SOLIDARITY

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LEXINGTON AVEMUE BOMB EXPLOSION

Described By Elizabeth Gurley Flynn. Also: "The I. W. W. Attitude Toward Violence."

On July 4th an explosion occurred in a tenement house on Lexington Ave. in New York City. Four anarchists, three young men and one woman, were killed. Arthur Caron was the most prominent among them, having been actively identified with the unemployed, anti-militarist and recent free speech activities. Immediately lurid headlines in New York dailies attributed the explosion to bombs intended for Rockefeller and callous editors said "It served the bomb-makers' right." But there is ample room for a reasonable doubt as to their responsibility. The police have "found," as usual, literature, a printing press, apparatus, etc., but they have not been able to shake the statement of Louise Berger, the young woman who left her brother and the others asleep shortly before the catastrophe, that there were no explosives in her apartment. Nor have they been able to prove recent anarchist meetings anything more menacing than conferences with their lawyers as to the defense in Tarrytown. The possibility of some person bringing explosives into the apartment, after the girl left, as a "plant" preparatory to a raid, is so apparent that even the "New York [illegible]" paper certainly free from suspicion of anarchist sympathies, has suspended judgment. Clumsy and stupid as it may appear, there have been such plants before, and the animus of the New York detectives was manifest in their extreme brutality to Caron and O'Carroll during the unemployed agitation. Not only would such an "exposure of anarchy" prejudice the trials in Tarrytown and give ample excuse for rigorous suppression of all radical labor activities in New York City, but think of the glory of the Sherlock Holmes who would unearth the plot! It is a well-known fact that men like Capt. Schaak, or Bonfield, of Chicago, Bimson of Paterson, and Schmitberger of New York are anarchy-mad. They see a bomb in every red handkerchief. They attribute tremendous powers and fathomless depths of villainy to every young idealist who calls himself an "anarchist." Men have been "framed-up" in New York City innumerable times, revolvers dropped in their pockets, false witnesses hired, murders committed under cover of self-defense. It becomes the duty of all fair-minded people to demand a clear bill of particulars before accepting the police version of the tragedy.

Arthur Caron was a typical unemployed workingman, not of the "professionally unemployed" nor of the intellectual dilettanti so numerous during last winter's agitation. He worked many years as a weaver in Fall River, but was interested in architecture and longed for a chance to study. He lost his wife and baby a short time ago. Grief and loneliness drove him to the "Mecca of America," only to find thousands out of work, to tramp the streets hungry and cold and without success. Finally he drifted into Tannenbaum's unemployed group, in the hope of some solution for si pressing problem. He was arrested in the church raid, arrested again with O'Carroll while going home after a meeting, thrown into an automobile and frightfully beaten by two detectives, while two others held him. His nose was broken and he was sent to a hospital. Again in Tarrytown, where a meeting to protest against the Colorado outrages was attempted, he was hooted and jeered when he said, "I am an American" and pelted with rocks and mud by the law-and-order element. He asked for bread. He received the blackjack. He asked to be heard. He received a volley of stones. If this young man did turn to violence as the last resort, *who is responsible? Who taught it to him?* The psychology of violence is a very natural result of police brutality and mob lawlessness. This young man was denied any outlet for his protest against his misery, and left to brood over it. Couple with this a bitter indignation at the indifference of the latest hero, who scattered Sunday school tracts while Ludlow burned, and his sufferings are evidence.

In the excitement following the tragedy one of the most exasperating features was the unseemly haste with which so many dilettanti immediately repudiated Caron. They never waited to give the dead the benefit of a doubt, found not a single extenuating circumstance. The anarchists were very fair in absolving the I. W. W. from any connection with their recent agitation. Joseph J. Cohen, Secretary of the Ferrer Association, Alexander Berkman, Mrs. Sinclair, stated Caron, was not a member of our organization, in answer to the usual newspaper attempts to label everyone connected "I. W. W." To my mind, this was quite sufficient. Since we were in no way involved I saw no reason why we should condemn or repudiate now any more than in the MacNamara case. But on July 6th the "New York Call" published the following from Joseph J. Ettor:

"The newspapers said this morning that Caron belonged to the I. W. W.," said Ettor. "It is only fair to say that Caron was never one of us. When he tried to join the I. W. W. we refused to let him in for excellent reasons, *one of which was that he didn't work.*

"The I. W. W. doesn't approve of dynamiting or setting off bombs or taking human life. We have been accused of violence, but that is not true. *The I. W. W. has neither advocated nor participated in violence against social order. General strikes is the method we favor for overthrowing the capitalist system, and that is the only kind of force we are in favor of.*

"Caron took part in several of the demonstrations in this city and elsewhere, but he acted as an individual in some, and others were not I. W. W. demonstrations at all. Everybody is trying to make the I. W. W. the goat."

On the 8th, in reply to a critic, he repeated this in substance, except to admit that the I. W. W. believed in violence "as a defensive measure" and to state that a committee of Local No. 179 were authority for the statements about Caron's rejection.

I see no reason why the Committee could not speak for themselves, but I emphatically take issue with the sentiments expressed both by them and Fellow-worker Ettor.

I do not think they expressed the opinions of the general membership and it brings to an issue two propositions:

1. Does unemployment constitute a bar to membership? and

2. *Who does speak officially for the I. W. W. on its attitude towards*

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BIG WESTINGHOUSE STRIKE COMES TO END

Men Scramble Back to Jobs Two Days Ahead of Time Fixed By Their Own Vote

(Special to Solidarity)
Pittsburg, Pa., July 11.

The strikers at the Westinghouse Electric, at the Westinghouse Machine, and at the Pittsburg Meter, went back to work on Wednesday last in bunches. The strikers decided on that night, at a mass meeting, to return in a body on Monday morning. Friday, hundreds of them entered the plants. Saturday (today) the same was true. All trying to get first on the job. Some strikebreakers were employed, and these are still on the job. However, they are no good, and the companies will very likely get their places filled from the regulation run of applicants, in course of time.

The cossacks left Friday forenoon, the deputy sheriffs later, and today the gunmen left, in a body—chagrined at having killed nobody. Not even a half dozen cases of scabs being beaten up took place during the whole strike, and the cossacks complimented the strikers and their leaders upon their good order.

Many hundreds of strikers are refused re-employment. The strike headquarters at East Pittsburg are deserted, and while it remains to be seen whether the A. C. I. U. will survive the episode, I don't think, for my part, that it will.

Never in my life have I ever heard of a mass of striking slaves being so palpably led into the precise course of action laid down by a corporation on the defensive against their slaves, as was the case here. Two things the corporations openly declared they preferred. One of them was an independent union. Result, all the leaders (including the famous Merrick, from what I have heard) joined hands in forming an independent union—"which would first win at East Pittsburg, and then take in all Allegheny county and afterward spread from coast to coast."

The other thing most desired by the corporations was a peaceful strike. That the cossacks' leader told the strikers they were the most orderly body of strikers they had ever had to deal with, amply settles the question of whether the corporations got this, or not. "We will show the whole world how to conduct a peaceful strike," said the leaders. They have shown us.

The strikers acted about as well as one could expect a bunch of inexperienced men to do, but the leadership was the most miserable, from the point of view of successful strategy, that I have seen or heard of. Every time the leaders opened their mouths, they "put their foot in" them—every act was wrongly planned and done. Inconsistency marked their attitude toward the government at all times—sometimes lauding and other times denouncing.

I am going to get as much data as I can on the rise and fall of the Allegheny Congenial Industrial Union, for a future treatment, lest I forget so extraordinary thing—in all its details.

General Organizer Haywood reports receiving the following telegram from Yankton, S. D.: "Notify all locals that 25 fellow workers are in jail at Yankton, for speaking on street, and send men as quickly as possible.—R. E. Simmons."

All communications for the locals and individual members of the Seattle I. W. W. should henceforth be addressed to Box 85, Nippon Station, Seattle, Wash.

The last two issues of Solidarity mark the highest point yet reached for regular bundle orders. Keep the good work up.

STRIKE TIES UP MONTANA ROAD

One Hundred Twenty Five Miles of Work on Milwaukee Extention Stopped.

(Special to Solidarity)
Deer Lodge, Mont., July 9.

