



VOLUME FOUR. No. 12 WHOLE No. 168 NEW CASTLE, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1913. SIX MONTHS, 50 CENTS. \$1.00 PER YEAR

VIOLENCE IN AKRON

Sheriff Says to Deputies "Wade in and Get Busy If You Want to Hold Your Jobs" One Striker Dying

(Special to Solidarity.)
Akron, O., March 8.
One striker is dying in the hospital and eight others are in jail, as a result of two riots which took place here Friday evening and Saturday noon, when a squad of police and deputies charged peaceful picket lines at the Goodrich plant. A girl striker was struck in the face. A man carrying the American flag was knocked down and the flag was trampled in the

clubs and blackbats as he lay senseless. A man who protested against this was arrested and thrown in the patrol wagon. The man who was beaten was taken to the police station and detained for more than an hour without medical attention. He was then taken to the city hospital, but has not yet recovered consciousness. HE WILL DIE.
When the riot was at its height scabs began pouring from the gates. The in-

THE PATERSON STRIKE

I had intended at the beginning of the Paterson silk strike to write a daily bulletin of the situation, but unfortunately for my good intentions and plans the chief of police, Binson, by name, put the writer, Carlo Tresca, and Miss Flynn in jail on the charge of "inciting to riot." As I was in the county prison for four days, and all the while the strike was growing, and has since it was released continued to grow like wildfire, I am unable to catch up with the fight.
To put it briefly, the strike was not general until Tuesday, Feb. 25, and up to that time the fight was limited to one factory, the Doherty mill. The cause of the dispute being Doherty's attempt to introduce the three and four loom system in-

TO THE STEEL WORKERS

I. W. W. Calls Upon You to Organize Your Might Through One Big Union of the Industry

Division and poor methods of organization and action have been undoing in the past in the iron, steel, metal and machinery industry. The Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tinplate Workers went down to defeat and ruin because:
First—They permitted themselves to be broken up to detail. The trust would look out one mill, keep the others running and producing steel until they had crushed

and around the iron, steel, metal and machinery industry must be organized into ONE BIG UNION.
Every man, woman and child who is highly skilled in the pick and shovel men are necessary in making iron and steel and their products as well as all other commodities. Our employers have organized our labor power and direct it in producing steel for themselves and under conditions, hours of labor and wages they dictate. All because they

Where Carnegie's Slaves Made His Millions.



Bird's Eye View of The Homestead Mills.

Photo by Dawson.

and. The lines were thrown into confusion and the pickets were driven right and left by the police with clubs and blackbats. Three weeks of absolute peacefulness on the part of the strikers has been met with the most brutal and unprovoked violence from the other class.
The trouble started Friday evening, when 2,000 pickets marched past the plant of the Goodrich Rubber Co. Led by M. A. Durno, I. W. W. organizer, and Fred Miles, carrying a big American flag, the crowd marched in double file past the gates of the factory on the west side of the street and back on the other in endless chains, calling to those inside to come out and join them. As the white blow for the 1:30 shift to come off the police ordered the leaders to keep on one side of the street opposite the factory gate. This is a violation of the city ordinance, and the police were reminded of this fact. They replied by placing Durno under arrest and drawing their clubs. Then the crowd began to push, and those in front were forced ahead. Sheriff Ferguson rushed up with drawn blackbat, shouting to his deputies: "Wade in and get busy if you want to hold your jobs." Clubs and blackbats rained down upon the heads of the defenseless pickets. They were scattered in all directions. The lines formed by the police and deputies were broken by the crowd.
Beats were inflicted and many of the men were knocked down. One man was felled with a blow from a club and four slugs stood over him, taking turns with

furiated strikers were forced upon the sidewalks among them and a free-for-all fight ensued.
Another riot occurred at the same place Saturday noon. The same brutality was used by the police and deputies and eight arrests were made. Fines of \$50 and costs were imposed by Judge Vaughn in a special night session of police-court. Every strike in town is subsidized by the rubber trust, and postmortem until an outside lawyer could be secured was denied Judge Vaughn's law firm is employed by the rubber companies, and he is also said to hold stock in them.
Governor Cox sent a letter to the mayor the first week of the strike, instructing him not to interfere with the right of free speech and assembly. It is not known what action he will take now.
A monster parade of protest was held by the strikers Saturday afternoon. Reindeer bands was packed to the doors at mass meetings Saturday and Sunday. Addresses were made by I. W. W. organizers. The strikers voted to continue picketing with renewed determination Monday morning. The coacchs announce that it will not be permitted.
All efforts to break the strike have failed, and the brutality of the police has driven them more solidly together. FUNDS ARE NEEDED TO CARRY ON THE WORK OF RELIEF WHICH IS BECOMING A SERIOUS PROBLEM. ALL FUNDS SHOULD BE SENT TO J. W. BOYD, TREAS., BOX 244, AKRON, OHIO.

in the hills the rubber barons are building mansions, such as kings and queens were never allowed to live in. And they are building these mansions not out of rubber, but out of the blood and sinew of you men and women. They are building these mansions at the expense of your children. Every pound of rubber that is manufactured in these factories is soaked in blood from the time that it is gathered in the forests of Congo and Peru until the finished tires run over the innocent child in the street. Blood from the beginning to the very end. Workingmen, do you realize that in the process of getting rubber slaves have been gotten together and a talk imposed upon them. They must bring to the warehouse a certain amount of rubber every day, and in the event of their failure to bring this amount they punish these men and women who work in the rubber forests. They do not imprison them; they do not impose a fine, but the rubber barons, through their agents, direct the tools to cut off the hands of the children of the rubber children. They cut the feet off the children, making them permanent cripples, because they do not gather enough rubber. They do not punish the unpunishable King Leopold, nor

