

Workers! The Grain is Ripe. Organize in the Harvest.

We Want the Goods.

We Want the Earth.



Industrial Worker

VOL. 2. No. 18

One Dollar a Year.

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1910

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INDUSTRIAL NOTES; COOKS AND WAITERS

Scabs continue to desert the Davenport, 19 having walked out on a day last week. Manager Wright and "Louie" Davenport and their head scab herder, one Friede, are making frantic efforts to secure more help. They secured a crew of six waiters in Seattle, by telling them the Davenport resort was a vacation house. Their railroad fare was paid to Spokane, but as soon as they learned how they had been lied to and deceived they refused to work. "Louie" any longer. The manager of the "Hubbard" cafe, one Hillman, a professional strike breaker from Chicago, has placed a sign in front of the Peddler stating that the place is a union. His propensity for lying, and his bad record in the Chicago teamsters' strike, is too well known by the restaurant patrons of Spokane for such a petty subterfuge to deceive many.

The Allied Crafts won a complete victory over the Association in the "junction" case before Judge Webster. Every point raised by the strikers' attorney was sustained by Judge Webster. All of Davenport's and Wright's lying allegations in their affidavits accompanying the temporary restraining order were disproved, and the Association was shown to be "an illegal combination in restraint of trade." Subpoenas were issued for the president and secretary of the Association, Wright and one Dunning, summoning them to bring all books and records of the Association into court. In this way the inner workings of the Association would have been laid bare, but the two worthless heard of what was coming and evaded summons by leaving town quite suddenly on their "summer" outing. "Louie" Davenport also took flight and fled to parts unknown. Wright and "Louie" have since sneaked back after the trial. It is reported that "Louie" is going to make another donation to the Woman's club and send another barrel of his bum pickles to St. Luke's hospital.

Joe White, proprietor of the White's Hotel and Cafe, a resort on Sprague street, wants to run a union house, but is prevented from doing so by his chief creditor, the Spokane & Eastern Trust Company, of which Davenport is one of the chief stockholders.

The Musicians' union and the Infamous Brotherhood of Bartenders continue to permit their members to scab on the cooks and waiters in the various unfair houses where these craft unions are employed. Nough said!

EMPLOYMENT HOGS AND THEIR DIRTY TRICKS.

In the issue of No. 8, July 9, The Industrial Worker published the following telephone message sent to the Free Employment Office in Spokane:

"Rush men to Walla Walla. Great need of men here and help is the scarcest in years. Wages from \$3 to \$7."

The Industrial Worker in the same issue commented upon the above message as bunk, and only a scheme of the employment sharks and farmers to congest the labor market of Walla Walla and surrounding country.

On July 18 three men came to the I. W. W. hall and presented the tickets they had received from the City "Free" Employment Office. On the back of the tickets the following note was written by the Secretary of the Farmers' Union:

"Free Public Employment Bureau, Spokane, Wash.: There are a lot of men coming in with these slips of yours demanding employment at \$3 to \$7 per day in the harvest. There are no such wages being paid and the farmers disclaim any authorization of such report; moreover, there are more men here than is good for the country. Yours truly,

"H. H. McLEAN,
"H. H. McLEAN, Pres.
"By W. D. P."

These three men paid \$10.50 for fare and had to pay their fare back to Spokane. No comment necessary.

CHAS. GRANTT.

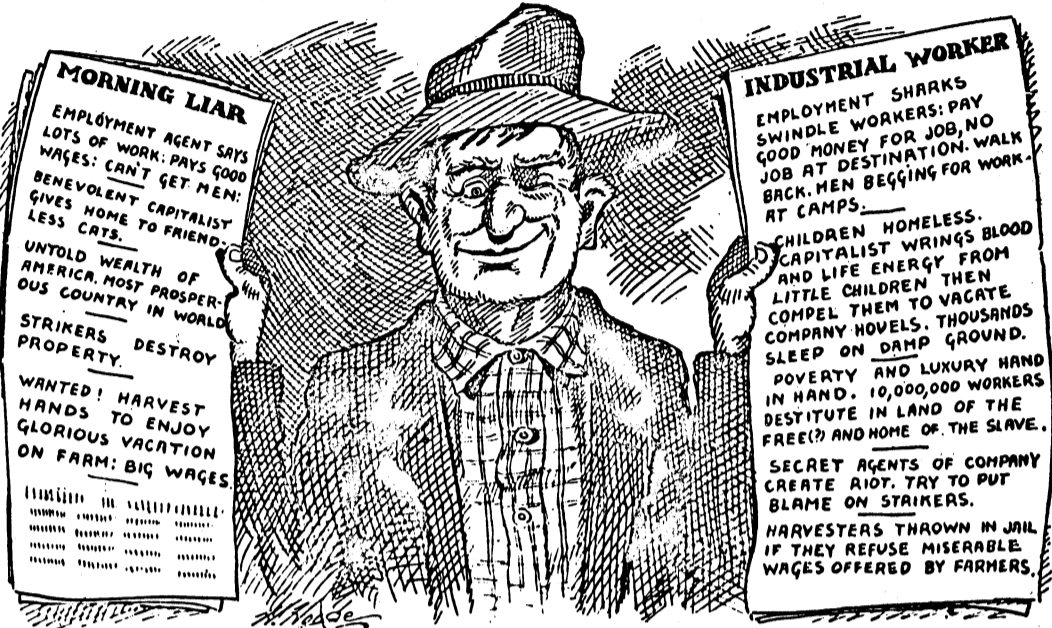
TACOMA ON THE JOB.

Editor Industrial Worker:
Tacoma is still growing. Since my last letter our membership has increased twenty. Most of our members are working in town. We have twenty members working as longshoremen. We expect to take in more longshoremen this week. Individual propaganda is being used by members on the job. Most of our success in organization is due the activity of all of our members. "Organize on the job" is our motto. We are conducting good street meetings every night with the exception of Wednesday, which is our business meeting night. Our talk is confined to conditions and organization.

Next week you may look for an increase in our bundle order of the worker. Yours for the revolution.

JOHN L. SPICER.

WHICH PAPER DO YOU SUPPORT?



This Worker is Wise. Are You?

MEANS OF COMMUNICATION—A POWERFUL WEAPON

Every nation having an army appropriates millions of dollars a year for the purpose of maintaining and perfecting effectual means of communication between the war office and the men on the job—the soldiers and officers of the army in the field.

In peace and war in times of war. What are those means of communications? Genie regiments, soldiers who know how to build telegraph and phone lines, etc., men who can operate a clicker under the most unfavorable conditions. Staff dispatchers and picked officers to act as special messengers—a fast and reliable means of communication between the generals and the men on the job.

The faster and the more reliable the communication, the better for the army possessing same.

In the Russian revolution a few years ago, the "wise" took possession of the Czar's most effective means of communication—the telegraph. It had a great deal to do with the Russian army's defeat in Manchuria. The effect was, that for the want of information and orders, general Ruc—just had to wank.

The rebels had their own men on the job. The wires were crossed, confusion the result. In Germany, Bismark sought to stop the means of communication of the workers. Every paper had to be gotten out on tissue paper and sent out by mail. It was costly to the workers. They, like their Russian brother-rebels knew the value of communicating with the slaves on the job. Hence the establishing of underground presses. In spite of all persecution they kept them going. Why? Because they know the value of a workers press.

Why are the labor haters and skinners of every nation so intent upon destroying every influential Labor Paper? Surely not on account of the "philosophical" dope they contain. For most, if not all can be gotten by reading books upon these subjects. No, it's because of the

means of communication and information it affords between the Union and it's members on the job. It's a means whereby the workers can be informed as to time and place for concerted action. It's on account of exposing the schemes of the bosses, many places where there are no jobs, and where they want to use the unemployed as a club to beat down the wages of the men on the job.

It's because the workers are put next and told to keep away from places where strikes are on. It's to prevent the discussion and subsequent adaptation of effective revolutionary means to settle the all-important Labor Problem by the workers. It's to prevent the workers from communicating with one another on a large and inexpensive scale. It's to force the slaves to read the masters subsidized dope sheets. In fact there are a good many features about a real live rebel sheet that are thorns in the flesh of the bosses.