The strike at Deer Lodge, against the Milwaukee Railroad Co., who are installing an electric pole line, is progressing as well as could be expected, all work being completely tied up for a distance of 125 miles. Great solidarity of the men on strike. All trains are thoroughly picketed around the depots, and all hat checks of passengers with the number of the station on them taken notice of, both ends of the line being well guarded. Pickets stopped 35 men at Deer Lodge who were shipped at Seattle to take the place of the strikers. Sheriff and deputies working overtime, but the solidarity of the strikers shows a class conscious spirit in their demands. All committees working together harmoniously.

Fifteen men were arrested and taken before his royal nibs, the judge, charged with the heinous crime of sleeping in hay barns, destroying property, breaking locks, nailing cups and plates to the tables, splitting the water buckets in two with an axe, and using physical force on a scab—a statement sworn to by the scab boss. Our hoosier judge charged us with the usual stunt of vagrancy, but Fellow Worker Doyle asked the judge that if a body of men went on strike to better their conditions and were peacefully picketing, did that constitute vagrancy. Needless to say, the judge was stuck. Next came a jolt from Fellow Worker Miller, who gave the court a propaganda lecture. The judge then asked us to what organization we belonged. Song and chorus: "I. W. W." That benevolent judge must have done a complete handspring, because he said: "Gentlemen, we don't want to have any trouble with you people, and if you will kindly keep off the company's property we will deem it a great favor." Of course we thanked him and left the court room.

Then we proceeded at once to the county attorney, and had him searching his musty old law books for a clause pertaining to the shipping of men from one state into another to be used as strikebreakers. He found nothing that covered it, so he rang up the Federal authorities at Helena, with the same result. We impressed him with the knowledge that if those men did not get transportation back to Seattle we would flood the city of Deer Lodge with men inside of 24 hours. That attorney hustled over to the station agent and had a secret conversation with him. In the meantime someone stole a box of caps and dynamite from the station, which had a tendency to bring our friend, the agent, to his senses. He came out with a worried smile on his face and told the committee that he did not want any trouble, and that he would send the men back on the next passenger train, which was done. Here is what the aforesaid attorney wrote regarding the shipping of scabs from Seattle:

"To whom it may concern: This is to certify that on the evening of the 2nd of July about 30 laborers arrived on the Columbian train on the C. M. & St. P. Railway Co., from Seattle. Those men came to take positions in the electrical construction work that is being done on the C. M. & St. P. railway, a short distance from this place. It appears that those men came here on the representation that there are no labor troubles at this place, and that, also, this place of work

(Continued On Page Four)

Sheriff Refused Insurance

Insurance Companies Apparently Won't Take Risk On Life Of Hop Field Sheriff. Durst Also Paying Heavily For His Fears

(Special to Solidarity)
Headquarters Hop Pickers Defense Committee,
Box 1087, Sacramento, Calif., July 8, 1914.

George H. Voss, sheriff of Yuba county during the hop riots, has resigned. Oscar L. Meeks has been appointed in his place. Meeks got a surprise. He found that no insurance company in the world will take a risk on the life of the sheriff of Yuba county. All his policies have been vacated and he can get no more life insurance. It is a curious study to follow the workings of the scissorbill mind since the district attorney and one of the drunken posse were killed upon the bloody field of Wheatland last August. Surely there has been demonstration enough, that no wobbley means to kill Voss, Durst, McDaniels or Stanwood. Stanwood, the district attorney, always carries two automatics. He had them in court during the hop pickers' trial last January. Also he turned in a bill to Yuba county of $900 for personal protection during the trial. Anyway, Meeks can not get life insurance. What a joke?

Talking of gunmen and killing—Henry C. Daken has been appointed chief gunman of the Durst ranch. He has fifteen homeguard gunmen under him. Durst is paying heavily for his fears. Henry Daken claims he fired the first shot at Wheatland. He was proved a liar. Lee Anderson, the hophead, has that distinction. Daken claims he is a bad man, but when the on-looking committee of I. W. W. men got to Wheatland for the trial, Daken tried to square himself by spilling everything he knew to a reporter of the Sacramento Bee, which commenting upon Daken's story, said that the actions of the Yuba county authorities "were a blot upon Yuba county, a stain upon the State of California, a blemish upon humanity itself." Afterwards the Bee heard its master's voice and said Ford and Suhr had a fair trial.

Daken gets $250 a month from Durst Brothers. Daken was a cross-roads blacksmith and is doing well in the world. As to Daken's gunplay—he would shoot a rat or a sleeping bum, but after the Wheatland affair he ran home and "heard the lock click." So he testified under oath at the trial.

Mrs. Manwell is now asking the supervisor of Yuba county to make no investigation of the conditions on the Durst hop ranch until after the testimony in her suit for $150,000 against Durst Brothers is heard. Mrs. Manwell claims that her husband, Ed. Manwell, was lured by Ralph Durst to the Wheatland hop fields; that he was placed in a position of great danger not in the line of his duty. She cries that the conditions on Durst's place were such that these conditions had a great deal to do with her husband's death. If Manwell died because of those conditions why are Ford and Suhr in jail waiting life imprisonment?

Daily bulletins are being sent out to all the locals and camp delegates expected to actively assist in the hop pickers' strike. These will be continued until after the strike is decided. Condensed to date the information is that no tactics will be dictated by the Defense Committee. Men are expected to get on the ground and when there to frame the program they want. It would be absurd for the committee to map out plans. Those on the ground will understand the conditions. Those on the ground will be able to act. Those who stay at home have no kick coming. They have no kick on the tactics, because their wisdom was not there to help. They have no fault to find with the result because they did not contribute to the work.

Up to date the response to the Ford and Suhr voluntary assessment stamps has been about $250. This has paid all expenses of printing stickers and the work of the committee, postage and other items directly connected with the strike. This committee has not asked non-revolutionary organizations to contribute to the expenses of the hop pickers' strike. It has relied upon the I. W. W. to carry out a tactic which strikes directly at the very foundation of courtly authority. Bodies which acknowledge an identity of interest between the worker and the boss can not be asked to contribute to other than legal expenses.

Local unions of the I. W. W. are asked to take a deeper interest in these voluntary assessment stamps. With the amount of printing already done, the postage of daily bulletins and other expenses, $250 is a small sum to cover all the work. There is more in sight. More and more should be. This committee is not kicking. Up to date it has got along. It is confident of enough support to continue. It has no kick; but a more abundant income at this time would be a great help.

More delay in the court proceedings comes in connection with the printing of the brief for the prosecution. As already published, Asst. Atty. Geo. Jones failed to file a brief before the argument, but asked for fifteen days' extension so to do. He now asks for further time in order to have his brief printed.

It looks as if the court wanted to take time to see what will be the result of the strike. Therefore, make it a good one. August 10 is the date, Wheatland the rallying place. Picking begins in this neighborhood. Three big ranches, the first to ripen, are located within three miles of Wheatland. Two thousand men are needed to make this strike a success.

A Jewish branch of the I. W. W. has been formed at 849 Maxwell St., Chicago, Ill., Jewish radical publication on hand always, also English. All rebels passing through are invited to come around and give us a boost. Good Jewish speakers on industrial unionism are especially requested to step in. Rooms open always. No place for chair warmers.—A. Bloom, Financial Secretary.

Subscribe for Solidarity.

Mail at headquarters of Local 73, Stockton, Calif., for the following: John Ball, Ralph Barber, Wm. Creque, J. C. Delmar, A. Ehlert, T. W. Freeman, Louis German, C. M. Hendricks, Thomas King, Ben Kaller, Mrs. Ida Thompson, Ernest Veilleux, Edgar Wats, C. J. Wilder, Joe Siegard or Ziegard.—R. Cormellan, Sec'y, Box 845.

Denver headquarters Local 26, are at 1131 19th St.

WOULD YOU SCAB ON MEN IN JAIL?

UNLESS FORD AND SUHR ARE SET FREE BY AUGUST FIRST; LET THE HOPS ROT

SOLIDARITY

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B. H. WILLIAMS . . . . . Managing Editor

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A Word Regarding Violence

SOLIDARITY this week has a number of articles bearing upon the question of violence in relation to the I. W. W. and to the labor movement generally. In the press and among the spokesmen of the capitalist class, as well as among many Socialist and craft union mouthpieces, the I. W. W. is usually and persistently referred to as the very incarnation of violence. The absurd lengths to which these spokesmen of the ruling class will go, are well caricatured by "J. E.," in the article following this one. Although none of these scribblers has so far been able to place a finger on a single act of UNPROVOKED violence committed by any portion of the I. W. W. membership, the fact remains that they have conjured up a frightful monster before the overwrought imagination of our "lords and masters," and have actually made the impression of "I. W. W. violence" stick in the latters' minds. We doubt very much, however, if the same fear has been engendered in the minds of any considerable portion of the working class—which is the object sought after by the capitalist writers.

