

John R. Conover

THE WORKERS MUST RALLY TO THE DEFENSE!

WORKERS!—DO NOT SORROW—ORGANIZE!

Industrial Worker

"AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL"

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Conspiracy Bubble Punctured

As Trials Draw to Close More Emphatic Grows Each Day's Revelations of Development of Premeditated Murder-Plot; First Shot Fired from Near McRae; Deputies Shot at Drowning Workers; Further Proofs of Perjury by Ex-Sheriff; Facts Developed by Cross Examination Even More Damning Than Direct Evidence.

By CHARLES ASHLEIGH.

The Defense, in the case of Fellow Worker Thomas H. Tracy, has now reached the most important point in the development of the case. The preliminary portions of the evidence are now entirely in and the whole strength of the Defense is now centered on the actual happenings of November 5th.

So far, it is the opinion of most of those who have followed the trial that it would be almost impossible to return a verdict of "Guilty" at the termination of the case. During the past week the witness stand has been occupied by one witness after another—all of them citizens of Everett—who observed the slaughter of our fellow workers from the Great Northern tracks, from Johnson's Float, from boats or from other points of vantage. The long train of witnesses who were actually on the "Verona" is but just starting. Also, there have been a number of Everett boys who have testified to the picking up of revolver and rifle shells on the wharf. Besides this, a waitress of the Commercial Club has sworn to the existence of sufficient arms in that building to convert it into a veritable arsenal. We are in the last lap of the trial, the workers should watch the march of events with as much vigilance as ever. The bosses are ever eager to take advantage of some chink in our armor; we can never be sure of victory until we have won.

A number of witnesses have been called to testify regarding the angle at which the "Verona" stood out from the wharf on November 5th. All have said that the stern was swung out from the dock side. With the help of a wooden model in court of the boat and the dock, most witnesses have succeeded in approximating the position of the steamer with reference to the dock. This is a most important point, as the Defense is endeavoring to prove that the vessel was at such an angle that it would have been impossible to have been Tracy in the position in which he was alleged to have been by the "identification witnesses."

Shot at Singing Men.

The projection into the water known as Johnson's Float constituted a most favorable, altho rather distant, viewpoint for observation of the events on the boat. The fact that the "Verona" intervened between the observer and the dock prevented those who were on the float from seeing the actions of the deputies. Other firing parties, however, on other portions of the dock or on other docks, were seen by the Johnson's Float witnesses.

The first of these was Robert Thomson who testified, on Tuesday, April 17th, that he had seen persons with long-barrelled guns—the could not say whether shot-guns or rifles—shooting from behind the Klatswa Slip on the Everett City dock. Thomson was subjected to a grilling cross-examination by the ancient and arid Cooley who, however, failed entirely to shake his story.

He had stated that the first shots were fired while the men on the boat were still singing. The venerable Cooley strove mightily to silt this bit in vain were his efforts.

His testimony was completely corroborated by that of Ed Thomson who was on a float with him. These and other witnesses all testified that five or six men fell overboard and that bullets were splashing around them as the gallant deputies were firing at the drowning men. From this it would appear that the death toll of Everett, taken by the ancient deputies, would amount to eleven or eleven.

Disproving Conspiracy Charge.

Alfred Freeman, a member of the I. W. W. and a passenger on the "Verona" gave testimony that opened up a long series of similar evidence. Each "Verona" witness is questioned first by our attorneys with reference to their movements on November 4th and the morning of the 5th prior to starting. This is part of the move of the Defense to kill the



"conspiracy" idea the Prosecution has been so assiduously hatching. I produce the opening portion of Freeman's testimony as a sample of the way in which the examination by Moore or Vanderveer of all "Verona" witnesses starts. After enquiring as to name, age and work, counsel proceeds: "You were on the Steamship 'Verona' on November 5th?" "Yes." "You met with the others at the hall Sunday morning?" "Yes, I was there."

"About what time were you in the hall, Freeman?" "I should think about eleven o'clock." "Was there any meeting in the hall at that time?" "No, sir." "Did you go down to the boat with the other boys?" "Yes, sir, I did." "Now, Freeman, did you see any clubs, guns or any other kind of weapon in the hall, at the dock or on the boat?" "No, sir. I never saw any weapons of any kind."

"Did you see them break chairs at the hall to make clubs?" "No, sir. I never did."

Such has been the prelude, in the examination of every "Verona" witness so far, to the questioning on the actual tragedy of the dock-side. Following the questioning about the marching down to the dock comes usually the eliciting the movements of the witness upon the boat. Here is a sample, also taken from Freeman's examination as representative of them all: "Where were you on the boat on the way to Everett?"

"On the lower deck on the stern." "What part of the lower deck?" "Around the piano." The witness is then asked to indicate the whereabouts of the piano and himself on the model of the "Verona." "What were you doing at the piano?" "I was sitting around there singing." "What were you doing?" "Well, there was one or two playing the piano. We were all singing and having a good time."

Each witness was of course questioned as to his whereabouts on the steamer at the time of the landing and the firing of the first shot. Shooting at Drowning Workers.

I. W. McDonald, an Everett barber, stated that he observed men with rifles shooting from the wharf. He also said that he saw ~~some of the witnesses from the boat~~ that bullets were splashing around him. That was the last he saw of the man in the water. He was then asked:

"Do you know Mr. H. D. Cooley, one of the attorneys for the prosecution. He is not in court just now?" "Yes, I do."

"Did you see Mr. Cooley that day?" "Yes, sir."

"Where did you see Mr. Cooley?" "I saw him on the dock between the two warehouses."

This was where the Commercial Club deputies were standing. We strongly suspect that Mr. Cooley had an inkling that this question would be asked and that that was why he happened to be absent from court just then! The same witness testified that he had known ex-Sheriff McRae for some time and that his reputation for sobriety was not very good.

John Josephson, who gave similar testimony, stated, under cross-examination that he saw three or four shots come from the boat later on during the shooting. They appeared to come from around the smokestack on the hurricane deck. Two or three other witnesses gave similar evidence, all saying that shots from the boat, very few in number, came at a comparatively later stage in the proceedings.

Jury Go to Everett.

On Wednesday, the 18th, the jury, accompanied by Judge Ronald, the attorneys for both sides, the defendant Thomas Tracy and the court stenographer, went in automobiles to Everett to inspect the various places mentioned in the court proceedings. The party stopped on the way to Everett to look over the scene of the Beverly Park outrages of October 20th. Nobody but the Judge spoke to the jury, pointing out the various features at the request of the attorneys who remained in the background.

A visit was made to the disputed speaking corner, Hewitt and Wetmore and then the party went down to the dock. The warehouses were carefully examined; a large number of bullet holes were discovered which showed that they had been made by firing from within.

The party then went aboard the "Verona" which was subjected to a searching examination. The jury discovered that the boat was riddled with shot holes. Particularly the pilot house, they discovered, was full of holes in some of which buck-shot was still found.

Did McRae See the Fatalities.

The captain was told to swing the boat out at the same angle at which it was on November 5th. Then someone was sent to stand in the window where Tracy was alleged by the State's witnesses to have been. The jury members then stood upon the dock at the place said to have been occupied by the "identification witnesses." THE MAN IN THE WINDOW WAS ABSOLUTELY INVISIBLE!

The visit to Everett was a most important score for the Defense. The actual physical (Continued on Page 5)

MILLIONAIRES BEGGARS RESULT OF THIS CASE

It is some time now since that memorable day of August 3rd, 1913, the day of the Wheatland Hop-yard riots, in which two working-men, one deputy and a district attorney were killed.

The most prominent among those arrested and held for trial in connection with it were Richard Ford, Herman D. Suh, Wm. Beck and Harry Bagan.

The trial began on January 19th, 1914, with Lewis and Royce acting as attorneys for the defense and Carlin playing the leading role as chief prosecutor.

The case was immediately carried to the Third District Court of Appeals at Sacramento. This court, with the assistance of the State's Attorney's office played politics with the lives of Ford and Suh, and monkeyed around to see what effect the agitation being carried on in behalf of our imprisoned workers would have on the general public, and on the hop-picking part of the community in particular.

A petition for hearing was immediately filed with the State Supreme Court. They reviewed the case and the lives and liberties of Ford and Suh. They waited until after election and on November 9th, 1914, they refused a hearing of the case.

During the time that the State Supreme Court was getting political, another politician was also getting his seat secured at the expense of Ford and Suh. This person was none other than the "friend of the working class" Hiram W. Johnson, King of the Pick Handle Brigade.

He was elected on the strength of his statements during his campaign that he "would see that the hop-pickers got a square deal." But the hop pickers did not get the "square deal." A petition for pardon was gotten up by the A. F. of L. and was heard before him in the Mills Building in San Francisco on March 5th, 1915.

The petition for pardon was turned down by him on September 15th, 1915. He gave as his reasons for upholding the courts that he thought Ford and Suh were guilty, and that he would not consider them further until Saboteage was out of the world.

He brought forward no proof, however, that any of the friends of Ford and Suh had ever been caught or sentenced for any act of Saboteage.

The A. F. of L. in convention at Santa Rosa, Cal., on October 8th, 1915, asked that Johnson allow the case to be reopened on the petition for pardon of Ford and Suh. This request has so far been ignored by him.

Ford and Suh were taken to Folsom Prison on November 12th, 1914. I visited them on December 9th, 1914, and on leaving I promised that I would stick with them as long as there was a doughnut in the United States. I also promised them for Yuletide that I would stick with them for the same length of time.

By Yuletide I meant the entire membership of the I. W. U. I visited them once each month for quite a while but on September 14th, 1915, I was refused further visiting at the prison, and was told by one of the underdogs that the only time I could visit them again would be when some nice friendly sheriff brought me for a long visit. Needless to say I have not been there since.

There has been some fine work pulled off in behalf of Ford and Suh during the time that their case held the center of the stage, but it does not seem that they have stayed with their long enough. True, the suits were quite a quavering at his pocketbook! For it has cost the boss on an average of ten million a year to keep Ford and Suh in the pen. But it has not yet produced the goods. We must have those men free!

If we can't get them out one way why not try another? We could make it a point to tell each farmer and orchardist and hop-grower that Ford and Suh are still in their prison. Use your own judgment as to how you are going to tell it to him. If you can't make him understand through one method, you may try another. We have tried to free them through the courts. We have tried to free them through petitions. We have also tried to free them through threats of Saboteage. Shall we be forced to wait to the limit? Ford and Suh must be free! Shall we make another try at it, or shall we change that motto from "we never forget" to "we easily forget"? It is up to YOU. What are you doing to make good on that last promise to Richard Ford and Herman Suh?—C. L. Lambert.

And This Is Law.

A conscientious objector recently found himself in a prison cell next door to a man who was "doing time" for attempting to kill a man with whom he had had a quarrel.

The conscientious objector was "doing time" because he refused to attempt to kill a man with whom he had no quarrel.

What felony passed under the name of law!—Western Clarion.

Everett Huggery and the Working Class Noisium

Trip on Verona Suggests Many Phases of Class Struggle; Brutality Does Not Avert But Hastens Movement of Toilers Towards Freedom; Movement Stronger and More Firmly Rooted in Everett Than Before Massacre; Fustillade of Shots Heard Round the World.

On Friday the editor of the Industrial Worker wrote to Everett on the Verona. The Secretary there told us that he would have Mayor Merrill give us a fitting Everett welcome with a band—vigilantes of course.

In the trip we had two objects. We wanted at leisure to examine the steamboat which led a band of workers to a shining place in the story of the struggle of men for blood-bought freedom—and the "City of Sins" which is the destiny of merited loathing, contempt and pity.

On the pages of the history of the future the place to which Nero attained as a result of a "honeymoon" of barbarous brutality, Everett reached among cities in one crowning Sunday afternoon of fiendish death.

History is full of analogies and contrasts. There is Cortez and Pizarro throwing Indians to their bloodheads in the name of God—Oh, how many crimes are committed in thy name, how many hands red with slaughter have been stretched to thee for benediction—There are the Cloughs and the Hartleys throwing the workers to bounds more bloody in the name of profit.

There is Pontius Pilate, the judge, washing his hands—and have the drugs of Everett with God, how it can't be washed of the blood of labor!

There is Judas Iscariot with the manhood and nerve to commit suicide in atonement for the workers in Everett without the manhood or the nerve to rid the world of their official carcasses!

Giants and Pigmys.

