

# Industrial Workers

"AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL"

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## TEN BARRELS, WHO DRANK IT ALL?

By C. E. PAYNE

It is really sad to think how soon the powers that be may meet with unpleasant experiences. It is so very recently that the I. W. W.'s were the only real criminals in Snohomish Co. Now there are a few others who are on the anxious seat as the result of informations that are said to be on file and which may lead to indictments. The U. S. Grand Jury that has been investigating in Seattle is said to have found a trail leading into Everett. Among other things that are said to be on the list is the question of what was done with ten barrels of whiskey that McRae had in his possession last fall when he was sheriff. The whiskey was called for some time ago, and the barrels were found in their right places, but the whiskey was gone and water had taken its place.

These Grand Jury possibilities may have had something to do with the fact that the prosecution of the 74 members of the I. W. W. made no contest against the change of venue asked by the defense. It would not look well for the main witnesses for the prosecution to be defendants on bootlegging charges in the same county where they were trying to railroad men to the pen for life.

### Men, Real Men

The men in jail are cheerful and all are feeling fine. They are making no complaints, and frequently say they appreciate what is being done on the outside for the defense. One of them made this statement a few days ago when asked if there was anything needed in the jail: "No, we are doing well, we don't want to dip into the defense fund for anything we are not compelled to have, because we know the cost of the trials will be heavy and must be borne by the workers." This is not the statement of some would-be hero, but is the ordinary state of mind of all the men in jail.

Here are 74 men from the ranks of the workers in every day life, men who in most cases were not personally acquainted with each other before Bloody Sunday, men who are charged with the most serious crime in calendar, yet who have so clear an understanding of their class interests that there is no conflict of opinion regarding tactics, and all can cheerfully say, "we are getting along fine."

These men in the jail are our representatives in the class war and are really carrying the heavy end of the Everett fight for organization on the Pacific Coast, and yet they modestly say: "We understand what the workers on the outside are doing for us, and don't want to make the expenses any heavier than we are compelled to."

These men have been in jail over three months, and will be there for another month before the trials are well under way. Liberty is as dear to them as air to men in the world, but more dear to them than their personal liberty is the liberty of their class for which they are waging their part of this stupendous struggle.

### A Different Death

The workers who think there is such a thing as good bosses should take stock of the fate of a man who died here recently. He was a cook by trade and had worked in Alaska all last summer at good wages, but after returning here began scabbing for Captain Harry Ramwell of the American Tug Boat Co. The mate of one of Ramwell's boats went along the water front and asked several men to act as pall bearers, and found but one man who would attend the funeral. There were also two women who went, out of sympathy for the scab's widow, and these four were the only ones there. One of the women said it was the saddest funeral she ever attended, as there was not one flower to relieve the drab sadness. Captain Ramwell had no part in the affair, as there is no profit in a dead scab or hulks of his characters. The five who were killed Nov. 5th had a much different procession.

### GROWING SENTIMENT.

**NORTH YAKIMA, Wash.**—The stock of Industrial Unionism has taken a rise in North Yakima. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn has left behind her a lasting message of class solidarity. The meeting held there on Feb. 5th was a success in every way. Here's a plea for justice for the imprisoned fellow workers and a stirring indictment of the methods used by the Lumber Trust.

Wire from Tulsa, Okla., on February 7th said: "Forty-two lined up here to-day."

Out of San Pedro there is a big team to outfit; wages \$2.00, board 75 cents. Chance for construction delegates.



War on pirates; another fleet of profit destroyers, same-type with naval bases Seattle to San Diego on Pacific Coast under M. T. W., 700, naval battles immanent on both Coasts and Great Lakes!

Funds are urgently needed for the defense of the Everett prisoners. Get action NOW! Use all methods and use them immediately. Send all funds to Herbert Mahler, Secretary-Treasurer, Everett Prisoners' Defense Committee, Box 1878, Seattle, Wash.

