

INDUSTRIAL WORKER

VOL. I

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1909

One Dollar a Year

No. 8

LUMBERJACKS ARE ORGANIZING

hour is at hand, that drives the working class to see the absolute necessity of organization, and of a kind, that will give all wage workers instead of disorganizing them.

The Industrial Workers of the World is the only organization that takes all workers into its fold, no matter what industry they happen to work in; an organization of this kind is the only one that will ever be able to do anything for the working class, the proof of which can easily be found in some of the capitalist papers which have given you, a week or two ago, the results that such an organization has given the workers of France. The Fellow Workers there were well enough organized to wrest, as government employees mind you, working in the telegraph, telephone and postal service from that very government, all their demands. Why cannot you do as well as the French workers? It is merely because you do not know your interest as well as they do. Whenever you do, you will do as well, yes better, whenever you begin to understand that what is to your interest is to your detriment, and whatever is to your interest; is to your master's detriment; that your boss is your master. You have no doubt found out in this time, in other words, that the boss wants to get as much work out of you, for as little money, as possible. You, on the other hand, want to get as much money for your work as possible—just as much work as you are forced to do and no more. That is easy, is it not? "Why, yes," you will say, if you look at it your way, instead of letting the boss, or someone else look at it for you.

You must put yourself in a position to be able to do something for yourself, instead of waiting to let some one else do it for you, which will never happen, so there is no use waiting; the longer you wait, the longer you will have to take your medicine. The time is right now for you to realize the necessity of organization, and remember, the sooner you organize, the sooner you will be able to control the conditions that you love so well, but are never satisfied with. Just to show you what the Industrial Workers of the World have done for you already; what headway the organization has made; have you ever noticed that the employment sharks of Seattle have had to reduce the fees for the jobs that you buy from them, in order to live? You will have to keep on buying them until you organize.

There are at present four I. W. W. locals in Seattle, but as I follow logging as a rule, I will confine myself principally to the Loggers Local Union No. 432. It is here, and here to stay; is getting stronger every day; and has done something for you already, though you are not a member as yet.

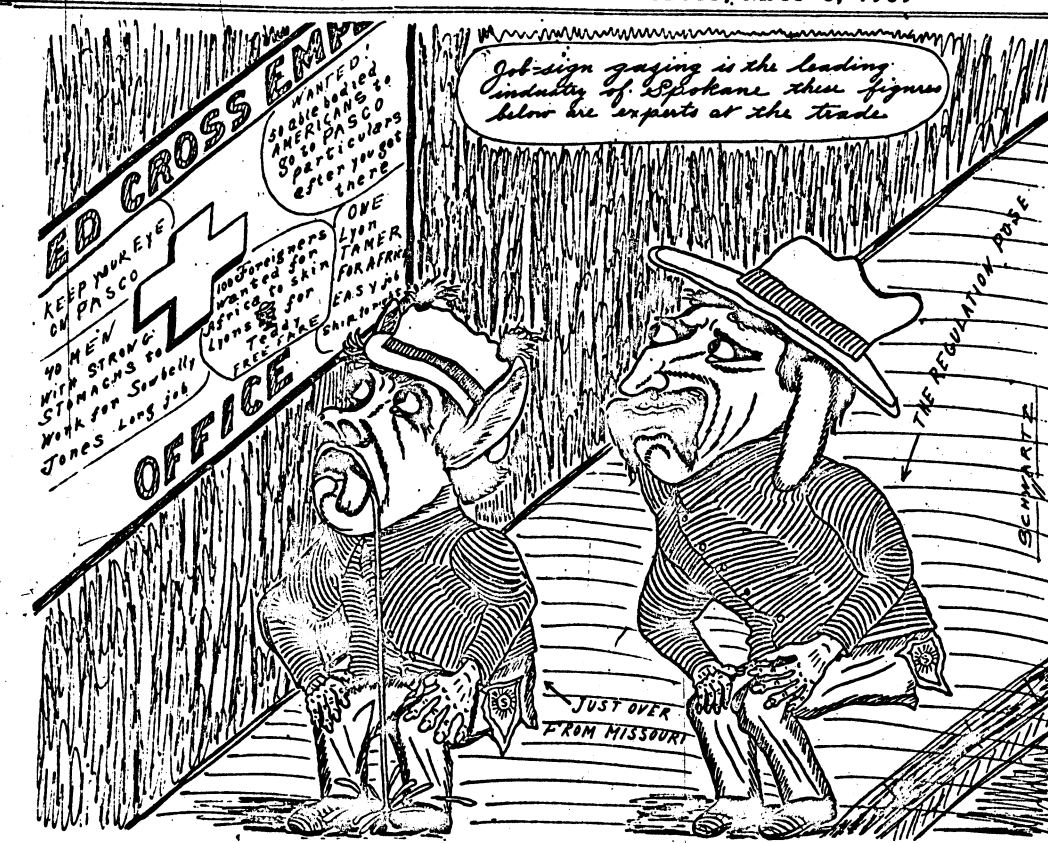
In camps from all directions loggers are complaining of long hours, poor grub, low wages, etc. Why all this? Are you dissatisfied with existing conditions? If you say it is your duty as men to get in and remedy these conditions and to be able to do that, you must organize, as the only action is the only way to make a success. You can, you will and you must organize. Do not wait for the other fellow because if you do, you will never have organization. Set the example, get the men and convince the other fellow to do the same, because it is his interest.

Organization or Starvation.

Conditions of the working class have reached a critical stage, as the supply of goods is ever increasing and the demand for them becoming fiercer all the time, the majority of the workers will be idle all of the time. The consequence of which will be, to learn to be live on wind. The only thing left for a worker to do, to get out of the way is to organize, reduce the hours, and a chance presents itself, and so organize competition. While you are that, you will enjoy, not only shorter hours, but also better wages and better conditions because of the boss not being able to get another man to take your

Loggers L. U. 432 has at present delegates in different camps, which are supplied with books, stamps, and other material necessary to enroll members right in the bunkhouse and up books of members being behind their dues.

A number of these delegates is getting larger all the time and as a consequence the number of members increases



The In-Growing Face of a Jobite—"There's a Sucker Born Every Minute!"

also! It is up to you to make your organization strong enough in numbers to cope with the situation.

The Loggers L. U. No. 432 is growing and it is up to everyone of you loggers to make it what it ought to be, the strongest organization on Puget Sound. Headquarters at 308 James St., Seattle, Wash. WM. LIEBRECHT.

COAL MINERS GETTING WISE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

On behalf of Local No. 511, Italian Branch, Old Forge, I am sending you order for one hundred copies of the May Day issue of the Industrial Worker. If I get any more orders I shall send them to you immediately. I believe that by this time you have received subs. from nearly all the Branches here. If you wish, you let me know and I shall be willing to oblige with a write-up on conditions up to date.