At noon we left the Coleman dock with its bayonette which did not for one moment hide from us that it was a place of slavery. We could see the working done by a race of giants working for a pigmy. But the giants did not know its own littleness.

As the boat moved from the pier, others were watching the shipping of the port of Seattle as lay in a wide crescent, one of the great monuments to organized labor—organized by the masters for the masters it is true—but organized by the workers for the workers.

"Look at that and they said," were words that were heard on the dock. "A man of about thirty, wearing a yellow sash, was showing the bullet holes to a woman evidently of the lower classes, her husband, however, was not a working man. Other passengers gathered and an Empire builder in ruddy staged overalls, a blue man's coat and working boots looked at the thought of death."

For a short time they looked at the bullet holes with their stinging message of the class struggle, but evidently they had no interest in the matter. Lost to them was the battle of forces for the ownership of the world of which the scene was so suggestive.

Gradually they moved away, and with the scissorbill's natural inclination for what does not concern them, they spoke of the one common topic of discussion where tools meet—tools. One said he could not understand why the workers were not enlisting. He evidently did not know there were recruiting offices in Seattle. In talking to him in the office of evolutionary forces he did not understand, he did not know that the punctured front of the Verona was his answer.

To them the Verona was but an incident, a higher and nobler than the hell-concealed nightmare of a reign of gold. A dream, yes, but a dream that the workers are expressing in organization, that organization is expressing in power and that power will express in the emancipation of toil.

Passing a point jutting out into the Sound while the mae in the rafter was wondering what would happen if a submarine were to get loose in the bay, till finally we had to tell him that we supposed Everett would want to defend them, he was not so much interested in the matter. We saw the City of Everett. We saw docks stretching out into the bay, a concrete web of business houses and railroads, and at the water's edge vast piles of lumber beside vast lumber mills. A generation or more of workers had built Everett—workers, they had built the streets, built its homes and embodied their lives into its mills and lumber piles. Then thru the ordinary capitalist crookedness in the ordinary capitalist greed, they had built the streets, built its homes and embodied their lives into its mills and lumber piles. Then thru the ordinary capitalist crookedness in the ordinary capitalist greed, they had built the streets, built its homes and embodied their lives into its mills and lumber piles.

Greatest Words in Vocabulary of Labor.

And with the songs they sang we can imagine blended the words of comradeship, unity and hope for the future, the greatest words in the vocabulary of labor—"Follow me, do you know what these words mean? You do not if you have not heard them on the lips of the crusaders of the social revolution! Denied the manhood that the words "home" and "sweetheart" "baby," all the tenderness, all the strength, all the devotion, all the aspirations of these men are focused and compressed in the words "Follow World."

There is in it all the moods of nature: the sigh of the winds, the boom of the surf, the crooning of love mingled with the notes of the storm and the thunders of battle. We can hear these notes as soft, as wild, as stirring as the lives they lead mingled

with the notes of "Hold the Fort," the battle song of Labor.

Excursions, the common enjoyment of life, had been denied them, but their life is the power to enjoy greatly, fed deeply. It was one of the few periods of enjoyment in lives of slavery and toil.

In remarkable contrast with the misery of their lives and the destitution which is the reward of the producers was this Sunday afternoon of the beauty of the scenery on the shore, till they thought that these shores, meant to be the property of all, had been monopolized by the few. Even this Sunday afternoon of their mission and filled them with the joyous thought of a great duty to perform.

A Scene Sadly Heroic.

Then presented itself to our mind another scene on these docks—scene and deed which can die as heroically as they can live, that Labor is invincible. We saw these same docks covered with the death frills of master-class rapacity, cowardice and brutality. We saw men who were a few hours ago exultant in the strength of their purpose breathing their last on decks seeping with their blood.

They who had the arms of their friend as they sang their challenge to the old and the dawn songs of the new. Shot by the murderous bullets of hired ruffians, they perished the workers of the world, have been, in manhood, themselves forming a standard by which to measure the workingclass of the future.

"Fools! Murderers! Tools! You sought to destroy the onward sweep of Labor with thugs, gunmen, spies, shot-guns, revolvers. Five are dead—others await a grave in the waters up your shores!"

Taken Up by Army of Industry.

But what of those who saw them die? Some went on that deck mere unionists wanting to grab from your table a little of the wealth they produced, they came back revolutionaries. They were the noise of a warring world throwing the thunders of the cannon came the answer to their story.

They who shelter you and whom you have in return robbed and ruined are marshalling their power. The volley of your gun, your challenge to the workers of the world, has been heard and mingled with it is the strains of "Hold the Fort" dying with the life of a worker, but to be taken up by the army of industry—nevermore to die till it mingles with the death rattle of your system.

We thought of the centuries of murder, clothed with respectability and enshrined into laws, which the workers had endured. We thought of the millions murdered yearly in the mad scramble of parasites. We thought of the Grabos, the West Virginians, the Michigans, the Miners, the Colorados, they had passed. We thought of the industries with the lives of children flowing into the machine at one end and the blood of slaves at the other—of the crime, in the name of democracy, profit consciousness. But we saw labor awake, become conscious of its power, assert its might. Resented by men, they had built the streets, built its homes and embodied their lives into its mills and lumber piles.

A Dream Coming True.

A dream? Yes, a dream, but as a dream far higher and nobler than the hell-concealed nightmare of a reign of gold. A dream, yes, but a dream that the workers are expressing in organization, that organization is expressing in power and that power will express in the emancipation of toil.

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A servile croak and boozed find in charge a man with the barbarity of a Geronimo and the mentality of an idiot! Workers preaching on the streets that the loot did not belong to the Cloughs, the Hartleys, or these countless more logical than murder? What highwayman would stop at murder when he could buy others to do his killing under the protection of his legal tools. Murder was perfectly logical under the conditions in Everett. Murder is always perfectly logical in a society founded on the ownership of the means of production.

As we landed on the dock we saw the evidences of the perfectly logical method in which the perfectly logical murder was committed. Inside the warehouse on the end of the dock two boards were taken off the side. One learned in the art of warfare had, probably, suggested two rather one kneeling and the other standing as the best methods for throwing lead into workers.

All over both warehouses are the holes punched by bullets from inside the warehouses. There are bullets imbedded in the seats of the waiting rooms plainly shot by thugs of uncertain aim. In the clock in the waiting room next to the ceiling is the pathway of a bullet. At what was it fired? A thug was probably trying to shoot God, as the Commercial Club did not seem him; they had Thug MacLac, Thug Cooley and Thug Hartley.

That the Commercial Club hirelings were successful in the murder of workers, the random firing of the jailer of many a new history. But deliberate murder was not planned without a purpose. That purpose was the destruction of working-class organization in the city of Everett and the unrestricted reign of gunmen. That never was massacre more unavailing we were next to Everett. We W. H. Hall in the city of Everett. Not the I. W. U. Hall, which had been closed when some time in October we spoke on the streets.

Everett continued to be the jailer of the hirelings of the Cloughs and the Hartleys—and refusing to stay driven out in the characteristic way—the way they had finally been driven out by the workers Everett. Defying the economic power of the masters these workers made the hall a rallying point for the workers. They forced the movement into a larger and better hall. Here we found workers of the same fighting class who have made the I. W. U. the terror of the hearts of the bosses. A year or more ago, thousands of Everett workers have been joined into wakefulness by the massacres and brutalities of Everett. This is one of the rallying points of what has been aptly called "Irrespressible I. W. U." There is another which we were next to visit. Guided by one of the masters we went thru the city labor hall built for the Hartleys. On the way we passed the Commercial Club, where the hirelings of the Cloughs and the Hartleys had an afternoon's diversion raising some of the wealth produced by the slaves the husbands sought to massacre. We felt these workers, if they have anything of the sensibility which go with womanhood, are sufficiently punished. Are they next to visit?

Soon we were at the County Jail. After the workers had built the Commercial Club for their boss, they next built the jail for their boss. We went into the jail for the first time. We found a copy of the "Industrial Worker" in the biggest posts the "Industrial Worker" gets is from thugs and ruffians who explain what they would do to the editor if they only had the nerve, or the power to generate a "bang."

Unconcerned, Forgetful of Self.

We told them who we were and were given the same loving look that a grizzly bear gives a sheep. We asked to see all the men in the jail but were told it was too late. Yes, our visit probably had come too early. Three of the workers were brought to the office in the front where we talked. In the conversation there was no mention of their arrest, their imprisonment, their confinement in the jail, their consideration of the hardships of incarceration to men of the great out of doors. With the charge of murder hanging over them they were most interested in their own future half so much as in the growth of the organization which is the expression of their revolt against the tyranny of industry. If they had been in the I. W. U. Hall or on the job they could not be more unconcerned in all except the future of the workingclass. There was the brightness, the clear thinking, the comradeship which has made the I. W. U. the greatest fraternal organization in the world.

Next time we are going to see the faces and the poise of these fighters. One said "I did not know much about the I. W. U. when I joined. I have been educating myself in here. I will be better educated when I get out. I will make a better delegate." "What if you do not get out?" asked another.

"Then I will let the farmers, the Lumber Trust and the bosses organize the workers into the I. W. U." They organized me. Months of capitalist development and accentuate the flaws in any man's nature, but in the cases of these men it was evident that I joined. I have been educating myself in here. I will be better educated when I get out. I will make a better delegate.

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THE DREAMERS IN HUMAN HISTORY

(By J. Knox.) In answer to our arguments, facts, statements and deductions in behalf of industrial unionism, we are told that we are dreamers. They say that all this talk of Industrial Freedom is a dream; they say we want the impossible.

Our answer to them is: If industrial unionism is a dream, then re-write your histories, take down your monuments! Every page of your histories has been made bright by men who have lived and died for a better world. Your monuments commemorate the deeds and lives of dreamers. Cease to speak in honor of John Brown; cease to praise Burns and Washington; Hofer and Nathan Hall, Lincoln and Garibaldi; cease to admire that consummate fool of American life, Wendell Phillips; for all these men were only dreamers. Cease to think that the race can progress; cease to think that in any way life can be made decent; cease to think of your fellow man.

If industrial unionism is a dream, then civilization is also a dream. Then everything in all the world is a dream, save only the capitalist idea of master and servant and the grinding toll of the masses of mankind—that is a horrible reality!

The man who lives in a world filled with unnecessary horrors and who never makes a protest, that man is a slave. He is a slave, he sees all around him these needless miseries and offers no word of objection; if he stands beside this stream of men and women flowing downward to destruction, he is a slave, if against it all he has no word of protest, then he has helped to push farther down the poor woman of the street, he has helped to strike down his brother, fall on the industrial battlefield.

We members of the I. W. U. may not in the next few years see the complete emancipation of the working class, but we will strive and hope, but at least we do not feel responsible for the whole wrong, for day after day we protest, we agitate, we strike, we fight, and we will continue to protest till the time when we can crush the capitalist system. Crush it out to the end that at last this world of ours become fit for the habitation of the working class; so that at last men and women may know the blessings of happiness; that little children shall have their inheritance of joy; that there shall be no free speech, no more misery; peace upon earth and no more strife; light upon earth and no more darkness.

Make no laws freeing concerning speech, and speech will be free; so soon as you make a declaration on paper that speech shall be free, you will have a hundred lawyers proving that "freedom does not mean abuse, nor liberty license," and they will define and define freedom out of existence. Let the guarantee of free speech be in every man's determination to use it, add we shall have no need of paper declarations. On the other hand as long as the people do not care to exercise their right, those who wish to tyrannize will do so; for tyrants are active and ardent, and will devote themselves in the maintenance of any number of gods, religions and otherwise, to put shackles upon sleeping men.

Great literature is always the record of some great struggle—V. D. Seidler.

Hands were raised in greeting; men were known and those who were not were given the same loving look that a grizzly bear gives a sheep. We asked to see all the men in the jail but were told it was too late. Yes, our visit probably had come too early. Three of the workers were brought to the office in the front where we talked. In the conversation there was no mention of their arrest, their imprisonment, their confinement in the jail, their consideration of the hardships of incarceration to men of the great out of doors.

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Next time we are going to see the faces and the poise of these fighters. One said "I did not know much about the I. W. U. when I joined. I have been educating myself in here. I will be better educated when I get out. I will make a better delegate." "What if you do not get out?" asked another.

"Then I will let the farmers, the Lumber Trust and the bosses organize the workers into the I. W. U." They organized me. Months of capitalist development and accentuate the flaws in any man's nature, but in the cases of these men it was evident that I joined. I have been educating myself in here. I will be better educated when I get out. I will make a better delegate.

