

THE WORKINGMAN'S PAPER

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47 DAYS IN SPOKANE CITY JAIL

By William Z. Foster, Special Correspondent "The Workingman's Paper"

On the afternoon of December 11th, when a contingent of men left the I. W. W. headquarters for the purpose of speaking on the street, I accompanied them, as usual, so as to witness their arrest and be enabled to report any unusual features attending it. On this particular afternoon Korthagen and Holland, two I. W. W. members from Seattle, among others, were billed to speak, and having been closely associated with them in Seattle, I was anxious to be in at the death.

I walked with them to the appointed street corner, and while they spoke I stood some twenty feet away in the thick of the crowd. They were duly arrested and a few moments later the redoubtable Captain Burns came on the scene in answer to a call sent in to the station; and although he knew nothing whatsoever as to what had taken place, and had no warrant for my arrest, he immediately placed me under arrest when he happened to see me standing in the crowd.

At the police station I had the honor of a half-hour's talk with Pugh, Sullivan and Burns, during the course of which conversation these worthies attempted to pump me. They adopted a dozen different ruses by which they hoped to secure a promise from me to desist from taking part in the street fight in return for my liberty. One of these was ridiculous in the extreme. Chief Sullivan (brainless man) said that he had just received a letter from the I. W. W., stating that I was a Pinkerton, his plan being to rouse my ire against the organization and to get me to desert it, or at least promise to take no active part in the fight. Failing in this he adjudged me guilty in his office of some unknown offense, because I wouldn't answer for my conduct for the future, and I was taken to the notorious sweat-box, where I joined the balance of the street-speaking "criminals."

Although we had not gone through the formality of a trial in Judge Sham's (I mean Mann's) court, we were placed on bread and water. The portion of bread was that customary in I. W. W. cases, one-fifth of a five-cent loaf, twice daily. As a punishment, criminals who refuse to work are sometimes confined in the sweat-box on a ration of a loaf of bread daily, but we untried I. W. W. prisoners were so much worse than rebellious convicted criminals that we got less than half the customary amount of bread.

The next afternoon we were taken to Judge Mann's court and were railroaded in the usual manner. In common with the rest, I was charged with "Disorderly Conduct." Officer MacDonald was the witness against me. He testified that I stood in the crowd of prospective speakers and stimulated their ebbing courage by urging them to go out and speak. MacDonald has a good imagination, and in the pretty little picture he drew of the affair I even went so far as to shove some of the weak-kneed (?) speakers into the street.

Needless to say, this was a barefaced lie. These men needed no urging, but if they had I fear some one else would have had to do it, as I stood in the crowd at least twenty feet from them. It was impossible for MacDonald to have even seen me in the crowd, as during the whole affair he had his back turned toward me. However, a little like this is of no importance to the Spokane police. MacDonald was made to "see" me in the chief's office, and that was sufficient.

I put five witnesses on the stand who flatly contradicted MacDonald, but it was no use and I got the same sentence as the balance—thirty days, \$100 and costs.

Judge Mann has recently expressed his determination to stop perjury in his court, and if he is sincere it would perhaps be good tactics if he would operate on a few of these imaginative policemen. My bond was set at \$500, although the customary bond in all the I. W. W. disorderly conduct cases has usually been \$200.

Although the I. W. W. had recently decided that the speakers arrested should go to work on the rock pile so as to avoid punishing themselves on the terrible bread-and-water diet, I refused to go to work, as I wished to be sent to the modern Libby prison, the notorious Franklin school, where the authorities still held I. W. W. prisoners, who vainly demanded the privilege of going to work. (This was done because these men stubbornly refused to accept liberty on the condition that they leave town.)

My desire to get a little "local color" at Franklin school was frustrated, however, as next morning I was loaded with ball and chain (15-pound ball attached to ankle), and shackled by the leg to another man, and then marched to the rock pile, where I was told to work or freeze.

I felt quite flattered at so much attention, particularly so because the ball I wore had been previously carried by a notorious pimp who henceforth enjoyed the comparative freedom of simply being shackled by the leg to his partner.

The weather was intensely cold and I have no doubt the Rev. Jake Warner, the chain-gang boss, Bill Shannon et al., thought I would be stubborn enough to stand there and freeze rather than go to work.

The I. W. W. motto in Spokane is, "Find out what the boss wants you to do, and then—do the opposite," so I went to work, and here began the most educational experience I ever had.

