

# Industrial Worker

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

VOL. 4 No. 40

One Dollar a Year

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, DEC. 26, 1912

Six Months 50c

Whole Number 193

## THE STRIKE AT MERRYVILLE

By Ed Lehman.

Ever since Nov. 11th the members of Local 218 have been on strike. There has been no violence or unlawful acts committed by the members of the Union. The workers of the South are beginning to realize that there is nothing to be gained by violence and are not expecting anything from the I. W. W. but are expecting something from the Lumber Barons. They know that the I. W. W. has nothing to give them, for they have nothing, but they know that Kirby, Long and a few others have it all and that the I. W. W. is the machine to make them "come across" and "produce." On the morning of Nov. 11th, after the white and black workers had walked out, about ten or twelve colored workers were assembled in front of the Company's office. One of the Company's stool pigeons came out of the office and the following conversation took place.

Stool Pigeon: "You niggers are not working?"

Colored Worker: "No, sah."

Stool Pigeon: "Have you niggers struck?"

Colored Worker: "Yes, sah."

Stool Pigeon: "Do you niggers belong to the Union?"

Colored Worker: "Yes, sah."

Stool Pigeon: "What in the hell do you niggers ever expect to get out of this dam Union?"

Colored Worker: "We ain't 'specting' nothing outen de Union, sah, we am 'specting' it outen you bosses!"

The Company is hiring gunmen and Burns thugs by the score to scare and force the workers back on the job by telling them if they do not go back to work they would run them off or kill them, to which the workers reply: "You can run us off and kill us, but can not make us

### A MODEL CAMP—JUST ONE

By Frank R. Schleich.

A report reaches us from reliable sources that a certain logging camp on the Darrington branch of the Northern Pacific has made some startling changes, as far as bunk-houses go. No more of your double-deck bunks! No more of your large sized bunk-houses!

Instead, three little rooms for three husky loggers with three neat steel bedsteads for three tired toilers to sleep in at night. And these three steel bedsteads have three sets of springs in them, and three mattresses on the three sets of springs, and on these mattresses are blankets for three men to sleep in—all furnished by the company.

And then there is a neat little basin in the corner where running water is to be had to wash in.

There is plenty of light and air and what is more "loggers with bundles keep out!" Yes, indeed, DON'T bring those blankets you have packed so long into this camp. Won't let you in. (Are you sorry?)

You see, they are furnishing the Beds, the Springs, the Mattresses and the Blankets.

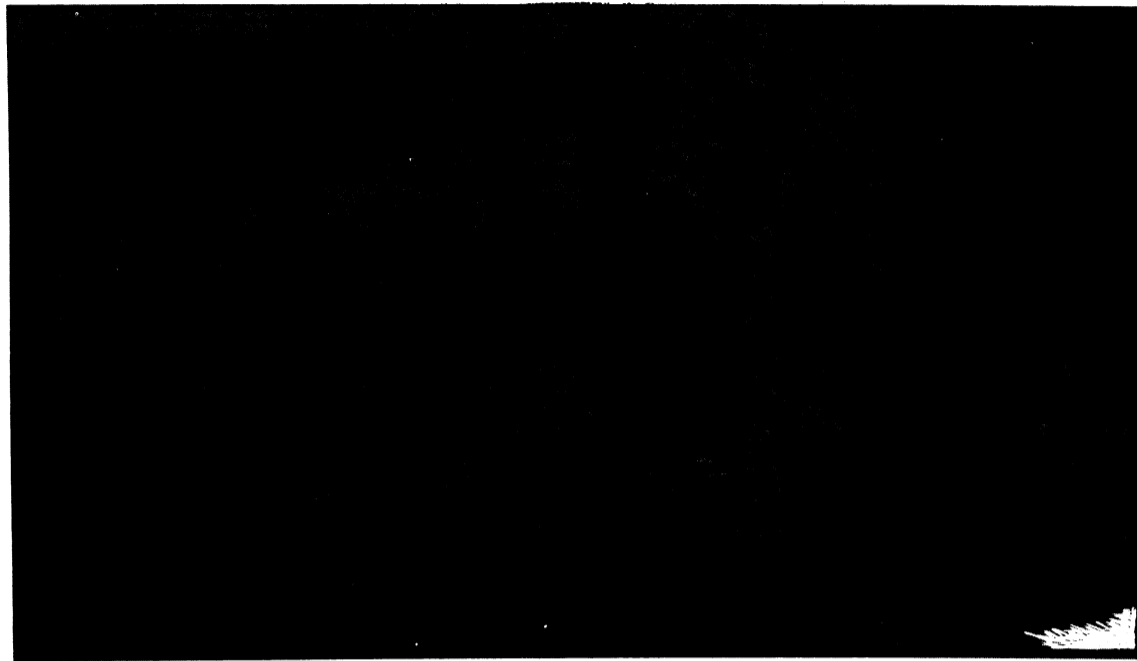
What do you know about that?

But that is just one camp—just one.

There are hundreds of other camps in the Northwest—hundreds of them.

Some of them furnish springs and mattresses, and some of them don't—a good many of them don't. Those that do charge you for the use of them.

We have got a scheme that will get springs and mattresses, iron bedsteads and blankets furnished in every camp, and the boss won't charge you for the use of them either. We will make every camp a model camp. We will tell you about it if you write to the address below. Just address your letter to secretary, 211 Occidental avenue, Seattle, Wash.



THE REASON

## Where Is the Montana Lumberman's Union?

By Fred W. Heslewood.

Where is it? Where is the old fighting union that forced the wages up in all the Western Montana lumber camps and forced the hours down to nine a day?

This question has been asked a thousand times and it has been answered over every bar in every saloon in Montana and in many other states. It's a long story but an interesting one.

The Western Montana lumber workers were members of the old American Labor Union and merged with that organization into the I. W. W. in the fall of 1905 at the first convention. It had several thousand members and some 70 local unions. Each camp was a local and the charters adorned the walls of the bunk house and there were none to say nay as the lumberjack had shop control, knew it and was proud of it and he watched his union grow and thrive as a mother watches her children.