The recent fight for Free Speech proves our contention. The powers that had control over the city officials knew the value of an effective means of communication. We had one in the Industrial Worker. It brought fighters on the job. It put the case before the workers. It brought us money. It helped to boycott the "Inland Bumpire".

The city officials seized our means of communication without much ceremony and thought it plenty of time to argue it out afterwards, if it should ever become necessary. But the boys here knew the value of a means of communication just as well. They did not spend valuable time in arguing about the legality of such action, the rights and wrongs of it, but immediately established the Industrial Worker in Seattle.

Fellow Workers, do you know the value of a Labor Paper? We are in the grip of the greatest war the world has ever witnessed.

More of combatants are involved in this struggle than in any previous one. It's a war—not only against a system, as some bald headed, bewhiskered, theoretical-desk-revolutionists want us to believe,—no, it's a war between men and men. The system does not fly in the air as such, but it is personified in labor skinners and labor haters and their hangers-on, and workers who rebel against the process of being skinned alive.

It's a bitter struggle on the Industrial field, between the owners of the slave pens and the slaves pinned down by the forces of the master class,—forces that are alive—men who serve in uniformed armies of repression, and last but not least, men of our own kind who lack information, and the rebellious slave who want to organize.

Like the war lords of the different nations, we also must not only keep up, but perfect our means of communication and information. We must be in close touch with the man on the job. He is the man—like the soldier—the man behind the gun. Unlike the soldier he is the man behind the gun of production and not that of destruction.

Fellow Workers! Are you on? If so get on the job! Go to work! Work on the job for the One Big Union—the I. W. W. and it's means of communication and information.

Work for the Industrial Worker and all other I. W. W. papers.

Place Industrial Union literature in the hands of your fellow slaves.

Will you go on the Job? Will you work on the Job?

We wait a substantial answer, an answer that is expressed in orders for prepaid sub-cards.

The paper MUST be supported by those that wish it to live.

Are you on?

GOMPERS AND THE W. F. OF M.

Sammy Gompers & Co. have refused to grant the Western Federation of Miners a charter. It is said that a motion was made in the United Mine Workers of America convention that, providing the A. F. of L. refused a charter to the W. F. of M., that they they (the U. M. W. A.) would consolidate with the W. F. of M. into a Miners' Industrial Union, and also withdraw from the A. F. of L. Now it is up to the U. M. W. A. to show their hand and to see what stand the conventions of both organizations will take on this matter. It is said that the convention of the W. F. of M., which convenes July 18, will be a stormy one, and should be watched with great interest by all industrialists. Yours for the I. W. W.

I. W. W. REPORTER, Denver, Colo.

NATIONAL RAILROADERS' UNION TALKS GENERAL WALKOUT.

PARIS, FRANCE, July 17.—A general strike has been decided upon by the central committee of the National Railroaders' union. After a meeting tonight at which this action was taken the strike committee was instructed to rush arrangements and give the signal for a general walkout as soon as possible.

It was announced that the railroad companies have refused to consider further negotiations. The members of the union, who demand an increase in wages and other concessions, had already voted to strike, if negotiations failed.

THIRTY-FIVE HUNDRED MEN OUT AND 5000 MORE IDLE WHEN SHOPS CLOSED

Sixteen Thousand Men Are Now Out of Work as a Result of the Lockout.

MONTREAL, July 18.—Conductors and trainmen of the Grand Trunk and Central Vermont railways obeyed an automatic strike order at 9:30 o'clock tonight. On Sunday when the members of the strike committee left here each man carried a sealed envelope to be opened at the hour calling a strike unless a telegram had previously been received which upon comparison with a copy enclosed in the envelope, stated otherwise. No such telegram was sent and the strike became effective at 9:30 p. m.

OF INTEREST TO WORKERS.

Spokane Local Unions have engaged Fellow-Worker Franklin Jordan, late of Portland, as organizer. Jordan is a live wire and hopes, with the co-operation of others of like kind, to inject a strong feeling of discontent into the workers of this vicinity, and build up a movement of ACTUAL MEN ON THE JOB. As it takes co-operation to accomplish results, all live and energetic workers in the neighborhood of Spokane are asked to come to the city and help make things hum. Jump into the movement and have the satisfaction of knowing you are one of a bunch of hustling working-class rebels.

Get into the game.

WHAT'S THE USE?

TOPEKA, June 22.—"Please send me some college boys for harvest hands." This request has been made to Charles Harris, state free employment director, a hundred times in telegrams and letters from Kansas farmers during the past few days.

"It seems strange," said Harris, "but the fact is college boys are in demand everywhere as harvest hands. I account for it because, as a rule, they all come of good families and are absolutely trustworthy; also they are athletes. The farmers say they do not 'soldier' but keep right at work. When a college student works he gives value received. Perhaps there is another reason why they are in demand. The farmers like to have the students set a good example to their own sons. They show it is not regarded as dishonorable for students to work on the farm and it tends to make farm boys more contented."—Kansas City Journal, June 24.

What's the use?

BIG HOLE VALLEY.

Editor Industrial Worker:
Fell off here July 10 and got a master the same day. Things don't look so bad, but could be better. Wages, \$3 and \$3.25 per day; scolding not bad; flop in feed yard called a house, windows but no glass. Six weeks work. Lots of slaves here and more coming. Hike 110 miles in here. There are two of us on good I. W. W.'s on this job and the rest think it is good dope.

W. J. APPELBY.

NEWS FROM THE MAN ON THE JOB



TELEPHONE SLAVES STRIKE.
The shovel artists of the Pacific Telephone Co. at 2nd and Cannon st. struck Wednesday, the 20th. The men were getting \$2.50 and went out for \$2.75. Success to the strikers. It is reported that the strike is due to the persuasive powers of the peaky I. W. W.-ers.

ROBALIA, WASH.
Report from a slave in the above burg says that there are many slaves in that vicinity. Farm work pays \$2.50 per day, grub good; pay any time; sleep with the other mules in the straw stack.

AN N. G. JOB.
A fellow worker from Port Blakeley on Bainbridge Island who was working for a saw-mill reports that the job is as bum as the average slave ever meets. The wages are only \$1.75 per day, the grub unfit for a human being or any other animal. Bunkhouse a pig sty. pay once a month. Hospital fee \$1, \$1 for the job and 25c for boat fee. Our fellow worker worked six days and drew down \$2.50 at the end of that time. The job generally is on the hog.

THIS IS A FAIR JOB.
Fellow Worker C. E. Payne of No. 432 is working on a job at Newport, Wash., for the Fidelity Lumber Co. Wages, \$2.25 and up; pay the 10th and 25th; board and sleep where you like; no fees as yet; no employment shark; no discrimination against the I. W. W. men. The company runs a boarding house that is said to range from bad to good, but the workers are not obliged to board with the company.

TWO JOBS AT MONCKTON, WASH.
Editor Industrial Worker:
I recently bumped into two jobs and will send you an account of same.
Milwaukee railroad from Moncton to Everett, Wash., Camp A, one mile from Moncton; wages, \$2.50 for 10 hours; board, \$5.25 per week; sleep in tents; hospital, \$1 per month; H. C. Henry, contractor. Don't need to kill yourself. Board with North Bend Logging Co.; board is nothing extra. Most of the work on this line is let out to station men. Moncton is one the main line of the Milwaukee at the foot of the mountains, about 40 miles from Seattle. No employment shark.

Snoqualmie Falls power plant, Stone & Webster, contractors; wages, .250 for 10 hours; very poor board, \$5.25 per week; hospital, \$1 per month. It is not necessary to buy this job, although many poor fools do. Get off the train at Falls City station, hike to Falls City, cross the bridge, thence up the river to the camp, six miles from the station. The city of Seattle will soon start building a dam four miles from Moncton; three years' work; wages \$2.75 (perhaps) for eight hours' work. Free Employment Office, Fourth avenue, Seattle.

RICHARD SMITH,
Local Union No. 382.

FAIRFIELD, WASH.
Editor Industrial Worker:
Have been working at Morrison's ranch. The grub is bum and work hard; wages, \$1.50 per day for 11 hours' work; sleep in rotten bunk-houses. If you work 10-12 hours they pay you for three-quarters of a day. I. W. W. men can get work there but had better stay away, for it's a bum place all around.

