

There are two classes  
—a Union Man and a  
Card Man. Which  
class do you belong to?

Gate City Press, 13th and Locust, K. C., Mo.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE

# Famous McNamara Case

S P E E C H E S O F

ANTON JOHANSEN  
CLARENCE DARROW  
and MOTHER JONES



Given at the Labor Temple, August 7, 1915, Under the  
Auspices of the Industrial Council.

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## AUTONOMY

What is needed in the American labor movement is not less autonomy, but more of it. The executive boards of the various national unions will have to be stripped of their legislative powers and these powers vested in the local unions where they belong. Even though these local unions at present may be hampered by ignorance of their true interests, they are a hundred times rather to be trusted with power than a few national officials. The working class can never emancipate itself by proxy even though its proxies be labor union officials.



## Speech of Anton Johannsen

Delivered at the Labor Temple on Sunday Evening, August 7th, 1915,  
at 8:30 O'clock, Under the Auspices of the Industrial Council.

I desire to say in addition to what has been said by the Chairman, that Frank P. Walsh is one of the greatest men our country has ever produced. I was thinking one day, when Ibsen wrote his "Enemy of the People," he must have had in mind men and women of Frank Walsh's type, for they are the enemies of the people, and if you don't believe it, just consult Wall Street, and if you are still in doubt, ask 26 Broadway. Then if you are in doubt read any newspaper that has consistently fought against every kind of social change that would bring more to the common people, and consequently take away some of the privilege of the leisure class. They will all tell you in unison that Walsh is the enemy of the people. I am glad to say for the union men and women and their friends in Kansas City, that we do not consider Frank P. Walsh as a citizen of Kansas City. He is Frank P. Walsh of the United States. They have an awful time to successfully attack him. He is not a member of the Socialist party; he never has been, and I hope he never will be for his sake and for the sake of the Socialist party, and for the better interests of labor. He is not a member of any union or labor organization. He is a lawyer. He lives in Kansas City. He has a wife and a large family, and a respectable family. He has a fairly good reputation. He doesn't drink too much, and I don't suppose he eats too much. They are having an awful time to find anything on him which they can use successfully to pull the wool over the eyes of the men and women he hopes to serve, and I am glad to know, as he stated in a meeting in Chicago once, when they introduced him as a "martyr." He said he wasn't made up of such stuff they make martyrs of, he didn't want to be one, he enjoys the fight, and I thought of Neihardt's Battle Cry, or at least a portion of it which is fitting to Frank P. Walsh and his ambassador that is with us tonight, Mother Jones. There is one paragraph of Neihardt's Battle Cry in which he says:

"Not for the glory of winning,  
Not for the fear of the night,  
Shunning the battle is sinning;  
O, spare me the heart to fight!"

If you don't believe that Mother Jones can fight, you wait here tonight, and she is such a consistent fighter that if you have not had a fight in your life, you will have a fight after you leave this hall for she will put it in you, if you have not had it.

I expect to talk at least briefly about the social forces that are back of and that have operated and are responsible for the recent arrest and imprisonment of M. A. Schmidt, member of Carpenters' Union No. 138 of New York City, and David Caplan, member of Barbers' Union No. 195 of Seattle, Wash. These two men were arrested by the Burns Detective Agency.

I don't know whether you know very much about detectives or not, but I am very glad to know that throughout the length and breadth of

the country, there is a growing recognition of the utter lack of responsibility, not only that, but also the criminal character of the work and function of a detective. A detective enters your home and spies for the purpose of betraying you. If he finds out anything he is to squeal. If he does not find out anything, he must report something, or he will lose his job. A detective makes his living lying. A detective is a living lie.

You could take the souls of forty thousand detectives and let them dance on a copper cent for forty years, and they are so small they would never meet each other. Yet in every prosecution where there has been a contest between the forces of organized labor and the forces of organized employers, in every single trial in every city, in every county, in every state, in every conflict the great preponderance of testimony which has been relied upon in every instance in the repudiation of the soldiers of labor's army, has been supplied by detectives. A detective never did detect anything. William J. Burns never found anything except two or three cowards and traitors in the Iron Workers' International Union. A man by the name of Hockins was a member of the General Executive Board of the Iron Workers' International Association. He went to William J. Burns in the city of Chicago on the 2nd day of November, 1910, after the Los Angeles "Times" disaster; he went to Burns and said, "Arrest McManigal; he lives at 417 South Sangamon street, Chicago." Couldn't you have found an address? Couldn't you find that? Of course you could. That is all Burns ever found.

Los Angeles is in Southern California, and has been referred to by some people as having such a character, industrially speaking and socially speaking, making it a typical city of slaves. Los Angeles has been recognized in the American Labor Movement for many, many years, a city with a Merchants and Manufacturers' Association that controlled not only the government of the city and county, but all the civilized forms of violence. No man could run a store or any place of business unless he was a member of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association of that city, and as such he was compelled to contribute financially and otherwise for the suppression of any signs of unionism in any trade or calling or in any industry in that city. If you were a machinist, or worked at the metal workers trade, or in the manufacturing trades, and went to Los Angeles and wanted to get a position at your trade, whether you were a union man or a non-union man, whether you were born in Russia or born in America, whether you were born in China or born in Africa, made absolutely no difference. You couldn't get a job unless you went to the office of the branch secretary of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association, who done all the hiring. If you went to work for Jones, in the first place you would have to make out a "Bill of Health," we called it, so they would find out if you were married, and for how long, what your nationality was, where you was born, and all these things, and it was nothing but reasonable if you had two children you was less independent than the man that had no children, and if you had four children, you was less independent than the man who had two children, so that the merchants not only robbed the working man of his claims collectively, but robbed him of every least bit of possible power individually, and in every other respect, and the lash of the M. & M. Association was on the backs of labor so many years that there finally grew a resentment in their hears and in their minds, and when an oppor-

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tunity came, when there appeared to be a hope, a possibility of throwing off that yoke, when the American Federation of Labor and the Building Trades Unions of the A. F. of L. decided on a program of organization in that city, and to send thirteen or fourteen organizers who had some vision, who had some spirit, and who had some courage into that city in the hope of starting a fight, when that time came.

When we declared a general strike on the first day of June in the city of Los Angeles in 1910, and the working men and women in San Francisco rallied together at a called meeting and decided to levy an assessment of twenty-five cents a week against every member of every union in the city for an indefinite period of time to make the fight in Los Angeles in the hope of breaking the power of the M. & M., our people rallied, and they showed a great spirit. And then what happened? In the middle of June after the strike had been called every week during that six weeks the Los Angeles "Crimes"—that is what we called it—came out with statements that this week will be the end of the strike, and the next week they were saying the same thing, that "this week will be the end of the strike." And every week the false prophets sent out the statement of alarm, but all to no avail. The fight went on. Every man came off of the job, the union and the non-union man.

In the middle of June Earl Rogers, the chief counsel of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association, a man who was perhaps hated more by the Los Angeles City Government than any man in Southern California, a government elected on a democratic liberal progressive program. They said they were opposed to the great power of corporation influence in that city. When they had to decide between the interests of the Southern Pacific, and all the power of corporations in California, they had to decide either with them or with the striking men on the street, they decided by a unanimous vote to pass the Picketing Ordinance that was written by Earl Rogers, their personal and political enemy, but nevertheless the leading servant for privilege, and they passed the ordinance and Earl Rogers made a speech in the city council, and here is the argument and the logic which he used to the city council. "Men," he says, "I ask you to pass this ordinance in the city of Los Angeles because you remember five years ago a great strike was called in a city less than five hundred miles from Los Angeles." And, because there was a strike in San Francisco five years before this, the city council passed an ordinance in Los Angeles to preserve peace. Of course—to preserve the peace. Los Angeles has been a peaceable community for years. The working men and working women had accepted their place of low wages and long hours without a protest, and therefore the interests of labor and capital became harmonized in our city. They got the profits and you got the work. Still we find laboring men who have the illusion or the delusion that there can be an identity of interest between fifteen or sixteen men who have millions of wealth and no appetite, and control the opportunities of life, and millions of men who have got plenty of appetite and nothing to eat. (Cheers.)

We had our own co-operative store in that city, and after they passed the Picketing Ordinance, we called a meeting of the strikers. We told them that this was the most unusual, the most unwarranted, the most uncalled for privileged legislation that had ever been passed. This ordinance made every policeman and every detective in Los Angeles

the direct agent for the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association. We told the strikers, "You must either be prepared to surrender your fight and eat your bread in humbleness, or else you must resist, you must go on with your strike and with your picketing, and fill the jails of Los Angeles, and protest against this legislation," in the hopes of arousing the slumbering forces to the tremendous injustice that was being perpetrated upon our class by the City Government at the request of the M. & M.

I am glad to say for those men and women when they took a secret ballot, there was twelve hundred in the hall, and every single one of them voted that they would rather rot in the jail than to be humiliated and accept that kind of a situation without a protest, and they did it.

During the course of that fight, four or five hundred men were put in jail for the violation of this ordinance which prohibited any union man from speaking to any non-union man. The first day the arrests were made, twenty-seven men were locked up, and they were taken before Judge Rose, a police judge, about 4:30 that afternoon. We had a program that was complete, and everybody understood the program, and they understood that any man that was arrested should demand a jury trial to put the county to the greatest expense possible, and to refuse to engage a lawyer, and to plead "not guilty," and to refuse to put up any bail. We knew that the jail would only hold two hundred and fifty, providing they got the number of cubic feet of air the law allows, and we had fifteen hundred on strike, so it was an easy matter to fill that jail, and we did it, and they built a stockade.

The first twenty-seven men that were subpoenaed before Judge Rose, I will never forget it. The first man who came before him was not a German. His name was O'Brien. He was possibly a sympathizer with the Germans, however. He was the first man called, and he was a young man, and he was not handicapped by fear. He hadn't read any books on economics; he didn't know much about the Labor Movement, but he had a fine spirit, loyal to the cause. He was called before Judge Rose; he plead "not guilty," and demanded a jury trial and refused to furnish bail, and sat down, and then the judge called him back and he says, "Are you a married man?" He says, "Yes, I am married." "Well," he says, "you may go on your own recognizance and return in time for your trial." Now, this young man thought he would have to carry out our program, and he turned around and says, "Yor honor, I want to go to jail." And the Judge says, "Well, you can't go to jail; I am running this court." So he dealt with all these defendants, and out of the twenty-seven men that were there, twenty of them were married, and the single fellows had to go to jail or give \$25.00 bail. Of course they refused to put up the bail.

