

Industrial Worker

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

VOL. 4 No. 42

One Dollar a Year

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, JAN. 9, 1913

Six Months 50c

Whole Number 198

NEW YORK STRIKE IS WON

(Special dispatch to the Industrial Worker.)
Utica, N. Y., Jan. 2.—The city provided the largest theatre in Little Falls, N. Y., for the strikers to hold a meeting at which the acceptance of the offer of the mill owners was ratified. The meeting was the largest ever held in Little Falls. The strikers all return to work on Monday with a raise in wages of from five to twelve per cent on the 54 hours schedule. Everybody is happy. Another victory scored for the One Big Union.—Fred Moore and Phillips Russell.

The winning of this great strike means a great forward step in the textile district of New York. We must not forget that there are the cases of the arrested men yet to be attended to. Here is a list of the victims of Little Falls tyranny who are held to answer on a charge of assault in the first degree.
Filippo Bocchino, bail \$15,000.
Benj. J. Legere, bail \$15,000.
Fred Hirsch, bail \$5,000.
Orovio Morlando, bail \$10,000.
Antonio Preta, bail \$5,000.
Rocco Flomeno, bail \$5,000.
Pietro A. Carnachio, bail \$5,000.
Mallnac Lugaiza, bail \$1,000.
Tony Capitana, bail \$1,000.
Antonio Shtino, bail \$1,000.
Dominico Bianchi, bail \$5,000.
Carlo Pinio, bail \$5,000.
Held to Answer on Charge of Riot.
George H. Vaughn, bail \$5,000.
Louis Lesnicki, bail \$5,000.

Denver Speakers Under Arrest

On Dec. 26, fellow worker Arthur Rice spoke on the streets of Denver, Colo., taking as his subject the brutalities of the police in Little Falls, N. Y. The Denver police arrived in the midst of the description and after listening for a time they were so conscience stricken by their own brutality in the past that they thought the speaker was referring to them. Rice was placed under arrest. His brothers, Jacob and Frank were also seized by plain clothes men and thrown into jail.

The fact that the police of Denver have murdered several unarmed men in the past few years makes them rather touchy about criticism. In fact they say that the I. W. W. speakers can talk about anything they want except to mention, one way or another, the police. They do not want the foul condition of their jails to be generally known and most particularly they do not desire it to be generally known that there is a rake off in the feeding of prisoners. And still less do they care to have any publicity on the manner in which arrested persons are farmed out to three different courts by a general understanding.

The trial started on Saturday, but was continued until Monday. The judge refused to allow a jury trial. A. Rice was fined \$10 and costs for contempt of court for calling a witness a liar. The witness stated that Rice advocated the use of dynamite. The Associated Press came out with its usual lies and sent word throughout the country that the arrest was because of a plot against the life of Governor Shafroth. The judge refused to allow witnesses for the defense to give testimony.

Arthur Rice was fined \$10 but no case was made against the others. Meetings are still being held on the street and as soon as Rice is released he expects to hold one of the largest street meetings Denver has ever known.

This case is simply added proof that the police are the servile tools of the employing class, and stool pigeons for the employment sharks.

North Dakota Readers Attention

You who receive the "Industrial Worker" unsolicited please note that we are filling unexpired subscriptions to the late North Dakota Call. No bill will be sent you.

We ask you to show us the same fairness you demand of prospective converts to your own propaganda. Read the paper carefully. Note the absence of paid advertising. This allows us to print facts that other papers must suppress.

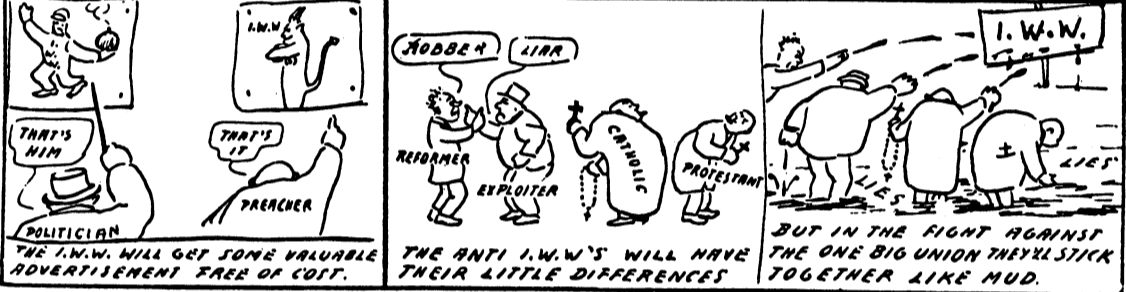
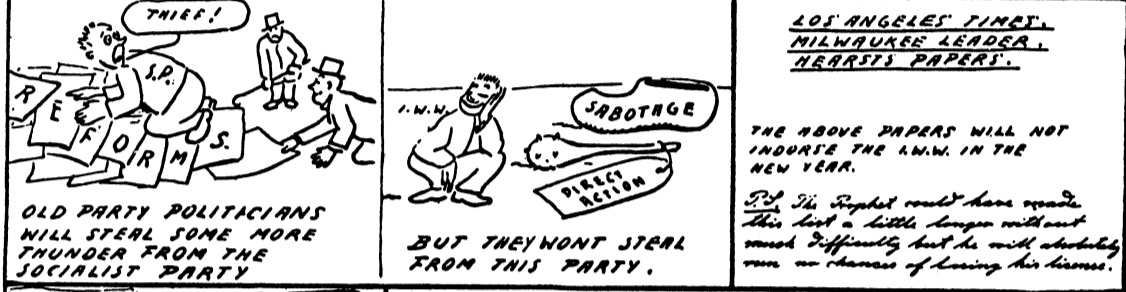
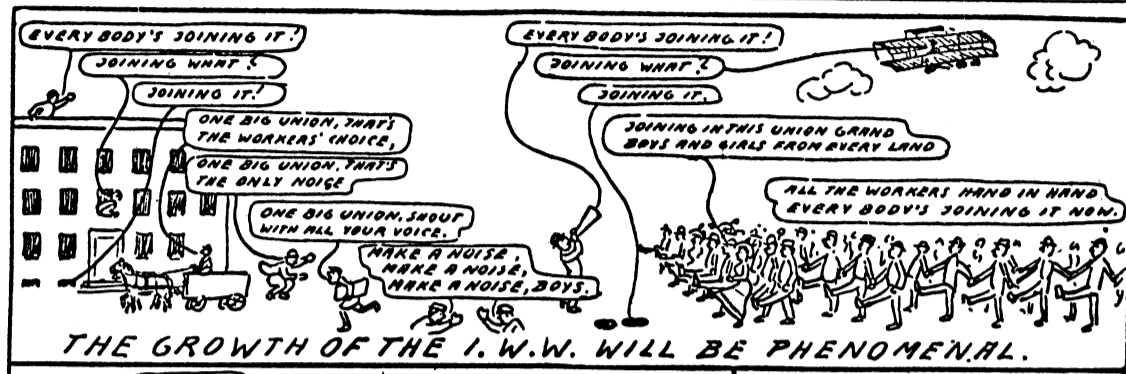
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Industrial Worker, Box 2129, Spokane, Wash.

OVERHEARD ON THE SAN PEDRO WATER-FRONT.

First Slave: "Why is that fellow looking over to the other side so longingly? Has he a girl over there?"

Second Slave: "Girl, nothing! He's waiting for the slave driver to come over and give him a ticket for a few hours work."



PROPHESIES FOR 1913 BY E. RIFBE, CARTOONIST PROPHECY'S LICENSE NO. 23

Burns' Defective Skunks Would Murder Covington Hall

The degenerate scum that forms the Burns Detective Agency are trying to find ways of murdering all those who are prominent in the fight against the thieving Southern Lumber Operators Association.

The caustic comment on detectives and the burning articles in regard to peonage in the south have caused the Burns men to hate Covington Hall with such fervor that detectives have been selected to take his life.

Before dealing with that we will substantiate the statements in regard to peonage in Merryville, La., by a sworn statement.

STATE OF LOUISIANA,
Parish of Calcasieu.

Before me, James C. Meadows, a Notary Public in and for the Parish of Calcasieu, State of Louisiana, on this day personally came and appeared Joe Jones, who, upon his oath, deposes and says: That he was approached by a colored man on Orleans street, Beaumont, who told him that they wanted hands at Merryville, La., for a new job. He was told that he would receive his pay every Monday night, but Monday night is passed and no pay.

That when he came to Merryville, La., he was put to work in a mill that was inclosed in a plank wall about eight feet high; that he and others worked under an armed guard; said guards kept watch on them everywhere they

went, and at night. That he was sick and wanted to come in town to get some medicine; that one of the guards at the gate told him he could not get back without a pass, and they (the guards) would not let him come out till he worked a while and until they found out he was sick. After getting out, he would not go back; that they certainly made them work for the price of \$1.75 per day and that they charged them \$4.00 per week board.

That you could not get out of the enclosure unless you had a pass.

Original Signed
JOE (His X Mark) JONES.
Attest: J. A. Martin, H. T. Pensen.

Sworn to and subscribed before me in the presence of J. A. Martin and H. T. Pensen, lawful witnesses, on this 18th day of December, 1912.

