



THE VOICE OF THE MILITANT WORKER

\$1.00 a Year, 50 cents 6 Months.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., APRIL 13, 1912.

WHOLE NO. 50.

REIGN OF TERROR IN ABERDEEN.

Inaugurated by the Lumber Barons and Their Tools.

The second week of violence and disorder perpetrated by the thugs and hirelings of the employers opened upon a wider basis. Monday several hundred sluggers were armed with sawed-off shot guns. These foul things paraded the streets and congregated before their masters' mills to beat up the workers who dared to pass by. They attacked people who were not even interested in the strike. Pickets were slugged, knocked down, beaten and dragged off to jail. The streets became unsafe even in broad daylight and it was an ordinary occurrence to see a thug knock persons down as he passed them on the street. At the Slade mill the thugs charged a crowd of people on the street. Carrie Walker showed her indignation and protested when men were beaten into insensibility. At once one of the slum "guardians of the law and order" pounced upon her as though she was some beast, and dragged her off to jail. Here she was locked into a cell where she shivered with cold for several hours. No further attention was given her until in sheer desperation she began calling for help. Then she was removed to another cell and held without food until released by a deposit of \$1,000 bail. She is charged with inciting to riot, disorderly conduct and possibly other things which our humane officials can think of.

Working people are arrested without warrants and crowded into the filthy jail. Any one who looked like a strike sympathizer was either beaten up on the street or dragged out of his own room or home and locked up. Nearly a hundred arrests were made this day. The editor of the local "Strike Bulletin" was dragged off from his room along with others when the disorderly police began to raid homes and lodging houses. In the morning the majority were turned loose after refusing to furnish bail. Those who have been kangarooed and fined have refused to pay any fine. The authorities are trying to collect money in the form of fines with which to pay the salaries of the criminal thugs.

The I. W. W. hall and two Socialist halls in Aberdeen were closed at the point of guns by order of the disreputable mayor. The people who had congregated in their own hall were charged, clubbed and chased down the street like so many wild animals. Then the doors were nailed up. The posters, banners and other material was destroyed in the halls. A sign on a wagon advertising a Socialist meeting in a theatre was stopped on the main street and destroyed. Later when one of the halls was opened by the proprietor and a crowd collected, the thugs charged with drawn guns, clubbing and beating up every one who could not get away.

Strikers Orderly.

Despite all the brutality of the police and thugs the workers are orderly and have not committed a single act of violence in retaliation. Even though beaten and knocked down in broad daylight, they have not resented. How long the workers will be able to endure this brutality, invasion of homes in the dead of night and the hounding of helpless women is hard to tell. This hell cannot last long without bringing the workers to a state of desperation. There are several thousand on strike and in sympathy here.

While the workers are facing this legal terrorism, hunger and want stares them in the face. The little relief doled out by the committee is insufficient. Money is coming in very slowly. There is no credit to workers and without cash with which to buy food nothing can be done. Every person on the outside MUST take a hand in this struggle and raise all the funds possible. There is no time to wait. Don't allow the employers to add the terror of hunger to the terror already being faced. Funds should be sent to: F. H. Allison, 211 Occidental (rear), Seattle, Wash.

Women and Children Picket.

In Hoquiam after the men were beaten and clubbed from the streets, the women and children took up the task of picketing the mills. The thugs did not dare to beat up the women and children on account of public opinion there being more in sympathy. The servile press here is boasting that Americans are working. It's a horrible slander to boast that the Americans are the only ones to scab and refuse to listen to little children pleading to them not to scab on their fathers. Yet the struggle continues.

You on the outside must remember these little ones who are helping their fathers and mothers in this terrible struggle for better conditions. If they are forced into the battle at a tender age IT IS UP TO YOU TO LEND A HAND.
J. S. BISCAY.

IN THY NAME, OH PROFITS!

VIGILANTES INTRUSTED WITH POLITICAL POWER BY THE CAPITALIST LEECHES OF SAN DIEGO.