### Trouble Starts.

Everything worked smoothly until the second annual convention of the I. W. W. and even for some time after the split in the organization, for it was in the spring of 1907 that the men went on strike for the nine-hour day and an increase of

wages and won it after the company had lost thousands of dollars in lost logs on the drives.

The real trouble and disintegration started when the lumbermen were induced to leave the I. W. W. entirely and affiliate with the Montana State Union of the W. F. M. after the victory in the spring of 1907. After the victory, the lumber companies, especially the Amalgamated Copper Co., began a war of extermination against the old I. W. W. The companies were smarting under the lash of defeat and to get revenge it was necessary to import another union and one that could be handled by the masters and whose leaders would do their bidding. The International Brotherhood of Woodsmen and Sawmill Workers, an A. F. L. organization, was the one to do the job. The I. W. W. men sewed themselves up into a one-year contract after the victory of 1907 and the year of the contract was utilized by the companies in making plans for the defeat of the I. W. W. when the contract would expire.

The I. W. W. men (now an independent union) in the spring of 1908 demanded a renewal of the contract and the same con-

ditions as had existed for the year. The companies refused to recognize them and openly declared war on them.

### Fakirs Get Busy.

Labor skates of the A. F. L. went from camp to camp accompanied by the superintendents of the lumber companies and the men were either forced then and there to take out a card in the A. F. L. organization or hit the trail. The old fighters to a man hit the trail. Scabs were brought in and herded by gunmen after being forced into the scab union. Five hundred men walked 60 miles from Seeley lake to Missoula after the superintendent had made his speech telling the men they must quit their old union and join the new one. He was even so considerate as to tell them that their cards would be transferable into the company union. The men left this camp to a man, leaving nothing behind but the A. F. L. organizer, the superintendent and the gunmen and horses.

### The Montana State Union.

The Montana State Union of the W. F. M. was made up of local unions of the W. F. M. in the state and such independent.

(Continued on page 8.)

## To Workers of the Redwood Belt!

By John Pancner.

Conditions in Humboldt county and the Redwood district are bordering on a state of industrial slavery and peonage. Several large companies own entire towns. By owning the stores, churches, newspapers, hotels and the houses the working people live in they own their very lives. Against these conditions we must rise in revolt. If we do not resist we are cowards and will remain slaves.

Perhaps the wages in the woods for some jobs may be better than in other places. But how about the shacks you live in? Do the union miners sleep in bunk houses and pack their blankets? No! Many of the jails in this country furnish better and cleaner beds than can be had in the lumber camps of Humboldt county. The food in the company cook houses is very poor, coarse and of the cheapest kind. The common laborers about the sawmills receive \$1.75 and \$2.00 per day. Compare that with \$2.25 and \$2.50 received for the same kind of work in parts of Oregon and Washington.

Now about the long hours in the woods: Do you call that living? It is worse than a dog's life. This working from dark to dark reminds us of the worker that got a steady job from a farmer. He worked

from 4 o'clock in the morning till 1 o'clock at night. When called the next morning at 4 o'clock he rolled up his blankets and started to hike. The farmer seeing him leaving, called out to him: "I thot you wanted a steady job." Ole replied: "I did, but you laid me off four hours last night."

How about the compulsory hospital fee? Why can't we take out a card in the Union Labor Hospital which is the best hospital in Humboldt county? How about Sunday board, which we have to pay whether we eat or not?

And where did the Lumber Barons get their start?

Most of them stole it from Uncle Sam or from the widows of homesteaders. Fine patriotism, isn't it? These are the same scoundrels that howl anarchy and lawlessness at the I. W. W. when we go on strike. The bosses and their tools howl that I. W. W. means "I won't work." I. W. W. means Industrial Workers of the World; One Big Union of all the Workers regardless of race, creed, color or politics. The I. W. W. is the most misrepresented and the most feared organization in the country. Wherever you see any one running down the I. W. W. he either

doesn't understand or else he is an agent of the Capitalist class.

The old cry is "we had one strike in Humboldt county and we lost." Is that any reason why we should remain contented slaves? The International Brotherhood of Woodsmen and Sawmill Workers did not carry on any educational work, therefore there was no militant spirit.

The One Big Union not only asks for more wages, shorter hours, better conditions, etc., but seeks to educate its members on economics and the best methods of industrial warfare. The I. W. W. says you can't fight capital with capital or with long-drawn out strikes. We want a big strike, but one that is short and sweet. The Brotherhood of Timber Workers have joined the I. W. W., making a National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers about 32,000 strong.

All of those who have red blood in their veins are asked to take out a red card in the I. W. W. The initiation fee is \$1.00 and the dues are 50 cents per month. Let our battle cry be the eight hour day, Life and Freedom for all the workers, and when we get strong enough take and run the lumber industry in the interest of the lumber workers.

Write to Box 1011, Eureka, Cal., for further information.

## SENDING THEIR CHILDREN AWAY

Strike bulletin issued by Textile Workers' strike committee, Matilda Rabinowitz, secretary, box 458, Little Falls, N. Y.:

Little Falls, N. Y., Dec. 17.—Eighteen boys and girls, children of the textile workers who have been on strike here since October 10 against a reduction in pay, were sent out of the danger zone this morning on the 11:08 train for Schenectady, where they will be taken care of by the Socialists and sympathizers until the strike is over. Seven other children were to go but at the last moment their parents refused to let them leave their homes because they had no underwear. These parents are engaged in making underwear all the year round, but have not enough to keep their children warm.

The strikers saw the children off in a body, but were compelled to maintain silence, as the police would allow no cheering, and also forbade singing and the carrying of placards. Some difficulty was encountered in reaching the station as the police first notified those in charge of the children that they would have to walk in the street and then ordered them back on the sidewalk again. One mother who was wheeling a baby alongside of an older child was ordered out of the line of march on the ground that she was obstructing traffic.

This is the first time since the great Lawrence strike that the children of strikers have been sent away from their homes. Their departure this morning went off without a hitch, three girl strikers accompanying the babes to Schenectady to see that they are placed in their temporary homes with safety. At the last moment mothers clung to their children in desperation and there were tears in the eyes of even the conductor, who himself took a hand in seating them comfortably.