(Signed) JAMES C. MEADOWS,
Notary Public.
A true copy from the original exhibited to me this day.

New Orleans, La., December 24th, 1912.
ERASTE VEDRINE,
Notary Public.

From this affidavit it can be seen that the men are being taken to Merryville under false pretences and held there by force. We notice that the Honorable ? Governor of Louisiana

has taken no action in the matter. He knows his master's voice.

The peaceable attitude of the 1300 workers on strike and the powerful articles of Hall in telling of the crimes of the Lumber Trust and the actions of the Burns hyenas, has made the infamous "Saw Dust Ring" determine to start something.

The following sworn statement shows that the gunmen are looking for trouble:

STATE OF LOUISIANA,
Parish of Calcasieu:

Before me, James C. Meadows, a Notary Public in and for the Parish of Calcasieu, State of Louisiana, personally came and appeared R. L. Aycok, who, upon his oath, deposes and says: that he was helping to fire at night at saw-mill "B"; that he was working between the 11th and 16th days of November, after the strike at Merryville, when, during a conversation with one of the guards, he (the guard) said he would be glad if some of them g—d—n B. of T. W. would start something; he would like to kill some of them, to set an example, like they did at Grabow. He says to me, "You see Geo. Gardiner or Jim Estes and be sworn in and help us kill them; George Gardiner would get us out of it."

(Signed) R. L. AYCOCK.
(Continued on page 4)

MERRYVILLE MEN NEED AID

(Special dispatch to the Industrial Worker.)
New Orleans, La., Jan. 3, 1913.—Merryville strikers are still standing solid as a stone wall. The plant is still shut down tight despite Kirby's aid and Santa Fe gunmen. The Company is now trying a game of freezeout. The association is boasting that it is going to starve the workers back to work and re-establish the old peonage system firmer than ever. The only thing the boys ask and need is provisions.

Will their rebel brothers see them starved back into submission. If not, hurry funds and provisions to Lee Lovejoy. Don't do it tomorrow. Do it now. The whole plunderbund is lined up against the rebellious Merryville lumberjacks. The whole working class should go to their aid for this strike is a crisis in the war to overthrow peonage.

COVINGTON HALL.

Toilers Enjoy Unique Social

From a San Francisco paper we get the following interesting clipping:

"A unique celebration in honor of the New Year was the smoker and jinks given by the Industrial Workers of the World in I. W. W. Hall on Seventeenth street, the proceeds from which, amounting to about \$300, will be sent to Little Falls, N. Y., to aid the striking textile workers of that city.

More than 1500 men, women and children, representing practically every civilized nation of the world, assembled in the hall and participated in the general jollification that began early in the evening and lasted until the break of day.

The hall was decorated with flags of all nations and on the wall above the speakers' stand were these two mottoes: 'All flags look alike to us,' and 'One big union.'

The program consisted of songs and recitations in every known tongue; piano, lither and accordion solos and fancy dances. Chairman Tuck, in announcing the various numbers, convulsed the audience with laughter by his witty side remarks. Every half hour there was an intermission in the program for the purpose of 'getting acquainted with each other.'

Scores of waiters were kept busy passing around refreshments of all kinds, which were free, as were the tobacco, pipes and cigars.

Following the musical and literary program the floor was cleared for dancing, which continued all night."

Good Tactics at Eugene Oregon

The strike against the Portland, Eugene and Eastern railroad is still on.

On Dec. 19 about 30 I. W. W. strikers left Eugene to take in the camps south of Corvallis, arriving at the top camp at about 11 a. m. the next day. A meeting was immediately held in front of the men at work and as a result every man struck, 42 in all.

Leaving some members to mingle with the strikers the rest continued to the next camp, a small one about one-half mile distant, where the operation was repeated with similar success.

After waiting for the men to get their time checks the whole crowd retraced their steps to Monroe's where they stayed overnight in a friendly barn.

Next morning the men with time checks went to Junction City to get their money while the original group started for Tudor's Camp, No. 13. This is a skinnners camp and said to be full of "conc-heads." Tudor and some gunmen opposed the march of the bunch but without success.

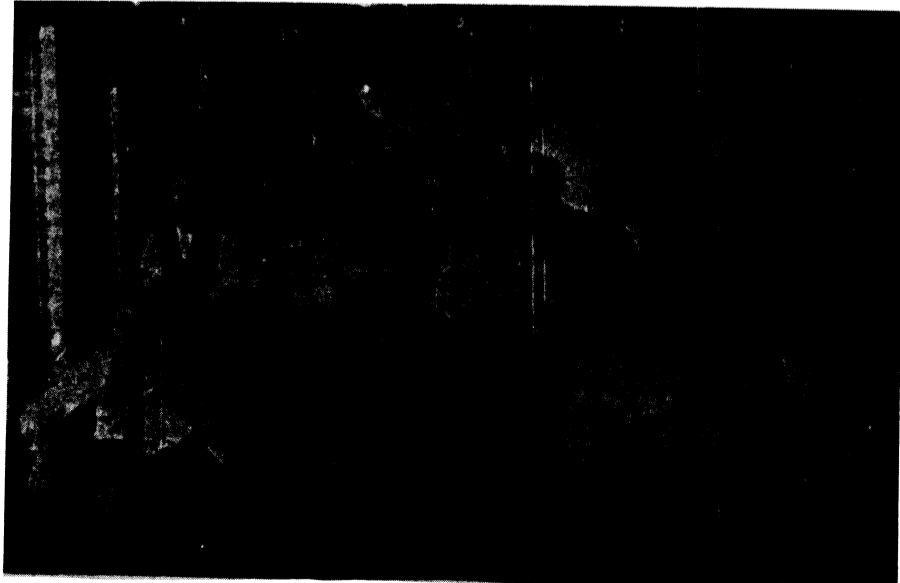
Arriving in camp a meeting was held but as it was Sunday and the men could not get their pay checks that day the success was not so great. Another meeting on Monday morning brought out all the muckers and 12 of the 16 skinnners.

Camp 11 was also visited on Sunday and all men promised to quit the next morning. At five minutes to seven the bunch lined up in front of the job and the foreman yelled "The I. W. W.'s are back." All but four of the men quit.

The same thing was repeated at every camp until the whole line was tied up. The group returned to Eugene on Tuesday after three days of greatest privation but very happy because of the great success.

The strike committee is feeding a number of men at the I. W. W. hall and funds are needed to take care of the families of the married men. Send donations to Strike Fund, Wm. Stewart, Secty., Box 47, Eugene, Ore.

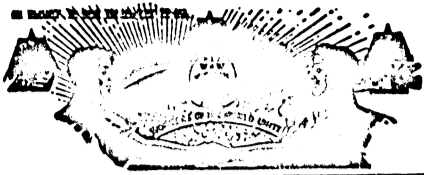
The strikers are determined to win their fight for a 9 hour day with a \$2.50 wage, abolition of hospital graft and discharge of grafting foremen.



LITTLE FALLS STRIKE PRISONERS IN HERKIMER COUNTY JAIL.
Names: Benjamin J. Legere, Filippo Bocchino, Orazio Morlando, Antonio Capuana, Rocco Flomeno, Carlo Firillo, Antonio Preta, Dominico Bianco, Peter Cernochio, Antonio Scietra, Zagaka Wladys, Louis Lesnicki, Fred Hirsch, George Vaughan, Stanley Warchalawski, Steve Kutlach, Oreste Grossi. On shoulder of Bocchino, seated to center, can be seen stream of blood drawn by police blackjacks. Fourteen of these prisoners will be tried in January on charges of assault and may get ten years each in the penitentiary. The working class must save them.



INDUSTRIAL WORKER



Published Weekly by the General Executive Board
Industrial Workers of the World
BOX 2129,
SPOKANE WASHINGTON.

WALKER C. SMITH Editor
Subscription Yearly \$1.00
Canada, Yearly 1.50
Subscription, Six Months50
Bundle Orders, Per Copy (In Canada)02 1/2
Bundle Orders, Per Copy (In United States)02

CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS

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

GENERAL EXECUTIVE BOARD

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

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

If we're wrong—show us. If we're right—join us.

Dispatches from France state that over 80,000 persons have evaded military service by desertion or by mutilating themselves. The anti-military campaign of the revolutionary syndicalists is responsible, says Millerand.

Commodities don't care who produce them. Commodities have no nationality. Commodities have no division lines of race, creed, color, sex or age. Employers look for the best producers of commodities and do not enquire as to patriotism, politics, religion or color of the producers. The I. W. W. knows these things and organizes the producers of commodities into one army to wage war against the employer. Our final aim is products to the producers.

TOO MUCH HOLIDAYS.

We point with pride to the unparalleled prosperity of the local unions as shown by the tremendous increase in bundle orders and literature sales, but we view with alarm our shrinking bank balance due to the unsettled condition of many local accounts.

A word to the wise is not sufficient. Perhaps two words will be. The two words we have in mind are—Pay Up.

SOME CUSS-WORD THAT!

A politician is a—well, we perused the dictionary, searched the encyclopedia, studied the thesaurus, chatted with a mule skinner, listened to a Billy Sunday brainstorm, and read the city directory of Patterson, N. J., but found only a single, solitary word sufficiently packed with venom, vileness, contempt and bitter invective, to be vividly expressive enough to use in this description—now hold your nose, clog your ears with cotton, cease breathing for a spell and beware lest the outraged eyes start from your reeling head—a politician is a politician. Could worse be said?

