for the first time—an involuntary cry escaped him—"Alice!" She looked full at him. "Why, it's Kenneth!" she whispered, and her dead eyes grew live again. Back in Stockton, in the bloomtime of their lives, they had met, had gone to school together. They had loved. Cal-love is the somewhat ridiculous term with which a prosaic world has dubbed this early tenderness. Stupid world! This feeling in the pure breast of the child is ideal, clear as the tiny stream high up among the crags of the Sierras, unsmudged by crass desires. The love of mature life is even as that same stream in the lowlands, sluggish, coiling its way, yellow with silt, turgid, impure. For a space they were silent, the man and the woman. Memories of the past, like the lingering scent of a rose that is dead, seemed to whelm their inmost souls. Then he spoke. It was in the business-like monotone of the office. "Alice, you have come a good ways since that time." Unconsciously he referred to what was in both their minds—"that time." "I suppose," the woman smiled bitterly, "you want to know the story. It is as simple as it is sordid and everyday. I came to the city and went to work in a department store. I was alone and underpaid. Wages were cut. We struck; some of us. But every one was against us. Even the unions. The teamsters hauled the goods to the store, the delivery men delivered. All union men. But the papers were the worst. They suppressed our side entirely and gave columns of space to the boss. The public were poisoned against us by cleverly written articles." "You see," interrupted the man, "a newspaper is not a free agent. It must consider its clientele, especially the advertisers. Now the department store is perhaps the largest and most consistent advertiser." "Oh, I know," broke in the woman, with an impatient movement of her hands. "We were beaten," she continued; "I was in debt and

absolutely discouraged." She paused like one hesitating before plunging into a cold stream. Then—"A man came along. The rest you can guess. Gradually I went down hill, until, now, I am what you see a streetwalker." The man stood uncomfortable, nervously pulling at his gloves. "Oh, I—" he hesitated, "Well, I struggled along uncertainly, writing stories, poems, articles, everything, which no one wanted principally because I foolishly made my own canons of art and absolutely refused to write what the magazines wanted. Finally I gave up the Quixotic fight. I went to work for a newspaper, the 'Courier,' I was successful, very successful. I became city editor, the best, says Mr. Callow, the publisher of the 'Courier,' that he ever had. The paper makes very few mistakes; it antagonizes very few." "How long have you been city editor?" whispered the woman. "Five years," he said proudly. "Then," and her voice shrilled, "you were the editor who handled the news of the strike, who lied about us, who crucified us on the press!" The man hung his head. "You—you—" her voice choked, "you damned prostitute!" And she gathered her skirts about her as if to avoid contamination, and swept proudly up the street. The man stood as one stunned.

POLITICAL PARTIES AND DISCIPLINE.

The following resolutions adopted by the I. W. U., and inserted in the constitution, clearly defines the attitude of the organization towards the question of politics: "Whereas, The primary object of the Industrial Workers of the World is to unite the workers on the industrial battlefield; and "Whereas, Organization in any sense implies discipline through the subordination of parts to the whole and of the individual member to the body of which he is a part; therefore be it "Resolved, That to the end of promoting industrial unity and of securing necessary discipline within the organization, the I. W. U. refuses all alliances, direct or indirect, with existing political parties or anti-political sects, and disclaims responsibility for any individual opinion or act which may be at variance with the purposes herein expressed."

TWO VIEWS.

The Social Democratic Herald, Milwaukee, says: "Probably New Zealand comes nearer to having a Socialistic government than any other country." It would be interesting to know from what source our Milwaukee friends derived their information. Guess New Zealand has a long way to go yet!—Social Democrat of New Zealand.

THE BASIS OF INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM.

