



Industrial Worker

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

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I. W. W.'S. DRIVEN FROM MIDWAY

(Special Telegram to the "Industrial Worker")
Midway, B. C., June 28.—I. W. W. organizer and four active members have been driven from the Kettle Valley steel gang in the middle of the night. The constable aids Superintendent "North Coast Fatty." The men are highly incensed. Thirty remain out of a hundred and twenty.—J. J. O'Connor.

FREE SPEECH FIGHT OPENS IN OMAHA

On June 22 the police started their dirty work in Omaha, Neb., by arresting six fellow workers who were holding an open air meeting at Jefferson Square Park. Additional arrests soon brought the number up to eighteen. The police questioned the crowd to find if any of them were I. W. W. members and met with defiant answers. The crowd was plainly in favor of the arrested men.

The arrested rebels gave the following names to the police recorder: James White, Henry A. LaBorde, John Hudson, Tom Jamieson, Alexander Hamilton, John Quincy Adams, C. A. Johnson, John Hancock, John Pulaaki, Charles Coleman, Tom Craig, Joseph Jefferson, W. H. Tanner, Patrick Henry, Sam Carrol and Frank Gardner.

The Salvation Army continues to hold meetings at the square, so the case is clearly one of discrimination. The local sends out a call for rebels to aid them to win the fight.

All foot loose rebels on to Omaha. Free speech fight is on. Fifty men already in jail for asserting their constitutional rights of free speech.

Fight forced by the police. Hall raided by bulls, but they were too late to get anything valuable.—L. E. F.

Who Shot Jim Donovan?

Missoula, Mont., June 20.—On Tuesday night, June 17, five fellow workers went up the county road alongside the A. C. M. Co.'s lumber yard. While these pickets were talking to a man supposed to be one of the A. C. M. Co.'s scabs, a shot was fired, hitting one of the pickets, James Donovan. As near as could be told the shot came from the lumber yard.

The sheriff at Bonner arrested all of the pickets and took us to jail at 12 o'clock in the night. Next morning the prosecuting Attorney called all of the boys into the sheriff's office, one at a time, and asked them all kinds of questions. He did his utmost to make us say that one of our number fired the shot. A scab, who was arrested at the same time, was asked a few questions and then turned loose, while all the pickets were returned to the jail.

They are holding five of our fellow workers in jail without a charge against them only for "investigation." The jail is crowded; there are 40 men in now and there are but eight cells with four bunks in each. Those who are left without bunks must sleep on the steel floor of the cell corridor with only one old, lousy blanket. The sheriff is feeding the men the cheapest and rottenest grub he can get—baked beef and potatoes twice a day. The jail is an unsanitary as it is possible for such hellholes to get.

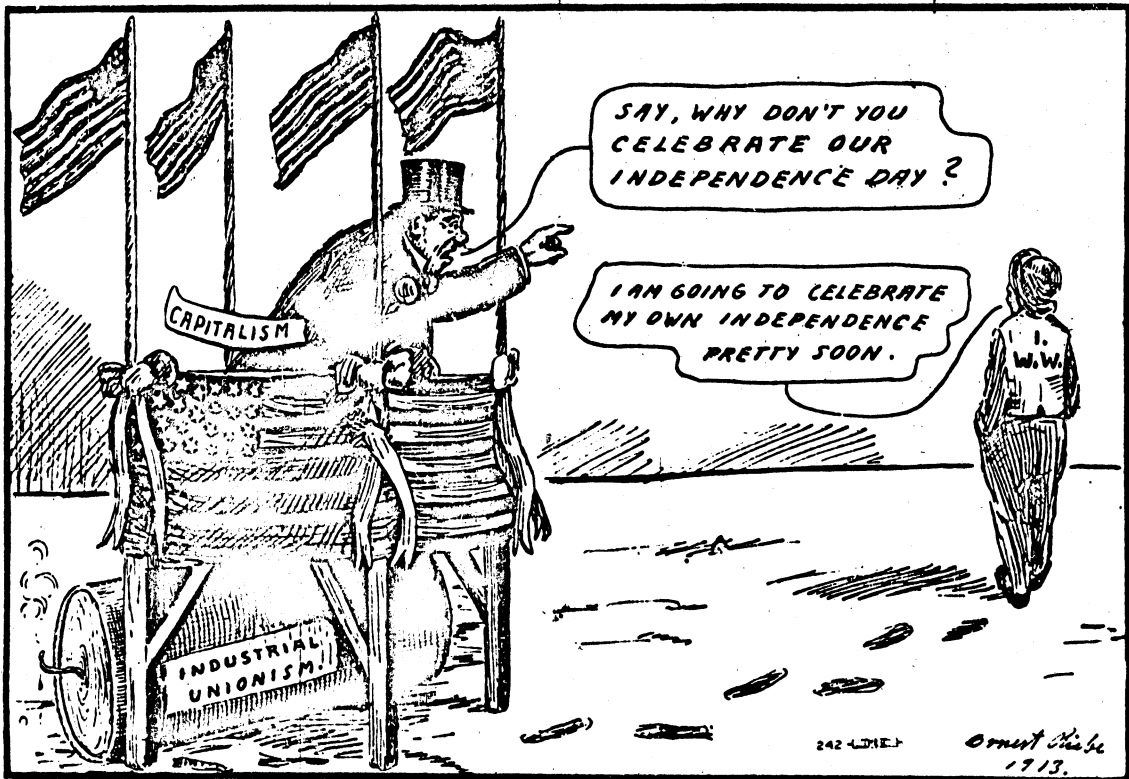
However, we are singing the songs of discontent and are agitating among the other prisoners all the time.

On Wednesday night one of the A. C. M. Co.'s scabs was arrested and thrown in jail. (He met with a hot reception from the pickets. He was working at Camp 2 for the A. C. M. Co., as barn boss, when the strike was called and would not come out with the boys. He was pinched for selling whiskey to Indians. His name is Thomas Cusick.)

Last evening one of the gunmen of the A. C. M. Co. came to the jail and tried to get a blacksmith out of here. He told him that if he would go up to the camp and work, he would see that he would be turned loose right away. The man is still here and it is doubtful whether or not he will go. The man's name is J. H. King, that of the gunman is Pink Nettles and is a member of the International Bartenders' Union of Missoula, according to some of the members of that body.—Jail Press Committee.

Minneapolis Street Car Men Organize

Street Car Employees Industrial Union No. 243 of Minneapolis, Minn., has issued Manifesto No. 3 and secured a wide distribution of same. They set forth the impositions heaped upon them by the Twin City System, through a multiplicity of intolerable rules. The company is resorting to wholesale discharge to prevent the entrance of the union, but the work organization goes forward in spite of all opposition.



WORKERS SHOULD DECLARE THEIR OWN INDEPENDENCE

Cossacks Rule In Oregon City

(By I. D. Ramsley of the I. W. W., and Tom Burns of the S. P.)