When talking to Pugh in Sullivan's office he jokingly remarked, "Why, Foster, you haven't got any kick coming; this is money in your pocket." This is literally true, and though at times the confinement was irksome in the extreme, I consider my experience in the Spokane city jail as almost invaluable. Through it I have learned a few of the possibilities of organization and direct action, and more especially of the marvelous effectiveness of the passive resistance strike, in addition to learning many new wrinkles about the law, police, etc.

At the time I arrived at the city jail the total number of street speakers held by the police was forty (exclusive of "conspirators" in the county jail), and this bunch immediately after getting settled at the jail proceeded to organize themselves. So perfect did this organization become, both in the jail and on the rock pile, that all the individualists were suppressed and the collective wish was undisputed.

In the jail we held rousing meetings and in order to do it systematically we elected a secretary and chairman and set aside Sunday night for propaganda meetings and Wednesday night for business meeting. It was surprising the amount of business we had to transact, and we established rules and regulations of all kinds, from tactics to be pursued if our shackles were put on too tight, to forbidding I. W. W. members from shouting to the women prisoners who were confined within calling distance. This latter regulation was adopted in consideration of any woman prisoners who might be insulted by some of the doubtful remarks continually bandied between the men and women prisoners. Needless to say, these rules and regulations were scrupulously obeyed by the I. W. W. members, and also by many of the ordinary prisoners, who fell under the magic spirit of the well known I. W. W. discipline.

The Salvation Army annoyed us by raising a hideous clamor, alleged to be religious adoration, but we settled them by completely ignoring them and their meetings were shortened 80 per cent.

Our propaganda meetings were a howling success, and we made at least forty I. W. W. converts in the city jail. These were all workmen who were arrested for the crime of being broke, and when they listened to our talks and saw how we handled ourselves they promised to read up on industrial unionism and to join the I. W. W. as soon as possible.

In the jail the cells are in a double row, opening from a corridor about six feet wide and it was in this corridor that we held our meetings.

Another good feature of our meetings was the spirit of democracy prevailing. We practically forced men to get up and speak who had never but once before attempted to speak before a crowd (said "Fellow-Workers" on Spokane streets), and a couple of these give promise of becoming excellent "soap-boxers."

We were getting along swimmingly when some one decided that our meetings were too successful and that we must have some "leaders" amongst us. As a result of this, on Jan. 3d Fellow-Worker Jones of Los Angeles (commonly called "Volcanic Sulphur Smoke"), who was speaker of the evening, and myself, who had acted as chairman of the meeting the night previous, were "grabbed" and put into the "strong box" (a steel cage reserved for the more serious criminals). Our seizure simply stimulated the remainder to greater efforts, and from that time on the jail organization became a pronounced success. Once more the grabbing of men suspected of being "leaders" acted as a boomerang.

The effects of the organization upon the work done on the rock pile was remarkable, and the possibilities of the passive resistance strike, even as evidenced by us chained prisoners, was a revelation to me. We simply went through the motions of working. We accomplished almost nothing. For instance, two men chained together pounded for four days upon one rock, when it was accidentally broken. To break that small rock (about as large as a wash bucket) cost the city of Spokane \$4.00 for food alone, at the rate of 50 cents per day per man, besides the other expenses for guards, etc. This is only a sample of how we worked, and by no means an exceptional one.

The notorious Bill Shannon helped guard us and he became insanely angry scores of times at our studied awkwardness and deliberation, and on one occasion kicked a man so severely that he may be ruined for life (a suit for \$20,000 damages against Shannon, and Warner, the other guard, for this assault, is now pending), but he usually confined himself to calling us all the hard names in the calendar and putting us upon bread and water occasionally. He would shift us from shoveling to wheeling, carrying or breaking rock, but it was the same old story wherever we were put. Nothing doing. Passive resistance is an art, and many of the men have really become experts at it in this fight.

The organization spirit and tact of the men in our contest with our guards and the jail officials was good beyond praise. It has convinced me that it is possible to really organize the working class. Once in a while we had "labor difficulties," which were always precipitated by some wanton cruelty of the officers, such as tightening a man's shackles so as to stop the circulation of the blood in his leg, or chaining some victim to a telegraph pole, or as in one case, forcing a man who was boiling his shirt and underclothes, to go to work with nothing on above his waist but his coat. This man (Henry Rutter, an expert at passive resistance) was game, and tucking his coat back he took the lead in the chain gang, and marched through the crowded streets of Spokane, exposing his manly chest (and stomach) with a vengeance.

We had several hunger strikes in retaliation for these barbarities, and the police always caved before we got really hungry.

On the whole, the worst hardship we suffered was from the arctic weather, as we were poorly fed and naturally unable to resist the biting weather as well as we otherwise would. The I. W. W. came nobly to our aid and kept us fully supplied with socks, gloves, and tobacco, although on various occasions the police confiscated large consignments of tobacco "planted" for us by the organization.