The existing method of wealth production and exchange, together with all social relations resulting therefrom, including all institutions, whether political, religious or judicial, has come to be known generally as CAPITALISM. We find society to be divided practically into two groups: One owning the natural resources and all wealth producing agencies; the other dependent alone upon the sale from day to day of its power to produce wealth through machinery applied to the raw materials. One is the employing class; the other the working class. The dominant section of the employing class is known by the technical term of BOURGEOIS, while the entirely propertiless portion of the workers is called the PROLETARIAT. The bourgeois group lives upon profits; the proletarian exists upon wages. The fact that the toilers today are not given food, clothing and shelter at first hand, as were the chattel slaves; nor handed a portion of their product, like the serfs of ancient days; but receive in return for their services a money payment, has given to capitalism the name of THE WAGE SYSTEM. The interests of the employing class and the working class cannot possibly harmonize, as both are striving to obtain a larger part of the wealth that is created. Where one gains the other loses. An increase in the rate of wages, generally speaking, means a decrease in the amount of profits, and vice versa. The difference between wages and the total product of labor represents unpaid labor—profits—theft—SURPLUS VALUE. The conflict arising as a consequence of the diametrically opposed interests of the two classes breaks out in the form of strikes and lockouts, boycotts and blacklists, slugging and sabotage, and similar actions more or less approaching a state of actual warfare. All these are manifestations of THE CLASS STRUGGLE. In selling their labor power the workers are forced to part with it for a price that nowhere approximates the amount of wealth which they create; but rather tends to be the equivalent of the amount it takes to create them. In other words, they receive enough of the medium of exchange to allow them to purchase the necessary food, clothing and shelter to fit them to return to their task the next morning and to enable them to replace themselves with other proletarians when they are deemed unfit for the productive process. This price is conditioned by supply and demand, by the standard of living in a country or section of country, and it is an economic law which holds ONLY where competition reigns supreme in the labor market. The labor power of the workers is a commodity which is bought and sold upon the labor market but the important difference between this and other commodities is that labor power is wrapped up in human flesh and blood, and has the capability of becoming conscious that it can cease to be a commodity through class organization. Upon those who now realize this rests the burden of making other toilers conscious of the same fact; they must strive to create CLASS CONSCIOUSNESS. The creation of class consciousness, while heightening the present struggle, brings nearer the day when society will be freed from class rule. Class consciousness creates a solidarity among the producers which bears the same relation to the ris-

MAY DAY AS LABOR DAY.
(By Fred W. Heslewood).

May Day is here. Again the workers of every civilized country in the world will meet together to discuss ways and means for the betterment of the working class. May Day as Labor Day was adopted by the workers of the world who recognize no national boundary lines or any other schemes of the master class which are being used to keep the workers divided on patriotic or religious lines. The day is appropriate. It is the day when the birds sing their song of freedom from the trees which have been shackled in the winter's frost. It is the day when the flowers stand forth in their beautiful array, licking in the free air and sunshine and making the world more beautiful. Everything that grows rears its head in freedom except the wage slave, and he—in the face of twentieth century progress, with the automatic machine and all labor-saving devices in the hands of the master class—is bowed in submission; is clothed in rags; lives in hovels; and grovels like a whipped spaniel before the whip of hunger wielded by the slave-driver. After being robbed of four-fifths of the product of his toil, the American worker accepts the day in September which is donated by the boss, and proclaimed by a president whose hands were steeped in the blood of workers who were fighting for a small portion more of the product of their toil. On the labor day set aside by a murderous president, at the behest of labor fakirs and masters, the workers are expected to go to church and listen to the master's agent vomit forth the lies of how capital and labor are necessary to work "hand in hand" for the uplift of "OUR GLORIOUS COUNTRY." May Day is for the workers, set aside by the workers, and celebrated by the workers of all countries. September labor day is for the masters, set aside by the masters, and celebrated by the masters and their paid henchmen for the successful victory over labor in being able to keep them on their knees before the molar of capitalism, and engulfed in all the superstitions and conventionalities which go to bolster up a decaying robber system. May Day will live and will always be celebrated by the world's workers by reviewing the struggles of our class in its fight for emancipation, while the capitalist labor day will die with all the other institutions now used to keep the workers in ignorance and clawing at each others throats in the wild scramble for bread. ON with everything that tends to overthrow capitalism and unite the workers of all countries. DOWN with the robber class and all institutions used to perpetuate their thieving system. Hurrah for this labor day as being another milestone passed on our road to freedom.