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MESSAGE AND MISSION OF THE PROLETARIAT

(By Wm. Thurston Brown.)
It must be remembered that these working class agitators are now appealing to legal procedure, as a rule, in their speaking. On the contrary, they know that they have all to risk in doing so. They know that the policeman's club is for them. They are acquainted with the inside of the jail. The government affords them no protection. The constitution might just as well exist at all, so far as they are concerned. It is no shield for them or for what do these municipalities or these corporations care either for the constitution or for the law?

What, then, does this state of things mean? It means a state of aggressive warfare being now conducted by the forces of capitalism against the workers. It is proposed to crush these men of the working class who have the spirit of revolt against intolerable conditions in their veins. It means more than that. You can't have war in the long run, without having two belligerent forces and we have them right now. The working class itself is becoming conscious of its situation and is fighting, fighting for its life, and it is going to fight harder and harder every month.

Leaving Industrial Solidarity. They have no militia or police at their command. They have no army. They are used as Lawrence, their own industrial solidarity, the power of the general strike. And when they are used as Lawrence, they are intelligent, they are swift, they are complete, they are irresistible. And it is because these workers are becoming aware of their potential strength, as they are in England and in France, that the Chamber of Commerce vetoes the proposal, as they are willing to have Pickett and Canha made a sacrifice to popular sentiment. Pickett tried to bring the cases in the grand jury under his own direction, naively explaining that as he knew all about the cases he would be the logical man to examine Osmann.

A Failure. SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., April 19.—At five thirty p. m., yesterday a desperate attempt was made to get possession of the letters from F. C. Osmann to F. E. Rigall which landed District Attorney Fickert's "honest old gentleman" in jail. Attorney Maxwell McNeill, who represents Tom J. Mooney, against whom Osmann was placed the letters in the Crocker vault, few days ago. Last evening after dinner, a man whose name is unknown telephoned to the boss. "This is Mr. McNeill. I am unable to leave my office and I want to get someone to bring these papers to a safe deposit vault. Mrs. McNeill will stop for them. Let her take the papers. I am too busy to leave the office."

AMERINGER ON DIVISION. (By Oscar Ameringer)
I feel sure you've got to show us, we're from Missouri, from our red half down to the crooked heels. If you've got anything worth saying, then trot it out, we want it. What we want is results—results right here in this man's town, not in Hong Kong or Kalamazoo, or in any other of those out of the way places where patent medicine cures and gold mines pay dividends.

You have such a cocksure confidence in craft organizations, and who strain every nerve to break down such organizations, show us what you have accomplished in this village—show us the closed shop, the raised wages, the childless factory, show us the victories you have wrested from the masters. Now don't shoot all at once about the Bricklayers or Typographical Union—we know that some high-skilled crafts have practically a monopoly on their trades. Strike-breakers who can manipulate linotype machines are about as scarce as thugs who lay bricks; but show us one big plant where improved conditions have been obtained for all kinds of labor through your brand of organization.

Gentlemen, this silence is oppressive; you are making a noise like a hulk of lead striking a steel pile. You have failed, own up and retreat.
You have a number of organizations that are useful only as collecting agencies for the support of ornamental national officers. A labor organization that is powerless to better the conditions fulfills the same function as a painted watermelon in the dining room—it looks all right but it doesn't satisfy hunger. The masters are a mighty shrewd, hard-headed set. You will never wrest concessions from them by paper organizations; neither are victories won by trying yourselves hand and foot with contracts, trusts and protocols. You can't scare 'em any longer with your little craft unions; they've learned a few tricks in organizing themselves and they'll start an Anti-Steamfitters Society, or a Mutual Protective Society against the encroachments of Non-Makers. Not on your life they are too wise to spend money on such tomfofory.

They have organized into powerful manufacturers' associations, and oppose helplessly divided labor with compact industrial organization.
You still may be able to lick some little one-horse concern into line, or prepare it as a feast for the trust, but you can't touch the trust itself—that's too hard a bite for your old teeth.

Bosses' Murder Conspiracy To Open

Oxman in Jail Does Not Deny writing Rigall Letters; Smith Woman Was Offered Five Figure Sum for Conviction of Workers; Fickert's Star Chamber Grand Jury Idea Punctured; Wanted Release of Prisoners to Protect Self But Commercial Club Wants to Throw Prosecution as Sop to Popular Sentiment.

Special View to Industrial Worker. SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., April 21.—After Captain of Detectives Matheson had admitted to the witness stand that there was no evidence against him, Ed Nolan was released on bond today. As the result of the greatest exposure of the frame-up system used by the masters against the workers and the widespread evidence of perjury, public opinion is thoroughly aroused and certain of the innocence of Tom Mooney and the other victims of the United Railroads.

Last night the San Francisco Labor Council assessed all its members to probe the frame-up and expose and convict the perjurers and their masters. Estelle Smith has made an affidavit that Osmann promised her a five-figure sum to perjure herself in order to make Weinberg. She stated that she told Fickert of this effort at bribery. Osmann has been arrested for subornation of perjury. His trial comes up Monday, April 23. Osmann has admitted the writing of letters to F. E. Rigall, Fickert and Canha and is trying to throw him overboard to protect himself. Fickert tried to dismiss all cases to expose punishment, but the Chamber of Commerce vetoed the proposal, as they are willing to have Pickett and Canha made a sacrifice to popular sentiment. Fickert tried to bring the cases in the grand jury under his own direction, naively explaining that as he knew all about the cases he would be the logical man to examine Osmann.

No Dominance, but the documentary evidence of the greatest murder conspiracy of modern times that the law and order gang tried to rob the safety deposit vaults in the Crocker vault, few days ago. Last evening after dinner, a man whose name is unknown telephoned to the boss. "This is Mr. McNeill. I am unable to leave my office and I want to get someone to bring these papers to a safe deposit vault. Mrs. McNeill will stop for them. Let her take the papers. I am too busy to leave the office."

After promising that the Osmann case would be tried in open court, Prosecutor Fickert appeared before the grand jury early this morning, urging them to take up the Osmann matter with himself conducting the investigation. In view of the scandal that Fickert is under fire on the Osmann scandal and fearing to arouse public sentiment, the grand jury refused and will ask the Attorney General to appoint a special prosecutor to take up this case. Fickert says that he himself would be better able to conduct the investigation, being familiar with all the facts. The general sentiment is that Fickert is too familiar with the facts in regard to the perjured evidence to be fitted to investigate those who gave evidence under him.

State Will Look After Own Witnesses. LOS ANGELES, Cal., April 17.—F. E. Rigall with his mother and wife, arrived at Los Angeles this afternoon on their way to San Francisco where Rigall will confront F. C. Osmann to confirm charges of subornation of perjury. In addition to confirming all the charges against Osmann he repeated a conversation in which he told Osmann that it might prove a very dangerous thing to give testimony that was not true. "Never fear about that," Osmann replied. "The state will look after its own witnesses."

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., April 17.—An affidavit of Estelle Smith, chief prosecution witness against Warren K. Billings, that he had been offered a "bribe in five figures" by F. C. Osmann, who is accused by the attorneys for Thomas Mooney of having engineered and gotten the frame-up to send Mooney to the gallows, is in the hands of the defense lawyers today. Miss Smith made affidavit voluntarily that Osmann had come to the defendant, Isaac Weinberg, residing at 721 Market Street, and had offered her the big bribe to testify that she had seen Isaac Weinberg, the jinx driver alleged by Osmann to have been Mooney and Billings to the scene of the explosion.

The affiant further asserts that she told District Attorney Charles M. Fickert, of the bribe offer. This assertion is denied by Fickert. In her affidavit before Defense Attorney Thomas O'Connor, Miss Smith told of several visits by Osmann to the central parlors, of his offers to take her to dinner and to the theater, and finally of the offer of a bribe. Her sworn statement, in part, follows: "That Osmann asked if I was not a fact that she had seen Isaac Weinberg, residing at 721 Market Street. That upon this offer said Osmann that she had never in her lifetime seen Isaac Weinberg until after his arrest. Said Osmann then stated: "If you will testify and testify right I will see that you get a sum in five figures and you can have to work any man you wish who knows anything about the bomb case will ever know you and you can stay all over again where you one knows you."

CRIME AGAINST SOCIETY. Every attempt to gag the free expression of thought is an uncivil act, a crime against society. That is why judges and jurists try to enforce these laws make themselves ridiculous. He knows that a robber is never takes place for a robber to injure his victims that he is acting in their behalf and for their good; is there no parallel between the case of the burglar and the case of the law? Why does the burglar use a gun? It is because he wants to get away with your goods, and he doesn't care if he kills you and call the police to the goods and that it is really to your best interest to pass them over to him. Capitalism holds its tollers; it robs them of their labor and is enjoying life to its fullest on the result of its plunder. Naturally it doesn't want to be deprived of its special privilege, therefore it puts the gag of the law in the mouth of anyone who attempts to make an outcry. —Jay Fox.

John Campbell, you are perishing, and you are doomed to perish utterly from the face of society.—Jack London.

I, affiant, repeated in substance the above affidavits to Charles M. Fickert at about the time it occurred. Miss Smith's affidavit is the second to accuse Osmann, the "frank and open-hearted catfish," of conspiring to hang a man by false purchased testimony."

F. E. Rigall, who is now en route to San Francisco, and who was a friend of Fickert's star witness in the Mooney trial, had already told under oath how Osmann had urged him to San Francisco by misleading letters and endeavored to have him testify to having seen Mooney, Billings and Weinberg at the scene of the explosion, despite the fact that Rigall was on the other side of the continent on the day of the bomb outrage.

Rigall made affidavit that Osmann had offered to "cut" three ways with him on the road, one-third to Osmann and one-third to Miss Smith. The latter's affidavit of yesterday, made public last night in The Bulletin, shows how Osmann attempted to make good on the second "cut" by offering to buy testimony which would place a third man in the shadow of the gallows. That Osmann was not acting for himself, but for a man "higher up," is shown in Miss Smith's affidavit: "I asked said Osmann: "Did Fickert send you to me?" "No, the men higher up than Fickert sent me to you."

Miss Smith told today of having gone to Captain of Detectives Duncan Matheson and suggested to him that he use for the defense the bribe. She said Matheson had advised her against going to the defense attorneys with her story at this time, but when Attorney O'Connor asked her directly whether a bribe had been offered, she admitted the facts. Edward Canha, Fickert's assistant and the principal prosecutor in the Mooney trial, said Canha characterized her story as "bull," she said, and had ignored her disclosures.

In view of the recent developments in the Mooney case I went to the District Attorney and suggested to him that he use for the defense the charges against Nolan. It was opposed to the arrest of Nolan in the first place. I look upon it as a grievous wrong to accept public money in the prosecution of a case that to me seems hopeless. Captain of Detectives Matheson.

I believe absolutely to make any statement relative to what my intentions are in the Nolan case or any of the other cases, but I do not intend to go into court today and act that the indictments against Nolan be dismissed. The status of his case is a little different from the others under indictment, but I am not making any statements as to what my intentions are regarding Nolan. District Attorney Charles M. Fickert.

HYMN OF COURAGE. By JAMES WALDO LAWCEIT
I see old men grow tired and fall beside the path. I see your eyes bend in to the storm, and take The sheltered road beneath, and flout our flags. And speak no more of that great day in which Revolt Shall flame across the sullied skies, and strike The shackles from the broken limbs of Man.

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WAIT! THEN OPEN SWATS STEEL TRUST

VIRGINIA, Minn.—Chances for a 100 per cent organization of the I. W. W. on the Iron Ranges of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan never looked brighter than they do today. The members are more determined than ever to carry the message of the One Big Union thru the mine tunnels, open pits and every part of the mining industry of these three states.

The state of Minnesota has passed an anti-I. W. W. law, modeled, or rather copied after the arroyo anti-I. W. W. laws that have been passed lately through the entire United States. But I can't see where that is going to get them anywhere in Minnesota, at least as far as the mining region is concerned, for one cannot eat or sleep in any of the Finnish Co-operative boarding houses on the entire Iron Ranges unless he or she produces the little red card of the I. W. W.