Chicago, Ill., April 11, 1912.

REVOLT, San Francisco:

Fellow Worker Schwandt and I left Frisco Monday, April 1st, and arrived in Los Angeles Tuesday, April 2nd. On arriving here, we proceeded to find the local here. After a search of half an hour or so we finally found it. Then we were informed that a large number of the boys had left there some two hours or more before and were on the road to San Diego. On being informed that the party would stay in Fullerton, which is about 23 miles south of this city, fellow worker Schwandt and I decided to go to Fullerton on the car and catch the boys there. We got a car from Los Angeles about 5 o'clock which took us to Fullerton Roads. From there we walked to Fullerton, a distance of four miles and a half, arriving in Fullerton about 8:30 p. m. There were two other fellows left Los Angeles with us also. Arriving in Fullerton, we had supper. Then we started to look for the other fellows. We found them down the railroad track around a big fire. There must have been about seventy of them. Well, the boys made our little addition welcome and then proceeded to plan our next move. The plan was to take a ride on a Santa Fe freight train as far as Santa Ana and hold a meeting in Santa Ana and also see the boys in jail there. Well, we had just finished making plans when a freight train hove in sight and we proceeded to board her. We all climbed aboard a flat car and when the brakemen saw the bunch they never said a word.

Well, we reached Santa Ana about 11 o'clock p. m. and we were met by the village policemen to the number of three. They seemed very much surprised to see such a crowd and asked us why we did not stay aboard that train. Fellow worker Sebastian being the spokesman, he told the policemen that we intended to stay in town all night and see the boys in jail the next day and also that we would like to hold a street meeting in that town. Well, the policemen were in a very nervous condition and did not know what to do about the matter. I guess they had read about us in the capitalistic press and thought that we were dangerous characters. They seemed surprised when they saw what an orderly and cheerful bunch of men they had to deal with and they were soon laughing and joking with the boys. I believe we could have made I. W. W.'s out of them if we would have stayed and talked to them. Well, fellow worker, they finally decided to call the Mayor and Chief Marshal of the town by telephone and shortly after these gentlemen appeared in an automobile. They, too, were surprised to meet us, but they treated us very gently, and in a soothing voice asked our spokesman what it was intended to do whilst in their city. Our spokesman answered that as it was pretty late that night we had no desire to do anything just then except sleep and that he would oblige us if he would show us a place to sleep in, and that after we had rested we would call on the boys in jail and we would like to have our meeting on the street. Well, Mr. Mayor or whatever he was, was quite amiable and showed the committee a place to sleep, but this place was a poor affair, being without doors and too cold for a dog to lie in. So our spokesman asked him if we could not sleep in a box car, but he said it was not in his power to say yes, so we decided to sleep in the box car anyway.

Well, the next morning we got up and soon had a big fire going. Then the committee went up town and purchased food and coffee for the bunch. We had a first class chef amongst us and he proceeded to make an appetizing dish of fried steak and potatoes and bread a la carte. After the meal the committee went to town to interview the Sheriff and get a permit to see the boys in jail. But the Sheriff told the committee that Thursday was visiting day and that they could not see them that day as it was Wednesday. Well, the boys tried every means of getting to see them but it was useless, so they sent a message to cheer them up, after which the committee got a notice from the Mayor that they could hold a meeting in any part of the town as long as they were a hundred yards from the main street. Well, about 7:30 twenty of us proceeded up town to hold a street meeting. Arriving there we sang two or three songs and by that time we had quite a nice crowd around. Then our chairman opened the meeting. It was then that we all got a huge and pleasant surprise, as a lady in the audi-

