

Across the Border

State Historical Library

Immense Crowd Listens Eagerly to Socialist Speaker—Rain Does Not Abate Interest

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An officious and important looking personage emphasized this fact by confiscating the consignment of "Machine Politics" I was carrying in my trunk. The red covers evidently didn't look good to him, and gave him an opportunity to enforce the authority of the Dominion and its custom regulations.

The Western Federation is very strong in this district; 400 men belong to the union at Grand Forks. So strong and aggressive is the spirit of organization that the men have attained all they have asked from the company, even to the cessation of work on Labor Day.

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Grand Forks has no socialist local. Appearances indicate that there is a tendency there to make the same mistake that the Western Federation fell into in Colorado—develop an active and aggressive union organization with a neglect of protecting the political powers upon which the freedom of action of the working class so largely depends. Unlike the elections in the United States, the Dominion elections are liable to be sprung on the voters at any time. Hence there is all the more need of the working class being in a constant state of organization and preparation along their own class line of political action that they may be able to raise a voice of opposition in the government by which the working class is oppressed.

Three socialists were in the Dominion parliament at the last sessions, and as everywhere where the socialists press into legislative positions, they wielded a powerful and disturbing influence amidst the government of the capitalists. The Conservatives and Liberals are about evenly divided in the Dominion parliament so that the socialists held the balance of power on any questions.

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talist institutions, the Liberal party is the safety valve with which the ruling class drains off any dangerous rising unrest that wells up in the think-tanks of the workers. It espouses any and everything as occasion seems to require to quiet any popular dissatisfaction, and make the working class think it is fighting their battles.

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Until we do this we know not what possibilities lurk within the ballot in the hands of the working class.

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The socialist party is well organized here with Comrade McLeod as secretary. The comrades are planning the speedy capture of the city administration, and a plan of action which, if carried out successfully, will land the Dominion government in the hands of socialists in a few years.

This is the way to plan. If we socialists simply sit around and look wise and suck our thumbs and look for some mystical and impersonal "evolution" to do the rest we'll not be making much headway in supplanting capitalist governments.

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This demonstration in Spokane is one of many that is occurring now that is amazing capitalist rule. Ever since the Western Federation outrage this feeling has been gathering in the hearts of the working class, and has been showing itself in monster demonstrations all over the country. At the news of Haywood's acquittal the working men in town after town went wild where even old time agitators were astonished. This is the spirit that makes revolutions. The working class in America will yet do something worth while.

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The vote of the Rocky Mountain division was taken yesterday and today, with the result that a majority were in favor of striking.

The Struggle of Labor

Working Class Did Have No Voice in Formation or Even Adoption of Our Constitution

The following is an abstract of the address delivered by Mrs. Hazlett at the Labor Day celebration of the unions of the Western Federation of the Boundary district at Curlew Lake, British Columbia, Sept. 2, 1907:

Friends, Brothers and Comrades! As we meet on this most happy occasion, and gaze upon this sea of faces—all gathered here in honor of a day dedicated to the cause of American labor,—the heart is thrilled with a sense of the immensity of power that resides in that vast body of people known as the world's working class.

Behold, Labor comes! The fall of its footsteps shakes the nation. It stretches its giant arms and it touches every shore. The sound of its many voices rises to the heavens—but the age has not yet come to speak of the joy in the voice of labor.

The September day is essentially a labor day. In Helena valley lies the man who fathered the idea, in an unmarked grave.

The plan sprung into light in the declining days of that noble and aspiring organization known as the Knights of Labor. As this solid and far reaching organization climbed to its zenith, fraught with the hopes of toiling millions, it celebrated the first of May—the day adopted by the International working men, and honored to-day throughout the world as the universal expression of working class solidarity.

The first of May was observed as a tribute to labor in the old Druidical and it was Karl Marx who urged that it be adopted by the International Working Men's association that was organized in London in 1863.

On that day still in every land where labor dares to voice its aspirations, the tread of marching millions falls like music on the ear as it follows the crimson standard of universal hope.

