

TELL THE WORLD OF ETTOR'S 'CRIME'

W ★ EMANCIPATION ★ W  
EDUCATION ORGANIZATION

DUTY OF LOYALTY TO OUR CLASS

# Industrial Worker

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

VOL. 4 No. 10

One Dollar a Year

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1912

Six Months 50c

Whole Number 166

## CALL PUBLIC NOTICE TO THE TRIALS OF JOSEPH J. ETTOR AND ARTURO GIOVANNITTI

### NO FOREIGNER BUT THE BOSS

SECOND MONTH FINDS STRIKERS FIRM—NATIONALITIES FAIL TO DIVIDE—POLICE CONTINUE THEIR ACTIVITY.

Two months of the great strike of 7,000 workers in the construction camps on the C. N. R. have passed and the strikers continue as firm as at first.

During the early days of the trouble the contractors were confident that within a short time strife would break out among the sixteen different nationalities engaged in the struggle with the result that one nationality would scab upon another and thus break the strike.

The strikers, however, have learned that there are only two nationalities, and that these nations are divided by class and not by geographical lines. They realize that in one nation are the contractors, no matter where they were born, and in the other nation are the workers, no matter what country they happen to hail from.

They know that if their condition is to be improved they must all stand together and as a result of this solidarity not a break has occurred among the 7,000 men who had walked off the job some two months ago.

The contractors are getting desperate and although not a single instance of lawlessness or violence has occurred upon the side of the strikers, the Canadian Government has been appealed to and police and detectives came in lots of hundreds and thousands. These vultures are stationed all along the line from Hope to Kamloops, adjacent to the camps of the strikers.

From the time of their arrival all kinds of lawlessness and brutality on their part has taken place.

Last week the police issued an order to all strikers that they must either go to work or go to jail, but when it was discovered that the boys all preferred jail to scabbery these brutes then started their reign of terror, with actions equalled only by the thugs of San Diego.

They herded the boys together and drove them out of the country, tore down our camps, closed up our halls, and at Lytton closed our headquarters, although we owned the building and had a five years lease upon the ground, all at the behest of the contractors.

The police tore down the sign and nailed up the hall, after driving out of town the 300 men stationed there.

Still they are not able to get scabs, try as they will, to take the places of the I. W. W.

About the 25th of April twenty men were shipped to Yale from Vancouver by an employment office. These men were informed that they were to work on the Canadian Pacific. When they were unloaded and discovered that they were expected to act as strike breakers they all bolted. Part of them, after being provided with food by the strikers walked back to Vancouver. The rest, having some money, stayed around town all day and in the evening went to the station to take the passenger train to Vancouver.

As they were boarding the train, Martin Welch, accompanied by about a dozen police, approached them and informed them that they must either go to work or go to jail. The men, all of whom were Italians, were taken forcibly through town to the office of Martin Welch, there to be guarded that night. The following morning they were forced across the Fraser river into one of Welch's camps.

