

INDUSTRIAL WORKER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE
Spokane Local Unions of the Industrial Workers of the World

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TELEPHONE MAIN 1564

Subscription, Yearly \$1.00
Subscription, Six Months .50
Bundle Orders, 100 or More Per Copy .02 1/2

THE CURTAIN RAISER.

This paper is published by the Industrial Workers of the World at Spokane, Washington. It will be devoted entirely to upholding the interests of the working class, with the understanding that those who do useful work are the only class in society who have the moral or ethical right to an existence.

For fear that some persons otherwise well-disposed might think that being a Labor Union the Industrial Workers of the World is like other associations in this locality we hasten to say that it is not.

We are prepared to demonstrate that there is nothing in common between the man who works for wages and the man who hires him. That as long as wealth is produced by labor it is impossible for the share of the worker to be increased without decreasing the share of the employer, and vice versa. Therefore there can be no peace between the workers and their masters and, we propose to do all possible to dispel the illusion to the contrary in the minds of the workers.

Various papers have been and are printed in Spokane pretending to uphold the workers' interests—some of them political and some of them of a religious nature, and we would state to begin with that we are not a religious organization, and so neither are we an anti-religious body. We do not quarrel with any man's religious convictions—we have our hands full trying to make a living in this world and those who have settled that problem for themselves may have time to look to the BURNING question of the hereafter.

As to political affiliation, we have none whatever.

With three daily papers printed in this City in the interests of the employing class, with a flood of lies and slander which we are forced to stem, with the condition of the workers growing rapidly worse; and with a growing WORKINGMAN'S UNION, whose local membership numbers thousands, it is indeed high time that we have a paper where our side of social and essential problems can be printed.

To those workers who are fighting the bread-battle single handed, or who have had some experience in previous and old-fashioned unions we would urge the need of a fair-minded study of the principles of the I. W. W.

Compare the success of the Revolutionary Union, here and abroad, with those associations which you have previously known and see where your interest lies.

Of course it is unlikely that any workman familiar with the records will give serious heed to the mouthpiece of the Citizens' Alliance, the Spokesman-Review, but while he will not, of course, believe the statements of the latter it is proper that he should hear his own side of the class struggle plainly stated.

This paper will be printed in the every day language of us workmen. We will not doubt be criticized in various quarters for our lack of scientific language, but most of us have been so busy making money for our masters that we have had little or no time to study science.

We are familiar with the principles of sociology as we meet them every day and that there is a difference in geography between Stevens street and Riverside avenue.

As for history, the annals of the poor are short and simple.

The work before this paper and of the Union it represents is of a practical kind, and the struggle is too severe and life is at best too short for us to waste our time and space in the spinning of cobwebs, or in useless disputes.

We are advocating a social Revolution in our time, and while we flatter ourselves that we are not above learning from the pages of history, we shall not attempt to "unlock the portals of the Future with the Past's blood-rusted key," but go firmly ahead with the best knowledge at hand and strive by ourselves alone to better our condition now and finally utterly to abolish the reigning system of misery for the workers and plenty for the idlers.

We would repeat that the I. W. W. stands for the overthrow of the capitalist system, but as a means to that end we need the constant drill of the every day fight with the enemy as well as the advantages to be gained by seizing every possible opportunity to better our condition—here and everywhere, now and at all times.

We confidently expect the support of the working class, especially in the Pacific Northwest, and this paper will spare no pains and no money when obtainable to warrant that support.

It is hoped that in furtherance of the above all the workers interested in the subject of more dinner and less work will keep the Union in Spokane informed of the state of the battle, especially in the country tributary to Spokane. We hope, by means of a part of the paper devoted to that end to have and publish a reliable list of the various camps and jobs. How the board is here—how much discount there, whether this or that job is the worse, for all are alike bad in truth.

No doubt the majority of workmen in Spokane are transient and there being no large fixed industries here much of our space will be filled with matter interesting in especial to the above workers.

But we will give ample time and space to the state of affairs in Spokane, so that there will be no jealousy on the part of the employers in Spokane or the notoriously kind and merciful contractors here.

Perhaps some of the articles and remarks will seem almost unkind if by chance they should be read by the Employment Agents or gentry of that kind, but the life of the shovel artist in this vicinity is not such as to cultivate the more indirect and polished expressions.

Now, workmen, you who have labored for years and have nothing, to whom luxury or comfort is merely a thing to be heard of and never experienced, who have rid yourself of the idea that you will some day save your wages to the point of rivaling John D. Rockefeller, who are determined to succeed and who realize that success lies only in your Union, take hold of the paper and make not it, but the Industrial Union, a power to rival and overthrow the employing class.

As a means to that end subscribe for the only Union paper in town and see that the man next to you gets it—if he is a workman—and we will see who wins out in this thing finally: the workers or the grafters.

BILLY SUNDAY

We hear that Billy Sunday is homesick for Spokane. Among the other things that the "evangelist" misses is the sound of the water as it bubbles over the falls. No doubt it reminds him also of the tinkle of the coins of the faithful as they drop into the collection boxes at the Tabernacle. The people who followed Christ for loaves were not up to the standard of Sunday. How much better to follow Christ to some purpose—for thousands of dollars, for instance.

Sunday was certainly "the money," and no mistake. And when a labor agitator is paid a salary of \$12 or \$15 a week how these same hypocrites howl!

The hungry and shivering wretches who were forced to go to his gospel mill to keep out of the cold, and to eat the garbage which

was flavored by the sulphurous prayers of the most spineless lot of religionists, were not homesick! They had no home to be sick for.

The morning Liar, commenting on the charity of these saints, called notice to the fact that some of the Spokane ladies acted as waitresses on the occasion. Some of the more radical of the element present are looking forward to the time when they will be served by the parasites not from hypocrisy but force!

Among the musical numbers inflicted on the "hoboes" was "Nearer My God to Thee," "Jesus Saves," etc.

It would have been better if they had sung the hymn: "The Sound of the Chicken, 'Frying in the Pan, Is Music to Me!"

We wonder if "Billy" would have been among the disciples of Jesus when Jesus raided the corn field, by direct action, when he was hungry? Not he! He would have been among the respectable of the time.

Did Billy ever have a word of condemnation for the rich thieves who paid him? Or a good word for the wretches whom they had robbed?

But then Sunday has studied the Lives of the Saints! He must have taken a post-graduate course on the life of Judas Iscariot and Ananias.

He and the Reverend Bull should go to heaven together, or otherwise either may be lonesome. They are well matched!

"WHAT IS THIS I. W. W.?"