That standard, so dear to those who behold in their ideals labor glorified, lifted from the sludge and the murk, robed in the garments of beauty which its toil hath fashioned!

That standard—gloriously colored with the heart throbs of fraternity that beat around the world in the breaths of those who toil, whatever may be the color of their sweating hides.

Shall capitalism protest at the standard of labor?

We bring it into contest with the emblems that the capitalists have raised in the nations which they govern. Labor governs no nation. Until it can do so, its national emblems must typify the laws and institutions agreeable to the dominant class.

When labor and civilization walking hand in hand shall fashion nations where toil does not mean poverty and shame, then will these stars and bars and crimson flashes float over universal joy, content, and justice, and not over bull-pens, alms-houses, and penitentiaries.

The red flag follows the star of hope, but newly arisen in eastern skies, that throws its golden radiance down the long ages of night and suffering where labor has groaned and clanked its chains.

It is labor that has raised the race from primitive stages to whatever of civilization we boast to-day. It turns every wheel, it builds and operates every factory, it fires every engine.

Labor feeds us, clothes us, educates us—yet throughout the ages there is the same bitter tale of its suffering and degradation. The pages of history quiver with the breaking backs of the slaves, the fetid smells and the rotting bones of the dungeons, the slaughter of armies of the toilers.

But with the oppression and the cruelty there was likewise the revolt. There were long slave wars—the Roman legions held at bay—the peasant revolts that shook all Europe. Always that suffering, that injustice, that revolt, that struggle.

Labor itself means a continuation of that struggle.

In a just and rational arrangement of society there would be no special day devoted to the parade of the slaves, for all would labor. The parasite would vanish, and every individual born on this earth would justify

his existence by some necessary labor which society approved.

Contrary to the teaching which the capitalist authorities have prepared for our school children, America did not open its history with freedom and justice. The working class had no voice in its formation, not to exceed 100,000 persons could vote on the adoption of the constitution. The Revolutionary war was a revolt against the government of the British capitalists because they were not allowed to go into manufacturing and make the enormous profits that were making England the mistress of the world. The farmers did not even show any interest in wiping out the debts of the Revolution.

When manufacturing was established and the rise of the American proletariat had commenced, the first unions were formed around the date of 1820. It was through the demands of these unions, their strikes and protests that manhood suffrage, public schools, mechanics' lien laws and other advantages to the working class were obtained.

Every political wave has an economic cause behind it, and this may be traced through the industrial crises of the 30's and 40's and through that mid-century revolution known as the civil war. This was a struggle between two economic classes for the control of the government, and not a fight for the moral purposes of changing slave labor to wage labor. Wage labor had already superseded slave labor as the cheapest form of labor for the employing class with consequently increased profits.

The wage system is the most refined and effective system for the exploitation of the producer that a parasite class has ever availed itself of. The capitalist appropriator of the product of labor is systematizing and organizing his forces accurately and effectively. He does this through his control of machinery, the trusts, the government and institutions, the schools, the church, the courts, the press. The process of concentration in the productive process has proceeded at so gigantic a rate that capitalism is entrenched in organized society as never before in history.

What future does labor encounter as it confronts a situation like this? Does it drop helplessly down into an inevitability of penance and degradation?

No—revolutionary and economic forces have laid their hand also upon the slave. Semi-democratic institutions forced by bourgeois classes upon the world for the sake of protecting their industrial riot of competition, have placed incentive even in the heart of the laborer. That call of individualism has pierced even his gloomy caves of suffering.

But he has learned from the conditions of his labor that his only hope for the development of his individualism is in co-operation with his fellow sufferers. Incentive and joy can never enter into the work of the man who toils only that others may profit. These can reside only where a man finds hope, pleasure and reward in his daily activities. Joy in labor can only come with its freedom. So the laborers have instinctively united in a common cause throughout all time. Blindly have they struggled against Titan forces, knowing neither their path nor their goal. They have united in their labor organizations against the most evident wrongs.

Their efforts on the political field have been the most pathetic. They have continually been the tool of those they sought to resist.