More children will be sent away as soon as sufficient warm clothing can be obtained to fit them out.

Detective Kenny of Albany, for the alleged stabbing of whom Organizers Legere and Bochino are in Herkimer jail, has been fired from the local police force for an affray with the proprietor of a hotel here, whose daughter he insulted. Kenny also caused the imprisonment of Valera Zugai, a young Polish woman with a two-year-old child, on a charge of assaulting him with a club.

Two cops were caught one night last week stealing underwear from one of the struck mills, but are still on the force.

The police threat of eviction from the building in which the relief kitchen is located has failed to work. It had been discovered that the property extends partly over state land and only the state authorities have power to interfere. So far they have made no objection.

Organizer Miles of the United Textile Workers, having failed to break the strike here, has gone to Utica, where yesterday he caused a walkout from one mill in an effort to get rid of two I. W. W. workers.

The strike here was never in better shape. It should be remembered that upon its outcome depends the fate of practically all textile workers in this state.

PHILLIPS RUSSELL.

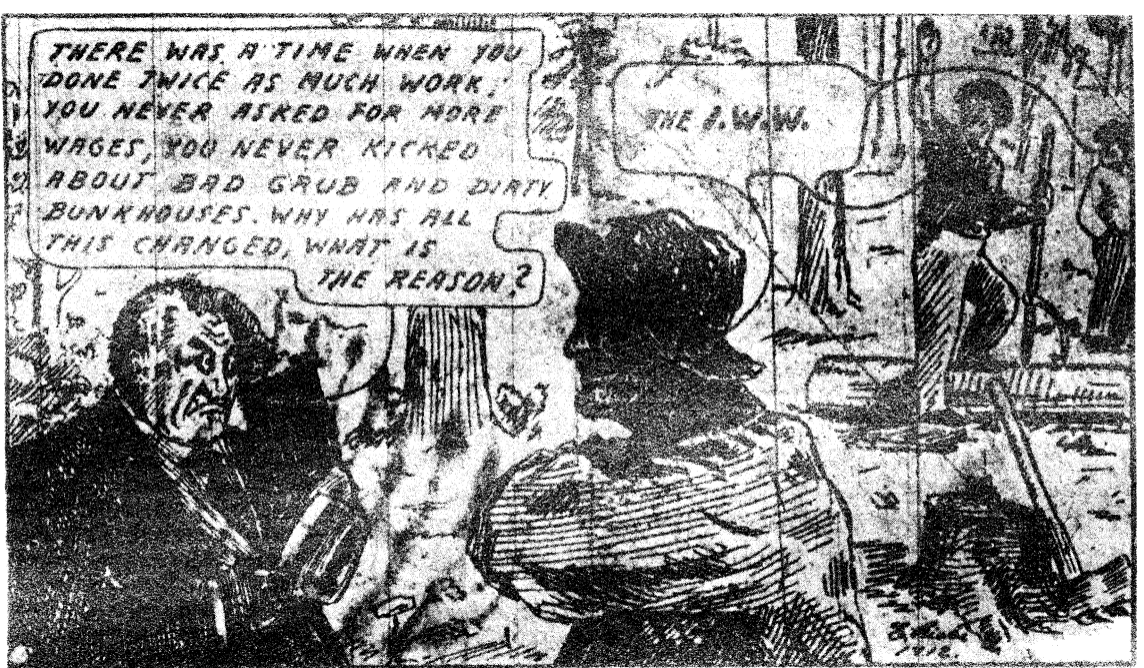
Little Falls, N. Y., Dec. 14.—Headquarters of the striking textile workers was the scene of jubilation this morning when a committee reported that they had gotten out nearly all of the remaining scabs in the McKinnon mill, which belongs to the Phoenix Company. The scabs still remaining promised to stay away from work on Monday so that this mill will be completely tied up.

This news, coming on top of the pro-

(Continued on page 8.)

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN YOU  
DONE TWICE AS MUCH WORK.  
YOU NEVER ASKED FOR MORE  
WAGES, YOU NEVER KICKED  
ABOUT BAD GRUB AND DIRTY  
BUNKHOUSES. WHY HAS ALL  
THIS CHANGED, WHAT IS  
THE REASON?

THE I.W.W.





**SOME DEFINITIONS.**

By Covington Hall.  
**The Sucker.**

When God had finished making the tape worm, the jackal, the sloth, the cucu-coo and the jellyfish He did not know what to do with the odds and ends left over, matter that was absolutely spineless, and he bethought himself what he could do with it, and he said: "I must make something meaner than a tapeworm, more sneaking than the jackal, more sluggish than the sloth, more brainless than the cucu-coo and with less backbone than a jellyfish." This was a hellefajob, even for God, and after thinking long and hard, he gave it up and went off into the cool of the garden to rest. Then, while God was sleeping, Cringe and Crawl sneaked into his workshop, got hold of the mess left in the waste jar of creation and tried to make a man out of it, but, being without any soul-substance, grey-matter, heart-strings or backbone, all they succeeded in creating was a caricature, which, on his return, God kicked out of his presence and dammed it to be forever on its knees licking boots from everlasting unto everlasting. And this was the Sucker.

**The Gunman.**

When God made the coyote, the hyena, the moccasin, the curdog and the skunk he gave the refuse to Belial, the Lord of greed and vileness, and told him to take it to Hell and be sure to cremate it. Satan, however, refusing to let Belial enter Hell with the terrible substance, Belial bethought himself to play a joke on God and, retiring to the slums of Sodom, placed the God-accursed stuff in the nest of a leperous vulture and she hatched therefrom the Gunman, which was reared on blood and given a were-wolf soul by Belial. Since then this Thing has been the murder-proxy by which Emperors, Kings, Nobles and Capitalists have ruled the earth and maintained "law", "order", "impartial justice", "civilization" and "society" from destruction. The difference between the gunman and the detective, with apologies to the vultures, is that between a buzzard and a carrion crow.

Compared to a gunman, a polecat is a violet and a coyote is a lion.