We have had so much free advertising in the Spokane Review and also in that universal sloop-bucket, the "Chronicle," in the past few weeks that there are comparatively few people in these parts who have not heard or read of either the I. W. W. or the "so-called" Industrial Workers of the World. But how many know what it is or what its purpose?

To those members of the working class who will be ready to hear the subject discussed in detail we recommend any of our books on the matter, and especially the official organ of the Union, "The Industrial Union Bulletin."

But even in this article we would try to set at rest one or two of the lies which are told about us by the Review—generally in the column next to the obscene advertisements, with which that sheet reeks.

To judge from the numerous editorials, with which we have been favored by Grandma Durlam—and they are all about alike—for even the Father of Lies might be supposed to nod at times—the I. W. W. is a herd of poor deluded wretches, mostly foreigners with some Missourians who are hypnotized and led about by more "designing persons," such as the National Organizers of the Union, etc. The Review prints an edition in words of two syllables for circulation in the Palace among the seissor-bills that infest that section, and in this the word "hobo" appears in connection with the I. W. W.

"Anarchist" to scare Cannon Hill, and "Hobo" to frighten the wits out of the Palousers. What a deep thinker and student is Grandma!

And yet, if we are not mistaken, that word "anarchist" has a familiar sound. Methinks Grandma has yelled "wolf" too often.

As for "hobo," we can have no idea of the meaning of the word, unless it is meant that many of the Union men are "broke" and homeless—a thing impossible in the Inland Empire! Ah, yes, and to make it worse we are "boasted hoboes." If so it is likely that some of the I. W. W. members have got saved by Billy Sunday, who has been teaching them "to glory in tribulation."

And then as an added crime "we are foreigners!" It is to be hoped that this last scandal will not spread any further for if it does it will soon be impossible for any but the Indians to find work in the jewel of America, Spokane.

The fact is that the membership of the Industrial Workers of the World is neither American nor foreign, but self-respecting workmen, and we are no mere handful, either. We have no leaders, and need none. Leaders are for the cattle such as listen to the mouthings of that Prince of Grafters, Billy Sunday, or for the degenerates of the godless aristocracy of Brownie's Addition or Cannon Hill, whose mental make-up allows them to read the drivel printed in the Spokesman-Review.

But the class instinct of these lepers and parasites teaches them in place of intellect. They feel that there is an "element" in the working class that must be kept down at any cost. And they are right from the standpoint of the employing class. The thing which should warm the heart of every decent workman in the Pacific Northwest is that there is at last a workingman's Union which commands the hatred and respect of the labor skinner, who thus far have been able to make Spokane a by-word, among workers, for merciless slave drivers and miserable pay.

If anything were needed to prove that it is not because the I. W. W. is "LAWLESS," but because it is worse—REVOLUTIONARY, it would be the resolute opposition of that class of papers, of which the Spokesman-Review is a contemptible example.

But why, then, does the reptile press slander the Industrial Union, stir up public hatred and urge the wholesale murder of our members?

And why have they only kindness, or "soft rebukes, in blessings ended" for the bunch, or rather lurches, known as the American Federation of Labor? Why, indeed? Because the hopeless division of the working people of Spokane, as well as elsewhere, either in craft Unions or graft Unions, makes them easy picking for the cultures and carrion crows of the 150,000 club and the idle loafers who fatten on the misery of the spiritless slaves and unmanly caricatures of men who are willing to let their wives bend over a wash tub to feed the children, because the men are too cowardly to unite to fight!

It will not be needful in the limits of a short column to go into all the details, though there are not many, of the Revolutionary Union, either in a small organization of 3000 like that of Spokane or in the Union of 2,000,000 of France. The very form and spirit of the true workingman's union refuses to be tied either by the rusty chains of the boss or by the red tape of the hairsplitters.

We as workers have nothing. The employers have everything that's good. The employers have stolen it from us, for we produced it. We propose to take it—all of it—a part of it—today or tomorrow, as fast as we are able. That some of the members of the I. W. W. of Spokane have been out of work and therefore have no control, for the time being, of the tools of production does not alter the fact that industrial control, after all is said, is the one thing dreaded like a nightmare by the employing class, whether the employing class be the "gunny-sack" contractor of Spokane or the powerful mill owner.

We have ONE UNION, ONE LABEL, ONE ENEMY. Our country is the world and our flag the Red Flag of brotherhood.

Our employers and those who rob us are the only "foreigners." Can't even the man whose back is bent with drudgery and whose mind is calloused with the wretched cares of a hand-to-mouth existence grasp the difference between a fighting Union, where all workers are UNITED, and the spineless, shapeless, divided groups of workers disorganized in the American Federation of Labor, broken, squabbling and far from advancing in strength, dividing in weakness.

Is it any wonder the "Review" approves of a Union, such as that of the Electrical Workers—where one "Union" strings the wires on the poles and another strings them in the house; where there are six different scabbing "Unions" doing common labor, and God only knows how many craft Unions, from the bay horse teamsters to the coat-tail pressers?

The I. W. W. knows, as you know or will learn, Workingman, that you have nothing to gain by being "nice" to your employer. Money talks. Will your boss pay you for licking his boots? Does he not rather despise the creatures who will shovel gravel with a scoop into the dump wagons used by the gentle contractors of Spokane?

What is there in it for you, either to fight the game alone or to fight your fellow-worker in the American Separation of Labor? Have

you anything to fear by joining the one UNION that stands for the interest of the working class ALONE?

Is sow-belly so dear and flour gravy and smids so sweet as to be bought at the price of chains and slavery?

Brace up and fight the boss. You are a better man than he ever will be, and then you will have his respect at least; for he never loved you and never will.

What you need is more wages and shorter hours, again and again, till you have the whole thing, which can only be accomplished by ONE STRONG, FEARLESS, REVOLUTIONARY UNION OF WORKERS.

ALL WORKERS AGAINST ALL EMPLOYERS

Although we do not in the least approve of the divisions of the working people into numberless factions, fighting each other, scabbing on each other and making contracts with their bosses to the detriment of all workers concerned, there should be no misunderstanding of the position of the I. W. W. in regard to the various separated unions in Spokane and elsewhere.

To begin with: We recognize the card of every labor union and will take any such card in place of the initiation fee.

We have one card which does for any job in any industry in any place, at any time. ONE CARD FOR ALL.

No member of the I. W. W. is allowed to take the place of a striker under any circumstances, whether the striker belongs to a union or not.

No I. W. W. man is allowed to work for less than the wages being already paid on a job. We do not propose to underbid other workers. We want all the wages possible, in fact everything in sight.