ence volunteered to speak for us. We did not know that Santa Ana had any I. W. W.'s except the boys in jail. But we discovered that Mrs. Irene Smith was a good and a live member of the I. W. W.'s, and that she had lived in Santa Ana for some time. The way she talked to the natives would have done you good could you have heard her as we did. Well, fellow worker, Mrs. Smith took up a collection for us and we got seven dollars and some cents, for which we gave papers away. That was a pretty good collection for a small burg like Santa Ana. Well, we left \$2.50 with the Sheriff to buy tobacco for the boys in jail and then we went back to the camp, where we waited for a train that would take us to San Diego. About 11 o'clock p. m. a freight train came in and we got aboard a flat car again. When we were on the Sheriff of Santa Ana came down to us and talked very nice to us. He wanted to know why we didn't take a box car as that would be much nicer and warmer for us. But we told him that we preferred a flat car just then. While he was talking to us there were between twenty and twenty-five big, well-dressed fellows with their pockets bulging and overcoats on passing by him and I took a look down the train to see where they were all going and I was not a bit surprised to see them climb in the caboose. Well, when these fellows had all got in the caboose and the train was about to start the Sheriff gave us a fond farewell and wished us good luck and told us he would remember us to the boys in jail. Well, we were on the last stage of our journey at last and we expected to reach Ocean Side that night, a distance of 85 miles from Los Angeles. We had determined to stick in a bunch so that if any of the armed thugs in the caboose ordered us off we would not obey until we reached Ocean Side, which was our objective point for the night. Well, fellow worker, we had reached a point called San Onofre, which is 18 miles from Ocean Side, and 33 miles from Santa Ana, and here is where the murdering commenced.

All along the line were armed guards on both sides of the railroad track and they were strung out for three or four hundred yards or more. And so you can see where we got off at. When the train stopped the bunch of thugs who were close to the car we were on hollered to the rest to come up, which they did on the run. They all had white handkerchiefs around their arms and they had a rifle apiece which they pointed full at us. They also had a revolver and a club apiece. There must have been 200 of these brave fellows and in awful language they told us to get off the car but we refused and told them to go ahead and shoot us if they liked.

Well, fellow worker, we were just wondering what to do next when we were attacked from an unexpected quarter. The thugs from the caboose came along and climbed on top of the box car next to our flat car and started to club the boys off. Well, the boys stood that as long as they could, but their heads not being made of iron and having nothing to defend themselves with we had to get off. As soon as we were off we had as many as three guards apiece, all armed in the same manner, lining us up. They first pointed their guns at us and ordered us to throw up our hands, and having no desire to die yet we naturally threw our hands up. While in this position they came and searched every one of us; one man would feel on the outside of our clothes and another on the inside, and to make sure they'd missed nothing two other fellows started all over again and what money the boys had on them these human vultures kept. While standing in this position so long our arms naturally got tired but when we attempted to lower them at least a bit, a thug at the back of us would call us vile names and crack our knuckles with his club. When they had thoroughly searched the crowd they began looking us over, still keeping us covered with their rifles. Every once in a while they would recognize some fellow who had been there before and then they would yell and curse and call him a son of a — and other vile names, and while he had his hands up in the air, some thug kept him covered with a rifle, and the rest of us too, these brutes in human form would kick and thump and club and curse their victim. I saw five of these wild animals thirsting for blood pull a fellow worker out of the line and while the poor fellow was helpless and at their mercy, they struck him in the mouth and then knocked him on the head with their clubs until he fell helpless at their feet. Then when he was down they kicked him in the ribs and smashed him all over the body with clubs, cursing him and us in the same breath, and when they had deliberately murdered as brave
(Continued on Page 2.)

ALEXANDER IRVINE.

By THE GADFLY.

Alexander Irvine, who on his first visit to San Francisco seemed to offer some promise of becoming a loyal worker in the Socialist movement, has become completely absorbed by the Harriman branch of the now split forces of fusion in Los Angeles. The price was \$50 a week during the campaign to induct the lawyer with the Clara Morris voice into the mayor's chair, and such emoluments as are coming within his reach since then. How complete is his fall may be gathered from the following in the California Social-Democrat:

"FIRST MEETING OF THE NEW N. E. C.