For the last-named reason, we are of the opinion that the sensation-mongers have unwittingly performed a great service for the I. W. W. They have put the "terror" in the right place—in the hearts of our masters, whose guilty consciences help to accentuate their fear. Far be it from us to wish to remove that terror! On the contrary, if we could do anything to accentuate it, we would do it gladly. Why shouldn't we—in view of a Ludlow, a Calumet, and a thousand and one incidents of capitalist terrorism the past few months. Why, then, in view of the inherent viciousness of the parasite class, should we or any other worker apologize for any retaliatory deeds of violence committed by workingmen or women? We know that the working class, if anything, is TOO peaceable under the circumstances; too long-suffering; too prone to avoid retaliation—not through cowardice, but from sheer good nature. But even a cow, peacefully browsing in the pasture, will strike at the bloodthirsty flies which irritate it. That is why we emphasize the phrase, "UNPROVOKED violence," in the first paragraph above. Neither the I. W. W. nor any other body of workers are incitors to violence; they are INCITED to violent retaliation, at times, by capitalist oppression. No official preachments; no formulas of "civilized conduct" will avail to prevent these incidents. They are unavoidable in the class struggle.

The capitalist class, like all other parasites, is by nature bloodthirsty. Fattening from the body of the working class, it naturally resents being disturbed at its feast or driven from its blood-pasture. It becomes vicious when irritated. It is ready to starve, blacklist, club, shoot, jail or hang individuals or groups of workers, as examples to the rest to remain docile under the blood-letting. The capitalist class has done all these things and more to the working class. The masters' record is one continuous narrative of deeds of violence against the slaves. And the latter have for the most part all these years allowed their bones to be picked clean, with only an occasional attempt to "swat the flies." There is evidence, comparatively recent, of a change of attitude among a portion of the working class. Some workers nowadays even go so far as to express the opinion that the parasite capitalist is a distinct species of the genus Homo, and will have to be completely exterminated before peace can be established in the new society toward which the revolutionary labor movement is tending. Frankly, we do not share that view; the capitalist is a variation of the human species, that will disappear with the changed environment following the merging of all humanity into producers. Meanwhile he exists, in all his viciousness, and self-preservation demands that he be fought with all the intelligence at the command of the militant working class. If the terrorism already engendered in the parasite's heart, will help, so much the better. Let us keep it up.

Meanwhile, to the working class, we suggest that individual or group retaliation is not sufficient. We know that such individual or group retaliation will take place, and we are not inclined to apologize for or worry over it. BUT TO REMOVE THE PARASITE CLASS, OR WHAT IS MORE TO THE POINT, TO REMOVE PARASITISM FOREVER, THE WORKING CLASS MUST ORGANIZE A NEW SOCIAL ENVIRONMENT, out of the materials already at hand. ONE BIG UNION, whose immediate purpose is to check the ravages of the parasites as it goes along, and whose ultimate aim is to make common property (for common use only) of the land and the instruments of production, will prove to be the all-sufficient instrument for the emancipation of the producers from parasitism. Meanwhile, in our opinion, dogmatic pronouncements against "working class violence" may do more harm than good. Let the upholders of bloodthirsty capitalism rave; we are fully able to defend our actions!

The agitation for the freedom of Ford and Suhr, or a general strike of all hop pickers is being carried on with more vigor than evgr before. Several hundred thousand stickers of several different reading matters have been stuck up all over the entire state. Besides the stickers in English, one in Japanese and Chinese have been issued. This publicity and that of the press is to put it mildly, "getting the goat" of the proper parties, and with a little boost from all along the line in the way of additional publicity will spell a sure victory. It is time that you do your share before it is too late. Secure a bundle of 25 Solidarities each week at 25c for distribution. See Special Bundle Blank elsewhere.

A despatch from Colorado Springs, Colo., July 11, reads: "After delaying trials so as to hold 10 I. W. W.'s in jail for three months, Judge Little, of the district court ordered the prisoners released yesterday. The imprisoned men were members of the unemployed army which was stopped here in April. When army members piled lumber on the railroad track in an attempt to flag and board an outgoing Rock Island freight they were charged with train wrecking."

You will miss something of interest if you fail to read Solidarity each week. Tell your friends about it and secure their subscription. There is no reason for you to be selfish about it.

"From All Of Which Deliver Us"

The inherent depravity of the I. W. W. is so great as to keep the reporters' imagination at work overtime exhibiting it to a horrified world. There is nothing on or off the calendar that the I. W. W. will not do to gain its ends. From the downfall of Adam and Eve to the baleful career of Nat. Goodwin, the husband of his country, is its pernicious influence traceable, though it is only eight years old. We owe the psychological depression to its determination to put President Wilson in Dutch in order to prove its preposterous doctrine that he who controls economics controls politics. It incited J. P. Morgan to loot the New Haven of millions and imperil the prosperity of New England in order that it might give an object lesson in its doctrine of confiscation. To its doctrine of violence we owe the slaughter of women and children by John D. Rockefeller at Ludlow, Col. The sinking of the Titanic and the Empress of Ireland, the 35,000 workers killed annually in industry, the 1,000,000 children at work—white slavery—all show the disregard for life and morality which it instils. The I. W. W. has much to answer for; everything going on or being done, whether in Wall Street or Water Street—whether in stock manipulation or wood alcohol whiskey for longshoremen—the I. W. W. is to blame for it all. The I. W. W. is so wicked, so zealous in behalf of the workers, that, even if it commits no crime, it's worth while charging crime to it, for there are none so stupid as those willing to be taken in by the newspapers.

Still there are many things, it must be said, in all fairness, for which the I. W. W. is not responsible. "Doc" Cook, who went farthest north and got the biggest frost, is not a member of the I. W. W., though he practises sabotage on the reputation of Lieut. Peary. Nor is there any proof that membership in the I. W. W. inspired Laura Jane Dippy to write that masterpiece among classical love stories, entitled "The Fair Model's Revenge, or Who Took the Eye Out of the Hooks on the Skirt of Mary Magalene." The I. W. W.'s are windy and verbose—given much to "words, words, nothing but words"—but they are not responsible for the verbal deluge that overruns the River of Doubt; nor is the short and ugly vocabulary theirs; they are afflicted with such Latin words as "proletarian" and such Latin phrases as "Salve Caeser," though any other kind of salve sold in the drug stores ought to be good enough for them. They are high brows with low purposes; so low that they reach down to the dregs of society; even Giovannitti, their poet, thinks a prostitute befouls a bench less than a judge—to such pestiferous truths are they given to shouting from the house-tops—a performance which convention forbids and which is, therefore, condemned—by the newspapers.

Let it be further stated in all fairness, that the I. W. W. is not responsible for the Christ who drove the money changers out of the Temple, though its ideals are symbolized in that act. The Boston Tea Party can not be charged to it, though that party resembles the I. W. W. in spirit. Nor is Abraham Lincoln one of its disciples, though he was driven to emancipation by economic forces just as it is being driven. No Wendell Philipps [illegible]ering against chattel slavery, has sprung from its ranks; though there are many like him in embryo, thundering against wage slavery. In a word, all that is historically good and great is the I. W. W.'s. This is its only crime—it continues the march of progress. It hates the cant and hypocrisy of modern society. From this it prays, in the language of those who tell the world-hungry, "You'll get in the by and by when you die."

"Deliver us, Good Lord!"

J. E.

Big Business and Big Lying

"War on Warburg" indicates that "big business" wants a more Morgan-ized man on the reserve bank job.

The men in big business, according to Wilson, "are honest, incorruptible and patriotic." If that was said of the I. W. W. we would consider it a libelous attack on its character. We think of the Standard Oil, for instance, as "honest," "incorruptible" and "patriotic." We'd try it, only we want to preserve what little imagination we have.

When in doubt, blame it on the I. W. W. The responsibility for the record cold weather in July has not been fixed yet. Do it now.