I notice in the Worker of Number 3 wherein you say under head of "I. W. W. is Growing," that since November 1st G. E. B. member Ettor has, etc. You are mistaken in little detail. I came here on November the 20th. I did not organize in Plainville. I reorganized Dunmore, organized Pittston, Parsons, Jessup. When I came here we had about 20 members in good standing. Now we have nearly four hundred, that have been acquired under a heavy fire of the United Mine Workers of America. We have now a Polish organizer in the field, and we started a propaganda amongst them and this month, so far, we have organized about seventy-five of them. It must be borne in mind that all our branches are in the radius of twenty miles. Now that the show is over and the slaves are ready to listen to us, we are going to go down the district and start branches all along the region, and I can say without bragging, that in about three months from now, unless the situation changes again, we are going to have about two thousand members within a radius of about forty miles or so.

We have arranged it so that there is only one local here now and all the camps are organized into branches—that way it organizes the work. Joseph J. Ettor, Scranton, Pa.

Locals No. 92 and No. 141 since electing their executive committee have secured a tail-hold on things again, and are "doin' stunts." The active agitation being carried on now is bringing results too, for the workingmen are coming into the union in bunches of eight and ten.

Fellow Worker Fred Gunther, one of the old war horses of No. 92, is foreman of a concrete job at Kennewick, Wash. He writes back saying he could use a few I. W. W. men to shovel concrete and agitate for the Industrial Union.

The employment sharks are still doing some business in Portland, but many workers refuse to turn over their dollar, but keep it to hunt a job with. The sharks are angry at the I. W. W. for knocking their business. Ain't it a shame?

STRIKE ON

The Brewery Workers of Kalispell are On Strike. THEIR FIGHT IS YOURS! The following resolution was passed by Kalispell Local 421 I. W. W., May 3d: WHEREAS, The Brewery Workers of the State of Montana are on strike to resist the plans and schemes of traitors to the working class, who would divide their Industrial Union into Crafts, by organizing the Engineers into a SEPARATE UNION, with a separate contract, and

Whereas, The Brewery Workers also demand a 10 per cent. increase in wages for the Night Workers and a 6-hour day on Saturday, therefore be it

RESOLVED by Kalispell Local 421 I. W. W., believing that in Industrial Unionism lies the only safeguard of the toilers from the ever growing power of the employing class, and the shortening of the hours of labor a commendable act on the part of any body of workers, in view of the fact that millions are unable to find employment, calls upon all members of the I. W. W. in Flathead Valley, and all sympathizers of Industrial Unionism to refrain from drinking beer that is manufactured in the State of Montana, and to refuse to patronize any Saloon or Hotel that sells any of the products of any Brewery of the State of Montana. Show your loyalty to your class by helping one another. AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL.

Don't Drink Kalispell Beer!

LOCAL 421 I. W. W. Kalispell, Montana

ECONOMIC CAUSE OF CRIME AND VIRTUE.

By Benj. F. B. Gathany.

All social evils, especially the so-called sins, are caused by the profit system. This may seem to many a very broad statement; and distasteful. Nevertheless it is the truth. Why the hold-up men, the prostitutes, the bank robbers (those who make use of the drill and dynamite), and petty larceny? Why the saloons? Why the gambling dens? These questions the writer will answer and in doing so, will try to prove the first statement of this paragraph.

What would you do, if you were starving, faint from hunger and could not get employment nor food, clothing or shelter? In other words, if you had been robbed and knew the other fellow had the stolen goods. You would straightway become guilty (legally) of petty larceny, and if you had the nerve, would become a hold-up man or (unlegalized) bank-robber. Now suppose you were a woman, what would you do under like circumstances? Put yourself up at auction—sell your virtue and womanhood—most certainly. What else but suicide? The love of life will drive an animal to desperate deeds to keep the spark of life aflame.

Crime Pays.

Is there any pleasure in ruining another's life or in destroying a happy home, or making other lives a curse to themselves and humanity in general? Does a saloon-keeper pass liquid damnation over the bar solely to ruin lives and destroy happy homes? No! Then why does he do it? For profit! The seven millions are out of work this winter because the "superior

"LA BELLE FRANCE" SOUL OF THE WORLD

"What will M. Clemenceau do with the social crisis in France," asks the fighting editor of "The Times-Democrat" in two editorials of recent date. I gave him my opinion, which he refused to publish, saying I had exceeded the word limit. I am right; I will try again, and if he won't publish my say, the socialist and I. W. W. papers will, so the labor will not be in vain.

In the first place, I would call the fighting editor's attention to the fact that his "stern soldier" who sheds blood as the demagogue sheds ink" must have back of him an army with which to do the shedding and before him a mob incapable of resistance; then I would call his attention to the fact that the French army is drawn, and must be, mainly, from the French working class and is showing a strong inclination to back up more and more the demands of the General Federation of Labor, which, unfortunately for the fighting editor, is not a mob, but a highly organized industrial army with every industry in France in its grip.

Second: In his calls for blood the fighting editor had much to say of the Commune of Paris, picturing this rebellion of the people of the city of Paris as, a veritable saturnalia of robbery, fire and blood, but, while he told us that "hundreds of communards were shot at the barricades" and that by this method "patriotism stifled the cry of revolutionary discontent," he failed to tell us that these communards were the people of the city of Paris in rebellion against a gang of desperados who, backed by royalist, priest-ridden peasants, had bargained away the honor of France and were seeking to strip the city of her powers, as he failed to tell us why, if the "cry of revolutionary discontent" was "stifled," he is crying for "magazine guns" and the "man on horseback" today. Nor is it true that "hundreds of communards were shot at the barricades"—thousands were butchered there, men, women and children, and other thousands, men, women and children were sent to the galleys, prisons and penal colonies where indignities and tortures unbelievable to an Apache Indian were inflicted upon them in the name of the "civilization" of which the fighting editor boasts so loudly and so long—the same old sacred "civilization" that is slaughtering the children of the South in its cotton mills and sweatshops, while it is telling us what a terrible lot of criminals the Socialist-Industrialists of France are for challenging and denying the right of any man or set of men to hold as private property, the natural resources and social machinery of the world.

And if it was, as the fighting editor states, "patriotism" that "stifled the cry of revolutionary discontent," then must patriotism be indeed what Doctor Johnson styled it—"the last refuge of a scoundrel," for a blacker set of bandits never existed than those shrewd republicans who directed royalist cannon on the glorious and heroic Commune of Paris. In proof whereof I cite you Lissagaray's "History of the Commune of 1871," wherein is given the frightful story of the martyrdom of the Communards. And, lastly, does the fighting editor think that the right of revolution ended when the bourgeoisie overthrew the feudal nobility? Our fathers, who rose in "revolutionary discontent," who stood on Bunker Hill and "fired the shots heard 'round the world," said not so. COVINGTON HALL.