"By Alexander Irvine

"On the morning of March 10 a quorum of the new national executive committee of the Socialist party, consisting of Berger, Harriman, Hilquitt and Irvine, met at national headquarters in Chicago. Spargo and Mrs. O'Hare were on the circuit lecturing. Haywood did not turn up."

How careful he was to give the excuse for John Spargo and Kate Richards O'Hare! But Haywood "did not turn up!"

The gang that is trying to betray the Socialist movement into the hands of a ring of scheming politicians, for their own advantage, have done some contemptible things, but few if any more contemptible than that dirty bit of work by Irvine. He knew, as we all know, that Haywood was risking his liberty and life to aid the Lawrence strikers in their splendid battle against the oppressions of the master class.

Perhaps Irvine has still the decency to feel ashamed of himself, but it will not be long, under his present tutelage, before he will do such things without shame. We, of REVOLT, are sorry that Alexander Irvine has proved so mean and small.

STRAIGHT TALKS ON VITAL QUESTIONS.

By WILLIAM THURSTON BROWN, of Portland, Oregon, in Jefferson Square Hall, April 14-20.

Sunday, 8 p. m., "The Church and Human Progress." (At the Open Forum.)

Monday, 8 p. m., "The Evolution of Sexual Morality." Room 424.

Tuesday, 8 p. m., "Freedom in Mating." Room 424.

Wednesday, 8 p. m., "The Moral Demand for Free Divorce." Room 424.

Thursday, 8 p. m., "The Revolutionary Proletariat." (Open Forum.)

Friday, 8 p. m., "Labor's Road to Freedom." Room 424.

Saturday, 8 p. m., "Why I Believe in Direct Action."

Open Forum meeting, free. Admission at other meetings, 10 cents. Published lectures by Mr. Brown on sale at meetings.

What some people think of Mr. Brown's lectures:

Lewis J. Duncan, Mayor of Butte:—"Mr. Brown combines the very desirable qualities of a ripe scholarship, a keen critical appreciation of literature and social economics, and a splendid power of expressing himself in clear, beautiful and inspiring language."

Tom Lewis:—"I highly recommend Comrade Wm. T. Brown because he can and will deliver the goods."

Jack London:—"Heartiest congratulations for the magnificent work you are doing. It stirs one to learn what you have been through, and what you are so splendidly doing."

Alfred Davis, Portland:—"The lectures given at the Modern School by William Thurston Brown have been an inspiration to me."

H. T. Churchill, Portland:—"Mr. Brown's advent in Portland has marked a new epoch in the history of the city—an epoch of thought and action. His work has been stimulating, uplifting, dynamic."

KEEP IT GOING.

Kalae, Molokai, March 23, 1912.

Mr. Thos. J. Mooney:

Dear Comrade—I have just received the February 3 issue of the paper to which you made me a subscriber; therefore, it is to you that I send enclosed check for five dollars to help keep it going.

Yours for a better world here,
ESTELLE BAKER.

Kaunakakai Postoffice.

SERIES OF LECTURES BY AUSTIN LEWIS.

Sunday, April 14, "Constructive Socialism." Under auspices of the Industrial Socialist League. These lectures are held in Germania Hall, 15th and Mission streets.

Renew your Subscription to the REVOLT. Order a Bundle of the May Day Edition

REVOLT WILL INCREASE IN SIZE WHEN OUR INCOME WARRANTS. SEND A DONATION

REVOLT

REVOLT

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TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Kindly have your copy for the May-Day Number of REVOLT in our hands by Wednesday, April 24.

RESOLUTION ADOPTED BY A GENERAL MEETING OF THE SOCIALISTS OF ABERDEEN.