The organization is growing by leaps and bounds, as is evidenced by the fact that during the month of February, the headquarters of No. 490, Metal Mine Workers' Industrial Union, sold something like \$300 worth of steel stamps and in the month of March sold over \$130 worth of steel stamps. The mine bosses, the newspapers and all of the business elements on the Iron Ranges of the I. W. W. is dead. By the way the miners are lining up in the "dead" union; it looks like it might come to life and wipe out the business elements on the Iron Ranges. The miners are going to hold a May Day celebration in Virginia, Hibbing, Aurora and Crosby, Minn., on May 1st, and also at Marquette, Mich. Speakers will be there to speak in Finnish, Russian, Italian, Austrian, Croatian and English. There will also be dancing in the Workers' Open Houses in these four towns.

"Sure! The I. W. W. is dead on the Iron Range; but God help the Steel Trust when the corpse swats it!" —C. L. Lambert.

"OUR CARDS, OUR MORNING." I hired out at Reno as a packer on a pack train for the Lost River. My Company at "going wages," which the captain said was "going wages" a month and found. The pack train consists of three mules and three burros, or rather four burros including myself, as under the present conditions the worker is only a pack animal.

The evening at the camp fire the talk was "going wages." The pack train was getting five dollars a month—five dollars more than the hard-earned slave. I saw I had been "hoaxed" again. But my innate selfishness of revenge suggested that I should as "El Captain" had hired me for fifty, happy thought, why not make him pay \$60 a month all round. After a little talk all of them wanted the pack train to go to the "patron" for the increase in the morning. But well I knew that there I would be playing his cards, his morning, as we were only five miles from Reno.

So submissively day after day the burros were packed until one morning—our morning—a snow storm came. Six days later, after a short conversation with the result that it was put up to me to play our cards our morning.

The short, sweet and pointed was our conversation with the Captain! I told him six work animals had revolted and would go to town "pronto" if he refused to grant our demands. He acted nervous, he wanted to know what a human slave driver. He had never heard of such actions, striking away out in the desert, in the middle of a snow storm. When he became collected he wanted to know what I meant by it. I told him I was going to change "going wages."

He was going to fire me out of camp, pronto. A Spaniard came to the front and gave a powerful lecture on Solidarity, he said "fire one, fire all." We stood like a rock amid a sea of swear words. Then he tried physical force. A puntal and bloody ear, with which he had hit a fist, told him that it was a large contempt to run six determined men out of camp. He changed his bullying tactics to a sentimental appeal. "Now look here, my friend, how much do you think I have to pay for burros?"

Could there have been anything further removed than that from the mind of a rebel? I told him that as far as animals are concerned, I was only interested in eating them—lots of them, great, round onions of 25 cents a pound.

We afterwards let him have communion with nature, the snow storm, the desert and his ear. Reoul—Sixty dollars a month and more onions.—R. Lee Russell.

Should Join I. W. W. And Get Increase. THE I. W. W. on the Atlantic Coast is making good progress in organizing work and at the same time are making better conditions for the sea-faring men in all legitimate ways. Several shipping companies in New York have granted a bonus of twenty-five per cent to the men employed, which amounts to about \$100 per month. There is a movement among the men to make the companies grant a raise of \$10 per month instead of the bonus, as it is better understood just what that would amount to. The present bonus is \$45; a raise of \$10 per month for all I. W. W.'s in the steward's department. The sailors of the International Union are getting the same old wages \$45 per month.—W. T. Neff, Secretary M. T. W. No. 100.

May Day is not a day of rest, it is a day of revolt.

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J. A. MAC DONALD, Managing Editor

Mail Address: Box 1857, Seattle, Wash.

Telephone Address: 2113-7th Avenue

Telephone Address: Elliott 4944-J.

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CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS.

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD.
General Headquarters—Room 307, 104 W. Washington St., Chicago, Illinois.
W. D. Haywood General Secy.-Treas.

GENERAL EXECUTIVE BOARD.
William Wierzala, F. H. Linds, C. L. Lambert, Richard Brazier and Francis Miller.

Entered as second-class matter March 29, 1914, at the post office at Seattle, Washington, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

May Day—Our Labor Day.

MAY DAY—Our Labor Day!
May Day! Day when nature, herself in revolt against the trammels of the ice and cold, with sun and earth in harmony, preaches the gospel of progress! How more fitting than that this day should represent and give expression to the battle of the irresistible forces of society moving toward complete reconstruction.

True, you, our masters, have given one day a year as a day for Labor.

We the militants of labor want no day contaminated and disgraced by legal sanction. Your Labor Day means the perpetuation of capitalism: ours means its overthrow. Your Labor Day symbolizes the enslavement of the workers; ours their approaching liberation. Your Labor Day is loaded with memories of our past slavery, ours is filled with visions of future freedom!

Looters of our lives, murderers of human happiness, we ask you for nothing—not even a Labor Day. Too long have we begged and met the fate of beggars. Today we are learning not to beg but to take—not one day but all days—not a part but all we have produced.

Your Labor Day means nationalism, division of the workers; ours means internationalism—the solidarity of the workers of the world. Your Labor Day shadows the past of tears and blood; ours prefigures the day when we will not leave one capitalist live as a capitalist.

Yours in the past, ours in the future, brought nearer and clearer with each of our Labor Days.

Behold the depth of our contempt! Your victims today we honor! Over the graves of our martyrs we pile the red roses, symbolic of growth, beauty and revolt. We chant the battle songs of our class—the songs of your doom! We scatter the ashes of one we have learned to love; we sing his songs of revolution; we recite the epic story of his life—the grandeur of his death!

We are learning that our arms are many, our power vast. That we alone are the creators of wealth—the makers of empires. We are united. In our union is our power and your doom.

Singing the songs we sing, voicing the revolt we feel are the workers of Italy, the peasants of France, the oppressed of Germany. With the snows of Siberia as a sounding board, echoed by the hills of the Balkans, in the factory bell of England, in the cannon roar of your trenches, finding response in hearts asking the why of slaughter, world-wide as your trail of blood, is today our song of revolt. The March, sealise, to the notes of which perished feudal slavery, with its "Ye sons of toil awake to glory! Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise!" is now challenging your reign of gold—and the myriads are answering.

The songs we sing are not the songs of a race or creed. They sound the might of a class. We are confined to no country, no flag. Our songs herald your overthrow—this is Our Day. We are the forgers of revolution—the destroyers of the old and the outgrown. We are the nemesis of illers—the doom of masters—the emancipators of slaves. We are revolt. We are progress. We are revolution.

Not for Red Cross, to Double Cross.

THE Washington State Harvesters' League, located at 330 Central Building in Seattle, is asking workers to pledge a number of weeks' work in the harvest fields to the Red Cross. This Red Cross pledge has as its purpose to double cross the Agricultural Workers' Organization of the I. W. W. One of these cards which has been forwarded by mistake to the editor of the Industrial Worker, is made out by a worker who wants to donate his work in the harvest fields from January 1st to February 1st.

We have nothing against the Red Cross except that as it is the evident purpose of our present civilization to injure and destroy as many workers' lives as possible its function is at least doubtful. Stopping the mouths of cannon would appear to be far more logical than stopping the wounds they cause.

Farmers Will Free Ford and Suhr.

WHEN in 1915 millionaires gave in their arrogance and might in their power and their ownership of what is called justice in their sections of California, the Deans ordered their henchmen to railroad Ford and Suhr they did not see into the future.

At that time a humble workman wrote a song called "Overalls and Smurf" in which he said: "And we're going to keep on striking till we put them on the bum." Deuts then were in a position to laugh. But now they are looking mighty blue. Not alone has all their property been taken from them by their creditors. Even their household furniture has now been taken to pay their debts.

This is one part of the fight growing out of the Wheatland outrages, of which the workers were victims, concluded. Ford and Suhr are still in the penitentiary for the crime of inciting workers to strike against unbelievable conditions.

Ford and Suhr must be freed. The workers of California are generating the power to achieve this end. During the next summer we hope to see a great massing of the workers in the orchards and harvest fields of California. When the fruit is ripe, when the grain is ready for the harvest, we hope to see the workers go on strike, not for higher wages or better conditions, but for the release of Ford and Suhr. With the workers thus aligned on the battle field of industry, with their economic power as weapon, all the I. W. W. members will need to do is to fold their arms, the farmers and orchardists of California will fall all over themselves getting Ford and Suhr out of the penitentiary.

'Tis the Neva Tearing Loose.

By Victor Hugo

(A Prediction of the Russian Revolution)
WE are in Russia. The Neva is frozen. Heavy carriages roll upon its surface. They improve 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, O Liberty! At an hour when they have most profoundly forgotten thee, thou shalt shoot bright and shining 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 of relics of ancient and modern despotism.

The treatise work floating away? It is the throne. That other treatise? It is a scaffold. The old book, half sunk? It is the old code of capitalist laws and morals. That old rickety piece just sinking? It is a tenement house in which working people live.

See these all passing by, never more to return; and for this immense engulfing, for this superemphatic of life over death, what has been the power necessary?

One of thy looks, O Sun!
One stroke of thy strong arm, O Labor!

A Strike Breaker.

A PROMINENT clergyman once gave the following statement as his idea of scab or strike breakers, after having been compelled to associate with them for a short time:

"After God had finished the millenake, the road, the vampire, he had some awful substance left, with which he made a scab. A scab is a two-legged animal with a cork-screw soul, a waterlogged brain, and a backbone of jelly."

"Where others have a heart, he carries a tumor of rotten principle. When a scab comes down the street, honest men turn their backs, angels weep tears in heaven, and the devil shuts the gates of hell to keep him out. No man has the right to scab as long as there is a pool of water deep enough to drown his body in, or a rope long enough to hang himself with."

"Judas Iscariot was a gentleman compared with a scab, for, having betrayed his fellow worker, he had enough character to go and hang himself, and scab had not. Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. Judas sold his Savior for thirty pieces of silver, Benedict Arnold sold his country for the promise of a commission in the English army. The modern strike breaker sells his birthright, his country, his wife, his children, and his fellow worker for an unfilled promise from a trust or corporation."

"Esau was a traitor to himself. Judas was a traitor to his God. Benedict Arnold was a traitor to his country. A strike breaker is a traitor to his God, his country, his family, himself, and his class. A real man is ever a strike breaker, and there is only one objection to to elaborate description, and that is the implied insult to the millenake and toad, contained in the first sentence."

Rumors of Birth Control have evidently reached even Los Angeles, where of all towns in America the decrease of birth of babies bred to scab is most needed.

At a discussion in the City Hall here recently one of the city councilmen, reflecting the average intelligence of the city, when this matter came up, proposed to have said: "Birth control is all both. It is impossible to use any method to control the sex; after the doctors have done all they can it is just as apt to be a boy as a girl."

Pork chops are thirty cents a pound. One solution is for the worker to become a Jew, but the better method is to join the I. W. W. At least that is what most of the Jewish workers are doing.

REVERIES ON REBELLION.

By COVINGTON ABLE

As America is a nation of slaves to the Cause of Rebellion, I am moved to this observation by the following extract from a letter to me from the American Chronicle, by Mr. Fred L. Barker in protest against the raw outrages that have been recently committed against persons opposed to war by the so-called patriots. Mr. Barker writes not as a Pacifist, but seems to sense the danger of these outrages, that they tend to provoke the very thing the Militaries seek to ally. In this he shows a deeper knowledge of psychology than does the average business-patriot and his letter is one of the first since Napoleon I have seen from pro-war side of the house. But in the course of his letter he says: "I fully agree that no man's war ever does a word that tends to incite rebellion against the government of this great free country, should ever go unpunished."

It was this sentence that incited me to these reveries on rebellion.

And I looked back to the bloodstained path of history, and said: But for the Babebs, Mankind would still be living in the open plains; there we will be freer and healthier than here." I was deceived as a Heretic and Rebel by all who had seen and gazed back toward I saw the Rebel Carpenter of Nazareth, charged with blasphemy and treason, hanging there on the cross; and then I saw Spartacus and his legions go down to death and 6,000 of them hanging to crosses on the Appian Way for no other crime, than trying to come up with the career of Rome for rebellion. Then I saw Catus and Tiberius Gracchus, both aristocrats, stabbed to death in Italy in one of the first recorded struggles for free land, all because Tiberius had cried: "Men of Rome, you have conquered the World, but in Italy you have no soil to till!" I saw the grandest boy that ever lived, Robert Emmet, mounting the scaffold in Erin to expiate the crime of having called his countrymen to rebellion against an alien despotism, and later I saw Pearce, Connolly, Skeffington, McManus, and Casement, after the heroic Battle of Dublin, and all hanged for the same crime of calling their people on to freedom. Then I turned to my native land, and I saw our men and mothers coming in rebellion, out of England, Scotland, France, Ireland, Germany, Spain, and many other lands of Europe; and I saw their children rising in rebellion, proclaiming that "All governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," and this was both here and abroad.