Mr. Covington Hall, New Orleans. Dear Sir: Your former article on this subject was rejected because it exceeded the word limit. This one is refused because its tone is objectionable and discourteous. Yours, etc., THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT.

Editor of "The Industrial Worker": The above letter was received by me today returning an article of mine which I now enclose to you, hoping it and the "T-D's" letter can be used to advantage. The American capitalist class knows what is going on in France if the American working class does not. But the fact that the I. W. W. refuses to die, that its "heroes," "slummers" and "physical forceists" still show the old Frontiersmen's fighting spirit, leaves us soon for hope, a Longshoremen's I. W. W. union is forming. We will win.

INDUSTRIAL WORKER

REAR 412-420 FRONT AVE.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE
Spokane Local Unions of the Industrial Workers of the World

JAMES WILSON Editor
TELEPHONE MAIN 1566

Subscription, Yearly	\$1.00
Canada, Yearly	1.50
Subscription, Six Months50
Bundle Orders, 100 or More Per Copy02½

The Industrial Worker is published by workingmen. We have no capital. Subscriptions and orders must always be prepaid.

Application has been made for admission of this publication to second class mail matter.

"The Union men are wrong, times are good—if a man ain't lazy." Exactly. But what was the number of the last box car you slept in, old man?

There is an epidemic of scarlet fever in Spokane. The employment agents are immune; it only attacks human beings. The workers have a chronic case of jobitis. Forget it!

We will have to wait for our French Industrial Union paper before we will be able to know how May Day was celebrated in France. The press of the enemy is silent as the grave. The chances are that they "didn't do a thing" in Paris.

Did Mann—the unspeakable—get paid by the Red Cross Employment office to find Roe for selling the I. W. W. paper on the street? Certainly not! Mann is an upright judge and people say he was sober on Monday! You anarchists!

The Industrial Worker has received a letter from the Secretary of the Socialist party of Illinois. This letter is ornamented at the top with the American flag, and also—Heavens—the Red Flag! It is a question which flag this "comrade" upholds.

The "Chronicle" asks: "Shall Spokane seek a higher level of law, order and public decency?" The Chronic probably refers to its venereal department. It has scraped the bottom of degradation—and this rag is a model for the "better class" of Spokane. As for law—but what's the use?

The old Greeks were not so slow. Their god Mercury was the god of merchants—and thieves. All members of the employing class are thieves as far as the workers are concerned. They all want and get something for nothing. And yet some workingmen talk about honest employers!

Rev. Shields, a Spokane sky-pilot talked last Sunday on "Some things that make God Almighty tired." Shields has been in Heaven and is well acquainted with God. If anything could tire God worse than the likes of Shields, it must be the workingman that is contented to buy a job and be a scab.

"Simple, Sloth, and Presumption": Simple said, "I see no danger." Sloth said, "Yet a little more sleep." Presumption said, "Every tub must stand on its own bottom." Don't this sound like the answers some men try to put up when you talk Industrial Union to them? Keep at it and they will come to it sooner or later.

A hundred years ago the people—the "lummixs," cut off Foulon's head and paraded around Paris. Foulon told the people to eat grass when they were starving. But that was a hundred years ago. In California, the American Paradise, there are thousands of men who have to boil wheat and acorns and sometimes eat grasshoppers to keep from starving—in "free America."

According to a Boise report, the convicts so despise Saint Orchard in the penitentiary, that none of them will have a word to say to him and "Harry" is lonesome. Harry's priest—the Rev. Dean E. Hinks is about to leave Boise. Hinksie is the one that said that Orchard is a noble example of the "grace of God." Rev. Bull should be a partner of Hinks. Hinks tried to hang Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone, and Bull wants us all shot. "The Church's one Foundation" is # # #

Grandma Durham shows her fangs again. This time it is the tramp! "It costs so much to punish the vagrants, etc. But then she adds that 5,000 of them are killed every year on the railroads." This ought to help some. Grandma's remedy for vagrancy is the rock-pile and chain gang. These last are good enough for a man that will not prefer being shot as Rev. Bull urges, rather than work on a chain-gang. But Durham! However, a rattle-snake can jump only its length.

If there is "nothing in" Industrial Union, why do the bosses fight us so? Where are Preston and Smith? In Carson prison. Where were Haywood and Pettibone and Moyer? Where are or have been, or will be, all the most active Industrial Union men—and women? Sometimes hung, sometimes in jail and often shot and sand-bagged. But Samson is feeling for the pillars "on which the house standeth." Yet a little while, and there will be no more gallows and jail for us. But, "Oh God! preserve our Memories!"

One of the officers of the army says that it is not true that the American soldiers are lazy, worthless bums—"they are ambitious." Think of an able-bodied man, willing to murder for \$13.00 per month! The army is a cancer and the pillar of tyranny. Is not the army and the militia always on the side of the employers? Was it ever used to protect workingmen, or to defend their wives? The Industrial Union will always be opposed by the army, till strong enough to cut off the army's supplies and educate the soldier to shoot at anyone rather than at a workingman.

Attention has been called to the fact that the separated unions of the American Federation of Labor increase in membership owing to the season of the year, and now that there is a certain amount of new building work during the Spring, this is pointed to as being an increase of strength for those unions. If this is so—and it is generally the case—it simply means that the strength of the craft unions depends, not on the determination and education of the workers as to what are their real interests, but on the changing conditions of business. They are, therefore, commercial unions. A union which is only large when all the members have a job and small when the members are out of work, is good for nothing at the very time when the workers most need strength to change conditions. Not the least of the proofs of the healthy growth of the I. W. W. is the undeniable fact that the industrial union grows as fast during "bad" times, if no faster, than when most of the members are at work. The separated unions, as far as changing conditions is concerned, amount to no more than so many employment offices—run by the union rather than by individuals. A workingman's union must be a fighting or-

ganization which is not swayed and formed by the state of industry, but which changes conditions and controls industry. Thus alone, can we become anything but creatures and puppets of the employing class.