Any bunch of workers on strike has the entire support of the I. W. W. The working people are always right and the bosses are always wrong—with us!

The schemes of the labor fakers and traitors in the American Federation of Labor, such as Sam Gompers, John Mitchell, etc., and the treachery of such aggregations as the "Carpenters' Union" of Spokane, among others, will come in for all the advertising possible. We will not retreat a single inch from the program OF ONE LABOR UNION FOR EVERY ONE WHO WORKS FOR WAGES and that the employer HAS NO RIGHTS THAT WE OUGHT TO RESPECT.

But we are always ready to help the working class in their struggles AGAINST THE EMPLOYERS—anywhere—at all times!

SINGLE OR UNITED?

We often hear men, especially the American workmen who are over forty years of age, make the statement that the workers "will not stick together." Perhaps the man who makes the assertion has been in some one of the thousand strikes of the craft Unions, or perhaps he is of a despairing disposition, like the preacher, he "vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

In truth the workers do stick together, and any one who makes the statement that they do not has probably lost heart, or has been unable to see anything but the failures of the working class organizations and none of the successes. There is in the City of New York a man, who might be called the apostle of pessimism. Though a man of education, and a professed revolutionist, his occasional croak reminds one of Poe's Raven—nevermore.

His motto is that the working class go—not from glory to glory, but from defeat to defeat.

We might then, ask why any more effort of the working class to better their conditions if they are only to be met with defeat?

It is needless to add that this man, above, is a politician and not only the bitter results of the political delusions of the workers.

So that when we hear that the workers are impossible to unite; that they are only to meet with defeat; that the world is as it always was; we may depend upon it that such prisoners of the Giant Despair are either lazy or cowardly or the victims of the deceit of the employing class.

There is no absolute defeat, and no absolute victory. The "defeats" of the working class have always been partial victories; if not in one way then in another. We often, indeed, learn more from our failures than from our successes. We will know better next time.

But let us know that these wiseacres, these croakers, these men who KNOW that there is no use to talk UNIONS to the workers, are also the people that will KNOW just the opposite when the tables are turned.

They wish always to appear to be on the winning side.

The instinct of UNION of the working class is too strong to be resisted. Men act naturally together to better themselves and have done so in all ages. So that, knowing that the spirit of Union will not be put down altogether, we find compromise "UNIONS"—schemes to mislead the workers into the belief that their interests are those of the boss.

But for the individual workingman we say, is it a question of choice with you? Is the question of UNION among the workers a thing to be idly discussed or dreamed over? Or is it one of those things which MUST BE SETTLED?

The papers of the employing class tell us that the chances for the industrious worker are as good as they ever were in this country. Is it so? Go West, young man, sounded well forty years ago. Will you tell the unemployed and hopeless worker in Seattle to go West? How far?

Every year wipes out the last remaining traces of any difference in conditions of the working class; here or abroad. The American workman is fast losing the delusion that the Republican form of government means any good for him. All governments are the tool of the employing class. Which is worse—to be hungry in Russia, or hungry in Washington?

Workingmen! Investigate the Industrial Union. See if you can find any other organization which is composed entirely of workers—same as yourself, which is really DOING anything for the working class.

The amazing growth of the INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD in membership; the spread of Revolutionary ideas among the workers, the world over; the gradual crowding down and out of the skilled as well as the unskilled worker, all these things gain and silence the cowards, the politicians and the agents of the employing class.

The most convincing argument for a person of sense and education who may not have time to consider theories is the mere opposition of the employing class to the I. W. W. here and abroad.

Are you disgusted with the single handed battle against the boss and against the poverty with which he afflicts you and still downcast?

Join the I. W. W. and we will show you a fight to a finish.

The plumbers are on strike at the Dodson building and, of course, the A. F. of L. carpenters are scabbing on them. It is the life of these cattle to scab. The Carpenters' Union is rotten as an organization than the rest of the 57 varieties of A. F. of L.

It would fill up a big book to make a list of their scabbery.

Ren Rice has resigned as chief of police. What with the "kane Reds" on one side and such critics as Reverend Bull on the other, the job of police chief is becoming anything but a "hot" one. It will be worse, we fear, before it is better.

Strangers in Spokane, lately from the East, are advised to bring their own disinfectants with them to the grading camps. A hundred pounds of chloride of lime will answer for as long as one is to stay.



LAW AND ORDER IN SPOKANE

By Charles Grant

Spokane, by virtue of the law and order... has attained a prominence that... her even more conspicuous for... and barbarism than was Madrid... during the Spanish Inquisition.

So-called law and order element has... pushed to the front and is assert... self with disregard for the little... and justice that yet remain to the... working people.

One of the nucleus from which this pro... element grew was imported from... A species known as Billy Sun... and with such a saintly advocate... Bull the seed has developed into a... though foul, plant.

Weeks of agitation on the part of... Bull, who, by the way, carried cred... from the Chamber of Commerce... institution he was a member, the... and honorable body known as... Spokane City Council concurred... sentiments of his reverence to pro... free speech and close the streets to... and revolutionists in general.

man-Review—morning dollar sign—and its concubine, the Chronicle, were quick to take up the cry against the I. W. W. The Spokane Press brought up the rear. Rev. Dr. Bull wrote several scathing articles against the union, saying he considered these the most dangerous men in Spokane.

The City Council.

The city council was influenced by Dr. Bull to draw upon an ordinance and as for intelligence and knowledge of the constitution, a Hottentot would have made a better job. It prohibited free speech and peaceful assemblage upon the streets of Spokane, but this applied only to the revolutionists and Industrial Workers of the World.

The Fourth of March.

The I. W. W. still persisted in the fight and forced the council to a general application of the law to all organizations, Salvation Army, Volunteers of America, etc., and on the 4th of March an ordinance was put into effect, and on that date J. H. Walsh violated the ordinance and was arrested, put in jail and fined \$10 and costs. The Salvation Army and Volunteers also violated the ordinance and were arrested, but not put in jail. Their fines were also \$10 and costs. All the cases were appealed to the superior court, but the members of the I. W. W., as individuals, continued to speak upon the streets, were arrested and placed in jail. The conditions there equalled the black hole of Calcutta. Mexican dungheaps were not to be compared as regards brutality and utter hate for humanity.

The Honorable Court.