After the court adjourned, we went to this judge and reasoned with him along this line: "Your honor, don't you think it is an injustice to compel these men to go to jail because of the fact that they have been unable to find a woman who is willing to be their wife, when they possibly tried to get a wife? You should not penalize them for their inability to get a wife." And so, he let them go. Then he left an order that if any more should be arrested that day under a similar condition, that they should be released on the same considera-

tion. That is the first time I ever heard of a man being released before he was arrested.

It was the passing of this Picketing law which more than anything else drove the wedge into the situation to divide the sheep from the goats. There was no such thing as saying, "I believe that Labor is right in part, and the M. & M. is right in part." You couldn't get away with that kind of dope; you had to be in on our side or on the other fellow's side, and there was nothing more responsible for this feeling than the passing of this Picketing act, which was so brutally selfish; it was so brutally intended to serve the interests of the rich that the most stupid working man could see it, he could feel it, he could understand it, and whenever the working class should be able to understand the situation, whenever they will be able to feel the situation, whenever they will be able to see a situation, you need not worry about the influence of politicians or lawyers. It will be swept aside like a whirlwind would sweep a balloon aside.

The fight went on. We spent \$7,000.00 a week to feed our people, and everybody throughout the state was interested, even the employers in San Francisco, and on the first day of October came the Los Angeles "Times" disaster. Not a newspaper in this country had ever printed, and they never will print, they dare not print the facts. The Los Angeles Times Building failed to have one fire escape, not one. If the Los Angeles Times Building would have had the fire escapes as the law provided, most of the lives in that building would have been saved, for the damage was not done with the dynamite. The damage was done with the following explosions from the gas and fire, and the victims in there were unable to escape because there were no fire escapes. There were three or four that jumped out of the building that were crippled. After the Times disaster, came the investigation of the grand jury selected deliberately and knowingly by the secretary of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association, Mr. Zeehandelaar, who wrote a letter which has been made public. (This letter is on the back of this red card, indicating.) This letter was written to Earl Rogers who was sworn in as a special deputy district attorney before a special grand jury for the special privilege, for the special duty to indict somebody that was connected with the organization of labor in California and other places. Men were selected for that grand jury in such a way as this: Mr. John Jones, O. K., has been against unions all his life; Mr. So-and-So, a politician, but we believe he is on our side. We have got the goods on them; we have got the original letter under the personal handwriting of Mr. F. J. Zeehandelaar.

Governor Johnson in the latter part of 1910 made a speech in Los Angeles denouncing Harrison Gray Otis as the most vicious, the most brutal, the coldest criminal of any man on the Pacific Coast. If Sam Gompers would have made that speech in that city at that time, he would have been indicted for murder. There is no question about it.

The grand jury was in session from the 25th of October until the 6th day of January, and then they made a report, and we were down there before that grand jury all that time to answer the roll call, and in April came the arrest of the McNamaras.

Now, if there is anybody here for the purpose of serving his master, I hope he will listen very carefully to what I have to say about dynamite. I assure him I offer no apology, but I hope to give him an opportunity to report the truth, if such a thing is possible.

Then came Darrow. When Darrow came to Los Angeles, all of the forces from coast to coast in the A. F. of L. and out of it, and all their friends had their eyes focused on Los Angeles, and all the power of Wall Street and all of the power of the enemy of Labor, and all the great captains of industry, and their Hessians, and their agents, were centered in the same direction, and there never has been a situation where any man has been compelled to meet an enemy so formidable as Darrow was compelled to meet in the city of Los Angeles. You can't even have the faintest conception of what he was up against, and as the time passed by, and the reports came to him from all directions, every man he hired, or nearly every man, he had the constant fear that if he paid them \$10.00 for their service, the M. & M. was willing to pay \$100.00 for them to act as traitor, and they had a special grand jury before which they dragged every man and every woman that was expected to be sympathetic to Labor so that they might get information in advance as to the kind of case to present.

As time went on Darrow grew weaker and weaker, and when Bert Franklin was arrested on the 20th day of November, and charged with jury bribery, the newspapers in Los Angeles came out on the front page and said that Clarence S. Darrow, the chief counsel for the defense, was within eight feet of Bert Franklin on Third and Main street when Franklin was arrested for jury bribery. I can't understand how it was that Darrow could have employed this man on the recommendation of three other lawyers, two were associated with him in the defense, and the other man, McCormack, the federal district attorney of that district; these three men recommended the employment of Franklin.

Franklin had been a deputy sheriff under the administration of John D. Fredericks, the prosecuting attorney.

Lockwood, the juror that had been bribed, was a deputy sheriff for six years with Franklin under the administration of Fredericks. The whole thing was a frame-up. When Bert Franklin was arrested at nine o'clock in the morning, there were eight or ten detectives stepped out from all sides. The whole thing was arranged, cut and dried. Darrow was blocked, the entire defense was blocked, and then Darrow broke down and collapsed.

On Thanksgiving Day, Darrow, Davis, Scott and Judge McNutt, four of the attorneys for the defense, in company with a Catholic priest, and Lincoln Steffens, a journalist, entered the county jail and for seven hours argued and plead and reasoned with the McNamaras, telling them that there was no hope, no chance, you must plead guilty, and after seven hours of persuasion in every conceivable point, the McNamaras were lead to believe, and they did believe, that they, and they alone, would suffer, and that there would be no further prosecution in Los Angeles, and the strike in Los Angeles would be settled, and that the eight-hour a day would be recognized, that organized labor would be greeted and met and be reasoned with by the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association in Los Angeles.

I know some union men, some Socialists and some pretended friends of labor who have used their tongues in condemnation of the McNamaras, and I know that it didn't require a great deal of courage to condemn the McNamaras as anybody could do that with perfect safety. I want to say to you that every single labor union that I have spoken to from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and especially in the Western states, not one organization of labor has offered any condemnation against the McNamaras after the entire story has been explained to them.

You can easily understand, of course, that in the face of that plea of guilty, and in the absence of an explanation and in the face of what the newspapers from coast to coast in every city, in every hamlet, in every village said, you can easily understand how impossible it was for the iron workers in the city of Indianapolis to get a fair trial. They were convicted before they were ever tried.

I am glad the Iron Workers' International Association and their membership had the social courage to stand by their men to the very last, and I am glad to know Local Union No. 10 of Kansas City Iron Workers had the courage and the interest to have a brass band when these men came to the penitentiary at Leavenworth. I told the Industrial Relations Commission in Washington, Mr. Winstock, who represents the employers asked me, "Is it the truth that the iron workers and many of the unions stood by these men ever after they were convicted?" I said, "You bet your life it is true, and I am glad of it." (Cheers.) But I said, "There is something else, too. You can't pass judgment on any man or any organization until you have the full truth. There is something else, too, that the iron workers and their members and the membership of organized labor who have suffered in the struggle. That is the social sins of those elements who were so interested in the conviction of these men, and that also made a large factor in their loyalty to their soldiers.

I know also that the United States steel corporation, the real agent back of all of this prosecution and persecution, the same institution that has destroyed every single labor union in the United States steel industry, except the iron workers. It is infinitely more important for the future cause of unionism and for a better society and for a greater social growth, that the iron workers fought back with such means as laid at their opportunities, or they also should have accepted the yoke that the carpenters, the sailors, the longshoremens, the plumbers, the steamfitters, all the trades in the steel industry took, and they accepted and are working twelve hours a day every day in the year. The average wage runs from \$9.00 to \$11.00 per week.

Do they want an accounting of the dead? They are talking about twenty-one lives in the Los Angeles Times disaster. Do they want an accounting of the dead? Oh, God, is not Labor able to give it to them? They are murdering, they are frying, they are boiling, they are crippling thousands of our people right this very moment in that industry. (Cheers.) Yet this is the same institution with a capitalization of \$30,000,000,000, more than all the wealth in the New England states, and one-sixth of the entire wealth of the United States. This corporation through its lawyers, through its gold, and with its detectives and with its traitors, and with its powers stood at Indianapolis pointing its unclean hands to the defendants, saying to the government, "Send these

men to the penitentiary." Why? Because it was the only organization that had put up a successful fight, a spirit of resistance that actually made good.

You can go ahead, Mr. Conservative; you can preach all you like about your caution and about your being careful and about your law-abiding stuff, and everything else, but you can't escape the facts, and you can't escape this fact, when J. J. McNamara was elected general secretary of the Iron Workers' International Union eleven years ago, the iron workers had less than 6,000 members; the iron workers had eight hours a day in less than one hundred cities; the iron workers had an average wage of \$2.30 a day.

When J. J. McNamara and his colleagues went to prison, the iron workers had a membership of over 14,000; had eight hours a day in every city throughout the country; had eight hours a day in the rural districts on bridges; the iron workers had an average wage of \$4.30, and it wasn't done by ice cream, or by the Salvation Army; don't you forget it.

When the McNamaras entered the prison in San Francisco, J. B. McNamara was put in solitary confinement, and they tried to pump him, and questioned him, and they tried to torture him, and Labor said, "Take that man out of your solitary confinement, or we will raise a howl, and get your job," and you bet your life they took him out.

So I say to organized labor of Kansas City, there is not anything of greater danger to your organization than your own fear, than your own lack of faith in the ability of your own class, your own intelligence, and in your own efforts. You have done nothing to be afraid of; you have not much to lose anyway.