## WORKERS BUILD IT ALL, BOSSES OWN IT ALL!

**EUREKA, Cal.**—Feudalism is still in effect in many parts of Humboldt County. The Hammond Lumber Company dominated the town of Samoa; the Pacific Lumber Company the town of Scotia; the Northwestern Lumber Company owns Karbel, the Carson Lumber Co. dominates Eureka and the Vance Lumber Company controls Little River. This country is a real empire of lumber thieves.

The Hammond Lumber Company controls the Bayside Quarry, a sash and door factory, one of the largest strips of land in the state. Thru this feudal ownership it also controls the theaters, stores and every activity of Samoa.

The Pacific Lumber Company controls 65,000 acres of stock ranch between Scotia and Willits; shipping docks at South Bay, seven miles south of Eureka, a big repair plant at the same place, its own private railroad, with big sawmill and everything within the radius of their empire even to the thoughts of their serfs.

Their wishes disagree with the laws so much the worse for the laws.

Mostly workers of European birth are employed by these barons, there are a few migratory workers and a small percentage of English speaking "home guards." Wages are generally low and the camps are lousy, dirty and damp. The Humboldt County beef steak is tougher than any met elsewhere in the world. They serve it for two meals as steak; the third meal it is served as stew, the fourth as meat pie, the fifth meal at which it takes its final form is hash. Finally, still tough and strong it appears as hamburger roll, with the living parts of it smothered to death with onions and buried in Spanish sauce to kill the smell. In most of the camps the coffee (apologies to Brazil and Belgium where chicory comes from) is boiled by the night shifts and tanned like medicine. Before using it is doped with a mixture of a ten cent can of condensed milk to fourteen quarts of rain water. This mixture is not called milk, when a worker wants it he says: "pass the 99 to 1." Some of them think this is quite a joke. It is—the joke the lumber barons play on the unorganized worker. Another function of the lumber jack is robbing the hogs of Humboldt County of the wind-fallen apples.

The workers kick quite a lot, one at a time and with their mouth. They do not realize that the I. W. W. propaganda is trying to do away with these conditions. This is partly the result of their ignorance; it is also due to the fact that we have not carried on sufficient agitation in the camps here. This country needs a number of good English-speaking organizers and delegates. Only sixty-five foreigners so-called are organized now, and these are ready to strike at the drop of the hat. We need twenty men lined up in each camp before we can start a strike that will be a permanent success as anything gained through an unorganized strike is again lost by the unorganized.

One month of good organizers who can go from camp to camp and be economically free of the masters would produce great results here.

FRANK WOOD.

A report brought to Bemidji by Fellow Worker F. C. Noel is that Blair's Camp at Resmer, Minn., is also out on strike. The bosses have been calling them "lumber-chests" and now they probably think that the way they are acting is beastly. The lumberjacks are getting human!

## FIGHTERS TRIALS FOR SEATTLE

By CHARLES ASHLEIGH

On the 9th the application of Moore and Vanderveer for a change of venue was heard by Judge Ronald in the Superior County Court in Everett. Our attorneys had gathered an enormous volume of evidence, substantiated by many affidavits, proving that there existed such prejudice against the prisoners, and the I. W. W. generally, in Snohomish County that an impartial jury could not be secured. It was, however, not just a matter of prejudice, it was also a matter of economic coercion. Many people in Everett and other parts of Snohomish County were sympathetic to the prisoners and to Free Speech. But they dare not express their beliefs!

Such is the condition of vassalage in which are the workers and poorer citizens generally to the bosses and banks of that district, that many of them dare not open their mouths to vent a sentiment favorable to our side. This was found to be the case in the numberless instances by persons who were circulating petitions requesting a Federal investigation of Everett Bloody Sunday.

"Yes, I would like to see an investigation," the householder would tell the canvasser, "but I dare not put my name on that petition or I'd lose my job."

Then, there are the farmers upon whose property there are mortgages held by Everett banks or by individual money sharks of that town. These men may be well intentioned enough but—we all know what economic determination means! And the Prosecution has upon its list of witnesses the names of Everett bank officials and money-lenders. Anyone upon the jury whose financial destiny was in the hands of one or more of the witnesses for the state would not be too ready to render a decision which would imply a direct contradiction of the evidence of those witnesses. And a verdict of "Not guilty" would amount to a manifestation of disbelief in the testimony of these respectable and economically and socially powerful witnesses.