The Senate has cut the Industrial Relations Commission Fund from $200,000 to $50,000. That's right, choke it off. Investigation, as Art Young shows, is like looking into a volcano with a spy glass in order to locate the cause of the social upheaval and remove it by means of petty reform. It's a waste of money.

Well, the I. W. W. has not been held responsible for Wm. J. Burns. Even the national convention of police chiefs consigned him to a well-earned oblivion.

Prosperity is again being worked up by the administration organs. The crops are approaching old hands, bald off, to move the crops, but big finance shows no disposition to make big investment calling for new enterprise. Looks as though they wanted to let that 45 minutes' talk Morgan had with Wilson soak in. The schoolmaster is abroad in the land. He is using, not the Montessori, but the Morgan method of imparting instruction.

"The Live Ones" column in Solidarity last week made good reading. A high water mark for a regular issue was established among the locals receiving a bundle order of 100 copies or over. We miss many locals therefrom: locals in Paterson, Lawrence, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Rochester, Buffalo and other cities that should be represented. The Eastern industrial centers need the I. W. W. press now more than ever before. Work for it, push it along! And don't forget the suggested lecture tour of B. H. Williams, editor of Solidarity. He is an able lecturer as well as writer. Any meeting properly advertised and managed, addressed by him, should prove a success for Solidarity. Boost for the Solidarity Lecture Tour, with B. H. Williams as lecturer. The route is through New York state into New England; thence to Philadelphia and home via Pittsburgh and Youngstown. The time, October. Get in line!

In Schenectady, N. Y., on July 4, the writer was at Socialist party headquarters, where he was told of the recent visit of an agent of the New York Jewish Forwards. The agent delivered an address in behalf of his paper, which was attacked for its work on the East Side during the needle workers' strike. The result was that the agent went away empty handed, without a sub, or the much-sought support. This incident leads to the belief that the workers are getting wise. It should encourage us to push our own press with renewed enthusiasm and zeal.

As it hasn't been discovered yet who struck Billy Paterson why not blame it on the I. W. W.?

J. E.

Sidelights On Westinghouse Strike

Following are extracts from letters received by Solidarity, from men on the inside of the Westinghouse strike in East Pittsburg:

Wilkinsburg, Pa., July 11.

I feel it incumbent upon me to write you something about the great strike at the Westinghouse plant in East Pittsburg. It certainly was pulled off well; everything was tied up tight as a drum. But as soon as the company commenced getting scabs into the plant, it seemed to cause fear among the strikers that they were going to lose their jobs, so some of them returned to work Thursday. Thursday evening at the mass meeting the following questions were acted upon: First, to call the strike off, which was decided in the affirmative. Second, to decide when to return to work—Friday or Monday. A large majority decided on Monday, but in spite of that fact fully one-half of the strikers returned to work Friday morning.

It may be asked how do I know of what was taking place on the inside. Well, I was there, that's how I know. Scabbing? Apparently yes, actually, no. We were there to get information that would help the strikers, and to practice a little sabotage on the job, but the sudden termination of the strike prevented carrying such plans into operation; we were only on the job one day prior to calling off the strike. This experience has given me a new angle to view a strike from, although it is a ticklish piece of business to be played by those who are known agitators, for if we had been found out our lives would have been worth about two cents. Our task was extra difficult for the reason they had some idea there were I. W. W. men who had shipped from Cleveland, and the enemy's eyes were glued on us as the likely birds.

It's a peculiar sensation one gets when he is surrounded by the enemy's forces and is conscious that they are half wise to you. But it has been well worth the risk, in experience. What an advantage it is to the workers to have some on the inside, so that when a strike is called in a given shop some of the most trustworthy members should remain as scabs and work their way on the side of the boss by talking against a union's being formed or against belonging to one. There is no limit to the work to be done for the union, or of calculating the value of such work.

I want to give some impressions and thoughts that went through my mind while being shipped to this job. I had some slight doubt as to whether the trainmen knew what they were doing in handling trains under such circumstances, but the doubt has vanished. For in this case, here was a special car in which the scabs were placed and no one else allowed in the car. I am unable to explain the funny look on the faces of the train crew when they came through the car, except that it showed that they knew exactly what they were doing, and gave the lie to any statement they may make to the contrary.

The next thing that impressed me was that after we had got under way friends were suddenly discovered, and it became fairly easy to pick out the men who were bulls or guards, the regular scabs who were going to work, and the men who were green and had taken the job because they were up against it and could not get anything else to do.

There were some humorous thoughts flitted through my brain as we went along. I noticed we stopped a number of times out in the jungles, and would rush past some of the depots at a mile a minute. At other times we would just crawl along, which caused me to remark that the train crew and railroad company were very considerate of the precious souls on board.

After we arrived in Pittsburg we were kept in the car for some minutes until it was switched onto another train that was to take us to East Pittsburg. While we were on this train, some fellow came up to us and asked if we did not know there was a strike on and should not go in there. We told him we knew what we were doing. With that he left us, and I noticed he did not tackle anyone else in the car except one who was sitting behind us. It looked like a trap.

Arriving at East Pittsburg we were taken over a bridge that looked like it had been especially built for that purpose; and what a swarm of guards greeted us. Once in the plant we were taken to a washroom to clean up, then to another floor where dinner was served to us by colored waiters. The menu was fine. After dinner we were taken to the office to be registered and signed up for the respective departments in which we were to work. They take a full description of you, including color of eyes and hair. Then we were taken to the respective departments and recorded there.

They wanted us to go to work then, but we refused, so they took us on the train again to Wilkinsburg, 13 miles away, where rooms were secured for us to be paid out of our wages, the company simply going ahead until the next pay day, the 23d. But owing to the termination of the strike, the company is going to give its tools—its scabs, if you please—the dirty end of it. In fact, some of the scabs were let out Saturday, since they could not do the work. The bosses wanted their old men on the job, which is always the case when a strike is over. Of course the best of the scabs will be kept to fill the places of those who are to be blacklisted. However, the strikers have an excellent opportunity to get rid of the scabs who may be retained, if they only know how to take advantage of it, which, of course, remains to be seen. What a glaring instance this was to show how dependent the company is upon workingmen to defeat another set of workingmen.

FROM THE SCAB CATS.

The following is part of a letter from a striker to a friend in Detroit:

Away back in February, before I went to work at the Westinghouse, the employes of that concern started to organize an "Industrial Union." Four months they have been organizing. At first they had a large number of members; but due to the inactivity of the organizers and to their ignorance of the labor movement, not knowing how to keep the membership intact, the numbers decreased rapidly. At the end of May, out of 8,000 members, they had left only a little over 1,000 paid-up members.

Seeing that the union was falling to pieces, and afraid that it might come to nothing, the leaders called a mass meeting and put up a demand to the company to recognize the union. The company refused on the ground that the officials of the union were not employes of the company. The union then called another meeting, at which about 400 men were present, and decided to call a strike, violating their own constitution, which reads that no strike can be called without a referendum vote, with 75 per cent in favor of a strike. They were afraid to have the referendum vote and simply declared a strike on Thursday, June 2, in the evening, and on Friday they posted notices that anybody working was a scab. The mass of workers, not knowing what the strike was all about, but not wishing to be scabs, remained out.

Three days after the strike was called they presented their grievances and demands. There is no doubt that this strike would have been won had it been conducted right. For four weeks the workers stood out as a solid body. The company had less than one per cent of its force as scabs. The strike committee had a few good men, but they also had a bunch of ignorant and stubborn fellows who had never been in a strike, and who turned down the advice of more experienced men. The situation today is that of a lost strike. There is a vote being taken today whether to return to work or not. If they decide to go back to work they will go back beaten; if they decide not to go back they will lose anyway, because otherwise hundreds of them will go in anyway. As you see, this strike being called in time of industrial depression was an irresponsible move.

One thing I can say, though, we had the gunmen among us, the deputy sheriffs and the cossacks, we succeeded in keeping order. The company lost thousands of dollars in cash and in trade. They lost their reputation, and I don't believe they would be willing to stand another strike like this. Whether won or lost, this strike will teach the capitalist a lesson. It will show them that the workingmen of today are not the same as some time ago, and I believe it will give them warning to be more careful and considerate in their dealings with the wage earners.

M.

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These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

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It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

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THE DRAMA OF DYNAMITE

By Floyd Dell, in July "New Review."