At the Indianapolis trial, I have not the time to go into the details, but just want to say a few words about it. They subpoenaed a man by the name of Jack Lofthouse, a member of Carpenters' Union No. 82. The state subpoenaed this man and took him in a private room between the hours of seven o'clock and twelve o'clock at night, as they did all the witnesses. The prosecuting attorney and his associates and the detectives, and they took the men and women into the private room to bulldoze them, and they said to Jack Lofthouse, "You know that O. A. Tveitmoe, secretary of the Buildings Trade Council of San Francisco, has been interested in this dynamiting?" And Lofthouse, who wasn't a fellow full of fear, he wasn't an economist, he hadn't read very much, he was a red-blooded Irishman, he was a man, and had plenty of red blood in him, and he told them he didn't know anything of the kind. They said, "We know you know it, and unless you testify to this tomorrow on the stand, we will put you in jail for perjury."

Those are the tactics of the agents representing the government of the United States for the special service of the United States steel corporation. Those were their tactics. That is not violence! Oh, hell no! It is not violence to put a man in prison for life unless he squeals on his fellows, even if he has to tell part of a lie, but Lofthouse had good red blood, and he told them that he would rot in jail before he would take the witness stand and swear any man's life away. Did they put him in jail? Why, of course, not. They gave him \$360.00 for his witness fees and never put him on the witness stand, and told him to go back to California.

Now, they subpoenaed a woman by the name of Mrs. Percenty. She was an Irish woman with a tongue that went as fast as a dog's tail. She had married an Italian, "a Dago," she called him. Just at the time of the Los Angeles "Times" disaster the Dago ran away, and the newspapers came out and said the Dago was a friend of Johannsen, and he was a part of the dynamiting scheme because he lived near me and she said "Maybe so." Of course, she knew nothing about the labor question and absolutely nothing about unionism; knew nothing about Socialism, and didn't care. She liked highballs, and she liked a good time, and she told me she was glad she was subpoenaed because she could see her folks for \$7.00; they lived in Pittsburgh. Then she was put on the stand, and they asked her how far it was to San Francisco from Corte Madera. Without hesitation she said it was thirty-seven miles, when in reality it was eleven miles. It wasn't important to her. Then they asked her several other questions which were not important, and then let her go. And the defendant's attorney asked her this, "Now, Mrs. Percenty, are you sure about this?" She says, "No, I am not certain about anything," and they paid her \$360.00 of the government's money—your money—to help the steel trust; and they had another witness for the defense, and he was the business agent for the Carpenters' Union of Detroit, Mich., and his name was Quigley. When he got on the stand, the district attorney jumped up in the court room, and as spectacularly as an educated butcher with a cleaver in his hand, said, "Your honor, this man lies; I want him to be held for the grand jury for perjury," and he was held on a \$2,000 bail, and was put in, and we got him out, and when the trial was over, did they try him? No; they never attempted to. They intended to use this as one of the spectacular, dramatic features, so that the newspaper would make headlines, and further poison the public mind against the soldiers in the Army of Labor. This is what they are always doing.

You know they make all their plays on Saturday: The McNamaras were kidnapped on Saturday, the grand jury convenes on Saturday, the convictions came on Saturday; everything happens on Saturday. Why? There are two reasons: One is that there is no so-called "legal redress" on Saturday afternoon because the judges don't work on Saturday. The court don't work on Sunday. And, then there is another important reason, and that is that the Sunday papers are estimated to have about ten million more readers than the other papers, and so if anything is to be said against labor, it must happen on Saturday so it will make a feature story for Sunday to further spread the poison against labor throughout the whole country, and they will continue to do it. They will continue to do it to the working man until you get sense enough and intelligence enough and solidarity enough to have that degree of faith in your own flesh and blood and in your own kind to have your own papers.

And, so on the 19th day of November, forty days before the trial closed in Indianapolis, the government engaged a special train to carry ninety-six prisoners from Indianapolis to the Leavenworth prison. Do you mean to tell me that a man could make such a close guess forty days before the trial closed just how many men would be convicted unless he had some intimate association with the men who were to give him the verdict? And I charge here and I have charged from

coast to coast that Judge Anderson of Indianapolis, Ind., the Federal judge, unless he received at least \$100,000 from the Erectors' Association, he certainly earned it for he did everything that he possibly could to help poison public opinion against our people, and to help railroad these men into the Federal penitentiary.

And then, mind you, in the city of Washington I was before the Industrial Commission and met Walter Drew. He is the chief counsel for the National Erectors' Association, which is a subsidiary institution of the United States steel corporation. He told me with his own lips that these iron workers in his opinion were not criminals—only two of them, he said, Hawkins and J. B. McNamara. "Well," I says, "Why in the name of goodness don't you say so? Why don't you tell the world? Why do you allow yourself to use your influence not only to send men to prison but to keep them in prison, if even from your legal conservatism and conventionalism and selfish point of view you take the position that these men are not criminals?" And do you know what he answered? He says, "The people wouldn't understand." You bet your life the people do not understand. If they did it would be moving today in congress and in the senate and in the legislatures and in penitentiaries. I am glad that the Chicago Federation of Labor on the very first Sunday meeting after the conviction at Indianapolis passed a resolution that was so strong and so red that it almost burnt the paper up, and Judge Anderson denounced them, and District Attorney Miller denounced them, but they got away with it just the same.

If you think for a minute, Mr. Kansas City Man, that you can get anybody interested in your fight so long as you have an attitude of a jelly fish, you are mistaken. You don't seem to have any life in you. You don't seem to have any spirit. You not only can't get friends, but you can't get your own men to fight your own battles. There are two important psychological facts in the war between the House of Want and the House of Have, and that is Fear and Faith. Somebody has called faith "sympathy." I don't care what term you use. I say that an army that is about to engage in a fight, and that hasn't got faith in its own case; that hasn't got faith in the possibilities of its own victory, is licked before it gets started, and I say to labor that it is a fundamental principle that applies in every city, and in every county, and in every state, and in every nation, that Labor must have faith in its own fight, and that Labor must recognize that every working man, whether he be a mechanic, a skilled man or an unskilled man; whether it is a laborer, or whether it is a farm hand, or who it is, all of them are your brothers; all of them are just as important, and are worth just as much as you are. You must learn to fight for the others. Then the other unions will learn to fight for your union, and when you can get the Carpenters' Union to be so agreeable as to fight for the other unions, they will fight for him. In other words, if you will create a spirit of solidarity where you are interested and serve one another, you can be genial toward the other union, and the other union has to assume the same attitude toward you; then you will have very little trouble with your jurisdictional quarrels, which are such a drawback to the solidarity of your movement in every part of the country.

You might say, "What has all this to do with Caplan and Schmidt?" It has everything to do because these men are soldiers of war just the

same as McNamara; just the same as the iron workers; just the same as Lawson in Colorado; just the same as the timber workers in the South; just the same as Hill in Salt Lake City; Ford and Suhr in California; just the same as every union man and every union woman from coast to coast.

Do you suppose that in an industrial fight, the enemy picks out a jelly fish? That they pick out the cowards! That they pick out those that are ready to betray your interests? No, they don't pick them out for the prison; they might occasionally pick them out for congress or for the legislation, or for some place like that. These men are in jail and these men are in prison because they were moved with the spirit of courage, and with the devotion to your fight, whether you understand it or whether you don't, or whether you appreciate it or whether you don't. They will stand loyally by their guns just the same with the hope that through their courage and their fidelity, through their strength and hope that there will grow some more courage, some greater faith and a greater solidarity, and a greater intelligence among the men and women in the working class from coast to coast.

Before I came East I went to the county jail in Los Angeles and I interviewed M. A. Schmidt and Dave Caplan, and they told me to tell organized labor where they stood. They told me to tell the union men and union women throughout the country that they are not begging any bread from their friends, and they are not asking mercy from the enemy. They told me to tell union labor that if you believe that they fought your battle, if you believe that they have been loyal to your class, if you believe that their fight is your fight, and if you understand that situation, then you will help to the extent of your ability with such financial support as shall furnish them with the ammunition to make the best possible fight that can be made in Los Angeles.

When I was in Butte, Mont., I attended the Mine Workers' Union, the Western Federation of Miners, Local No. 1, about two years and a half ago. They had a large meeting, about twelve hundred men in the hall, and I told them the story. I told them how the McNamaras came to fight the steel trust, etc. When I got through a great big Irishman got up; his name is Joe Shannon. He made this speech: "My name is Joe Shannon, and I am an I. W. W. from the birth of Christ to the death of the Devil," and he said, "The delegate from California tells this union he doesn't expect them to vote any money for this fight. I want to tell him that the Miners' Union has never yet refused to vote money for this fight or for any man or any set of men who are engaged in the fight against the common enemy. I am glad he told us what he did about the McNamaras. I suspected it, and I was not surprised what he said about the lawyers. I want to tell you something, Mr. Miner, if it is a case of either you going to jail or the lawyers going to jail, you will go every time. I don't know any of the men in Indianapolis who were convicted, only one, and I never met him. I have reference to Tietmeyer. (He meant Tveitmoe.) I only know the report that he made to the California Building Trades, what he said about Los Angeles. I have got it up here (indicating), and I will tell it to you, and I want you to get it up here." And he told that story; that is, he repeated that paragraph of Tveitmoe's report about Los Angeles:

"There she stood a Queen of the Southland,  
With her hands outstretched for the tourist's gold,  
And her heel upon the neck of the wage worker,  
Bowing in servile obedience to a band of putrid Pirates,  
Whose caresses were so rotten and decayed  
They could neither be saved or purified  
By all the salt water in the Pacific Ocean."

And this Irishman says, "Do they want him?" Of course they want him; for the same reason they want him in, we want him out, and that is the psychology, that is the state of solidarity that labor has to learn. It has to learn to say to capitalists, to the courts and to the enemy, "Your charge is our defense, your persecution is our justification."

Now, I want to say just a few words, and then I am done, about the women. I am glad to say for your information that during the fight in Los Angeles, during the McNamara case, during the trial at Indianapolis, not one single woman was a traitor to our cause, not one. The traitors were all men. Mrs. McManigal came from Chicago to Los Angeles with two little children, and was harassed by the detectives, by the newspaper men in Chicago, on the train; in Los Angeles every possible thing was done to harass that woman. She was not a woman of a great mind, but she was a devoted woman to the cause of labor. She refused to see McManigal in the jail; she refused to let him see the children unless he agreed to be a man, and stand by his organization. Do you know what they did? Do you know what the Burns detectives did? And what the district attorney of Los Angeles did? They hoodwinked that woman into the belief that a certain friend wanted to see her in a certain office building in Los Angeles. When she came into that building, there marched in through another door her husband, McManigal. She clenched her fist and said, "You coward!" And then she swooned under the strain and fainted and was unable to stand it any longer. That wasn't violence! No, that was not violence.