A CONNECTION.

A dispatch from Detroit, Michigan, tells of how a mob of 300 starving men fought among themselves for a chance to eat a free Christmas dinner. The police clubbed them unmercifully to restore order.

A dispatch from Philadelphia, Pa., tells of a new form of police club, charged with electricity and handled with rubber gloves. When any attempt at resistance is made the offender gets a severe shock.

Those who know hunger and policemen will feel that there is a direct connection between the two widely separated items. But it will take more than electric police clubs to stop the complete expropriation of the masters when the whole nation of workers get hungry for the fruits of their toil.

PLEASE PERUSE THIS PIECE OF PHILOSOPHY.

As deadly as the third rail is the letter P. An extended study discloses the fact that practically all ills from which mankind suffers start from that point.

There is Profit and Plunder for Patrons, Parasites and other Predatory Persons.

There is the Prostituted Press that Panders to the Plutocracy. Prelates, Priests, Popes, Pastors and Preachers from the Pulpit, Poison the mind with fear of Purgatory.

Panics that Produce Paupers and Patricians, causing the Police to take the Poor to the Penitentiary are also to be considered.

Pinkertons with their ever present Perjury, Pimps with their Prostitutes, and Politicians with their Palliatives also go to make up the list which closes with the Polecat—whose Putrid "breath" is as a sweet-scented rose compared with any of the above.

THE DYNAMITING CASE.

The Indianapolis trial is over. Thirty-eight workmen have been sentenced to various terms in the penitentiary on charges of having illegally transported dynamite and otherwise acting as accomplices in the destruction of several steel structures. Most of the men are members of the Bridge and Structural Iron Workers Union of the American Federation of Labor.

The prisoners were turned down in advance by the A. F. of L. even though a large amount of money was raised for the defense. Any attempt of the I. W. W. to have aided them would have been spurned as were our efforts on behalf of the McNamaras.

The adverse testimony in the trial came mainly from the lips of unprincipled and degenerate labor detectives upon whose

word a decent man would hesitate to convict a dog. And even were the men proven guilty beyond the shadow of a doubt we should be slow to condemn them.

It is impossible for one to put themselves in the place of those who stood trial. Assuming their guilt was there not some social justification for their actions.

The iron workers had a craft union. They were faced by the gigantic Steel Trust, the most remorseless organization in the world. The Erectors' Association was fighting them. The Merchants and Manufacturers were on their heels. New forms of production were making their skill a drug on the market. They refused to tamely submit. Dynamitings occurred. To those who were unfamiliar with industrial unionism there appeared to be no other method of resistance.

No doubt various motives actuated the men. Some may have been sordid enough to fight for the union simply because it meant a job for them. Others may have thought of the membership. Some there were whose actions could have sprung from no other source than the vision of a better social order. With the exception of the detectives in their midst there were none who might expect financial returns in keeping with the risks involved. They did not hesitate to act according to the knowledge they had. Let none condemn them unless they are willing to risk as much with prospects of as barren a return.

Every industrialist realizes the futility of trying to keep a craft union in the field to fight a trust. Only on that basis can we criticize the men who fought the class struggle as best they knew.

Had the I. W. W. been back of the case the result might have been a different one. Letting that pass we wish to make it plain that there is no reason to condemn workers who have used dynamite so long as William Wood and John Breen, dynamiters from the capitalist class, remain at liberty.

But dynamite will not solve the labor problem. Industrial Unionism alone can do that.

INDUSTRIALISM IS NOT SYNDICALISM.

The Industrial Workers of the World has entered the industrial arena with a clarion challenge to the old order of things. It interprets the spirit of the times and claims the attention of the toilers. First ignored, then ridiculed, it has followed the course of every departure from established ideas and is now demanding serious attention from all.

The I. W. W. does not neglect propaganda among the skilled workers, but it particularly addresses itself to the unskilled, migratory workers who form the bulk of the working class. This portion of society is constantly increasing. It gains recruits from the displaced skilled workers, from the dying middle class, and from all the rising generation of workers. The I. W. W. alone represents this part of the workers and to it belongs the future.

The craft union has fulfilled its mission—if it ever had one—and must disappear. Those who try to perpetuate it are today the deepest reactionists, even though they may call themselves socialist, anarchist, or syndicalist.

The craft union fosters strife and division among the workers. It fails to conform in any way to the development of production and exchange. It stands in the way of progress and forms a bulwark for capitalism.

Those who hold that craft unions will develop into industrial unions are ignorant of history. There is no record of an organization having developed in that manner.

In the religious field Martin Luther had to start a new church. His ideas found no favor and made no headway in the old.

In the political field the Socialists started a party of their own instead of trying to revolutionize the existing ones. When a difference of policy sprang up within the new party it was settled by a bolt. It is quite evident that the present agitation within the Socialist Party will result in a split, or a withdrawal of the protestants.

The A. F. of L. did not try to force their ideas upon the existing unions. They organized and with the aid of Marcus M. Hanna and other thieving employers, scabbed the old unions out of existence. The cry of dual unionism did not stop them.

The Steel Trust was not formed by the enlargement of small competing steel concerns. A new organization put many of the small fry out of commission, and absorbed the rest by force. Some of the old plants were scrapped and portions of others transferred bodily to Gary, Ind. The story of the other trusts is the same.

The Syndicalists themselves give the lie to their own teachings by withdrawing from the I. W. W. rather than to attempt to change it to conform to their pet theories.

The I. W. W. is not a syndicalist organization, though many regard it as such. It is an industrial union. Capitalism has reached a higher stage of development in this country than elsewhere, and industrial unionism meets the higher type of production and exchange with a better form of organization and up-to-date tactics. It is as far ahead of Syndicalism as American capitalism is ahead of French capitalism.

Industrial unionism accepts all of the syndicalistic tactics that experience has shown to be available for present purposes. It stands for direct action, sabotage, anti-patriotism, and the general strike. It out-socializes socialism by practicing internationalism instead of merely preaching it. The I. W. W. welcomes alike the American born and the Asiatic, although the latter is turned down by craft unionists and political socialists. From Socialism, however, industrialism gets much basic thought, while rejecting all ideas of State control or interference in industrial affairs. From anarchism it gains some useful tactics and vital principles but refuses to accept the individual autonomy that is a preventative to solidarity.

In international affiliations the I. W. W. is more closely allied with the revolutionary syndicalists than any other body. With the trades unions, as such, we have small common interest. With the socialist bodies, formed as they are of persons from other than the wage working class, we can have no direct connection. In most of the other countries the I. W. W. is looked upon as syndicalist.

While it is expected that some little time must elapse before a new organization gets on a perfectly steady keel, and in the meantime some contradiction must appear, still it is well to understand from the outset that the I. W. W. represents a higher type of revolutionary labor organization than that proposed by the syndicalists.

THAT PROPOSED GENERAL STRIKE

By B. E. Nilsson.

In the editorial in the Worker of Dec. 19th, the editor uses the term "direct action" somewhat carelessly in referring to the general strike proposed by the International Socialist Party as a protest against the Balkan war.

The International Socialist Party (or Bureau) calls on the workers to go out on a strike, which will hurt the pocketbook of their employers, so as to make them apply pressure on their respective governments, to make these governments use their diplomatic services to induce the Balkan governments to stop the war. Such a proceeding may be called political action, or indirect action, or see-saw action; it certainly would not be direct action.

Let us suppose that the Workers of the United States and of Germany were to respond to this call. Big Fatty would send an official document to the Sultan of Turkey, as follows: "We are filled with the most boundless admiration for the matchless heroism displayed by the Turkish people in their defense of their liberty, their country, and their religion; it is with the deepest regret we must announce that the Socialists have placed us in such a position that we must withdraw our diplomatic relations from your country unless you stop the war within three days."

This is accented with an unofficial communication telling the Turks to keep right on fighting. Kaiser Billy sends similar communications to the allies.

The unofficial communications are carefully read and as carefully destroyed, while the official communications are given the widest publicity. Net result; the people of the allied countries will be convinced that the Socialists are on the side of the Turks, while the Turks will be equally sure that the Socialists are helping the allies.

And if the war continues, what then? Shall we call another strike to compel our governments to shoot Socialism, and anti-patriotism, and peace, into them with Maxims and Gatling guns.

There is absolutely nothing that we can do to stop the Balkan war unless the people in those countries take the initiative. But the Balkan countries lack the industrial development to make them fertile ground for revolutionary and anti-patriotic ideas. These people want war, and we have no power to stop them, even if it was our business to do so.

The purpose of anti-patriotic and anti-military agitation is to prevent those who like war from fighting those who don't like war; to prevent the ruling class from instigating wars between workers who have no desire to fight; and to weed out the patriotic ideas that lead to war. We can't stop a war between people who want to fight; they must continue fighting until they get enough of it, then they will be more ready to consider anti-patriotic and anti-military ideas.

This misguided call for a general strike is a curious evidence of the political manner of thought. They are so accustomed to thinking in zig-zag and in spirals and circles that they can not even think of the general strike except as it may be used in an indirect way. This may be because the International Socialist Bureau is so situated that it can never take any part in direct working class action; it is forever doomed to indirect action.