P. J. VAN MONTKEN,
Member Local 221 Spokane.

ARLINGTON, WASH.
With regard to Ebeey Logging Co., I would say everything is fairly good but the board, which is something fierce. Wages are about the average.

JOHN HELD.

HARVEST NEWS FROM JACKSON, MONT.
I write you in regard to the conditions here in the hay harvest. Wages, \$3 a day, 10 hours' work. Board is first class, water is good. This work will last about 60 days.

E. F. KINDER, Local 232.

INDUSTRIAL WORKER

Labor Produces All Wealth



Labor Is Entitled To All It Produces

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GENERAL EXECUTIVE BOARD.
C. H. Axelson, Francis Miller, Charles Scurlock, J. J. Ettor, Geo. Speed.
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A PERSONAL LETTER TO I. W. W. MEN.

Fellow-Worker—
This is the time of year when the live members of our union are out on the job. It is the slack season, financially. But the WORKER must be published in season and out. As we have stated many times, the support of the workers is the only thing that will keep a working class paper alive. If a certain number of subs or orders for prepaid sub-cards do not come in, it means the paper cannot exist.

If you want the INDUSTRIAL Worker to live, YOU must furnish the means whereby it may continue to act as a news medium of the men on the job.

THIS MEANS BUSINESS!

When "capital gets its due" it will be "gone to its reward".
Are you getting your share of the good things of life? Join the I. W. W. and GO AFTER THE GOODS.

Be enough of a job-ite to go to work in some industry and ORGANIZE THAT JOB. AND SAW WOOD WHILE ON THAT JOB.

There is a large percentage of the rebellious workers that is loafing and dreaming. GET ON THE JOB and MAKE THE BOSS COME THROUGH.

It is not votes that buys the worker's wife a new dress. Neither is it philosophy nor "leaders." It is DIRECT ACTION on the part of the workers.

Honor and fame from no condition rise.
Act well thy part; there all the honor lies.

POPE.

Sure, Pope, old boy. But where lies the goods? Honor and fame wont stick to our ribs.

You pay your money to a fat, greasy employment shark.
You buy a job.
He gives the boss on the job a rake off.
The boss on the job fires you so that he may get another E. Z. Mark from the shark, and get another rake-off.
Your few days' pay gets you back to town to buy another job to be fired again to tramp it back to buy a job to be fired again to tramp—but what's the use? Will YOU ever get wise?

The churches and sky-pilots, making a feeble play for the pennies of the workers are signing petitions asking for a six day week for the postal employees. They insist, however, that the day off be Sunday. Collection day, you know. But of course they do this kindly act "because they love us so," "because they love us so". And besides there is the meal ticket consideration. But hush!

JUST CATTLE.

Attend a concert at one of the parks where there is a musical concert. There you will find a representative American crowd. Take notice of the music they applaud. You will find that it is the frivolous, the meaningless, the worthless, that appeals to the mob. Anything that has depth and is of value is passed up by the majority. The music of power and inspiration passes so far over their heads as to be hardly recognized. It is "casting pearls before swine." Yes, swine; or shall we say apes? Let a player "do a stunt," give a trick performance, and the inane attention of the average monkey is attracted. He is pleased, amused. And mental effort is pain and suffering to the apes.

Wait until the ITALIAN band reads an American national air. A few schoolma'ams and counter-jumpers with sloping foreheads and pretty cravats, having been well drilled by their respective owners, jump to their feet to honor (!) the country of their masters. The other apes, with the ape-like faculty of imitation, rise in obedience to the spirit of mob-mind. Many of them do not know why they are standing, and continue to stand even when the band has passed from patriotic (!) airs to ragtime. In deep gratitude you observe a few "foreigners"—Italians, Russians, German and English Jews, Frenchmen, Austrians and Scandinavians—workers all, who listen with eager appreciation to the real music, who hang with bated breath on the music that they know and appreciate.

As it is with music, so it is with the revolutionary movement. The mass, the mob of so-called "progressives," play and paddle around in the little puddle of half-baked "intellect." They are playing—nothing more. It means nothing more to them than a source of amusement, a sewing circle of mentality. They complacently prattle of "Liberty," the "cow-operative common-

wealth," "man's future emancipation," etc., and smugly go home, their potato minds working with the sluggish maggots of these meaningless phrases.

When will the workers AWAKE? When will they do SOMETHING? When will they cease splitting hairs and go after the goods? Will they allow themselves to be educated into a state of semi-imbecility, a state of mind that is swayed by their masters and completely at his disposal? No, a thousand times, NO! Let us look upon the teachings of the boss, the ideas of his press as false from start to finish. Let us have ideas of our own. Let them be based on our own interests and not those of the boss. Let us be suspicious. Let us analyze. Let us think.

CAPITALISTS SHED MAUDLIN TEARS.

The Rochester "Democrat-Chronicle" bemoans the fact that a scab sailor of Buffalo was found with his head broke. This capitalist sheet assumes that it was union men that committed the deed, and their assumption is good evidence that the contrary is true. But, supposing that it was union men that slugged the scab? Are they doing anything but returning like for like? Let us analyze: When the scab takes the place of a striker he is assisting the boss to lower the general standard of wages. He is assisting the boss to deprive the worker of that on which he depends for existence—for life itself. If the worker's wages are cut, part of his life is cut. If he has not as much wages to purchase the necessaries of life, to that extent he must not live, nor must his wife and children. When the scab aids the boss to lower wages by breaking a strike he is really hitting at the life of the striker, or that of a great number of them. More, he is assisting to condemn them and their families to degradation worse than death itself—a life of misery and fear, a living death of shame as a being whose existence is at the disposal of the boss. This is what the scab does. Do we hear any moans of sympathy for those who suffer because of the scab? Not any! The boss will weep many virtuous tears for one scab with a broken head, but not a weep for the millions who suffer travail and humiliation BECAUSE of the scab. But we do not weep for his weeps. Our road to freedom is not paved with such unstable material as the maudlin tears and sentimental slop of the boss. The march of the workers, of the strikers, the rebels, is over the ground of INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION and along the path of DIRECT ACTION. It is on ourselves that we depend, not on the "sympathy" and slush of our enemies. They will need all their sympathy for themselves and their cowardly tools, the scabs, before the workers are through with them. Let them weep.

YAPS—AND YAPS.

There are yaps and—yaps. There is one species of yaps that is hopelessly afflicted with yapitis and jobophobia. This yap is the homeguard lumberjack. The great timber companies buy a million acre tract of timberland for next to nothing. They cut all the timber and sell a few acres of the stump land to the before mentioned yap for many times what the original timber land cost the company. The yap, now a homeguard, has the "right" to slave for them, helping them cut other vast tracts of timber, thereby earning enough in a month to buy enough powder to blast out a stump or two. This yap, however, has a piece of land, is not a wage slave, but of the capitalists. To be sure his job is what ables him to live—and buy company powder, but what would you? He is a landed proprietor—he has a piece of paper that says so—and the paper wouldn't lie. So what use has he for labor organization. The I. W. W. is organized to put the lumber barons out of business, and he is a lumber baron, isn't he? Sure! he owns a few stumps, and while he must sweat blood and spend much money to remove them before the land is worth anything, still it cannot be denied that he owns the stumps. And the stumps are wood if they are not lumber. Ergo, the yap must be a lumber baron, is it not so? And what does a lumber baron want of an industrial union? Laugh, you lumber workers, laugh, but make it a *goin* laugh. Go, after these fellows, these would be penny capitalists. Fight 'em at every turn of the road. Fight to show them where their real interest lies. Prove to them that the boss is not a worker, that they ARE workers and that their interest is that of the workers.

Teach them that their work is to GO AFTER GOODS and that can only be done by ORGANIZING in the one union for ALL the workers.

The boss will help to educate them by putting them out on the hog. See that you do your share in wiseing these yaps up to the REAL proposition.

JAPS USE DIRECT ACTION.