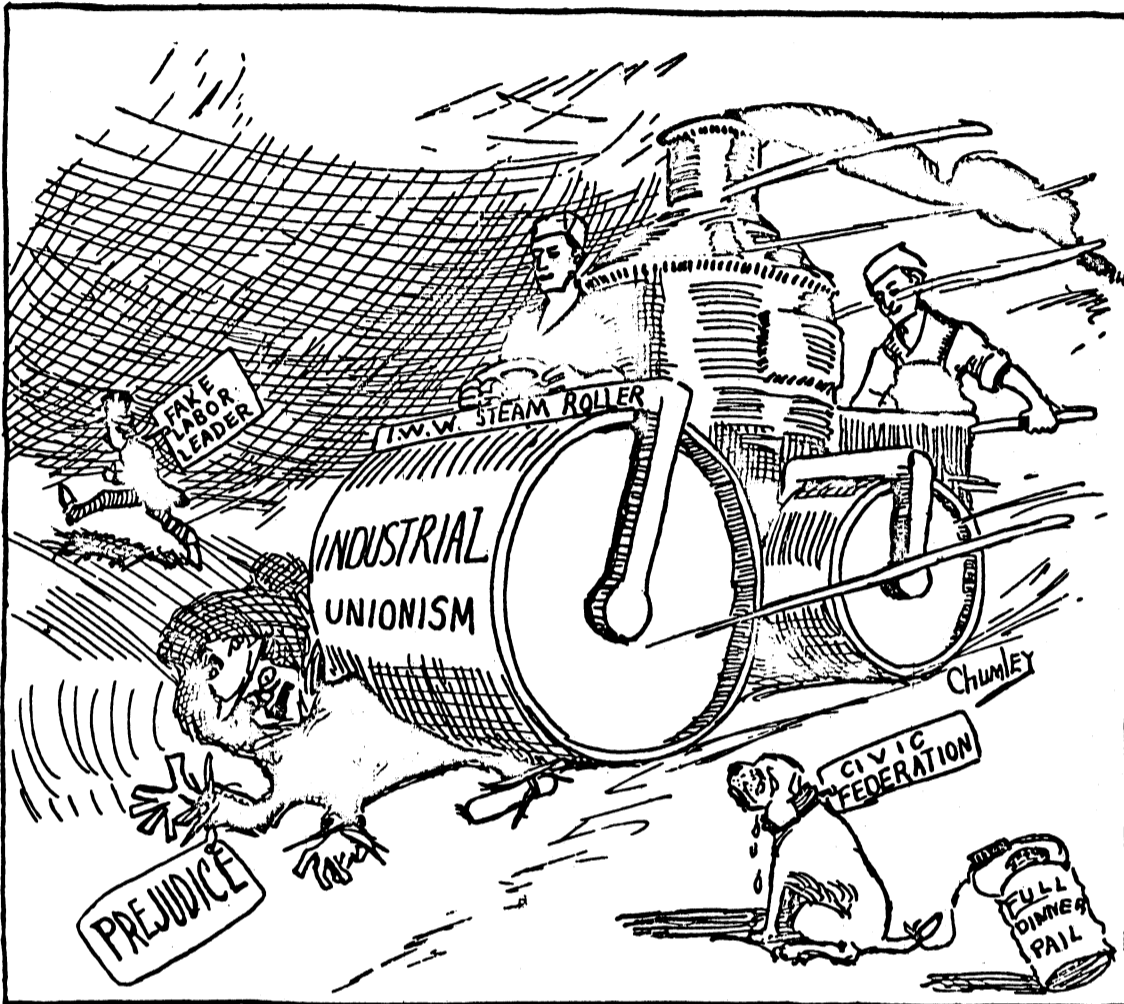
Still the men stand firm with lines unbroken. Their statement was quite well expressed a few days ago by one of the strikers, Peterson, a negro. Peterson has been one of our most active and loyal members. He was arrested with a dozen others and charged with vagrancy.

At the fake trial Peterson was asked what he had to say for himself and with the finest spirit in the world he replied: "Judge, I have a principle and that principle is to stand with my fellow workmen... Judge, you haven't got power enough to sentence me long enough to kill that spirit."

Peterson was given six months at hard labor. He accepted the sentence with a smile. As he was led to jail he remarked to the court, "I will come out a better revolutionist than I was when I went to jail."

That is the spirit of the Canadian Northern strikers. It is a revolutionary spirit. It is a spirit that the masters cannot understand and is destined to be the spirit of the workers of the world—the guiding spirit of the on-coming revolution. FLOYD HYDE.

"The poor—is any country his? What are to me your glories and your industries—they are not mine."



WE ARE SMOOTHING THE ROAD TO INDUSTRIAL FREEDOM

## WHO ARTURO GIOVANNITTI IS

A SHORT SKETCH OF HIS LIFE, BY JUSTUS EBERT.

Interlocked in the great Lawrence strike with the name of Joseph J. Ettor is that of Arturo Giovannitti. Throughout the land we hear references to the "Ettor-Giovannitti trials." Ettor was the chief organizer and public leader at the beginning of the memorable and vicious textile struggle; Giovannitti, the orator. To him fell the task of arousing enthusiasm, aiding and cementing the ranks and driving home the lessons and tactics of the hour among the Italians who were a prominent factor in the strike. And well adapted was Giovannitti for the task. Tall, robust, with a powerful voice, intense, earnest, rousing impression on his hearers. Nor was the knowledge derived from working class experience lacking; for Giovannitti's career in America has been typical of the proletarian struggle for existence under advanced capitalism, such as prevails here.