Just compare this general strike proposition with the boycott declared against American goods by the rebels in Sweden, in behalf of Ettor and Giovannitti; this was the most direct action it was possible for them to take; it was a direct attack on the pocket-book of American capitalism. And this boycott was declared in response to a call for assistance. The initiative had been taken by workers in this country. If this had not been so, the boycott would have been worse than useless.

THE WORKER.

By Frank Jakes.

The Worker was born of very poor people in the wild and woolly West; people who are called "slum proletarians," or the "scum of the earth" as president-elect Wilson called them in his history of America.

The Worker was a strong healthy baby, shaking his fist at everybody he didn't like, making countless enemies, also many friends. His many pranks and fearless behavior caused his parents much trouble. When he grew older, he became strong, restless and tireless, and soon got a disease that is known as "wanderlust."

The Worker was a born fighter and learned by doing. He is feared by his enemies for his merciless hard hitting blows.

The Worker was from the beginning a friend of the poor, the down-trodden, the propertyless, the "bums," "hoboes" and vags. He encouraged them, brought them together on street corners and in halls; showed them how to fight, taught them to stick together in one big bunch and fight the parasites of society. No wonder the authorities and the powers that be tried to "get" him. They soon found a chance.

The Worker's home town was infested by a big gang of legalized thieves, who robbed the poor working people of their hard earned money, oftentimes their last dollar. The shameless actions of these parasites caused discontent. Suddenly the flame burst out in open rebellion. The Worker rallied the forces, called on his many thousands of friends and soon became the stormcenter. The authorities entered his apartments in the middle of night, treated him roughly and exiled him. The Worker left town with the warning "never to return." But behold! After two weeks the Worker re-appeared in his home town. He was seen on the streets and in the homes of his many friends. Oftentimes he was put in jail to join the rebel bunch. Altho he couldn't abide in his home town anymore, he made his appearance regularly, much to the surprise of the authorities. The Worker kept on fighting fiercely against his enemies and put joy and hope and determination into the hearts of his friends, both inside and outside of jail. After a struggle of a few months he came back with flying colors. The Worker since then has grown into manhood and power.

He has developed physically as well as mentally.

The Worker is a wanderer, a world wanderer. In every nook and corner of the United States you can find him; the Worker is everywhere, he is welcome where ever he goes. You can see him in the tents and bunkhouses of the sturdy miners in the icefields of Alaska. He travels on railroads many a thousand miles, on side door Pullmans, the rods and the box cars. He crosses the ocean many times in the year. He is a welcome guest in South Africa; he is received with joy in Australia and he has made many friends in Europe. In late years the Worker has invaded Canada. All the way from Prince Rupert, B. C., to Montreal has he travelled. Along the Canadian Northern and the G. T. P. he agitated and organized, educated and concentrated the forces of unskilled labor on the railroads. He has made many friends among the aristocrats of labor.

The Worker is a wonderful, forceful fighter. He appeals to the working people by word and deed, illustration and reason. The rich people hate him. Why shouldn't they? His sledge hammer blows are felt keenly by them. They howl for protection, laws, government, investigation, soldiers, deportation. And the Worker? He laughs. With biting sarcasm and bitter irony he dares them to come out in the open and fight, fight like men not like cringing despicable cowards.

The Worker has a cousin way down East. Her parents are still poorer than those of the Worker. But, like the Worker, she is true to her class. She and the Worker are good friends. Ofttimes you can see her accompany the Worker. She is giving him valuable aid in his fight against poverty and misery and wage slavery. They are the hope and the sunshine of the tolling masses.

Who is she? Solidarity! But, who is the Worker, you ask? The "Industrial Worker." All hail to the Worker, the "Industrial Worker."

THE POWERFUL A. F. OF L.

For fear that our readers may think that our ridicule of the alleged strength of the A. F. of L. is simply a matter of jealousy we reproduce a portion of an editorial in the Labor Review of Minneapolis, Minn. The Review is an official organ of the A. F. of L.

PROSPERITY? STRENGTH? POWER? Carpenters Brotherhood two years' financial statement showed a balance July 1, 1912, of \$262,242.77 against July 1, 1910 of \$325,043.66; deficit \$61,800.89.

A. F. of L. deficit in last year's operation \$70,000.00, notwithstanding that over \$60,000.00 more was received from unions in the past year than before by raising the per-capita tax from 1/2c to 2-3c.

Metal Trades. Machinists spent \$625,000.00 on Harriman strike by July 1, 1912; and no nearer success with other trades than when the strike was inaugurated in November, 1911.

Pressmen. Chicago strike cost that International \$125,000.00 in six months. Strike lost.

Plumbers. Spent a two-dollar per-capita assessment and much more to wipe out the International Steamfitters during the past year; have seven men in the Illinois penitentiary at Joliet, and the leader of these latter, "Mosa" Enright who is serving a life sentence for killing Vincent Altman, having implicated the "men higher," according to a rumor, when he observed the attempts before the Illinois Supreme Court to secure his release were futile.

Matters. Mulcted out of \$242,000.00 on the basis of Gompers' implied admission at the Chicago Conference of the Civic Federation in Oct. 1907, that Unions came under the consideration of the Sherman Act.

General. Funds of \$238,000.00 sunk in defense of the McNamaras and \$300,000.00 now being spent to defend some 48 men more in Indianapolis in a trial that now is progressing into its third month.

The Review editor also states that the condition is such that "Every trade union in a death struggle to wrest from any other, title to work, and thousands spent in service pay and litigation to accomplish or, adversely, defend their position."

And this is the boasted prosperity, strength and power of the A. F. of L. after 33 years of buncoing the working class.

Subscribe for the "INDUSTRIAL WORKER."

PREAMBLE OF THE I. W. W.

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

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

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

Their 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.

SCUM

A CHRISTMAS TALE
By Thomas McConnell Jr.
Continued from last issue

A paroxysm of coughing seized Callahan. He coughed and coughed till his face became blue and his eyes protruded. As the spasm rocked him, he clutched the table to steady himself; the table shook with him; and the black bottle and the long bread knife danced before his glaring eyes. Finally the cough subsided. With trembling hands he filled the cup, and gulped down the raw whiskey.

He went again into the bedroom. His son lay on the bed in his dirty clothes; he had not removed even his miserable shoes. Joe stooped over and rolled the lad up in a blanket. He struck a match, and lit a candle on the bureau. Taking this, he knelt at an old trunk and delved into it. It gave up moldy odors; it was full of old clothes and rags; the drunken man let the candle-grease drip into it. After much rummaging, he took from it a woman's hat, a miserable affair, shapeless and dilapidated, a pair of worn-out woman's shoes, and some shabby garments. Annie Callahan wore these in life. With his arms loaded, Callahan blew out the candle and staggered into the kitchen. He had been gone from the kitchen quite a while. Now the heir of the mills was asleep on the chair, with his blonde head bent forward, and his golden curls falling over his ears. Callahan deposited his burden in the middle of the floor. He sat down, after spreading the poor things out with his feet, and gazed at them, at the frayed bonnet, the poor shoes, and at a thin grey jacket, with a great dark blotch on the left breast. Callahan growl furious as he looked at these stained garments.

"They took her away from me, they did, the hounds," he muttered. "They took the mudher away from the boy that's asleep in there. May the curse o' Jesus Christ light down on them fer what they done to me an' mine."

He was mad with drink. His eyes were blazing fires.

The sleeping child was crouched up in the chair, in a position that offered little opportunity for a telling blow. Callahan lifted him stealthily and laid him face upward in the heap of clothing on the floor. Then he shrank back; back to the table; back to the bottle and the knife. Once more he drank—a cupful. His fingers closed upon the knife. It was twelve o'clock by the clock on the wall. Yes, the bells were pealing outside in the churches. It was Christmas. Christ was born again. "Peace on earth and goodwill among men," howled the wind outside. But there can be no peace while there are masters and slaves in the world; there can be no peace while the rich exist to eat the hearts out of the poor. So thought Joe Callahan, as he crept, knife in hand, upon the heir of Dunstan mills. As he stood over the child, the wind broke through a paper patch on the window and blew the candle out.

At dawn the big blue touring car of the Dunstons, traveling like a comet, reached Linden alley. The Chief of Police was in it with three of his men. Mr. Lowe sat with the chauffeur. Dunstan, with the face of a corpse, sat with an old woman who held in her lap a bundle of morning papers. It was Old Annie, the newspaper pedlar.

"An' when I got the papers at half past four this mornin', yer honor," she was sayin', "and read that yer boy was missin', I knew he was the child I saw last night with Joe Callahan, him whose wife was killed in the strike, him that swore he'd make ye—"

"For pity's sake shut up, woman," moaned Dunstan. "You've repeated that three times—him whose wife was killed in the strike. You'll drive me mad."

"It's that dirty house with the hydrant in front," shouted the old woman to the driver.

With a shock the auto stopped before Callahan's house; the police and Dunstan and Lowe got out quickly. They hammered at the door; and got no reply. They were about to kick it in when the Chief of Police turned the door-knob and found it unlocked. They passed in quickly, the police first, with revolvers in hand, and Dunstan and Lowe afterward. The dim light of day went into the parlor through the open door.