These same gentlemen, however, would be but very small fry indeed in Seattle. The jury would not then be composed of persons fearful of the economic lash of these important gentlemen. Indeed, these gentlemen would no longer be of particular importance, as the cashier of a branch bank in a two-by-four town such as Everett, is not looked upon with much awe in Seattle.

These were some of the reasons prompting the application for the change of venue last Friday. And that they were good reasons, and backed by plentiful evidence is shown by the fact that the change of venue was granted. Judge Ronald transferred the case to King County, which Seattle is the seat. The cases will therefore come up for trial in Judge Ronald's court, judicial department No. 9, on March 5th, in the County-City Building of Seattle.

As the time of trial approached, the activities of the rebel workers for the defense should be redoubled. By the time the master is in your hands, there will be only about two weeks before the trial for you to get busy raising funds and obtaining publicity.

The Defense Committee has decided to issue a call to every local and branch of the I. W. W. to organize a monster mass meeting of protest and support in their locality for Sunday, March 4th. We want to have a demonstration of working-class solidarity on such a nation-wide scale that the bosses will think twice before they railroad these 74 good rebels and true to the penitentiary for life.

Don't forget, fellow workers, that the time to act is before the trial. Now is the time to manifest your class-conscious spirit by standing firmly behind the lads in jail and demanding in no uncertain voice their unconditional surrender by the master class.

Fellow workers, fellow-rebels of the mighty class of toil, gather up your utmost strength, let the voice of labor be heard and let it be heard so well that the masters will heed!

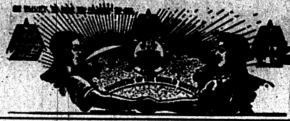
### EVERY WAY A SUCCESS.

**MILWAUKEE, Minn., Feb. 3rd.**—The coldest weather of the year did not deter the workers from attending the Scarlet meeting here in sufficient numbers to make it a financial and propaganda success.

The Iron Range struggle was refought in detail, with the result that the workers have a new concept of their part in the struggle. The speaker clearly pictured the Everett tragedy, and to have seen the events leading up to that series of outrages and the final murders would not have been a waste of time. The membership here strongly advocates the proposed routing of Fellow Worker Scarlett. —Walter Pasewalk.

# INDUSTRIAL WORKER

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### The Minnesota Slumming Expedition.

RECENTLY the I. W. W. has been making a series of slumming expeditions with a view to ascertaining how the upper class lives, and while they have yet not been able to find one logical reason why it should be allowed to live, they have unearthed a number of facts that are interesting and pertinent to the class war.

In these slumming expeditions the government of the scum has been little dealt with till recently. Of course, the State Legislature of Iowa was investigated two winters ago, but at that time the researchers of the I. W. W. took the form of eating a meal prepared for the lawmakers and the thoroughly filled investigators at that time decided that they were eating food which was entirely too good for anything but workers. It is, however, evident that a comprehensive study of the rottenness of legislatures cannot be probed in the time it takes to eat a legislator's meal.

The legislature of Minnesota recently gave the I. W. W. the opportunity for an extended study of the manner in which vermin feed on the workers. They began by voting to give the governor one hundred thousand dollars to destroy the I. W. W. One of the representatives made a motion to investigate the I. W. W. They wanted to show that the I. W. W. was composed of a bunch of ignorant bums. As some of the bums to be investigated they chose Archie R. Sinclair, H. E. Macuckin, Joe Ettor and a bunch of other I. W. W. members. As the guests of the legislators they took their "makins" and the best seats on the ground floor. It was a terrible sight, according to the capitalist press, as generally also filled the galleries. Instead of the I. W. W. being investigated, the gunmen and thugs of the trusts and the men who owned them were investigated.