PERSEVERANCE

The devil is said to have one good quality: perseverance. The trouble with a whole lot of working people is that they have not got the right kind of perseverance. Men will persevere for years in making money for a boss; they will persevere, sometimes, in trying to corner the booze market by unloading schooners by hand. They will persevere in keeping Travers of the Red Cross employment office riding in an automobile, while they—damn fools—ride the rods. Perseverance in a game that is always lost is not perseverance, it is insanity. Such men are like the goat that butted its head against a stone wall. The goat was persevering, and kept butting till nothing was left of the goat but the tail—and that kept butting into the wall! To persevere means to look into the good and bad of a thing, to choose the most sensible thing and then keep at it while you can stand and see. Nothing succeeds like success, but the Industrial Union is a fighting organization, and unless a man joins the I. W. W. prepared for a fight he better stay out.

It is not necessary to preach hatred to men who have been clubbed, jailed and kicked. No fear that such men will forget. But what we need is the bull-dog stick-to-it that never gives up. Nothing that is worth having, comes easy. The winners have always been the men with the quality of stick. A man who joins the union and only lasts a month, or when he can get a job, had better stay away. How have the rich thieves built up their castles and riches? By perseverance. How have the judges got rich by compromise with crime? By perseverance. How have the whole breed earned the desired hatred of all decent people and the execration of working men? By perseverance.

A working plug ought to think over his chances. If he has made up his mind that he is going to be rich and put John D. Rockefeller out of business, let him start in. If he has got a lick of sense and knows that he will be a working plug all his life, let him resolve as a man that the enemy will suffer from him. The cold, persevering resolve to beat the employer in the game; the stimulus of the fight and the satisfaction of knowing that you have the respect of all the employing class, should in itself be reward enough. Then, too, the knowledge, that if you are ever anything but a wretched working plug, it will be because you have had the sense and the manhood to unite with others against your employer; this should spur you on and keep you up to the scratch. You can't quit the game. You might as well play it to win. A man that will not fight the employers and their stool pigeons, is a moral enunch, and the sooner the boss works him to death the better for humanity. Dig in and keep at it. The men who have won in any game have been the stickers. Think of the reward before you! Is there a working plug alive or dead who will not get up out of his grave to see all the employment agents on the hog or working-a pick and shovel?

"If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be in you smoke concealed
Your friends chase even now the fiends,
And but for you possess the field!"

AS TO POLITICS

A man in Iowa has written us that he understands that the I. W. W. repudiates political action. He seems to fear that instead of worshipping "Saint Guillotine" we worship "Saint Dynamite." We mistrust that this man is one of those people who think that if a thing is not white, it must be black. It could not be red, for instance, or any other color. Some of the politicians have used the expression, "ballots or bullets." Many—more and more—workingmen have no ballot, and we neither have nor want bullets. Many men seem to think that if "socialism" can not be voted in, it must be shot in—to the enemy. This shows a lack of study. The dependence on legal redress is a farce and a delusion of the enemy. An employer is an employer, politics or no politics. A millionaire socialist is like a white blackbird or an "honest" thief. "Sympathy" with workingmen be damned. Sympathy will starve a dog. As for the I. W. W. it does not support any political party, and so neither does it force a man who is a member to refrain from voting if he sees fit—and has a vote. But political action is not the spinning of cobwebs. The employing class respect nothing but physical force and the ruling class in all ages have never yielded to anything else. The man who asserts the contrary is an ass. Was the Bastille voted down or pulled down?

The industrially organized working class has, none the less, its political power, within itself. The industrial union can force concessions from the masters whatever political party they may pretend to adhere to. The Industrial Union is the future government. The employers all belong to the enemy and so does the law they make. Altdorf as governor of Illinois was no doubt a better man for the workers than Oglesby, and no man can say that with proper industrial support, it might not be a good thing to elect, if possible; this or that man to a political office. But the Industrial Union can defy the law, if strong enough, and without economic power, the law is a piece of paper to justify tyranny. See Roosevelt sending out the militia to aid the contractors break the New York State eight-hour law at the Croton dam. How about the eight-hour law in Colorado? How about the constitutional right of free speech? What crime has not been committed legally? And what crime has not been committed illegally—by the employers? The political parties of socialism have been powerful means of education. They have awakened class consciousness with the press and from the platform. But even as Napoleon said that Providence is always on the side that has the most artillery, so is the political or general institution of society on the side of the bread-and-butter power. The house rests on the foundation, The tree is supported by the root. The way to get there is to go there. Direct action gets there if strong enough.

That same old vulture Napoleon was asked how he won the battle of Jena. "While the enemy were debating, I was marching," said Napoleon. There is no political "shield," except the "shield" of cowardice. The class struggle is a physical struggle and depends on physical force.

THE HEART OF A CROCODILE

On Saturday, April 24, Albert V. Roe was kicked by a policeman, A. H. Jellsett, on Stevens street, in front of the Red Cross Employment office, in Spokane. The judge (Mann) offered to drop the case trumped up against Roe, of blocking the street, if the case against Jellsett were dropped by the Union. On Monday, May 3, Mann fined Roe \$25.00 and costs—for nothing. Many decent workingmen swore that Roe never "blocked the sidewalk" and that Jellsett kicked Roe, a one-armed cripple. We all knew, and so did Mann, just how the case would turn out. Mann, like Taft, remarked that only "God knows" the facts in the case. Not content with giving Roe a stiff sentence, Mann referred in sarcastic tones to Roe's affliction, the loss of his arm. Mann said that Roe in selling the paper, "the Industrial Worker," had called out news items detrimental to Mann. Mann said that he "forgave" this to "a cripple." Ha, ha!

It would be a waste of good paper to take up space for a creature of Mann's calibre, except as showing the workers what they have to expect from the whole tribe: cruelty, injustice, and insult. Those

who believe in the transmigration of souls, have in Mann an argument that the soul of the immortal-in-infamy Jeffries has been condemned to enter the body of a maggott. Jeffries was also a crook. In sentencing a poor woman to be whipped at the cart's tail across the city of London—a sentence amounting to death by torture—Jeffries said: "Mary, thou shalt have an easy, easy, easy punishment! It is a cold day, and I have told the sheriff to give thee a good warm coat this wintry morning."

Mann said that "he was free to say" that he did not believe in the workingmen. He believed the officers with reputations. Of course! Jellsett is a neighbour of the judge's. This was mentioned by Mann as a compliment to Jellsett. It would have been an insult to you or me.

There was one funny thing in all this comedy, and Mann made a hit with the crowd of poor, ragged workers who filled the foot temple of infamy. Mann referred to his "heart!" Mann should have gone on the stage for he can tell a joke and never crack a smile.