**The Scab.**

A scab is a two-legged degenerate built in the form of a man with a squirming mass of maggots for a brain and a corruption soaked soul. He steals milk from hungry babies, drives starving girls into a life of shame, is a disgrace to the mother who bore him, and the vilest traitor the race has ever known. When he goes down the street, honest men turn their backs, the angels in Heaven shed tears, and the Devil shuts the gates of hell, lest he enter and befoul Gehenna. Judas would have resented the insult of being called a scab, for, after betraying his fellow-worker, he went and hanged himself.

No man has a right to scab as long as he can find a pool of water deep enough to drown himself in or a rope long enough to hang himself.

After God had created the leech, the louse, the lamp-eel, the jelly-fish and the viper, He forgot to destroy the mean and terrible substance left, and a harpy, brooding over it, hatched therefrom the scab.

**The Detective.**

After God had created or allowed to be created the Militiaman, the cadet, the sucker, the scab and the gunman, the refuse of the refuse was stolen by a ghoul, who mixed it with the blood of a cancerous vampire and created therefrom a she Frankenstein. This monster was defiled by a High Priest of the Golden Calf and gave birth to a soulless son, who in turn defiled the daughter of a Gunman and she bore him a son she called Detective. From the sons of this son, intermarrying with the daughters of Perjury and Assassination, sprang the missing link between the harpy, the were-wolf and the viper, a thing in the form of man, but which was neither bird, beast, human, nor reptile, the labor detective.

Compared to a detective, the bloodhounds the militia used to hunt down miners in West Virginia are not degenerates and the militia, who corrupted the hounds, are flowers of Knighthood and chivalry,—compared to a detective, but this with apologies to the dogs, who were alright until they were given a "patriotic" education and forced to associate with gunmen and detectives.

**LOGGERS AND LUMBERWORKERS START NEW LOCAL.**

All loggers and mill workers making Tacoma their headquarters, are requested to call on the secretary of L. U. 328 and get transferred to the new local's books. A meeting will be held to get camp delegates for 1913. The headquarters for millworkers and loggers is at 1421 Court A, between 14 and 15th Sts.

A. J. AMOLSCH,  
Temporary Secretary.



NO REAL CAUSE FOR DISBELIEF—JUST I. W. W. AGITATION

**SCUM A CHRISTMAS TALE**  
By Thomas McConnell, Jr.

When the name of Dunstan town is mentioned, you think of the Dunstan textile mills; just as in Ireland people think of looms and of spindles when Belfast, that great center of the textile industry, is mentioned. When you think of the Dunstan mills, you must think also of the hordes of men, women and children that work in them, of the Hungarians, the Poles, the Slavs, the Lithuanians, the Bohemians, the Syrians, the Italians, the Germans, the French, the Scotch and the Irish, who spread out over the land in black armies when the whistles blow at night. "The scum of Europe," Dunstan has called them. And when you think think of the workers of the Dunstan mills, you must think also of John P. Dunstan, their master. Joe Callahan used to call Dunstan "a scourge of God". A scourge he is, He has ravaged the people like a plague. With those cruel knouts called overwork and underpay, he has lashed the sore back of labor for years. Go to Dunstan if you want to see weak women and little helpless children undergoing crucifixion day by day. Steep, bleak, rough and full of woe was the path which Jesus trod up Calvary. So the priests are saying on this, the eve of Christmas. But the path which the scum of Europe are treading now in Dunstan, and in all of the giant industries of the United States, is as cruel and as broken and as thirsty as Calvary's road of anguish. Cruel, you say, and bloody was the cross which Christ bore. Was it more cruel or bloodier than the textile industry which the scum of Europe is carrying on its aching back? I tell you that the pain of the crown of thorns was not more agonizing than the bursting throbs which the everlasting roar and the ceaseless rumble of the steel machines send through the tired brains of Dunstan's workers. The soldiers put wooden thorns in Christ's head; they were kinder than Dunstan of the mills; they might have tortured him for years and years with the thorns of cold and hunger. The bloody nails that tore Christ's flesh, and the crimson hammer than maimed him, were kinder than the nails of famine, and kinder than the hammer of greed, which brings forth, not life's blood, but red sweat from the heart; so that you will not die before dawn, but will live on and on through black years of sorrow. It is the eve of Christ's birth. I hear the church bells saying that. "Rejoice!" they seem to say. "For Christ, Who died for you, is born again." Ah, but Christ was but one that died for me. The scum of Europe have died for me by thousands every year. They are dying now in the mills of Dunstan that I might have clothes to wear; they are dying in the mines that I might have fuel to keep out the cold; they are wasting away in the heat of Pennsylvania's furnaces that I might have ships of steel to carry me over the sea, and buildings of iron to withstand fire and rails of metal to carry me over the world. The scum of the world are a vast multitude of Christs. These Christs die for me whenever a mine caves in, whenever a liner sinks into the sea, whenever the flames lick up a mill or a factory. For me these Christs, as poor and as lowly as the Nazarene, are crucified in the bowels of the earth, in red-hot stokeholes, in the glaring hells of the Steel Trust. I mourn when these die for me; they are dying always; so I am always mourning. "Rejoice!" the Christmas bells peal out. "Christ is born." Do you ask me to re-

joice over the birth of a child who will live in a world of pain and walk in sorrow and with bleeding feet over thorny paths? Then you and I should have rejoiced over the births of each and all of the scum of the world that have lived and died for us. We should rejoice whenever a toil-worn mother of the mills, gives birth to a child; for that child, like Jesus Christ, will live and die for us. We should be glad whenever the groans of a working class mother in travail comes up in the dirty tenements; for her child will live and die for us, just as its mother is living and dying for you and I. We should feast whenever an infant sees the light of the world in a gloomy slum; for that child, like Jesus, will walk always in darkness and in woe for you and I.

If we must worship those who suffer for us, then the City of Dunstan is holier than Jerusalem. Jerusalem had but one bleeding heart; Dunstan has forty thousand. There is more than one bright star over Dunstan tonight; there are thousands of stars above the mills and the hovels; Dunstan is holier than Bethlehem; Bethlehem had but one poor child, born to the crucified; Dunstan has many.