Although Jones and I were allowed to go to work on the rock pile we were forced to make our jail headquarters in the "strong-box." Here I had many experiences which I value highly. We were confined there for a month, and during that time there were several alleged murderers, a dozen forgers and numerous "hold-up" men, burglars, embezzlers, sneak thieves, pickpockets, pimps and various other kinds of criminals, "dope" fiends and insanity cases.

We had the pleasure of spending a night in the same cell as Joe Vigue, the alleged wife-murderer, who was convicted recently

FOSTER RELEASED

Mrs. Bessy Fiset reached Spokane Thursday night, January 27, a total stranger and editorial representative of "The Workingman's Paper," a newspaper more hated and feared by Spokane officials than any other except the I. W. W. organ.

Her special mission, as announced in these columns two weeks ago, was (1) to get Wm. Z. Foster, our imprisoned correspondent, out of jail, (2) to secure the sale of "The Workingman's Paper" on Spokane streets the same as other newspapers, and (3) to work for the repeal of the Spokane Gag ordinance.

On Tuesday, February 1, four days after she began her task, we received the following press dispatch:

(Special to "The Workingman's Paper")

SPOKANE, Wash., Feb. 1, 1910.—Foster was released today on his own recognizance and his case dismissed.

This dispatch meant that, after 47 days suffering at hard labor for the crime of reporting the truth for this paper, our correspondent was discharged, as the result of Mrs. Fiset's determined efforts, without being obliged to put up bonds and the case against him stricken from the calendar. That is, the officials in Spokane feared to allow his appealed case to come before a drawn jury of 12 men for a fair trial.

In other columns of this issue appears Foster's own remarkable account of his arrest, trial and jail experience. It is remarkable for its temperate tone, its modesty and its display of unconquerable Proletarian consciousness.

Foster is now free on the very streets of Spokane where he was arrested.

in Sandpoint, Idaho, of having beaten his wife's brains out with the stock of his rifle. He was a mild-mannered, rather likeable sort of fellow, and claimed that he was falsely accused, as his wife is not dead. He urged in support of this that the authorities refused to let him see her body and that he remembers nothing of having committed the crime. He was on his way to Boise, Idaho, to do a term of fifty years.

His traveling companions in hardship were two burglars with 15-year sentences hanging over their heads. Another man was kept in jail a week while his victim hovered between life and death (he finally died). This man almost went insane from suspense. He is now to be tried for manslaughter.

Many of these "criminals" are very intelligent and some of them remarkably so. They are able to converse fluently on almost any subject of ordinary conversation. One man, Lindsay, since taken to Seattle for forgery, had the most remarkable memory of any man I ever met. It was simply uncanny in its thoroughness.

One ex-convict whom I became very well acquainted with gave me a clear glimpse into the doings of the underworld and initiated me into the mysteries of the "strong-arm"—a wrestling hold used by highwaymen upon their victims. He also gave me full instructions as to the proper method of cracking a safe. He also gave me valuable information as to how to protect myself from highwaymen.

Thus are criminals made in our jails. Put a man in jail with a lot of experienced criminals for a few months and they will soon teach him the intricacies of their various "trades."

Dope fiends, full of cocaine, and raving maniacs, their eyes glittering with insanity, and their mouths spouting their delusions, were allowed to roam freely amongst us, and sometimes we were hardly in an enviable position.

Night after night the jail was made hideous by men in the clutches of the terrible delirium tremens. One of these unfortunates actually died in his steel cell raving for whiskey, which would have saved his life. He received no medical attention whatever, and died a terrible death. Nothing has been done about this poor unfortunate's death, as he was only a poor, old, broken-down workingman. His case is a matter of record and can easily be dug up if any one is interested in it. Since his death the other unfortunates suffering from delirium tremens are given a pretense of proper treatment.

The worst feature of my stay in the strong-box was the unsanitary condition of the cell. The prisoners sleep in hammocks without blankets. To keep them from freezing the windows were closed, and as a result at times the air became almost stifling from lack of ventilation.

I suffered from an ulcerated tooth while in jail, and the pain was so intense that I was unable to sleep, and I walked the floor for ten nights before I was allowed to have my teeth filled. The doctor (?) refused to do anything for me, stating that "we are not fixed to do any such work as that," and finally, when I was almost frantic from pain and loss of sleep Chief Sullivan accepted an exorbitant bond for me while I went to the dentist.