About real dynamite I know little. I am under the impression that it is a dark brown substance made by soaking sawdust in nitroglycerine: I may be wrong. But I understand that as a destructive agent it is inferior to lyddite, cordite and many other compounds. It will cause death, just like an accidental bichloride of mercury tablet, or the cholera. But it is less to be feared than a cigarette stub in a factory building. Dynamite is, moreover, a useful agency in mining and other industrial operations. But there is, on the whole, nothing very interesting about it.

Real dynamite, that is to say, is unimportant. But imaginary dynamite—that is different. The IDEA of dynamite is one of the most interesting things in the world. It is a socially destructive agent of the highest power. It spreads death and the fear of death over vast populations. It is frightful, insane, maudlin—and comic.

The story of dynamite—not the comparatively harmless thing, but the terrible idea, has yet to be told fully. But here is the scenario.

It begins with a poet. And by poet I mean simply a man endowed with an imaginary perception of facts—the ability to see and state those facts in such a way as to kindle the imagination of others. In this case, it required a man so poetically gifted as to see in dynamite something besides a dark brown substance useful in mining operations and dangerous to be around when it goes off. It required a man who could make of that dark brown substance something as symbolic, as imaginatively appealing, as universally memorable as the Crown, the Crescent, or the Cross.

And dynamite found its poet—its first American poet—in Albert R. Parsons. He saw in dynamite a destructive force that made a workingman the equal of an army; a force that by its very advent into the world destroyed the power of the rich to tyrannize over the poor; a force that meant the annihilation of class society. And so, glowing with that idea, he went up and down the land talking dynamite. He never saw a bomb. He never intended to use one. He talked about the bomb as Omar did about the wine cup, and was no more a murderer than Omar was a drunkard. In his innocent poetic enthusiasm, he preached the gospel of dynamite all over the Middle West. And just as Omar has given us the wine cup as a symbol of pleasure and love, so Parsons gave us the bomb as an everlasting symbol of destruction.

He was hanged for it in 1887, after some unknown person had actually thrown a real bomb. Parsons was guiltless of responsibility for the act, and probably disapproved of it, for he was a gentle and friendly soul. But up to the last he was the poet of dynamite. In his eight-hour speech in court* after he had received sentence of death he said:

I am called a dynamiter. Why? Did I ever use dynamite? No. Did I ever have any? No. Why, then, am I called a dynamiter? Listen and I will tell you. Gunpowder in the fifteenth century marked an era in the world's history. It was the downfall of the mail-armor of the knight, the freebooter and the robber of that period. It enabled the victims of the highway robbers to stand off at a distance in a safe place and fend themselves. . . . Gunpowder came as a democratic institution. . . . There was less power in the hands of the nobility after that; less power in the hands of the king; less power in the hands of those who would plunder and degrade and destroy the people after that.

So today dynamite comes as the emancipator of man from the domination and enslavement of his fellow man. . . . Dynamite is the diffusion of power. It is democratic; it makes everybody equal. . . . Nothing can meet it. The Pinkertons, the police, the militia, are absolutely worthless in the presence of dynamite. They can do nothing with the people at all. It is the annihilator. It is the dissemminator of authority; it is the dawn of peace; it is the end of war, because . . . dynamite makes that unsafe, undesirable and absolutely impossible. It is a peace-maker; it is a man's best and last friend; it emancipates the world from the domineering of the few over the many, because all government, in the last resort, is violence; all law, in the last resort, is force. Force is the law of the universe; force is the law of nature, and this newly discovered force makes all men equal, and therefore free.

Judged as fact, it was simply not true. But as a poetic idea, it was charming. And he died for it—a thing few poets have done for their creations.

After the poet of dynamite, the next important figure is what may be called its novelist. I mean simply a prose writer with imagination enough to conceive in realistic detail the process of destroying the old order by the use of the bomb. And that gifted fictionist was Johann Most.

Most was a German revolutionist, a sincere sort of trouble-maker, and an orator of great eloquence. But his interest to us lies in his imaginative masterpiece, the "Revolutionary Handbook." This book describes the manufacture of dynamite bombs with a fidelity worthy of the author of "L'Assomoir," and the method of plotting assassination in secret with a versimilitude excelled only by the author of "Robinson Crusoe." It created an imaginary and sinister world, the like of which has never existed—and it stirred a few young men like Louis Lingg to feeble and ineffectual imitations, as powerful works of art usually do. It was advertised in the Socialist press of the time side by side with that paler piece of fiction, Bellamy's "Looking Backward." It was a revolutionary best-seller.

It is well known that people read fiction to escape from life. They seldom take literature seriously. And accordingly we find in all this period of bomb-talking no authentic record of any bombs except the famous Haymarket bomb, and that other with which Louis Lingg killed himself in prison. Nevertheless, there was one man in those days who did take literature seriously—a man who believed that everything he read about bombs was true. He lived in the unreal world created by Johann Most—a world populated by anarchists, meeting in cellars to plot the destruction of society, and going forth on errands with their pockets full of bombs. Like the naive cowboy of the old joke, who rose in his seat at the play to shoot the villain full of holes, he was determined to protect society against the dangers with which it was menaced. A hero in his own mind, he was ready to move all the powers of heaven and earth to quell these imaginary enemies. He stood before society in the attitude of a protector, crying hysterically, "I will save you!"

This amusing figure was Michael J. Schaack, a police captain. Charles Edward Russell, as a newspaper man in Chicago, knew him well, and describes him in his Haymarket chapter in his new volume of reminiscences.* "He was," says Mr. Russell, "a man of restless and unregulated energy and, let us say, of small discretion. I have often wondered whether his delusions resulted form a kind of self-hypnosis or from mere mania; but certainly he saw more anarchists than vast hell could hold. Bombs, dynamite, daggers, guns, and pistols danced ever across his excited vision; in the end there was among the foreign-born population no society nor association, however innocent or even laudable, that was not to his mind engaged in deviltry. The labor unions, he knew were composed solely of anarchists; the Turner societies met to plan treason, stratagems and spoils; the literary guilds contrived murder; the Sunday schools taught destruction. Every man that spoke broken English and went out o' nights was a fearsome creature whose secret purpose was to blow up the Board of Trade or loot Marshall Field's store."

To save Chicago from these demoniac spectres of his fancy, Michael J. Schaack, like the witch-burners of old, tortured in his cells something like a thousand men in the period after the Haymarket bomb, and wrung from them "confessions" which were used to convict and hang the innocent eight-hour agitators, Anarchists and Socialists, who had been picked as the ringleaders of the "anarchic conspiracy." To give color to his anxieties, he discovered bombs everywhere—in alleys, under bridges, in workingmen's homes. "The trophies," says Mr. Russell, "began to look marvelously familiar. One in particular, a gas-pipe bomb that had been used as a copy-weight in a newspaper composing room, was brought three times to police headquarters and placed among the prize relics of the raiding. It was easily recognized because the harmless printer that had used it to hold copy on his case had at some time scratched his initials upon it."

Finally Schaack had to be suppressed by his superior, for fear he would drive the public as mad as he was. The chief of police later described the situation* in a newspaper interview:

It was my policy to quiet matters down as soon as possible after the fourth of May. The general unsettled state of things was an injury to Chicago.

On the other hand, Captain Schaack wanted to keep things stirring. He wanted bombs to be found here, there, all around, everywhere. I thought people would lie down and sleep better if they were not afraid that their homes would be blown to pieces any minute. But this man Schaack, this little boy who must have glory or his heart would be broken, wanted none of that policy. NOW, HERE IS SOMETHING THE PUBLIC DOES NOT KNOW. AFTER WE GOT THE ANARCHIST SOCIETIES BROKEN UP, SCHAACK WANTED TO SEND OUT MEN TO ORGANIZE NEW SOCIETIES RIGHT AWAY. You see what this would do. He wanted to keep the thing boiling—keep himself prominent before the public. Well, I sat down on that; I didn't believe in such work, and of course Schaack didn't like it.

After I heard all that, I began to think there was, perhaps, not so much to all this Anarchist business as they had claimed, and I believe I was right.

The last figure in this sanguinary drama ought to be called William Randolph Hearst. But chronology does not permit and so we shall have to say—the Newspapers. Their part in the drama of dynamite was simply to make money out of the public's fears. They had not the poetry of Parsons nor the madness of Michael J. Schaack to excuse them. They exploited these impossible horrors and fictitious fears for profit. They scared Chicago almost to death, and charged a penny a shudder.