The Loftus Co., under the supervision of Mr. Walker, are endeavoring to solve the labor problem when cotton picking arrives so that the growers of the valley can be supplied with reliable help.

The Japs have offered to handle the crop, but have been turned down, as they are an uncertain quantity and cannot be depended upon at critical times striking for higher wages and leaving the fields without a moments notice. The Loftus folks have decided upon a novel plan, and that is to induce camping parties of young and old folks to come to the valley and work the same system that has been so successful in the hop section of the north.—Holtville (Cal.) "Tribune".

How does the above strike you, Mr. white scab? How does it hit your idea of "foreigners"? The "little yellow men" use direct action, won't scab and "cannot be depended upon" to faithfully slave for the boss, so the boss invites "camping parties" of the scissor-bill white slave to come and work their fool heads off for a miserable wage that the Japs turn down. And you call yourselves men.

Referring to John Mitchell's diamond ring, the New Orleans "Picayune" remarks with deadly seriousness: "It must be a matter of much pride and self-congratulation by the millions of organized workers who acknowledge allegiance to Mitchell and those other distinguished chiefs that they are able to sport such magnificent gems and pay such royal rewards (\$100.00) for their recovery after they have been lost. This mere incident shows that labor (!) organizations are great blessings to their millions of members and that, at a small cost to each, the members are able to maintain their chiefs in opulence and splendor!" And the United Mine Workers of America are so kindly looked after by their "chiefs," too. Witness Cherry, Illinois.

THE FRENCH PROLETARIAT

THE FRENCH PROLETARIAT

By Louis Duchez.

Arthur Morrow Lewis in his lecture on "The Paris Commune," published in the volume "Vital Problems in Social Evolution," writes: "In the drama of European history France has always played a leading role. She has given us a classic instance of a social revolution, an international song, and a brief but brilliant example of a working class administration of affairs."

Not only has France always played a leading role in European history, but she is playing a leading role today. At the present time the proletariat of France is bearing the torch of the Social Revolution of Europe.

It is quite natural that the workers of France should have built up the largest revolutionary union in the world today. They have witnessed the shifting of political machinery. They have spilled barrels of their own blood and filled the streets of Paris with it. They have had their fill of parliamentarianism—and it has failed, aside from feathering of the nests for the Briands and other talking revolutionists.

The vital question is that of building up the industrial union. Not simply to make it a superior form of organization to that of the craft union, but the basis of the new industrial society. This is the aim of the revolutionary working class, first, last and always. Anything that does not contribute toward this end is useless. Anything that contributes toward this end is utilized.

It is, indeed, refreshing and encouraging to take a glance at France today. Take the case of Herve, the militant editor of La Guerre Sociale (The Social War), who is serving a four years sentence, and that of Liabeuff, the Apache, who was executed a few days ago.

Herve urged the Parisian workers to employ Liabeuff's tactics in dealing with the brutal police. He was arrested and sentenced to four years.

He laughs at the government that put him there. He dares them to keep him there four years. He is fearless. The government knows that he is as dangerous to the existing order in jail as if he were out. Perhaps more so. But what can they do? He is alive. To execute him would be worse still. And Herve is not afraid to die.

The feeling is rapidly growing among the workers of France that another big revolution is about due in that country. The most militant members of the working class, represented especially in the General Confederation of Labor, are getting ready for it.

The battle cry is being sounded all over France today. Italy and Spain are being swung into line for it. The anti-military spirit among the soldiers is terrorizing the heads of the governments. And this is making the workers more aggressive. Herve has his finger on the popular pulse. That's why he is so bold.

An upheaval in France such as the great revolution of 1793 will mean the Social Revolution in Europe. The strong revolutionary temperament and social consciousness of the workers of the Latin countries will prompt this uprising. The institutions that capitalism has built up for its own defense against the revolutionary workers will turn against it. A burst of working class power will be the signal for the standing armies of France and Germany, especially, to lay down their weapons or turn them against the exploiters.

Back of all the revolutionary feeling which

is taking on such definite shape in France is the General Confederation of Labor. Its principles are substantially the same as the I. W. W. It has within its ranks two-thirds of all the organized workers of France. It is continually carrying on an aggressive campaign of organization. At every strike it is on the job. It is in the midst of the big strikes that it finds the greatest stimulus and when the interest is at white heat the forces of the workers are welded. SOLIDARITY is the watchword. It is teaching fearlessly that the new industrial society is a thing separate from the state and the institutions of capitalism. It opposes the state to the extent of its power. The workers are being taught that the time is near at hand when they will have to take over the industries of the nations and run them for themselves, and that the revolutionary union, represented by the General Confederation of Labor, is the basis for this new society there.

This teaching is being rapidly absorbed by the French workers. It fills them with a consciousness of their own power. Their minds are directed to centers of exploitation and the point where the class struggle takes place in all its reality—in the industries.

The kings and plutocrats and exploiters of Europe may well look with fear upon the latest moves of the French proletariat. It is no mystery that they look for leading Socialist parliamentarians for their cabinets as instruments which promise to ward off the inevitable.

The world-wide revolutionary movement may well look to the French workers for big things in the near future.

"We are *in*, tussia. The Neva is frozen. Heavy carriages roll upon its surface. They improvise a city. They lay out streets. They build houses. They buy. They sell. They laugh. They dance. They permit themselves anything. They even light fires on this water become granite. There is winter, there is ice, and they shall last forever. A gleam pale and wan spreads over the sky and one would say that the sun is dead. But, no, thou art not dead, oh Liberty! At an hour when they have most profoundly forgotten thee; at a moment when they least expect thee; thou shalt arise, oh, dazzling sight! Thou shalt shoot thy bright and burning rays, thy heat, thy life, on all this mass of ice become hideous and dead. Do you hear that dull thud, that crackling, deep and dreadful? 'Tis the Neva tearing loose. You said it was granite. See it splits like glass. 'Tis the breaking of the ice, I tell you. 'Tis the water alive, joyous and terrible. Progress recommences. 'Tis humanity again beginning its march. 'Tis the river which retakes its course, uproots, mangles, strikes together, crushes and drowns in its waves not only the empire of upstart Czar Nicholas, but all of the relics of ancient and modern despotism. That trestle work floating away? It is the throne. That other trestle? It is the scaffold. That old book, half sunk? It is the code of capitalist law and morals. That old rookery just sinking? It is a tenement house in which wage slaves lived. See these all pass by; passing by never more to return; and for this immense engulfing, for this supreme victory of life over death, what has been the power necessary? One of thy looks, oh, sun! One stroke of thy strong arm, oh, labor!"—Victor Hugo.

If there is one thing more than another that should draw a radical into our ranks it is because there is no room in the I. W. W. for the rotting middle class. W. C. S.

In "Onions" there is strength. That is the reason, I presume, the A. F. of L. stinks so bad—namely, too d—n many unions.

Organize in the I. W. W.

THE PROLETAIRE

I am a Proletaire; propertyless, powerless and oppressed;

A mud sill, a wage worker, a slave, Despised, condemned, and shunned In lands where the Pharisees cant of Democracy

Should cause the God of Truth to smite the lying mouths That breathe their poison to the shuddering air.

There, where once the Red Sword of Justice Cut down the traffickers in black flesh, There am I enslaved—and worse. Mocked by a gleaming bauble, and solaced forsooth

With the dead letter of a law called Freedom, The Ark of the Covenant Which the respectable thieves have despoiled of its treasure!

Deluded, tricked by cunning charlatans Feeding this brute with wine and meat; Sacrificing to this cruel and greedy God, My life, my wife, my soul and brain. But the Pharisee and Bourgeois praise-mongers cry aloud,

"Rejoice, for thou art not like those of other lands." Thou canst enjoy the right to vote and make thy own contracts.

Hark, again, they shout, "Long may our land be bright, Hoarken, O God, with Freedom's holy light." But God seems deaf to blasphemy.

In this land the phrases change! The cant of Liberty gives way to Church; There Caste diadems to wear a mask, And bare faced right of blood (by GRACE of God)

Support the right to rob. The Church proclaims it is the will of God that thou shalt suffer here.

And thou shalt be rewarded in Heaven, So kiss the rod and murmur not, To thy Masters be obedient. And the King's sword gleams, and his army draws up.