We were not all arrested in one day, neither were we all tried in one day. The first batch was arrested Friday, March 5; six men were arrested, one after the other. This batch was tried on Saturday, March 6, before Hizzoner, the learned Judge Mann. So patriotic, so learned in the law, and yet almost human. This learned jurist overstepped his bounds and fined each and every one of us \$100 and costs and 30 days on the rock pile, when even according to his own law, he could not give over \$100 and costs or 30 days. Eight more men were arrested on March 6 and tried March 8; same impartial sentence administered. On Sunday, March 7, 20 more men were arrested. As these men were arrested they were herded with total disregard for cell capacity. After trial

the officials were satisfied with 12 in a cell. Those arrested on Sunday were tried on Monday (same law or lawlessness). Monday 10 more arrested; tried on Tuesday—same thing. On Monday, after the tenth man was arrested, they began to club the men.

Police Try to Start Riot.

Between four and five o'clock about 20 policemen surrounded the I. W. W. hall. They began calling vile names to our men, daring them to come out. During this time our members were peacefully reading in the library; some in the assembly room. Our members acted as if there was nothing to cause surprise. One officer in particular, a deputy sheriff, made himself very conspicuous. A worker and former officer was leaving the hall, when this officer who is also assistant superintendent of the Washington Water Power company, grabbed him, then arrested him and fired him into jail, charged with disorderly conduct. Another of our members was arrested on the trumped up charge of spitting on the street. Every scheme was resorted to, only to find the I. W. W. wise to the game.

Conditions in City Jail.

I was one of the victims, and can swear and get 43 more to back up my assertions. The portion of the jail in which I was incarcerated contains 10 cells. Each cell is designed to hold four persons; the cells are 6x7 feet, into which were herded 10 and 12 men; the cell in which I was locked containing 10 prisoners, cell 13. The cell next to me contained 12 prisoners, and the next 12, and across from me was a cell containing 10, and the other next to it contained 12. We could not be down at night, even four men would have a miserable time trying to lie in the narrow space of six feet, and mostly all the men in my cell except myself were large. Taking into consideration that on one side was the toilet bowl and on the other the water faucet and basin, you can imagine, if not feel, the uncomfortable and horrible position four men would be in. But do not forget that we were 10 and 12 in a cell. We could neither lie nor sit down. Had we lain down we would have to have been three deep, so we had to stand, crouch or lean the best way we could. The misery in these cells was something never to be forgotten—sore, sleepy and stomach sick and the air foul. Some of the men managed to bring

their tobacco with them and the smoke still more increased the foulness of the cells.

Suffering With Bleeding Piles.

While incarcerated we were never permitted to leave our cells except for trial. Our cells were never washed nor cleaned. The fare consisted of bread and water twice a day. One of our number had the bleeding piles, but notwithstanding, he was brutally compelled to stand up like the rest of us who were tough as whalebone. The result was his clothes were covered with blood. On Tuesday night the officials got wind of an indignation meeting to be held by the revolutionists, so at 12 o'clock, midnight, he was given a bath.

A member in another cell had a poisoned leg. He could not stand. He and he alone had a hammock and this made it harder for the rest of the prisoners in that cell. Still another member had a sore throat. But as things were, we were resigned to fate and would stick out the three and one-half months for spite. We believed in our rights to free speech, and even in we never would. The dry bread we were fed was not even given us on a tin plate, but was thrown to us through a hole in the back of our cell. There were only two tin cups for 10 men to drink from while eating the dry bread. This bread is furnished by the Ideal (?) restaurant and the taxpayers pay 60 cents a day for each prisoner. A man was fed in proportion to about one baker's loaf in two days, and 28 of these loaves can be bought for \$1. One thing that they did not begrudge us was water. It seems the Washington Water Power company had sufficient besides what passed over the falls.

Before herding us in all hammocks, except the one mentioned above, were removed from the cells. Insect life swarmed in the cells and seemed to permeate the air. This is no joke. Bugs seemed as numerous as the sands of the sea shore, but in spite of all this we sang our revolutionary songs, the "Red Flag" and the "Marseilles," being the favorites. Every morning we were asked to go on the chain gang, but no I. W. W. man would so disgrace himself. No day passed without holding our business meetings. We made speeches, etc. We even had prayer meetings. They were more physical than spiritual. In spite of our misery and

a good time. We put the chain gang out of commission.

Chain Gang.

The members who compose this chain gang are recruited from the barrel houses and lodging houses. One dive in particular, the "Ondawa" Inn. This den furnishes more recruits than any other place in Spokane. The men who go there are, of course, victims of the capitalistic system; men who cannot, will not organize; who are always out after the capitalist landlords; who spend their time in the barrel houses; are always looking for booze, but never try to alter their own conditions. These ignorant brutes look upon a socialist as a man ready to blow everything and everybody into kingdom come, and it is this ignorant material of which the chain gang is composed. Often these men are arrested solely for the profit to be derived from their labor.

Some of this breed were turned out of jail to make room for us "orators," and by this the supply of recruits for the chain gang was cut off, for, since we could not sleep, we swore that no members of the chain gang should do so. The night jailer threatened us with the hose, but that failed to dampen our spirits. We continued to expound our doctrine, and for once Spokane jail was organized. Visitors were not permitted to see us. Friends who brought food to the jail were asked who they wished to see and the desk man, learning it was us, said: "No food is allowed in the jail."

Discharged.

Our deliverance from this obscene hell-hole was at hand, though we were not complaining, for the treatment received was a fair sample of the tender mercies and enlightened methods of the Spokane police. The whole affair was making such a stir, the police were being so hard worked, and the pressure was becoming unpleasant for the wise and good of the city hall. The Monroe street bridge seemed to be again vanishing into the slim future with the large bill for the "board" of the many prisoners. So the inflexible judge, and the fearless mayor offered to let all the union men out of jail if they would wait till the superior court declared the ordinance about the streets unconstitutional. And the understanding was agreed to, that the union should "be considered" in the repeal of the offensive ordinance.

ON THE STREET CAR

W. W. P., Conductor to Motorman: I see that the police are having trouble with this here I. W. W. again. I wonder what's the matter with those people?

Motorman: It looks like there was some trouble with the Employment Agencies on Stevens Street. I hear that there have been a lot of men robbed by these "Employment Sharks," as they are called.

Conductor (lately from the rural districts): Why don't the police arrest the Employment Sharks instead of clubbing the men who have been robbed?

Motorman: What a question! The employment agents have been in Spokane for years and these are mostly hoboes and flouters that have been skinned by them. A nice thing it would be if every business man were to be arrested simply for skipping a hobo! Why the jail would be full!

Conductor: But I hear that the I. W. W. is breaking the law and sending their men out to hold street meetings, and that the police are afraid that these meetings will result in a riot.