the locked out ones, and then open up with a non-union crew. This process was repeated again and again, and by most of the independents.
Second—The Amalgamated did not try to organize all the employes in the steel mills, only the skilled men, and in some cases the piece workers alone. The electricians and cranesmen, the stationary engineers and firemen, the railroad men and the various groups of common laborers were not taken in. As a consequence, these remained in and scabbed, often with union cards in their pockets. The common laborers if they came out were more often used as catspaws and soon refused to strike at all. Out of all this lack of organization and mutual scabbery came the wreck of the Amalgamated.
Follow workers, we must not repeat the mistakes of the past. Craft division and scabbery are out of the question any more. We must not divide ourselves up into a dozen or more, different craft unions, sign up separate contracts for each union that bind each to remain and scab while one of them is on strike, thus repeating the mistakes of the Amalgamated.
Follow workers, if we want to establish unionism on a firm foundation we must start from the bottom and seek the welfare of every worker unskilled as well as skilled in one organization; unite and stand together for our common interest. To be successful we are not to organize as rollers or roughers, lappers or catchers, furnace men, cranesmen, electricians, stationary engineers or firemen or the various railroad crafts. No, we do not want such craft division and scabbery, but every worker in

are organized to do that very thing, and we are not organized.
Follow workers, the time is ripe for the organization of the more than 300,000 metal and machinery workers into ONE BIG UNION of that industry. Yes, organized along the same lines as all industries, as we are doing, we will become the masters of industry.
What do we want?
Our immediate demands are:
AN EIGHT HOUR DAY so as to reduce the army of unemployed, thus lessening the competition on the labor market. This will enable us to increase our wages and in general better our conditions.
The present scale of wages is absolutely too small to get even the poorest kind of a living for the great mass of the steel workers.
As an organization we are going to enforce as soon as possible THREE DOLLARS PER DAY for eight hours as the smallest wage, time and a half for overtime and double time for Sundays and holidays. Abolition of the present system of hiring men, as it is a virtual blacklisting system, and substituting a system of hiring men through the union. A weekly pay day.
Do these things look good to you, fellow workers of the metal and machinery industry? If so, take out a card in the Steel Workers' Industrial Union of the Industrial Workers of the World.
Agitate! Educate!
Organize ourselves to be the masters of the metal and machinery industry, not the slaves of the few owners, as today.
Follow workers, organize into ONE BIG UNION and the world is ours.

HAYWOOD TO THE RUBBER STRIKERS

The Akron "Times" reported a recent speech of William D. Haywood's to the striking rubber workers of that city. Haywood said in part:

I hardly knew whether or not to stop off in Akron. I had read in the papers that there were only about 300 workers on strike in this city. Judging by the size of the masses crowd there is a strike on in Akron, and it is a strike of determined men and women, who have made up their minds to get better conditions for themselves, not next year, but today. This is the thing that you have announced to your bosses, and to the probe committee, to the state of Ohio, and the nation. You want an eight-hour day. Eight hours is long enough to work at any kind of work, and much too long to work in these hell holes of rubber factories. An eight hour day is the chief object of the strike. You are demanding better pay. Yes. Why? Because you cannot live decently on the wages you are now receiving. Out here

in the hills the rubber barons are building mansions, such as kings and queens were never allowed to live in. And they are building these mansions not out of rubber, but out of the blood and sinew of you men and women. They are building these mansions at the expense of your children. Every pound of rubber that is manufactured in these factories is soaked in blood from the time that it is gathered in the forests of Congo and Peru until the finished tires run over the innocent child in the street. Blood from the beginning to the very end. Workingmen, do you realize that in the process of getting rubber slaves have been gotten together and a talk imposed upon them. They must bring to the warehouse a certain amount of rubber every day, and in the event of their failure to bring this amount they punish these men and women who work in the rubber forests. They do not imprison them; they do not impose a fine, but the rubber barons, through their agents, direct the tools to cut off the hands of the children of the rubber children. They cut the feet off the children, making them permanent cripples, because they do not gather enough rubber. They do not punish the unpunishable King Leopold, nor

in the hills the rubber barons are building mansions, such as kings and queens were never allowed to live in. And they are building these mansions not out of rubber, but out of the blood and sinew of you men and women. They are building these mansions at the expense of your children. Every pound of rubber that is manufactured in these factories is soaked in blood from the time that it is gathered in the forests of Congo and Peru until the finished tires run over the innocent child in the street. Blood from the beginning to the very end. Workingmen, do you realize that in the process of getting rubber slaves have been gotten together and a talk imposed upon them. They must bring to the warehouse a certain amount of rubber every day, and in the event of their failure to bring this amount they punish these men and women who work in the rubber forests. They do not imprison them; they do not impose a fine, but the rubber barons, through their agents, direct the tools to cut off the hands of the children of the rubber children. They cut the feet off the children, making them permanent cripples, because they do not gather enough rubber. They do not punish the unpunishable King Leopold, nor

to behold, the police surrounded the halls, read the riot act within, drove right and left, made much sound and fury, got patted on the backs, etc., landed to the sides, but the strike continued to grow. So they crawled like skunks into their holes and said: "What's the use?"
P. L. QUINLAN.

SOLIDARITY STIRS PRINTERS

The article, "The Newspaper Industry Striked" in Solidarity of March 1, has created a stir among newspaper printers. One hundred copies were distributed in the newspaper plants. As one worker put it, the article was like a bee on a bald head, in the lively discussion it created.
The situation in the Jewish newspaper writers' strike is practically the same. The mechanical department, by a vote of 79 to 12, decided to strike in sympathy with them. But, as this vote is subject to executive sanction, an extension of the strike is not likely to occur. The vote is regarded as a pretense at industrial solidarity, polled to disarm criticism and to meet fraternal organizations. The fact is that the Jewish writers are now seeking to end the

strike. Negotiations are afoot for their return to their old positions. The bosses seek to discriminate; but the men are standing out to a man, as they have been for over eight weeks. They have shown a wonderful solidarity, only to be beaten in the end, for they gain nothing if they win this latest point.
Another article may soon be ready for Solidarity. Data is accumulating and interest is awakened.