We saw a parasite once under investigation by Fellow Worker Sinclair, and can imagine how this worked. It was at a time when the men of money were to discuss the problems of the unemployed over a banquet. The Sinclair method of investigating was to punch a parasite in the bread basket and ask between punches: "Say, you overgrown louse, were you ever hungry?"

Amid the wails of agony from the capitalist press we gather that the investigation was entirely satisfactory to the I. W. W. who did much to display, not their ignorance, but the ignorance of the intellectuals of capitalism.

All capitalist papers we have read are agreed that the investigation was bad judgement, as it was a big boost and advertisement for the I. W. W. For perhaps the first time the editor is forced to agree with the gutter press. It assuredly was, as the average capitalist's imbecility is always worsted before the economic and sociological knowledge of the I. W. W.

Our readers will note in one of the clippings we print in this issue that Fellow Worker Sinclair is blamed for giving a wrong definition of sabotage. We are not particularly worried over this, as those who know Sinclair, feel absolutely certain the fellow worker will give the correct definition to his boss on the very next job. A number of the capitalists for whom he worked in the past can give as good a definition of sabotage as the "Industrial Worker." They paid for their education.

### Worse than Canibalism.

IN the fight against the repeal of the law abolishing capital punishment in the State of Washington, the Seattle Times states that the idea that government has the right to take human life, even that of a murderer, is barbaric.

Yet, with capitalistic consistency, the Times advocates murder on a scale far greater, as it is a persistent advocate of conscription.

If the taking of one human life by the Government is barbaric, conscription is the utmost savagery. The cannibal differed from the editor of the Times only in that he murdered his victims to eat them. The cannibalism of the Times goes under the name of patriotism; it is dedicated to the murderous blood god, the modern state.

Any government which, in order to perpetuate itself, finds it necessary to commit murder wholesale or retail, is itself a greater crime than any murder.

Judging from the manner in which the advocates of Birth Control are being persecuted, Capitalism wants the stork to be as busy as it has already made the vulture.

### Class Loyalty Proves Class Consciousness.

IS it possible for a workingman who understands the class struggle and who is class conscious not to be class loyal? This question was asked by Fellow Worker J. A. Wagner to be answered thru the pages of the "Industrial Worker."

Our answer is that it is not possible for a workingman to be class conscious and not be class loyal. A working-coward can be class conscious and not class loyal. A worker can be conscious that he belongs to the working class in the revolutionary sense and yet be nothing but a philosopher, too yellow to fight for his own interests, even knowing that the fight is for his own emancipation. Knowledge is power only when it expresses itself in action. To be class loyal a worker in addition to knowing where he stands in society will fight for his interests; that is, he will be a class fighter.

We have met many men who claimed they were class-conscious—mouthing revolutionists, who were always absent when the class struggle called for fighters. We have been in no doubt as to their not being class loyal, but often we have wondered whether they were liars in their protestations of class consciousness, or cowards, or both.

Class-loyal, class-conscious class strugglers are the need of the proletarians of the world. The I. W. W. measures the class loyalty and class consciousness of workers, not by what they say, but by what they do. If a man is willing to organize for the overthrow of the present system and then fight for it on the industrial battlefield without compromise or retreat we know he is class conscious, because he was shown it by class loyalty. It does not matter what cowards are conscious of or know, as capitalism will not be destroyed by a big wind, but by a big scrap in industry. Revolutions are not a very alluring prospect for cowards, which explains why they do not join the I. W. W.

### N. G. U. S. A.: "Never Get Us Suckers Again."

THE papers are filled with the unfitnes of the National Guard as an implement of national defense. This is by reason of the fact that thousands to whom N. G. U. S. A., six months ago meant National Guard, United States of America, are now saying it means: "Never get us suckers again." The best cure for patriotism is a hitch in some branch of the service, and from the admission of the army officers themselves the National Guardsmen have been thoroughly cured.

The National Guardsmen have learned by experience that militarism or preparedness is not inspired by love of country but by the selfish interests of the masters of industry, willing to sacrifice the lives of the workers to their profit on the battlefield in the same way that they sacrifice them to their profit in industry, in times of so-called peace.