Years ago the rich believed that the scum, like other beasts of burden, had no souls. Many have given up that idea, having found the scum praying to the God that they, the rich, believed in. But J. P. Dunstan still clings to the belief that the scum are soulless beings, like his horses and his dogs. Indeed, the city of Dunstan, in the hands of this steel-hearted man, is a great kennel. John Dunstan is a representative citizen; he steals not only pennies from little children, but plucks the very heart out of them.

"He lives like a pimp—off the earnin' o' wimen," Joe Callahan, the weaver, used to say. "He's not a man; he's a wolf."

They killed Joe's wife, you know. Mary Callahan was lost in the strike two years ago. Annie Pelazzo was shot, too, along with Pedro Luzzi and two children. "Lost" is a good word. It is not as cruel as—the other word. The other makes me sick. Joe Callahan never used it. Even when he was crazy drunk—which was often, after the funeral—he used to say: "They took her." He would cry: "They took her away from me, they did, the terrible hounds. (hounds) May th' black black curse o' God light down on them!"

Joe was a Belfast weaver, and had that thick north of Ireland brogue, which is so like the Scotch.

Let's go back one year. The mills where the people worked were ugly with dust and grease and sweat. In daylight, they looked like big barracks; at night they loomed up like fortresses. The offices were spotless, white and fresh. If you ever succeeded in getting inside, your feet will sink into the thick carpet, just as they would have done a year ago; and, as a year ago, you will see Dunstan and the other officials sitting in big leathern chairs, surrounded by brilliant mahogany, desks, chairs, sideboards and so forth. If you have the dirt of the mills on you, my advice to you is this: never put your head inside of Dunstan's offices. You know the threats and curses that the workers have hurled at him. You know why he fears to walk through his own mills while the people are in them. He's afraid of the toilers today, just as he feared them a year ago. And if one dared to cross the threshold of his offices, his lackies would

pounce upon that venturesome one; if they did not kill him outright, they would beat him to within an inch of his life.

Harold, six years old, was Dunstan's only child, and the apple of his eye. In the afternoon he used to plead lispingly with his father on the 'phone for permission to come to the offices. He was a sweet child. Dunstan seldom refused his slightest wish. They would bring him in from Dunstan Villa in a big blue touring car, and let him play about the offices. In the offices, all the clerks and slunkies stood on their heads for the heir of Dunstan mills. He turned everything upside down, and scattered books and papers galley-west. But his most exasperating antic was a side-splitting joke to the people of the offices. I am speaking only of the offices in the "executive building"; there were other office buildings; I am speaking of Dunstan's lair. The child was burning with curiosity. In other words, he was still human. His father's conception of the people was not Harold's; he was but an unthinking child; only grown-up, thinking men can apply the word "scum" to a human being, and look upon the workers as beasts of burden. The world lay before the child, full of interest. He wanted to go out and investigate. He saw nothing wrong in the people. True, he had seen them only at long range; but they walked as he did, on two legs; they had ears and eyes and teeth the same as his father's. To Harold, the people were human beings, boys and girls, men and ladies. He did not know that there were many strange languages among them, nor that they came from countries over the sea. He did not know that these two facts, made them objects of scorn and malice to sovereign Americans. How could a child know that? He has to be taught these things by grown-up people. He has to be told that the scum of Europe are not related to Our Father, Who art in heaven. Terrible would it be if our children had to stand upon common ground with the scum of Europe, even before our Almighty God. The child did not know that the town upon which he looked was quivering and grumbling and snarling under his father's lash.

But Dunstan knew that. He knew that the people hated him and loathed all that was dear to him. The God of the churches had cried out in vain for nineteen hundred years that men should not demand an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. He knew that the peals of the Christmas bells, crying peace and goodwill in the name of Christ, had often been drowned by the people's cry for bread, mingled with the tramping of the master's soldiers and the crashing of the master's guns. Deep in his black heart, Dunstan knew what he was doing to other men's children. And he knew that the millenium-old call from the Mount that men turn the other cheek and make bare the breast to the offender has not been heeded through the ages. As wolves fight and hate those who would destroy their whelps, so men and women have fought the ravager and hated him since first Christ called for peace on earth; aye, long before that did men and women fight and hate the plunderer; far back in the ages, when the light of the world was young and dim and the earth was but a ripening thing, far back in the ages when man was a shaggy being, when

(Continued on page 4.)

**A CONTRAST.**

On Friday, December 13, I received two four-page papers, each purporting to represent the workers in the class struggle.

On page 1 of the first paper the slogan is: Dobs' message to the capitalist courts: I am going to tell them to go straight to hell. On page 1 of the second paper: Direct action is Labor's weapon. Direct action will get the goods. The bold-face throughout this article are mine.

Articles on the first page of No. 1: Why The Appeal to Reason is attacked, and Why We Must Fight, covers nearly one-half page. The Capitalist Press on the Indictment—some papers very fair, others extremely vicious. This article covers the remainder of the page with quotations from the capitalist newspapers. Page 1 of the second paper contains the following reports from the fighters on the field of labor: Men Strike on Oregon Road. Southern Organizers Released until Trial. Merryville Lumber Workers Stand Firm. Free! By the Mighty Power of United Labor. South needs Organization. Textile Organizers Again Indicted. South Porcupine Miners Strike.

Further detailed comparison is superfluous. It is sufficient to say that the three remaining pages of the first paper, The Appeal to Reason, deals with the unfair reports of elections given by the capitalist press (any working class baby would take this for granted); letters from subscribers who send money and sympathy to the editors (one full page); Debs and Warren meet (one-third column); reports from congress, Mr. Wilson and the Pope; a column of "ifs," telling what you would get if Socialism were in operation; Girard, Kansas, storm center (one column). I forgot the advertisements. Among these are two on How to Learn Law at Home (compare with their slogan, How Reasonable!); A Christmas Suggestion, Buy The Call of the Carpenter (another Christ myth manufactured). Others are employment baits such as, Agents, \$23 a week, \$1500 a year; \$4 a day.