Portland, Oregon, June 23, 1913.—Reports of a strike, plus numerous arrests of I. W. W. agitators, took us to Oregon City. We arrived at 5:35 p. m. By accident (of course) a scatter-brained, scarecrow-faced deputy sheriff accompanied us from Portland. We got off about a quarter of a mile from business section of the town. On almost every street corner, in front of saloons, cigar stands, etc., stood excited groups of Rubes, Ninnies, and Boobs. They were loudly declaiming against I. W. W. and Socialist agitators. Their assinine, bovine, and swinelike diads gave credence to their utterances of contentment and satisfaction. No sow, cow, or ass, with its belly full of oats, grass, or will, ever looked less intelligent, or more self-satisfied than this aggregation of boss-loving, belly-crawling, scissor-bills. The air of Oregon City stank with an abominable odor from the decaying and rotting sheep hides in the basement of the woolen mill. It reeked with vile fumes from the pulp mills. But the most abhorrent of Oregon City's many and varied stinks, was the stinking free booze breaths oozing from the putrid mouths of those officering of the sewage of hell, the militia, deputy sheriffs, and the hired sluggers of the mill owners. The most human looking face among this horde would do service for a butcher's block. A trinity of stenchers are here enumerated. Portland has likewise a trio of stenchers. They are the Morning Miasma alias the Oregonian, the Evening Cesspool alias the

Journal. This smellsome pair of trinities have an almost sextette affinity. If the Pittock, Leadbetter, and other such interests behind the Reptile Rags of Portland do not control the officials of Oregon City, then it is a mistake. An answer as to "who owns the paper and pulp mills of Oregon City?" might not please the Pittocks, Leadbetters, and other such Sassy Society Scum. Neither would the TRUTH about the ownership of the mills at Camas, Washington, please these gentry, eh? The kept Jades of Portland's infamous trio of Reptile Rags were as venomous in their attacks on the girl strikers of Camas as against the Oregon City strikers. The reason in both cases being the same. Their despicable idiotic words were loaded into life by the same interests, namely, the Pittock, Leadbetter, and others of that ilk.

Poor, feeble, scab infested, doddering, nearly bankrupt Portland! No wonder thou hast "Y. M. C. A." scandals, Tommy Words, Sammy Krasners, Judge Davises and Bill Lightners. No wonder thou hast Welching bankers, absconding candy and real estate kings. No wonder thy magnificent department stores are going or gone into receivership, when thou feedest this stinking trinity—Morning Miasma, Evening Cesspool and Afternoon Sewer.

The air of Oregon City was charged with an atmosphere of "there'll be a hot time in the old town tonight." The stammering, stuttering, and spluttering of gun, star and billy bodged, booze-soaked savages, militia, deputy

sheriffs, and stew bum gun men were easily understood. These mis-carriages of nature were prepared at a moment's notice to slaughter every union man or woman in town. A little after 6 p. m. Ramsley, Cady, Green, Smith and Burns standing outside the Oregon City woolen mill saw as sorry looking, dull-eyed, hollow-cheeked, nerve-racked, bend-bodied, overworked and under-paid stream of wage slaves dragging their weary frames homeward out of the mill gates. It is doubtful if Lawrence, Paterson, West Virginia, Georgia, Russia, or India can equal this harrowing spectacle. Children of both sexes, of kindergarten age, and men and women of great grand parent age, slave in this Hell Hole of Oregon City. A question here arises, has the State of Oregon a labor commissioner? If Oregon has such an official, is he deaf, dumb and blind? A little after 8 p. m. we decided to hold a meeting on the street. A box was secured. No sooner had it been placed on the ground than about a score of armed deputy sheriffs, police and free lunch gunmen rushed for the speakers. Burns, stopping the moon-faced, fish-eyed, flannel-mouthed chief of police, said: "What in Hell ails you? Have you any ordinance against free speech?" "No," yelled the boss cop, but I know you, and I'll make an ordinance that'll get you, GOD DAMN you." "All right, old man," replied Burns, "make a good one while you are at it; for if you don't, we'll make an ass of you." The criminals of Oregon City then closed in on us, saying: "You will not (Continued on page four.)"

Wear Your Wooden Shoes To Tucker

Tucker, Utah, June 22.—Fellow Workers: We are sending out this urgent appeal for effective assistance in our struggle against the Utah Construction Company.

On Thursday, June 9, we called a strike of all the men employed by the U. C. Co. and subsidiary contractors in the making of the grade for the D. & R. G. Ry. from Tucker to Soldier Summit. This action was taken because of the widespread discontent with the conditions prevailing throughout the construction camps. The demands made are as follows:

1. Minimum wage of \$2.50 for nine hours.
2. Clean, wholesome grub and plenty of it.
3. Cut out the hospital fee. Companies to furnish bunks or cots and mattresses free to all employees. No discount for cashing checks. No advance in the price of board.
4. Companies to furnish facilities for washing and drying clothes.
5. Organizers to have access to camps at all times.

The call to strike was answered by a general walkout of thirteen hundred men along the grade, and for several weeks a complete tie-up of the work ensued. Then followed the usual tactics of the master class when their profits are assailed. The Utah Construction Co., with the aid of the D. & R. G. Co., promptly filled the town of Tucker and the deep and narrow canyon in which the work is being done with a

force of armed thugs, gunmen, scabherders and professional strike breakers.

By armed force they prevented us from effectively picketing the trains and, because of the geographical nature of the country, they were able to post their hired assassins at every strategic point to prevent our access to the camps.

They arrested our organizers, speakers and officials and, with the aid of their despicable tools, the county authorities, railroaded them to jail on trumped-up charges and framed-up evidence.

Local 69 of Salt Lake City has given its unswerving support, both in the way of organizers, speakers and financial aid, all during the strike. The local at Helper, on the east side of Soldier Summit, has done splendid service in picketing the trains from Denver and the East, but was yesterday broken up and its members dispersed by the "Iron Heel." The local at Denver has also given us loyal assistance by picketing the employment offices and holding street meetings to warn the slaves of the situation at Tucker.

But in spite of all our efforts, today we are almost isolated as we are prevented the use of the D. & R. G. owned telegraph line and our mail has been tampered with at the bidding of the U. C. Co. The remaining bunch of rebels are hourly expecting to be rounded up and rail-

roaded out of Tucker to some distant spot, whence, because of the armed guard along the line, it will be impossible for us to return.

Considering the lack of class conscious knowledge among the slaves, and the overflooded state of the labor market in which the workers are compelled to compete with one another, we have put up a gallant and strenuous fight that has taught this labor skinning company a severe lesson by inflicting upon them a loss of thousands of dollars through the cessation of work and the cost of maintaining their armed thugs and hired assassins.

It now remains for reliable outside rebels, skilled in the use of the wooden shoe, to drive home the lesson by getting onto the job and incessantly using the shoe at every point where this robber corporation is open to attack. By this means and by intermittent strikes at every point where this company is engaged they must be made to feel the might of the revolutionary workers. Such tactics must be continued until the demands of the workers are granted so that those who do the work of the world will be able to live under conditions fit for human beings.