Motorman: The Spokane police are not afraid of anything—except losing their jobs, so they have to do as the Washington Water Power Co. tell them—the same as we do.

Conductor: Yes, I see that Harry Richards, who is the son of the main guy of the company, is deputy sheriff and arrested one of the agitators the other day. I wonder what for?

Motorman: For being a bad man and for he would not chip in on Harry's pocket present, the time he married that "dark" girl. This agitator was very nice for Harry who was truck boss and wouldn't dig up a cent and now Harry has arrested him to get even!

Conductor: Yes, but Hook-nose Hunt and the whole W. W. P. push it in for this I. W. W. on their account. There must be something wrong the company would not fight them so hard. Read the paper this morning? According to that the I. W. W. are all anarchy.

Motorman: O, that's old music! The paper said the same thing about the West-ern Federation of Miners when they had the trouble in the Coeur d'Alenes—everybody in a bunch of anarchists according to the Review.

Conductor: But wasn't there a union on the W. W. P. cars a while ago?

Motorman: Yes, but no one was in it but some of the car men. The linemen and the electricians had a separate union, and the track men were not allowed to belong to the same union as the car men—in fact there were about half a dozen different unions, and when one would go out on strike, the others would stay at work. At last the car men pulled off what is known as an invisible strike. No one knew there was a strike till the Review said so. None of the cars stopped running and all the strikers simply lost their jobs. Some people say that the company organized the car men's union to discourage every car man after the union was broken up.

Conductor: Well, it's a cinch the W. W. P. Co. will not encourage the I. W. W. I wonder why not?

Motorman: No, you bet your life the company don't encourage the I. W. W. and they never will. They know better!

Conductor: But the I. W. W. men, what I have seen of them, are a lot of decent working men. Why should the company be afraid of them? Are they any worse than other men like them?

Motorman: No, but the trouble is, that the Industrial Workers of the World, as I understand it, have everybody in ONE UNION. When the car men go on strike, so do the track men, and the electricians and the powerhouse men, and the line men, and the barn men—in fact everybody—down to the cats!

Conductor: Well, it looks like that would be the best way to have the union!

Motorman: Why, it would—the best for the men who do the work, but the very worst for the company that hires them.

Conductor: Yes, but there were plenty of men—"seabs," as they are called, to take the places of the strikers when the car men quit the last time. How about that?

Motorman: Because the company knew all about the strike for a month in advance. The union gave the company notice that there would be a strike and the car barns were full of extra men all ready to take the places of the men on strike.

Conductor: Well, how about the I. W. W.?

Motorman: They never give the company any notice. They would strike on a circus day or when there is a big crowd—in fact anything to beat the boss, and all

means are fair against the company. It is the only sensible way to have a labor union, and if I was not just like you and all the others, I would join the I. W. W. myself, but I am afraid of losing my job. Conductor: Well, I am getting tired of being a dog! A big stiff put in a complaint against me because I carried him past his street when he was drunk, and I got 11—11 and laid off for ten days. We will have to wear a dog collar before long.

HOTEL EMPLOYES BOYCOTT CAFETERIAS

All members of the I. W. W. are notified that there is a strike on in Spokane against the Cafeterias and the Dairy Lunch Rooms. This strike is being conducted by the hotel and restaurant employees of the American Federation of Labor. The phrens of business above mentioned have refused to recognize the unions. Since Monday various of these places have been picketed during the busy part of the day.

The officers of the H. & R. E. Unions said that in case of an injunction being issued against the pickets that the Union would not violate the injunction but fight the case in the courts.

It is the duty of every member of the I. W. W. to help the workers in this struggle against the masters—whether or not we agree with the tactics used.

Not the least of the false teachings of the A. F. of L. is the respect for the bosses' law which is handed out to the workers by the fakers and skates of this outfit, the A. F. of L. If an injunction is issued against the pickets, every man in the union should proceed to violate it, if it is necessary for every union man in Spokane to go to jail. The judges which are hired by the bosses and the petty officials of all sorts will soon get tired of boarding the men in jail—as, for instance, in the late case of the I. W. W. in Spokane.

If this were a strike of the Industrial Union, every restaurant in Spokane if necessary, and every bakery, and every grocery store, and all the industries of the town would be shut down if it were needed to win out against the restaurant proprietors. But this kind of thing would be WICKED from the A. F. of L. point of view. They will come to it finally, however!

"I HAD A DREAM"

As I lay on my pillow last night in the Spokane police station I had a dream that was very impressive for a time, and it ran about like this:

"I dreamed that I had starved to death on bread and water in the city bastille under the orders of the chief of police, and that the employment sharks of Spokane were standing right behind the chief, prodding him with sharp knives and spears because he was allowing us too much bread each day and that they (the sharks) did not want him to give us any water at all.

"Well, I died—starved to death—and I was laid in a nice pine box bought of some grafting undertaker, and four noble looking, tender hearted bulls were carrying me out of the station, when the chief of police and mayor stopped the procession, and both said in concert: 'We hope you do not feel any ill will toward us, for we have only done our duty in preserving the law; yes, the law which is the rules' of the Washington Water Power company.' I knew I was dead, so made no reply.

"I was put to rest by the bulls, and laid to rest by them also, and in a few minutes I arrived on the other side. I was not admitted to the part of the city with pearly streets and steps of gold, but I was sent down to a place where asbestos fades away like tallow candles. A guard stepped up to me dressed in a suit that looked somewhat like an Uncle Sam soldier, and said 'enter here.' I entered as I was told and when I got inside I thought it was a lot of the I. W. W. boys holding a propaganda meeting, but in a moment's notice I saw different.

"I was now seated pretty well front in a large gathering. I have no idea of how many thousands of people—because there were men, women and children as far as the eye could see. The balconies were full, the galleries were full and the main floor was a solid mass of humanity. They had some fine musicians, and singers were there by the score. For a time I could not quite get the run of the program, but at last I discovered what it was.

"It was a meeting supposed to be of a blasphemous nature, and a ridiculous take-off on the religious idea of heaven. In the large chair in the center of the stage sat the devil, bedecked in jewels, and his stage effects trimmed in gold, while fire flashed now and then from the

floor of the stage to the ceiling which was many feet above the head of the devil, and as the tongues of fire would die down, streaks of piercing lightning would flash in every direction. At this the whole pavilion began to light up, and it was easy to see who all were there—labor skates, fakers, sky pilots, judges, policemen, cockroach merchants, employment sharks, and then it seemed to me, 'why are all these children, women and honest people in here, when another flash of lightning went across the great crowd and that seemed to make me notice that they were all poor people that were there with these crooks. In fact it was something like the laws in the city of Spokane—hard to understand.