The employing class have had a monopoly of violence during the whole history of the world, and they are surprised and astounded and horrified and petrified to think labor occasionally should use violence. My answer is, "You, Mr. Employing Class, you Mr. Land Owner, you Mr. Coal Mine Owner, you Mr. Privileged Guy, you have controlled the earth, you have controlled the opportunities of life, you have controlled the system of education, you have controlled the channels of information; if we have sinned, our sins can be directly laid at your damned bad management, and we say to you, Labor, have courage; have faith in your fight; don't condemn your men; don't condemn your sisters and brothers; don't condemn another union upon the report of the press, or on a charge made by the enemy that has fought you bitterly in every city in every state and in every fight. I say to the iron workers, you can not convert the National Erectors' Association, and I say to the other workers, you can't convert Rockefeller, you can't convert the Standard Oil, you can't convert the steel trust; you have to lick them.

I want to say one more word about the women in Indianapolis. When the jury came out with their verdict, and convicted thirty-eight defendants, I guess there was a mistake somehow, I guess the jury

wasn't posted right, at any rate they convicted thirty-eight men on a blanket indictment, brought in a blanket verdict, and found them all equally guilty, and the judge, I suppose, thought that was too raw, and he dismissed five of the men, and there was one man by the name of Ferrell of New York City. The judge asked him, "Mr. Ferrell, it has come to my attention that when you was a member of the National Executive Board of the iron workers, you voted for the open shop. Is that true?" And Ferrell said, "Yes," and the judge dismissed him. That is the truth as sure as I am standing on this platform. Do you expect that the iron workers or that any other union men with any red blood in them, do you think that we are going to accept that as final? Do you think we are going to accept that as law and order? That we are going to accept that as social justice? That we are going to accept that as equity? We are going to protest and fight and end that kind of a situation, and not only that, we are going to bring that message to the men and women who work for a living, and they will understand it, and they will believe it, and they will have encouragement, and they will have more solidarity, and the fight against the enemy is going to be harder and harder as the time goes on. And this little woman, Mrs. Paynter, of Omaha, Neb., she stood in the corridor, and she lined up seventeen of the women, the wives of the defendants, and with clenched fists, she said, "Put your tears in your muscle, if our men have to go to jail we will take up the fight. Some day labor will understand." And I thought if we could have ten thousand men and five thousand women who had that fidelity, who had that faith, who had that courage, and who had that social understanding, we could drive the enemy into the Atlantic and into the Pacific ocean.

So I hope that organized labor in Kansas City, and their friends, will help Schmidt and Caplan, whose fight has been taken up by the State Building Trades Council of California, and the San Francisco Labor Council, to the end that we may make an adequate defense and see that they get that degree of support that will enable them to make this fight, and that you will meet this fight as the Poet Neihardt said:

"More than half beaten, but fearless,  
Facing the storm and the night;  
Breathless and reeling, but tearless,  
Here in the lull of the fight,

I who bow not, but before Thee,  
God of the fighting Clan,  
Lifting my fists I implore Thee,  
Give me the heart of a man!

What though I live with the winners,  
Or perish with those who fall?  
Only the cowards are sinners,  
Fighting the fight is all."

I thank you.

## Speech of Clarence Darrow

Given at the Labor Temple on Sunday Evening, August 7th, 1915, at 8:30

O'clock, Under the Auspices of the Woman's Trade Union League.

I shall not talk to you very long. I want you to have a chance to hear from Friend Johannsen and Mother Jones and I was here not very long ago. I guess I told you all I knew then and considerably more and I want you to hear her. I am very much interested in this effort to raise money for the defense of Caplan and Schmidt, and men who have been with organized labor many years, and they are two men who are in a place where they need to be helped as everybody does in the same situation. They are two men who have been friends of organized labor, working for it and working as they saw it for truth and for the poor. There is a great deal of money against them; there is power and influence and position and lawyers. There are always lawyers where there is power and influence and money. All these are against them, and unless the working men of this country, the trade unionists of this country will help them in this fight they will be pretty nearly defenseless, and I hope that you people will give them all you can, all you can possibly afford to give them so that these men get a fair trial, a fair show in this city which is far away from their home and from their friends.

Now, Mr. Johannsen will tell you all about it. He has been there; he knows them; he knows the situation; he knows their need. He has been giving his time to it, and I only add for my part that you do all you can to help them in this work, and I know you will.

I will talk this evening the short time I am going to speak on the Constitution, I guess. That is a good thing to talk about. Everybody talks about the Constitution, every politician, statesman and lawyer, and members of the ministry, and those that have a lot of money talk about the Constitution, and incidentally what I may say may give some idea of how people take all kinds of methods and work in all sorts of directions to obtain some liberty for the common man. The good people who own all the property there is in the world tell us that whatever liberties there might be in the other governments on earth, whatever rights any might have in Russia, or anywhere else, to organize independent of government or to act independent of government, that there is no right there because that is a republic. Every man is king. Every person has a right to vote. Everyone makes the laws. We are the sovereign people. The reason President Wilson is President of the United States is because you people wanted him. The reason we have a Constitution is because you wanted it. The reason we pass every law in congress and every law in the state is because you have wanted it, and therefore it is manifest no one has a right to complain.

Now, I want to show you in just a few minutes how much democracy we have in America. I can state it just as easily as the man who spoke about snakes in Ireland, "that there weren't any." You know our form of Government and you understand our Constitution and Method of government. The people have nothing whatever to do with

making the laws, almost nothing. If we had an election every day and every week you couldn't get anywhere with it. This government of ours is the most remarkable of civilized land. (Cheers.)

It is unchangeable, the most unchangeable that there is anywhere beneath the stars, and I want to show you why in just a few minutes.

Suppose the people of this United States wanted to pass some law that was of great importance to the people of the United States. For instance, here is the coal in the earth which nature hid away there years ago, and suppose the people would suddenly take it into their minds to say nature didn't put that there for Rockefeller; what he put it there for is for all the people in the world. How are you going to get at it? Here is the oil in the earth. Suppose the people undertake to say the people shall own it and we are going to pass a law to own it, and how are we going to do it? Now, let me tell you. The first thing you have got to get is a law through congress, and who is congress? Congress is made up of a number of members from all the states in the Union, and they all get together down to Washington to serve their constituents. They are gathered from every part of the United States. They are elected every second year in November, and they begin proceedings something over a year after they get elected. If the people have an issue on which they elected members to congress then the members have had a year to forget it, or think of something else before they get together. Finally they get together in Washington, and then some congressman, we will say, introduces a bill that the people shall take possession of coal mines—they pass the bill. All right! Congress is in session for the first time for about two months, and the second session may be six or eight months. Then they elect a speaker and go to work. Suppose by some superhuman energy you should happen to get congress together, who in one session would pass a bill that the public should own the coal mines, should have a right to take them. Then what? Have you got it? Oh, no! Then you have just begun. Congress is elected by the people for a term of two years. Then you must go to the senate, and who is the senate? Well, the senators are not elected for two years, they are chosen for six years, one-third of them going out of office every two years. They are a body of nice old gentlemen, all of them owning a trust or else being attorneys for a trust, which is much the same thing. One-third of them go out every two years, and if a new congressman comes up from the people wanting to take the coal mines, they go down there and two-thirds of the congress are men who are elected, some of them two years and some of them four years on an entirely different issue, and it comes to the senate of the United States, made of old men, two from each state, for there the state of Delaware and the state of Vermont have as much power as the state of Kansas, or the state of Missouri, or the state of Illinois, or any other state, two from each state, and if you get your bill through congress, then you must get it through the senate or it is of no value at all. You must get it through at the very same session or it is of no advantage whatever for if it does not pass both branches at one session, it is not a law, but suppose by a miracle something happens, which never did happen, that some important measure does pass both congress and the senate, at one session, why then you have got a start, but not much of one. Then it has

to be signed by the President. Who is the President? Why, under our wonderful Constitution, he is elected for four years, not two, not six, but four, and unless the President signs it, then it is all off.

First congress, next the senate, and next the President, any one of these three having a chance to stop the measure. The people who want something must pass every last one of them, or else they can't get them by.

Suppose the impossible happens, and you get congress and the senate and President. Then what? Then have you got through? Oh, no! You are just about started.

Then there is the Constitution, and you have all heard about the Constitution. Every lawyer who wants to be a judge tells you on the Fourth of July what a wonderful thing the Constitution is. Chances are he never read it, and wouldn't know what it meant if he had, and has no conception of how it was passed.

Now, let's see what the Constitution says. What is it? Why, one hundred and twenty-five years ago a body of men got together in Washington; they had just won the war against England and they got together to form a Constitution, that is, to pass a set of laws which should govern the people forever. They sat down and congratulated themselves upon the good work that they had done, but they said, "Suppose one thousand years from now some of our successors should become weak and imbecile, and unable to keep out of the fire." And then one wise fellow sat up and said, "We will pass a law which will govern the United States for ten thousand years." And so they sat down and made the Constitution. The Constitution—what is it? These men drew up a set of laws which provided that no laws should be passed by congress or by the senate and approved by the President unless it conformed to the laws that they passed one hundred and twenty-five years ago. Now think of that! That is the law no matter how long the United States should last. The people should never pass any law that was not agreed upon in 1789, one hundred and twenty-five or thirty years ago. So you get your law through congress.