The second paper, The Industrial Worker, has no advertisements. The material in the remaining three pages of it may be classed under three heads: (1) The actual conditions of labor in the world today: (a) Does a Panic Impend? (b) International Bulletin of the Syndicalist Movement; (c) Report of the death of two workers due to accidents. (2) Satire and condemnation for false theories and false leaders of the workers: (a) Parrots and Politicians; (b) San Francisco Labor Council (False leaders and theory of organization); (c) Uncle Sam's Gum Shoe Brigade; (d) Mr. Block (a cartoon ridiculing the dunce who talks instead of acts to get his rights). (3) Reports of fighting for better conditions, encouragement and help for the fighters, and plans of new campaigns of unified direct action: (a) Telephone girls' walkout and victory; (b) Wake up, Lumber Workers; (c) Lima rebels need encouragement; (d) Detroit Workers aid strikers; (e) Alaska salmon packers (plan for better conditions).

Summing up, The Appeal to Reason (1) asks for money and encouragement for the editors of the paper and votes for politicians; (2) glorifies the leaders of the voters (what per cent of Workers vote?) (3) Gives no word of information about actual conditions of Workers, nor of their struggles to better the same, (postponed until we political Socialists are elected to office).

The Industrial Worker: (1) Asks for encouragement and money for the Workers who are striking for better conditions right now; (2) a Glorifies the strength of the United Workers, which has protected its honest leaders; (b) Scourges the false leaders who fleece the people; (3) Furnishes the Workers news of the worldwide labor war.

Workers, which do you choose: Political sham-action for you tomorrow, or industrial war by you today!

(Signed) G. I. T.

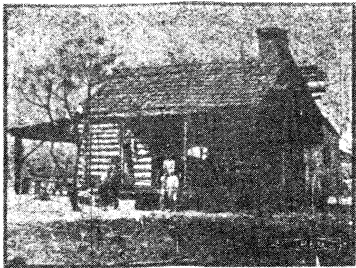
**ENCOURAGEMENT.**

In the Civil War the Southern soldiers slowly came to realize that they were fighting not for their homes and their rights, but for human slavery. This was one great cause of their defeat. Cheer up! The enemies of the Workers today and their ignorant helpers are slowly learning that they are fighting for industrial slavery, prostitution, race degeneration and crime. Cheer up! Right makes might!

J. J.







**Lumberjack's Shack in Louisiana**









WHERE IS THE WESTERN MONTANA LUMBERMEN'S UNION? (Continued from page one.)

ent or other unions as would accept and agree to the principles defined in the constitution. It was a political and economic organization and was organized primarily for the purpose of securing better conditions for the workers in the state by united political action. It was sustained by a per capita tax of 2 cents per member per month.

With internal dissension sapping the life from the I. W. W., it was an easy matter to induce the lumberworkers to withdraw from the I. W. W. and form an independent union with affiliation with the Montana State Union. It was the W. F. M. officials from the Butte Miners' Union as well as a general executive board member of the W. F. M. who waxed warm in their praise of the Montana State Union when pointing out to the Montana lumberworkers the great benefit to be derived from affiliation with the state union and how the miners in Butte would stick by them should they have trouble with Amalgamated Copper Co. logging companies which were supplying the mines in Butte with timber. One W. F. M. official, when driving his knife into the I. W. W., while addressing the lumberjacks, stated that charity begins at home and not in New York or Chicago.

The Western Montana lumberworkers fell for this state union dope and as their interests were directly wrapped up with the miners of Butte who were handling the timber in the mines, they really believed that in case of a strike against the A. C. C. camps, the miners would go out with them or at least refuse to handle scab made timbers. Such were the promises made to them, but in the spring of 1908 their dreams were knocked into a cocked hat. When the men were being hounded from pillar to post by Copper Co. officials, A. F. L. organizers and gunmen, committee after committee of the lumberjacks went to Butte and appealed to the miners to refuse to handle the scab made lumber and timber. After all the appeals and pleadings, the vote in the Butte miners union to refuse to handle the scab timber stood 5 to 1 to continue to handle it. Let it be said here in the interest of the One Big Union, the I. W. W., that the one out of every five in the Butte miners who voted to refuse to handle the scab A. F. L. timber were I. W. W. adherents. The rest were true to the craft union spirit which means every craft for itself and to hell with the rest. When President Joe Shannon of the Montana State Union of the W. F. M. saw how the labor fakirs and company suckers in Butte had succeeded in controlling Butte No. 1 in the interest of the Amalgamated Copper Co., he at once asked for credentials from Secretary St. John to act as an organizer for the lumber workers and although he worked hard and faithfully trying to pull the men together again in the I. W. W., the dirty work had been done, the men were discouraged and disheartened and the best of the old fighters were driven from the state in search of a master.

What There Is Left.

Today there is little left of the old fighting lumberjacks' union. A few are still around Missoula holding down No. 40, but the great majority have left the state or have taken up homesteads.

The International Brotherhood of Woodsmen and Sawmill Workers (save the mark) after having accomplished the work of destroying a bona-fide union, soon died a natural death. When it could no longer nurse at the pap of capitalism it died and left nothing but a stench in the nostrils of real union men.

Wherever an old I. W. W. lumberjack can be found today he will be found to have nothing but bitterness in his heart for the scab A. F. L. union and the fakirs in Butte who succeeded in keeping from them the moral support of the miners.

No Strike Is Lost.

It has been said that no strike was ever lost and that we profit by our mistakes. So far this had not proven to be any golden rule with the lumberjacks of Western Montana. Grafted on by Sherman, deceived by officers of the W. F. M., and scabbed on by the A. F. L., the old warhorse of the Western Montana Lumbermen's Union has been given so many doses of labor fakirism and treachery that it will take time for him to forget it all and profit by the lost strike of 1908. Now that the National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers is organized, it may be that the old Montana fighters will

come back into the fold and again help to wrest more victories from the boss.

The lumbering industry is one of the greatest in America. It has made more tramps and millionaires than any other industry in the world. The men who are engaged in the hazardous task of felling the giants of the forest and the men who prepare the lumber ready for the building should be masters of themselves, free from the robbing employment sharks and free from the grafting parasites who fatten from their hard toil. Let us really profit by our mistakes of the past and organize in the One Big Union so that we may forge ahead to victory and Freedom. Nothing can help us but organization and that organization should be the union of all workers so that solidarity of action can be attained. The I. W. W. is the only organization in America which is really forging ahead and causing the parasite to have hideous nightmares of the time when they will have to do their share of the work of the world and crawl from the backs of labor.