"All of a sudden a terrific volcanic eruption took place on the right hand of the devil, and when the smoke died away, there appeared a beautiful but odd kind of a chair, apparently made for three people, but only two fludly became apparent in this chair on the right hand of the devil. These two were easily discerned; they were Samuel Gompers and Harry Orchard. The devil looked around to his right and smiled, and said we will soon be ready to start the program and show the slim proletariat how the intellectual element would conduct a first class working men's revolutionary meeting.

"At this point appeared another volcanic eruption that apparently filled the whole meeting room with smoke, and as the smoke began to die away there appeared another face on the scene and it was making for this chair which was on the right hand of the devil, and was evidently built for three. Behold the third face is there! The Trinity is complete! announces the devil as he flourishes a large sword through the air which flashes streaks of lightning over the heads of the audience. I know this third man, but he is such a little pigmy compared to the others; a small shriveled, spineless looking shrimp, that I can't recall his name. It slips my tongue. Someone beside me says, 'Who is the little wart?' But I am still unable to speak his name, when the devil laughs a jolly laugh, and, pointing the sword to the new arrival, says, 'In a sneering way, 'The Trinity is now complete—with the king of slimy political crooks—Daniel DeLeon.'

"Here I awoke and found that I was still in the city bastille of Spokane, and the iron floor was as hard as ever."

PILLAR OF THE LAW IN FARCE-COMEDY

Continued from page one:

hiding a look at once sad and kind. He began his career at the bottom—and is there yet.

What safeguards are thrown around the prisoners. They, at least, have the fear of God in their hearts.

Does anyone violate the sanctuary by spitting on the floor?

No one but the officers.

Is the justice hurried? No, indeed, the justice is too fat to hurry.

Do you ask why the judge's eyes are red? Irreverent wretch! It is from weeping over the misdeeds of the lumber-jacks and the hoboes who are before him.

Judge Was Once a Hobo.

For, reader, the judge was once a hobo himself, before he got a new suit of clothes and a political pull from his father's partner, who is a money lender and real estate dealer.

Many a man, worried and desperate, tired with gazing at the job signs on Stevens street; hungry, footsore and discouraged, can look back to the Spokane police court and date the beginning of his first real happiness from the time he first looked at the kindly face of the judge.

He has lived to be thankful that he was sent to the rock pile where the employment was secure and the food wholesome and even rich, rather than "ship out" from the employment office, where he would have had to work even harder than on the rock pile and without the honor and comfort of helping to boost Spokane, by breaking stone for the streets thereof.

But, alas! In spite of all this—the men who are converted (into tramps and criminals) by the Christian influences of the police court, the fatherly correction of the judge, the association with the refining influences and pure air of the city house of detention—jail is too coarse a work—there are still men who complain and find fault.

They say that the court is a "kangaroo"—whatever these ungodly sinners mean by that. That a man with a little pull or influence can commit the vilest crimes and go unpunished. That although the ears of the officials of the law are deaf to the appeals of the workmen, these same officials vie with each other in hunting down "rioters" and in clubbing men who have been guilty of no offense.

They have even gone so far as to say that a locality which defends and shields the robbing of thousands of workmen by a licensed "employment agents' association" is a disgrace to human nature and almost a disgrace to the respectables of Cannon Hill—if they could indeed be disgraced, which we all know is impossible.

Stir Up Discontent.

Is it not these same complainers, these paid agitators, these men, who far from loving their employers—if indeed they ever did work—stir up all manner of discontent among the very people on whose uncomplaining slavery the prosperity of the city is built?

It would be a good thing for the 150,000 club if these agitators were all swept into the river. What will become of the ease and luxury of the better element in society: who will support the mistresses of the rich men's clubs; yes, what will the very heart of Spokane's industrial life, the employment agencies do if this doctrine of discontent is allowed farther to spread? A dreadful future is before us!

A number of the most skillful of the detective force have found out, after tracing down several mysterious clues, that there is an organization of agitators and revolutionists in the city, the so-called Industrial Workers of the World. Though why they are called "workers" is a riddle and the Daniel that shall expound it is yet a wanting.

They seem rather to be as anxious to avoid work as the average policeman—avoid work as the average policeman—for the Spokane police are, without exception, industrious and God-fearing gentlemen.

Detective Learned Pass-Word.

One of the boldest of the detective force succeeded in gaining admission to a meeting of this lawless crew. He learned the pass-word, "coffee and doughnuts," after months of sleepless work and if anything were needed to prove that these men are either violent anarchists or the poor deluded followers of crazier and more designing men, here are a few of the utterances delivered by the "stock orators" on the above occasion: "You workmen are the laughing stock of the people who fatten on your misery."

"You should all have three good meals a day; a good clean bed to sleep in." "You are entitled to all things for you produce all things." "The Industrial Union is the future government of this country, and everything is possible to you workers by means of your organization."

"Why do the employing class, the idle rich, the useless parasites oppose you so? Do they fight shadows? Do you think it likely that sensible business men and employers would seek to break up your organization, if they did not realize that it means ruin to them?" and more of the same kind of inflammatory talk.

A word to the wise is sufficient. For our part, while we thank God that we have never slept in box cars or packed blankets from town to town, if we listened long to the kind of speeches such as the above we would never be contented with the average lot—or little—of the worker in this part of the country.

American Separation of Labor.

Why can not these men join a union such as the American Federation of Labor? There are over sixty different varieties of these separated unions in Spokane alone and any one but a fault-finder ought to be able to find at least one of them which would suit him.

Is he a teamster? There is the white horse teamsters' union. The bay horse teamsters' union. The mule drivers' union, etc., etc.

Is he a shovel stiff? There is the long-handled shovelers' union, the short-handled shovelers' union, the scap-shovelers' union and many others too numerous to recall. Besides what an honor to belong to the same organization as President Taft, or ex-President Roosevelt!

Do we ever find the leaders of the American Federation of Labor in Spokane in the city jail? Or arrested for being disorderly agitators? Far from it! Indeed much latitude is given these noble men who teach that the interests of the employer are the same as those of the worker. If we are not mistaken, a "leader" of the American Separation of Labor could swindle the blue out of the sky, in Spokane, and would not be molested by the powers that be.

Want All in One Union.

But no! These Industrial "Workers" want all the workmen to belong to ONE UNION! So that they can compel the boss to pay them all they earn! And they want, in fact, to control everything in sight without regard to the welfare of Cannon Hill or Brown's Addition.