Proving that the Church is wiser than the Nazarene, Who said, "All men are brothers."

I am a Proletaire. On me rests the toiling earth.

I, I alone, produce and fetch and carry all the food, The clothes, the heat, the light; Construct the poor man's hut, and dwell therein;

The rich man's palace, and depart therefrom, Like my forebears, whose toil-worn lives, Are written upon Egypt's stones.

The diamonds flash which I have dug, But not on bosoms where my head can rest! The gown you lady wears with such fair grace Has dimmed and dulled for ages my daughter's eyes;

A costly gown, they say; and costly 'tis, by God. The broadcloth which you glided youth displays

I wove. My coat is worn and patched. All—all your temples, ships and wares Your railways, commerce, and your Art, I build and carry on.

Nay, more, you scoundrel, ruling by the grace of God, At your command I cut my brother's throat In murderous frenzy when you cry "To war," Defending with my Proletarian blood

The spoils you have stolen from my plebian sweat.

All this I am and have been. But I see a gleam of light, and like the wise of old,

Who faithfully followed the starlit road And found the new-born babe, A Proletaire, a Nazarene, the Carpenter; Whose words made systems, states and empires turn to dust;

Like them I'll follow true the light I see, And if the infant who has been foretold, In awe-struck whisperings, in louder tones, By timid tongues from cell to gallow's-tree, If he be born, I'll pour my treasures out,

My toll, my sweat, my blood, my life. I'll guard him from the mob of leeches and exploiters,

That would wade like Herod through the blood of me and mine To crush and kill our hope.

—STANISLAUS CULLEN.

LABOR NOTES FROM THE FIELD

BILBOA, Spain, July 18.—The strike of coal miners here today became general when 15,000 men who had remained at work struck on Saturday and joined their comrades.

Good propaganda being made in West of England on lines of Industrial Unionism the troubles at Avonmouth is settled satisfactory to the men, organization being perfected.

I have visited Birmingham and some Lancashire towns since my last report. Good headway all through.

TOM MANN, London, Eng.

STRIKERS NUMBER 75,861.

More Cloak and Skirt Makers Out in New York.

NEW YORK, July 8.—More cloak and skirt makers went on strike today in addition to the 50,000 who walked out yesterday, making the total now on strike 75,861, according to the union estimate. If these figures are correct, it is the biggest strike in the industrial history of New York City.

Not all who quit today are affiliated with the union, but their voluntary action in renouncing steady employment out of sympathy for their fellows is great encouragement to union leaders. Five thousand joined the union today.

A tax of \$1 has been imposed upon every male member of the union in the United States and one of 50 cents on each woman. Officers say the levies will insure a fund of \$300,000.

There was no violence today.—New York Herald.

BUCK COMPANY AT PEACE WITH LABOR.

Long and Bitter Warfare Ended.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, July 19.—A peace agreement of great importance to organized labor was made here today between officers of the American Federation of Labor and members of the Stove Founders' National Defense association. The effect of the agreement is to end the bitter warfare between the federation of labor and the Buck Stove and Range company of St. Louis.

The association and the stove company, through its representatives here, announced their withdrawal from the prosecutions against President Gompers, Vice President Mitchell and Secretary Morrison of the Federation of Labor in the contempt case now pending against them.—Spokesman-Review.

TWO SCAB UNIONS

The "B. of B." or Brotherhood of Bartenders, are very busy at present, trying to make a larger division in unionism by organizing a penny ante union not recognized anywhere else.

What fools and suckers there are in this world, to pay their hard earned cash for something, and get nothing.

E. L. DAVIS.

In explanation of the the above—The scab (so-called) bartenders have organized a union of scabs called the above B. of B. But how about the "good" union of bartenders—the A. F. of L. organization? They are, it seems, scabs too, tho' a somewhat different shade of yellow. The "good" union bartenders are working in scab dumps, when the cooks, waiters and waitresses are on strike. It seems to make considerable difference which foot wears the shoe.

To a blind man that can yet sense the truth it would seem that both bodies are scab organizations.

GREAT FALLS, MONT., THE CITY OF SCABS.

Editor Industrial Worker:
Arrived in Great Falls yesterday, July 12, and have been pretty busy looking around the town. It is lamentable that there is such a lack of unity among the working class here. The industrial unions of Great Falls must not be mistaken for Industrial Workers of the World. They are nothing more or less than industrial scabs. It is indeed wonderful to find a bunch of slaves that are able to show the A. F. of L. points on graft scabbery.

Had the pleasure of meeting one of the fellow workers from Spokane in town this morning. He was engaged in putting up stickers. It was amusing to see boycott stickers for the benefit of the Montana Brewery stuck around the saloons, but you bet it did not take the saloonkeepers long to take them down. There is hardly any work in or around Great Falls, and Industrial Workers looking for work will do well to stay away. Farmers are offering \$1.50 per day or \$35 per month, and jobs are not plentiful at that.

Some attempt should be made to organize a local here and an active organizer should be put in the field at once. The employment sharks here like an Industrial Worker in much the same manner that they do a rattlesnake. Only this morning I happened to over hear two sharks talking about "me." "Did you see that g—d— I. W. W. man in town," said one. "No," said the other, "when did he get in." "I don't know," said the first shark, "but if he tries to do anything against us we'll have to have him pinched." You see, these grafters have a wholesome fear of us lest we should publish the truth about them.

There are in Great Falls about 30 women whom the capitalist press says belong to the underworld. These poor unfortunates, victims of a vile and rotten system, are obliged to pay the blood sucking landlords \$40 per month for two small, dirty rooms which are situated in a still more dirty alley. In addition to \$40 rent they have to pay \$2.50 for light and \$10 per month to the city of Great Falls. Great must

be the pride of the people who live in those fine houses on Fourth and Sixth streets when they think of the prostitution and shame of these unfortunate women who are contributing in the neighborhood of \$10,000 per annum for SEVEN—I W W 78905..... the improvement of those streets and the rest of the town—money which they have earned in the hardest possible manner by prostituting their bodies in order that they might exist. Yours for better conditions.

W. H. WHITE,
Member L. U. 132, Spokane.

ON THE FIRING LINE.

Orient, Wash., July 18, 1910.

We shipped from the Free (?) Employment office of the Great Northern to a bridge gang at Sheep creek. On arriving we found accommodations for 14 men only and 19 men on the job. We laid around till supper time and the grub was fierce. Tried a few shots of the real dope at the slaves on the job, then hit the trail. On arriving at Northport we heard of a land clearing job at a place called Marble, 10 miles west of Northport. Found that they were paying teamsters \$40 a month, and the slaves were out on strike. The bosses thought to defeat the white labor by shipping Italians in their place, but there seems to be just as much rebellion in the so-called foreigners as there is in the natives, for they are coming and going, kicking about the water and things in general. If there is an Italian in the Spokane locals coming this way he might do some good work in the camp for the organization.

We left Northport July 9. Arrived in Marcus same day and lived next to nature till Monday. Then we hit the trail to Rock Cut, on the Orville branch of the Great Northern. On arriving we found that seven men had shipped there to work in the Welch Lumber Co. sawmill. They found they could not make more than their board, as the mill was shut down half the time, so they had to hire a team take them to Orient at a cost of \$3. I might mention that this is close to the Canadian line and that a man must have \$25 in his pocket or do the crawfish act back. We are working at Orient on a new schoolhouse, and the men seem to have some of the I. W. W. principles in them, as they do not try to rush each other. We are trying to get the dope into their heads, and think that our efforts will bring forth fruit.

GEORGE GARDNER,
JAMES PATTON,
Local Union No. 434.

DENVER, COLORADO.

Editor Industrial Worker:
Local Union No. 26 is maintaining a headquarters and free reading room at 1017 Nineteenth street. We hold street meetings every night and sometimes two the same evening on different street corners. Our union takes in new members right along, but I believe that the population is even more migratory than in the cities on the coast. Our speakers are scattered and Weinstein and myself alone remain to hold down the box. We are expecting Covington Hall in a few days. He may locate in Denver permanently. We are boosting the idea of a circuit for speakers and organizers as a means of civilizing the locals and waking up the natives. With best wishes for the only paper representing the interests of the casual, migratory, floating worker—the blanket stiff—I am, yours for all we can get.