A word to the wise is sufficient. Class conscious rebels, get on the job, apply the wooden shoe and thus pave the way for the final overthrow of the capitalist system by the militant working class.—Press Committee.

MARSHFIELD MOB DEPORTS MEN

Marshfield, Ore., June 25.—Secretary W. J. Edgeworth and Fellow Worker Wesley Everst were taken out of town this morning and landed on the north side of the bay, a few miles below North Bend, and were told not to return. They were thrown in jail last night. This forenoon 116 God and Country people, comprised wholly of business men, saloonkeepers, too, marched to the jail and escorted the undesirables to the wharf, where they were put on a launch. As far as the writer can learn, they were not abused. Another rebel was taken along the same route an hour or so later because he was heard making remarks about the land of the free. The Smith-Powers Co. here has been forced to close one sawmill on account of the strike. The pulp mill closed down tonight. They claimed that the low price of lumber caused them to close down, but they are liars. They are getting enough logs to run one mill by using what was stored in the boom. The boom is almost empty, so I think two weeks more will put the kibosh on the whole layout. The vigilante fever is raising, so the writer expects to get a ride on the launch Pronto most any minute. I think I am the only rebel in town.

Yours for sabotage,

BILL.

P. S.—The bulls raided the secretary's rooms and took the books.

PICKET IS ASSAULTED ON PUGET SOUND

On Friday, June 20, fellow worker James Battles, doing picket duty at Shagit Spur, 1½ miles from Sedro-Woolley, was brutally assaulted by B. F. Lewis of Coeur d'Alene and Marble Creek, Idaho, fame, or infamy, according to your viewpoint.

Battles is a small man, weighing not more than 140 pounds and is well past the meridian of life. Moreover he was not trespassing on Clear Lake Co. property, the assault taking place as he was resting beside N. P. track on the right of way. Without provocation or legal cause B. F. Lewis, who is not only younger but weighs close to 200 pounds, possibly more, assaulted Battles with a 2x4 scantling, striking him on the back of the head and knocking him senseless. (B. F. Lewis is the hero of the Marble Creek campaign with Steve Adams.)

A bunch of I. W. W.'s left the Labor Temple at Sedro-Woolley for the scene of the encounter, immediately they learned of the assault upon their fellow worker, to continue picketing. However the valiant B. F., probably recognizing that discretion is the better part of valor, had hied him hence, so after the train had pulled through the boys returned to Sedro-Woolley.—Press Committee.

Fight Threatened in Eugene

Eugene, Ore., June 25.—All rebels who are willing to speak and fight should come to Eugene. We are expecting trouble from the authorities with regard to free speech. It is essential that we hold meetings as many men are being shipped here and organization work will be retarded should this most effective weapon be taken from us.

We need your help! Will you give it? Locals on the Coast have been notified of our action and we hope to have their approval and support.

The authorities threaten serious consequences should we insist on speaking, but it should be an easy matter to establish free speech and an industrial union of construction workers in Eugene. Come on, rebels!—Walter Pasewalk, Secretary.

Fair Association Can't Get Lumber

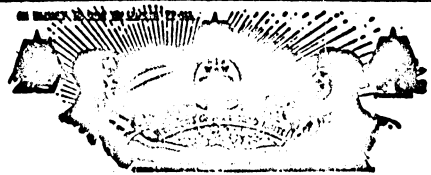
San Francisco, Cal., June 26.—Reported here that the Fair Association are not going to have lumber enough to build the fair with on account of the strike in the Northwest and that at present they are shipping any lumber they can obtain, regardless of size or quality.

We are out in front of the labor market every day with a banner, telling of the strike, and the result is that but few are shipping to points up North.—F. L. Tiffany, Local 173.

More Lumber Camps Close Down

Sedro-Woolley, Wash., June 23.—Manning's Camp near Bellingham is shut down, men coming in. Blimeon's Camp at Bryant reported closed down for Fourth, also Florence Camp at McMurray and Big Standard near Arlington. Practically all camps in Puget Sound running short-headed. No camp unaffected.—Press Comm. v.

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What is the price of juries this week, Mr. Woolen Magnate?

Clement R. Wood, socialist judge of Birmingham, Ala., has been ousted from his position because he refused to railroad strikers to prison. Law is a game that must always be played according to the capitalist rules.

Independence Day! What a joke. The mass of mankind in dire want while millions are spent in foolish display and still more foolish noise. We who have no liberty to celebrate reserve the right to sneer and what is more, to unite to overthrow wage slavery and have every day be Independence Day.

Saloons and strikers are a bad mixture. Every cent spent over the bar helps to break this strike in the woods. If the boss can get you to blow your stake he can crack the whip of hunger over you that much sooner. It's not a matter of morals but it is a question of winning this labor battle.

Paul Bourgett, policeman of Minneapolis, Minn., has been fired from the force for trying to secure a return of money fraudulently obtained from laborers by employment sharks. Policemen are meant to protect property rights and not the interests of propertyless workers. Paul had a streak of human in him and so is unfitted to be a policeman.

"COMRADE GOD" EVICTS I. W. W. LOCAL

In Salt Lake City the I. W. W. local has occupied the room at 117 West South Temple for over a year, regularly paying rent for the place. Their presence and money was not found objectionable by the Mormon church dignitaries who hold the property.

But on June 13 the Church ordered Local 69, I. W. W., to vacate the hall within 15 days, the real reason being that the local was supporting the strike of construction workers at Tucker and Soldier Summit, Utah.

It seems that the Utah Construction Company is owned by "Comrade God" through his agents, the Mormon elders, and he objects to allowing the slaves to have any pie this side of the River Jordan.

DIRECT ACTION NEEDED

The leading capitalist monthly magazines have long since cast out the most outrageous of the fake advertisers, the religious press slowly followed suit, and today this class of refuse is found mainly in those yellow political publications that falsely parade under the flag of socialism.

It is disgusting to pick up such socialist sheets as the National Rip Saw and find them filled with advertisements of consumption cures, pile cures, cancer cures, goods given away, make-your-booze-at-home, and such fake stuff.

The Rip Saw may oppose "direct action" but their skirts will never be clean unless they use that method in cleaning up the rotten advertisements that take up more space than the reading matter.

Advertisements asking the worker to "Be A Detective," and in an alleged socialist paper. Ye gods! Better purge yourself with some of the fake medicine you advertise; it may cure the "yellows," you Rip Saw bunch.

WHAT ARE WE TO DO ABOUT IT?

From Midway, B. C., comes a telegram that the I. W. W. members have been forcibly deported from the camps. From Marshfield, Oregon, we learn that the secretary and organizer have been driven out by a mob. Somewhat that same news comes from other points. The question arises—what are we going to do about it?

There is one method—to admit defeat. We will not do that. Another is to test the matter by legal methods. That would be the height of absurdity. We have not any considerable amount of economic control in any of these places so we cannot paralyze industry by striking. There remains but one thing and that is to use the tactic of sabotage.