Who were these constitutionalists? Who were they, anyway? We are finding out a good deal about them in these later days. A professor of Columbia University has written a book giving the biography of all of them in a condensed form, and a volume has been written by Mr. Allen Benston of New York, which is worth while, called our "Dis-honest Constitution," which is of itself worth while to hear. Were they from the common people? Nearly all of them were aristocrats, almost none of them believed in a democracy. They had come from England, and wanted to get away from the work that the armies had done. They didn't believe in popular government. A large portion of them, you know, owned United States script, which was not worth anything at that time, but which would become very valuable if they were passed. A large proportion of them had claims on Western land which was of little value unless we had a government to make it valuable. About two-thirds of them then, as now, were lawyers, and the Lord only knows who they did represent. We never could tell. And these gentlemen got together to make the Constitution, and they made it. Who were they? Why, there was Madison and Monroe,

and Wilson of Pennsylvania, and John Hancock, and a few others, and they wrote up a Constitution there that nobody could—the people of the United States could never pass a law unless it agreed with that Constitution, and so today in the year of Grace or Disgrace, 1915, congress and the senate and the President pass a law that the people shall own the coal mines. We get it through all three of them, three barriers, and we think, "Now we have got the law." Somebody speaks up and says, "Oh, no, you don't. Not so fast! Did John Hancock say we could do it?" And if he didn't it is all off. We people today cannot pass it unless John Hancock in 1789 said we could. A long while ago! John Hancock is dead; we can't ask him. We might get a medium and call him up and see whether he will let us do it or not, and so they look up the Constitution to see whether John Hancock gave us permission, and how do they find out? Not by reading, you can't tell that way. Some people would read it and they might think it meant what it said. Nobody can tell what the Constitution means by reading it. There is just one body of men on earth that know what the Constitution means, and that is the Supreme Court of the United States. They know because they have to know. Now, the Constitution covers about —O, four or five pages of fairly closely printed matter, but if you examined the law books to find what the courts have said the Constitution means, you can't find it in one thousand volumes, so you have to read all of those to know what it means, and then you don't know.

So we get a law through congress and the senate, and signed by the President, and then we say to John Hancock, "Did John Hancock say we could do it?" And how do we find out? Why, we ask the Supreme Court of the United States. And who are they? They aren't elected for four years or two years or six years; they are appointed for life, or good behavior. Everybody always behaves when they have got a life job, and drawing a salary. They are old men about seventy-five or one hundred years old at least, born in another day and another generation, having no feelings nor no ideas of the present, but living in the past, and we lay this down before the Supreme Court and say, "Now, gentlemen of the Supreme Court, did John Hancock say we could pass this law?" Nine men appointed for life, all old men, all nine of them who have once worked for corporations, no doubt, all of them like most other lawyers, strongly filled with the doctrine of property rights, believing they are sacred above everything else in the universe as they always have been. The property rights of everybody else is sacred except in the property rights of the poor, and the only thing they have is their life and their labor, and we lay down the law before the Constitution, and ask the Supreme Court to tell whether the Constitution gave us the right and what do you find? Well, if it is old and ancient, and especially if it is a vested right, it is constitutional; if it is modern and comes from the people and has in it the spirit of future action and the aspiration for liberty, it is unconstitutional almost always.

In this Democratic government of ours where the people rule, you people think of it. You have got to get congress, the senate, the President, the Constitution, the Supreme Court before you can ever move a peg, and there is not a man born in this world who can live long

enough under all of these forms and institutions to get anything of advantage by operation of the Constitution. (Cheers.)

Somebody, I suppose, will tell you that the Constitution can be changed. Well, it can. Easy job? But how? Well, you pass a law through congress, signed by the President, pass it through the senate, and then submit it to all the states, and if three-fourths of them vote to change it, then you can change it. Fine, isn't it? You get congress and the senate and the President to agree to change it, and then submit it to three-fourths of the states, and then you come—you have got to get Mississippi, Georgia and Colorado. (Cheers.) You have got to get New Jersey, where Rockefeller has his business; and New York, where he has his office; and Ohio, where he has his home; and Colorado, where he has his slaves. You have got to get three-fourths of all the states of the Union to pass it, and let me tell you, this Constitution—that wonderful document—is one hundred and thirty years old, and it has never been changed but once. That is, in a material way. We have put in a few slight changes, like an Income Tax, and electing senators by direct vote, and a few slight changes, but it has never been changed but once to affect property and property rights, and that was when we passed the 13th and 14th amendments to it to forbid African slavery in the United States. And then, how did we change it? Well, that was a fine thing! It took a four years' war; it took the loss of one million lives, and what was a good deal more important—a good many billions worth of property before we could change the Constitution, and then we changed the letter of it after four years' war, and the loss of a million of lives and billions of dollars worth of property; how did we do it? Why, we refused to let any of the Southern states vote; we took in Utah on purpose to change it, and then skinned through with one vote, and changed the Constitution unconstitutionally, and that is the only time in one hundred and twenty-five years in any material manner that effected property rights, or so-called property rights, that any change has been made.

Compare our system with England—England where they have deprived the House of Lords of all power; England which has no Constitution whatever; England which has a House of Commons which comes directly from the people and goes to work at once. At once! If the House of Commons which represents the people pass a law, there is no power in England can set it aside, no king, no House of Lords, and no judge in England; it is passed by the people, and that is the end of it. The House of Lords has lost its power. Our senate was built on the House of Lords, only more so. Our President was fashioned after the King, only more so. The President of the United States has some power, the king hasn't any. No king or queen of England would ever dare to veto any bill passed by the House of Commons. They have no more to do with the political organization in England than a stranger: not a particle; they fix up the table manners for the Empire, and that is all they do. The law comes direct from the people, and that is the law, but here in the United States we have fixed it up with checks and balances and breaks and impossibilities, and the people have nothing whatever to say about it, nothing to say about it; a body who are not democratic, who don't believe in the people, and are aristocrats; a body like those got together one hundred

and twenty-five years ago, and their word interpreted by judges are ruling the United States today. Yet they say all you need to do is to vote. Well, now, it is not. I don't object to anybody voting; let him take any means that he has in his power to help himself, if the ballot will help, let them help, but don't hold your breath until you get something by voting. (Cheers.) Don't go without food until you get something by voting. How long do you suppose it would take to vote away the oil in the earth out of the hands of Rockefeller? It will take probably until the earth gets cold, and then you won't need it, but if you can get all the people who are interested in producing oil to say they would not produce any more oil until the people owned the oil, in that case you might get the oil wells.

How long would it take to get the coal mines? Why, you can vote on it until the cows come home, and then vote on it some more, and you can't get them, but if the working people of this nation would only stand together and say they will no longer dig coal for someone else, they will dig no more coal until the people own the coal mines and operate the coal mines, then you would get them at the first frost. (Cheers.)

And you won't need to get all of them; get half of them, and would accomplish it. That is necessary, but it is one thousand times easier than voting and getting nowhere, so do both until the working people of his country and those who stand with them and for them will act together and say, "We will no more do this work for you without we do it for ourselves." Then none of these things will be done. (Cheers.)

We have had some examples of the Eight Hour law. Various states in this Union have passed laws that women should not work more than eight hours in factories and stores, and limited the hours of men on railroads. We have got them cut down by law to sixteen hours a day. Our working men are so almighty industrious that you have to pass a law to send them to jail or they will work more than sixteen hours a day on the railroads. It took a long time to get that. Courts have been busy setting aside the Eight Hour law and other laws, but in a large number of the states of the United States we have got eight hour a day laws. How did we get it? By passing laws? Oh, no; but by the working men and the working women getting together and working eight hours and then saying they think they will "knock off." And, that is the way you get your eight-hour law without going to the legislature, and after you get it, and it is fully established, and it is fully accomplished, then the politicians will pass an eight-hour law. All of this is a hard fight, but life is a hard fight, and there is not so very much fun in it. If there is I have not found it out, but I never lived in Kansas City. Life is a fight from beginning to end. You get out of one trouble to get into another; you get over being hungry, and get plenty to eat and then you have the gout; you get your debts paid, and nothing to do, and then you are bored with nothing to do with your time. Life is no much anyway, but the whole thing is to get something to keep you busy. It makes you forget yourself. The whole thing is an eternal fight, a struggle, and everything the working man is doing and has got, he has gotten that way. He struggled against the strong, against the rich against the moneyed monopolies, against the doctors and the lawyers

and the privileged classes; he struggled to get what he has, and he must keep on fighting and fighting eternally to get more. He can't get it any other way, and the fight is worth it. If you are made that way, if you have imagination and sympathy for your fellowman, if you can look out at the lives of others beyond the life of yourself and feel their sufferings and their hopes and their aspirations, you are ready to work for, you are ready to struggle for it; you are ready to fight for it. You can't get it easily. Every man who believes in it and who wants something better out of it ought to stand by every other man and work for it and struggle for it, whoever he is and wherever he is and whenever he is in need. (Cheers.)

If I could some way get the working people of the United States so they would work together so that the labor organizations who run the trains on our railroads wouldn't haul scabs to take the place of strikers in the mines, so that the people who put up buildings would not use the brick and the wood and the nails of the unfair laborer that has produced them, so that all man who lost, or a large per cent of all men who lose labor would make other man's cause his own and work together and stop working together, especially, and much more important, and live together, and if need be, die together (cheers), then I would let the politicians pass laws or not pass laws as they see fit.

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## Speech of Mother Jones

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Given at the Labor Temple on Sunday Evening, August 7, 1915, at 8:30

O'clock, Under the Auspices of the Woman's Trade Union League.

Now, I realize the hour is late and I think you have got a pretty good share of instructions tonight if you are going to make use of them. The great trouble lies though that you don't make any use of it; after you get out of the hall, you forget to pay attention to it, but you have got to realize this: That we are facing a conflict in this country such as the nations of the world have never known before. We are going through an economical crisis and whether the people will be able to meet that crisis or not is the question.

I feel tonight much as that toiler away back in the ages did, two hundred years after the world's greatest agitator was driven off the earth for creating a disturbance about the existing conditions. There arose in Carthage a terrific agitation; it disturbed the Roman Empire and they thought it was time to put a stop to it, so they went down to Carthage and arrested a large number. Those they did take, they either held them in slavery or drove them into slavery, and among those was a youth, and they asked this youth, "What is your occupation? Who are you?" "I am a man," he says, "A member of the human family; I belong to a class who have been robbed and exploited, persecuted and murdered along the centuries of time. I want to educate that class as best I can to throw off their yoke." He was not a Christian in the modern definition

of the word. He was a pagan slave, but he understood the wrongs of his fellow beings. He knew nothing about churches nor charity bazaars, or temperance brigades; he knew nothing of social settlements; he knew and felt their ways enough to do a human act, on that account he took up the battles of his class.