This part of the story no one can tell better than Mr. Russell. "The nervous strain upon the public had become," he says, "almost intolerable. The stories circulated, printed and believed in those days seem now to belong to the literature of lunacy. There were twenty thousand armed and desperate anarchists in Chicago, an assault upon the jail had been planned, all the principal buildings were to be blown up, innumerable anarchists had sworn that the men should never be hanged. The newspaper offices, the banks, and the Board of Trade were guarded night and day. Nearly all citizens carried weapons. I remember finding at ten o'clock at night a gun store still open in Madison street and crowded with men that were buying revolvers, and knowing the state of the public mind the spectacle did not strike me then as in the least strange but wholly natural. The dread of some catastrophe impending was not alone in men's talk but in their very faces and in the air."

The execution of the men—four innocent men—was worse than a lynching; more degrading a spectacle even than that. It was the spectacle of a whole city driven insane with fear by the newspapers. Chicago trembled before the four men whose necks were already in the noose—trembled and wept with fright, sickened and fainted with the nausea of utter fear. It was just an ordinary hanging, save that in this case, as it happened, the victims were innocent of any crime. But—

One block from the jail in each direction, (says Mr. Russell), ropes were stretched across the streets and traffic was suspended. Behind the ropes were lines of policemen with riot rifles. Thence to the jail the sidewalks were patrolled by other policemen similarly armed. The jail itself was guarded like a precarious outpost in a critical battle. Around it lines of policemen were drawn; from every window policemen looked forth, rifles in hand; the roof was black with policemen. The display of force was overpowering; the place was like a fort. . . .

At six o'clock in the morning the reporters were admitted; after that all entrance was denied. From six until nigh upon eleven we stood there. Two hundred of us, cooped in the jailer's office, waiting with nerves played upon by more disquieting rumors than I have ever heard in a like period. So great was the nervous tension that two of the reporters, tried and experienced men turned sick and faint and had to be assisted to the exterior, whence they could not return. In all my experience this was the only occasion on which any reporter flinched from duty, however trying; but it is hard now to understand the tremendous power of the infectional panic that had seized upon the city and had its storm center at the jail. Perhaps some idea of it can be gained from the fact that while we waited there a Chicago newspaper issued an extra, seriously announcing that the jail had been mined by anarchists, great stores of dynamite placed beneath, and at the moment of the hanging the whole structure and all in it were to be destroyed.

With its last gasp of hysterical strength, Chicago did the deed—the easy official murder. Nothing happened. The earth did not open and swallow them up in one vast blast of dynamite. They killed four innocent men, and the thing was over. Chicago breathed again. "It sounds now," says Mr. Russell, "a horrible and a cruel thing to say, yet visibly, most visibly, all other men's hearts were lightened because those four men's hearts were stilled."

It was done; but not yet did the newspapers let the public alone. They prowled ghoul-like in the graveyard, and sold their festering fancies to the public.

When a year had passed they were at it stronger than ever. The anniversary of the hanging, they said, was to be the occasion of a mighty anarchist revenge. The day came and passed, and nothing happened, save a quiet memorial service in honor of the dead. But the newspapers discovered a plot even in that. The date of the revenge, they announced, had been put off two weeks.

Those two weeks, (says Mr. Russell), were filled with stories so lurid and circumstantial of the terrible deeds at hand, that even citizens that so far had retained their poise began to be alarmed. Anarchists were gathering from all parts of the world; strange, sinister looking men were alighting from all the incoming trains; arms and ammunition were being collected; the Lehr und Wehr Verein, screaming for vengeance, was marching to and fro with magazine guns; united anarchism was to make one mighty outbreak, and punish Chicago by dynamiting the public buildings and slaughtering the principal citizens. Minute, circumstantial accounts of all these matters were printed daily. Such of the newspapers as were endowing the public with this line of news even knew the meeting place where the anarchist clans were to gather that Sunday afternoon to begin the work of destruction. They knew it and they printed it. Greif's Hall was the place, No. 54 West Lake Street. At two o'clock the vast hordes were to assemble, and march thence to blow things up, beginning with the City Hall.

Sunday came, two o'clock arrived. The police were ready under arms, in all the near-by streets and massed in the police stations. But nothing happened. Nothing at all.

"And the meeting in Greif's Hall? Oh, that was held truly enough," says Mr. Russell, "and right under the noses of the police. It was a meeting of the German Housewives' Society, and it gathered to knit yarn socks, and discuss the infamous price of sausage; which placidly and contentedly it did all the afternoon."

When Chicago learned the comic truth, says Mr. Russell, the ghost of dynamite fled. "It will never return," he says optimistically. But he is wrong. The drama of dynamite will play many a return engagement in this country, though never on so grand a scale.

The poets of dynamite are, perhaps, all dead. The "Revolutionary Handbook" is among the novels of yesteryear, unread and forgotten. But the brass-buttoned maniacal savior of society exists on every police force, and the newspapers are still ready to feed the public on horror-stew and hell-broth. One fact alone preserves us from a recrudescence of this whole insanity. And that fact is the caricaturist. The newspaper cartoonist has done us a wholesome service. He has made the anarchist with his bomb a comic figure. If we were to meet such a figure on the streets to-day, our first impulse would be not to shudder, but to laugh. The bomb remains a symbol, but no longer a dreadful symbol. It is on its way, via the comic supplement, into the nursery.

This special rate as announced before and stated in the Special Blank to be found elsewhere in this issue, was for only 25 copies at the rate of one cent each. This offer was made to induce individual readers to secure a bundle for free distribution, and in this way increase the circulation over the regular bundles. It is impossible to apply this rate to bundle orders for locals in larger numbers. Local secretaries please take notice.

*Autobiography of Albert R. Parsons.

*"These Shifting Scenes," by Charles Edward Russell (George R. Doran, New York.)

*Quoted in Governor Altgeld's "Reasons for Pardoning."

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Membership card of Joe Keenan, No. 164745, has been found. The lanche of orders such as we have just experienced. Orders accompanied with cash have received the first consideration and the others in their turn. Remember that it costs cold cash for material and carriage to furnish you with literature, and endeavor to send cash with your orders whenever possible. This also eliminates the cost of keeping a bunch of accounts. Anyhow, send them in.

Local 16, Detroit, has moved to a new hall in Room 31, Hillsdegen Bldg., corner of Monroe and Library (entrance 12 Library Ave.): All foot loose rebels welcome.

I. W. W. PAMPHLET IN SWEDISH

The Scandinavian Branch of Local No. 322 has printed a pamphlet called "Lonesla ycens Organization" written by S. G. Johanson. It is written for workingmen in the camps. Price 10 cents. To Locals 5 cents a copy. Send orders with cash to

GUST HILL,
P. O. Box 511,
Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

Call For Ninth Annual Convention of I. W. W.

General Office, Chicago, Ill.,
307—164 W. Washington Street.

Pursuant to the provisions of the General Constitution, the Ninth Annual Convention of the Industrial Workers of the World will convene in the city of Chicago, Ill., Monday, September 21st, 1914, at 9:00 o'clock A. M.

The General Secretary-Treasurer will within two weeks of the date of this call send to each Local Union, National Industrial Union and department affiliated with the Industrial Workers of the World credentials in duplicate for the number of delegates they are entitled to, based on the tax paid by such Locals and National Industrial Unions and Departments as provided for in the General Constitution.

Immediately upon receipt of the credentials Local Unions will proceed to choose and designate their delegates to the convention by regular election. The secretary of each Local Union shall forward duplicate credentials for their delegate or delegates to the General Headquarters as soon as the delegate or delegates have been elected. All duplicate credentials must be mailed to the General Office not later than September 1st, 1914. Original credentials shall be delivered to the delegate for presentation to the credential committee of the convention. All credentials in duplicate must have the seal of the local union on same, together with the date of election of the delegate.

National Industrial Unions shall have two delegates for the first ten thousand members, and one delegate for each additional five thousand members or major fraction thereof.

Local Unions directly chartered by the Industrial Workers of the World shall have one delegate for each two hundred members or less and one additional delegate for each two hundred members or major fraction thereof.

Local Industrial Unions not paying tax upon an average membership of at least twenty members for the six months prior to the call of the convention shall not be entitled to a delegate.