The Coos Bay Times of Marshfield, Oregon, republishes a lying article from the Seattle Times, claiming it to be an account of the deportation of Forrest Edwards and Ben Wright from Port Angeles, Wash., and practically asks the Marshfield business men to pursue the same methods. But Edwards and Wright went back to Port Angeles and Edgeworth and Everat will go back to Marshfield.

We have in the Coos Bay Times a direct appeal to violence. Their violence is directed against persons—against the members of the I. W. W. If violence is to be the weapon then let the workers given them all they want of it—not against their

persons but against their profits. These attacks at Midway and Marshfield should be answered by a number of determined rebels shipping to work in both places and there making it impossible for any member of the broadcloth mob to run his business on profitable lines. Sabotage will turn the trick where no other weapon is available.

Wielders of the wooden shoe are needed at the two points mentioned and they should inflict such an enormous amount of damage to the employing class profits that these business vultures will hesitate long before deporting workingmen who are trying to organize their fellow men.

RAILROAD BECOMES MORAL

The Great Northern Railroad Company says that agencies will no longer be allowed to ship intoxicated men over their line, especially for work on their own construction.

The first strike of construction workers on the G. N. will see this rule broken, for practically all the scabs are shanghaied by the sharks, who ship the drunken men to the job after filling them full of rot-gut booze.

It is a sure thing that the railroad company will not let its alleged morals interfere with its actual profits when it comes to a conflict between the two.

THIS ISN'T A JOKE

Under the heading "A Suggestion To The Police," the San Diego Labor Leader, official organ of the A. F. of L., publishes the following:

"It is reported that the members of the police force are very much worked up over the failure of the Council to raise the wages of the property protectors. But it isn't so bad as it would be of the police had no recourse. They might form a policeman's union, affiliate with the A. F. of L., and put in a demand for higher wages. This isn't a joke."

If the above is serious then the A. F. of L. is certainly the joke. We industrialists have become quite used to having our heads clubbed by A. F. of L. deputy sheriffs, as witness Hammond, Ind., Little Falls, N. Y., Everett, Wash., Missoula, Mont., and other places too numerous to mention, but for the A. F. of L. to propose to take the brass buttoned thugs into open membership is certainly going the limit. And that's no joke.

'PROPERTY IS ROBBERY'

We stand aghast at the things of our own making. We create property and let it master us. We build things great and small and we who are greater than all stand in abject fear of our own creations, foolishly thinking them all to have some supernatural power—some force outside ourselves.

Property and precedent rule us all today and the precedents rest, one and all, upon a property basis. Things of flesh and blood and bone and sinew and tissue are held cheap as compared to the things of iron and steel and stone and brick and wood. "Property is robbery," said Proudhon. If this means that reverence for "property rights" is the basis of all exploitation, then Proudhon was right. The idea that wealth is greater than its creators has enslaved the world's toilers.

We have damned ourselves because we have thought that the right of the bakeshop and the bread was greater than the right of a workman's empty stomach. That same foolish belief has crowded countless thousands into death-dealing tenements while on the healthy outskirts of the city there are numerous empty dwellings. Garment workers are out at the elbows while the warehouse shelves groan beneath their load of clothing. "Property" is indeed a hideous Frankenstein which will destroy us unless we are able to first destroy the sanctity with which it is surrounded.

Sabotage is discredited by those who believe in property rights. It is the weapon of those who no longer reverence the thing that fetters them. Its advocacy and use help to destroy the "property" illusion.

The parasites who have property oppose sabotage while the producers who have poverty are commencing to wield that potent weapon.

Is the machine more than its producer? Sabotage says "No!"

Is the product greater than its producer? Sabotage says, "No!"

Sabotage places human life—and especially the life of the only useful class—us higher than all else in the universe.

FALSE ANALOGIES

Political action and industrial action operate on different fields, therefore to speak of them as legs, or wings, of the labor movement is absurd. Legs are meant to walk upon and both legs perform the same function. So also with wings. Political action and economic action cannot move side by side in the same sphere and to draw analogies between birds and labor movements is misleading.

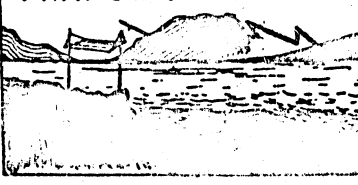
The labor movement is on the economic field—in the industries. It includes all workers, minors and adults, male and female, naturalized and unnaturalized, with the ballot and without it. Outside of the fact that all institutions spring from an economic source, there is no connection between the labor movement and politics.

The industrial field is the only place where all workers can act together. Furthermore, it is the place where all power is derived. The State is as nothing where the workers have industrial control. It is almost powerless even where one capitalist faction is warring against another to gain industrial supremacy. More important still—the industrial field is the only one that is lasting. No matter what changes take place in society, there is still need to produce food, clothing and shelter. Politics is but a passing phase—industry is forever.

One does not shed a leg after having arrived at a certain point, but if the "two leg" analogy holds good, that would be the case, for most socialists admit that with capitalism overthrown there would be no further use for politics and the State, as the workers would proceed to manage industry irrespective of political or territorial divisions.

The workers can act as a class only in the industries and it is no concern of theirs if the actions they take are such as will force a readjustment of political relations on the part of the property owning and the employing portions of society. It is only by gaining solidarity of labor and revolutionary action at the point of production that the working class can hope to triumph.

TRANSLATED NEWS



INTERNATIONAL BULLETIN OF THE SYNDICALIST MOVEMENT

Belgium

The first number of Labor Action, the "federalist syndicalist" monthly organ of the syndicalists of Liege, Belgium, is now out and in the "birth certificate" they declare:

"Another stillborn, certain prophets will say, seeing this paper. The same was said when the trade unions' center of the Liege province was created, the very organization which issues this organ . . ."

The members of the trade union center see in syndicalism a means of social transformation and not an aim, and have decided to make an effort to spread their ideas on federalism of trades unions, while at the same time attacking labor bureaucracy and labor politicians and centralists.

The paper intends to be an organ of action as its title indicates. Its address is 17 Quai sur Meuse, Liege, Belgium.

France

In La Voix du Peuple, Dumoulin draws attention to a form of direct action which has reappeared in France, more especially during the strike of coach builders in Paris. He says:

"The coach builders at the end of their strike took a decision which will begin anew a form of action which since 1906 seems forgotten.

The idea of the eight hour day movement of 1906 was that the workers should leave their work after eight hours' work.

Now the coach builders have decided to enforce the "English week" in this way.

At St. Quentin the textile workers tried to do the same.

I always thought that there are some ameliorations which the workers could obtain by simply enforcing them. Long ago the unions felt the necessity of obtaining better conditions of labor than those at present existing, but they always relied on legislation.

I am sure the bakers are sorry now that they have waited for the government to apply the weekly rest in the bakeshops, instead of insisting on it by their own force.