WALKER C. SMITH.

THE DELEGATE ON THE JOB.

A certain new recruit of Local Union No. 40, Missoula, Mont., was initiated on July 4. He went to work on a day ranch at \$2 a day and board. In a couple of days the boss made him a straw boss with about six men under him. The first thing he did when he took charge of the men was to talk Industrial Unionism to them and succeeded in inducing five of them to join the Industrial Workers of the World.

The new fellow worker has lots of power on this ranch, and one trying to work for him without being in possession of an I. W. W. card will find it pretty hot.
Our fellow worker brought the recruits to Missoula and had the whole five initiated Saturday. Let us hope they will become good rebels. The funny part is this: Those fellows have been working on this ranch for \$1.75 and of our principles he told them that they were board, and after convincing them of the merits not getting enough money and that they should go on strike. So they all stuck together, went out on strike and got a raise of 25 cents for 9 1/2 hours' work. This shows the power of Delegate on the Job! Get busy, you old heads. Come down to Missoula and stir things up around here.

HERMAN MORSTON, L. U. No. 40.

FROM OUR CAMP DELEGATES.

Madras, Oregon.

Editor Industrial Worker:
As Fellow Worker Pancer and I are located again for a few days will write you. Fellow Worker Sloan is still with us. We are within nine miles of Madras, working at Porter & Clarkson's Camp No. 5, on night shift. Wages, \$2.75, board good. It has taken us about four days to hike about 40 miles, and our feet are all in, so you can easily imagine the roughness of the road and the severity of the heat. The wind blows enough in the afternoon to keep one's eyes filled with dust, but it tempers the heat only slightly. We are on the Hill road, for the other road is nearly finished to Madras and there are long stretches of this road that are not finished.

Baker & Jordan's tunnel camp is not a large camp, but employs, I judge, 100 men in and out of the tunnel. Tunnel is wet. They pay \$2.75 and \$3 a day. Board is rotten, the worst I have seen. This camp must be 10 miles above Shaw's Bridge. There's a ferry there and several this side. They charge 25 cents each for every man ferried across at any ferry, and you pay it or you don't cross.

Another tunnel camp worthy of mention is about 10 miles further up the river, at Porter's camp. It is a large camp, employing two or three hundred men. Wages, \$2.50 and \$2.75. Grub is good. Conditions good. Dry tunnel and nice work, but hard to get a job there.

There is another tunnel camp near Madras which I have not seen as yet.
Of the smaller camps we have passed, of which there are perhaps 40 or 45 (and 10 or 15 of which are trap tunnels), the wages are usually \$2.50 to \$2.75, but some pay \$3. Board in a few is good, in a few others fair, but in most of them rotten.

The petty timekeepers in most of these small camps are very important men and superior beings. They are very arrogant and insolent. I wish I were a bad man. I would stick a small cannon in the caboose of my pants and travel up and down this river beating up timekeepers. As it is, we generally hand their thug talk back to them with interest.

While hiking up this river, you pay for nearly every meal you get. Most places it is 25 cents per meal, but in several camps it is 50 cents, and in one 35 cents. But if you work, board in all the camps is \$5.25 per week.

In one small camp they begged us to go to work at \$3 per day. In the same camp they pay Italians \$2.75.

Now, fellow workers, I am sorry to say that the outlook for us to get a great many members here is not very promising, and all because we can't speak Italian and we have no Italian literature. At least 65 per cent, perhaps 70 per cent, of all the men on both of these roads so far encountered are Italians who can't speak or read English. About 25 per cent of the remainder are Swedes, mostly station men, who just love to work like the most abject slaves on earth, and who have a desperate desire to get rich. You can depend on them to work till their heads drag on the ground. As a rule, that is all they know. Of course, there are a few exceptions.

The Italians and Swedes constitute 90 or 95 per cent of the men on these roads, so far as I have seen. The other 5 or 10 per cent are Americans, with a small sprinkling of Austrians, Poles, Russians, and a few Irish. We met a few Spaniards in one camp. We have reason to believe some of the Italians are socialists and anarchists, though we have had no way of finding out or even guessing how many. But there are many thousands of Italians all along these two roads, and I would suggest that the Portland locals by all means send an Italian organizer here. He could do a world of good, I am certain, and get hundreds of members. It is a promising field. If you could send two (one American) it would be better—strong men, able to take care of themselves, equal to any funny business that might be started.

The employment sharks are shipping hundreds of men to Shaniko for these roads. There is no work at Shaniko, I am told. After the men get there they have to hike 45 miles to Madras and pay 50 cents per meal to the ranchers along the route. They can ride on the stage or automobile by paying seven dollars fare. And whoever heard of a blanket stiff shipping out of Portland when he has as much as seven big U. S. dollars? I don't know whether the employment agents tell the poor devils that they can get a job at Shaniko or not. You can find out at Portland. But if he does he lies, unless the aforesaid poor devils can pick up a harvest job, which can't be very plentiful in this thinly settled country, and which, I am told, pays only \$2 a day. They issue time checks here which you get cashed at 25 cents per check discount.

M. B. B.

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SONGS! SONGS! SONGS!
The Literature Committee has had notice after notice inserted in The Industrial Worker relative to the sending in of songs and suggestions for the new song book the Spokane Locals intend getting out.

Having waited a month and received neither songs nor suggestions, the Committee, under the instruction of the locals, will proceed with the material on hand and get out the book. However, any member or local knowing of a good song should send it in, as the book may not get to press for a week or so.

This notice is given in anticipation of kicking, for the book may not come up to your standard. Hoping to prevent kicking and disgust, I remain,

CHARLES GRANT,
Chairman Literature Committee.

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MORE NEWS OF THE WORKERS

HAMILTON, MONT.
Editor Industrial Worker:

I have been working here for the Bitter Root Stock Farm. The stock farm is divided into seven ranches, all of which cover 22,000 acres. The Pendergast ranch, where I was working, pays \$1.75 and board for haying. Grub is fair here. The boss watches the hay falling down one's neck from morn till night. Yesterday noon a professional bum (Sister of Charity) called at the ranch and pleaded for donations, saying that they needed the money as they were going to put up a large building in Missoula in which they kill off the sick and dying. Now it happened that a year ago I landed, broke and stranded, in Missoula, and, being hungry, I hit 'em up for a feed. They kindly asked me if I cared to work while, to which I replied "Certainly." Well, after working hard two hours they gave me a feed that would turn a cat's stomach. Having this in mind while she mooched me, I answered: "The Catholic church may as well try and squeeze blood from a turnip as to get a cent of my hard earned money." Fifteen minutes later the foreman hit me with a time check and I landed again amongst the unemployed. The Gilchrist ranch, another of the notorious seven, is equally bad. The grub is fierce. Any member with respect for himself and stomach should steer clear of these ranches.

Frank Reed will be in town tonight and hold several meetings from which we expect great results. Pete Brown is also here and is raising hell with the lumberjacks. This country is rotten ripe for organization, and I look ahead and hope that we can once more organize these timber workers. Yours for the portehouse.

LOUIS MELIS,
Member Local No. 40.

ROSALIE, WASH.

Fellow-worker E. Self reports that the harvesters at the above jerkwater have made the farmers come through with \$3.00 and in some cases \$3.50 per day. But they get it back by feeding the workers bum chuck. Will go after the good lunch and anything else that is not nailed down.

MISSOULA LIVE WIRE AGITATE IN CAMP.

Editor Industrial Worker:

I am writing this letter by the request of Fellow Worker Frank Reed to notify you to send us a bundle order of 50 Industrial Workers. Have them sent as soon as possible, so we can get them by Monday. Fellow Worker Reed went down to Hamilton today to stir things up a little in that part of the country. He has taken most of The Workers with him, and that is the reason we need 50 more in Missoula. I am acting in Reed's place until he returns from Hamilton. Yours for industrial freedom.

HERMAN MARSTON,
P. O. Box 745, Missoula, Mont.

CRAFT UNIONISM ON THE WATER FRONT OF TACOMA.