At the end of forty-seven days, on Feb. 2nd, I was released through the kind efforts of "The Workingman's Paper," its Spokane representative, Mrs. Fiset, and Mr. O. Lund, a prominent Spokane Socialist.

In many respects the imprisonment was irksome, but after all it was a most valuable experience, and aside from the pleasure of being one of the free-speech jail-birds, the advantages I gained from it are too numerous to mention.

WM. Z. FOSTER.

rested seven weeks ago for doing exactly what he is now doing, reporting the truth about "Barbarous Spokane." THAT IS A VICTORY WORTH WINNING. The officials of Spokane are having some sense hammered into them.

Second Victory

Monday, February 7, we received this wire:

(Special to "The Workingman's Paper")

SPOKANE, Wash., Feb. 7, 1910.—"The Workingman's Paper," "The Industrial Worker," "Solidarity" and "In-

Gurley Flynn's Trial

(Special to "The Workingman's Paper")

SPOKANE, Wash., Wednesday, Feb. 9, 1910.—The trial is before Judge Kinnon. He refused to grant the motion for change of venue. Affidavit was introduced by Prosecution signed by ten "citizens" declaring they had read newspaper comments on I. W. W. matter, but had no resulting prejudice and had not even heard any expressions of prejudice against I. W. W.

Yet out of first fifteen jurors examined by counsel today, only one so far has been found who did not admit his prejudice.

Only five jurors so far passed for cause. May be challenged peremptorily later.

ternational Socialist Review" were sold on Riverside Avenue this afternoon between 5 and 6 o'clock by Mrs. Fiset alone. Police bluffed. No interference, though boys have been arrested whenever they sold I. W. W. papers.

WM. Z. FOSTER.

SALES CONTINUED.

(Special to "The Workingman's Paper")

SPOKANE, Tuesday, Feb. 8, 1910.—Papers on street again tonight. No interference. Capt. Burns states in "Inland Herald" he will not molest women making sales. More out to-morrow.

B. F.

Selection of jurors continues tomorrow.

B. F.

Boys Selling Papers

(Special to "The Workingman's Paper")

SPOKANE, Feb. 10, 1910.—Jury selected in Gurley Flynn's case as follows:

T. J. Horrigan, A. Klenholz, J. Humphreys, Wm. Boss, negro; J. L. Ford, W. Casselman, Wm. Johnson, Geo. Mosler, C. T. Gawthrop, W. J. Grogan, Geo. Cheney, Geo. Hendrickson. Five farmers, one stone mason, one scab carpenter; rest business men.

Prosecution opens tomorrow. No court Saturday. Case may take until Thursday of next week.

The Daily "Press" of last night states that police announce that men and boys may sell our papers. If they contain libelous matter, the sellers will be arrested.

Boys out tonight. If any libelous matter is discovered, the boys are threatened with arrest and papers will be confiscated.

Prosecuting Attorney Pugh is to act as judge of libelous matter, prior to arrest.

If boys are arrested tonight, women will go out again. Then will see if they will arrest middle class woman.

Prosecution in Flynn case shows fight.

B. F.

Special Spokane Edition

We make another appeal right now to our subscribers to contribute at once by return mail if possible whatever they can afford to put a Special Edition of "The Workingman's Paper" into the hands of the Spokane citizens themselves, who have been misled by the Capitalist dailies published in that city.

We want to set the whole matter before them in so calm and rational and convincing a manner that they will revolt against such a shaming of their fair city by its official representatives.

For two hundred dollars we can mail to selected addresses Ten Thousand Copies of such a paper as you know we can get out. IT WILL WIN THE FIGHT FOR THE REPEAL OF THAT GAG ORDINANCE.

Already the tide is turning. Spokane is sick of the whole business. Pratt and Sullivan realize now they can't fight all the world and the I. W. W. too.

But we are poor, poor, poor. If you want this "Special" send in your nickels, dimes, quarters, halves, dollars and more. It's up to you to finish this fight.

TO NEW READERS.

You get this paper as a sample. On the second page you will find a declaration of our principles. If you like the paper, subscribe. If you don't like the paper, but want to keep in touch with the progress of the proletarian movement, subscribe. "The Workingman's Paper" will thoroughly cover every field of battle, and no one who pretends to be up-to-date in these matters can afford to do without it.

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WHERE WE STAND

(Reprinted From Our First Issue in 1910.)

In what relation does "The Workingman's Paper" stand to the various organizations of the Wage Class, and to that class as a whole?