Of course, this mode of action is useless where it is a case of increase in wages. Neither would it be of any use in those cases of struggling industries where the employer would rather shut up his works than concede the claim.

But could not the bakers in a common effort and well united, stop kneading and baking bread at night and in that way abolish night work? Could the glass-blowers not refuse to work in night shifts? Could the miners not be at the pit head when the eight hours are finished? Could the tactics employed by the textile workers of Saint Quentin not be generally used?

In the jewelry trade this method alone was able to obtain the "English week." I should like to see the comrades use this method to obtain the closing of the shops at 7 o'clock.

SABOTAGE

(By Rosa Markus.)

One of the greatest weapons in the hands of the working class is that of sabotage. Not only is it a most possible method of combating the assaults of capitalism, but throughout the whole world has proven a remarkable force in bringing the masters to submission. Sabotage is the watchword of the great French Syndicalist movement. It has struck fear and terror into the hearts of the ruling element in society. It is an agonizing thorn in their side. In such dread do the robbers stand of sabotage that their prostituted press devotes endless space and energy towards convincing the ignorant wage-slaves of the criminal and murderous significance of such action. They cry that sabotage means the destruction of human life. Surely, the working class need lose no strength in contriving schemes for murder. They may safely leave that to their exploiters. The latter are wonderfully expert at the game. They have been practicing it for thousands of years upon men, women and little children in the mines, mills and factories. The recent horrible Titanic disaster was one of the most awful sacrifices to greed and inhumanity. Sabotage is not an attempt to kill. It is a determined effort to abolish the wholesale industrial murder which is perpetrated upon the masses in every hour of their impoverished lives. It wishes not to take life, but to give it—to extend living conditions to the thousands who have no means of a normal and natural existence.

Any method interfering with the profit and production of the master class is sabotage. Gain is the foundation—the life-breath of the established economic order. He who threatens the gain of Capitalism menaces the only motive of its existence. It is not strange, therefore, that all advocates of sabotage are wildly seized by the existing authorities. The former are a terrible menace to present day society. The social parasites keenly realize this truth. It yet remains for the toilers to grasp the great fact. Individual workers have at all times practiced certain forms of sabotage. Throughout every age of human slavery some of the oppressed have employed this weapon in their struggle for life. Those who deliberately slacken their speed are using sabotage. He who follows the policy of "bad pay—bad work" is employing sabotage. During the French railway strike a load of potatoes was sent to a fort expecting an equal amount of dynamite. In another instance a gate-keeper was over-attentive. When the schedule time arrived the train was forced to leave while hundreds were waiting for their tickets. In the garment-workers' trade sizes are often mixed. In the

canning industry labels and qualities are confused. In restaurants salt and pepper have been generously added. By such and other ingenious methods are the workers of the world learning to demand the product of their toil.

Opposition toward sabotage can be made on one ground only—the sanctity of property. He who believes in the sacredness of property has no faith in the sanctity of human life. The institution of property is built upon the enslavement of humanity. Property and Murder are twin brothers. This is the era of Property vs. Life. The advocate of sabotage places the blood and sweat of a little child above inanimate wood and stone. Wood and stone can be very easily obtained. Every child, however, is first bathed in the tears and agony of a human mother. The intelligent workman—alone—is fit to pass judgment upon the value of property. He knows that the entire wealth of the world is saturated with his life and blood. He realizes that when property becomes an impediment to his progress he is perfectly justified in destroying what at one time he has created. While men and women still worship at the shrine of property and are blind to the sufferings of humanity that long must a property system with its crimes and brutalities continue to exist. Only when life alone is regarded as sacred can we expect living conditions. Only then may we dream of social revolution—of life, liberty and equality.

PRESS OPINIONS OF

HATFIELD WHITEWASH

The Rebel, Hallettsville, Texas, states: "This is not the first time that the Socialist Party has become the tail of the American Federation of Labor's kite.""

Speaking of Debs—"Our Gene"—the Rebel says: "How he came to the support of Haggerty and Hatfield in the light of their anti-socialist record is one of those things that stagger the imagination."

Debs called upon the Huntington Socialist and Labor Star to publish some of the "mass of misstatements" and also something from the "sickening eulogy of Dictator Hatfield." Editor W. H. Thompson backs up his statement with several extracts and promises to deal more fully with the matter in another issue of the Star.

John Kenneth Turner in the Appeal to Reason, under the heading "Judas Hatfield Unmasked," goes into the governor's record, showing up his actions against the miners as well as his failure to bring the coal barons to task for their crimes. The whole article is a refutation of the report made by Debs, Berger and Gerner.

The International Socialist Review says editorially: "Strange as it may seem we gather from all reports that these U. M. W. of A. officials, the Investigating Committee of the Socialist Party and Governor Hatfield are able to work together in a most amazing harmony. It is the rank and file of the U. M. W. of A. who has found it necessary to fight and expose the governor as well as their own officers."

A self-seeking politician, a muddle headed sentimentalist and a craft union faker make a poor committee to act on behalf of "red necks."

SAN DIEGO REAL ESTATE SHARKS

The degeneracy of those who committed murder, mayhem and theft against the I. W. W. in San Diego is so great that no amount of fake patriotism and flag waving will wipe out its stain. The following clipping shows San Diego's citizens at their best:

Greed Fatal to Three

San Diego, June 23.—(By United Press).—Three lives are sacrificed Monday at Ocean Beach, a shore resort on Point Loma, as the result, residents there say, of the greed of real estate men who removed danger signs from a point opposite a deadly place in the surf. The signs were placed there by the owner of a bath house, but were objected to by realty men because, the bath house owner declares, they were afraid the signs would impair the value of lots they had to sell. The drowned were John Stewart Brown, life guard; John L. Manson, 19, seaman from the U. S. S. California, and an unidentified man.

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 capitalism, 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.

Cossack Rule in Oregon City

(Continued from page one.)

be allowed to speak here tonight. "All right," said Burns, "we won't speak. We are going to hold a meeting though."

Fellow worker Jule then took the box. He began to read from the Constitution of the United States. One minute and fifty seconds did he read, then the fun began. Rushing and yelling like a band of fire-water crazed, blood-thirsty Apaches, swooping down on defenseless victims to scalp them, the offscourings of the sewage hell,—militia, deputy sheriffs, and police,—dragged Jule off the box. He was man-handled, rough-housed and slung in jail. Fellow worker Ramsley took the box. He held the Constitution in his right hand,—that's as far as he got. He got pitched. He was rough-housed to the city bastille. Burns, with a Bible in hand (imagine him with a Bible),—he intended to read from it, just to put the city on record. He got sloughed in too. Just what he got arrested for is a mystery. Possibly for having an intention to read. Reading is not popular in Oregon City. When Burns got to the passage-way leading to the jail, a circle of drunken gun-men were brandishing smoke wagons. As he was being rushed towards them they kept roaring, "Stay back, keep back; we'll shoot; we'll fire." Burns, taking in the humor of the situation, said: "How in hell can I keep back. I'm being pushed on by your kind of carrion." They still kept yelling, "Keep back, stay back, we'll shoot, we'll fire." Burns then shouted, "Fire and be damned to you. Do it quick and get it done with." There was no firing. Then so as to rub it in some more, Burns said: "Let my hands loose; get me some banana peelings and I will beat up the whole bunch of you."