Editor Industrial Worker:

Working in the transportation industry, at present, I have a little news that may be of some interest to the unorganized and organized craft unionists that work on the water front of Tacoma. Members of the Pacific Coast Seamen's Union receive \$50 per month for their labor, but when they land in port they are supposed to do longshore work. For this union membership on the boats they receive no extra pay (only in case of overtime they are supposed to get 50 cents an hour, but the ship owners see to it that they get very little overtime). So you see their wages for longshore work and sailing are about 20 cents an hour, and the stevedores receive 50 cents per hour, in those so-called union men are working 36 cents an hour cheaper than the longshoremen. To prove to you that they are allowed to scab on the longshoremen they carry a card that represents the Pacific Coast Seamen's Union so they certainly can do such dirty, slimy scabbing with a union license in their pockets. Just think of such union scabbing. The longshoremen are also organized here in the I. C. A., a craft of the A. F. of L. There was a boat working short-handed. One of the craft unionists was working on the job and told the boss he could go to the so-called union hall and get some men. The slave driver said: "I guess we won't. We can pick up all kinds of men on the street." And still this craft separation of labor has nerve enough to charge \$1.50 for initiation fees and expect to raise it to \$5. The lumber handlers are also organized in the I. C. A., an affiliated body of the freight handlers, and when short of lumber handlers the so-called craft unionists of the freight handlers are supposed to get the preference of the work. For this privilege of slaving with these fellow workers the freight handlers must pay 2 1/2 cents on each dollar they earn. This 2 1/2 cents on the dollar is supposed to go to the Puget Sound Council. But if they hire what they call outsiders, such as I. W. W. men and unorganized laboring men, they charge them as high as 4 cents on the dollar. This 2 1/2 and 4 per cent that they collect from these fellow workers is supposed to be used for the benefit of the lumber handlers of the Puget Sound lumber handlers' union, such as transacting business and getting a stronger affiliation with the craft separatists of the Puget Sound lumber handlers and freight handlers. Of course, you know they have walking delegates all along the line, and these parasites must suck the life and blood of the workers. The poor creatures of humanity must live in luxury, and to do this they must fleece the workers and the so-called allied crafts of the American Separation of Labor. But remember, there are a few reds organized in the Transportation Workers' in-

dustry, and they expect to open the slaves' eyes, not with bad booze or fire water, but on the lines of industrial unionism.

Yours for more pork chops and shorter hours.
FRED WIGNER,

Local 380 Transportation Workers, Tacoma, Washington.

A SPOKANE JOB.

Naylor & Norlin Co., Hogan & Kester, Cora avenue and Northwest boulevard. Hire from Red Cross; pay off from Red Cross; boss slave drivers; \$2.75, eight hours.

MEMBER I. W. W.

WISDOM, MONT.

I am working in hay fields here; wages, \$2 and \$2.25 per day, and lots of men coming in all the time.

M. C. WARDEN,
Member L. U. No. 408.

CONDITIONS IN DULUTH.

Conditions in and around Duluth are fierce. Wages on the ore docks, \$2 a day; you have to sign your life away to get a job, and if you are hurt the company disclaims all responsibility. You must always sign a statement that you are not a member of any kind of a union. Men are plentiful and jobs are scarce. Around the docks the average pay is 25 and 30 cents an hour, the work is hard, and 10 hours is a day's work. Other work is most of it 20 cents an hour throughout the city. Board averages \$4 to \$6 a week, higher than in many towns where workmen get better pay.

W. T. N.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 16, 1910.

The Brewery workers strike is going on just about the same. The merchants and manufacturers have the brewery owners end of it in charge. (Solidarity of Capital).

A great many of the merchants and manufacturers are patronizing the saloons that have pickets in front of them. They have also some of their clerks doing the same as well as their hired workmen. The slaves who are working for the owners, after they are through with their days work, go around doing the same thing. A great many of them don't buy any beer, but just walk into the saloons, pretending to do so.

It is rumored that the M. & M. are standing for all the loss that the brewers are sustaining, as they seem to be more interested in defeating the workmen than are the brewery owners themselves.

ON THE MOVE.

Editor Industrial Worker:

Local 318, Sedro-Wooley, Wash., is progressing rapidly. We had some trouble getting started, but after three or four weeks or rustling a local was organized. There were three or four shingle weavers, a fireman, a pattern-maker, a carman and the rest loggers in the beginning, but since then the local has increased its membership from 20 to 73 or more. The shingle weavers in this jurisdiction are all in favor of the I. W. W.

Local No. 6, I. S. W. U. of A., and Sedro-Wooley Local of the Socialist party have joined in helping Local No. 318 erect a labor temple. Each local elects two members on the board of trustees. Will let you know more about it in a week or so.

The employers gave a carnival on July 4 to 9. This gave us an opportunity to get in touch with the boys. The trustees who are in charge of the labor temple project built a shack and sold ice cream and lemonade during the carnival, and the building will now be used as a reading room. On Thursday the I. W. W. entered the parade. Some of the socialists wanted us to march with them, but a big majority of No. 318 voted not to do so. We have had enough of that dope.

One thing that I might bring to the front and tell you about is a sky-pilot by the name of Wolfe (in sheep's clothing) who was teaching "brotherly love" to little boys by drilling them to shoot their brothers. All they lacked was a jug of whiskey and they would be missionaries.

It will be a great surprise to many of the shingle weavers if the next convention is not the last one held in Washington. Chicago is the place to hold a convention, anyway.

Fellow Worker Heasley was with us and put us on the right track, so look out for Local No. 318.

Members, call in and see us. Meetings first and third Sundays.

Don't buy a job, but go to the Maple House or to the Crosby confectionery store. Yours for industrial freedom.

CHARLES PARDNER,
Local Sedro-Wooley No. 318.

THE CIRCUIT.

The circuit, although not a completed institution, has already begun to work. Fellow Worker J. P. Thompson has gone to Seattle, where he will lecture in the interest of the I. W. W. locals of that city. Spokane has secured the services of Franklin Jordan, who will act in the capacity of organizer. Both Spokane and Seattle are fortunate in securing the services of these men. Seattle has secured an able and eloquent speaker, while Spokane has got in return one who is just as eloquent, coupled with the push and ability to do practical work.

TO MINNESOTA MEMBERS.

All members in and around Duluth in a radius of about 200 miles should communicate with the Secretary of Local No. 68 at Duluth, Minn., at once, and send address. Headquarters at 17 Fifth avenue West, Duluth, Minn.

WALTER TH. NEF, Secy.

A New Orleans paper states that Mayor Seidel of Milwaukee is opposed to the red flag. Another report says that he never heard of it.

Some men like to work 16 hours per day. If they like they may work 26 hours if they get the full product of their labor and therefore do not scab on those who think a human being has other interests than making a mule of himself.

POLICE THUGS AT YAKIMA

North Yakima, Wash., July 15.

Editor Industrial Worker:

Both Gordon and myself were released from jail this morning and were told to leave town, but we decided that we shall take our time in doing so. Chief Kunemann and Captain Kelly of the Yakima slugging committee are good tools in the hands of this city's capitalists, and are willing to obey their master to any extent in order to put a feather in their caps as slugs of the first class. I have had dealings with one of these skunks and know what I am writing about. This brute Kelly is acting chief of police at night and he certainly takes advantage of his position by trying to bulldoze workmen and women who happen to fall in his clutches. If his bulldozing don't work he will use brute force to gain submission from his victims. "Kelly the tough" is the type of man who would prostitute his manhood for 30 cents.

This city is the first place where they put women in jail with men. Only a few iron bars divide the rooms, and the two sexes can be very intimate if they so desire. The woman who is now in this bullpen is in danger of her life. She is worrying herself to death with fear. All through the night, from the time she was brought in, she has been visited by the minions of the law.

Now, you working stiff, what would you do if this woman was your sister? How long are you going to let women be imposed upon by the bluecoated brutes of the master classes slugging committee? This woman is compelled to occupy a lousy bunk in a dirty, filthy jail. She is forced to hear everything that is said in a jail, and forced also to eat the rotten food and drink the brackish water that isn't fit for a hog to drink, and there you poor victims of society who labor and produce all good things of life will last for your glorious free country (sic).