This question is frequently asked, now that this paper does not profess to represent any particular organiza-
 tion. It seems inconceivable to some that a newspaper can be non-sectarian, an organ of Proletarianism but not
 an organ of any exclusive branch of Proletarianism. Yet that is the critical scientific attitude this paper seeks to
 assume. It is the complete opposite, for example, of the De Leonist attitude, which damns every organization of
 workmen which does not bear its own brand.

"The Workingman's Paper" sees good in the I. W. W., sees good in the "I'm a Bum" song; but it also sees
 good in the A. F. of L., and even in De Leon's S. L. P. It also sees evil in all of them. This critical method is
 also constructive, for the paper seeks to promote the good in all and to remove the evil in all. And on every
 occasion, this paper seeks the solidarity of all Proletarians.

The following outlines our position exactly:

"The Workingman's Paper" does not seek to form a separate party opposed to other working-class parties.
 It supports the UNION of Wage-Workers.

We advocate no interests separate and apart from those of the Proletariat as a whole. All policies are de-
 cided from this standpoint.

We do not set up any sectarian principles of our own by which to shape and mould the Proletarian Move-
 ment. We follow, not force, that Movement.

"The Workingman's Paper" is distinguished from partisan journals of the working class by this only: 1.
 In the various struggles of the wage class organizations with the capitalists, this paper will point out and bring
 to the front the common interests of the entire Proletariat, independently of all apparent divisions, national, in-
 dustrial or personal. 2. In the various stages of development which the struggle of the Working Class against
 the Bourgeoisie has to pass through, this paper will always and everywhere, in the future, as in the past ten
 years, strive to represent the interests of the movement as a whole.

"The Workingman's Paper" therefore, encourages, on the one hand, practically every advanced and reso-
 lute organization of Wage Workers wherever found, those organizations which push forward all others; on the
 other hand, theoretically, like all scientific Proletarian publications, we have the advantage over many Labor
 papers, of clearly understanding the line of march, the conditions and the ultimate general results of the Proletar-
 ian movement.

The immediate aim of "The Workingman's Paper" is the same as that of all other really Proletarian organs,
 namely: **FORMATION OF THE PROLETARIAT INTO ONE CLASS, OVERTHROW OF BOURGEOIS
 SUPREMACY, CONQUEST OF POLITICAL POWER BY THE PROLETARIAT.**

Our theoretical conclusions are in no way based on ideas or principles that have been invented, or discov-
 ered, by this or that would-be universal reformer.

These conclusions merely express the actual relations springing from an existing Class Struggle, from an
 historical movement going on under our very eyes.

We disdain to conceal our revolutionary views and aims. We openly declare that Proletarian ends can be at-
 tained only by the forcible overthrow of all existing social foundations. Let the ruling class tremble at a Proletar-
 ian Revolution. The Proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win!

Workingmen of all countries, unite!

To assist in organizing the Wage Slaves of Capital into a union capable of winning such an emancipation, this
 paper was founded in 1900. It has no other policy in 1910.

The Proletarian elements now scattered in A. F. of L., I. W. W., W. F. of M., S. P., S. L. P., U. W. W., and
 other bodies, together with multitudes now unorganized in the United States, must some time come together as
 a **UNITED LABOR PARTY.** To that end this paper is devoted.



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SPOKANE NOTES

Editorial Correspondence

Court refused to let Gurley Flynn have separate trial. Prosecuting attorney said I. W. W. didn't need to think the officials of Spokane were going to let her be convicted and raise a stink from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

streets is estimated to have been 5,000.

One naturally asks: "Was Jeffries arrested?"

Fuller Details

The following details reached us by mail: (From Special Correspondent to "The Workingman's Paper")

SPOKANE, Tuesday, Feb. 8, 1910.—Mrs. Fisset went out alone with papers yesterday afternoon because other women who proposed to go with her were forbidden by their husbands and employers.

She herself declares it was a "funny experience," yet admits it was something of a "strain on the nerves." She announces her intention to go out every evening as long as she remains in Spokane.

The police have been arresting boys every day for doing exactly what she is doing, though lately they only took the papers from them and let the boys go with a reprimand.

Mrs. Fisset did not at first call out the papers but just held out a copy of "The Workingman's Paper" full length to show facsimile of newspaper clipping from the "Spokesman-Review" and accompanying cartoon of Maki chained to telegraph pole.

After a little she began to call "The Workingman's Paper" and "Industrial Worker," changing afterward to "I. W. W. papers," and then to "suppressed, I. W. W. papers," as she found the middle class taxpayer at that business corner had not even the faintest idea what "Industrial Worker" or "Workingman's Paper" meant.

Frank Reed, an I. W. W., was put into jail here and developed a terrible case of erysipelas. He was removed to a hospital by the I. W. W., and has been getting the best of care since his removal.