At the Empire Theater, April 1, '12. Whereas, because of a widespread strike of the workers in the lumber mills, also the Longshoremen and Shingle Weavers of the Grays Harbor District, driving the Lumber Barons to desperation, extreme and lawless measures, and

Whereas, they have imported a lawless and brutal horde of gunmen and thugs from neighboring cities, and

Whereas, they have brought about a condition bordering on civil war and have suspended the constitutional rights of the citizens to freedom of speech and assemblage and have closed the halls and meeting places of the striking workers, and

Whereas, the strikers are standing together bravely and solidly but are in need of funds for relief and for carrying on their work,

Be It Therefore Resolved, that we urge upon Socialists and Socialist Party organizations everywhere that an emergency exists here of an extreme kind, and that they hold meetings, take up collections, private subscriptions funds, raise money by every manner of means and forward it without delay for the aid and relief of the strikers here.

E. L. CURRIER, Chairman.
V. T. EVANS, Secretary.

BRANCH PALO ALTO IGNORES MERIAM'S ADVICE.

A few months ago Branch Palo Alto unanimously decided to initiate a State referendum to the effect that no Central Committee or other delegate body should have the right to expel members from the party. It was left to the State Secretary to find a form for such a constitutional provision. He promised to do so and also to submit the suggested form to the Branch for approval. Branch Palo Alto certainly is entitled to feel a little proud of the fact that Comrade Meriam finally understands that there is at least one Branch in the State where his influence is limited, to the power to suggest.

It took, however, the State Secretary a few months to be ready with the following additional paragraph to Section 9 of the State Constitution, to be known as paragraph "1":

"No delegate body shall have original jurisdiction in the matter of the expulsion of members."

When this, no doubt, utterly legally formed paragraph came before the Branch at a regular meeting, it was found to be a little too legal. It would require a ruling to understand what it did and did not mean. Such a ruling, of course, would have had some interest for the lawyers of the party, but the Palo Alto Socialists seem to believe that the Constitution should be plain enough to be understood even without a legal education.

The form suggested by Meriam was, unanimously voted down and the following form adopted to be sent out as a referendum for adding a paragraph "1" to Section 9 of the State Constitution:

"The power to expel a member or members belongs to the membership of the Local or Branch and cannot be assumed by any delegate body or central committee, nor can it be delegated; but delegate bodies or central committees may prefer charges or try charges and make such report and such recommendations as their judgment approves."

Locals or Branches seconding this referendum should notify Branch Palo Alto as well as the State Secretary.

OLAF ALMEN, Secretary Branch Palo Alto.

FRANK FURLAN FOR STATE SECRETARY.

At the regular business meeting of Local San Mateo County, at South San Francisco, March 31st, Comrade Furlan of Vallejo was unanimously endorsed as candidate for State Secretary and notice of the same ordered sent to the Socialist press.

For the cause.
B. C. ROSS, Secretary.

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS, SOCIALIST PARTY.

111 North Market St., Chicago, Ill.

The National Headquarters of the Socialist party are being moved to 111 North Market St., Chicago. All mail intended for the National Secretary, the General Correspondent of the Woman's National Committee, the National Socialist Lyceum Bureau, and the Finnish, Italian and Polish National Translator-Secretaries, should be addressed to that number.

William D. Haywood and Frank Bohn have written THE propaganda book of the year-- INDUSTRIAL SOCIALISM

It contains the heart and meat of the whole revolutionary movement in a nutshell. It will put the worker on the right road. He won't have to travel all through the Middle Ages to find out what he wants. The shortest, straightest cut to an understanding of Socialism. 20c a copy. \$1 a dozen. \$5 a hundred. Express prepaid. Chas. H. Kerr & Co., 118 W. Kinzie St., Chicago.

The Rose Door

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The Jewish Progressive Club gives lectures in Yiddish every Friday evening at 8 p. m. at Jefferson Square Building. Admission Free. Yours comradely,
D. RAPOPORT.

THE WORLD

The oldest Socialist paper on the Pacific Coast.