Labor has no participation in government to-day. It can have no voice so long as it accepts the programs of the masters. Modern political parties are a farce played on the working man under the name of freedom. The workers can never gain any substantial advantage until they intelligently establish their own program and goal.

What is the program that will end the wrongs of the worker—his infer-

(Continued on Page 4.)

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That standard, so dear to those who behold in their ideals labor glorified, lifted from the sludge and the murk, robed in the garments of beauty which its toil hath fashioned!

That standard—gloriously colored with the heart throbs of fraternity that beat around the world in the breaths of those who toil, whatever may be the color of their sweating hides.

Shall capitalism protest at the standard of labor?

We bring it into contest with the emblems that the capitalists have raised in the nations which they govern. Labor governs no nation. Until it can do so, its national emblems must typify the laws and institutions agreeable to the dominant class.

When labor and civilization walking hand in hand shall fashion nations where toil does not mean poverty and shame, then will these stars and bars and crimson flashes float over universal joy, content, and justice, and not over bull-pens, alms-houses, and penitentiaries.

The red flag follows the star of hope, but newly arisen in eastern skies, that throws its golden radiance down the long ages of night and suffering where labor has groaned and clanked its chains.

It is labor that has raised the race from primitive stages to whatever of civilization we boast to-day. It turns every wheel, it builds and operates every factory, it fires every engine.

Labor feeds us, clothes us, educates us—yet throughout the ages there is the same bitter tale of its suffering and degradation. The pages of history quiver with the breaking backs of the slaves, the fetid smells and the rotting bones of the dungeons, the slaughter of armies of the toilers.

But with the oppression and the cruelty there was likewise the revolt. There were long slave wars—the Roman legions held at bay—the peasant revolts that shook all Europe. Always that suffering, that injustice, that revolt, that struggle.

Labor itself means a continuation of that struggle.

In a just and rational arrangement of society there would be no special day devoted to the parade of the slaves, for all would labor. The parasite would vanish, and every individual born on this earth would justify

his existence by some necessary labor which society approved.

Contrary to the teaching which the capitalist authorities have prepared for our school children, America did not open its history with freedom and justice. The working class had no voice in its formation, not to exceed 100,000 persons could vote on the adoption of the constitution. The Revolutionary war was a revolt against the government of the British capitalists because they were not allowed to go into manufacturing and make the enormous profits that were making England the mistress of the world. The farmers did not even show any interest in wiping out the debts of the Revolution.

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Every political wave has an economic cause behind it, and this may be traced through the industrial crises of the 30's and 40's and through that mid-century revolution known as the civil war. This was a struggle between two economic classes for the control of the government, and not a fight for the moral purposes of changing slave labor to wage labor. Wage labor had already superseded slave labor as the cheapest form of labor for the employing class with consequently increased profits.

The wage system is the most refined and effective system for the exploitation of the producer that a parasite class has ever availed itself of. The capitalist appropriator of the product of labor is systematizing and organizing his forces accurately and effectively. He does this through his control of machinery, the trusts, the government and institutions, the schools, the church, the courts, the press. The process of concentration in the productive process has proceeded at so gigantic a rate that capitalism is entrenched in organized society as never before in history.

What future does labor encounter as it confronts a situation like this? Does it drop helplessly down into an inevitability of penance and degradation?

No—revolutionary and economic forces have laid their hand also upon the slave. Semi-democratic institutions forced by bourgeois classes upon the world for the sake of protecting their industrial riot of competition, have placed incentive even in the heart of the laborer. That call of individualism has pierced even his gloomy caves of suffering.

But he has learned from the conditions of his labor that his only hope for the development of his individualism is in co-operation with his fellow sufferers. Incentive and joy can never enter into the work of the man who toils only that others may profit. These can reside only where a man finds hope, pleasure and reward in his daily activities. Joy in labor can only come with its freedom. So the laborers have instinctively united in a common cause throughout all time. Blindly have they struggled against Titan forces, knowing neither their path nor their goal. They have united in their labor organizations against the most evident wrongs.