When Attorney Moore found him in the county hospital, after hearing that he was sick, he was in a ward with several other men and no care was being exercised to prevent spread of infection.

It has been really a big strain on Mrs. F.'s nerves and she is showing it, but gives no sign of flinching.

Every one is now asking, if it is lawful for a woman to sell, why not boys or men?

The authorities know perfectly well this suppression of a Free Press is illegal and they dare not carry it to the courts now their bluff is called in a way the public could not fall to see and understand.

The Gurley Flynn trial is due before Judge Webster, who shows signs of crawling. He will probably hand the case over to some other judge, who is less vulnerable.

For effect, the city sent up the hook and ladder and it did manage to get through the crowd in the streets. This was probably done in order to be able to say that the crowd was not sufficient to block traffic.

STORIES OF THE FIGHT

By Eleanor Maurer Herman

During our stay in Spokane many things were told us and came otherwise under our observation that I feel satisfied would have made interesting reading if we had only had the time to write them up.

The police of Spokane, in their mad desire to establish (?) law and order, had so effectively driven the I. W. W. from the city, by raiding every hall and meeting place—all in the name of the LAW, of course—that they had no place of assemblage, and it took us several days to find any of them.

After we had discovered their rendezvous we were almost daily visitors there; for we got information at first hand from them which gave us a clearer insight into happenings in Spokane during the last three months than we could have secured in any other way.

Right here let me say that we did not go there as an investigating committee to verify the reports of the fight sent out by the I. W. W. and other members of the wage-working class. You know, or should know, that a very brainy and eminently respectable committee consisting of Seth Crosby of Mount Vernon, D. Burgess of Seattle, and W. H. Waynick of Bellingham were sent by the Socialist Party to investigate the truth of the reports of the fight for free speech and of the alleged brutality of the police.

But to return to my subject. One of the first I. W. W. boys with whom we spoke told of an occurrence in the Franklin school which, to my knowledge, has never been made public. During the time that the boys were incarcerated in the Franklin school the capitalist papers made quite a feature of the fact that a state senator had gone there to investigate conditions. But they never published the result of this investigation, did they? Oh, no! Why should they? They could hardly tell the public that the whole thing was a farce, a "put up job" on the boys.

"We were told that a senator had come to investigate conditions, and wished to speak with us, so two of our number were selected spokesmen, I being one of them.

"Is this the room in which you sleep? Have you no beds?" asked the senator. "The bare floor as you see it here is all we have to lie upon."

"Would you boys be willing to construct bunks if I saw that you got the necessary material and furnished with blankets after they were finished?"

"How about your food? Do you get enough to eat?" "We get a fifth of a loaf of bread twice a day apiece."

"We found that our senator was a police spy, sent there for the purpose of getting us to complain, and thus enabling them to put on the thumb screws a little tighter."

The man who was my informant was also ill for a time. The jailer gives the sick ones a mattress and a pair of dirty blankets at 5 in the evening, but takes them away at 8 in the morning. During the day they can lie on the cement floor.

The prisoners have been accused of objecting to their baths. They say it isn't the baths they object to—it's the way they are given.

At first a stream of water almost hot enough to parboil one, is turned on, and then an ice-cold shower bath, and all the while the victim is standing on the cold cement floor with the snow sitting in through the iron gratings.

dark side. Now, let us reverse the picture and see a little of the bright side.

One of the really funny things that helped the boys to stand their hardships was "Shannon's black eye." It was given him by a crazy man who has since been committed to the hospital for the insane at Medicine Lake. We were told that Shannon wanted to beat the fellow up, but the boys wouldn't stand for it, and told Shannon he'd have to take the consequences if he so much as laid a finger on the poor fellow, and Shannon, deciding that "valor's best part was discretion," refrained.

This happened on the rock pile, the insane man being a member of the chain-gang.

An amusing incident that happened inside the jail was one in which a prisoner (not an I. W. W.) fooled the un-suspecting Salvation Army.

These "dear servants of the Lord" come every Sunday, of course to save or attempt to save the souls of the victims of capitalism who find their way into the city bastle. The I. W. W. prisoners had appointed sergeants-at-arms to keep the boys from entering the corridors to listen to these "God-peddlers."

This non-I. W. W. told the boys to let him out, as he had "a card up his sleeve," and they accordingly consented.

THE WOMAN

By Bessy Fisset

SPOKANE, Feb. 1, 1910.—We made the announcement some time ago that "The Woman" was going to change quarters for a few weeks. Well, here we are in Spokane, and here we intend to stay, at least until Gurley Flynn's trial is over.