Owned and Published by Branch Oakland of the Socialist Party

H. C. TUCK, EDITOR

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INT. LABOR DAY EXCURSION and PICNIC

—of the—

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Local No. 24

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Boats leave "Napa Route" slip, Ferry Bldg. at 9 and 11 a. m., returning at 4 and 6 p. m.

In Thy Name, Oh Profits!

(Continued from Page 1.)

a man as ever lived they threw his body in a corner of the small tent as if it was the carcass of a dog. His name was Marko. When we saw this brutality in front of our eyes we moved forward impulsively, but they commenced to put their guns right close up to us and call us vile names and promised the first one who dropped his hands that he would be shot, and believe me, they would have done it, too. Well, fellow worker, this makes me awful sick to have to write about it, but it was awful to be compelled to see it. Well, after poor Marko was dead they selected another victim, I think it was Sebastian this time, but whoever it was they put him through the same as poor Marko. Then they marched all of us fellows that were still alive into a cattle corral with our hands still in the air and then they came around and took what white handkerchiefs there were in the crowd or anything that happened to be white. Then, still our hands in the air, they marched us around the cattle corral in twos with fellows sitting on the fences and other brutes sitting on the ground keeping us covered with their guns. Then they came to look the crowd over again with flash lights and this time they dragged fellow worker Noble out of the crowd and beat him unmercifully. Next they dragged fellow worker Goule from Portland out of the crowd. They took him to the tent where the poor Greek and the others were lying and they asked him numerous questions. Then they stripped him naked and beat him terribly about the body and accused him of being a leader of the I. W. W.'s. Well, fellow worker, Goule managed to make his escape from the tent but a guard saw him and fired fourteen shots after him, but a good farmer saw the plight he was in and took him ten miles out of the way of them. While in the hands of these thugs he heard them say who were going to be killed. And the secretary of San Diego is marked for death, and Mrs. Emerson for tar and feathers. Well, fellow workers, after keeping us in the corral for about one hour and a half they told us we could put our hands down now and to get together like a bunch of sheep and lie where we were. This we did, being very thankful to get our hands down. Then they came around us while we lay shivering there and they cursed us and called us all kinds of dirty names and told us if they came back there again they would kill us. Well, after a night of extreme misery spent, in the open air without a bite to eat or anything to cover us, they had us get in a corner and there they took our picture. Then they herded us in another corner where a slimy, dirty cur, calling himself an 'officer', gave us a lecture. He said we didn't love the stars and stripes and that we were hooboes and bums and anarchists and we did not believe in a Supreme Being, like he did, and that if we persisted in coming to the fair city of San Diego with its forty thousand inhabitants and tried to set aside a law that they had made there were plenty of hills around the fair city where our bones would lie rotting, and he said: "Bring on your I. W. W.'s, we can kill them all, and we will do so if they come a second time." Then his patriotic thugs clapped their hands and he, after telling us that we were a pack of cowards and to take all that was coming and never show up around there again, departed.

Then came an order from a thug there that five of our fellows had to step forward. They did so and under a guard of five thugs they were marched down the track. While I was waiting for my turn to go automobiles kept coming from the desert and fellow workers from San Diego county jail with blood streaming from their faces and limping painfully were pushed in with our crowd; there were 14 of these new arrivals, and with every new arrival the thugs would laugh approvingly.

Finally fellow worker Schiandt and myself, with two others, were ordered out and five guards took us down the track. Well, after walking about a hundred yards or so we were commanded to stop. We did so. Then, for the first time since leaving the corral I saw a sight that amazed me. All down the track were human brutes to the number of fifty-three on each side, 106 in all. My friend had to go before me and had an opportunity to look ahead of me. All down the track were the boys and these thugs rushing out at them with different weapons. Then I had just got an eye full of this when I was ordered to take off my coat like the rest had to do. This I did. Then they said: "Kneel down and kiss the flag." The flag was a paper about 4 inches square. I knelt down all right, but I did not do any kissing. Well, when I got up the first brute grabbed me by the collar and pulled me in the center of the track. The next one fired his pistol over my head. Another struck my legs with a wheel spoke, another my body with a bull whip, and another struck me in the back with the butt of his rifle, and so on and on and so on, down the

line. All the boys had to go through it. Even those from the jail—what do you think of that, fellow worker, in 1912, too? Well, after we had all run the gauntlet we started to walk to Santa Ana, my friend and I getting there about 6:30 a. m., when I proceeded to dig up another hat, having lost mine running the gauntlet.