The enslaved are learning that in fighting for their masters they are but riveting closer the shackles of their serfdom. That the masters are now advocating enforced conscription instead of voluntary enlistment is a tribute to the growing knowledge of the workingclass. The government is glimpsing that involuntary conscription may mean voluntary enlistment against the war makers. If they thought conscription was safe they would not consider for one moment the feelings of the vassals they would force into the service.

### The Agitator.

CANIBALISM, chattel slavery and serfdom were popular in their day. They were respectable: the "best people," thoroughly approved of them.

We can imagine the loathing and contempt that were heaped on those who attacked these institutions, supported as they were in their day by all the forces of government, all the sophistry of orators and the rhapsodies of poets.

The whole progress of humanity had at its base changing economic conditions, but to write the social history of these changes we would have to go, not into the history of the great and powerful, but into the stories of unknown agitators. The agitator is always the herald of progress. The agitator is the teamster who drives the chariot of Freedom and the name of the chariot has always been Revolution.

The only gospel that is a builder for the future is that of discontent. It is only those who are dissatisfied with Things-As-They-Are who bring about Things-As-They-Should-Be.

### So They Say, But—

ALREADY the reptilian press have put God into uniform. He is going to be supplied with a new Springfield rifle, a suit of blue and one of khaki, and, lest we forget, a big bunch of ammunition for the murder of German Christians. He is already fighting for England, France, Italy, Germany, Austria, Russia and a few other nations. Now he is going to be on Uncle Sam's pay roll at fifteen per. So the preachers say.

We don't believe it. If he is a God of peace, love and brotherhood, and he is anywhere on earth, it must be in China or some of the other heathen nations. Even the devil, bad as is his reputation, would not be guilty of the crimes with which they are trying to saddle God. No God or devil would ever fall so low as to fight for the American munition trusts.

### A Humane Solution.

NO doubt the heroic remedy for this tragic misunderstanding is that both armies should shoot their officers and go home to gather in their harvests in the villages and cities and make a revolution in the towns."

—Bernard Shaw.

This seems on the face of it a cruel solution of the war difficulty. It is really a humane solution as it would have saved millions of lives and billions of dollars worth of the wealth which labor has created.

Savage oppression often achieves the results that agitation aims at.

If the workers were wise, their conditions would be otherwise.—Exchange.

# TWO CONSTRUCTION WORKERS! — TWO ROADS!

(EDITORIAL)

"I worked all my life. This is all I've got for it. The boss got the rest!"



Look at this face, toil-worn, sorrow-seared, ambitionless, dead. Look at that bent back, bowed head—a picture of dejection! This contorted body is the question mark with which the I. W. W. challenges modern civilization and modern capitalism saying, "This is the product of your vaunted industrial system, maker of pariahs and outcasts!"

Look closely at that bundle. It is the home which our present industrial system gives those who function at the root of production, those who first mould the resources of nature to the pleasures and needs of society.

He of the picture is a mule-driver, driven by his masters harder, more ruthlessly than the mule. Or he may be a mucker looked down upon by the society he enriches as lower than the muck he handles.

This creature of the picture, considered by the soft-handed as less than man, spanned the continents with rails of steel abolishing space with the magic of his industrial power; then he hikes along the tracks. He made the transportation methods of the twentieth century a possibility; he himself uses the methods of the first.

He goes into the deserts, works arduous hours, cursing the mules, stumbling over the roots of the cactus and the mosquito, eaten by flies and vermin, hands blistered by the ungainly tools of toil. Homes are built, cities rise, the deserts bloom and call for the commerce of the world.

The lands that God forgot and the man that God seems to have forgotten come together; alfalfa takes the place of the cactus.

A twentieth century creator he adds to the permanent possessions of the world. But the homes in the reclaimed deserts are not for him. There exists for him no warm kiss of affection, no laughter of children. The desert cities reared on his sweat and blood tells him: "Get out, you vagrant, bum, you filthy working stiff." And out he goes, to reclaim other deserts.