On with the One Big Union.

To every lumberjack of the old fighting union we invite you back under the folds of the I. W. W. to again help us in the great battle for human rights. Let us really profit by our mistakes.

SENDING THEIR CHILDREN AWAY

(Continued from page 1)

posal to send the children away, has given the strikers new life and they were more confident today than for two weeks past.

Guido Mazarella, the Lynn agitator who was arrested two days ago for walking the streets "without a permit," has been prevailed upon to stay here until his trial on Wednesday next, though he was compelled to cancel his speaking dates in Massachusetts. The police were uncertain for several hours after his arrest as to what charge to make against him, but finally made it "boisterous and disorderly conduct" and "slapping an officer in the face." Every one knows what would have happened to Mazarella had he really slapped the face of an officer. Strikers have been beaten to a pulp, while in their cells, for much less.

Many parents have already selected the children who will go to Schenectady next week to be taken care of by the Socialists there, and it is believed that 25 or 30 will be ready to go by Tuesday or Wednesday to remain away until the strike is over.

Visitors who have come here to help the strikers have been surprised to find that it is practically impossible to obtain accommodations in the local boarding houses. Today the cat was let out of the bag when one landlady informed an applicant that her landlord had threatened to evict her if she permitted anyone connected with the strike to stay in her house. No hotel is now open to strike sympathizers except the Richmond, which is rather expensive for an extensive stay. The Metropolitan recently ordered out all persons having anything to do with the strike.

However, the hatred shown strikers and sympathizers is not quite as bitter as it was, because the merchants are now alarmed at the prospect of a wadless Christmas and some of them are now bitterly condemning the mill owners for refusing the trifling increase which the strikers ask. Philip Russell.

THE STRIKE AT MERRYVILLE, LA.

(Continued from page 1)

work." Some of the Burn's thugs are even wearing "Don't Scab" badges and are mingling with the workers expecting to ferret out some plot the workers are laying, when the only plotting the workers are doing is to find out a way to keep from starving to death. The Company has built a six foot wire fence around the colored workers quarters and is building an eight foot board fence around the sawmill and planer. While one half of the workers are picketing the job at Merryville the other half are organizing "Pal" John H. Kirby's peons and, if they are as successful for the next six weeks, as they have been in the past three weeks, we will be able and are going to close down the entire Kirby system by Feb. 1st, 1913. Kirby's peons say they are going to join the I. W. W. regardless of what Kirby thinks and does and they claim that they might as well starve to death striking as to starve and make profits for Kirby. They further claim that if their fellow workers in Louisiana can afford to organize and join the I. W. W. and have the

SCABS! ATTENTION BROTHERHOOD OF TIMBER WORKERS ON STRIKE AT MERRYVILLE, LA. TAKE WARNING! AMERICAN LUMBER CO. GOING CRAZY. EVERYBODY'S DOIN' IT! DOIN' WHAT? NAWTHIN'.

nerve to strike for better conditions, they can too. The rank and file of Local 218 are determined to win this strike if it takes till hell freezes over to win it and, if the Company does not grant their demands by the first of January, they are going to demand a twenty-five per cent increase of wages. There is only one thing that can prevent us from winning, and that is for the working class not to provide the necessary funds for us to live on. The Southern Lumber Operators Association started this fight and we are going to carry it on till we get a man's life in every mill in Dixie. So, fellow workers, if you provide the necessary funds to win this strike, we, all of us, will get one step nearer to the emancipation of the working class.

HEED THIS CALL

By William Mead.

Since the arrival of cold weather the labor conditions in Detroit have become worse each day.

A few of the largest automobile shops, such as the Packard and the Cadillac, are involved in a strike. However, the strike affects only a few of the skilled crafts, mostly painters and trimmers, affiliated with the A. F. of L. A strange feature of this strike is the apathetic attitude of the unskilled in the shops concerned, many being unaware that a strike is on. This is mainly due to the tactics of the A. F. of L.

Discontent is rampant throughout the shops, owing to miserable conditions. Most of the grumble is heard from the Ford plant, where the hours of labor were raised from 9 to 11 per day.

Trouble is brewing all over. The shop employes may strike at any time. The slaves seem about to change their minds on the question of unionism. Many know that only by organizing can they gain better conditions, but they are not yet familiar with the union that welcomes all workers into its ranks, regardless of craft, tongue, color or nationality. The craft union idea has failed to attract them. They will gladly join a union that will not betray them in their struggles with the master class.

All the I. W. W. militants must get into action at once. Each of our fellow workers here is keeping to his post and we are straining all our efforts towards lining up the workers in all shops for the One Big Union. But we need more job agitators.

Get busy, you rebels in the I. W. W., if you want to see the Industrial Workers of the World gain a foothold in the automobile industry. Come to Detroit. Join the men on the firing line. Agitate on the job.

The time is rotten ripe for organization and our message will not fall on deaf ears.

Let us start today to build the structure of the new society by putting up a vigorous organization campaign for the automobile workers' industrial union to not only improve our every day conditions, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown.

A GOOD MEETING

Wm. D. Haywood addressed a large audience in Rochester, N. Y., on November 24. Local 76 managed the affair. The collection of \$114.65 was forwarded to the strikers at Little Falls. Strong resolutions were drawn up against the thieving textile mill owners and were unanimously passed.

TOO LATE!

Several good lumber worker articles arrived too late for insertion in this issue. They will appear in our next two issues. Don't fail to read them.

ORGANIZE A LABOR TRUST.

(By a Rebel Lumberjack.)

You loggers who work in the mud and the rain; who clear away the forests and make it possible to build great cities; who have to sleep in dirty bunk houses and eat cheap food; you sawmill slaves who work long hours and get small wages: Don't you think it is time to organize against the powerful Lumber Trust, the bosses' organization, into One Big Union that is a Labor Trust!

Let us organize our might and do away with the hospital graft, the employment sharks, the starvation wages and the long hours.

Twenty-eight thousand members of the Brotherhood of Timber Workers have joined the National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers of the I. W. W. For the first time in the history of the American labor movement we have a lumber workers' union, national in scope. At last the dawn of Industrial Freedom for the lumber workers is near.