I took heed of the words of the man I said, George Washington and Thomas Paine were rebels; Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Benjamin Franklin, John Hancock, Lighthorse Harry Lee, all were rebels; and I came on down the vale of time and behold, Abraham Lincoln, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, they and all the brightest and noblest souls our land has bred were rebels. Wendell Phillips was a rebel; Karl Liebknecht was a rebel; Eugene Debs is a rebel; Bill Haywood is a rebel; all who have stood in the ages past and in the times of today for nobler things and a freer life for all Mankind, all, all, were and are rebels.

Rebellion is but the surge of the human soul ever toward the light, ever toward a higher life, ever toward wide liberty for all.

REBELLIO!

Rebellion comes, hope's sacred fire, To Freedom's son from Freedom's sire; A soul-breath second-born, cannot kill, Nor gold, nor cross, nor rifle still.

It sent Gautama on his quest, Him Asia calls her light, and blest; With Quetzalcoatl, long ago, It stirred the heart of Mexico.

With Moses it for freed men sought; With wild Mahomet to fight fought; It gave Zoroaster all his fame, Confucius his deathless name.

With Cromwell's legions, grim and cold, It trampled on the statutes old; With Voltaire, Marat, and St. Just, It ragged till Europe rope from dust.

It called Abe Lincoln from the plains, Set Marx and Ferrer breaking chains, And hovered o'er the Commune when it fired the souls of workmen.

But yesterday, from Erin's woe, With Connolly and Pearse it rose; In Washington, and not in vain, It marched to death with Harry Lane.

'Tis that which stirs the race today— 'Tis that which makes truth's lightning's play— 'The Revolution in its birth— The soul of Freedom—the light of earth—

Every citizen may freely speak, write and publish his sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that liberty. No law shall ever be passed to curtail or restrain the liberty of speech or of the press.

—Constitution of Connecticut.

THE INTERNATIONAL.

Out of the turmoil of times too long, that of flowers and the sweet song of birds.

Out of the blackness of despair the worker turns to the optimistic ray of hope in the celebration of the glad May Day of Internationalism. The International, established in 1889, has been a force with strength and hope that ever before.

May we borrow a comparison from Jean Pierre Richter. The power of the slave state moves ever forward and back. We have those dark days when slavery seems more intolerable, days when an intolerable cancer seems to have swallowed up the brotherhood of the world in a mad orgy of war. Yet all the time the hour hand of human destiny moves forward towards the more noble of human liberty, equality and fraternity through co-operation.

My heart beats faster on this May Day, for I catch the vision a slavery-free world of international brotherhood. I am caught with the forward swing of the pendulum. My face is on the hour hand of human destiny.

A Vision of Democracy.

(By one of the Everett Prisoners.)

At the present time, when the favorite pastime of all the great nations of the earth seems to be the destruction of autocracy and the establishment of republics and democracies upon the ashes of all the older existing forms of government, it is like coming out of a stifling byzantine cave into the open air, and gazing up at the again and see the free spaces of the heavens, to turn away from the hideous and dolorous program of submission and dependence which has been the result of the dawn of civilization, to the plan advocated by the advance revolutionists of the world.

The confident and approved purpose of the Industrial Workers of the World is the restoration of Liberty and Freedom of opportunity to the weakest member of the human race as well as to the economically strong.

It is their declaration to prevent all private monopoly and through it all robbery and exploitation, by laws made and administered by the workers and producers of the world's wealth in their own union halls.

It is their proclaimed purpose to see that the methods by which monopoly of the world's material resources, and through it the exploitation, crime, ignorance, poverty, prostitution, want, and all the other attendant evils of such a vicious social system, shall be impossible.

They design that the limitations upon individual and private enterprise be removed in reality. That the humblest and most obscure worker in the world's industries shall know that he, and he alone, is the architect of his own destiny. In this manner the next generation of children, as they come to take our places in the administration of the world's well-being, will not have to be the proteges or servants of either an inhuman or a benevolent master. They will realize that they are the arbiters of their own well-being and destiny, and that they are in reality free to go about making their own lives what they desire and will them to be.

So for the first time in history we shall taste the full cup of a consciousness, not of the charity of a benevolent group of masters, but of Liberty and Freedom of opportunity, which the only way that will ever refresh and revive the spirit of the oppressed and exploited workers of the world.

There is only one cure for evils which newly-acquired freedom produces, and that cure is freedom. When a prisoner first leaves his cell, he cannot bear the light of day, he is unable to discriminate colors, or recognize faces. The remedy is, to accustom him to the rays of the sun.

The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinions subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to contend, and begin to coalesce. And, at length, a system of justice and order is educed out of chaos.

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free until they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim. If men are to win for liberty all they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait forever. —Macaulay.

I will guarantee to take from this jail, or any jail in the world, five hundred men who have been the worst criminals and lawbreakers who ever got into jail, and I will go down to our poorest streets and take five hundred of the most abandoned prostitutes, and go out somewhere where there is plenty of land, and will give them a chance to be a living, and they will be as good people as the average in the community.

—Clarence Darrow.

THE "INTERNATIONAL AS" ON OTHER MAY DAYS IN OTHER LANDS

By CHARLES ASHLEIGH.

A struggling mob, striving to smile ever so wistfully thru the drizzling rain of May. The long and glittering asphalt of the Thames Embankment, with its row of methodically placed trees; to the right the great fabrics of the Cell and Savoy hotels and the ever-rumbling murmur of the Strand, trickling down the narrow side streets. And, to the left, the dark-grey floating of the Thames with its variegated floating populace of lighters, tugboats, steamers, barges.

But the Thames Embankment is different today. The usual close-packed derelict occupiers of the benches are not there, or are out in the square of people. For the embankment is filled, filled as it is only once a year, upon the First of May. Against the grey sky are flying the crimson banners of the banners of plain red banners scrawled over with the blazoned insignia of a hundred organizations. And the eternal hum of London's traffic is drowned in the following tumult of blast of the Marseillaise, the International or the Red Flag, from a dozen bands.

There are also wagons full of singing children, and the red and white working-class Sunday schools. The wagons are draped with red and every child wears the red badge of international brotherhood and each singing the songs of the international brotherhood. The cyclist brigades of the Scouts, the swift, fighting vanguard of the Propaganda are there, also the various associations of London's teeming foreign population. Then, the unions; each with its flag and its marching hundreds.

Slowly the great procession achieves definite form. Marching four abreast, the thousands start out on their yearly pilgrimage to Hyde Park where, on a great green expanse from a score of platforms, speakers will tell the massed workers once more the old, but ever new, story of the worldwide identity of labor which is the essential significance of May the First.

And the host can feel the electric thrill of the companion thought of millions of workers who are holding similar meetings the whole world over; and their littleness die and they expand and become exalted with the consciousness of that wonderful, strong, new thing which is growing, the world over, out of their common suffering and their common aspirations.

An Army Reconciled.
There is a hazy atmosphere about this signal, from every platform the speaker puts to the crowd the resolution of the day: an affirmation of the faith in worldwide working-class solidarity. Thousands of hands are raised towards the sky and from thousands of throats leaps the mighty "Aye" as the army reconciles itself to the cause of the World.

Old Meeting New on German Labor Day.
Here is a surging crowd in a small German city. The workers are in their Sunday best, the creased black of the German worker which he always dons for the First of May. Every one of them is wearing a red tie. The rubber factory men have been on strike and there is an added touch of hope and of tension in this First of May celebration.

Suddenly a speaker leaps out onto a balcony and begins to address the crowd. Several policemen haul him down and this is the signal for the raid. The mounted police, their helmets and sabers flashing in the young May sun, force their horses in among the crowd striking right and left with their swords.

The crowd is dispersed. But that night the Wintergarten, an enormous meeting-place beneath a great glass dome, is filled as never was it filled before. And despite the presence of the police official, who sits with his helmet before him upon the table, next to the chairman, and the presence of hundreds of gendarmes about the entrance, the great crowd rises as one man and workers pledge worker in the Cause their lives.

Labor Day Under Southern Cross.
Down the Avenida de Mayo, I am marching, marching with swinging step and singing voice as I have before in London, and in Germany. We take up a side of the broad avenue, the spinal column of Buenos Aires. On either side are the striped and spotted awnings of the cafes where, at the little tables on the pavement, are seated the elite of Argentina's capital, looking with half-afraid contempt at this cortege of the underdogs.

There are the lines of the Socialist Party of Argentina, the banners of the Federation of Labor, the Workers' Free Thinking Societies, the Italian Garibaldi Clubs with their members all in the scarlet shirts of the Garibaldian Legion, and here and there among the drab city workers, are some Argentine Gauchos—or cattle rancher's carter—members of the just-born Agricultural Organization, who have come in from the pampas for International Labor Day. They make a speaking dash of color, in their baggy light-colored pantaloons thrust into riding boots with enormous silver spurs; their scarlet sashes, around which are worn silver belts, are wound several times around their middle; they wear embroidered shirts, and around their necks handkerchiefs of purple or green silk. But, dull or picturesque, everyone is at one today when Labor celebrates its unity.

And After Crossing a Continent.
After having walked nine hundred miles, crossing the up-rearing mountains of the Andes and the plains and forests of Argentina and Chile, I at last arrive at my destination; the Pacific Coast. Dusty and travel-worn, I and my comrade make the last lap of our eventful coast-to-coast journey and limp into the city of Valparaiso, upon the blue Pacific's shore. We stand upon one of the main streets, looking around us and hesitating as to which direction to take. Suddenly I hear a faint tremble of distant sound; too far to be distinguishable. But it becomes plainer with its approach and it strikes by an attention.

It is music: the blare of instruments and the lusty chorusing of many voices. And then my tiredness slips away from me and I am caught up as if upon the wings of some spirit. It is the "International" that they are singing!

I turn to look at my friend. He also has been caught up and seems to have been made new. For a moment we look at each other and then simultaneously it leaps from our lips: "It is the First of May!" We had forgotten the date!

Slowly the procession comes up the street. There are the flags, the dear standards of immortal red which stand for the Revolution in which our lives have their spring and their purpose. They march by, these Chilean workers, smiling and exultant as they sing; and they are raising the resplendent triumph of the day of working-class power.

As the first great banner goes by, flapping slowly in the light breeze with one impulse my friend and I swing off our old sombreros and salute. We have forgotten the troubles and toiling of our journey; we no longer feel the dull chafing of our heavy packs; for we are no longer outcasts, but a part of the great working-class whole.

Whose matches none; our gesture and call to us: "Ola, companeros! No van marchar con nosotros!" ("O comrades! Are you not going to march with us?") And we step on our hands and are saluted with many a comradely handclasp and greeting. And, once again, we join in the singing of the "International," the world song of the workers.

The First of May. The one purely working-class festival of the year. A day among the memories of the proletariat. The day which the workers of the world have dedicated to the manifesting of their solidarity.

It is a day when the world is thrown in war and the May Day processions are sadly depicted in the countries of Europe if, in fact they march at all. Yet May Day is not lost and no longer feel the dull chafing of our heavy packs; for we are no longer outcasts, but a part of the great working-class whole.

And even then, in the bright and new new world now to come, when the workers shall have ushered in a new society in which the means of producing wealth shall be in the hands of all and in which exploitation shall be dead, even then we shall have our May Day festival to remind us of the dark mad days of Capitalism, and to remind us of the heroic conflicts of the workers in order to end that bloody reign.

In those days, when the last great fight is won, when there are no more classes but only one great people, then will May Day really be a festival.

In the meantime, fellow workers, let us make of the First of May a day of enlightenment and new resolve. Let us on that day give our thoughts to our class brothers the world over, to those who have died that the working-class fight may go on and to those who are so cruelly oppressed in the prisons of the land paying the price of their rebellion.

And let us give our thoughts to the whole world, as if everywhere but the progress of conception is just exactly as it ought to be. But once in a while something slips through the net, as witness the following: "With working-class hands I can grow potatoes, potatoes being the once and most scaring out of sight the only constituent of a good soup that are within the reach of the economical citizen are the salt and the Cedar River."

SOMETHING WRONG.
The Seattle Times generally tries to make it as if it were nothing but the progress of conception is just exactly as it ought to be. But once in a while something slips through the net, as witness the following: "With working-class hands I can grow potatoes, potatoes being the once and most scaring out of sight the only constituent of a good soup that are within the reach of the economical citizen are the salt and the Cedar River."