Being a woman the report of her trial will come under the head of this department, as far as this paper is concerned, and we shall try to send in as clear a report as possible.

I suppose as far as it is possible for one person to be, Gurley Flynn is a perfect propagandist, and in that capacity she is certainly of inestimable value to the Proletarian movement. Certainly wonderful women are being born of this movement, and who shall say that they will not play a gigantic part in the Revolution that is just shaping itself?

With the developing of such agitators as Gurley Flynn and such clear-headed, courageous girls as came forth in the Shirt Waist Makers' strike and such strategic leadership as was shown by the seventeen-year-old Necktie Worker, who led and won a strike of 4,000 girls without the world's even more than hearing of it, with these proofs of what kind economic necessity breeds we have no need to fear that women will occupy any but the highest place in the great struggle that has just commenced.

The Middle Class women of Spokane are putting up quite a fight for securing matrons for the city jail.

Some of the dear old ladies went down to the council meeting and did a lot of speechifying in behalf of the project, then thanked the council as sweetly for allowing them to speak, and walked out. The thing was all settled. That was easy, and the dear ladies were happy to think they had been instrumental in giving those poor creatures who periodically inhabit the vermin infested hole the protection of a woman matron.

But lo! the rising of another sun revealed a sad state of things. Council had turned the project down cold!

St. John Issues Call

ST. JOHN ISSUES CALL. Labor is Entitled to All It Produces! An injury to One is an injury to All. Chicago, Ill., Jan. 28, 1910.

To All Revolutionists and Defenders of Free Speech: Fellow Workers: The struggle for Free Speech is still on. The active fight to regain the use of the streets for educational purposes by the working class is to be renewed.

The members of the working class who since November last have been the victims of the capitalists' slugging committee are again going on the streets to speak. In this fight they will need all the assistance they can get. By assistance we do not mean the passage of resolutions or cash contributions—both of which are all right in their way—but we mean MEN and WOMEN who will be there when the fight opens and who will take an active part in the struggle.

The fight opens March 1st. At least 500 who will speak on the streets are needed, and as many more as possible. Remember, that the greater the number in the fight, the shorter it will be. Every one should start for Spokane at once! Hold meetings and gather recruits along the way. Get in Spokane with as many as you can. Those who cannot get to the front can also do something to help win the fight.

As soon as the struggle starts call protest meetings in every city and town from the Pacific Coast, and the Northwest. Get all to agree to cut Spokane off the map. Get a bundle order of the "Industrial Worker" and circulate the same with the latest news of the fight. This fight must be won. The right to educate the workers for industrial freedom must be maintained. The right to organize as a class must be protected.

All together and the battle will be won! (Seal.) INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD. Vincent St. John, Gen. Secretary-Treasurer.

Free Press to Get Free Speech

By Bessy Fisset

Spokane Editorial Correspondent.

There is a lot of talk about the foolishness of fighting for a free press, as well as for free speech, the main argument being that when you get free speech you will get free press. That is very true, but the fact remains that there is nothing so effective in a free speech fight as the press. Given an opportunity to reach the public through the medium of a fearless press, and the battle for free speech is half won.

Do you suppose that if Spokane had been having the truth about this atrocious night spread broadcast every week that conditions here would be what they are? If the "Industrial Worker" and the "Workingman's Paper" and every other paper that cared to tell the truth about the criminal outrages perpetrated by the beasts that are supposed to be men looking after the welfare of Spokane, if these papers could have been kept in constant circulation the night in Spokane would have been over long ago.

As it is, what have we? What are the conditions right now in Spokane? Apathy on the part of the good people of the town! What is the matter with them? Are they slower of intellect than the average town population of the United States? Are they so hardened and uncharitable that they have no "milk of human kindness" in their breasts? Are they, like the police force, brutes instead of men and women? No. They are ordinary, everyday citizens such as you find make up the bulk of population of every city on the continent. Want to be fair-minded and see fair play, almost every one of them, but they are so in the habit of having the morning or evening papers do their thinking for them that they have forgotten how to think for themselves.

In this age when everything is specialized why shouldn't we hire those people who make a specialty of thinking (poor misused word), especially when we can get the benefit of their profound thought for 1 cent a day?