J. J. ETOR'S SPEAKING DATES

- March 16—San Francisco, Calif.
 - March 17—Alameda, Calif.
 - March 18—Oakland, Calif.
 - March 19—San Francisco, Calif.
 - March 20-21—Stockton, Calif.
 - March 22—Coalinga, Calif.
 - March 23—San Pedro, Calif.
 - March 26, 27, 28—Los Angeles, Calif.
 - March 29—San Diego, Calif.
 - April 1—Phoenix, Ariz.
 - April 2—Miami, Ariz.
 - April 6—Bisbee, Ariz.
- Agitate for the real thing.

THE PACE THAT KILLS

By H. A. Coff.

After 40 years practical experience as an iron and steel worker, I regard the pace and speeding up process of the present as the most heart-breaking factor in the workers' lives. To effect a full and detailed history of the speeding up processes of the last 40 years would require too much space in this special edition of Solidarity.

But the significance of this pernicious practice can hardly be over estimated. For that reason, we earnestly advise all of the working class to be particularly careful to take careful note of the speeding up processes and practices. Doing this, they will quickly discover that a world of abuses and misery falling to the lot of the workers are directly chargeable to the killing pace, not alone in iron and steel works, but also in all manner of production, agriculture included.

As a matter of course, the practice of speeding up finds its main cause and inspiration in the insatiable desire of the capitalist for exorbitant profits. But that inspiration cannot be gone into in this article. We simply state the obvious fact.

Where the Workers Suffered

The iron and steel workers have been in the past, and are at present, largely to blame themselves for the present killing pace in the iron and steel industry. They have always labored under the insane delusion that a reduction in wages or tonnage rates could always be recouped by a greater output; ignorant of the historical fact that, the more the workers do, the less they get for doing it.

It will not answer to assert that improved machinery, and more advanced scientific processes, have so multiplied iron and steel production. That is part of the truth, but not all of it. Going back to 1868, we find wages (as measured by the standard) reached high mark. In 1868 the puddlers struck seven months for a tonnage (2,240 pounds) rate of 80. After the scale was signed at 80, B. S. Tompkins, the puddler, by telling them that they could just as easily have gotten \$15 per ton. Which illustrates the same ignorance of the "labor market" that prevents workers to this day among the workers themselves.

The scale of 1869 measured the high mark of "war prices" as far as tonnage rates are concerned; and from the expiration of that scale, tonnage rates have gone over lower and lower, and the end is not yet.

"It is doubtful if all the devices yet invented have lightened the laborer's toil of a single individual."—John Stuart Mill. The discovery of the Bessemer and open hearth processes of steel making opened the way to enormous advances in mechanical processes. And machines are not only being constantly invented and improved, but are invariably speeded up. Similarly, processes are simplified and perfected to the limit, as, for example, the endless hot metal process. All of which has resulted in an enormously increasing tonnage output, and an ever decreasing tonnage wage rate.

The Amiable Craft Unions

For a short time the unions made a feeble bluff at restricting output; but their infantile judgment was in favor of doing more and more work. The same being pie for the boss—pie of several kinds.

However, the climax of assiduity came when the union "heroes" of Homestead and Braddock asked for the 12-hour shift instead of the 8-hour shift. As a matter of course they got what they asked for; and 12 hours soon became the rule all over the United States.

Thus it has come to pass, in degrees, that what with the cupidry of the bosses, and the stupidity of the workers and their reactionary craft unions, the life of the iron and steel worker has become a long, tedious grind. Long hours of arduous toil at a killing pace. All the improved machinery has not lightened the steel workers' labor a particle—but rather the reverse. And while iron and steel working has never been the employment for weaklings, yet, whereas, 40 years ago we worked to live, now we merely live to work.

Once a record output is made, it becomes the rule and paves the way for a still lower tonnage rate. This also, is history. Apparently the limit of human exertion is reached. Only the young and strongest can stand the pace—and only for a little while. Life and health are burned away—48 hours per day. It is a pace that kills.

A Devilish Canning

Very frequently we see a given number of workers doing a certain amount of producing within a certain department. The most skillful of these men will be on a tonnage rate, while others who may rub elbows with these, are on a time rate. As a matter of course, as matters are now in the steel industry, the tonnage men speed up and become practical drivers to the time workers. All of which creates the antagonism between the time and the bosses reap a corresponding benefit.

The I. W. W. and Its Mission

Outside of the program and policy of the I. W. W., there is absolutely no hope of better things for the iron and steel workers. And in no small degree, the iron and steel workers are coming to a recognition of this fact. In passing, I wish to state that in 1891,

the output of pig iron in the United States was a trifle over 17,000,000 tons. In 1906 the output of steel in the United States was over 88,000,000 tons. This much boasted increase in "business" has cost the workers a frightful price, leaving them utterly exhausted physically and mentally.

To overcome the present conditions in the steel industry is no small undertaking, no child's play. He who minimizes the task is exceedingly foolish. And yet, that is the work that he is called upon to do. As a matter of sheer self-preservation, the steel workers are organizing—in the face of enormous difficulties.

An Eight-Hour Shift

As a means of awakening and enlightenment, I strongly favor an 8-hour work shift. Could the steel workers once catch the idea, and without any palaver with the boss about it, cease work at the termination of eight hours, it would largely remove the enormous possibilities of ONE BIG UNION of iron and steel workers. And it is a matter of vast import that the slaves of the steel industry are organizing in the I. W. W.