The Everett Times were going to parade a thousand strong to induce two hundred men to enlist in the Coast Artillery corps. They would have set a better example had they enlisted a thousand strong to induce two hundred to parade. But what can you expect of a bunch that has McGee for a member?

"At that we would not be so averse to Colorado's leading his own army into Germany if there were the slightest prospect of his being hit, but we believe the mortality of major generals is about the same as that of quaker ministers."—Seattle Union Record.

A RADICAL MYSTIC TALKS OF CHANGING THE CHANGE OF INDUSTRIAL SYSTEM

By JUSTUS EBERT.

It is not often that an intelligent working-man can say a word in favor of present-day religious intelligentsia. They are almost always mouthpieces that give churchly approval to the capitalistic exploitation of labor and are to be more censured than praised. Recently there has come to these shores one of the cults who seems to be "somewhat different," who has, in fact, been condemned in socialist quarters and is likely to be somewhat scorned by the workers because of his radical views. He is the poet Rabindranath Tagore.

A native of India, he is one of the oppressed of such people substantially of the thoughts, if not their language. Tagore's mysticism condemns nationalism most vehemently as expounded in the March Atlantic Monthly. He attacks nationalism in the West in words that scorch. He says "it is a dehumanizing, mechanical organization for the enrichment of a self-seeking few. It destroys not only the bonds of the individuality, idealism, and spirituality of its victims. It transforms them from men into monsters of the earth. It seeks to build up a Frankenstein that will in the end devour itself, as it has within itself the germs of its own destruction."

The idea of a nation is one of the most powerful anesthetics that man has invented. Under the influence of its fumes, the whole people can carry out its systematic program of the most violent, self-seeking, without in the least being aware of its moral perversion—in fact feeling dangerously resentful if it is pointed out.

How true in these days of press-made wars and appeals to nationalism in the interests of the Anglo-American capitalist class! Again Tagore says, "The nation has thrived long upon mutilated humanism. Men the fairest creation of God, came out of the national manufactures in huge numbers as war-making and money-making puppets, vociferously in the name of the patriotic mechanism. Human society grew more and more into a mere marionette show of politicians, whose long unnumbered puppets, pulled by a wire arrangement of world-wide efficiency."

Nationalism Self-Destructive.
But nationalism is self-destructive, according to Tagore. He says that the nation is a splendid dead creature of this inhuman thing in the living human, under which the modern world is growing, not merely into a mere marionette show of politicians, whose long unnumbered puppets, pulled by a wire arrangement of world-wide efficiency.

It is this knowledge of the character of the master class, which is today causing the working class of all the world to attack that rotten master class at every point. No longer can the masters of the world claim the superiority, by marking as the conservators of civilization. By their own acts and words are their boasts of civility proven to be but scraps of paper to be thrown down the sewers of the shabby pretense.

The slaves of all time. Have realized this fact, but never since history has been so bloody as now. But our fundamental changing these conditions as at the present time. Many have been the attempts of the slaves through the world's history to escape their condition. But in the modern world, many makes common cause with the miser of Australia; the fishermen of Scandinavia; but seldom sought to change the system that caused the slavery. Partial use of slaves were sometimes made by those nations, but seldom did they make more than a change of masters.

Will We Breakthrough the Remedy?
"To the slavery of this illusion," (nationalism), "in this perversion of brotherhood, due to the false teaching of the working class, the world-wide recognition of the one-ness of all men as progeny of their common origin. This is a beautiful ideal, because it is a true ideal, giving a real basis to the nature of man. It will exceedingly assert great influence, in fact does exert great influence, on mankind even now. This influence will help it along such as the influence of the nationalistic May Day has not killed and war cannot kill them. In fact, the persistence of Christianity, socialism and internationalism are the only things in the churches, and the literary thunders of its patriotic bragging cannot hide the fact that the nation is the greatest of all human calamities."

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More Bager for Struggle Than Ever Before.
But the working class, though it has been many mistakes in the past, has constantly learned by those mistakes. The modern working class action declares its object to be, not to make a change of masters, but to overthrow all forms of mastery.

Consistently, and without apology, does the working class today attack the masters' associations are consciously devoted to a policy of rule or ruin and in their program there is no consideration of anything but their own mastery. Personal honor, human lives, virtue, even their own integrity, are to the masters less than a blade of withered grass. They are the only consideration in any course of action as respects the welfare of mankind, is whether it will strengthen their position of mastery and domination in the world.

Marquis Okuma, former Premier of Japan has certainly been in a position to know the inside history of the governments of the world for the past thirty years, and in a recent magazine article he makes the following remarks about his associates: "Will Prepare Themselves When Necessary."

"Thought on the surface of things, international morality appears to have made some progress. It has, in fact, witnessed little or no development. Whenever any international controversy occurs, armed force is resorted to as the only means of deciding it. With whatever solemnity treaties may now be written, they are unpractical, valueless, as the most solemn oath taken in the name of God is readily broken in case of necessity. As these treaties are concluded by the powers, they are not binding on the respective interests, they make nothing of going back upon their oath when they see their interests are seriously jeopardized."

Not Conservators, but Destroyers of Civilization.
It is this knowledge of the character of the master class, which is today causing the working class of all the world to attack that rotten master class at every point. No longer can the masters of the world claim the superiority, by marking as the conservators of civilization. By their own acts and words are their boasts of civility proven to be but scraps of paper to be thrown down the sewers of the shabby pretense.

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A Glorious Experience.
It is certainly a glorious experience to live in these days of revolution and remaining in the world's ideal. In the terrible surrections and slave rebellions of the past the strikes could be nothing more than punitive expeditions, owing to the lack of organized munition; now the serf of Russia calls to the factory worker of America; the slaves through the world's history to escape their condition. But in the modern world, many makes common cause with the miser of Australia; the fishermen of Scandinavia; but seldom sought to change the system that caused the slavery. Partial use of slaves were sometimes made by those nations, but seldom did they make more than a change of masters.

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I. W. W. Preamble

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

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

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

These conditions can be changed and the interests of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries, if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially, we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

Sand and Shower Solidarity.
There is mail at North Yakima for the following: Charles Peterson, W. Smith, Donald Chisholm, J. Wagner, Thomas Madden, Frank Bailey, Myron Elsworth, Mrs. Wm. Van De Car, Harvey D. Wyatt.
There are also duplicate cards for Ed. Kennemur, Chas. Rider, Ed. Patrain, Mark Wilson, Homer Felt, Frank Fisher. These cards will be forwarded to the Fellow Workers if they will send their numbers to John E. Thompson, Stationary Delegate, 19 South Front St., North Yakima, Washington.
STILLWATER, Wash.—Camp 2 of the Weyerhaeuser Log Co. has a string of fine bunk cars, electric lighted and steam-heated, with hot and cold water and shower baths. Men are called at 5:30 to a rotten breakfast, and at 6:40 are started to work. Nine of us were put in a section crew, and eight had cards, while the ninth had an I. L. A. card. While the track was jacked up about eighteen inches high a distance of 600 feet the klieg spirit sassed one of the men, so all sang "Solidarity" and walked away—Gurley Armstrong.

DORR'S CHART TALK.

The International Workers' Defense League will hold an open meeting in the Labor Temple, Seattle, Saturday evening May 5, at which "Red" Moran will give his much-discussed lecture. This lecture has already been delivered before the Central Labor Council. Everybody welcome.

POVERTY'S HANDICAP.

Prisoner (charged for vagrancy)—It's no crime to be poor. Call me a vagrant, but you ain't ain't allowed to help nobody to prove it ain't.

Agents They Cannot Hire.

LATAH, Ore.—There is some construction work going on around here. The wages for workers here are \$2.75 to \$3.00 for five hours I was caught agitating, and was ordered out. But his strikers can't well be let, and I find it pays to advertise in that way as well as in others.—Chas. Heagy.

REVOLUTIONARY THE REVOLT ON THE FONTINE

By OLIN B. ANDERSON.

Special Wire to Industrial Worker.

EUREKA, Mont., April 25.—The tie-up on the drives on the Fontine River is complete. The employers have been unable to get any scabs and the strikers are more determined than ever to go back on the job only when their demand of five dollars for an eight-hour day has been unconditionally granted. When men, brought in by the employers for the purpose of breaking the strike, arrive here they either come over on the picket line and show their I. W. cards, or line up.

Soldiers are guarding property, but so far there has been no violence.

Information has reached here that all drivers in Eastern Washington and Idaho are to strike, as the men are almost solidly organized in the I. W. W.

Special Wire to Industrial Worker.

EUREKA, Mont., April 24.—The Eureka Lumber Co. through misrepresenting conditions in claiming no labor trouble, and no Union, shipped sixteen Chippewa Indians here from Minnesota, only to have them get "wise" and refuse to "scab" on their arrival.—Press Committee.

LABOR QUITS, ALL STOPS.

EUREKA, Mont.—The greatest power in the world—the power of the folded hands of the workers, is making itself felt on the Fontine River. The lofty standard of the Eureka Mill has ceased belching its black spew into the crisp Montana air.

The whirling belts, the roaring wheels, the screeching saws are now silent. The Capital that is supposed to have bought the mill still sits there. The lumber barons are still there, but the brawny muscles, the trained fingers, the labor gladiators have been withdrawn and the machines are lifeless.

The strike is still on and the men are standing solid for their demand of five dollars for an eight-hour day. The workers are staunch, bold, imperative in their immobility and the popular sentiment is in their favor. On the nineteenth Fellow Worker J. L. Turner addressed a large and appreciative audience. Graphically he recited the long painful struggle of the working class up thru the changing forms of human slavery.

He dwelt with vigorous logic on the efficiency, the necessity of one big union of the workers to withstand the encroachments of the bosses and bring the war into the camp of the enemy till Labor, the creator, is the owner of all it has made.

Solidarity is making the boss tired. He is showing worry, but still peddles his accustomed amount of bunk, hoping against hope. Meeting some of the boys on the picket line his talk is of compromise. But loes on the bank of some river are valueless. We know what we want. We also have the organized power to get it.

Scabs! Yes, the company got scabs. They cost them three hundred dollars for transportation and then—horrors! Every goldron one of them was an I. W. W.

Of course we have been made part of the war zone. Three hundred federal troops have just landed. They are going to protect railroad property.

A Harmless Critter.

INTERNATIONAL FALLS, Minn.—In a further attempt to humanize certain portions of Koochichewong county, Fred Haden, who admits Big Falls as his home has lately received his credentials as a deputy sheriff. Fred has a special mission to perform, his duties being to keep all I. W. W. agitators out of the International Lumber Company's camps at Gemmill. As Fred is a harmless kind of a critter, his too bad he's had such a harvest job wished on him.—Griff Junior.

A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

(By Robert G. Ingersoll.)

I see a world where thrones have crumbled and where kings are dust. The aristocracy of ill-fate has perished from the earth. I see a world without a slave. Man at last is free. Nature's forces have by science been enslaved. Lightning and light, wind and wave, frost and flame, and all the subtle powers of earth and air are the tireless toilers for the human race.

I see a world at peace, adorned with every form of art, with music's melodious voice, with lips are rich with words of love and truth; a world in which no exile sighs; no prisoner moans; a world in which the gibbet's shadow does not fall; a world where work and worth go hand in hand, where the poor girl, trying to win bread with a needle—the needle that has been called "the asp for the breast of the poor"—is not driven to the desperate choice of crime or death, of suicide or shame.

I see a world without the beggar's outstretched palm; the miser's heartless, stony stare, the piteous wail of want, the livid lip of lies, the cruel eyes of scorn. I see a race without the squalor of flesh and blood—shaggy and fat, married harmony of form and function—and, as I look, life lengthens, joy deepens, love conquers the earth; and I see all in the great dome shines the eternal star of human hope.

M. T. W. SITUATION

The time is now ripe for concerted action on the part of all workers engaged in the marine transport industry, regardless of race, creed or color.

There are so many different nationalities among the ship owners as there are among the workers. The only difference between them is that the owners stick together to protect their material interests against the different nationalities among the workers. The workers must likewise stick together against the masters.

The latest strike was a first step to act together, but the solidarity needed to gain results was lacking through the form of organization and the various craft organizations fighting up waters. The form of organization prevented the workers presenting a solid front against the ship owners, who at all times supported each other.