Local Unions and National Industrial Unions to be entitled to representation must be in good standing with the General Organization. Local Industrial Unions and National Industrial Unions to be entitled to representation in the Convention must be chartered at least three months before the date of the Convention. Delegates from Local Industrial Unions and National Industrial Unions or departments shall be members in good standing in the General Organization at least one year and in their Local Union at least ninety days prior to the nomination and election of the delegate.

Two or more Local Unions in the same locality may jointly send a delegate in accord with the provisions of the General Constitution.

For additional provisions of the Constitution relating to the delegates see Art. IV of the General Constitution.

Convention Hall will be announced later.

GENERAL EXECUTIVE BOARD, INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD.
C. H. EDWARD
J. M. FOSS
F. H. LITTLE
J. W. KELLY
EWALD KOETTGEN
W. D HAYWOOD, General Organizer
VINCENT ST. JOHN, General Secretary-Treasurer
Dated July 10, 1914, Chicago, Ill.

LEXINGTON AVE. BOMB EXPLOSION

(Continued From Page One)

violence, or should anyone so speak?

It comes with poor grace from Local No. 179, of which I am a member to reject a man because he was unemployed, when in this very much "mixed" local there is a capitalist; a rich doctor employed by the city; a minister of the *"Church of the social Revolution"*; several school teachers, and more than several persons, who haven't worked for a very long time. Just why was Caron ineligible? Does the fact that he "was not working" constitute a bar, as Ettor says? I have never so read in the I. W. W. Constitution. If a weaver, unemployed, applied for membership in Local No. 20, Lawrence; Local No. 152, Paterson; Local No. 157, New Bedford, do you suppose the Secretary would refuse his application? The qualification for membership is "an actual wage-worker" (it doesn't say employed or unemployed) one who accepts the concept of the class struggle and believes an economic industrial organization is necessary for immediate betterment and ultimate emancipation. A workingman may be an anarchist or a socialist, a Catholic or a Protestant, a republican or a democrat, but subscribing to the preamble of the I. W. W. he is eligible for membership. And we are not responsible for his individual views or activities, be it the confession of the Catholic, as in Lawrence; the ballot of the Socialist as in Paterson; the Republican agitation among the Italians of New York who took the flags away from the monarchists by force and still retain them, or the anti-Rockefeller demonstrations participated in by some of our Tarrytown members. So long as the individual performs his duties as a loyal member of the union, his personal affairs remain inviolate.

Caron's desire to join the I. W. W. was probably a result of his experience as a textile worker, plus his contract with the I. W. W. men, who initiated the unemployed movement at Fellow-worker Haywood's suggestion. It had a two-fold purpose, to stimulate those out of work to action on their own behalf, and to popularize the eight-hour program as some amelioration for unemployment. Naturally our fellow-workers looked upon anyone who showed intelligence and ability as good material for the I. W. W. After Tannenbaum, Plunkett and the others were arrested, the movement began to drift aimlessly. Tresca, Hamilton and I argued that the I. W. W. should take the helm—actively, but were overruled, so that while our organization had full responsibility it had no control. Then it was that the anarchists came in and assumed the leadership, which they had a right to do under the circumstances.

Eventually our men realized that if they were to have the name they must have the game, so they organized what they called for expediency *"Local No. 1 Unemployed I. W. W."* This was at Haywood's suggestion and while it was not officially a component part of the I. W. W. the plan was to issue cards that would be honored as a transfer when the men had work and money to pay dues in the local of their industry. Its program to hold meetings advocating the I. W. W. especially along the waterfront, was very practical, as the unemployed movement was gathering out of the Secretary of this was Charles Plunket, a member of No. 179, and Caron was one of the members enrolled.

During the interval between Tannenbaum's arrest and the formation of this Local No. 1, everyone who bobbed up was labeled I. W. W., "red virgins, white virgins, sweet Marie's," etc. It may be contended that the men had no right to organize "this Local No. 1, but if they couldn't get new recruits into No. 179, how were they to hold them together? It impressed them as the most feasible way to gather some fruits for their labors, and was in spirit I. W. W. Possibly a great deal of confusion could have been cleared up in the minds of the workers if Ettor had spoken at the final Union Square unemployed meeting. Haywood and I were both sick, but Ettor, who was in the crowd, refused to speak, and the I. W. W. propaganda lost a valuable opportunity, but received credit for a lot of nonsense.

After the I. W. W. initiated the unemployed movement in New York City it is almost an admission that we did so to capitalize misery, to refuse a man a membership card because "he was not employed," and I have emphasized this not to defend Caron, but to exonerate ourselves from any such suspicion. We all heartily endorsed Fellow-worker Haywood's suggestions, because we understood the primary motive was to arouse the unemployed to demand jobs or bread; the secondary motive, to make them realize that the I. W. W. is the only organization offering an adequate program to abolish the system that makes unemployment inevitable.

Without for one moment impugning his sincerity, I believe Fellow-worker Ettor is entirely too diplomatic in his attempts to make the I. W. W. pacifically palatable. The clarity of St. John's statement before the "United States Industrial Relations Commission" was destroyed by Ettor's subsequent and unnecessary explanations, although he had not heard St. John's testimony.

What is the final word for the I. W. W. on the subject of violence? Is it Ettor's that "the general strike is the only method we favor for overthrowing the capitalist system and that is the only kind of force we are in favor of"? Was it St. John's before the Industrial Commission, that violence would be used if necessary to accomplish a social revolution, without regard for life or property? Is it embodied in Haywood's and Ettor's article on the I. W. W. in the New York World of Sunday, June 14th: "The Industrial Workers of the World have been accused of violence. This is not true. The I. W. W. have neither advocated nor participated in violence against the social order"? Or did Lessig speak correctly, when he answered the question of the stand on violence, by saying "We might hesitate at first to advocate it, but if we saw fit I guess we would"? St. John has said in "The History of the I. W. W.": "The tactics used are determined solely by the power of the organization to make good in their use," and instances the "taming" of the Cossacks in McKees Rocks.

Giovannitti had an article in The Independent of October 12th, 1913, on "Syndicalism the Creed of Force," in which he says:

"UNMORAL VIOLENCE"

"It is not true that it is unconditionally opposed to political action in the generally accepted sense of the word, and it is equaly false that it is opposed to the use of physical force. As a matter of fact, if Syndicalism does not openly advocate violence, as some anarchists do, it is neither because of a moral predisposition against it, nor on account of fear, but simply because, having a vaster and more complex conception of the class war, it refuses to believe in the myth of any single omnipotent method of action. Violence, moreover, being the extreme outward expression of a moral reaction created by outside situations, is objective and instinctive and not subjective and artificial.

The law of the least effort will unconsciously but firmly induce the workers to refrain from violence, but if impellent needs and the inflexible necessity of getting certain results make it indispensably conditional to the solution of a deadlocked controversy, it will of course automatically assert itself, even without an express suggestion. In this case, being neither counseled nor premeditated, violence is neither right nor wrong—it is either necessary or unnecessary, effective or useless, as the resulting circumstances alone will determine."

Now, where do the rest of us stand? Is the position of St. John, Lessig and Giovannitti universally accepted by the I. W. W. or is Ettor's? Granted that there is no "official" position, No Article A, Section B, in the constitution, about *this, still there should be some approximate agreement or else each one should distinctly state "this is my personal opinion" and cease saddling the organization with it, be he pro or con.*

As a matter of fact, I believe Giovannitti has stated what most of us think, and St. John's utilitarian position needed no amplification. But whichever version we take let us have some uniformity, that we may never again witness the absurd spectacle of the General Secretary saying: "This is the I. W. W. position" only to be contradicted by a national organizer in a little while!

This does not mean we should bind ourselves to an endorsement of violence, nor does it mean we should repudiate it per se. Either to my mind would be equally unwise and dogmatic. *"Circumstances alone will determine,"* impresses me as the most common-sense attitude. Certainly the most conservative of Socialists would justify the offensive as well as defensive action of the miners after the Ludlow massacre.

But whether we do or do not accept violence, there can be no reason why after refusing to condemn the MacNamaras, who pleaded guilty, we should now spit on the mangled corpses of dead workingmen, whose lips are stilled and who may be the victims of a gigantic conspiracy. We need not accept their ideas, we need not take the responsibility for their words or deeds; yet *if we believe them guilty*—we may extend to them sympathy for their intense suffering that found an outlet only in this desperate futile way; sympathy for their horrible deaths; sympathy for the foolish shortsightedness that carried explosives into a crowded tenement house. We may realize that violence against an individual will not change conditions, nor will revenge restore the babies of Colorado. But let us fix our condemnation on the brutality that produced such a psychology, a hate as quenchless as our wrongs; on the society that drives her children to such desperate retaliation.