What was this on the floor? Callahan, lying face downward. What's that in his right hand? A knife, with the blade snapped off in the middle.

"Where's the other half of it?" asked Dunstan in a voice that was scarcely a voice at all, so full was it of horror.

The Chief of Police walked toward the kitchen, leaving the others in the parlor.

What's that at Callahan's side, with red stains on it? A bloody rag, a piece of white clothing.

"Is he dead?" asked Dunstan of the policeman, who was kneeling at Callahan's side.

"Only drunk," was the answer.

"Then he'll swing for this, the fiend! He'll do like a trapped rat! I'll send him whining into hell. O, my boy! My innocent boy! Let me at this scum! I'll trample the beast to pulp!"

Dunstan was crazed. Again and again, he hurled his boots into Callahan's side. By way of variation, he was about to kick Joe's up-turned face, when—

The Chief of Police appeared in the doorway, carrying in his arms the heir of Dunstan mills, alive and wide awake and smiling.

"Callahan missed him with the knife," said he. "Found the other half buried in the floor through some clothes that the boy was lying on. The fellow must have tried to do the job in the dark, and was too drunk to know that the kid wasn't underneath the clothes that he hit."

"Not a scratch on him!" cried Dunstan, taking the child from the policeman and feeling him all over. "You're not hurt, are you, son?"

"No, I'm cold and hungry, I am. I wanta go home to mama."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Dunstan hysterically. "Not a hair injured. That's Dunstan luck for you."

"Callahan, Callahan! Wake up, man!" roared the Chief, shaking the sleeping weaver. Joe opened his eyes, slowly sat up, and stared at the faces around him. He was sick and sore and stupid. But when his eyes fell on Dunstan and the child, his mouth opened in wonder. As he stared at the child, the events of yesterday came back to him, and seemed like a hazy dream. They pulled him to his feet, and he stood up unsteadily, keeping his eyes on the Dunstons always.

"Is th' bhoys hurt?" he asked at last in mumbbling voice.

"No thanks to you that he isn't, Callahan," said the Chief. "But there's been blood spilt here," and he pointed to the stained shirt at Joe's feet.

Joe looked down at it for quite a while without answering. He straightened up somewhat.

"Yus," he said slowly. "Blood's been spilled, all right—life blood. What'll ye to 'em that shed it? Tell me that."

"We'll hang him," roared the Chief.

"Fair enough," said Callahan, pointing a skinny finger at Dunstan. "Take that mon away. He's the murderer. That is the blood o' Mary Callahan. Look at it. (He picked up the cheap white shirt-waist). It's blood from her heart—a year old. Here's the bullet hole in the left side. (He put an index finger through it). Now ye have the murderer—Dunstan," he hissed, pointing again at the mill owner. "Wull ye take him away and lock him up? Wull ye hang him by the neck till he's dead? Wull ye do that?"

"That's socialistic rot, Callahan. That's another proposition," said the Chief. "You'll have to answer a charge of kidnapping. Come."

"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MASSACHUSETTS?"
By Leon Vasilio.

Five days after the last presidential election, one of the Socialist editors put the above question.

To the wage working class of this continent Massachusetts looms up now as a historic battle ground, as an example of solidarity and triumph, as an inspiring instance of working class achievement of which every slave may well be proud.

Lawrence, Mass., gave the signal of the irreconcilable fight that will be kept up until the last vestige of slavery is done away with. It aroused the working class of the land to a realization of its power; it showed that a law means nothing until the workers have the economic power to enforce it; it terrified the ruling class to such an extent that the largest magazines in the country are talking I. W. W. ever since; it forced even the stolid socialist press to give up its "conspiracy of silence"—in a word, it sounded the clarion call of labor emancipation.

Massachusetts has done and is doing its duty splendidly—as far as the working class is concerned—it can be proud of itself.

But whatever may constitute a matter of pride for the wage slave, it isn't the same for a socialist editor. For here is his lament:

"In Lawrence, where a great industrial fight was conducted, and one financed by the Socialist Party, there is no vote. In fact it has taken back from what it was a few weeks ago. That fight cost the Socialist Party about \$70,000, and yet there seems to be no socialist sentiment among the people who were helped, whose children were brought to New York, and who were assisted to ultimate victory through the work of a now defeated Socialist Congressman. What is the matter?"

To my knowledge, there was but one attempt to answer the above on the I. W. W. side, and that was to the effect that the slaves in Lawrence, being mostly voteless foreigners, women and children, could not be held responsible for electing to office tools of the woolen trust. While that is true, it does not answer the editorial in question.

The real significance of it is, that our contention, that "anything outside of the industrial organization is foreign to the working class," is proven once more. Political maneuvers, be they republican, democrat or socialist, are not related to the working class activity for emancipation. The socialist office seeker, who comes before the working class for votes, like any other politician, on the ground of past and future "services," has nothing to do with the wage slave. What may be considered "ultimate victory" for one, is not at all satisfactory to the other. In the politician's opinion real victory means when he is elected, no matter how much the slave may have to strike and suffer to enforce laws.

Our editor separates his party from the working class, when he tells us: "That fight cost the socialist party about \$70,000." We are boldly told that the socialist party isn't doing these things for the mere love of "assisting" the working class—it wants compensation—votes.

The socialist press, with one or two exceptions, was playing for votes when during the great Lawrence strike it tried hard to convey the impression that the A. F. of L. was putting up the fight, and now is belly-aching that "those who oppose political action have cut into us, have frustrated us and have placed more power in the hands of the master class."

If organizing the strongest and the largest local union in the world—for such is local 20 of the I. W. W. in Lawrence, Mass.—and thus enabling the slaves in the textile mills to gain better conditions, is "placing more power in the hands of the master class," then we plead guilt and will try our best to keep up this criminal record.

Oh, there is bitterness, at times, in this class struggle. If there wasn't how could we appreciate the sweet thought of emancipation? If there are some who will have to revise their opinion between now and then, they will be from the other side. The working class of the world is awakening to the truth of Marx's words: "The emancipation of the working

class is the task of the workers themselves." And some of our learned socialists will wake up some day to find out that they are out of date; that with all the cold facts of this material world, they have learned nothing and forgotten nothing.

It is certainly humorous to hear the same editor advise Ettor and Giovannitti to "combine political action with sane trade unionism." Yes, to be sure, with sane trade unionism in this day of industrial organization. Wouldn't that drive a man to drink?

And now in answer to the question of the New York Call's editor, we will say: Glory to Massachusetts! It pointed to the wage slave the dawn of a bright and glorious day—the day of his emancipation.

LUMBERJACKS HELP TEXTILE WORKERS.

A successful meeting for the benefit of the striking textile workers of Little Falls, N. Y., was held by the joint I. W. W. locals at their hall in Tacoma, Wash., on Christmas Eve.

Without much advertising the I. W. W. hall was crowded, not with gentlemen reformers with silk socks and patent leathers, but with workmen with overalls and caulk shoes. Knowing that sympathy will buy nothing for strikers, they put ten dollars in the collection which was promptly forwarded to the strikers.

J. E. Sinclair spoke on the recent I. W. W. strike in Grays Harbor where he had been baptized in blood through being clubbed by capitalist thugs. His strong arraignment of the lumber trust and his exposure of the dirty underhanded methods used against workers who dared to ask for more of their product, brought the audience continually to its feet, thereby confirming his words. He showed that the same methods are applied wherever workers dare to revolt against masters. His speech ended with an appeal for workers to organize in One Big Union so as to stand solidly together to force the boss to stop persecuting workmen, to gain more of the good things of life, and finally to abolish class rule.

AS ROTTEN AS THE REST.

The Spanish speaking fellow workers of Los Angeles, Cal., have long felt that a paper was necessary to educate the Mexicans who have come across the line to better their living conditions, and when the Mexican War increased the flood of immigration they at once sent an appeal to all labor organizations to aid in establishing such a press.

Imagine their surprise upon finding a resolution, in the columns of Mother O'Neil's weekly wall, from the Randsburg, Cal., Miners' Union No. 44, Western Federation of Miners, calling upon the union membership to endeavor to have a law passed restricting the employment in mines of those who cannot speak the English language.

To get such a law would mean that the miners must go before a capitalist legislature with their plea for race prejudice. Also it will mean that they have slapped the Italian coal miners of the U. M. W. of A. in the face.

"Workers of the World, Unite" and "Down with the Mexicans" match no better than progress and craft unionism.

The jingoistic attitude of the Randsburg Union is a fair sample of the kind of tall that Harry Orchard's Pal fastened onto Sammy Gomer's Civic Federation pup in hopes of wagging the mongrel cur.

While it has been said that "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump" it is likewise true that a good apple stands a poor show in a barrel of rotten ones.

To put it mildly the W. F. of M. has accumulated a few specks since it got in the A. F. of L. barrel.

DO YOU KNOW!!!!
By Frank R. Schieles.

That the wealth of Weyerhaeuser, who has greater lumber interests than any man on earth, is estimated, by some authorities, to be greater even than that of John D. Rockefeller who is given credit with having over a billion dollars.

That Clark has a ten million dollar mansion (some bunk-house that) on Fifth avenue in New York City.

That Clark recently built a million dollar addition to that ten million dollar mansion.