Playing both sides at the head of Port Commissions will bring the workers nothing in a water front strike. The Port Commission of Seattle says that the port terminals belong to the workers, and that if they struck against the port commission they would be striking against their own material interest. This was the biggest booboo that was ever thrust upon the wage workers at sea. The form of organization prevented the workers presenting a solid front against the ship owners, who at all times supported each other.

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The politicians at the head of the port terminals say they are fighting the large ship owners. Either the ship owners in the harbor or the politicians in the city. In Seattle the port terminals are used by some of the biggest ship owners, among them being the Frank Waterhouse Co. I fell for some of the cute tricks of Waterhouse when the last strike took place on the coast. You will remember how all of his men were in the same boat, and that the ships were tied up because the workers would not move the goods. Then Waterhouse tried to get the United Dock Workers to go back to work on any terms. He said that they would only scab on themselves and the I. L. A. who had gone out on strike two days after the new independent union.

Played for Boobies. The I. L. A. officials declared a ten-day's strike—a dollar an hour—and Frank Waterhouse agreed to it, until his warehouses were cleared—and then decided that he did not want any more union men to work his boats. Another point for remembering is that the ships were tied up because the workers would not move the goods. Then Waterhouse tried to get the United Dock Workers to go back to work on any terms. He said that they would only scab on themselves and the I. L. A. who had gone out on strike two days after the new independent union.

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CAPITALISTS HELL-BENT GENERATING SOCIAL REVOLUTION

By T. F. G. DOUGHERTY

May Day, the International Working Class Labor Day, the day on which the revolutionary workers of all countries do honor to the men and women who gave life or liberty to the world-wide class struggle; celebrate past victories or defeats and send to each other fraternal greetings and renewed pledges of support and co-operation!

May Day is the "labor day" that the working class has taken for itself and is not to be confused with the "legal" "labor day" of the A. F. of L. handed down by a capitalist government after much bragging and pleading.

May Day with its joys and sorrows of the past and its hope for the future—the future of the present May Day. When on this first day of May, 1917, is the working class celebrating the International Labor Day?

On the blood-drenched battlefields of Europe the international working class is murdering each other in the interest of the capitalist class. The falsehood of capitalism, aided by the misleading teachings of political socialists, is fostered that international prejudice vitally necessary for the perpetuation of the ruling class of a country.

Nothing to Say of Its Ending. The war group in the ruling class of each country charges the other with beginning the war, each claims to be on the defensive. But the workers of all countries who are fighting the battle had nothing to do with starting the bloody conflict and they will have nothing to say as to its ending. The workers of all countries are fighting to preserve "their" nations. And yet the only thing that the workers of all nations is to produce profits for the master class, and thousands of these workers in "peace" times are even denied this "right". After their "right" to murder thousands of thousands of workers now fighting for "their" country will be forced to leave that country and seek the blessed privilege of performing unpaid labor for the master class in some other country.

Digging its Own Grave. The sun of international working-class solidarity for the time being is in eclipse, but it will shine forth brighter and with renewed vigor. Capitalism unconsciously is digging its own grave. The capitalist class has done millions of the world's workers to the battlefield; it has forced millions of women and children from home into its industrial hells; it has consolidated and concentrated industries and mobilized workers into disciplined industrial armies; it has commandeered service for economic production and intensive agriculture; it has placed a ban on waste and proclaimed and glorified Use and Useful, all for the greater and higher international capitalism. The "right" to work and the slavery under the hypocritical guise of democracy is born of the world war.

The workers must not be fooled by fine words and fine promises of the capitalist class of any country.

In Russia the feudal-capitalist class has been overthrown and the modern capitalist class takes the saddle. The bourgeoisie, long an intellectual political committee without power, thru the accession of economic force becomes the parliament of the capitalist class and the capitalist class of other countries is sending commissions to Russia to help the new ruling class establish a "stable government." Germany, Austria and Italy.

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Italy may be next. The workers must not be fooled; these are bourgeois revolutions; but they are the prelude to the great world-wide social revolution that will completely overthrow capitalism—the cause of all modern wars, and do away with economic classes in society. This is the historic mission of the working class.

Then on the May Day let us pledge ourselves to the work of emancipating our class—the working class. To do this intelligently we must understand what capitalism is and our class position in present society, and not flow in the stream of blind evolution. Economic freedom must be the result of our class conscious acts.

We must organize industrially and consciously construct the frame work of the new industrial democracy within the shell of the old capitalist society. The world is ready for the workers' industrial revolution when they organize to take it.

Then—organize in the Union of your class—the Industrial Workers of the World.

FREE MINDS AND FREE LIPS!

In all ages, the truest lovers of mankind have tried to imbue their fellows with the spirit of open-mindedness. The cause of free speech, numbers the most glorious martyrdoms of history. Socrates, whose name we hold in reverence today, was murdered by the Athenian people for seeking to lead them to think for themselves. Brutus's death, and Gallio's too, in prison paid the penalty of loving truth more than public opinion. Roger Bacon upheld the cause of scientific research against the unscientific dogmatism of the medieval church, and that error was so fatal as the suppression of thought, and penned his glorious Apologies, which remains to this day an unanswerable argument to all who, either through weakness or from tyrannous disposition, seek to set bounds on human speculation or expression. Voltaire, Paine, and a host of others followed to demonstrate that the mind and free lips are necessary, in order that men might grow and learn. In our own land Elijah Lovjoy gave his life for the principle of freedom of the press, and his martyrdom was born the grand apostrophe of Wendell Phillips in the cause of freedom. We stand infixed on holy ground, when we approach the sublime company of those who, through the ages, have striven to secure not only for themselves, but for all mankind, the right of unfeared utterance on every theme. Well for us, we are found worthy to stand in their footsteps, and to bear the most humble part in this great work.—James F. Morton.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

In answer to the accusation that the Alaska Labor Union is responsible for the spread of I. W. W. ideas, "which are of a poisonous nature to everything that makes for an ideal labor union here in Anchorage," made by one of the papers there, the Alaska Labor Union retorts:

"Frank P. Walsh, the chairman of the Industrial Commission, said in speaking of the I. W. W. that it was the most truly American institution in the United States; that it has placed a ban on waste and proclaimed and glorified Use and Useful, all for the greater and higher international capitalism. The 'right' to work and the slavery under the hypocritical guise of democracy is born of the world war."

"Continuing, the News makes the statement: 'We may differ with some of our I. W. W. brothers on matters of tactics, but we certainly agree with them in their demand for the overthrow of capitalism and the economic and social dominance of the working class and the abolition of all other classes in society.'

"A union that does not stand for its as its ultimate goal is a false and sickening travesty, forfeiting all rights to be called a union of working men and women."

The existence of the state and the existence of slavery are inseparable.—Marx.

A CONSTANT ADVANCE.

Marine Transport Local No. 700, in its first weekly bulletin, reports good progress all along the Pacific Coast. Eight branches have sent in reports, and none of them report anything but constant advance in the Shipping Trust. Several of them also report the old I. L. A. officials see themselves unable to longer keep the right form of organization from being discussed and adopted among the Longshoremen and Sailors.

In San Francisco the officials of the old Unions have organized a sipping committee to keep the M. T. W. organizers away from "their" men, but they have so far been unable to function.

News from the Atlantic Seaboard also is to the good. The Secretary of M. T. W. No. 100, W. T. Neff, reports that there are 10,000 members in that Union. Strong organizations are being built up at all points, and next winter is to see the Marine Transport Workers' Industrial Union with a large measure of job control.

All branches are asked to send in all items of organization work and job news at least once a week.

H. Wilson, Sec. Pro Tem, No. 700. Box 85, Nippon Sta., Seattle, Wash. Term.

NO MORE SLAVERY.

ALGUSTA, Kansas—After a year's silent battle with death, Ed Manninghaus succumbed an April 16th, at the St. Margaret's hospital, at Kansas City, Kansas, where he had been sent by the fellow workers of this branch.

Two months before his death Manninghaus a fellow worker that he could bear his burden of sickness no longer alone. Prior to this confidence he had bravely attempted to work on the open line, where he had slaved off and on during the hard long winter.

Outraged nature rebelled and forced him to acknowledge defeat in his long, hard, single-handed battle. We provided him with a comfortable room and such medicines and dainties as he needed and a physician. Fellow Worker James Lay volunteered to nurse him and deserves credit for the loving care bestowed on the stricken rebel.

Advised by the doctor that the fellow worker needed hospital care, Fellow Worker Lay took him in shape for the death Kansas City, accompanying him to Wichita, and advising fellow Worker J. J. Mara to receive and care for him.

All efforts were unavailing and in a few days we received word that he had died—Philneas Eastman.

The I. W. W. does not refuse consolation, it will not halt the Revolution because of

Comments on progress of industrial battle

The Progress of the One Big Union of Workers in All Departments of Industrial Activity; the Class War Told by the Actual Fighters in the World Conflict for the Domination of the World.

Special Wire to the Industrial Worker.

ST. MARIES, Idaho, April 25.—After the shortest strike in the history of the Lumber Industry, the river drivers in this territory have won an unconditional victory. The old scale was three and a half dollars for twelve hours. The scale they have won as the result of their Industrial Solidarity under the banner of the I. W. W. is five dollars for eight hours. It pays to organize.

A COMMODITY SAME AS FERTILIZER

Secretary Lane of Wilson's cabinet has a plan to supply a traveling corps of farm labor for the coming season. It may work, but if it does it will mean free transportation for the workers or increased wages so that they can pay their own transportation. But the Seattle Times has a complaint to make, to the effect that the plan does not go far enough. Here is the way that paper proposes to settle the matter:

"In order to produce greater crops this year, more acreage must be brought under cultivation. To accomplish this end, two things are absolutely necessary—an adequate supply of fertilizer at reasonable prices and an adequate supply of labor at the times when labor is in greatest need on the farm. The fertilizer problem can be solved by co-operation between the government, the importer of such commodities and the agriculturist. The labor problem can be solved by co-operation between the government, industry and the food producer. In each case, the first steps must be taken by the government, which commands resources that are not at the command either of the importer or the farmer."

The I. W. W. has always claimed that labor power is sold on the market the same as other commodities and has been roundly scorned for mis-stating an economic fact. Capitalist supporters are now admitting the correctness of that claim, and may soon be expected to admit some more of the truth we have been telling them. But we wonder if the fertilizers and laborers are to be shipped in the same cars.

Rebel Workers Organizing

DULUTH, Minn.—The Domestic Workers' Union No. 115 of Duluth, in conjunction with the other I. W. W. units of that town held a very successful entertainment on April 28th for the benefit of the Everett prisoners. The proceeds, \$73.50, were sent to the Defense Committee.

Addresses were made by Finnish and English speakers, a play was staged by the Finnish Fellow Workers, songs were sung by the audience, the orchestra rendered several beautiful selections, and lunch was served by the girls of Domestic Workers' Union No. 115. The entertainment was a good notice to the Steel Trust and others that the I. W. W. is far from dead in Minnesota.

Domestic Workers' Union No. 115 is growing fast and strong, and the girls are coming to understand the economic reasons behind their enslavement. The bosses are scared of the union, and are promising to raise the wages of the girls if they will stay away from it. But the girls are determined to have the union and the raise in wages as well, and are planning to line up all the working girls in the city of Duluth this summer.—Lillian Jaskin.

Reaping the Harvest

SPOKANE, Wash.—The situation that has been carried on through the Spokane district in the past has begun to show good results. The workers are studying and educating themselves in the principles of the O. B. U., and are also joining at an encouraging rate in all the industries throughout this district.

Latest news from the strike zones is very encouraging, as the men are using good judgment regarding tactics, and are staying strictly sober. At Moab and Otis Orchards the men won the eight-hour day.

We are taking one thousand copies of the May Day edition of the Worker, as the interest of the workers is very regarding the battle lines of the class struggle.—W. Moran, Secretary Spokane and Indians.

A Complaint From a Jailor

BILLINGS, Mont., April 16.—All of the Fellow Workers but three have been released from jail. Two are held and will be turned loose the 19th. It seems they want to hold Ireland, who is at the county jail, but he could not be held. I was at the city jail yesterday with papers and tobacco for the two Fellow Workers there, and the jailors asked me if I was one of "the G. D. I. W. W." I told them I was an I. W. W. but not a G. D.—I. W. W. There are only a few Wobs in the town now.

I received my orders yesterday to leave, but an illness holding the fort. All rebels coming this way remember Billings.—Archie Williams.