I wish that I could permeate every man and woman in this audience with the same spirit that possessed this pagan slave so many centuries ago. If I could, we would very soon change this condition.

The fight with the steel workers is only just a part of the great industrial conflict. The fight is everywhere going on. Here is the fight down here in New Jersey. They were not organized men; they could scarcely speak the language, but they knew they had been fooled. They knew they were robbed. They brought the gunmen from New York down there. Some of the men they had indicted, and they brought them down to fight these battles against those wretches. This, my friends, was the mighty conflict. They murdered some of them, but even though they couldn't speak the language, they felt the pressure that was being placed upon them, and they revolted against it. It was just a part of the conflict in Colorado and in West Virginia, in Calumet, and all over the country.

The electric manufacturers in Chicago have an army of slaves. They went to give them a picnic. They had to go to that picnic, if they did not, they would lose their jobs, and so they went. They had to pay thirty-five cents apiece in the coffers of the high-priced burglars for getting murdered—thirty-five cents apiece they had to pay for the privilege of being murdered in cold blood. Do you think that such a thing could exist in a nation of people if they had one vantage of Christianity? They have a whole lot of hypocrites, but not a damned bit of Christianity.

When we were discussing the iron workers fight, it is the same everywhere. It don't make any difference whether you are an iron worker or a longshoreman or a railroad man. It don't make a bit of difference. The other fellow has got the gun and the gunmen, and you have nothing, and you don't want anything because you don't know how to use it. Over in West Virginia they murdered the children before they were born; they hired gunmen and they kicked the babes to death before they were born—the gunmen did.

In Calumet when they assembled to express their feeling to the Galolean who gave them the message of hope three thousands years ago, they were burned to death, eighty of them, roasted on the Altar of God.

In Colorado they burned them to death in the holes into which they ran to save themselves. They threw oil on them to be sure that they were murdered; babes were murdered; women, when their sides were burned off, and their arms, they were carried to the morgue, and gave birth to the coming generation when they were dead two days. They are a civilized nation, aren't they? Highly civilized! No doubt about it! And I want to tell you something: I blame our women for the murder of all those children. If our women were women of a nation awake to their duties, and no captain or his burglars would dare roast our children to death.

We go to Sunday school, and we work for Jesus. Jesus don't need us; he can take care of himself. We work for temperance. What are you going to do with brewery workers—three million of men—starve them to death? We will become temperate when you give us what belongs to us, and we get enough to use and what we want to eat, and go on yowling like a lot of cats about something you don't know nothing about.

You sent to Europe a bunch of women on a peace commission. They went to Europe on a junketing tour, you might call it. They have had a peace commission out for twelve years junketing over the nations of the world, eating and drinking with the murderers and high class burglars of the nations of the world. We have had the bloodiest war in modern times going on, and then you sent over a commission of women, and one of them collapsed when she got to London. Oh, me, it's horrible! And off she goes in a nervous collapse, but she took mighty good care that you didn't send a peace commission to 26 Broadway of those women to tell the murderer, John D. Rockefeller, "You hold up your murdering the people, or by God, we will do business!" No, no; they were getting the money from John D. They were getting the money, and it wouldn't do to offend His Majesty, and why should they? The President of the United States sent Congressman Foster down to 26 Broadway to tell him to come and talk the coal conditions over. He turned the President down, and over one million of people never opened their mouths; never said a word. It wasn't the President that 26 Broadway insulted, it was one hundred million of people. One hundred million people took this dope from the insulting rat, and you are the moral cowards, that is what you are!

It took three hundred of you fellows with a belt of bullets around your stomachs and bayonets on your sides, and it took three hundred of you fellows to put one old woman eighty-three years old in the pen.

Coming down from Des Moines the other day, I was telling a professor—it is hardly credible such a thing should happen in this country—why, there is no crime on the face of God's earth but what is committed in this country, and the people stand for it, and say, "Amen," and every judge on the bench is put there by the economic despots that he has served; he is put on the bench; he ate and drank and wined with them; he is educated by them, and his associates have been out of that school, and his duty, his business is to put workers in prison for life, and tear them away from their families, and you sit down and howl here, "Hurrah!" and go on, and when you get out you don't do a thing. You have no red blood in your veins!

When you come to look at it, one of them fellows who took me off of the train one morning after my fare was paid, fifty miles beyond where I wanted to go—he had a strutting coat on him, and belt of bullets around his stomach, and this fellow had a strap to tell you he was a step above the other fellow, a captain. "Where are you going to put me?" says I. "Well," he says, "We are going to put you in the cellar under the court house." "Well, there is a chimney there," says I. "Well, I don't know. Why, do you want a fire?" says he. "I am not particular about the fire as I am about the chimney." "What do you want the chimney for if you don't want a fire?" "Because I have got a trained pigeon, and he is to go to Washington and back and bring

me a message." "How does he bring it?" "There is a new invention, and the message is put on a band around his foot, and he drops it down in the chimney, and then he squeaks and I know it is the pigeon." "And was that fellow coming to Trinidad when you was there?" "Yes, he came every week." "And they never found it out?" "No." "And they don't block up that chimney?" "No." Just imagine a woman raising a sewer rat like that; imagine the state government putting a belt of bullets around that fellow's stomach; imagine such a thing in the twentieth century; just think of it! What a horrible indictment against our civilization those things are!

I put in twenty-six days and nights in that hole; I had the rats down there in the hole, the cellar rats, to fight, and the only thing on earth that I had to fight with was a quart beer bottle, and there wasn't a God blessed thing inside of it, and I was scared to death for fear I would break it, and as soon as I got one fellow there was another that kept running across. I had to throw that bottle those twenty-six nights. I had to fight that fellow, and when the General sent me word I was free, I could go now where I pleased and he would pay me, I could have transportation anywhere I wanted, I said, "You tell that fellow in there that I have never in my life taken any favor from the enemy of my class, and I won't take anything from him; I will transport myself where I want to go."

And that is the trouble with us; we get on our knees to those fellows. We think they are great. They are only great because we think so; there is no greatness in them. A newspaper man sat on a platform with me in New York not long ago, and says, "You have got to realize you are dealing with great brains." I had to follow him. I want to take issue with the former speaker. You are not dealing with great brains; you are dealing with wolf brains; with snake brains; with rat brains. GREAT brains never stoop to those things. Great brains are interested in a nobler manhood, and a grander womanhood, and a higher, nobler work. Great brains never sell themselves for a smile to the pirates of nations. We are cowards and because we are cowards they make us build jails and penitentiaries, and pay wardens and guards, and they put us in them. We build palaces and put them into them, and we are awful wise! We put rags on our women, and we decorate their women with all the finery of the nation, and we are wise. There is no question about it, we are very wise at all!

I just want to call your attention to something, because I know it is getting late and you want to go. A whole lot of you here have got to go slaving in the morning, and if you ain't on time you will be docked. Listen to this indictment:

I personally helped to take from one of the death cellars the destroyed and mutilated bodies of eleven little children and two women, although I had been deported by those in command. The laws and the byps of blood in uniform ventured under the protection of the law. The hellish death cell was cheated out of two bodies. Mrs. Mary and myself. We got out through a storm of bullets. One left three children and the other left two in that ghastly hole.

(At this point she began reading from the pamphlet, which I did not take.)

The machine gun was transported from West Virginia across the state and landed in Colorado. Let me ask this of you. Is there a railroad company in America which would haul that machine gun to the miners for them to defend their wives and children? Well, then, don't you see you have got a government of 26 Broadway? Don't you see you have got no rights under this government? Don't you see the railroad men haul these murderous machine guns to murder their brothers in Colorado, and they haul the gunmen, and when the working class wake up there will be no railroad men haul any machine guns to murder my class. We know our duty; we needn't blame those fellows. They don't do anything but what we let them do, not a single thing. Every move they make they know we will stand for.

I want to show you where they get their money from when they are working for Jesus. If a man wants—I heard a fellow tell this in a convention—if a man wants a good room to live in, the laboring man, he has to pay the pittance price, from 25 to 50c a day, for getting even the privilege to work. Anyone who refuses to pay the boss, or refuses to buy him drinks, has to give his room to someone else; he can't work there. Everyone who goes to work in any mine which belongs to Rockefeller, has to pay from ten to fifteen dollars to the boss, and he has to buy him drinks on pay day for getting the privilege to work under the earth to bring out the minerals that Nature placed there. Then they have the saloons. The ground probably cost \$50.00, and the saloon keeper's charge \$1,500.00 for the privilege of running the saloon. Every man is taxed from forty to fifty cents; every miner must pay. If there are three thousand miners who work in and around that mining camp, you see the money that goes. Then you see how it goes on Sunday morning.

Then on Sunday morning John the Baptist goes up to church and he gives so much to Jesus, and he tells the minister, "Now, send him to Hell, so he don't get on to the job," and the ministers stand for it, and one minister from Chicago went to Cleveland the other day, last Sunday, a week ago today, and he preached a sermon, and John was sitting there—"Oily John" was sitting there in front of him—and he said that "Oily John" was the greatest man the nation had ever produced; that he did more good than any other man in the nation; there is no doubt but what he is the greatest murderer the nation ever produced. no question about it. the greatest thief; there is no question on earth about that. But when it comes to the good, he can't be equaled in crime; he has murdered, shot, starved, sent to an untimely grave men, women and children by the thousands that I know, and if that is your modern version of Christianity, may God Almighty save me from getting any of it into my system. Such philosophy is outrageous to preach in this age of modern machinery. To let ten men in this nation dictate what we will eat and drink and wear, and where we will live; they own the nation; they dictate the policy to the President, and no one dare go beyond the dictates of that pretense, and I want to make a statement here. You are rapidly marching into benevolent absolutism. That is what the American Nation is coming to.