In jail we had one lively time. We were not allowed bail. We were not allowed to phone to our attorneys. We were kept in this state for nineteen hours. There was no charge placed against us. Hebel Red songs from the "I. W. W." and Socialist song books, were sung almost continuously. Two stool-pigeons were put in the cell with us. These we scared the life almost out of. We spoke for the benefit of the police, loud enough for them to hear. They got some scared. They sent for Governor West. They also called out the militia. She was some town that night. In the morning the moon-faced, fish-eyed, flannel-mouthed chief of police came, and said: "Well, I reckon you boys want something to eat?" No answer. A little while after he returned with a basket and coffee pot. Leaving these on the cell floor he said, "They have only sent meals for five of you; I guess you will have to divide it up." "Not by a jug full," we replied. "We all eat or no one eats." The boss cop paced a trifle, swore some, and went away. Later he returned with two more meals. Then we tried to eat. Yes, we tried to. We burned the stuff called food. Then we sang some more. About 4:30 p. m. a delegation of I. W. W.'s and Socialists came from Portland. Attorney John Jeffrey, who accompanied them, seemed to put ice cold creeps down the wormlike spines of Oregon City's officials, for they just decided they could not get rid of us quick enough. Papers were hurriedly made out to liberate Jule, Ramsley and Burns. When these were produced we refused to go out unless Culver and Pyatt were also released. Result: they got out too. Before we left we were presented with a warrant. It is a peach. There never was such another. It is not what they intended to charge us with that counts. It is what they did charge us with. Here it is. Don't laugh. We were charged with "Violating Ordinance No. 209 of Oregon City by willfully and unlawfully providing for the punishment of disorderly persons and the owners and keepers of disorderly houses." Some charge, eh? We had only been in town 24 hours. Twenty of these we were in jail. Still we were charged with making illegal laws. Well, we got out, and were told to come back for trial on the following Monday at 3 p. m.

When Monday came, were we on hand? We should smile. No sooner had the Chudge took his seat than he jumped the city attorney. He chirped thus-wise: "Your honor, the city wishes the charges against these defendants to be dismissed." Attorney John Jeffrey objected, saying: "We have come here for trial, and we want to be tried. If you had no intention of trying my clients you could have told us that last Friday." The Chudge stuttered, "Case dismissed." That night we had some meeting on the street. Blue, Ramsley, Barton and Burns spoke. What they said about Oregon City, its officials and laws caused some peculiar emotions and changing expressions in the minds and on the faces of the sputters in the audience. It was a rousing good meeting. We gave away a lot of literature, and sold a good amount too.

So endeth Cossack rule in Oregon City. But in a basement jail there still remains fifteen members of the Industrial Workers of the World. These fellow workers were arrested, the grand jury convened, indictments quickly returned. Grand jury dismissed. District attorney left town, saying "he cannot try these men till July 8th. There is no case against these fellow workers. They are held out of spite. What are you going to do?"

To the everlasting credit of "The Portland News" (Scripps-McRae paper), be it known, that it stood unflinchingly on the side of the workers in this struggle. They have been threatened with a discontinuance of their supply of paper, too. This never phased them though.

HEY! ROUGHNECKS!
Big Feed Cooked in Jungle Style Served on SUNDAY, JULY 6.
MINNEHAMA PARK, SPOKANE, WASH.
Good Things to Eat and Drink.
Get Your Tickets for the I. W. W. PICNIC
Tickets for sale at 115 Browne Street
ADMISSION 50 CENTS

Help the Hopedale Strikers

The defeat of the brave I. W. W. strikers in the Draper Mills at Hopedale, Mass., would be a severe blow to the revolutionary cause in the East; their victory will mark an epoch; most of the Drapers are among the very worst and most unyielding employers of labor in the country. There never has been a successful strike in their works nor has a labor union been able to exist there. The workers have been completely spiritless until the I. W. W. entered the field last spring, when the Italians and Armenians only, organized.

They struck on April 1st and now for nearly three months have been standing out firmly against all the wealth and power of this stubborn Draper group. One striker has been wantonly killed and many others arrested. The company pays over \$2,000 a week for policemen but will not advance the wages of its workers. The English speaking workmen have refused to join the strike, stupidly supporting Draper, who has kept them underfoot all these years. If these poor-spirited Americans and Irish-Americans had come out the strike would have ended favorably long ago. They remained at work and have fought against their own interests as well as those of the strikers.

The Draper company, which possesses great local power, has manufactured unconstitutional town laws and used its hired police to enforce them. But the strikers have not broken down under this attack, nor will they break or back down unless they are starved to it. There never was a better body of fighters.

Now they must not be allowed to lack funds, and it is up to our comrades and fellow-workers everywhere to save them and the revolutionary movement from this calamity. Funds should be rushed to the scene of action. All the strikers are organized in the I. W. W. Should the strike fail not only would the organization be in jeopardy there but the strikers' spirit would be chilled if not broken, which is precisely what the Drapers hope and are working for.

Another fact is that Massachusetts, though it has great traditions, is very difficult fighting ground, because a considerable part of its old population is water-logged with either wealth or a spurious wealth-worshipping education. Former President Elliot of Harvard college has done a great deal to cultivate a toadying spirit in the middle and rich classes, and now, though his ignorance on the social question has been exposed by the enlightenment that time has brought, the effect of his teaching, and that of others like him reactionary, appears in a kind of moral paralysis amounting to dry rot in the schooled part of the people of this state. They let the constitution be wrecked by an arrogant rich man like Draper without an outcry.

Radical people outside of Massachusetts must therefore help to save the free traditions of Massachusetts. This must be done to protect the revolutionary movement throughout the East, where what happens in Massachusetts has great weight.

We therefore ask all I. W. W. locals to send immediately as much aid in funds as they can, and not then to drop the work but to continue to help in the same way from time to time until the strike ends. The situation is critical and assistance is pressingly needed. The money should be forwarded to Peter Bordone, treasurer of the Relief and Strike Committee, Milford, Mass.—Morrison I. Swift.

New Orleans Seamen Appeal

Fellow Workers: On the 2nd of June the United Fruit Company issued an order cutting the wages of all its Seamen five dollars (\$5.00) per month. To this cut, the Marine Transport Workers' Union immediately replied by declaring a general strike against the Fruit Trust. In the port of New Orleans, La., the A. F. of L. Sailors made a common cause with the Marine Transport Workers, all walking off the ships together. The Cooks, Stewards and Waiters were beginning to do likewise. In this port the Trust was getting up against the proposition of having to try to run its ships entirely with green plantation negroes, the only scabs it could get here. The Trust became desperate. On the 11th of June, as the pickets of the United Unions approached the S. B. Heredia, they were fired on by the officers of the United Fruit Company, police and detectives. Five working-men, four seamen and one longshoreman were wounded, three desperately, one of whom has since died, Fellow-worker Robert Newman, whose body now lies in the Greenwood Cemetery.