If there is a workingman in Spokane with one decent hair on his head, and one fibre of backbone in his body who does not despise this diffused infection, Mann, it is because he has been reading the drive handed out in the Review or the Chronicle—between the advertisements of cures for syphilis. Jellsett kicked a one-armed cripple in the back, and then came back to the Red Cross employment office and arranged to have Roe convicted. Mann is a judicial anarchist, a disgrace to the bench, if such a thing can be disgraced. Not content with ridiculing the misfortune of poor Al Roe, with whom any Union man would share his last meal, he dragged in all kinds of matter entirely foreign to the case. The kind of article in the "Industrial Worker"—the "kind" treatment that this Jellsett gave his own litter, etc. Even a hyena is "kind" to its own whelps.

This tale of Mann and Al Roe is an object lesson. You workingmen have no rights that even a Spokane police judge respects. You have no "political" rights for there is not one in a hundred of you that has a vote, even if the bosses would count it. As for military resistance, it is insanity. Your industrial power is all you have and it is amply sufficient and so all-compelling that you can afford to wait. An exhibit like Mann can not stir decent men to hatred—neither can a bedbug. Don't get excited. Go out and get a good meal and be reasonable. The workers have good memories and it will be only a little while till you can put men like "Mann" on the rock-pile as a common bum. The Industrial Union in France has just fired the postmaster general, and there is no fear but what Mann will respect the I. W. W. in time to come, even as a yellow dog respects a club—or an empty stomach.

Mann must live. So must a louse or a carrion crow. Just how far this bunch of police, employment agents and thugs are to be protected in their crimes by Mann and Company remains to be seen. Jellsett is said to be one of the "bravest of the brave" of the Spokane kind. He had the courage and manhood to kick a cripple! This kind of thing must stop. We are not bound to be clubbed and kicked any longer. The militia may rape union men's wives and do it legally—with a machine gun back of them. But for a cripple to be kicked, should make your cheeks crimson with shame—you workingmen.

One of the saddest misteachings of the employers is the respect for a contract made between workers and those that hire them. The employers teach the respect for contracts and then break the contracts and the workers are supposed always to keep their part of the agreement. It has often been pointed out, that even according to the employers' law, a contract made under compulsion is not binding. A contract must be freely made to be even legal, let alone right. Yet we see every day large groups of workers who seem to forget that they have agreed on a certain wage, not because that wage is right or just, but because it is all they think themselves able to get under the circumstances. They are forced by conditions, to take a certain rate of pay. But although workers enter this agreement under the compulsion of deed, they still think themselves morally bound to live up to it. A bad promise is better broken than kept. The workers have wronged themselves in taking less than all they produce, therefore the agreement is founded on wrong and to keep such an agreement with an employer is also wrong.

The "right and wrong" of the relation of workers and employers can only be settled by organized force. Chattel slavery was "right" till force overthrew it. The churches upheld slavery, the lawyers defended it; the politicians justified it. Now all these people condemn slavery as wicked. So we see that the facts; the real conditions of production give rise to the idea of their justice. The delusion that workers have a duty to their masters is a relic of slavery, of barbarism. From the standpoint of the worker, it is right to break a contract with the employer at any time. The employer does not scruple to break his word and agreement with the workers and turn about is fair play. This contract system is used by the employers to divide the workers. The contract with one group of workers may expire—and the boss looks to it that it does—at a different time from that with other workers so that while the first group may be on strike and the other groups would like to help their fellow workers, the fear of breaking their contracts numbs their feelings of brotherhood.

The workers have no rights that the employers respect, that is, no rights as workers. Therefore we are under no obligation to our masters and opportunity and convenience should be the only things to go by, whether we will keep a contract with the employer for the time being or violate it when it will be to our advantage. How many employers are there that will fail to reduce wages, or discharge help—contract or no contract—when it suits them? And will any one have the effrontery to say that we workers must keep our agreement, simply to make profits for the boss at our expense! Let's get this old fancy out of our heads. Employers are robbers, legally or illegally. The wage system is founded on robbery. We are absolved from all allegiance to a system which is morally and socially wrong. So bitter is the struggle, and so often have the workers been betrayed, that it is daily becoming harder for the agents of the employers to persuade and threaten the workers when the workers have a chance to profit by events or conditions to better their condition. Think of two armies "agreeing" when and how they will fight! The idea is absurd. And the class struggle is one continual warfare between the workers and the employers. Only by abolishing class rule, is it possible to have practical justice. Then will the ethics and morals of the new society prevail and be "right." The contract between an employer and a workman is no more binding than the title deed to a negro slave is just.

The Industrial Workers of the World is the only union which is organizing the unskilled as well as the skilled laborers. 11,624 and 12,222 of the American Federation of Labor are mostly home guards. These unions are no good to the workers at large and are not intended to be. But when there is danger of the I. W. W. getting control, then we see the American Federation starting a scab union—an "International" in the lumber camps of Montana. There is not one member in a thousand of the A. F. of L. who ever saw or read a copy of the A. F. of H—ll constitution or knows anything about it except to pay dues. Ignorance is bliss!

When a union of workingmen finds out that the boss has no rights that the union is bound to respect, the workers are getting ready for business. The average American strike of the past few years, means simply that a bunch of working people quit their jobs. There are, however, strikes and strikes. Get the pamphlet on "Modern Means and Methods" by W. E. Trautman and see how working people can beat the boss without starving themselves to death to do it. Get wise. Read up. Work your brains for your own good and not your hands for the bosses' good.

Taft House
B. H. DANIEL, Propr.
Large Clean Rooms, 25 and 50 Cts.
509 Front Avenue

THE BULL LODGING HOUSE
709 West Front
Beds 10c Rooms 15c
OPEN ALL NIGHT

Ideal Lodging House
221 1-2 Howard Street
78 Rooms Remodeled. Neatly Furnished
Reasonable Rates
NELS SWANSON, PROP.

Queen Coffee House
We Feed More Workmen than any
Place in Town
OUR "COFFEE AND" IS KNOWN
337 Front Avenue

Stevens Street Restaurant
502 Stevens Street
BEST 15c. MEAL IN THE CITY
OUR COFFEE CAN'T BE BEAT

SPOKOMA GRILL
Just opened. Everything first class.
Merchants' lunch 11:30 a. m. to 8 p. m.
Boxes for ladies. Open all night.
414 MAIN AVE.

Club Pool Parlors
227 Howard Street
and 211 Stevens St.
MIEDECKE & ZINTHEO, Proprs.
CIGARS, TOBACCO AND PIPES,
SOFT DRINKS AND CANDIES
Basement in Connection

A. Comelli Benedetti
Comelli & Benedetti
225 Washington St.
Dealers in
CIGARS, TOBACCO CONFEC-
TIONERY AND NOTIONS
Spokane, Wash.

O. K. Loan Office
220 N. Stevens Street
Big Line of Second Hand Clothes and
Shoes sent from New York and
Chicago Loan Offices
Unredeemed Watches and Revolvers at
Half Price
We buy Second Hand Goods, Sell
and Exchange.