FENISH CHIEF LONG

Last week Solidarity reproduced the substance of an affidavit by Thomas J. Cuddy, an Albany detective, with reference to the criminal conspiracy of the Little Falls mill owners and the authorities of that city, which they seek to cover up by railroading 14 innocent strikers to prison. Following is the substance of another affidavit, introduced as an "exhibit" in the case now on trial in Herkimer. It is by John T. Reed, an employe of the Humphrey Detective Agency, who was a special policeman during the Little Falls strike.

"Reed was employed by the Humphrey Agency, and he avers that he was employed at Little Falls and acted under instructions of Chief Long, and having been introduced to Sheriff Moon, although a resident of Little Falls, he wore a police uniform and carried a club and revolver, although he had no authority to do so. At one time at police headquarters, Chief Long said if the strikers paid the money he would see that their heads were broken; that Mayor Shaal had a yellow streak in him anyhow. He did not tell the officers to stop the parade. Defendant was on duty next morning at the plant of the Little Falls Manufacturing Co. The parade of strikers passed the plant, but they did not have any arms, but were not interfering with any one. Soon after, near corner of Ann and Mill streets, he heard a shot fired and ran there and saw Chief Long and other officers assaulting and beating the strikers over the heads with clubs. No attempt was made to arrest any one, but the police broke up the parade. They took toward the hall. He heard some one shout: 'There goes the man who shot Kinney.' He followed the man into the mill and arrested Morland. At that time, Chief Long came in and handcuffed Morland, and then struck him a terrific blow on the head, knocking him down, drawing blood and sending him to the hospital. At that time, Reed had seen no acts of violence by any of the strikers, either revolver, knife or club. Long went into the street and soon returned, bringing with him in his hands a boy and a putting handcuffs on him, Long and other officers assaulted the boy with blackjacks and kicked him. Long went out and brought in others who were being arrested. Chief Long told that Long asked some one to come into the mill to identify these people, and that they would not be injured. The beatings and clubbings were extreme, knocking them on the floor, causing blood to flow from their mouths and noses, making a great pool on the mill floor, and making the victims feel as if they were being beaten by the ones now in jail. They were taken in the patrol wagon to the police station, where Morland, still unconscious, had to be carried in. The other prisoners, after being taken in, were clubbed and knocked by the police. All the beatings were without cause or provocation or warning, and after they had been handcuffed. No weapons were found in the possession of the prisoners. The vilest and most abusive language was used toward the prisoners by Long and other officers, and the arrests of Reed, with 8 or 10 other officers, went to the Slavic hall on the south side. The door was locked, but James Moon broke it open, although he had no special warrant. There were people inside and on the wall there was no old muck of foreign make, rusty and showing no recent use. In a cupboard was found a bunch of keys by the side of a part of a loaf of bread and in the cupboard a small blackjack. All these were in plain sight. The officers abused and jostled the prisoners, and after they had been handcuffed, they were arrested, among them Bochin, who had done nothing. Chief Long would say: 'We want that man,' indicating a person, and Bochin was then without a mark.

After Oct. 30 defendant was directed by Chief Long to see it that there was no singing or parading by strikers, and by order of the present, to beat them up, break their heads and generally clean them up. "Deponent charges that when Guido Mazzarella was arrested Corliss said to deponent: 'I see you Mazzarella assault McGuire this morning, didn't you?' Defendant said he did not, and Collins re-

plied: 'Yes, you did.' "Deponent further says that Chief Long gave to him and to Officers Clifford, Barry and Smith, a type-written paper with instructions to learn it and to testify to that effect before the grand jury. He went before the grand jury, but testified to only to what he had seen and felt. He was instructed to learn it and to testify to that effect before the grand jury, and he was taken from the strikers, and he was asked to identify them. He identified only the three persons named by Sheriff Shaal. He saw in the pile, however, a club which he had made after he reached Little Falls, but which he discarded because it was cracked and left it in the police headquarters. He and another officer were told to testify that they had seen Bochin running down the street with a smoking revolver in his hands."

Reed further says that Chief Long told him in putting in the bill to the county clerk for witness fees, to say that he came from Albany, and he was paid mileage to that place. This was what he went to the grand jury. Learning that his action was illegal, he went to the clerk the next day, Dec. 11, and said that he had learned that he was entitled to mileage only from Little Falls.

Mr. Reed attached to his affidavit a copy of the paper claimed to have been given him by Chief Long, purporting to give in detail the names of vast numbers in the Herkimer jail, the evidence against them and what was proposed to be testified against them. It is headed: "This is the list of voters that fought the police officers at the Phoenix mill at the corner of South and Ann streets on the morning of October 30, 1912." It also tells what each of the accused did.

SPEEDING UP

The "Report of a Committee of Stockholders of the U. S. Steel Corporation," quoted elsewhere with reference to the 12 hour workday, makes the following observations as to "The Speeding of the Workmen's Lives":

"Our observation of labor conditions in the mills of the Steel Corporation does not lead us to believe that there is either desire or tendency on the part of foremen and superintendents to pursue such policies to a point that would mean harm or injury to the men under their charge."

Of course not. It is no part of the duty of foremen, superintendents or other slave drivers in the steel mills to consider "the men under their charge" at all. Like the cop on the pikeet line, the steel trust's foremen "has his orders to increase. They order say nothing about the treatment to be given the slaves; they consist of two words only: "Get dividends," accompanied by an implied threat: "Or lose your job as slave driver." And since dividends in the last analysis can be derived only from the surplus values created by the workers on the job, it follows that only by lowering the price of labor power (wages), intensifying the toil, or lengthening the workday, can dividends be increased. Reed says nothing about the treatment to be given the slaves; they consist of two words only: "Get dividends," accompanied by an implied threat: "Or lose your job as slave driver." And since dividends in the last analysis can be derived only from the surplus values created by the workers on the job, it follows that only by lowering the price of labor power (wages), intensifying the toil, or lengthening the workday, can dividends be increased.