After a consultation of these local specialists with national and even international specialists, the public is inoculated afresh each morning and evening with the thought that a swarm

Glad Tidings of The Revolution

Over three thousand men were hired through employment sharks for one camp of the Somers Lumber Co. (Great Northern) last winter to maintain a force of fifty men. As soon as a man had worked long enough to pay the shark's fee, the hospital dollar, poll tax and a few other grafts, he was discharged to make room for more slaves, so that the fleeing process could continue. These different fees are split, or cut up with the bosses. In most cases these fees consumed the time of several days' labor, when the men were then discharged and paid off with checks ranging from 5 cents and upwards. The victim of the shark in the most cases gets the check cashed at the first saloon, and takes a little stimulation. Why not? What is life for these men? What is there in life for them? The strong, barbed-wire whiskey makes things look bright for awhile. Then the weary tramp to town with his bed on his back. Back to Spokane, the slave market for the Inland Empire.

He hears the I. W. W. speakers on the street. The glad tidings of a great revolutionary union. An injury to one is an injury to all. Workers of the world, unite, you have nothing to lose but your bed on your back. You have a world to gain. Labor produces all wealth, and those who produce it are tramps and hoboes. This gets to him. A new life for him. He will go through hell for such a union with such principles. He has gone through hell in Spokane, and has given his last cent. He is soon coming back, and then again and again, if necessary, until the truth can be told on the streets.—F. W. Heslewood in "International Socialist Review" for February, under title, "Barbarous Spokane."

Chief Sullivan of Spokane succeeded in defeating an ordinance to appoint a matron for the city jail, advocated by the women of Spokane. Of course, the chief is opposed to such an ordinance. A good woman in that jail could protect women prisoners from such insults as Agnes Fair was subjected to at the hands of Sullivan's brutes. But who would have supposed Sullivan would be so indifferent to the public sentiment of the women of that city as to admit his fear of a matron's purifying presence? Spokane officials despise public sentiment, it again appears. Women have no votes and are no better than I. W. W.'s, who have no votes, either.

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Get Another Workingman to Subscribe

What Is the Matter With Spokane

(Quoted by the "Public" of Chicago from the Daily "Sacramento Bee" of Dec. 18.)

The Industrial Workers of the World have bitterly denounced the county authorities of Spokane, and they were thoroughly justified in such denunciation. They did not denounce them severely enough. There is absolutely not one shadow of right, under the law or even in common decency, to seize the newspaper organ of these men and these women solely because

of ruffians is swooping down on Spokane to undermine, if possible, the very foundations—economic, social and political—of the city. The town is in the hands of the "scum of the earth," who are ready to loot and pillage wherever possible. Countless have been the tales turned loose upon the non-thinking public until the keepers of the peace—that band of arch-criminals—are looked upon as the saviors of Spokane.

Has there been anything to offset all this specialized intellectuality? As good as nothing.

Occasionally a soul with a spark of humanity still left uncrushed would manage to get something of what was going on or what he thought about it, squeezed into a paper, but the papers which did publish anything of the truth, published just enough to keep their skirts clear on either side.

In every free speech fight public sentiment has had a great deal to do with the result of the fight, and nothing so molds public sentiment as the constant hammering of the press. When a paper or papers, bang away, day after day, the people say there must be something in it or the authorities would imprison the editors. But when the papers that are aiding in the fight and are fearlessly publishing the facts, are suppressed, the intellectual syndicate has only to point to that very suppression in support of its arguments.

A fight for free press takes nothing from the free speech fight; it simply augments it and makes it the stronger. It is just as reasonable that "Every-body's" should be suppressed in Denver because Judge Lindsay exposes the rottenness of those in high places as that working class papers should be suppressed in Spokane for the same reason.

But no! There is a difference! Judge Lindsay is not fighting for the freedom of the workers. He is not showing the "scum of the earth" how it may have the right to live and take for itself all that it produces to make life worth living.

In Spokane the right to free streets and the right to free press have been taken from the workers, and it means a fight to the finish. Long live Liberty!

It printed certain startling accusations against the jail authorities at Spokane. And surely, as a matter of public policy, if these accusations are not provable the authorities acted in a most foolish manner. For the method they took to meet their accusers adds strong circumstantial evidence that these accusers told nothing but the eternal truth in the beauty of its nakedness.

"The Bee" will ever battle for the rights of men—for the rights of every man—no matter who he is. It will fight just as strongly for justice and right to the Industrial Workers of the World, in whose doctrines it does not believe, as it would for justice and right to William J. Bryan, or Senator La Follette, or Theodore Roosevelt, if the Government of the United States dared to seize the Commoner, La Follette's Weekly or the Outlook, in which the editorials of these men are prominent. And the Government of the United States has just the same right, exactly, to suppress those organs of public opinion, if the Administration does not like their editorial tone, as the authorities at Spokane had to suppress the organ of the Industrial Workers of the World—and that right is absolutely no right whatever.

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