That the papers have just announced that Clarence Mackay will put a half million dollar drawing room into his Long Island home.

That there are about 250,000 workers employed in lumbering and allied industries in the West including British Columbia.

That each of these 250,000 workers would have to contribute \$4,000 to make a billion dollars, the amount which Weyerhaeuser is credited with having.

That each of these 250,000 lumber workers would have to contribute \$40 to pay for that mansion that Clark owns in New York City.

That each of those 250,000 workers would have to contribute \$4 to pay for that million dollar addition to Clark's mansion.

That each of those 250,000 would have to contribute \$2 to pay for that drawing room which Mackay is going to put into his Long Island Home.

That the average bunk-house does not cost over \$20 per man sleeping therein to construct.

That all the bunk-houses in the West do not cost as much as that New York mansion of Clark's.

That the working class must be very liberal (perhaps foolish) to build palaces for the rich and live in hovels themselves.

That the employing class will be willing to take the greater portion of the wealth which the working people produce as long as they are willing to let them do so.

That only thru proper industrial organization can the working class hope to get anything for themselves.

That you should get wise to the above facts.

Send a dime for an I. W. W. Song Book. It contains 43 songs designed to fan the flames of discontent.

A MODEL NOTICE.

William D. Haywood recently received a letter from a wage worker in Toledo, Ohio, in which was enclosed a notice posted by the John N. Willys Co. The correspondent stated that the factory conditions were rather better than the usual run and the notice was comparatively a fair one, but he requested that Haywood give a model notice—such as would be used were he in Mr. Willys' position.

Here is the notice posted by Willys:

Notice to Employees.

Circumstances have arisen which seem to call for a definite statement of my plans and policies.

This factory is operated, and will continue to be operated, as an Open Shop, regardless of creeds or affiliations. No distinction is or will be made between men who belong to unions and those who do not, each being paid according to his ability and merit, and neither will be permitted to interfere with the other.

Everything reasonable and possible will be done to make the factory and surroundings pleasant for all employees.

My success and yours depend upon co-operation, and I ask the support of every right thinking man to make that success unquestioned.

(Signed) JOHN N. WILLYS, President.

The notice that Haywood sent in reply is as follows:

Notice to Employees.

My success in this factory depends upon your co-operation. You have made my business what it is. My labor, ability and qualifications would count for nothing without the least of you. I cannot run this factory alone.

Beside my labor, my only investment in this factory is capital—that is the surplus value created by unpaid labor of others like you.

The surplus value you create in this factory, is the difference between what I pay you as wages and the value of the product of your labor.

Your investment in this factory is labor power. To apply your labor power to the tools and machinery of this factory, you must come here with your brains, your muscle, your heart, your soul, your life. These are your investments upon which depends the success of my factory.

As long as you turn over to me what you produce, I will pay you wages. When you organize your economic power and take and hold what you produce, I and my stockholders will go into the factory with you and work for our mutual benefit.

....., President.

THE POINT OF VIEW.
By Michele Cimbalo.

The other day I went to the San Francisco Fair site to see the swamp which the hand of labor will eventually transform into a marvelous splendor. Among the mules, both blind and unadreped, who were at their task, I saw some carpenters putting up a high board fence and stretching barbed wire over cross-pieces along the top. I thought to investigate the season for this fence when there was nothing on the place but mud.

"What is this high fence for, pal?" I asked of a carpenter who was drinking out of a rusty can.

"To keep out pick-pockets," was his quick reply. "There's be many thieves here when the fair is on."

This answer did not satisfy me. By paying admission any one is welcome and certainly the big thieves would not now build a bull pen to keep pickpockets out of the fair grounds three years hence. So I walked on.

"Yes it is going to be the most magnificent exhibition this world has ever known," said a well dressed citizen, who could not see his knees; civic pride beaming from his rubicund face.

We talked over many features of the affair, when I ventured, "What is that high fence for?"

"That! That is a stockade," he informed me. "You see we want to build on the open shop plan. If the unions get funny we will lock them out and never open a door till 1915. We will bring both men and material by water. We will house the men on the grounds. What can the unions do then? Nothing. Indeed if we wish we can import coolies. That stockade and the boys in those barracks"—pointing to the military post at the west end of the grounds—"will keep the undesirable where they belong unless they realize that we are the masters."

"I thought that matter was settled by the agreement between the exposition officials and P. H. McCarthy, who promised that the unions will not and shall not interfere with non-union works on the fair," I interposed.

"I know," said the fat man, "but we do not want to take any chances. McCarthy is a good fellow as are nearly all San Francisco labor leaders. What we fear is the effect of the I. W. W. agitation with which the labor leaders do not seem to be able to do anything."

With these words in my ears, I wondered how long before the carpenter would see the true light as clear as did that capitalist.

HELP WAR ON PEONAGE.

To all the clans of toil and to all lovers of human liberty, we appeal!

For two long years now, we, the lumberjacks of the South, have been at war with the Southern Oligarchy. In the cause of labor, we have been locked-out, blacklisted and hunted from state to state; we have suffered hunger, assassination and every outrage that could be inflicted by inhuman foes; all the powers of the state have been used against us, and in the most shameless and brutal manner. And so the fight went on. Came the "riot" at Grabow, La., where our mass meeting was ambushed and fired on by the gunmen of the Lumber Trust. Then the arrest of our President, A. L. Emerson and 57 other fellow workers who were indicted and tried for murder in the first degree. Then, with your help, came the acquittal of our brothers. Then came the strike of thirteen hundred men at Merryville, La., on Nov.

11, 1913, which was forced on our Union by an order of the Santa Fe Railroad to the American Lumber Company not to allow any man who had been in any way, even as a witness, connected with the Defense in the Grabow trial to return to his work there. The discharge of these men placed their names on the blacklist and penalized them for obeying an order of court. In defense of rights older than organized society itself, the upholding of which is a matter of life and death importance to every labor union in the United States, the Thirteen Hundred struck. The strike is still on. It will be won if we only can provision the boys on the battle line. They are asking no more than this, just food enough to keep their wives and babies while they fight. They are but a single regiment fighting a battle in which is involved the interest of our entire class. If ever men deserved or had a right to demand the help and support of their fellow workers, this is the right of the boys at Merryville. Help them win and you strike a blow at peonage, the most inhuman and damnable form of slavery that ever cursed mankind. Help them and you help advance the cause of human liberty. We beg you not. We appeal to you as the common children of our Mother Labor. In Her name we appeal to you to act at once, sending all funds and provisions donated to

LEAE LOVEJOY, Secretary,
Local 218, Merryville, La.

MINNEAPOLIS LECTURE COURSE.

The second lecture course of local 64, I. W. W., Minneapolis, Minn., started on January 6. The lectures are held every Sunday afternoon and night at 209 Hennepin Ave. All are welcome.

The speakers are J. H. Ecklund, J. E. Spielman, Mrs. J. L. Wolfe and Wm. Wolfe. The topics are wide in range, taking in anti-militarism, anarchism, mutual aid and the race question.

Lectures are also held in the same hall every Saturday night.

A STRAY MONEY ORDER.

If Chas. Adamsen, who sent a \$10 money order to Herr Dalberg, New York City, from Camp 4, Lytton, B. C., on Dec. 5, 1911, in payment of some of the historical romances of Alexander Dumas, will write to this office, Box 2129, Spokane, Wash., the order will be returned to him. Same was returned to Lytton through the dead letter office.

CARDS LOST AND FOUND.

Card No. 81,236, paid in advance, has been stolen and card No. 19,548 lost. Duplicate cards have been issued by Local 63, I. W. W., 781 San Pedro St., Los Angeles, Calif. Cards found and at same address are:

No. 78277, 34609, 12075, 82492, 18423, 81203, 75596, 100941, 100625, 81304, 80815, 20896, 78265, 100374, 78124, 81379, 100897, 78279, 11974, 81390, 81224, 72263, 28563, 81319, 19898, 78145, 81203, 18881, 78128, 81334, 81210, 100872, 78112, 64.

Card No. 100891 is lost. Finder please return.

WHERE IS TOM SLADDEN?

Any fellow worker having knowledge of the whereabouts of Thomas A. Sladden, blacksmith, formerly of Portland, Oregon, last heard from in Sacramento, Cal., about eighteen months ago, will confer a great favor on numerous friends by communicating at once with K. S. Hulse, 234 Naples street, San Francisco, Calif.

The St. Mary's Socialist will join the papers that bear the I. W. W. label, its force being composed of industrialists. Ohio is strong for the One Big Union. There will be others.

Will Ed. Peterson, or those knowing his whereabouts, please communicate with Alex Hawkinson, 2131 Piedmont Ave., Duluth, Minn.

Will Richard C. Yoern and H. Baldock please communicate with secretary of Local 328, I. W. W., Box 1594, Victoria, B. C. If transferred to another local, will secretary of same please send notification at once.

Fred Snow will please write to James Gibbins, Secty. 178, I. W. W., 1635 4th Ave., Seattle, Wash., to secure the return of his due book and personal papers.

There is mail at 209 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn., for Wm. H. Coonts, Nils C. Bruner, F. O. Wagner, Thomas Doyle and Dr. Frederick Oddey. Local 64 also has the card of Homer L. Cushing. Apply for same at above address.