Forty-three members of the United Unions are in jail charged with inciting to riot; three of them are under additional charges of carrying concealed weapons, and one, Fellow-worker Frank Prego, charged with shooting at with intent to kill. All the wounded and imprisoned men are your brothers, and are held by the master class to be punished for loyalty to you, the workers.

They must be defended by any and every means. We appeal to you to immediately rush funds to Secretary G. Peres, at 307 N. Peters Street, New Orleans, La., to aid in the defense. Yours for the solidarity of the working class.—The United Seamen's Union of the Port of New Orleans.

'TIS OF THEE
(Mary Field in the Masses.)
There was a wench in our town,
She was a poor wage slave;
Her son, her only pride and joy,
He was a soldier brave.

One day the mother went on strike—
What did the brave boy do?
He took his Governmental gun
And shot his ma in two.

And when he saw his ma was dead,
That tolling ma of his'n,
He heaved a sigh, and shed a tear,
And said, "Well—'t's Patriotic!"

Prisoners Revolt in the Missoula Jail

For some time the prisoners confined in the county jail of Missoula have been dissatisfied with the quality of the food served, the accommodations, dirty blankets and the vermin which generally finds an ideal breeding ground in such "patriotic" institutions.

According to pretty reliable sources the management of the jail receives sixty cents for the keep of each prisoner. However, by applying the principles of strict economy it has succeeded in doing the stunt of feeding the men on a diet costing seven cents per day. The menu never changes. It consists of thin soup, a small piece of boiled beef, a spud or two and a cup of bootleg. This "bountiful repast" is served twice a day and unless the men are fast enough to grab the grub on record time they are likely even to miss part of it. Some Philistines claim that there must be some boodle somewhere, however it is hard to believe such statements!

Last Sunday evening the discontent culminated in a noisy scene, when a bunch of men were arrested in the Milwaukee yards and were not given a single meal. Enraged at such an outrage the 61 prisoners, like one man, started to make things interesting and there and then proceeded to apply a dose of direct action on the furniture and windows, at the same time raising a howl of protest.

The fracas attracted a crowd and when it grew to large proportions several I. W. W. men, who had been arrested during the course of the strike, started to address the astonished audi-

ence through the bars. Without fear and in no uncertain tones the speakers graphically depicted the conditions existing in the jail. The management of the institution was also severely criticised and the scathing exposure made a profound impression upon the impromptu listeners.

The sheriff and his deputies were at a loss as to what to do under the circumstances. Threats of turning the hose on had no effect and for four solid hours the uproar lasted. At last, after several windows had been smashed and the noise showed no sign of abatement, the sheriff promised the men that roast meat would be served at least three times a week; the blankets washed and the sanitary conditions improved.

The following day 22 men, including several I. W. W. members who were going to be initiated into the mysteries of the new municipal rock pile, were released, the bed clothes were sent to a laundry and the quality of the food improved.

The papers and the authorities laid the blame on the I. W. W. pickets who were in jail at the time and, as a result, several were transferred to the city jail. They were told that their methods of agitation had mesmerized the other prisoners.

This original revolt accomplished much in the way of making the unsophisticated public acquainted with the rotten conditions which prevail in most of our "sacred" public institutions—the jails.—Press Committee.

AGRICULTURISTS AT BRAWLEY WIN OUT

Thirty I. W. W. men pulled a strike at Brawley, Cal., on June 20. In thirty minutes they succeeded in raising wages five cents an hour and gaining better board for sixty cantaloupe pickers and teamsters. Thirty-five cents an hour and seventy-five cents a day board was the former rate.

A majority of the body were conservative and satisfied so "court" was held and the boss was ordered to give better wages and board, and green cantaloupes, about the size of coconuts, were used to persuade the satisfied slaves that the demands were all right.

The sheriff was called but by the time he arrived all the slaves were agreed in regard to the demands. The sheriff had to arrest three fellow workers anyway and these were given a joy ride to town. When the officer telephoned to the ranch to see if everything was all right, the answer was that no work would be done until the three men were released and put back on the job. The boss immediately brought back the three "mischievous boys." This demonstrated the ability of our court to exonerate as well as convict.—Victor Werts, Secretary 429.

AS TO MARSHFIELD
The press dispatches tell us that Fellow-workers W. J. Edgeworth and Wesley Everest

have been deported from Marshfield, and their property confiscated. I would advise that the following action be taken at once:

- 1st. All locals and sympathizers send telegrams of protest to Governor West of Salem, Oregon, and Mayor Straw of Marshfield, Oregon.
- 2nd. Get active members to ship to the railroad camps at Marshfield, from Portland and San Francisco, and establish a new Headquarters at Bandon, Oregon, a strong Socialist town near Marshfield.
- 3rd. Have the Red Socialists and I. W. W. hold big protest meetings at Portland.
- 4th. Strengthen the picket line at Frisco and Portland. Boycott Coos Bay, Oregon.

For the benefit of those readers who do not know I will say that several weeks ago about seven hundred loggers went on strike and left about 25 members in Coos Bay to do the picket duty. Shame on the men that left Coos Bay, leaving the secretary and organizer at the mercy of a broadcloth mob!

Fellow Workers, there is a good chance to win the strike at Coos Bay. Don't give up. On to Marshfield! There are five other towns in Coos Bay where you can have a Headquarters. They are Empire, North Bend, Coquill, Myrtle Point and Bandon, Oregon.

Please bring this before your local and take action yourself at once.—John Pancer.

Incidents in Ipswich Strike

(By C. L. Pingree)

(Fellow worker Pingree was arrested charged with murder after the "riot.")

The Ipswich strike started on April 22nd against the most miserable conditions in the knitting industry. The Ipswich mill employs about 1500 workers, who are mostly Greeks and Poles. The pay is the lowest of any knitting mill in the country. Girls working from one to three years receive from \$1.50 to \$3.50 a week. The men average between six and seven dollars a week. It was common for the boss to kick and strike workers on the least provocation. There are many other things equally as bad.

On April 22nd the Poles walked out demanding a 20 per cent raise. The Greeks immediately lined up with them. The strike is now in its ninth week and the strikers have not had a cent of outside aid. Despite all the dirty means used by the bosses and their degenerate tools, the politicians and police, the strikers are now more solid than ever. They are more determined to stay out until their demands are granted.

At first the mill closed down for four weeks. The bosses threatened to keep it closed all summer. At the end of the four weeks, the mill opened its doors and a couple hundred Canadians and Americans went back. The Poles and Greeks stood solid—despite every effort of the bosses to split the ranks of the strikers. Though there were over 200 thugs and specials here trying to create trouble everything was quiet up to the 10th of June. The business element began to kick against the expense of keeping the unnecessary thugs here. The political machine in power had to put something over in order to get more money for police expense. The selectmen called a special town meeting for that purpose and gave out orders for the police to start something. This was June 10.