Last Tuesday we were observers of a little bluecoated graft. Three or four colored women of the redlight district were brought in and robbed of \$25 each under the guise of the "law." "Stoolpigeon Stump," as he is known, forced \$25 from a poor woman who was earning her money in the slave dens of prostitution. We observed all this unknown by the skunk, Officer Stump, but he knows now that we saw him, because we told him he would see it in print and he turned white as a sheet. From four of these women, at midnight, he took \$100. Now, what do you think of Yakima?

I was released at 6 this morning and am still in town. I expect to have a meeting in Pasco tomorrow night if I don't get arrested for spite, so if you don't hear from me is Pasco you'll know I am sloughed again.

I like Yakima, but oh you I. W. W.!—One Union, One Label, One Enemy. Don't forget North Yakima. Yours for the I. W. W.

JOHN M. FOSS,
Local 132, Spokane.

YAKIMA EMPLOYMENT SHARKS.

(From the Yakima Republic.)

The following clipping will be of interest to our readers. It is in this town of North Yakima that several I. W. W. men were thrown into jail recently for exercising their "right" of free speech:

Laboring men of North Yakima complain that they are not given a fair show to secure positions in and around North Yakima. They claim that in order to get anything to do they must make application to the local employment agencies, which require the advance payment of a fee which averages about \$2. G. W. Warren and F. C. Troutman gave voice to this complaint to the Republic today. Mr. Warren says that he is a resident of North Yakima, is married, has property and pays taxes. Mr. Troutman is also a North Yakima man.

"In order to get a position we have to make application through the local employment agencies," said these men today. "At present we have got to pay a fee of \$2 in advance in order to get a job. If he is 'dead broke' he is up against it. The employment agencies will not give him credit until he has earned the money. They will not take an order on the first wages he earns. The money must be paid in advance."

"This makes it impossible for lots of men to get jobs. I have known many who are ready and willing to work, but who have not the amount of the fee. They may find a scattering job here and there, but the number of places a man can find without applying to the employment agency are very few."

"I am convinced that all the larger employers of labor are working with the employment agencies. Let a man go down to this railroad camp below town and apply for a job, and if he cannot show a card from an employment agency there is 'nothing doing.' I know of cases where a man without a card was refused a position, when the employer was taking all that held a card from the agencies."

"This system does not look right to us laboring men. The employment agencies are making good money, and every cent of it comes from the laboring man. In fact the most of it comes from the men who hardly know where their next meal is coming from."

"Sometimes the men are given cards by the agencies, after the fee is paid, of course, and when the men go out for a position they find nothing."

THE WORK WE ARE DOING.

The general opinion of the members of the I. W. W. at this time of year is that the organization is going backwards which is not so. The men are out hustling in camps and harvest fields and creating a spirit of unrest among the workers at Pendleton, Walla Walla, Pasco, and all over the harvest country the I. W. W. are working quietly. In the lumber camps the men are doing good work helping the camp delegates, especially in Oregon and Washington. All of this is being done, without brass bands

and so quietly that the boss does not know anything about it. He will some time wake up and realize that the I. W. W. has handed him one. So, fellow workers, do not get the dumps and think we are losing ground, for we are not. The wise workman must work in the summer and deny himself a great many things so that he can live through the winter, which a lot of many are doing, because they know how hard it is to get a job in the winter. They know how it was through the last panic and expect hard times this winter and are preparing for it. So boost in your own way—but DON'T.

H. D. FREY.

All members of Local Union No. 40, Missoula, are requested to send to Missoula from their job and ask for ballots to record their vote on actions of late convention.

FRANK REED.

FROM LOS ANGELES.

Editor Industrial Worker:

Will let you and the fellow workers throughout the country know that Fellow Worker Mrs. L. Emerson of Local No. 13, San Diego, has arrived in Los Angeles for a short visit to study the conditions of the City of the Angels. As Mrs. Emerson is a revolutionist and belongs to the working class, she felt it was her duty to deliver the message of Industrial Unionism and the conditions they are forced to face throughout the country, and after explaining the conditions she told them that the only way they could better their condition and get more of the good things of life is by organizing industrially and getting into a class conscious organization—that organization being the Industrial Workers of the World. As the meeting happened to be on Sunday evening, when most of the wage slaves are out rambling around, there was an audience of about 800, most of them being wage slaves, and her efforts created a good impression on the crowd.

There is an A. F. of L. strike going on in the City of the Angels. The Brewery Workers, machinists, foundry men and leather workers—all of them poor, ignorant wage slaves, looking up to their glorious leaders and wondering if they are going to win their strike—while the bosses with the help of scab union men, are sitting back and laughing at them.

FRED BERG,

Member L. U. 18, Los Angeles.

I. W. W. LOCALS, ATTENTION!

The Industrial Worker requests that each local of the I. W. W. or of any organization, elect a correspondent for this paper. We want to give the best news service possible to the Workers, and we need your help in getting the news from each locality. Give us the news of any labor troubles or items that interest the worker and we will put it into shape. Get busy, Workers! We need your help.

SUBSCRIPTIONS ACKNOWLEDGED.

Subscription list for the Garment Workers' Industrial Union, No. 188, St. Louis, Mo.

D.25
T. D.50
John G. McGuire	1.00
Pete Marchlendo25
H. J. Brons50
Louis Campbell50
Tom Halcro	1.50
John J. McGuire50
C. L. Filigno	1.00
Harry Smeed50
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E. L. Cline50
G. Beandler50
John Burns25
Barney McCabe50
Geo. Kinnear25
Otto Jueth50
John Hudon50
Peter Effertz	1.50
James Orr	1.00
Aug. Allman50
Total	\$13.75

Receipts up to July 18.

T. H. DIXON,
Joint Secretary Spokane I. W. W.

SPOKANE, WASH., 616 FRONT AVENUE. All those wishing to pay dues will find the Secretary, T. H. Dixon, in the hall from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.

SEATTLE, WASH., 211 OCCIDENTAL AVE. Free reading room open from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. Entrance in the rear.

LOGGERS, SEATTLE, ROOM 3, 218 SECOND AVENUE. Loggers before buying jobs should call at Loggers' hall, room 3, 218 Second avenue South, Seattle, Wash., as we have orders for different kinds of jobs in the woods every day. Men should see if we have anything in their line before buying jobs, as this is one way of doing away with the shark. E. M. Clyde, Secretary L. U. 432.

TACOMA, WASH. I. W. W. headquarters and free reading room at 723 Commerce street.

BELLINGHAM, WASH. Bellingham Local, I. W. W., meets every Wednesday night at Stanbra Hall, 1315 Railroad avenue.

PORTLAND, OREGON. I. W. W. hall, No. 230 Ankeny street. Transportation Workers' headquarters, 538 Delay street.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. Open air meetings will be held as often as weather permits. Mass meetings Sunday evenings at 104 Washington Ave. South.

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA. Headquarters of I. W. W., 232 Pender St. SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA. Reading room, Fourth street.

FRESNO, CALIFORNIA. Local Union No. 66, headquarters, 1408 Tulare street.

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA. Local No. 174, headquarters at 569 Seventh street. Meeting every Wednesday night.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA. Headquarters at 128 North Main street.

MISSOULA, MONTANA. Headquarters, 626 Woody street.

Spokane Advertisements

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OUR COFFEE CAN'T BE BEAT

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Phone in every room. 150 rooms.
Every convenience of a modern hotel.

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211 Howard St. Spokane, Wash.

ARE THEY GETTING WISE?
A declaration against its members becoming enlisted men in the national guard was made by the National Brotherhood of Operative Pottery of the United States and Canada at its convention in Atlantic City. A similar resolution was offered at last year's convention and defeated. It passed unanimously this time.

HARVEST NOTICE.
All Locals that know of men going to the harvest fields in the vicinity of Spokane, such as Palouse, Big Bend, etc., should instruct such members to call at I. W. W. Hall, 616 Front avenue. All members in the harvest should correspond with the editor of The Industrial Worker, giving exact details of conditions.
HARVEST COMMITTEE, Spokane, Wash.