I agree with Mr. Darrow that the ballot will not bring us anything. I have watched the reform movement for the last fifty years. I have come to the final conclusion that there is only one thing will

bring us relief, and that is for us to stand on both feet. When they murder our children, tie up every industry and for every working man they kill, you kill one of them. Put that down as anarchy if you wish. Put it down for every working man. After this for every man they send to the penitentiary, let us send one of them over the road, and it will soon stop. You bet your life!

Ah, but some fellow will say when he goes home: "Oh, hell, that was too radical." Christ said ten thousand things more radical than I only preaching Christianity, and that is modern Christianity. I want to tell you men and you women, too, you have no blood in you. You run around preaching foreign missions and temperance. You don't know any more about it than the blindest pagan. Get out in the fight! Organize; stop talking!

You have got a street car system. Are you president of it? They have not got it organized. Every time you take a ride on it, you go to work and back on a scab car, and a scab crew, and you don't do anything. I don't ride on the street car line in Kansas City unless I have to; I ride everywhere in Chicago because those boys know what is what. You bet your life that the Chicago fellows know. They know how to tell them to get off their perch. I used to, forty-five years ago, go away over on the West Side and meet with those boys in the night alone. We didn't have any salaries in those days, not a bit; we had to go and carry our messages to each other. We went to work there once and a Catholic priest got after us hot and heavy, and we went right down into his parish and when we elected a member to the city council right out of his parish, and one of them to the legislature, he shut his mouth after he saw what we could do. He didn't say anything more to us. We elected four men to the city council, three to the legislature. We have changed since that; we aren't doing business as we used to do.

I want to make a statement here that no minister can dictate to me my economics; he can tell me about Heaven, that is a long way off, but I am dealing with things here; I am dealing with things that confront me now; I am dealing with the bread and butter question. I don't know whether they have bread and butter on the other side or not, and I don't care much if I can get it here. A Sky Pilot once when I was down in Texas came to a poor little woman who had a lot of little children, and he said, "Sister, I want Brother John to donate to me a bale of cotten when it is ready, when it is picked, for the Lord," and she says, "Oh, brother, I have been sick all summer and we owe the doctor and the druggist and my little ones have no shoes or clothes." "Well, the Lord will send it to you, and you give the bale of cotton," he says. "I don't think we can, brother," she says. And he turned to me and he says, "Won't you donate to the Lord, sister?" "Where does he live," says I. "It is to build a house for the Lord." "What Lord?" says I. "The Lord Jesus." I says, "Why, he was a carpenter, he knows how to build his own house." So he says, "Well, the Lord will take care of you." "He has enough to do to take care of himself," says I. It just shows you the rotten superstitious stuff that they pour down our throats and we swallow, and we don't protest, and we go in rags. When you see those wretches of children in the city of New York stamped to death; when you see women with their hands smeared with the blood of children.

When I was speaking to young John D., I portrayed an incident that happened down in Utah where they had us all hemmed in. They locked me up for smallpox, and they took all of those men that were there at the foot of the range and dragged them out of their tents in the morning, beat them with their guns; they howled like demons as they went up the road. These poor wretches begged to be permitted to put their clothes on; they were shaking with cold, and all the response they got was a hammer of the gun. When they had gone a poor woman came with a babe in her arms. She said, "Mother Jones, you see my John?" "Yes," I says, "I do." "Well, let me tell you, Mother Jones, he was born at eleven o'clock at night, and I got up in the morning and cooked breakfast for eleven men to go back into the mines." I said, "What did you do that for?" "Oh, Mother, wait until I tell you. My John was not strong; I had four or five little ones; I wanted to give them a chance in life if I could. I rented a piece of ground from the company, and I thought I would put a little shack on it and keep boarders. I took in boarders to pay for the house so that I could send the little ones to school." "Now," she says, "Mother, they have got my John; they have my house; they have got my health. What will I do with my children?" And the quivering heart and aching breast and swimming head of this woman—thousands like her that I know are suffering today.

Helen Gould and her class carry on their philanthropy, and state and President say she is a great woman, and with the bonds of these people they build that mansion there. They build their Y. M. C. A.'s, and they will give you anything; they will give you a pass to go up beyond, but don't come back; you will get everything, but don't kick, don't protest; you are a good citizen, and you cowardly fellows in the trade unions—I wouldn't give ten cents for the whole bunch of you. Just imagine what an army we are; just imagine one old woman with her head gray, she didn't even have a pencil in her hand, and she scared hell out of the state administration; one old woman can do you, and you fellows sit down here and not a word do we get out of you, not a word. You are moral cowards.

Over there in West Virginia one day, they were walking up and down there with their thumbs in their mouth. "Did you ever shoot any rabbits?" says I. "Yes," says they. "What did you shoot them with?" "We have a gun, Mother," says they. "Have you got the gun yet?" "Yes, Mother." I wonder if the reporters are here. You can have this for the morning if you want it, and then you can tell about it, and I heard those fellows say, "Those fellows are threatening to come down here and clean our wives and children up." "I will tell you what to do," says I. "You go get that gun and you either go up that mountain and clean them fellows up, or go and throw your rotten carcass into the river and the fish will chase you out. The fish won't leave you in. Now you do one thing or the other; go up that mountain or jump in the river." And they did, and that was the last fight we had. You bet your life. By guns, yes. And I will borrow money or steal to buy guns for my boys, and I will not only do that, but I will make them use them, and I will tell you why.

Now you can tell the editor to clean me up tomorrow if you want to. I will tell you why. These fellows robbed my class; he hires murderers;

he pays them with the money I ought to feed my children with; he buys guns for them; he pays their transportation; he pays them wages. Then if he can do that, I can pay for the guns for my own class and use them.

Now boys, the fight is on. I am glad the editors are here. Sure the editor is a slave. What the matter with the editor is, if he don't do the work he will have to go; they will get another editor. That is what is the matter with him. Don't you say a word to the editor. These are pencil slaves and we are picked slaves. That is the only difference. I always take the newspaper boy's part; whenever I can help them I do it all over the country. I give them all the information I can so they can do the best they can. Some of them don't get more than \$10 a week.

We have stayed here long enough for tonight for I know you are tired. I will come back and I have got to go away tomorrow to tend to some other business.

Now I want to tell you something. Here at last we are organizing the Joplin district. For twenty-five years we have been working on them. Twenty-five years ago I went down there. It was an utter impossibility to get those fellows together, but we are getting them together now. I had a tremendous meeting in Joplin Friday night. I promised to come back to go to Webb City, to Carthage and Richmond, and other places, and we are getting those boys together. Joplin furnished all the scabs for the whole Western part whenever they were needed. One time we had a strike in Bisby, Ariz. I was on the train going out. The conductor told me that there was fifty of them in the next train; I thought I would go in and look them over. So I went in to their smoker and I sat down. We didn't have anything to drink but they had a lot of scab tobacco to smoke, and I got to talking. The company paid their fares from Joplin, fed them, took care of them until they got to Bisby, and when we got to Bisby I had forty-seven of them and all the company had was three. I made union men out of forty-seven of them. I sent some of them down to Mexico to work there, to sow the seed of unionism among them, and so boys, we must stand together. The time is here. They are going to clean us up if we don't clean them up. Now, we have got the power; we have got the numbers; they know we have the power, but they also know that they have kept us from realizing our power. Now we have got the power and we will have to do our work. Johannsen said if they would just stop for one day—Joe, I don't want the workers to stop for one day. All I want them to do is to stop at noon, and not move a step, not move a shovel or a pick or a railroad until the next morning, and they will get off of their perch. Don't you worry, you can make them move.

Young John D. Rockefeller came to me and he said, "Would it be safe for Mr. Rockefeller to go to Colorado?" Well, I says, "Mr. Rockefeller had a lot of murderers out in Colorado; he has hundreds of them there, and I am an old woman with my head gray, and if I am not afraid to face his murderers why should he be afraid to face his own murderers?" And I said, "There is nothing to fear. Go out; change the conditions and the people of the nation will be with you, but they are not going to do it." Had I been President of the United States I wouldn't have waited for the people to holler, I would have sent a subpoena to 26 Broadway and two officers, and I would have put the handcuffs on that fellow, and I would have brought him down to Washington hand-

cuffed, and I would have done so. Now you will have to do business or the eternal, the government, will put you out of business; but you have not the blood, or the stamina in you. You will go off, coming home with a hump in your back so tired you can't walk, disgruntled with yourself and the world.

I will show you how easy this can be done. Over there in Washington the telephone company wanted to extend its lines, and they sent their representatives over to Virginia, and they went in a piece of ground. They began digging the holes for the poles and the farmer came down and said, "What are you doing?" "We are digging holes for the poles, the telephone company wants to extend its lines." He said, "But this is my ground." "It don't make any difference," they said. "I paid for it," said the farmer. The old fellow says, "I have got the deed, it don't belong to you; you can't dig any holes here." "Oh, but we can; the company says we have to," and the old fellow went in and brought his gun, and he says, "Get out now; get over the fence, and don't you come back." He kept the gun cocked then and they went away, and in a couple of days they come back and they went down again to dig the holes and the old farmer came down and said, "Didn't I tell you to get out?" "We did; we got out," they said. "Well, didn't I tell you to stay out?" "Yes, but the telephone company sent us back." "But you can't come," said the farmer. "Oh, yes we can," said they, "We brought an order of the court." "An order of the court?" "Well, read the order of the court," said the old fellow. And so they read the order of the court and the old fellow he shuffled around and put up his shotgun, and he had a bull in the barn and he walked out to the barn and opened it and he had the fellow tied because he was a vicious animal, and he was ready to play the game, and he had some blood in him, and he opened his barn door and said, "Sic 'em," and the bull made a dive for them and they got off the fence and they said, "Say, Mister, won't you take that bull in?" The old farmer said, "I have got nothing to do with the bull; you have got the order of the court." "Take him in, we want to work," says they. "Hell, says he, "Why don't you read the order of the court to the bull."

(At this point two telegrams were sent to the President of the United States on the unanimous vote of those present in which a protest was made against the Caplan-Schmidt trial.

## UNREST MENACES NATION.

Social Injustice Threatens the Country's Peace, Says Walsh.

The Report of the Industrial Commission Chairman an Indictment of the Wage System—Workers Denied the Product of Their Toil.