Once organized into the One Big Union we can, at our pleasure, lay down our tools and let them rust; let the ships lie idle, and silence the mills. What a terrible power we have. At our sweet will we can paralyze the great lumber industry, the basic industry of the Pacific Coast and the Southern states.

The State Labor Commissioner of the State of Oregon, in his last report, claims that the logging industry is the most hazardous occupation. Almost every day a logger is killed or some sawmill worker is crippled. Organize to change this.

A general strike in the lumber industry would stimulate the lumber market. With the prices rising, and the camps and mills shut down, the timber thieves and lumber barons would soon desire a settlement.

Fellow loggers and lumber workers, join with us today! Don't put it off. Become a camp delegate, organize the camp, or mill, where you work. By joining the One Big Union you help yourself. Educate yourself. Help us free ourselves from the capitalist system.

Let the workers, through their union, own and control the industries!

CASTE SYSTEM CAUSES DISSENSION

By Malcolm C. McLean.

Like gentle Jesus, meek and mild, the loggers of British Columbia are master-hands to turn the other cheek. To see them in their warpaint, with their hats cocked rakishly over one eye, strutting around barrooms like stud cats, striving to strike awe into their inferiors, the skidroad men, one would think that they are king salmon among the minnows. But it is all a big bluff. They have no more backbone than an anglerworm. If they have, why do they work eleven hours a day? Why do they eat rotten butter and germ-laden prunes? Why do they sleep in overcrowded bunk houses? And when their wages are cut and the price of board is raised, why do they submit without a word of protest or any attempt at organization?

The great trouble with them is the caste system; the Old Creams, who form the highest caste, are strictly opposed to a union of any description; then comes the head fellers, head skidders, head swampers, head buckers, head barkers, head snipers, head pig men, and the lower castes following.

A chunk bucker or a dog-up man may consent to join the same union as the skidroad men. But head fellers, or any self-respecting members of the higher castes, will not make common cause with the despised low caste skidroad men; chiefly because the skidroad men work for sox and overalls, while they work for sox, overalls and tobacco. They seem to be satisfied as long as someone gets a few cents a day less than they do.

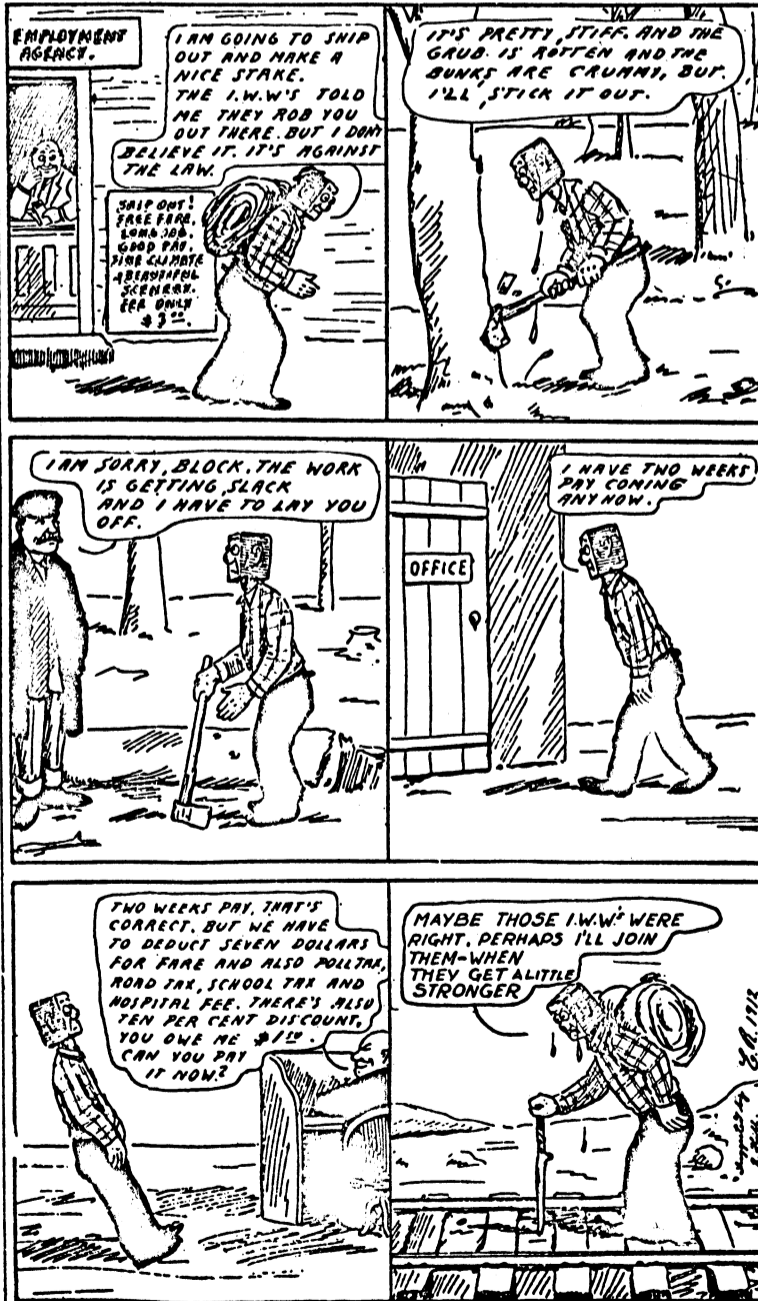
Foremen and hooktenders are in a class by themselves, and, let me whisper in your lug, suckers to the core. They have to be to hold their jobs. Some of them even have their mustaches shaved off.

Such is the state of things at present. But as "coming events cast their shadows before," one can see that the day is not far distant when the loggers of British Columbia will lay aside their servility and snobbishness and get up on their hind legs to demand their rights like men. Even the Old Creams may be pressed into service.

Many a man would read the "INDUSTRIAL WORKER" while waiting to be shaved. Subscribe for the barber shop today.

Send a dime for an I. W. W. Song Book. It contains 42 songs designed to fan the flames of discontent.

Mr. Block He Works in the Woods



Continued Next Week