How to destroy this organization is indeed a problem. Having no homes, nothing to lose, of a roving and lawless spirit, it is a question if more harm would not be done by spreading the seeds of such discontent than by allowing them to remain as they are.

But there is one cause for congratulation on the part of the respectable element in our fair City of the Falls. It will be some time, we flatter ourselves before these wretches are able to tie up all the street cars, put out all the lights and cut off the water supply of the city as they have done in other places. As for instance in a one-horse town—in France, we believe—Paris, where the same aggregation actually plunged the city in darkness when any little thing comes up, such as the shooting of some of their members or the like.

We Have Many Heroes.

So, in conclusion, citizens of Spokane: Rejoice that we have a fearless police court, a brave and noble band of heroes who make up the police force—men who go without flinching, into the Red Light district and collect the fines from the fierce and warlike women who infest that quarter, and any two of which policemen are a match for a drunken and half-starved hobo.

What with the prayers of the Saints, the weight of the policeman's club, the holy influence of the Spokesman-Review, and the frowns of the politicians in general, long may our Police Court be the Temple and Palace of Justice! Long may the happy and contented members of the law-abiding separated unions of Spokane live if not in peace—at least in pieces!

Long may the benevolent employment offices do business at the same old stand and those wretched tramps be forced to spend their last cent with them rather than in a saloon!

Shiftless hobo! who lookest longingly at the porterhouse steak in the restaurant window, how long is it since you wrote to Mother?

And yet, do you know, just between ourselves, these "Reds" seem possessed with a strange earnestness?

INDUSTRIAL UNION GROWS IN FRANCE

There is a widespread strike of the telegraph and the telephone operators on in France.

Communication is practically at a standstill between France and in particular, Paris and the outside world. It should be remembered that the form of the unions in France is similar to the I. W. W.—they all strike at once and the French unions are revolutionary.

Even Grandma Durham admits that the "case is serious" in France.

Except the government and its support, the army, the revolutionary union is the strongest power in France.

We await developments with impatience in regard to the latest struggle in France.

We are "wasting" no time in agitation—such time is never wasted. What more foolish than to waste a lifetime making profits for a boss and then to shuffle off into a nameless grave?

The liberty of the ballot is the greatest comedy of the century.

REV. BULL LIKES PUBLIC LIMELIGHT

Some time ago the Rev. W. L. Bull made an attempt to force himself upon the limelight of publicity by trying to act the part of a prophet of calamities and as a result predicted that dreadful things would happen in the fair city of Spokane unless his "precious advice" was taken into consideration.

The combination of reading and meditating upon the Book of Revelations, while at the same time trying to digest the products of French cooking, is well calculated to cause hallucinations; as a result the man who indulges too deeply in those things is often led into the mysterious but unreliable pathway of prophecy and such seems to be the case with the reverend gentleman. In one of his visions he has seen Mr. Walsh a "dangerous" man still at large; in another the spectacle of workmen indulging in supposed lawlessness has troubled his otherwise peaceful slumbers and probably in a nightmare he has seen a band of those terrible I. W. W. making an attempt to damage his valuable "Place of Rest," and even one bolder than the rest must have forgotten himself so far as to make an attempt to hurt him; but in spite of the fact that the reverend gentleman seems to be the spokesman of a clique that lives upon the product of the toil of the workers and whose hatred of organized labor is well known, he need not fear any members of the I. W. W. will even damage one hair of his facial adornment. However, in making that statement I, as a member of the I. W. W., do not intend to respect his feelings and especially that portion which graced the columns of that "Monument of Truth," the Spokesman-Review, some time ago.

Bull Is Two-Faced.

Rev. Bull is certainly a peculiar combination of a Hyde and a Jekyll. When addressing an audience in which the working element predominate he, as a rule, is quite radical. He goes so far as to deplore the fact that workers are the victims of wrong social conditions, claims to be a Christian Socialist, pretends the workmen have his heart-felt sympathies and never forgets to remind his audience that at one time he was a member of the Knights of Labor (no wonder the Knights of Labor went down). But when he comes in contact with his associates of the Chamber of Commerce, a transformation takes place; his love for the organized workers drops to zero, his sympathies are gone entirely and, to show his true colors, he had that body pass a resolution calling upon the municipal authorities to enforce an unconstitutional ordinance prohibiting free speech on the streets, thereby trying to prevent the largest labor union of the city from going on the streets to organize the underpaid floating workmen. Further, his two open letters published in the Spokesman-Review have convinced us workers that the mask of hypocrisy has at last dropped and the gentleman is an enemy and not a friend of labor as he pretends to be.

Preacher Cannot Be Trusted.

The statement referring to a speaker of the I. W. W. advocating anything in the way of violence is ridiculous and shows that the word of Mr. Bull can not be trusted. Should any official or speaker of the I. W. W. forget themselves so far as to advocate violence, they would speedily be removed by the membership of our organization, for we know that such talk would be harmful to our cause.

Mr. Bull should know that a labor union is neither a gun nor a military organization, but an economic organization on the industrial field. Its aims and objects must be to get together and educate as many wage workers as possible so that through the economic power obtained thereby they can get redress for their grievances and improve their social conditions. For a labor organization to advocate a policy that would result in violence, riot and disorder would simply react against itself and be equivalent to committing suicide. We members of the I. W. W. are not victims of delusions or visions, and certainly we are not crazy as yet.

In spite of these facts Mr. Bull and the rest of the modern followers of Annanias have always been anxious to throw their venom at any labor union that happened to cross their path. Their only object in view is and has always been to prejudice public opinion against organized labor. By the way, I may remind the gentleman of this bit of scripture: The devil is a liar and the father of lies.

FRED ISLER.

FLATHEAD INDIANS; FLATHEAD WHITES

(Continued from page one)

of your country. Join the militia and get a free suit of clothes, and when the fellows with the long red horse tail in his hat says fire, give them hell all at once, especially if they are workers. They can go to heaven when they are dead. Never mind whether it is right or not, do your duty; obey orders.

Don't use your own brains to do any

thinking as it is a bad thing and will certainly offend the boss.

It is a wonder you wouldn't take a fall out of yourself and take the board off your head; it's holding down your brains. Don't organize. Let your boss do the organizing.

Recognition of political rights to the people does the government's no harm, as these baubles do not imperil the principle of authority and do not undermine the proletarian base of society. It is another story when economic liberties are in question. These are of real advantage to the people, and can only be acquired at the expense of the privileged. It is therefore evident that the state, the upholder of capitalism, refuses to the last to grant a particle of economic improvement.—Emile Pouget.