Statistics of killed and injured in steel mills show a part of the appalling "harm and injury" in the industry of the steel trust. Making liberal allowance for their incompleteness, these figures of the annual death toll; of the thousands of maimed and crippled workers, do not begin to tell the story of worn-out or broken down bodies and stunted minds, as a direct and indirect result of the speeding up system in "the steel mills." "No harm intended?" Certainly not.

This bunch of stockholders, in the language quoted, once more furnish a tip to the steel slaves. "We don't mean to harm you; but we can't change our actions," they say in effect, "We are in business to get dividends, and we must get them; you slaves will have to look out for yourselves."

And the I. W. W. at once steps forward and advises the workers to take that tip. Don't wait for some one else to save you; save yourselves! ORGANIZE ON THE JOB TO "TRY AND BREAKERS ON THE SPREADING UP PROCESS! Get the stockholders' heads; consider yourselves and your own interests as workers; let the boss take care of himself. You cannot do this as an individual worker; as such you are practically powerless. But by uniting with your fellow workers in a UNION embracing all the slaves in the industry you can lessen the death toll, reduce the number of maimed and crippled workers, keep your bodies from breaking down or wearing out in youth, and acquire means and leisure to develop your minds. Of

I. W. W. PUBLISHING BUREAU
Complete list of Publications in Stock
'THE FARM LABORER AND THE CITY WORKER' By Edward McDonald
'Why Strikes Are Lost; How to Win.' By W. E. Treatman.
'The I. W. W., Its History, Structure and Methods.' By Vincent S. John
'Patriotism and the Worker.' By Gustave Harvey.
'Eleven Blind Leaders.' By B. H. Williams.
'Is the I. W. W. Anti-Political?' By Justus Ebert.
'Political Parties and the I. W. W.' By Vincent S. John.
'Getting Recognition.' By A. M. Stirtan.
'Two Kinds of Unionism.' By Edward Hammond.
'Appeal to Wage Workers, Men and Women.' By E. S. Nelson.
'Union Seals and Others.' By Oscar Ameringer.
'War and the Workers.' By Walker C. Smith.

ADDRESS
I. W. W. PUBLISHING BUREAU,
Box 622 NEW CASTLE, PA.
Industrial Worker
Western Organ of the I. W. W.
Published Weekly, Thoroughly Revolutionary
Breathes the Workers Spirit
Subscription same as Solidarity
In Combination, Best From \$2.00 per Year
Address
INDUSTRIAL WORKER,
Box 2129, Spokane, Wash.

Send for some Three Months Sub Cards to Solidarity. Commission, 25c on the Dollar. Order literature as above advertised. Do it now!

course, in doing this, you will not 'intend to harm the boss', but he will feel the "injury" to his pocketbook just the same. But why should you care about the stockholders? They consider you a bunch of muffs anyway, and your present action fully justifies their opinion. Organize in the I. W. W., and show them that you intend to put a bolt in their averages, get more of the good things of life for yourselves, and eventually control the industry and all other industries for the workers alone. Then the parasites in Wall Street will be put where they CAN'T do you any harm—to work!

SOME COMBINATIONS
Readers of Solidarity should remember that the I. W. W. now has three papers in English, covering different sections of the country, and in order to keep thoroughly posted every live rebel should subscribe for all of them. They are: Industrial Worker, Spokane, Wash. Lumber Jack, Alexandria, La. Solidarity.

In combination with Solidarity, either of the other two papers may be obtained for \$1.50, or both for \$2.25. Subscription price of each paper is \$1. Send your combination bill in today.

Solidarity also has the same combination rate with "Il Proletario," an Italian organ in New York. Both papers, \$1.50 per year.

"Haywood—His Rise and Decline" is the editor leading a Minneapolis S. P. paper, stating how, after his release from Idaho, Haywood filled the largest hall in that city, while recently he spoke only to a faded audience. Just after having devoured this conclusive bit of news, we find the New York Call of March 10 saying, "Haywood speaks to monster meeting of 25,000 strikers and others in Paterson." Oh, me! Oh, my! And on the same platform with a number of prominent S. P. members!

Girl strikers from Akron were in Cleveland last week "tagging" strike sympathizers, and according to the Akron "Press" realized some \$400. The Cleveland papers announced that the police department would arrest the collectors "as common beggars" on the ground that "they didn't have the endorsement of the Cleveland 'Council of Commerce'; the Cleveland Army and other charitable insti-

I. W. W. PREAMBLE
The working class and the employe class have nothing in common. There can be no union, long as labor and want are found among the members of the working people and the employer who exploits the employe class, has all the good things of life.
We believe these two classes a struggle must be waged to the death, until the employe class has secured the right of self-determination, and the right of self-protection, and shall be free to organize, and shall be free to strike.
We find that the centering of the management of the industry into fewer and fewer hands, and the trade unionism unable to cope with the increasing power of the employer class, have caused a class war between a few of the employe class and the workers in the same industry, thereby holding back the progress of the working class.
We believe that the workers should be organized on the basis of the belief that the working class and the employe class have nothing in common.
The conditions can be changed and the labor of the working class cannot only by an organization that is more or less than the workers in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, can we work where we are not wanted, in any department thereof, thus making an effort to get an industry to itself.
We believe that the workers should be organized on the basis of the belief that the working class and the employe class have nothing in common.
The conditions can be changed and the labor of the working class cannot only by an organization that is more or less than the workers in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, can we work where we are not wanted, in any department thereof, thus making an effort to get an industry to itself.
We believe that the workers should be organized on the basis of the belief that the working class and the employe class have nothing in common.

tutions did." But up to date no arrears have been reported. Possibly the Chamber of Commerce, which apparently directs the Cleveland police departments, decided not to butt in. Collection boxes on the streets of Columbus realized \$118 last Saturday, according to reports from there. These methods should be tried elsewhere, and without delay.