PERSONNEL OF THE NATIONAL CIVIC FEDERATION.

At the recent convention of the American Federation of Labor, in Atlanta, Georgia, the delegates of the United Mine Workers of America brought in a resolution calling on those officers of the A. F. of L. who were members of the Civic Federation to withdraw from that body. Mr. John Mitchell, who was at one time president of the United Mine Workers, was given the alternative of withdrawing from the Civic Federation or resigning from his membership in the Mine Workers. He resigned from the Civic Federation. The incident at that time attracted considerable attention. The miners, after setting their own house in order, then carried the fight right into the American Federation of Labor itself. The debate occupied the whole of one day and brought forth some very candid expressions of opinion, both with regard to men and matters. The resolution was defeated by an overwhelming majority, and the position of the officers of the A. F. of L. as members of the Civic Federation was thereby endorsed. A list of the executive of the Civic Federation is a delicious morsel as will be seen from the following:

Executive Council.
Seth Low, president.
Samuel Gompers, vice president.
Nathum J. Bachelder, vice president.
Ellison A Smyth, vice president.
Benjamin I. Wheeler, vice president.
Isaac N. Seligman, treasurer.
Ralph M. Easley, chairman executive council.
John Hays Hammond, chairman committee on pure food and drugs.
William R. Willcoop, chairman employers' welfare department.
Alton B. Parker, chairman department on reform and legal procedure.
Nicholas Murray Butler, chairman Industrial economics department.
August Belmont, chairman department on compensation for industrial accidents and their prevention.
George W. Perkins, chairman wage earners insurance department.
Seth Low, chairman department on regulation of industrial corporations.
Emerson McMillan, chairman department interstate and municipal utilities.
Mrs. John Hays Hammond, chairman woman's welfare department.
E. R. A. Seligman, chairman taxation department.
D. L. Cease, secretary.

Executive Committee.
On the Part of Employers:
William D. Baldwin, president Otis Elevator Co., New York City.
William Barbour, president the Linen Thread Co., New York City.
William C. Brown, president New York Cen-

tral lines, New York City.
George B. Cortelyou, president Consolidated Gas Co., New York City.
Frederick H. Eaton, president American Car and Foundry Co., New York City.
Otto M. Fidlitz, Building Trades Employers' Association, New York City.
David R. Francis, president Francis Bros. & Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Marcus M. Marks, president Association of Clothiers, New York City.
Samuel Mather, Pickands, Mather & Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
Charles A. Moore, manufacturer, New York City.
George M. Reynolds, president Continental and Commercial National bank, Chicago, Ill.
Frank Trumbull, chairman board of directors Chesapeake & Ohio railroad, New York City.
Theodore N. Vail, president American Telephone and Telegraph Co., New York City.
Harris Weinstock, Weinstock-Nichols Co., San Francisco, Cal.

Executive Committee.
On the Part of Wage Earners:
Samuel Gompers, president American Federation of Labor, Washington, D. C.
Warren S. Stone, grand chief International Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Cleveland, Ohio.
James M. Lynch, president International Typographical Union, Indianapolis, Ind.
A. B. Garretson, president Order of Railway Conductors, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
James Duncan, general secretary Granite Cutters' International Association of America, Quincy, Mass.
W. G. Lee, president Brotherhood Railway Trainmen, Cleveland, Ohio.
William D. Mahon, president Amalgamated Association of Street Railway Employees of America, Detroit, Mich.
Timothy Healey, president International Brotherhood of Stationary Firemen, New York City.
W. S. Carter, president Brotherhood Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, Peoria, Ill.
Daniel J. Tobin, president International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Indianapolis, Ind.
D. L. Cease, editor Railway Trainmen's Journal, Cleveland, Ohio.
John F. Tobin, general president Boot and Shoe Workers' union, Boston, Mass.
Joseph F. Valentine, president International Molders' Union of North America, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Denis A. Hayes, president Glass Bottle Blowers' Association of United States and Canada, Philadelphia, Pa.
William D. Huber, president United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, Indianapolis, Ind.
And members of executive council.