RESSA BROS.
POOL PARLOR, CIGARS, TOBACCO
Grocery Store in Connection
416 Front Avenue

DR. I. H. ROBB
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Has Removed to Office: 416 1/2 Main
Avenue
Office Hours 9-11 a. m., 2-5, 6-8 p. m.
SPOKANE, WASH.

My \$10.50 Men's Hand-Tailored
All Wool Suits
are equal, if not superior, to those
sold in the swell stores for \$20.00.
TRY ME.
MCCANN
CUT-PRICE CLOTHIER.
39 RIVERSIDE AVE.
NEAR BROWNE.

D. & D. CLOTHING CO.
210 STEVENS ST.
Right Goods at Right Prices. Give Us
a Trial
SHOES, HATS and GENTS'
FURNISHINGS

Main Clothing Store
428 Main :: 206 Front
FULL LINE OF MEN'S CLOTHING,
FURNISHING GOODS, HATS
AND CAPS
At Right Prices
Union Made Goods of All Kinds

The Workingman's Store
CLOTHING, SHOES AND GENTS'
FURNISHINGS.
317 Main Ave.
Special "Walk Away" shoe, \$2.50
Suits from \$4.00 up.
The place for workmen to trade.

**First-Class
Shoe Repairing**
Soles and Heels, \$1.00
SECOND HAND SHOES AND
CLOTHING
Bought, Sold and Exchanged
338 Front Ave., near Washington St.
IN THE LITTLE CAR

How's This? Look Here!!
Telephone Main 3187
F. Schlager
Second Hand Furniture and Clothes
Bought, Sold and Exchanged
Cleaning, Dyeing and Pressing at
Lowest Prices
WE DO TAILORING
303 Howard St., Cor Front and
Howard

National Laundry
314 Stevens St.
BRING YOUR LAUNDRY TO
THE NATIONAL LAUNRY
314 Stevens St.

Dr. Geo. Rennicks
VETERINARY SURGEON.
BAUK CENTER, MINNESOTA.

**CONCERTED ACTION
IS OUR APPEAL**

(By Otto Justh.)

The newspapers serving the interests of the masters of the U. S. A., leading politicians, noted pulpit pounders of every denomination and other "desirable" citizens who have the gift of gab or are able to sling ink, take advantage of national holidays like the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day and similar occasions to dish out to the wage slaves the usual leading Idiotical and special articles in the press; spread eagle screeches by politicians in office, lawyers and self-made "Morganeers."

To give those celebrations a sort of a holy show, sky pilots working on the many competing lines to heaven unite in preaching touching sermons of the "hon-our of your dead and obey your present masters" style.

All this has its desired effect to some extent.

Likewise the propaganda of socialists, properly conducted, should bear tangible results.

For many years unions, socialists and other radical organizations unite to hold joint demonstrations and meetings for the celebration of some remarkable incident in the history of the modern working class. The memorial of some pioneer in the movement, a glorious victory or a deplorable defeat, in fact every event considered as a mile post in the workers' onward march to freedom. Marching through the principal streets the red flag and banners unfurled, bands playing revolutionary tunes and speeches befitting the particular occasion form part or all of the program. Inspiring editorials, scientific articles and reminiscences of eventful days appear in all the papers published by working men.

This also has its desired effect in a way, so long as action follows on the morrow—more perfect organization on part of the workers.

The Ideal and the Real.

However, sad to state, of late most speakers and writers supposed to be intellectual giants in the world of labor, harp too much upon the Idea to the exclusion of the Real. If all that is written or said confines itself merely to a more or less dramatic recital of the story, a few high sounding catch phrases to fetch the applause and a touching appeal for votes at the wind up, then the many pioneers and workers for the cause have agitated, fought and died in vain.

The lessons derived from their struggles are a priceless treasure at our disposal, the practical application thereof, our duty now!

No better way to honor and respect our dead heroes and ourselves than to continue the good work they have started. About twenty-five years ago a general movement for an universal eight-hour work day was heralded in many countries to be the paramount issue of the times. The First of May was chosen as the day to start the ball rolling. Considerable agitation and organization was done in that direction, until in 1887 our working men went to the gallows in Chicago because they took the most active part in the eight-hour movement of that city.

The masters of this land succeeded in stopping any further agitation and organization on an extended scale in that direction, up to the present time.

Whether they entirely extinguished the flame of rebellion is the question that the I. W. W. has to answer today. It calls itself the most progressive and revolutionary labor organization in the U. S. A. To retain this title it becomes imperative that it shall take the initiative in so important and live a question—the universal eight-hour work day!

For a long time (except by a few trades unions), nothing has been done by the socialists, but march, write and talk, and that was all there was to it. Organizing for a definite, tangible result in our times has been neglected. We've got to get out of the rut or we rot!

The First of May has come again. Will it be observed in the usual manner, or shall the First of May, 1909, mark the turning of a new leaf? That's the Question! What will your answer be?

Will you, Fellow Workers, forever listen to the "Lore-lic" song of bewhiskered scheming politicians, or are you ready and willing to organize and fight for an universal eight-hour day?

Join the Industrial Union or remain unorganized and consequently at the mercy of your boss?

Eight hours work, eight hours rest, eight hours recreation was the battle cry in the beginning. Let the I. W. W. add: "And final emancipation," agitate and organize with all its might for that purpose from this day on. No matter what objections may be raised against an eight-hour work day, all can be met, every obstacle in its way overcome by an Industrial Union, organized to serve the working class as a whole; which never takes into consideration what effect this, that or the other thing might have on the purse of

the labor-skinning class as long as there is anything in it for the workers.

Let this First of May be the day on which the I. W. W. members resolve to give the best that is in them towards helping to perfect and strengthen their local unions until a fight for an eight-hour work day can be taken up with fair chance of success.

It can be done, if the I. W. W. membership seizes the opportunity. The workers outside of our ranks will help us, no doubt.

They are bound to realize it to be their fight as well.

An extended eight-hour day propaganda will bring us more members.

Act! In the Living Present!

Only a concrete feasible proposition, a thing that has a direct immediate bearing upon every day working conditions is capable of arousing and interesting the workers to organize into a Union which preaches to take and hold what their organized economic force enables them to get hold of. Maybe more, but never less.

Let there be unity of purpose, unity of action in this matter and the universal eight-hour work day shall be a fact long before a majority of socialist representatives are allowed by the powers that be, to pass and enforce a law to that effect.

To be sure, the masters of the U. S. A. will fight an eight-hour work day to the last ditch. Past experience proves it. The reasons are obvious.

Less hours for the workers spells a corresponding decrease in profits for the masters, but what is feared by them the most is the demonstration and taste of power the workers possess in an Industrial Union.