ANOTHER BLAST FOR "GUNPOWDER" BULL

Kennewick, Wash., Feb. 2, 1909.

Rev. W. L. Bull—

Dear Sir: I have just finished reading your remarks relative to the enforcement of an ordinance that was passed for the purpose of putting an end to free speech in Spokane. I regret that one in your position should have so little regard for our traditions as to advise the enforcement of such an ordinance as the one in question. The attempt to enforce this ordinance is a confession that you are weak. This attempt excites contempt for every one connected with this outrageous attempt to destroy one of the fundamental, constitutional rights of every American citizen.

I desire to warn you that all such attempts will end in miserable failure, and ought to so end. The expressed desire to enforce this ordinance shows that you utterly fail to comprehend the genius of American institutions, or comprehending, you hold their very essence in contempt.

Let the violent, those who resort to force of any kind be punished, but allow those who seek to know more of the causes that are producing the many evils that threaten our existence as a nation, have the opportunity to make a study of the various theories that are being expounded on the streets of the cities of the world.

An Iniquitous Ordinance.

I shall not object to seeing you have protection against those who resort to violence, but I protest against including the innocent in your attempts to guard against the product of the system that you must be supporting. The country will not stand for the usurpation of power that is implied in the enforcement of this iniquitous ordinance.

At such times as this it is unwise to attempt any such usurpations. The country will not stand for this denial of free speech. It is believed by many that our forefathers fought, bled and died to secure this inestimable right, and I am convinced that millions of their descendants will, if need be, give up their lives for this sacred privilege. You would better meditate before rushing into this attempt to subordinate our rights to your own selfish interests.

Puts Bull Over a Barrel.

By the way, why not put an end to the admitted evils that the violent in Spokane are complaining of? Better study the causes that produce these wrongs. It is well known that the employment agencies are swindling concerns; that they do impose upon the helpless. It will hardly be wise for you who profess to honor the Prince of Peace to ask that the wronged shall be shot for protesting against admitted wrongs. Their manner of protestation may not meet with your approval, but allow me to ask that you discover a way in which the wronged may make effective protestation. How did you come to be the owner of the Ondawa? Did you produce its equivalent? I very much doubt that you have done so. If you have not so done then you are the possessor of wealth that rightfully belongs to another, and it is this condition that is causing the many evils that you, Teddy, and hosts of others are complaining about. Be sure that you are guiltless before casting the first stone, for that stone may set things in motion in such a way as to cause you some regret before you are able to stop the commotion so caused.

The right to speak on the streets will never be relinquished in this country. You may as well make up your mind to this.

D. BURGESS.

ALL TELL THE SAME STORY.

Warland, Mont., March 13.

Fellow Workers: One of the Spokane employment agents sent nine men out here to a camp, and the foreman says that he had never sent for any men. He signed the job tickets and sent the men back in Spokane.

These men had paid \$2.00 each for the job. This is the third time this winter that men have been sent out here in the same way.

JOHN CLARK.

Student: Is not the American Federation of Labor adopting an industrial form and will it not in time become revolutionary? Yes, about the same time the moon turns into green cheese.

THE "SIMPLE LIFE" IN THE JUNGLES

Note—For the benefit of those readers who are lately arrived from the East and are not so familiar with the customs of this section, we will explain that the "jungle" is used in another sense than that found in the dictionary. Jungles are used below in where the transient laborers gather to eat, to wash, to visit, etc., in those towns where credit can not be had of the hotels, and when the workers are financially embarrassed. In short, it is the gathering place of the hobo, generally these people "gather at the jungle" if there is one or wherever water can be had for cooking and washing; that is, if the police do not object. The "jungle" is a sylvan glade—a place of rest and refreshment—where:

"Far from mortal ears retreating—
Sordid hopes and fond desires,
Here our willing footsteps meet
Every heart to Heaven aspires

Whatever may be said to the contrary by the law and order element or by the industrious home guard, there is hardly a working man and especially laboring man who is not at times compelled to beat his way on freight trains and live the care-free life of the American Indian. This may seem like a slur on the Indian who had no police to bother him and who had no game laws to keep him hungry on his travels. Generally speaking the Indian in his wild state fared much better than the man on the road and the Indian camp would blush to be compared to the jungles of us free AMERICAN CITIZENS.

This subject of the jungles should be made better known.

The travelers in Europe are furnished with a reliable guide book, "Bachelors' Guide." A most useful thing for the tourist. But why have we no reliable guide to the jungles? Such a thing should fill a very useful purpose.

It would be a saving of time and trouble if every man knew, for instance, just where the jungles along the road were to be found; whether the "bush" is loose, if there are cans to boil up in, and enough wood and water, etc. How the place is for chowings and if there are kind-hearted farmers, with or without dogs, in the home guard, both the jungles? Is there a rock pile in the town? How is the Judge, etc., etc. There are a thousand items of interest along this line which should be published for the benefit of us "hoboed hoboes" as Grandma Durham calls us.

We shall give accurate information about the roads running into Spokane, which if we are not mistaken, will be greatly appreciated at least by those homeseekers who will soon be on the log after contact with the preachers and sharks of Spokane and who will not have a place to lay their heads.

Next week we will doggie the Northern Pacific Railroad to the west of here and give information relative to the departure of trains, the character of the train crews, the location of the various jungles and hope to illustrate the same with some maps, etc.

As long as there are six million people in the United States who are out of work and God knows how many in Spokane this kind of information will be very acceptable.

This is the cheerful springtime when we hope for the better and brighter life, so common with all Nature. The birds will build new nests and will have them for their own use—and that of their families. The enterprising and enlightened American workman will devote the "cheerful springtime" to pay last winter's bills.

MEETING TIME OF THE I. W. W. LOCAL UNIONS, SPOKANE, WASHINGTON.

Building Constructors' Local Union, No. 222, meets Mondays at 8 p. m.

Hotel and Restaurant Workers' Local Union, No. 132, meets Wednesdays at 8 p. m.

Public Service Workers' Local Union, No. 434, meets Fridays at 7 p. m.

Italian Branch, No. 2, of Local Union, No. 434, meets Tuesdays at 8 p. m.

Austrian Branch, No. 1, of Local Union, No. 434, meets Thursdays at 8 p. m.

Mixed Local Union, No. 222, meets Sundays at 3 p. m.

Executive committee, composed of two delegates from each union and branch, meets Saturdays at 8 p. m.

All meetings are held at the large headquarters near 412-14-16-18-20 Front Avenue, Spokane, Washington.

Library hours, 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.

Regular propaganda hall meetings held every Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sundays at 8 p. m.

Free Employment Office for the members.