SOLIDARITY.

Organ of the I. W. W., published in New Castle, Pa. A revolutionary weekly with up-to-date news of all Eastern labor matters as well as general news of the class struggle.

Subscription price is \$1.00 per year, 13 weeks for 25c, bundle orders 1 1/2c per copy. You need it as well as the "Worker."

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Australian Administration, Industrial Workers of the World—Ed. Moyle, General Secretary-Treasurer, Wakefield Street, Adelaide.

Adelaide Local—R. 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—Fyd. Kingford, Secretary-Treasurer, 8 Judd's Building, Christ Church (New Zealand).

How the A. F. of L. Faked the Ship Scalars By Jose Calvo

After the expose by Thomas McConnell, Jr., of the San Francisco Labor Council and the decision of said council to organize the Alaska Salmon Packers in the American Federation of Labor, I would be guilty of criminal neglect did I not relate certain experiences as a warning to all who are being attracted by false promises of A. F. of L. officials. The Alaska Salmon Packers, especially, are asked to be on their guard.

After preliminary agitation work, the ship scalars of San Francisco, in December, 1909, called a mass meeting in the S. F. Labor Council for the purpose of organizing in the A. F. of L.

The first speaker at that meeting was a very fat, very smooth, and very refined preacher, who spoke Spanish; he was followed by John Walsh, organizer and supervisor, and by Andrew J. Gallagher, secretary of the Council. When the three gentlemen finished their speeches, some workers took the floor. They stated that they wanted to organize to get \$2.50 per day of nine hours. I asked the following question as emphatically as possible, so that no mistake or excuse could arise in the future: "Should we have to strike to get our demands and, alone, fail to get them, would the machinists, the firemen and the engineers come to our support?" Mr. Gallagher answered: "The great American Federation of Labor is with you; the S. F. Labor Council with all its influence will back you up, and the unions will assist you. So, I can't see why you shouldn't get what you want." This talk had the desired effect. We got a charter from the A. F. of L., organized under the title "Ship Cleaners and Scalars No. 12881," affiliated with the Council, the City Front Federation and went to battle.

After two months of trying and trading through diplomatic channels, and having exhausted all the powerful (?) influence of the great officers of the S. F. Labor Council, we decided to strike and do picket duty "en masse."

The first boat was a Union Oil Co.'s steamer. It needed 50 men. About 300 scalars appeared on the job. The contractor started "to pick one here, one there," but, to his surprise, not one would move. He got impatient. "What's the matter with you fellows? What do you mean?" "We want \$2.50 per day," we all answered in determined tones. Off he went, ashamed; cursing all Greasers, Dagoes and foreigners. He hired guards and scabs. We fooled the first and pulled out the second. On the third day he came out and said, "Boys, you got me. I give up. You can start to work now."

We went to the Union hall, decided to divide the work among the members, selected some to direct the work and next day started on the

job. In a few days we finished and went to get our pay. For three days a committee tried to get the money, but were kept off with promises and excuses. Then we said: "If you don't pay us off this afternoon, you will have the whole membership of the union up here in your office tomorrow morning." Imagine about 300 men, ill clad, dirty and hungry, in an up-to-date office building in one of the busiest parts of the city. He saw the point, got up in horror and said, "For Christ's sake! Don't bring them up here!" After a little parley and waiting, he gave us a check for the whole sum of over \$3500. We went to the bank, cashed it, put the money in a bag and on our shoulders carried it to the headquarters, where we paid ourselves.

There was rejoicing in the union hall that night. But other boats were in the bay trying to get scabs, and so we had to do picket duty in larger numbers and with stronger determination than ever before. We were getting the goods. This was too much for the shipping companies of Frisco. They saw that soon we would come for more. So they plotted together. Some leaders were called to the companies' offices and tempted with privileged, steady \$100 a month jobs. Contractors would say, "You don't have to fight like that. We can easily get all the work if we come together. You elect me American business agent—say at \$25 per week and commission—and everything will be settled peacefully." Scheming sailors that looked all right on their faces, but their ultimate aim was the disruption or capturing of the organization. This underhand work failing, they came out in the open and said, "You think that the Labor Council is behind you? You think that the firemen's union and the sailors are going to help you? No! They are not going to help you." They knew whereof they spoke. They had seen some union officials. The business agent and the secretary of the Firemen's union were indignant that we, the scalars, should think that their union would strike in our support.

The bosses knew. A few of us knew also, but too few. The great majority could not understand the reason why unions, with which we formed a common council, should keep on working in the boats against which we were on strike, much less, that they would take our places. They learned and today are done with craft unionism.

For the following three months the "El Centro Obrero" never closed. Meetings were held every day—sometimes several in one day. For weeks at a time we kept watch over twelve miles or more of the city's water front. The streets were broken up, full of water pools; the rain never stopped; the wharfs were dark, but we never relaxed. For many days, men

did not get meals worth 15c. I saw some go to a vacant lot, pull some grass and eat it to kill the pangs of hunger. Some left sick wives and babies in their miserable shacks; slept a few hours in the hall and, when their turn came, went to what we called "the grave yard military shift." Many times after midnight, slaves, working overtime, were stricken with fear at the sight of men springing towards them from the darkness. Those scenes can never be forgotten. They inspired the laggards to quicker action. The reds said, "We will stay till hell freezes over. All this misery, all this suffering is the price we pay for solidarity."

Sometimes the telephone would ring: "Hello! Say there's a bunch of scabs on wharf No. 38." There would be a rush like desperate men. No one there. A false alarm. Again r-r-r "Hello?" "Well, there is a gasoline launch near the fishermen's wharf. Rush up." Talk of races! Why, we were beating the New Year's, the International, the Marathons, all, in those four o'clock in the morning races of ours.

Sometimes we had to intimidate. At that time the gasoline launch engineers had no union. They would say, "Here, fellows, we don't like to take scabs, but if we don't do it, we lose our jobs." To which we would answer, "You tell your boss that the strikers drove away the scabs and so there was nothing for you to do but go back." We would exchange names and they would depart on friendly terms. Those cases were the easiest ones, but when the boat happened to be at the Union Iron Works, the thing was different. Here scabs and union men went to work together, all looked alike. We couldn't say which were which. Many times we would stop those that looked like scabs, only to find they carried machinists' or firemen's cards.

The delegates to the S. F. L. C. would protest and suggest that the union men who worked on struck boats should carry some mark on their coat lapel to distinguish them. But the council could not do that. It was not organized for that purpose. It would be too ridiculous for the delegates to present such a proposition at their union meetings.

We kept on. One morning a contractor named Martin showed up. He was the first to promise at the beginning of the strike that he would come through as soon as we got the rest. When he saw so many strikers, he turned yellow. The writer approached him to remind him of his promise. He got hysterical, pulled a gun from his overcoat pocket and fired three shots one after another. One of our most valiant and active members, Antonio Serroche, dropped to the muddy ground seriously wounded—a bullet in his groin. When he began to recover the bosses tried to bribe him with

\$400 to desert the union, but he wouldn't stand for that.

At times some of us were arrested and charged with serious crimes. But the other side was never able to make a case. We always stood our ground on the point that we neither attempted nor committed violence.

P. H. McCarthy, president of the Building Trades Council, was mayor. Andy Gallagher reminded the chief of police that the labor administration would not stand for the police clubbing strikers while doing peaceful picket duty. The chief assented. He would not stand for it either. But, with a single exception, the police protected the scabs and clubbed and dispersed the strikers. Sometimes we thought we were alone when suddenly a bunch of armed scabs would appear on one side and on the other a few bulls with drawn clubs would spring from where they were hidden in the office of the warehouse. But in spite of all this we were winning. One evening the chief engineer of the Pacific Coast Co's steamer "Umatilla" came to the hall after vain attempts to get scabs, and asked for thirty scalars. Next morning, with our tools, we went to the boat ready for work. He came out and said, "Wait. I have different orders." "All right, we'll go out," we answered. For two days not a soul entered that boat. On the third day we saw bunches of five, six or ten big and sturdy sons of toll coming in. We stopped them and told that we were on strike. They said, "Yes, but we are sailors. We are sent by our union," and showed their cards. "All right," we said. They went in and started to work.

We named a committee to meet the Sailors' Union. After foolish formalities and much unwillingness we were allowed in the office. We put the case to the secretary and he replied, "Look here! That work belongs to us, and so long as we get the wages of \$2.50 per day, we are going to do it. If you fellows claim jurisdiction over it, the A. F. of L. had no right to issue you a charter and we are going to protest against it." To which we answered, "If that work belongs to you, go ahead and do it. We are not going to have jurisdictional disputes. But let us tell you that, before we organized, we used to do that work for \$1.75 or \$2.00 per day. Now that we got together and demand \$2.50 per day, and are getting it, the bosses give you the preference so as to break us up. Then, if we work cheaper than you, we will get the work back. If this is what you want, well then go ahead and do it."