The aim is high, the fight no picnic, the obstacles great, the majority of workers seemingly indifferent, but if we hesitate and shirk to go to it—for an eight-hour work day now, only one short stop on the road leading to Industrial Freedom, then all our talk about emancipation is "bull con."

If we can't agitate and organize effectively for any immediate and practical proposition, then we might as well throw up the sponge; for we will never gather enough power to dethrone king Capital in the U. S. A.

EIGHTY CENTS A DAY IN SUNNY MEXICO.

Mazatlan, Mexico, Apr. 21, '09.

I accidentally came across a copy of the Spokane Industrial Worker a few days ago. I met a soldier off a ship, just in from Seattle, and he gave me a copy. It was quite a surprise to see a Spokane paper away down here in the middle of Mexico, and I guess the I. W. W. in Spokane are able to make the capitalist slob sit up and take notice when they can publish their own paper. I wonder how his nibs, the Rev. Bull, likes the free advertising you are giving him. I once stopped at his joint, although I am ashamed to admit it, and it is about as dirty and "crummy" a dump as I ever saw, and it is a surprise that the board of health hasn't closed it up long ago. I am enclosing a five-spot for a bundle of the Workers. There are quite a number of "Gringos" (Americans) here and I am going to scatter the papers among them and show them that the I. W. W. in Spokane is very much alive, and I will try to get some subscriptions. I wish I had been with you when you were thrown in jail for street speaking. I wonder how the citizens of Spokane will like the free advertising they are getting through the Industrial Worker. Well, fellow workers, "whoop 'em up!" Don't show those employment sharks any mercy and I can see their finish! I am going to try to get back to Spokane in time to help you in your fight this fall and winter. We need some I. W. W. here in Mexico, too, as the common laborers or "Peons," as they are called, here are living in worse condition than the chattel slaves ever dreamed of. Harriman is building a railroad down here and there are white slaves from "the states" working on it eleven hours every day for \$1.75 Mexican or 80 cents gold, and in summer they work 12 hours a day. Nearly every white man you meet here who is working on the railroad is either going to the hospital or has just left the hospital on account of the fever. I wouldn't advise any one to come down here looking for work, as there is nothing doing. The workingman is up against it and you might as well stay where you are; organize industrially in one union and fight it out. There are some private yachts here in the harbor belonging to some swell American guys and I meet them every day—that is, the swell guys—strutting around showing off their good clothes, and they wouldn't notice the likes of me even if the "constitution" of the United States does say that we are equal. I guess if I had a few million shares in the Standard Oil Co. I would be a little larger grease spot on the map.

FRANK HARRIS,
Local No. 222, Spokane.

NOTICE.

L. U. 222 I. W. W., of Spokane, now meets Tuesday, 8 p. m., rear 412-420 Front avenue.

**THE JUNGLES
IN CALIFORNIA**

(By E. F. Lefferts, 437 I. W. W.)

Imperial valley is a tract of about 3,000,000 acres below sea level. There are about 300,000 acres under irrigation. There are five towns in the valley ranging in size from 500 to 2,000 inhabitants. The winter climate is several degrees warmer than any other part of southern California. It rarely goes below the freezing point and the average rainfall is about two inches.

The temperature from the first of June to the first of November ranges from 100 to 140 in the shade. So you see that the climatic conditions in the winter time are ideal for the sojourner who may be a little light in the pocket-book; while the same man will shun the place in the summer time. The knights of the road, the hoboes, the fellow that works a little while at a time, and who will not work unless he gets the best of wages, and who does not try to do a little more than his fellow worker for fear he will be the first to get fired or laid off, and who is not afraid to speak his mind on any subject—to the boss or anybody else—who will refuse to hitch up or unhitch the buggy horse for the boss, and who will answer when asked to do so, that "he did not hire out for a coachman," all such men as that generally leave the valley between the first of May and the first of June. I write these few remarks to explain the circumstances which prompts the following spasm which might have been written by a real-estate man here:

The time is now ripe for the knights of the road to make their annual exit from Imperial Valley. Imperial Valley has been honored by its share of brake-beans and tomato can tourists ever since it began to be settled. Whatever may be the drawbacks and disadvantages of poverty, in some things the man with nothing has the advantage of the man with property. While the ranchers and property holders have to stay (or think they have to stay) here in the summer time and suffer and pant for breath when it is 130 in the shade, the knights of the road can go where the oranges grow the sweetest, and the breezes blow the coolest; when they get tired of resting under the orange trees and eating the luscious fruit, they can go to the ocean and find some sandy secluded spot on the seashore, and undress and let the cool waves of the peaceful Pacific lave their sturdy bodies. As they are not oppressed or worried with business cares, and as time is no object to them, they can spend as much time as they like under the shade trees, reading the news or exchanging ideas as to the best way to get to New Orleans or Chi. or Denver or Frisco or any other of the various places which they may at some future time wish to go. Without doubt, there are times when they think (perhaps with pleasure and perhaps with pity) of the property holders, the respectable, those who believe in law and order, the inner circle of the four hundred, the silk stocking brigade, sweltering and suffering in the awful heat of the valley, keeping the shade trees growing so that there will be shade for the hoboes next winter. They seem to think that there is no use for the ranchers to keep the valley up without the tramps get the advantage of it in the winter! Several of these tramps have told me personally, that as long as the moneyed men and ranchers were heroic and ambitious enough to stay here in the summer, they would always show that they appreciated such heroism by coming here to spend their winters. They proceeded to outline methods by which the number of the sons of rest who make this place their regular winter quarters, could be increased.

Resolutions:

First. The planting of orange groves near the railroad every two miles, the varieties to be the largest and sweetest of navels.

Second. The planting of groves of gum trees alongside the orange groves for fuel for the exclusive use of the knights, and several acres of corn to furnish stalks for fuel until the trees are large enough.

Third. The absolute assurance on the part of the town and county officials that there will be no bulls or bull-dogs to annoy the tourists while in the jungles.

Fourth. That in case they cannot get work at wages to suit them they will be allowed to help themselves to chickens, small fat pigs, vegetables, fruits, and other provisions in such quantities as their needs may call for!

The above resolutions have been passed upon and accepted by the Imperial Valley branch of the southwestern branch of the international organization of tomato-can tourists, Holtville, California.

If you believe in industrial union subscribe for the Industrial Worker.

LECTURE TOUR OF MISS E. G. FLYNN

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD.

General Administration, 310 Bush Temple, Chicago.

Labor Produces All Wealth—Labor Is Entitled to All It Produces—An Injury to One Is an Injury to All

Fellow Worker: The crying need of the hour with the working class is a form of organization that will create and maintain solidarity. To gain this means constructive work of great proportion.