The Akron "Times" is not a half-bad joker after all. Its sense of humor is so irrepressible that it does not always manifest itself in opposition to the strikers and the I. W. W. Witness the following, from the "Times" of March 5, which appears at the bottom of the front page in big letters clear across the sheet: "A good citizen named Steffe suggests to the 'Times' that these red invaders be fought with 'economic truth' and excellent suggestion, Mr. Steffe, and we second the motion—go right up to Reindeer Hall tonight and try some of your 'economic truth' on Haywood."

The Paterson silk workers' strike has developed into one of the most inspiring demonstrations in the history of industrial warfare in this country. Just as the industry is paralyzed in that city, and the revolt is spreading to other sections. A great open air demonstration was held at Haledon, nearby, which has a socialist flavor, and the crowd was estimated at \$5,000. At the great meeting, the strikers formed in line and marched through the streets of Paterson, in the presence of Chief Binson's former orders to prevent parades. The police did not interfere. Endless chains of thousands of pickets surrounded the silk mills every day, not to "intimidate" scabs, because there are none, but simply to keep the strikers busy and interested. The various shop branches have been thoroughly organized, according to the I. W. W. plan of local organization; and "the total absence of violence and damage on the strikers' part" has swung "public sentiment" heavily in the strikers' favor. It is generally reported to be the best organized strike the I. W. W. has so far conducted. Whatever its outcome, the Paterson strike cinches the I. W. W.'s ultimate control of the textile industry. Like the rubber strike at Akron, the Paterson strike is getting little advertising outside of the immediate locality.

The revolts of unskilled workers follow one another in rapid succession. They are assuming gigantic social possibilities through the I. W. W.

MY FRIEND, MR. BLOCK

I am a hobo, a scum-proletarian a man of the abyss. I am uneducated, primitive, brutal. I believe in direct action: have no respect for property, defy the law. I am all this, and many a thing more, which your heated imagination attributes to me.

And you—who are you, the staunch defender and upholder of the present system, the worshiper on the altar of law and property?

I recognize you now, my friend. You are Mr. Block. You are a skilled mechanic; a steady, conscientious workman. You receive high wages—I beg your pardon, you are a scoundrel, a thief—that's better. That sounds almost respectable.

You live in Fair Oaks, a suburb of Plandenburg. Every day you walk two miles, hang to a strap on a street car for two hours, but you own your home—a nice six-room stucco top box, with a lawn, back yard and chicken coop. You belong to the citizens' association; your wife—in the charity and mission sewing circle; your son—to the boyscouts, and your daughter—to a snobbish society.

You are a respectable, God-and-policeman-tearing citizen, and no wonder that you look down, with scorn and in-

side, you clammy hoboos. Make peace, Mr. Block is coming down into the abyss. And a mighty small bubble you'll make, Mr. Block—hundreds like you tumbling down every day.

Here we are, the people of the abyss, many millions strong. Millions below the line of poverty. Millions of submerged humanity. These are our children. Denied air, food, school, closed up in dingy tenements and foul shacks, chained to monster machines, they're born to a colorless, joyless life of misery and starvation. These are our wives and sisters, toiling, slaving at our side, in our stead. To them youth is a mockery and a stumpling block, motherhood a curse, prostitution a deliverance.

Here are two millions of us, beating the highways and byways of this richest country in the world, looking for a master. Look at our muscles—they tremble with the eagerness of creation. Look into our eyes—there lurks hunger and despair. Give us bread or give us death—this is our coming slogan. And there are millions of us who are cursed with a job. We fill the woolen, cotton and steel mills, the rubber and tobacco factories, we cement the mines, people the works, toil in the fields, working under the lash of want for a wage barely sufficient to keep life and

HAYWOOD TO THE RUBBER STRIKERS

(Continued From Page One)

dead, but no less a scoundrel, because he is dead, was one of the side passers of Ryan of New York who is directly interested with other kings here in Akron, O. And this condition prevails to a degree in the rubber factories. If you don't do as the rubber kings want to do, they deprive you of a living. They do not take of the hands of your child, but they do what is just as bad. They will take the food out of your child's stomach. You must be a slave and you must turn out the amount of work or you and your family are denied the right to eat. And to bring this thing about they do not have human butchers. They have soul butchers. They work in the shape of spies. The factories are honeycombed with spies.

You are slaves, wage slaves of the rubber trust, simply because you have not been organized. Individually they are able to put their brand on you. But from now on there is a different story to be told. You will say to the rubber masters:

"We are free men and women. You have always asserted that labor and capital should go hand in hand. We denied it and you have killed it, because we never went anywhere with capital, but what the capitalist had his talons sunk deep into labor's throat. Now, Mr. Rubber Baron, our day has come. The day you can no longer make rubber than you can tell the truth. You own the factories, we will admit that for argument's sake, but we own the muscle and the tool which turns the machine of industry. When we left your factories for a good and sufficient reason, every factory stopped running. There is nothing that can make them run until we go back and our hands to the wheel.

Now, fellow workers, this is not an American strike. This is not an Italian strike. This is a rubber strike and every one in the factories. This is what the I. W. W. means in the way of organization. Organize them all and bring them all together into the union. Why? Because I. W. W. you can lick all the bosses in Akron, if you stay together. The organization of them all is the machine that means eight hours of the machine that means better pay, the machine that put down the American woolen trust in Massachusetts. We had 27 nationalities there. Now if we can whip the rubber trust.

THE BIG REVOLT

(Special to Solidarity.)

PATERSON, N. J., March 8.

The end of the first week of the general strike in the rubber industry of Paterson was practically every broad silk and dyehouse in the city completely tied up, with the strike fever rapidly spreading to other industries in the city. At twelve half of seven broad silk mills have come out within the last 24 hours, and on Monday evening a mass meeting of the ribbon weavers, the aristocrats of the industry, decided unanimously to come out in support of the general strike. Two of the three jute mills in the city were struck Monday, and the piano workers have sent a committee to the organizers to declare a strike in their trade.