Giovannitti was a miner, bookkeeper and teacher, before he became the editor of *Il Proletario* and the Italian orator of the Lawrence strike. In the bowels of the earth, he wielded a pick, in the coal mines of Canada; and he has slept, starved and unemployed in winter, on the benches of the parks in the city of New York. Giovannitti has traveled far, physically and mentally, only to learn those facts about capitalism that bring conviction and eloquence to the men in the movement destined to bring about its overthrow—the movement toward socialism, towards industrial democracy, and for the workers as against the shirkers.

Arturo Giovannitti is an American by experience but an Italian by birth. Campobasso, a city of forty thousand inhabitants in the province of Abruzzi, Italy, is now better known for his having been born there. Giovannitti has put it on the map. He is now twenty-eight years of age. His family are liberals and socially well connected in the city of his birth. His father and elder brother are physicians; his younger brother, a lawyer.

Together with his mother, they are very much interested in his case. His father desired to come to this country to aid in his son's defence, but filial regard caused Giovannitti to dissuade him from doing so, as he wished to spare his aged parent the travel and pain attending such an event.

Giovannitti was educated in the university of his native city and left there when sixteen years of age to seek his fortune in this land

of golden promises and brutal realities, like many of his fellow countrymen. The reason for this emigration, Giovannitti has well set forth in a recent article in the *International Socialist Review*, on the causes of the Italian War in Tripoli.

As an illustration of his ability as a thinker and as a specimen of his style as a writer and orator, this article is typical. It may also be quoted because of the light it sheds on the immigration problem. Says Giovannitti:

"The Italian proletariat, especially in the south, has remained through the last forty years what it has always been, the same people of old, mostly addicted to agriculture, stock raising and other labors that are strictly confined to the surface land. Now during these forty years the population has steadily grown with that impetus that has made Italian fecundity famous all over the world, whilst the land has remained the same.

"The Italian bourgeoisie having, through their utter lack of courage and capacity, been unable to erect industries adequate to the necessity and even to apply modern systems to farming that the land might have grown more productive, has been left to face a desperate problem—that maintaining 35,000,000 people on the resources of the country and at the same time keep their own profits at the same level. After years of discussion, scheming and heavy thinking, they have been able to find only one solution: to depopulate the country.

"The only remedy then, that was left was emigration. For the last thirty years, the Italians have been emigrating at the rate of three to four hundred thousand a year, flocking mostly to the United States and South America. Here, however, the Italian peasant, which gives the highest percentage of emigration, has lost its characteristics, and having developed at home a sullen hatred for the land which has been such a cruel step-mother to him, he has refrained from agriculture and invaded the industrial fields.

"Had the Italian peasantry in the United States taken to farming they could, perhaps, upon their return home do what the landlord bourgeoisie had not been able to do; develop, fertilize and till the soil after the scientific American ways and still manage to live—but as they have become industrialized and as the few Italian industries are over-crowded, it follows that all those who emigrate to the United

States are entirely lost to the mother country. The few that return home either become small proprietors and business men there, or, and this in most cases, sell whatever they have however they best can, gather all their family and clan and sail again for America."

It is this profound sociological tendency that caused Giovannitti to drift to America twelve years ago. After knocking about at various jobs, he obtained employment in a coal mine in Canada, nine years ago. It was in the Dominion that he got his first taste of modern industrialism on an advanced scale. Giovannitti, two years afterwards, secured a clerical position in Springfield, Mass. There he became a socialist. He was also very much interested in the protestant religion and was preparing to enter the ministry. He took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in a Seminary. It is a striking testimonial of the man's personality that though he has drifted away from Protestantism, his former teachers are at present standing by him and are very much interested in the legal proceedings intended to deprive him of his life.

Shortly after, Giovannitti came to New York. Here he joined the Italian Socialist Federation. He was a member of the La Lotta club (The "Struggle" club). During the discussion between La Lotta club and Circle Soslidista di Bassa Citta (Downtown Socialist club), Giovannitti became a convert to syndicalism and revolutionary action. While a member in La Lotta, he was engaged by the uptown branch of the Y. M. C. A., West 58th street, to deliver a religious talk. This led to a misunderstanding. He was regarded with distrust, though he was at this time without a home, without employment and was compelled to sleep in the parks in winter. Giovannitti did not live by selling his ideals. He is a man of conviction and willing to suffer for them. This incident in his own life was the cause of a poem by him entitled "The Blind man," which has been very much admired.