About twenty-three of us walked there, thirty miles without food and head covering. Well, my friend and I came to Los Angeles, as I wanted to write as soon as I could, having promised you I would.

Well, I think this is all for the present, fellow worker, so will wish you good-by, for the time being. I remain yours sincerely, fellow worker.
(Signed) TED FRASER.

P. S.—There is no exaggeration in this letter whatever. In fact I have made it as light as possible.

I am staying here until I find out what is going to be done. We are willing to go again if we can win by so doing.

(Forwarded by the general office Industrial Workers of the World).

ST. JOHN,
Secretary.

DEMAND THAT GOV. JOHNSON ACT.

WHEREAS, The County Convention of the SOCIALIST PARTY of San Mateo County, in regular session assembled at South San Francisco, March 31st, protested at the action of the administration of San Diego in the suppression of free speech and the brutal treatment of the citizens of San Diego; and

WHEREAS, The sale of the daily San Francisco papers and others, telling of the existing atrocities being perpetrated in the said City of San Diego has been prohibited; and

WHEREAS, We believe that the same is a direct violation of the rights granted every citizen under the Constitution of the United States and of the laws of the State of California; therefore be it

RESOLVED, That we demand the Honorable Hiram Johnson, Governor of the State of California, to take such action as will abolish the condition of affairs that now exists in the City of San Diego.

G. PALANCA, Chairman.
B. C. ROSS, Secretary.

BRAVE COMRADE DIES.

To REVOLT:
Comrades.—The Socialist Local of Coachella has suffered an irreparable loss in the passing away of Comrade F. E. Holloway who died in Los Angeles on the eighteenth instant. Comrade Holloway had been a Socialist for about twelve years and was a charter member of Local Coachella Valley. He was an earnest and a persistent worker for the cause of Socialism. It had become his religion, and he lived up to it as nearly as it is possible to do under the system by which our lives are governed. We shall greatly miss him from our ranks and the comradeship of years will never be forgotten. In this hour of sorrow we would not forget his wife, our comrade Mrs. Holloway. It is our sincere wish that she may be comforted and sustained. We hereby extend to her the sympathy of the Local. Fraternally,
CORA S. HANSEN,
O. T. STARRETT,
J. M. LOHNAUGH,
Committee.

Coachella, March 27, 1912.

MAY DAY IS COMING.

The class conscious workers of San Francisco on May Day unite under the banner of the International May Day Federation. This year the Federation will celebrate on LABOR DAY with a parade of militant workers through the city's streets.

In the evening the hosts of labor will gather at the Auditorium, Page and Fillmore streets. Then, after listening to Austin Lewis, the brilliant Socialist orator and scholar, dancing and other festivities will be indulged in.

Any worker that neglects to celebrate with us neglects a duty that he owes to himself and his class.

In the International May-Day Federation you will find all the revolutionary forces of San Francisco, the Socialist party, the Industrial Workers of the World, the Socialist Labor party, the Industrial Socialist League, all of the fighting craft unions and the splendid groups of German, Finnish, Russian, Jewish, and all other Socialist bodies of a different tongue. MAY DAY IS LABOR'S INTERNATIONAL HOLIDAY. Celebrate with us! Rejoice in labor's splendid victories of the past year and glory in the coming Social Revolution.

Join in the parade!
Be at the Auditorium!
REVOLT will do its share. Our special MAY DAY edition will contain THE STORY OF LABOR. Order a bundle for distribution.

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