Executive Committee
On the Part of the Public:
William H. Taft, president of the United States, Washington, D. C.
Franklin MacVeagh, secretary of the treasury, Washington, D. C.
Elihu Root, United States Senator, New York City.
Andrew Carnegie, philanthropist, New York City.
John Ireland, archbishop of the Roman Catholic church, St. Paul, Minn.
James Speyer, Speyer & Co., New York city.
Walter George Smith, president Conference of Commissioners on Uniform State Laws, Philadelphia, Pa.
Albert Shaw, editor "Review of Reviews," New York City.
V. Everit Macy, philanthropist, New York City.
Theodore Marburg, political economist, Baltimore, Md.
Jeremiah W. Jenks, political economist, Ithaca, N. Y.
Frederick N. Judson, attorney, St. Louis, Mo.
Talcott Williams, economist writer, Philadelphia.
Charles Stelzle, The Men and Religion Forward Movement, New York City.
John M. Stahl, Farmers' National Congress, Chicago, Ill.—B. C. Federationist.

FOOL-KILLER DISCOURAGED.
"What's that?" asked the fool-killer.
"That's an unemployed man in a vacant lot," said I.
"Why don't you have him work on the lot and produce something?" asked the fool-killer.
"Because," I said, "we suffer from over-production already; and, besides, the owner of the lot won't let him work on it."
"I must get my club," said the fool-killer.
"Hold on!" I said. "Pretty soon we will arrest the man, because he does not do anything; then the judge will fine him, because he has no money; and we will keep him idle in jail because he was idle out of jail; and the taxpayers will pay for all that."
The fool-killer gasped, "I must order a galling gun."
"Don't go off half-cocked," I said. "Those are our laws."
"Who made those fool laws?"
"Everybody, civilized men," said I.
"The men that pay the taxes?" asked the fool-killer.
"Why, yes."
"I must swear in some deputies," said the fool-killer.
"Stop," I said; "no one speaks like that about the laws; they are the accumulated wisdom of the ages, and must be treated with respect."
"Why don't some one tell the truth, and say the laws are stupid and wicked?" asked the fool-killer.
"We kill such fools as speak the truth about such things," said I.—Ex.

A commonplace feat of labor with the workers, when performed by a capitalist, takes on enormous proportions.—Ex.

ing structure as mortar does to brick. It cements the individual entities into an inseparable whole. It is one of the pre-requisites to the building of a new society within the shell of the old—a society in which all who are physically able shall be useful producers and in which the workers shall receive the full equivalent of their social product.

HALLELUJAH! I'M A BUM.

Sarcasm and ridicule are weapons of which the workers are but beginning to learn the power. Full many a laurel wreath should crown them for their victories. When the workers accept the epithets hurled at them by their traducers the words prove a boomerang to those who uttered them. The German Kaiser called the Socialists "Fatherlandless rascals" and the more rebellious of them accepted the phrase as a tribute. Haywood was dubbed an "undesirable citizen" and the radicals took up the cry with glee and the words have come to mean any worker who demands better conditions. The master class forces a large portion of the workers into idleness and then through its subsidized agencies calls them "hoboes, tramps, vags and bums." To these charges the real revolutionist answers that no worker is three weeks away from being a bum and only those who have master class ethics and ideas would deny the charge. The panic of 1907, which, by the way, is still with us, increased the number of "bums" and made popular the biting sarcasm of the song which runs:
O, why don't you work
Like other men do?
How in Hell can I work
When there's no work to do?

Hallelujah! I'm a bum,
Hallelujah! bum again,
Hallelujah! Give us a handout—
To revive us again.

Pain is largely mental and what can the master class do if we refuse to feel bad when they call us names? And when the jails no longer have terrors for the toilers?
Larger and larger grows the number of workers who refuse to think in terms of a class other than their own. They join the bums in singing:
Whenever I get
All the money I earn,
The boss will be broke,
And to work he must turn.

The prospect of having to do a day's useful toil weighs heavily upon some, but in spite of all the workers will sing in sarcastic strain:
Hallelujah! I'm a bum,
Hallelujah! bum again,
Hallelujah! Give us a handout—
To revive us again.