It was at this time that Giovannitti became a bookkeeper in this city. Such was his interest in all matters of progress and science, that his room on West 28th street became the nightly meeting place of men of various nationalities interested in literary, artistic, political economic and other questions. These nightly discussions broadened the intellectual horizon of Giovannitti.

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### INVESTIGATION ANGERS THUGS

PATRIOTIC PIMPS DEFEND "LAW AND ORDER"—SAN DIEGO SLUGGERS SEEKING COVER—INVESTIGATION NOT LIKED.

San Diego, Cal., May 20, 1912.

The wild lawlessness of the vigilantes who are ruling San Diego to her ruin continues unabated. Every day sees some new phase of the wild orgies of crime and intimidation that has been a regular procedure since the murder of Joseph Mikolasek on May 7th.

When Emma Goldman and Ben Reitman arrived on the 14th they were met by a howling mob of vigilantes and outlaws and followed to the hotel. One woman stood in an auto screaming "Soak her! Soak her!" at the top of her voice. Profanity of the vilest kind was hurled at these noted lecturers by hundreds of the criminal element of San Diego who had been collected for that purpose, while the police to the number of more than a score looked on without a protest. That evening the mob, which had been augmented by all the pimps and barrel stiffs that could be collected in the city, went to the hotel more than a thousand strong and demanded that Reitman and Miss Goldman be driven out. The mob showed their patriotism by carrying small U. S. flags and large guns and clubs, and singing a supposedly patriotic song. It was this mob which prevailed on the very willing manager of the U. S. Grant Hotel to send Miss Goldman away. She took the train that night for Los Angeles.

Reitman, however, was not allowed to go in peace, for a dozen or more of the vigilantes forcibly took him from his room while the chief of police looked on, and after placing him in an auto he was taken into the country. There his clothing was all taken from him, he was branded with hot wire, and tar was poured over him and smeared with the leaves of sage brush. The only thing that was returned to Reitman was a suit of underwear and enough money to get to Los Angeles on. This exploit of the vigilantes was hailed by their official organ, the Union and Tribune, as a great victory of patriotism over the I. W. W.

The Tribune fears that if Miss Goldman had been allowed to stay here that "even W. D. Haywood, the chief of the I. W. W.'s, would have hastened to San Diego to reorganize the scattered battalions of his tripe-visaged crew." The Tribune may rest assured that though the I. W. W. has been "scattered" they have not been disorganized, and whether Haywood comes here or not, the work of laying plans to whip San Diego is well under way and will be carried to a success by the men who are doing the fighting.

On the 15th the vigilantes thought they had all I. W. W.'s run out of town or in jail, and started in to make a clean up of everything that looked like opposition to their methods. Their first stunt was to call on Moore and Robbins, the attorneys for the I. W. W. and tell them to leave town at once, as it was very distasteful to them to have any one appear in court in defense of the I. W. W. The next day Moore and his stenographer, Rawlings, were arrested by vigilantes and taken to the police station and further warned by both the vigilantes and the police. They have received several warnings since, and have been trying to get the protection of the court in which the cases are being tried, but have had almost no success in that line.

On the 15th the vigilantes started in to make a general clean up of all those they did not like, and began a general canvass of the town to warn every one that they must never in the future give any aid or encouragement to the I. W. W. or they would be driven out. One man who keeps a rooming house was told that if he allowed any agitators to stay in his house he would have to leave. But this was not enough to suit their order-loving souls, so that night about thirty of the vigilantes went to the place where the San Diego Herald is printed and destroyed the forms of that paper, and threw the type into the melting pot. They then told the printer that no more of the Herald might be printed on his press, or they would destroy his plant.

On the morning of the 16th the vigilantes went to all the printing firms in the city and told them that if any printing was done that the vigilantes themselves did not approve of, the entire printing plant would be wrecked. This was tried with the firm that prints the Labor Leader, but that paper was printed this week, though, whether it can be issued again is uncertain. But the law and order element was not through with the Herald, for thirteen of them went to the editor of that paper and told him that if he would print all copy

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