We find the unrest here described to be but the latest manifestation of the age-long struggle of the race for freedom of opportunity for every individual to live his life to its highest ends.—From the report of Frank P. Walsh, Chairman of the Industrial Relations Commission.

Low wages was found to be the basic cause of industrial unrest in the report which Frank P. Walsh, chairman of the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations, and the labor members of that body will present to congress as a result of the commission's 2-year investigation into the subject. The report, embodying the personal findings of Mr. Walsh and concurred in by Commissioners John B. Lennon, James O'Connell and Austin B. Garretson, was made public here today.

"The workers of the Nation, through compulsory and oppressive methods, legal and illegal, are denied the full product of their toil," it was declared in the report, and the resulting industrial dissatisfaction is said to have reached "proportions that already menace the social good will and peace of the Nation."

Responsibility for the conditions under which they live was placed primarily upon the workers themselves, who, "blind to their collective strength and oftentimes deaf to the cries of their followers, have suffered exploitations and the invasion of their most sacred rights without resistance."

The text of the report follows:

"Charged by your honorable body with an investigation to discover the underlying causes of dissatisfaction in the industrial situation, we herewith present the following findings and conclusions, and we urge for them the most earnest consideration, not only by congress, but by the people of the Nation, to the end that evils which threaten to defeat American ideals and to destroy the well being of the Nation may be generally recognized and effectively attacked.

### Low Wages the Basic Cause.

"We find the basic cause of industrial dissatisfaction to be low wages. Or, stated in another way, the fact that the workers of the Nation, through compulsory and oppressive methods, legal and illegal, are denied the full product of their toil.

"We further find that unrest among the workers in industry has grown to proportions that already menace the social good will and the peace of the Nation. Citizens numbering millions smart under a sense of injustice and oppression, born of the conviction that the opportunity is denied them to acquire for themselves and their families that degree of economic well being necessary for the enjoyment of those material and spiritual satisfactions which alone make life worth living.

Bitterness, bred of unfilled need for sufficient food, clothing and shelter for themselves and their wives and children, has been further

nourished in the hearts of these millions by resentment against the arbitrary power that enables the employer, under our present industrial system, to control not only the workman's opportunity to earn his bread, but oftentimes, through the exercise of this power, to dictate his social, political and moral environment. By thwarting the human passion for liberty and the solicitude of the husband and father for his own, modern industry has kindled a spirit in these dissatisfied millions that lies deeper and springs from nobler impulses than physical need and human selfishness.

### The Springs of Unrest Lie Deep.

"Among these millions and their leaders we have encountered a spirit religious in its fervor and in its willingness to sacrifice for a cause held sacred. And we earnestly submit that only in the light of this spirit can the aggressive propaganda of the discontented be understood and judged.

"The extent and depth of industrial unrest can hardly be exaggerated. State and national conventions of labor organizations, numbering many thousands of members, have cheered the names of leaders imprisoned for participation in a campaign of violence, conducted as one phase of a conflict with organized employers. Thirty thousand workers in a single strike have followed the leadership of men who denounced government and called for relentless warfare on organized society. Employers from coast to coast have created and maintained small private armies of armed men and have used these forces to intimidate and suppress their striking employes by deporting, imprisoning, assaulting and killing their leaders. Elaborate spy systems are maintained to discover and forestall the movements of the enemy. The use of state troops in policing strikes has bred a bitter hostility to the militia system among members of labor organizations, and states have been unable to enlist wage earners for this second line of the Nation's defense. Court's legislatures and governors have been rightfully accused of serving employers to the defeat of justice, and, while counter charges come from employers and their agents, with almost negligible exceptions, it is the wage earners who believe, assert and prove that the very institutions of their country have been perverted by the power of the employer. Prison records for labor leaders have become badges of honor in the eyes of many of their people, and great mass meetings throughout the Nation cheer denunciations of courts and court decisions.

"To the support of the militant and aggressive propaganda of organized labor has come, within recent years, a small but rapidly increasing host of ministers of the gospel, college professors, writers, journalists and others of the professional classes, distinguished in many instances by exceptional talent which they devote to agitation, with no hope of material reward, and a devotion that can be explained only in the light of a fervid religious spirit which animates this organized industrial unrest.

"We find the unrest here described to be but the latest manifestation of the age-long struggle of the race for freedom of opportunity for every individual to live his life to its highest ends. As the nobles of England wrung their independence from King John, and as the trades-

men of France broke through the ring of privilege inclosing the Three Estates, so today the millions who serve society in arduous labor on the highways, and aloft on scaffoldings, and by the sides of whirring machines are demanding that they, too, and their children shall enjoy all of the blessings that justify and make beautiful this life.

### The Worker and the System.

"The unrest of the wage earners has been augmented by recent changes and developments in industry. Chief of these are the rapid and universal introduction and extension of machinery of production, by which unskilled workers may be substituted for the skilled, and an equally rapid development of means of rapid transportation and communication, by which private capital has been enabled to organize in great corporations possessing enormous economic power. This tendency toward huge corporations and large factories has been furthered by the necessity of employing large sums of capital in order to purchase and install expensive machinery, the use of which is practicable only when production is conducted on a large scale. Work formerly done at home or in small neighborhood shops has been transferred to great factories, where the individual worker becomes an impersonal element under the control of impersonal corporations, without voice in determining the conditions under which he works, and largely without interest in the success of the enterprise or the disposal of the products. Women in increasing numbers have followed their work from the home to the factory, and even children have been enlisted.

"Now, more than ever, the profits of great industries under centralized control pour into the coffers of stockholders and directors who never have so much as visited the plants, and who perform no service in return. And while vast inherited fortunes, representing zero in social service to the credit of their possessors, automatically treble and multiply in volume, two-thirds of those who toil from eight to twelve hours a day receive less than enough to support themselves and their families in decency and comfort. From childhood to the grave they dwell in the shadow of a fear that their only resource—their opportunity to toil—shall be taken away from them, through accident, illness, the caprice of a foreman, or the fortunes of the industry. The lives of their babies are snuffed out by bad air in cheap lodgings, and the lack of nourishment and care which they cannot buy. Fathers and husbands die or are maimed in accidents, and their families receive a pittance, or succumb in mid life and they receive nothing.

"And when these unfortunates seek, by the only means within reach, to better their lot by organizing to lift themselves from helplessness to some measure of collective power, with which to wring living wages from their employers, they find too often arrayed against them not only the massed power of capital, but every arm of the government that was created to enforce guarantees of equality and justice.

### Deny Political Liberty.

"We find that many entire communities exist under the arbitrary economic control of corporation officials charged with the management of an industry or group of industries, and we find that in such communities political liberty does not exist, and its forms are hollow mockeries. Give to the employer power to discharge without cause, to

grant or withhold to thousands the opportunity to earn bread and the liberties of such a community lie in the hollow of the employer's hand. Free speech, free assembly, and a free press may be denied, as they have been denied time and again, and the employer's agents may be placed in public office to do his bidding.

"In larger communities where espionage becomes impossible, the wage earner who is unsupported by a collective organization may enjoy freedom of expression outside the workshop, but there his freedom ends. And it is a freedom more apparent than real. For the house he lives in, the food he eats, the clothing he wears, the environment of his wife and children, and his own health and safety, are in the hands of the employer, through the arbitrary power which he exercises in fixing his wages and working conditions.

"The social responsibility for these unfortunate conditions may be fixed with reasonable certainty. The responsibility, and such blame as attaches thereto, cannot be held to rest upon employers, since, in the maintenance of the evils of low wages, long hours and bad factory conditions, and in their attempts to gain control of economic and political advantages which would promote their interests, they have merely followed the natural bent of men involved in the struggle of competitive industry. The responsibility for the conditions which have been described above, we declare, rests primarily upon the workers who, blind to their collective strength and oftentimes deaf to the cries of their followers, have suffered exploitation and the invasion of their most sacred rights without resistance. A large measure of responsibility must, however, attach to the great mass of citizens who, though not directly involved in the struggle with capital and labor, have failed to realize that their own prosperity was dependent upon the welfare of all classes of the community, and that their rights were bound up with the rights of every other individual. But, until the workers themselves realize their responsibility and utilize to the full their collective power, no action, whether governmental or altruistic, can work any genuine and lasting improvement.

#### Cite Lincoln's Words.

"Fourteen years before Abraham Lincoln was called to the high office, where he immortalized his name, he uttered these great truths:

Inasmuch as most good things are produced by labor, it follows that all such things of right belong to those whose labor has produced them. But it has so happened in all ages of the world that some have labored and others have, without labor, enjoyed a large proportion of the fruits. This is wrong and should not continue. To secure to each laborer the whole product of his labor, or as nearly as possible, is a worthy subject of any good government.

"With this lofty ideal for a goal, under the sublime leadership of the deathless Lincoln, we call upon our citizenship, regardless of politics or economic conditions, to use every means of agitation, all avenues of education, and every department and function of government, to eliminate the injustices exposed by this commission, to the end that each laborer may "secure the whole product of his labor."

## Battle Cry

John G. Nehardt.

More than half beaten, but fearless,  
Facing the storm and the night;  
Breathless and reeling, but fearless,  
Here in the hull of the fight,  
I, who bow not but before Thee,  
God of the fighting Clan,  
Lifting my lists, I implore Thee,  
Give me the heart of a man!

What though I live with the winners  
Or perish with those who fall?  
Only the cowards are sinners,  
Fighting the fight is all.  
Strong is my foe—he advances!  
Swift is my blade, O Lord!  
See the proud banners and lances!  
Oh spare me this stub of a sword!

Give me no pity, nor spare me,  
Calm not the wrath of my foe,  
See where he beckons to dare me!  
Bleeding, half beaten—I go,  
Not for the glory of winning,  
Not for the fear of the night,  
Shunning the battle is sinning—  
Oh spare me the heart to fight!

Red is the mist about me,  
Deep is the wound in my side,  
"Coward," thou criest to flout me,  
"O terrible foe, thou hast lied!"  
Here with my battle before me,  
God of the fighting Clan,  
Grant that the woman who bore me  
Suffered to suckle a man!