This almost unprecedented situation is largely the result of the resentment of the working class of Paterson against the high-handed and outrageous action of the police. On Tuesday morning, February 25, the first day of the general strike, Chief of Police John Binns made his bid for a place as the role of hero, headed by Marshal Sullivan, of Lawrence, and Chief Long, of Little Falls. His cohorts entered the strike headquarters at Turn Hall after the mass meeting and arrested Fellow Workers Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Carlo Trezza and Patrick Quinlan for the hitherto unheard-of crime of being "out-of-town agitators." Fellow Worker Sam Kaplan was handcuffed and taken to the railroad station, where he was put on an express train for New York and warned that if he returned to Paterson he would be arrested. When the three organizers who had been arrested were arraigned at police headquarters, the charge against them was left blank, and about three hours later was filed in the city court. They were remanded to the fifty county jail (built in 1857) under \$1,000 bail each, which was soon furnished, and they were released with a warning that if they spoke within the sacred limits of Paterson they would be re-arrested and held without bail. They all spoke within a few minutes of their release, and the police were several times a day, unmolested.

Thursday morning Wilson B. Killingbeck, the state secretary of the Socialist Party of New Jersey, who came to Paterson to aid the strikers, was taken off the platform in Turn Hall by detectives, and a riot was narrowly averted by Fellow Worker Trezza. Killingbeck was taken to the police headquarters where he was put through the "third degree" and later discharged, after defying the chief and informing him that he intended to keep right on speaking to the strikers. About 1,000 members, headed by Killingbeck, was arrested, I also had the pleasure of visiting the city lockup, where I spent part of the afternoon, and was later released also. The next day the

police raided the S. P. headquarters, and confiscated 10,000 copies of the "Passive Issue," the local socialist paper which had contained the truth about the police outrages, and arrested four strikers for distributing it. The same night, after a meeting of from 7,000 to 8,000 strikers in the auditorium, the largest hall in the city, Alexander Scott, editor of the "Issue," was also arrested, and released under \$2,000 bail, on a charge of "original libel." At this meeting, Irwin Tucker, of New York, and Helen Schlos, of Little Falls, came, addressed the striking silk workers. The chief of police seemed to have drawn in his horns, as no speakers or meetings have been interfered with since then.

On Sunday afternoon between 15,000 and 20,000 strikers and sympathizers repaired to Haledon, a small borough on the outskirts of Paterson, where they held a huge open air meeting, addressed by Socialist Mayor Breichmann, of Haledon, Fellow Workers Flynn, Trezza, Quinlan, Kaplan, Killingbeck, Scott and others.

At least 15,000 mill weavers and dyers are now out, and tomorrow the ribbon weavers will swell the total to 80,000. The trolley men have expressed their willingness to tie up the trolley system of Paterson, if we give the word, and altogether the situation is extremely bright.

The main demands are: The abolition of the three and four loom system, no discrimination and an eight-hour day and \$12 a week maintenance wage for the dyehouse workers. Some of the smaller dye houses have already offered to grant this demand to their men, but these shows have answered unanimously: "No one shall settle all ill settle; we came out together; we'll go back together."

Yours for One Big Union,
CHARLES ROBERT PLUNKETT.

A DIRTY GANG

(Telegram to Solidarity.)

Little Falls, N. Y., March 10.

We are up against a dirty gang. Delayed trial begins today. Judge on side of police. Plot to job strikers regardless of facts. Must have telegrams from all over to Governor Sulzer, demanding grand jury investigation of Little Falls authorities. BISCAY.

DENVER SPEECH FIGHT

(Special to Solidarity.)

Denver, Colo., March 8.

Excitement is running high in Denver. Street corners are being blocked daily in the free speech fight. We need more men. All you ideal rebels march on to this town and help us win this fight. Fellow workers here are giving up their liberty. We can put this town on the map in a hurry. Police are behind two months in their pay. Looks like Cripple Creek scene has been revived. But rebels do not fear jail. So, on to Denver, you rebels. Don't

A GROUP OF "YOUNG AMERICAN" REBELS

This photo was taken during the recent steel workers' strike at Rankin, Pa., by Geo. W. Dawson. These are children who will soon be food for the Steel Trust.

hanging back any longer. Weather is fine. Remember what it means to lose this fight. Come on in a body. Send funds to Peter Murray, Sec'y Local 26, 1850 Arapahoe St., and also you who do not come here send protests to Governor of Colorado, Denver; and to Mayor Arnold, protesting against the suppression of free speech. Write to Governor of New Jersey a promise of a square deal for everybody. PRESS COMMITTEE I. W. W.

Local 84, I. W. W., has changed its headquarters to Room 30 southeast corner of Fourth and Chestnut Sts., St. Louis and has a free reading room. All rebels coming this way please stop in. Al Heldrich, Fin. Sec.

It has been stated by Chairman Lesig that more than 15,000 applications for membership in the I. W. W. have been received. When the strike first began the local had only about 1,000 members.—Paterson Evening News, March 8.

Clubs won't win strikes for Rubber Barons or any other parasites.

RUSSIAN METHODS IN AKRON

Police Club Men and Women Strikers Without Provocation.

(Telegram to Solidarity.)

Akron, O., March 10.

The class war in Akron is on with a vengeance. The police have thrown off the mask of law and order and have shown themselves in their true colors, hirelings of the master class.

On Tuesday, March 11, the strikers were clubbed and shot at because they dared to exercise their constitutional right of free assemblage.

In the evening the usual picket line was formed outside of the union hall and proceeded to parade to the southern portion of town where the Goodrich and Prestone factories are situated. The parade was an orderly one, the strikers conducting their activities in asking the cops to join with them in the fight. Strikers were too tame for the police, so they started to club the strikers. Suddenly the dinner tables of the cops began to fly in the air. Scams ceased to smile. The real strike was on. The police deserted for a time and the strikers reformed their lines. 1,000 strong they marched without further disorder back to the city.