Surely we are big enough in spirit and bold enough in character to inscribe on our banner:

"The working class, may they ever be right,
But right or wrong—*the working class!*"

ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN.

WHO DID THE SHOOTING IN BUTTE?

(Special to Solidarity)

Just a few lines in regard to the blowing up of the Miners' Union Hall and incidents pertaining to the same. I see by the W. F. M. magazine, that the king of all imbeciles, J. M. O'Neill, is slobbering all over himself about this affair. He states that several hundred I. W. W. men came into Butte for the purpose of disrupting the miners' union. I don't know how that sounds to persons not personally acquainted with the situation. But to those who are here it sounds like the insane ranting of an escaped inmate of some fool house.

I also note that O'Neill tries to convey the impression that the man who was shot, was shot by someone from the crowd in the street, which is not the case, according to several men who were standing at the foot of the stairs leading into the hall. One man had started up the stairs and was shot in the eye, and he says the shot came from the top of the stairs. There was also a man just in the act of starting up the way, one of the staunchest members of the W. F. M., a man that was through the Black Hills trouble, and he told men that the shots were fired from within, and he is through with the W. F. M.

I don't know what Moyer was smoking, but he has been quoted as saying a great many things that would lead one to believe that it was something not labeled "Bull Durham." I deny that there was any trouble started outside the hall until the man was shot on the walk across from the hall. As a bunch of Moyer and O'Neill, reading this, it hurts their personal feelings to see the pie counter slipping from their grasp, I will say that if they will keep their mouths shut, everybody will not know that they are either fakirs or damned fools.

A MINER.

The Wheatland Hop Pickers' Defense Committee have had two thousand voluntary assessment stamps printed to sell at 25c each, the money to go to the defense of Ford and Suhr in securing them a new trial. All locals requested to get some of these stamps and help in the fight for freedom of these two fellow workers. Address, Don D. Scott, Box 1087, Sacramento, Calif., Sec'y. Wheatland Hop Pickers Defense Committee.

The poems of Arturo Giovannitti are now available in book form. The title of the book is "Arrows in the Gale," with an introduction by Helen Keller. If you have read any of the author's poetry you will want this collection. We will be able to supply a limited number of copies to our readers. 110 pages. Price $1.10, postpaid.

The National Industrial Union of Marine Transport Workers has opened another hall in the south side of the city of New York, just about a quarter of a block from the East river. The hall is at No. 32 Old Slip, second floor. All mail intended for the N. I. U. of M. T. W. should be sent to the above address. —C. L. Filigno, Sec'y.

Mail at Fresno, Calif., Box 209, for the following: Wm. Tysson, Geo. S. Hall, E. L. Palmatier, Rudolf Cobel, Wm. Jacobsen, Otto Gaup, Geo. McDonald, Jas. M. Wilson, Harry O'Donnell, Ed. Heil, Geo. Finnie, J. Albert, Wm. Cashman, Homer Cushing, H. P. Riley, Harry O'Grady.

Notice to all Local Unions:—All notices of members expelled should be forwarded to the General Office for publication in the Bulletin. Do not forward notices of this kind to Solidarity, as they cannot be printed in the paper, except in special issues. —V. St. John, General Secretary-Treasurer.

Forest Edwards, of Seattle, Wash., has been elected secretary and treasurer of Oil Workers' Industrial Union, I. W. W., Local 586, in place of J. W. Rockwell. Address all communications to Edwards, General Delivery, Drumright, Okla.

Look! Listen! Wanted, a thousand readers of Solidarity to get a bundle order of 25 a week, to be used as samples in a sub-getting campaign and to help free Ford and Suhr, and other prisoners of capitalism. 25 copies for 25 cents. Try your hand.

Local 61, Kansas City, Mo., has moved to new headquarters at 211 East Missouri Ave. All rebels passing through Kansas City please take notice of change.—G. J. Bourg, Secy. No. 61.

The wider the circulation of our press, the greater the power of the organization and the less danger of active workers in the struggle being victimized by the bosses. Take a lesson from modern day publicity and get busy on the sub rustling line.

Locals 26, Denver, Colo., is in need of a first class speaker. Write to the secretary D. Bransky, 1910½ Lawrence St., Denver, Colo., for particulars.

Don't forget the Harvest Agitation. Write Peter Johnsen, secretary of I. W. W. Locals in Minneapolis, for particulars and for Harvest Stickers. Address, 232 Cedar Ave.

Local 338 has changed secretaries. Address all mail for that local to A. Douglas, 110 South 14th Street, Tacoma, Wash.

John F. Miller is the new secretary of Local 40 I. W. W. Address, Box 962, Missoula, Mont.

You will find something new and of importance in each issue of Solidarity.

STRIKE TIES UP MONTANA ROAD

(Continued from Page One)

is an open shop. Such a representation is absolutely false, for at this time there is a strike on the very job for which those men were imported, and the existence of the strike was well known before the men left Seattle. The strike affects all of the work that is being done by the electrical construction crew, so that it would not be possible for those men to take their positions without the risk of incurring trouble with the strikers. And at any rate, the conditions here are not at all what has been apparently represented to the men sent here from Seattle.

"T. F. SHEA,
"County Attorney of Powell County, Mont."

The Milwaukee has sent five of its most husky sluggers to guard its precious property. The electrical workers of Butte and Anaconda have called all their men off the job, also donating $100 a week to feed the strikers. The Butte Workingmen's Union have called their men off. Fellow Worker Curtis, who is an organizer on the field for the I. W. W., was granted the floor at the business meeting of Butte Workingmen's Union to appeal for funds. They voted unanimously for 50 cents a week to feed the strikers, and have agreed not to go back to work until all demands are granted.

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE.

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The Live Ones

The following is a list of Local Unions receiving a Bundle Order of 100 copies or over of Solidarity each week. Locals whose account is not paid for current month will be discontinued from this list.

Kansas City, Local 61	500
Seattle Locals	450
San Francisco Locals	300
Minneapolis Locals	300
Sacramento, Cal., Local 71	250
Local 341, Chicago	200
Local 26, Denver, Colo.	200
Portland, Oreg. Locals	166
Spokane Locals	150
Stockton Local 73	150
Butte Workingmens Union	100
Salt Lake City Locals	100
Philadelphia, Local 8, Br. 1, N. I. U. M. T. W.	100
N. I. U. M. T. W., I. W. W. New York	100
Local 571, Great Falls, Mont	100
Rochester, N. Y. Locals	100
Total Bundles. issue of July 11, No. 235	5,434

Is your Local a "Live One?"

Local 313's "copper properties" near Redding, Calif., are badly infested with "mice" and sab cats are sorely needed. Our "colonies" are suffering and one is almost extirpated. The ravages of the "varmints" must be checked. As a "drive" may take place under the auspices of Sacramento next August, the "felines" will be within striking distance when the fun starts.—Dan Buckley, Sec'y 313, Redding, Calif.

All mail for secretaries and members of Seattle locals should be addressed to Box 85, Nippon Station.

The $1,000 Fund

Total July 7th	$472.43
R. J. Smith	1.00
Hans S. Kogan	1.00
Fred Schlosser	.50
I. J. Blocker	1.00
Total July 11th	$476.93

Everyone knows the tunes. Get the words—from the new I. W. W. Song Book. Just out. Price 10 cents. Order from I. W. W. Publishing Bureau.

Local 179, I. W. W. of New York City, has established a pleasant roomy headquarters at 350 East 81st street. Open day and evening. All welcome. Branch 1 (English speaking) hold a business meeting every Tuesday evening.

Complete Stenographic Report
of the
Eighth Annual Convention
of the
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SOLIDARITY:—I agree to be one of your readers who will distribute 25 copies of SOLIDARITY each week to give publicity and insure the success of the General Strike of Hop Pickers on behalf of FORD and SUHR, who were unjustly sentenced to serve life terms for their activity in the Wheatland Hop Strike.

Enclosed find $..... for which send me 25 copies of SOLIDARITY each week for ..... weeks at the rate of 1c each.

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