Advice to Champ

The conditions in the Clear Lake Lumber Co's saw mill are all to the bad. It is one of the old style camps where the bull-cook thinks

he is there for the purpose of trucking to the boss instead of taking care of the camp. And at that he has not much of a camp to care for. The company has a clipping from the P.-I. two song books, and a lot of advice posted in their office window, as they find it cheaper to give advice than to make decent conditions.—Del. No. 53.

Seattle Scandinavian I. W. W.'s Doing Good Work

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn spoke in Norway Hall in Seattle on the evening of the 22nd to an audience that filled the hall to capacity. About sixty-five dollars was realized for the Everett Defense Fund. The hall was donated by the Lodge Arboret of the I. O. O. F. for the evening, and the meeting was arranged by the Scandinavian Defense Committee. After the speaking there was some good music about the vicinities of the I. W. W., refreshments were served, and all enjoyed a social dance.

The Scandinavians are contributing liberally to the defense funds and are also doing some aggressive work in organizing. Arrangements have been made for Ragnar Johnson, Scandinavian Organizer for the I. W. W. to work in Seattle during the month of May, and his first meeting will be held in Norway Hall at 1109 Virginia Street on the evening of May 1st. Everyone is cordially invited to attend Fellow Worker Johnson's meetings.

Organizers Needed

VANCOUVER, Wash.—The cannery company at this place is building a large addition to their plant and will employ about 500 hands the coming season. They expect to start canning about May 15th, and have notified their old employees that they will not pay the last year's scale. Last year the women were worked from six a. m. till 9 p. m. and the wages furnished a bare existence. There is much dissatisfaction in the condition, and a good woman organizer could do well here as soon as the season opens.

Industry Boom in Iowa

ARKANS, Iowa.—Construction work is on throughout Iowa. More job delegates are needed everywhere, and there is good chance for organizing the workers. The big jobs at present are at Atkins, McGregor and Denison. Men are being shipped from Chicago to Atkins, and there will be about 1,000 employed here. We have partial control on one job, and are making it complete in another month, as the men are lining up fast.

Wages are \$17.50 to \$3.50 per day, board \$2.50 to \$6.00. Farmers are short of help, wages run \$25 to \$30 per month in Iowa and Illinois. Stone-Webster have a two and one-half million dollar job at Bartonville, Ill.—R. Parker.

Need Right Kind of Workers

PASCO, Wash.—Pasco Branch of the I. W. W. is conducting a strike at Burbank Ranch for \$35 and board, and ten hours work day. The work is planting fruit trees, irrigating and ditch work. Members are asked to get on the job. Ship out from Federal Shark. Federal bull on the job. It is necessary to be a good scissor to get on the job, and necessary to be a good Webbie after you are there. See the Secretary at Pasco before going out. The hall is on the main stem, with a classy window sign.—W. B. Lane, Sec.

CUT BANK, Mont.—The G. N. is double tracking from this place to Shelby Junction, a distance of 25 miles. Porter Bros. have the contract. Common wages is \$2.00 per day for ten hours, and one buck for board. Men and horses are furnished tents with straw to sleep on. Spring is late, and farm labor is in big demand. There is a good prospect of lots of building to be done through this country this season; any one who can borrow a saw and hammer will find plenty to do, at a little above the common wages. The train crews are coming into the I. W. W. strong in the mountain divisions.—Jan Hawkins.

Paper Mill Strike

CAMAS, Wash.—A strike was called on April 16th in the big paper mill here. Over 600 men and women are at the mill. The old wage scale has been \$2.00 a day, with a general increase of fifty cents per day in all branches, an eight hour day, and no discrimination against any striker by the company. The old wage scale has been \$2.00 at the lowest wages, and the new scale demanded is a minimum of \$2.50 a day.

All men are asked to stay away while this



THE EDITOR'S DREAM

strike is on. The strikers are not yet organized, but all are expected to join in a short time.—Henry Lloyd.

The Whole Secret

The man who had made a huge fortune was speaking a few words to a number of students at a business class. Of course, the main theme of his address was himself.

"All my success in life, all my tremendous financial prestige," he said proudly, "I owe to one thing alone—pluck, pluck, pluck!"

"He made an impressive pause here but the effect was ruined by one student, who asked impressively:

"Yes, sir, but how are we to find the right pluck to pluck on?"

Strong on Food Conservation

REDMOND, Wash.—The Campbell Lumber Co. here could give the German government several pointers on conservation of food. All on efficiency in work, and suppressing idleness. I stuck up a few stickers, and all the slaves there were scared that the boss would suspect each of them of the hideous crime. They threatened to deport me, but finally let me off with merely having the boss fire me. Crooked-Neck Norton was very willing to see me leave.—John Dowling.

U. S. as Slave Driver

N. YAKIMA, Wash.—There are three government jobs near here, and like most government work the wages are low and conditions are from bad to worse. Twelve men were found agitating and singing songs in one camp, and were promptly fired, but there are still a few wobblies there. Wages are from \$2.40 up for 8 hours, but there are only a few drawing above the low wage. There is ranch work here at \$40 a month and board.—Frank Reilly.

Remjidi Mail List

Fellow Worker Frank Watson is asked to communicate at once with the Remjidi Branch of the I. W. W. regarding matters of importance; they have for him.

There is mail at Remjidi Branch No. 500 for the following: Phil Serdes, W. Bugman, Herbert N. Anderson, Edward Curran, William Diehtel, Walter Bergman and Tom A. Wilson.—G. L. Smith, J. J. Dunning, Com. Box 711, Remjidi, Minn.

What's in a Name?

"It is of no consequence by what name you call your people, whether by that of freemen or of slave. In some countries the laboring poor men are called freemen, in others they are called slaves, but the difference is imaginary only. What matters it whether a landlord employing ten laborers on his farm gives them any name as much as will buy the necessities of life? It gives them no necessities at all, as long hand.—John Adams at Continental Congress.

Save One Can For Compters

WASHINGTON, April 17.—Secretary Redfield today asked Samuel Tompkins to use his official position to speedily terminate a strike at the Wheeling Steel & Iron Co. which is

preventing the output of two million tin cans a day. Secretary Redfield pointed out the unusual needs for canned goods the country will shortly face, and called attention to Mr. Tompkins' recent statement that there would be no strike during the war.

The "Hesthens" Our Inheritance

ALHAMBRA, Cal.—More than 200 Mexican and Japanese orange pickers went on strike last week. Eight packing houses of Riverside are reported to be planning to close down until the present labor situation is settled. They have asked the railroad to bring in 1,000 men to work in the groves. The present wage scale is \$1.75 to \$2.00 per day.—Oliver C. Geyer.

Winning Members

The raffle for the benefit of the French I. W. W. paper was held on April 15th. No. 346 drew the first prize, and No. 3173 drew the second prize. The Committee is unable to make a complete financial statement at present. All Locals or persons having any money in this account are asked to send it in at once. The accounts can be made up.

GREAT FALLS, Mont.—A hall has been opened at 120 South 3rd Street. The location is good, and we have a fine display of literature in the window. We have branches of 400 and 573 and have also several cards for members of Coal Mine Workers No. 900 and R. R. U. No. 600. All rebels passing this way are urged to give us a call. This is one of the most important labor-distributing points in Montana, and a good healthy organization should be built up here.—P. C. Wether.

RIGHTS AND MIGHT OF LABOR

There is much twaddle among sentimentalists and those who do not understand the economic foundation of society in regard to the "rights" of labor. Labor has no natural or inalienable rights. No class has any rights except such as it has the power to take and to hold. Labor has what is far more important than rights, if it would only organize its might as the producer of all wealth.

Plenty Construction Work

SIOUX CITY, Iowa.—Construction work is starting all over Iowa. Wages are 20 to 25 cents per hour, and the farmers are begging men to work for \$45 per month. The ditching is paying 40 to 50 cents per hour and board. This looks like a banner year for the I. W. W. and Construction Workers Industrial Union No. 573 in Iowa.—E. N. Osborne.

MARSHFIELD, Ore.

The chief of police a few days ago tried to run some of the I. W. W. men out of this slave pen, but the agitation is going on all the time, though some more good job agitators are needed to help the work along. There is plenty of work here, and the bosses are crying for men for logging, saw mill work and coal mining. Common labor is \$2.50 and up, coal mining \$3.25 and up for 8 hours. One dollar is charged for hospital, dollar for spring and mattress, ninety cents a day for board, and any one who roughs goes down the line.—Carl Swelgen.

New Branch Secretary San Pedro

Fellow Worker C. A. Johnson is now in charge of San Pedro Branch of the M. T. 50 I. U. No. 700 as Stationary Delegate. He asks Al Johnson, Earnest Moody and Ben Sachs to write to him at once on matter of urgent importance. Write to Box 307, San Pedro, Cal.

Doing Good Work

CHICAGO.—The Scandinavian Defense Committee has been holding some successful protest meetings lately. They are sending nearly \$50 to the prisoners now, with more to follow.—Ed. Matsson.

Bill Useful Work

The New Curran—Is your husband in, Mrs. Jones? Cotter—No, sur. 'E be gone drill in! Cotter—Ah, I'm glad to hear that. National Guard, I presume? Cotter—No, sur. Turnips.

BISBE, Arizona

The M. W. Industrial Union No. 800 is making good headway, and a branch of the Construction Workers' Union is being started. A smoker was held on April 1st, and the sum of \$71.80 was realized for the defense fund.

BANQUET IN JAIL

On Sunday, April 22nd, the rebel women of Seattle gave a banquet to the Everett prisoners in the County Jail. A long table was placed in the corridor of the jail and after this was set the boys came from their tank and were forced to run the gauntlet of the women who prepared the feast; but in this instance they came thru smiling and if there were any effects they were due to too much habdash-ness. The feast lasted two and one-half hours and was very much enjoyed by the boys and more so by those who had the pleasure of serving them.

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn pronounced a benediction in the true Flynn style. When their appetites had been partially appeased Fellow Worker Flynn made a short talk, telling the boys of the activities of the union and also gave them the latest developments of the Mooney case. Caroline Lowe was then asked to speak but she requested that the program be turned over to the boys, who then sang "Hold the Fort" and many other songs.

Just as the ice cream and cake were being served Fellow Worker Thos. H. Tracy, who had taken his deputy out for a long walk, returned to the jail. He was greeted with cheers and then invited to join the joy gathering. The boys were greatly pleased to have Tracy among them, even for a short time, as they had not seen him since the trial started. A general social time was then had until the boys went back to their tank, when the hope was expressed that the next banquet might be held at Dreamland Park.

IN MISSOURI MINES

WEBB CITY, Mo.—The South Western portion of Missouri is famous for its lead and zinc mines. It is also infamous for a number of reasons. Joplin is in this territory.

The wages for machine miners range from \$3.75 to \$4.25 and for helpers—often called dummers—the bosses are paying \$3.25, largely because they are dummers. The employers have the efficiency on speed-up method. This is used on the shovellers, who work on a contract basis especially. They make from \$1.30 a day up. There is a tradition that once one of these made seven dollars in a day.

As to safety appliances and mine protection, while there are a few deputy mine inspectors here who are seen riding by, there is the superintendent or underground boss, there is not one mine in this territory which would stand a proper inspection. I have seen service in the Idaho and Utah slumber houses in Bingham Canyon, British Columbia, California and other mining territories, but nowhere have I seen such a disregard for the protection of the health and lives of human beings as in this territory.

The cost of board is about \$6.00 a week. For the conditions here there is but one solution, the industrial organization of the miners. But thousands of workers would rather endure mine dust with its slow murder, waiting for cars, being treated as animals and other abuses rather than take the easy road of organization. The miners in this section will have to learn to organize to do for themselves what others will not do for them.—F. O.

Delegate Peter Gimie of the Eureka, California, Local is requested to write to the Eureka Local and send in his credentials immediately. Members knowing the whereabouts of this man are asked to communicate with Eureka, Cal. Local—A. Bassi, Sta. Del. No. 970.

"We cannot traffic in our principles, we can make no compromise, no agreement with the ruling system. We must break with the ruling system and fight it to a finish." Thus speaks Liebknecht the elder, and the son seems to be following in his footsteps.

Organizers are also badly needed at the Twin Falls Logging Co. at Yacolt. There are six union men on the job, but five or six active men could swing the whole outfit if the workers are ripe for revolt.—Alvin C. Perry.

P. A. Vibers is asked to write to Fellow Worker Cha H. Gody at Box 96, Everett, Washington.

LeRoy Howell is asked to communicate with Elmer Johnson at 304 Fifth Street, Los Angeles, Cal.