As the strikers got within a few blocks of the headquarters it began to break up, the strikers leaving for their homes. It was then that 40 strikers remained in the line being mostly girls and men, carrying flags and banners. Then the most cowardly thing that has happened since the strike started occurred. The police and special deputies formed into double file, 62 of them, with other squads following in autos and just as the strikers were disbanding the parade and the girls and banner carriers were about to turn into the hall the police began to club and beat everyone who was within reach. Girls were caught in the narrow hallway of the hall and clubbed without mercy. Shots were fired at the strikers. One girl named Mary Bryan aged 17 years who formerly worked in the Goodrich mill was beaten over the head and shoulders by a big burly policeman. Several men were beaten so that they required medical attendance. The police were so overcome by the powerlust that they did not stop at beating strikers. Several citizens were also beaten. Result some dissatisfaction on the part of the aforesaid citizens.

Fellow Worker Bailey was arrested and clubbed on the way to the police station. Late last night houses of strikers were searched and several strikers arrested. The picket headquarters was raided and

HANDLING STEEL PRODUCTS BY MACHINERY



Note this Traveling Crane, which with the aid of two men, handles thousands of tons of heavy steel products in a single twelve-hour lift. One of many similar labor-displacers in the steel mills.

dignation, upon me, the rough, uncouth, underfed and uneducated hobo, who dares to shake his body fat before the very nose of your millionaire neighbor.

That millionaire neighbor of yours, proud you are of his proximity; how dearly you pay for the privilege of living on the same street, belonging to the same church with him. Yet it is this very neighbor who owns the first mortgage on your own little home, and it is his brother, or in-laws, who holds the second mortgage, and who threatened, during the slow months of last winter, to foreclose. And, gosh! has it, that it is his cousin, the deacon of your church, who holds a chattel mortgage on your piano—that beautiful walnut piano, the pride of your household.

More gossip, you say. Certainly, Mr. Block. You do own your house.

Do you also own your job?

For 30 years you worked day in, day out. You turned a deaf ear to the life around you, to the human voice in you, practicing all those capitalistic virtues which the sugar-tongued preachers sing so much about, laughing in their sleeves. You kept your eyes riveted to the exalted ideal of your successful neighbor and saved and pinched. You saved and gave to the shark, the banker. Saved more and handed it to the legal robber, the real estate dealer. Now you pinch and save again to pay the wages of your mortgage's chauffeur. And the cost of living is getting higher, the savings are shrinking, the payments are piling up, and the two ends, somehow, do not meet.

But suppose, Mr. Block, suppose, for the sake of argument, that tomorrow that young man under you, all full of youth and dash, shall catch the eye of your boss,—excuse me, I mean your employer—and out you go on the scrap heap. Or the concern where you are employed shall adopt a policy of retrenchment, or turn to scientific management, making one do the work of five, and you'll be left to the coils. Or, may be, some evil genius shall invent a machine which will do the work of a dozen of your old skilled mechanics, and you are one of the dozen. Just suppose

Plenty of room at the top! Equal opportunities for all! Plenty to do for the one who is willing! How often you have said it, looking down at me. How nicely it sounded before in an open fire, after a full, nourishing supper. But it will be only after days, weeks and months of knocking at closed doors, of rubbing elbows with such business-like yourself, that you shall learn what a hidden, hellish mockery is hidden in these words.

For a while you'll manage to keep on the surface. But your savings will crumble while payments will become due, until that christian neighbor of yours, the real estate man, will foreclose that fateful mortgage. Good bye, Fair Oaks. Stop

body together.

Here we are, the people of the abyss. Talk to us about the sacred rights of private property. What is property to us that we should respect? The accumulation of stolen goods under the protection of unjust laws? The means of our subjugation, the whip in the hand of our masters, the cause of our misery and degradation, the mines, the profit, the ownership of the means of production and distribution that there exists the "bottoms" and the hills, a plunderband and an abyss.

Threaten us with vengeance of the law. What are we that we should cover before them? Laws are made and unmade, enacted, violated and forgotten. Laws forge and break chains, free slaves and capture the free. No human laws are eternal. The greatest, unprecise law is the law of self-preservation and the perpetuation of the race.

It is this inner, instinctive, holiest law that drives us to revolt against the unjust social system. It is the voice of our children, born and unborn, the birth cry of the coming race that calls to us through the lips of our prophets of rebellion, that inspires us to raise the "Hill" and fill the "Abyss," to free ourselves at ANY COST.

"Down and out," you call us. Truly, we are down, deep and low, as any human being was ever forced by his fellow men. And we are out, out on the warpath to get our own, rights or no rights, laws or no laws. We wait and strive for PEACE, EQUALITY AND JUSTICE, but we are ready for WAR.

Do you get me, Mr. Block? What? Somebody may overbear us! You are hopeless, my dear reader. Let us wait till you wobble down, then you shall understand.

STARR E. BOUNTAR.

COLUMBUS AIDS AKRON

(Special to Solidarity.)

Columbus, O., March 9.

Local 54, I. W. W., of this city has on more than one occasion, after a day's campaign on Saturday, March 8, succeeded in collecting \$186 for the Akron rubber strikers. The method we adopted was placing tripods on the street corners with an electric bell attachment and banners explaining the purpose of the collection. In the evening we held street meetings which netted \$20.

This local has elected an Akron Strike Aid Committee, which will devise ways and means of raising more funds. Let the rest of the I. W. W. locals get busy as Local 54, and the Akron rubber strikers will not be lost for the lack of funds. Our next move is to place fruit cans with a label on asking for donations, in all conspicuous places.

Rubber workers of Akron, stand pat by the I. W. W. We are coming to your aid.

PRESS COMMITTEE,
Local 54, I. W. W.