The Empire Builder packs his horse on his back. He jumps on a box car, the men for whom he built the railroad say to him thru their vassals, "Unload, you filthy hobo"—and he unloads.

In the world his labor has made fruitful, filled with laughter and song, there is but one thing, one thing he has built for himself—the jails.

The construction stiff is entitled to monuments instead of the sculptured murderers that now adorn the city squares. Instead he slinks homeless thru the night, spends hours that are hopeless infernos in the jungles shivering, dreaming of crucified ambitions and hoping of hopes that inspired his youth, hopes natural but denied by an unnatural social system.

He is human. How he would long for a home, wife and children. Greater than the hope of heaven is for thousand of this class the hope of a home of their own. Think not that abuse and oppression can bury and obliterate the most natural instincts of man and the most primitive—that procreative instinct given expression by the most primal savage but denied to the construction worker and the mule. Society drives him from the elevating flame of love to the licent

ous embrace of the harlot—and having driven Minnie.

Then wonder not that the face of the construction worker is toil-worn, sorrow-seared, dead! Blame him not! He is the ripe fruit of your christian civilization, death flower of your reign of loot, outrage, robbery and death!

But there is also another construction workers' face. It is the same face but how changed. The lines of toil are softened, a soft glow illumines the face, the head is straightened. The question is no longer in the bent over poise of the body, now straightened. There is question, power in the eyes; there is clear-eyed menace in the form. Instead of dejection in the look at the bundle that has been his home—the home of his class—there is determination in the set of the body and jaw! Yeal and can you blame him if there is also hate in his look. Hate for oppression! Hate for slavery! Hate for the midnight shivering! Hate for the jungles! Hate for toil without recompense! And all the hate, all the longing, all the dreams are revived and concentrated in hatred for you—for you the murderers of his ambitions, the looters of his life—for you who denied him a little of the wealth he created!

Why the change? The thing of your outrage has become a man, a thinking, acting, fighting, human being. He has changed from a tool of your industrial avarice, willing, submissive, weak, to the greatest thing in all nature, crowning product of aeons of evolution—a worker in rebellion.

He has glimpsed his power greater than yours. He has seen that not your power, but his submission held him enchained. The power he used at your bidding to beautify a world he is now going to use for himself to reclaim what he has created. The ethics of slavery are now to him but the vapor of fools. He is a preacher of rebellion, gospel of progress!

He knows now the secret of your power—Organization. He is going to make it his emancipator. Yesterday he wanted but a crust off your table. You refused! Now he wants—a world! His lesson for the workers of the class is now—two roads!

One, the old road, led to the box car, the jungle, the bread line, the jail, a despised and looted life and an unknown death. This was the road of submission.

The other, the new road, leads to homes, wives, children, respectability, self-respect, manhood and Industrial Freedom. This is the road of organized rebellion, organized power and organized emancipation!

Construction worker, which road do you want to travel? Yours it is to decide! Take the old road to the old slavery! Take the new road if you want freedom. Decide now!

Join those who are taking the new road, those who look the world clear in the eyes and tell it to go to Hell, till they own it. They are going to meet at the I. W. W. Hall at Seattle on March 1st, and at Minneapolis about the same time in monster conventions. After that they will meet in every construction camp in America and put, not the fist of one construction worker, but the fist of all construction workers to the nose of the slave-driver and demand, not beg, for what they want. The I. W. W. wants your fist with a man behind it. If you are a man we'll get it.

There is a scap to stir the blood of fighters coming off! Either you will fight for the Boss and Slavery or for the I. W. W. and your own economic freedom. Bread lines and jails or manhood and homes is the issue. If you are a coward, you'll just talk against conditions. If you are a man you'll act. And now!

If the money power succeeds in starting a war against Germany, who will be the first to die? Why the fool workers. Hearst, Morgan, Rocky & Company will stay at home. With the A. F. of L. label on each bullet, how glorious it will be to die for one country. —Alexander.

Fred Goulder is secretary of the San Jose Local I. W. W. The address is 15 Orchard Street.