Our delegates to the Labor Council, and to the City Front Federation, took the floor and stated, "We beat the bosses, we can even select and pull scabs off from among the union men, but when it comes to the point where a sister

union deliberately scabs on us, we can't stand for that. We'll go no further." We were applauded, patted on the back and congratulated for the splendid fight we put up, but all this expression of sympathy did not help us any. Disgusted and wiser we quit. We left the charter in charge of a few who stayed in town. Most of us, broken in health, with our clothes in rags and our shoes worn out, scattered to the country with the idea of rehabilitating ourselves, both physically and financially. With the fall some returned to town and went to the union to find out what was going on and to see what they could do. They found the charter in the hands of their enemies. The treasurer was Martin, the contractor against whom they had to put up the hardest fight—he who shot down one of their fellow workers. Those who were goody-goody would be admitted, provided they paid \$5 initiation fee; others would not be allowed at all, even though they were charter members. It seemed that the president, in whose hands the charter was left, and some one from the S. F. Labor Council had bargained them away. So they said, "We have been sold like pigs. We are the real union men and are not going to stand for it." They went to work, one class; one shot, and the president was dead! That day the men with red blood in their veins said, "We fought hard for this union and won, but, now, enough of this kind of unionism."

This so-called union is still in existence. But it is spineless and in the hands of the contractors—just where the bosses wanted it. The other day I happened to pass along the wharf. Curiosity stopped me. What did I see? On the boat, working like a galley slave, was one of the old armed thugs and scabs; on shore, one of the old contractors looking over a crowd of hungry and cold workers "picking one here, one there." This is the result, the benefit to be derived from organized scabbery. Talk of organizing the Spanish workers in the A. F. of Hell! Were it not so tragic, we would laugh. It is adding insult to injury.

There are many along the Pacific coast who will never forget this treachery. They will organize easy, but the organization that would claim their membership has to show itself worthy.

Fellow workers, whenever the officers of the A. F. of L. try to persuade you into their fold, remember the bitter experience of others.

Alaska Salmon Packers! Organize! Organize right! Organize an industrial union of all packers, cleaners, cooks, fishermen and all who go to the Alaska fisheries. Do this and you will win all your demands. You will get all your labor produces. You should know by this time where you belong—in the Industrial Workers of the World.

DETECTIVE SEEK LIFE OF COVINGTON HALL.

(Continued from page 1)
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of Dec. A. D. 1912.
(Signed) JAS. C. MEADOWS.
A true copy from the original exhibited to me this day.
New Orleans, La., December 24th, 1912.
ERASTE VIDRINE,
Notary Public.

George Gardner, referred to above, is Manager for the American Lumber Company, and Jim Estes is chief of the gunmen and the biggest brute in the state. To draw to this savory pair one would have to search in the dregs of the bottomless pit.

But not content with being prepared for trouble on the slightest provocation the Burns men have followed Hall and Emerson for the avowed purpose of murdering them. Leaskie Mabry and John Kinney are the Burns operatives selected for the job.

These two skunks in human form first tried to lure A. L. Emerson away from a labor meeting so as to murder him in the dark. Emerson was on to them and the attempt failed.

Finding Hall at a street meeting in company with Frank Albers and some other friends, the detectives asked him to step one side to talk to them. Albers went instead. He was abused, the detectives stating that they wanted the main guy, pointing out Hall as they made the statement.

Albers secured a policeman and caused the arrest of the two and both were given heavy fines in the court. While under arrest Kinney turned to Hall and said "I'll kill you yet the first chance I get." For this threat, made in the hearing of the police, the detectives will be held on charges of conspiracy to murder.

Knowing that a detective is a thing without honor and devoid of shame, knowing that William J. Burns is himself a perjurer, a jury-briber and a crook, knowing that lumber trust dollars are stained with human blood, the authorities of Calcasieu and John H. Kirby, the peon-herder also, are herewith informed that they are held personally responsible for the safety of Covington Hall, A. L. Emerson, and all others who have been connected with the lumber workers in their noble fight for freedom.

The time is past when labor must meekly submit to murder at the hands of those ghouls who have stolen the earth and the fullness thereof.

NEW YORK LOCALS GIVE ANNUAL BALL.

Clothing Workers' Local 189 and Building Workers' Local 95 of the I. W. W. in New York City will give their first annual ball on January 23 at 8 p. m. in Webster Hall, 119 East 11th street. The price of admission, including wardrobe, is 35c.

Among those present will be Joseph J. Ettor, Arturo Giovannitti and Wm. D. Haywood. To those who want to mingle with the New York rebels in their less serious moments, this ball offers a good opportunity. Take a tip and get your tickets early.

YES! MORAL CAPITALISM AGAIN.

Mystic and Groton, Conn., are in a state of excitement following revelations of moral turpitude on the part of many business men that makes the Portland affair seem like a very small Sunday school picnic.

Two men have committed suicide to avoid the penitentiary. Five of the arrests were of men past 60 years of age. Many more arrests are expected.

We repeat that every institution of capitalism is a breeder of degeneracy, and it seems that the prison system, the army and navy, and the Y. M. C. A. lead the vice-creating procession. No one can support capitalism in these days without rendering themselves liable to be regarded as fit inhabitants for the infamous cities of Sodom and Gomorrah.

DIRECT ACTION ON THE SEA.

Some of our New Zealand fellow workers do not know that direct action is "uncivilized." If so, they used it anyway. From the Maori-land Worker, Wellington, N. Z., we extract the following:

"On the last trip of the Union S. S. Co's steamer Moana to America, the captain and the purser and the steward and all the rest of the beloved Union Company's best-paid slaves were so busy that they forgot all about the grimy, thirty firemen down in the coal bunkers, and in the Tropics handed them out lukewarm instead of ice-cold water.

"The men were righteously angry, and demanded that ice be supplied to them at once. The chief steward, however, was busy at the time feeding the pet lapdog of a millionaire woman on board, and he ignored the order. So the men only pitched a spoonful of coal into the furnaces where before they had put in a dozen shovelfuls.

"Of course the boat began to stop, and in about ten minutes the 'coalsies' were being supplied with ice-cold lime-juice in bottles. A short time after the men were being fed rotten meat. If the millionaire dog had been given this stuff, somebody would have lost his job. Again, the boat slowed down and the meat improved somewhat.

And do you know that after that the workers on the Moana would gather in their evil-smelling, unventilated hole of a bunkhouse and talk about their two wonderful strikes as if they had done something worth while."

THOMPSON TO ADDRESS TEXTILE WORKERS.

James P. Thompson will address tailors and all textile workers in the Labor Temple, Seattle, Wash., on Jan. 12. His subject is "Industrial Unionism and the Lawrence Strike." Local 194, I. W. W., is arranging the meeting.

The local elected officers for the ensuing six months are as follows: A. S. Glassman, Chairman; Solomon and Herman, delegates to City Council Committee; Ernest A. Meader, Sec'y-Treas.; and on the executive board, Sol. J. Gross, M. Gorelick, H. Horwitch, H. Krouser, Wm. Gorelick, L. Glaxler and I. Purson.

They are carrying on good propaganda among textile workers in Seattle.

Mr. Block

He Fails to Connect



JACK WHYTE ANSWERS SPRECKLES.

From the jail in San Diego, Jack Whyte writes to the Industrial Worker asking that a denial be made of the lie sent forth by the infamous Spreckles, owner of the San Diego Union. Jack writes in part as follows:

"I wish to have it known that I have made no statements to the press; that I am not broken in health nor in spirit; and that I will be found somewhere in the ranks of labor using what strength I have to the end that Spreckles will be compelled to do honest toil.

"Five months of life in a Spreckles stronghold has not taught me to love him or his class. It has only made the tongue more bitter and sharpened the claws that will some day help pull him from his gilded pedestal.

"Let me say again in answer to Mr. Spreckles, that I will be found in the ranks of the I. W. W. whenever and wherever he attempts to do battle. I haven't forgotten Michael Hoey or Joe Mikolasek, the men you murdered, nor will I remain quiet and peaceful until I see their dreams take form and become realities, or else follow them out into the beyond, there to rest for the first time since you fastened the yoke upon my neck while yet a child.

"From the darkest corner of a Spreckelized hell I send greetings to all the warriors on the line. Let our watchword be "1913 for the I. W. W." With that as our goal, I remain, "Yours for the World,"

"JACK WHYTE."

KICK IN RIGHT HERE!

Local 280, I. W. W., can organize the Salmon Packers if other locals aid them financially.
Local 173, San Francisco, Calif., gave \$15.00.
Local 245, San Pedro, Calif., gave 50c.
Local 63, Los Angeles, Calif., gave \$5.00.
Strike while the iron is hot by sending something to secretary Jose Narvaez, 1660 Stockton St., San Francisco, Calif.

NO MORE BUM FLOPS.

In order to organize the construction workers, Local 71, I. W. W., Sacramento, Calif., has opened a branch headquarters at Colfax, Calif., with Henri Robert as assistant secretary. Four tents have been provided and four camp delegates placed in charge. Industrial union literature and papers will be on hand at all times. There will be no need for the rebellious slaves to find a "bum flop" on saloon floors. It is hoped to spread the propaganda so thoroughly that a Construction Workers' Industrial Union will soon be possible.

ALASKA SALMON PACKERS.

Every Wednesday at 8 p. m. there is an open meeting of Alaska Salmon Packers' Industrial Union No. 280, I. W. W., at 1524 Powell St., San Francisco, California. Line up in the union of your class.

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

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

Continued Next Week