Can this work be accomplished? Can this organization be built? It can and will! It must be built! It is being built today!

Industrial Unionism on revolutionary lines will furnish the organization needed. Agitation, education and organization on industrial lines is first required. The Industrial Workers of the World is arranging a tour of the West for Elizabeth Gurley Flynn.

Miss Flynn is one of the clearest and best posted industrial unionists before the country today. Her exposition of the aims and objects of Industrial Unionism can be understood by all.

The contemplated trip will fill the following dates: Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota and Montana—May 1 to 31. Idaho—June 1 to 5.

Subjects of Lectures: "Industrial Unionism," "Effect of Modern Machinery on the Working Class," "Lessons from the French Postal Strike," "Industrial Democracy vs. Capitalist Despotism," "The Class Struggle," "Women in Industry," "Industrial Unionism and Woman Suffrage," "Industrial Unionism and the Unemployed Question."

Yours for Industrial Freedom, VINCENT ST. JOHN, General Secretary-Treasurer.

FROM ARIZONA. Fellow Worker Reece has left us and we regret it, but are sure he will be agitating I. W. W. unionism wherever he may be.

FROM NEW BEDFORD, MASS. As promised in my letter of the 24th I am enclosing M. O. for six dollars, five of which is for the 200 May Day issue of the I. W., 50 cents for a six months' sub-

Collage of newspaper clippings: BIG STRIKE IN BUENOS AYRES, MAY RENEW PARIS STRIKE, HURT TOO IN LABOR RIOTS, STRIKE CAUSES SHUT, BIG STRIKE IS NOW ON, LABOR UNION PARADE, PHOENIX B. C. SUIT OF COKE SHORT.

THE CLASS STRUGGLE "Between these two classes, a struggle must go on until the Workers of the World organize as a class."

scription for myself. Mail to above address, and 50 cents for a six months' subscription for our Headquarters, I. W. W., Phelan building, Delano street. I am enclosing also translation from a Brazilian paper which may be of interest to your readers. WM. YATES.

WORK AT BOVILL, IDAHO. I wish you would send me a couple of last two weeks copies of the Industrial Worker to Bovill, Idaho. There is lots of work here and men are not plentiful.

VANCOUVER LIKES THE INDUSTRIAL WORKER. Enclosed find subscription for six months for Fellow Worker T. H. Baird, 61 Corlover street, Vancouver, B. C.

TO THE LABOR PRESS OF THE UNITED STATES: A railroad line in course of construction in the northwestern part of Brazil by the company of that name, at this time goes through the regions of "virgin flora," intermingled with big lake-like swamps.

WOULD LIKE TO KNOW. How many bullets are there made to every Bible printed? How many preachers are there to every soldier and gun? How many life saying ships are there to every life destroying ship (or war ship)?

WATCH FOR HIM. We have been assigned the duty of communicating to you certain facts concerning one Christopher Kirchner. The said Kirchner was elected financial secretary for this local about four weeks ago.

about his experience in the regular army, claimed to have been at San Juan Hill and other places. I mention this as it may possibly assist in identifying him if he wanders up your way. We did not see anything more of him and have not so far heard any tidings of him.

There are a few asses used in this work and recently one of these died, and was, along with the dead body of one of the men, tumbled into the same hole and buried together.

These crimes against humanity are perfectly well known to the government, which does all in their power to suppress all information that in any way should leak out.

Conditions in and around Portland are as bad as any place else, I suppose; surely, they are fierce. Wages run from \$1.30 to \$2.25 for common labor.

Reports from Seattle loggers show that they are after the real dope and the news of their success is spurring the loggers here to action. We have several camp delegates out and I leave for a trip to the camp next week.

Conditions in and around Portland are as bad as any place else, I suppose; surely, they are fierce. Wages run from \$1.30 to \$2.25 for common labor.

B. M. R. HOTEL 250 Outside Rooms FOR MEN ONLY Rooms Per Day, 35c., 50c., 75c. Weekly Rates, \$1.75 and Up

Union Hotel 148 Rooms, 25c and Up, New Building Steam Heat, Newly Furnished

Savoy Hotel R. D. SHEARER, PROP. 528 1/2 Main Ave. First-class hotel. Steam heated rooms, by day, week or month. 50c, 75c, \$1.00.

SVEA HOTEL 517 1/2 Main Avenue UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT Room Clean and Carpeted Floors 35 Cents to \$1.00

CLEMENT HOTEL COR. 2ND AND STEVENS A. JOHNSON, Prop. Good Rooms and Meals at Reasonable Prices.

Fletcher Hotel 208 1/2 Stevens. Good Clean Rooms 25 Cents Headquarters for Workingmen

New York Lodging House 216 1-2 Stevens Street Clean, Modern Rooms From 25c Up

to "do him up" if these exposures are not stopped. The editor of the "Bauru" warns all Europeans against immigrating to this "Hell on Earth" and desires this to be made as widely known as possible.

FROM E. J. FOOTE, PORTLAND, OREGON. Reports from Seattle loggers show that they are after the real dope and the news of their success is spurring the loggers here to action.

Conditions in and around Portland are as bad as any place else, I suppose; surely, they are fierce. Wages run from \$1.30 to \$2.25 for common labor.

Boyd's Restaurant 218 Washington St. BEST 15-CENT FAMILY STYLE DINNER AND SUPPER

The Chicago Coffee House and Bakery 316 Main Avenue Is the Cheapest Place in Spokane—for a Meal or Lunch.

Cannon Ball Chop House 519 FRONT AVE. BIG MEAL 15 CENTS

WANTED 300 Men to Exp Special 15 Cent Meals at... FINCH'S COFFEE HOUSE 419 FRONT AVENUE

HELENA CAFE Home Cooking and Home Made Pies 618 Front Ave. 15c and Up

IDEAL RESTAURANT If you want a good meal at reasonable prices. No. 311 Howard Street LOWERY BROS.

Jim's Place 209-211 Howard Street CHOP AND OYSTER HOUSE Eastern Oysters a Specialty the Year Round. Our Ham and Eggs Can't be Beat, 20 Cents OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

Portland Restaurant 323 Main Ave. The BEST PLACE IN SPOKANE For Workingmen to Eat 15 Cents and Up

NATIONAL CAFE FIRST CLASS MEALS :: QUICK SERVICE! 405 Front Avenue

CLEMENT CAFE MRS. M. M. BURSETT & SONS, PROP. Best 25 Cent Meals, Home Cooking Phone 3134

MAIN AVE. CAFE 424 Main Avenue THIS IS THE PLACE FOR A GOOD MEAL