The evening of the 10th we had the usual picket line out. Nat. Horton and myself had instructed the strikers not to start trouble. They all marched in double file wearing "Don't Be a Scab" tags. We kept half of the sidewalk clear as usual. The thugs began to yank the strikers off the sidewalk without the least provocation, to arrest them. They began with the Greek girls. Immediately after, the police and thugs began to club and shoot at the strikers. One Greek girl, Nickoleta Pendelopolou was instantly killed by a police bullet. Six others were badly wounded, and eight or ten more were beaten so bad that they had to be taken to the hospital. There were nineteen arrests including Herman, myself and wife. About fifteen more warrants have been issued, but the detectives have not located any of these workers to date. We were all charged with riot and Herman, myself and my wife were charged with murder also.

Other fellow workers and socialists from near here got on the job at once and made things hot for a while. Last Sunday a good number of I. W. W. members and socialists held a red-hot strike meeting. The strikers cheered for the revolution and the red flag. God! But didn't the police and cockroaches squirm!

As a result of that meeting and Biscay getting immediately on the publicity end of the job, the murder charge was squashed. We are all out on heavy bail charged with riot.

The bosses and their tools are boosting our advertising. They have arrested three of last Sunday's speakers and are hunting for three more. They are charged with being disorderly persons and making incendiary speeches. B. J. McMillan, a socialist of Beverly, was the first arrested; Fellow Worker L. J. Grikstas was arrested in the socialist hall in Boston, brought to Ipswich, bailed out and made a speech the same night. John Murphy of Lawrence was arrested the same evening. The last two are members of the I. W. W. and the S. P. The three cases were postponed for one week.

Now, fellow workers, we need money to carry on this strike, and also for the defense. Publicity is our strongest weapon in the defense and it takes money. We have competent members on the defense. We are forming defense leagues in the Eastern cities and want you to get busy out West. It is up to all radicals who believe in a square deal to get busy.

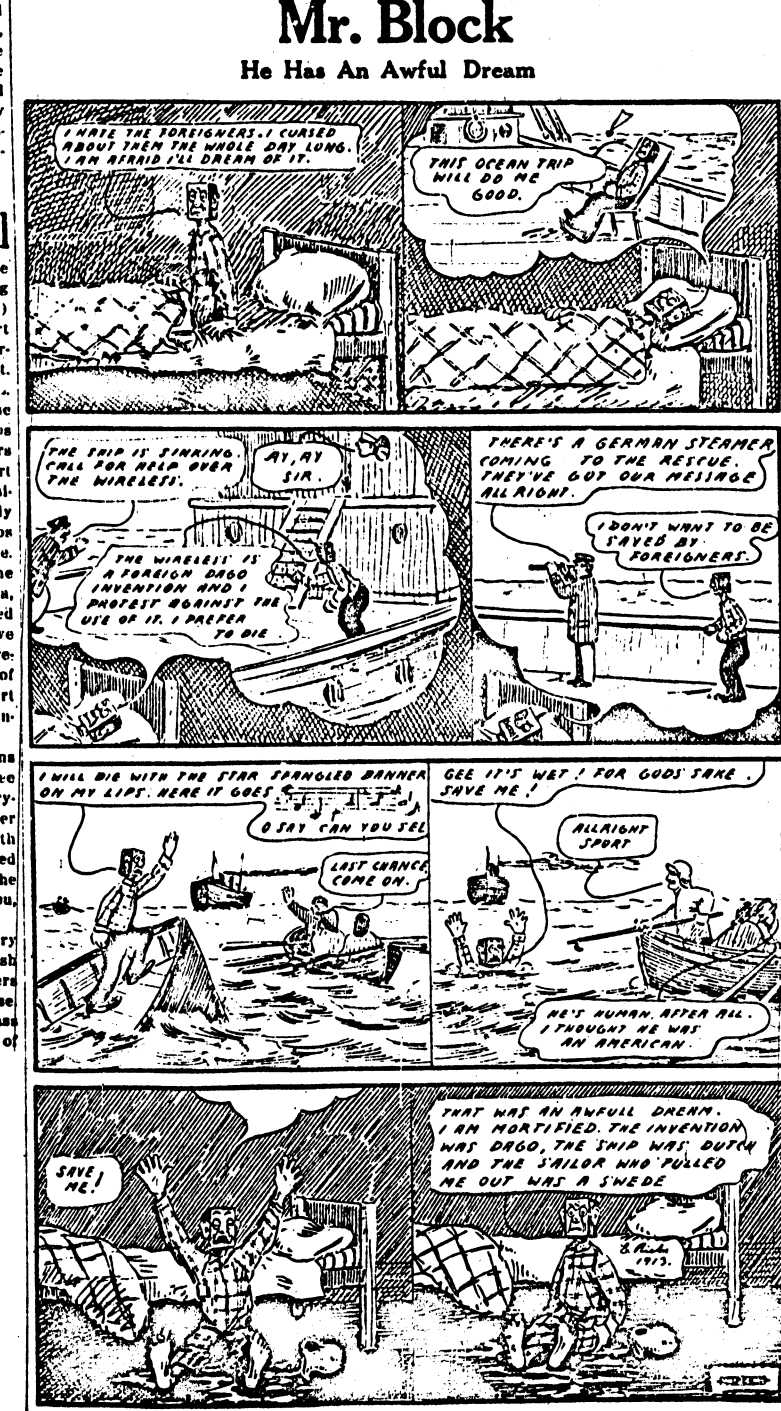
The riot cases come up the second Monday in July. Hold meetings, make protests, raise money. Send all money to Ipswich Defense League, Box 282, Ipswich, Mass.

Fellow Worker W. E. Clarke has been sentenced to 30 days imprisonment for speaking on the streets of Miles City, Mont.

An I. W. W. local has been started in Cincinnati, Ohio. It meets on Thursday night at the Radical Hall, southeast corner of Court and Central. The acting police chief has refused to renew their street speaking permit, but the local is determined to speak anyhow. The secretary is Hirt Krit, present address 22 Alexandria Pike, Newport, Ky.

Trying to prejudice people against the I. W. W., the Omaha papers state that a "man from somewhere in the state" offered to pay 22 cents an hour and could find no I. W. W. men to accept the job. Let us see. Eight hours is enough work for any one day and eight times twenty-two cents is one dollar seventy-six. No doubt the men refused to work for fear they would strain their backs carrying all that money every night!

Mr. Block
BY ERNEST RIEBE
A pamphlet consisting of 24 Block cartoons, showing the different adventures of the average worker who has capitalist ideas. Just the thing to knock the scales off the eyes of would-be scabs. Fifteen cents a copy at all I. W. W. locals.
Per hundred, \$5, from
THE BLOCK SUPPLY CO.,
Box 186 Minneapolis, Minn.



Continued Next Week