Their efforts on the political field have been the most pathetic. They have continually been the tool of those they sought to resist.

Labor has no participation in government to-day. It can have no voice so long as it accepts the programs of the masters. Modern political parties are a farce played on the working man under the name of freedom. The workers can never gain any substantial advantage until they intelligently establish their own program and goal.

What is the program that will end the wrongs of the worker—his infer-

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Across the Border

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Immense Crowd Listens Eagerly to Socialist Speaker—Rain Does Not Abate Interest

Phoenix, B. C., Sept. 4, 07. For several years requests have come from the Western Federation strongholds across the border for a Labor Day address and some propaganda work around that period. The interval between the Federation trials made the trip possible this September, and Friday morning found me aboard the Northern Pacific for Spokane. Owing to delays it was after midnight when we pulled into this city. Comrade Barber had been appointed a committee to meet me, and was punctually on time at that unearthly hour. Owing to gate regulations, however, he missed me at the depot and made the rounds of the hotels before he found me. The Spokane bunch is always Johnny-on-the-spot, and had all their arrangements made for a series of meetings after the Canadian dates are filled.

The next evening found me in British territory, and Comrade Benninger, secretary of the smelters' union, met me at Grand Forks. Grand Forks lies in the beautiful valley of the Kettle river, with high mountains all around it. The smelters are here that treat the copper ore that is brought from the camps of Phoenix, Greenwood and others in this district, which receives the name of the Boundary district, because of its proximity to the border line which divides the dominions of King Edward from those of King Rockefeller.

An officious and important looking personage emphasized this fact by confiscating the consignment of "Machine Politics" I was carrying in my trunk. The red covers evidently didn't look good to him, and gave him an opportunity to enforce the authority of the Dominion and its custom regulations.

The Western Federation is very strong in this district; 400 men belong to the union at Grand Forks. So strong and aggressive is the spirit of organization that the men have attained all they have asked from the company, even to the cessation of work on Labor Day.

The merchants, as usual in camps with a high wage scale, are most rapacious, and the union is just starting a co-operative store which opens on the tenth of September.

Elaborate arrangements had been made for the Labor Day celebration at Curlew Lake. Excursion trains were run from all the surrounding camps and towns, and an elaborate program of prize games had been prepared. The day was showery, but that did not interfere with the general good time.

After the speaking commenced it began to rain, but the listeners went away and got umbrellas and came back so the speaker knew they were going to stand and listen docilely to a socialist speech.

Grand Forks has no socialist local. Appearances indicate that there is a tendency there to make the same mistake that the Western Federation fell into in Colorado—develop an active and aggressive union organization with a neglect of protecting the political powers upon which the freedom of action of the working class so largely depends. Unlike the elections in the United States, the Dominion elections are liable to be sprung on the voters at any time. Hence there is all the more need of the working class being in a constant state of organization and preparation along their own class line of political action that they may be able to raise a voice of opposition in the government by which the working class is oppressed.

Three socialists were in the Dominion parliament at the last sessions, and as everywhere where the socialists press into legislative positions, they wielded a powerful and disturbing influence amidst the government of the capitalists. The Conservatives and Liberals are about evenly divided in the Dominion parliament so that the socialists held the balance of power on any questions.

The Conservative and Liberal parties represent our own republican and democratic parties in the "States", as we are called in Canada.

The Conservative party is the outspoken guardian of established capi-

talist institutions, the Liberal party is the safety valve with which the ruling class drains off any dangerous rising unrest that wells up in the think-tanks of the workers. It espouses any and everything as occasion seems to require to quiet any popular dissatisfaction, and make the working class think it is fighting their battles.

Sir Wilfred Laurier is nominally King Edward's proxy in Canada. In reality Mr. Shaughnessy, president of the Canadian Pacific railroad, pulls the strings of the entire government from his office.

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The sentiment for industrial unionism is remarkably strong in the Boundary district. The I. W. W. is strongly organized at Phoenix. So far as I could learn from the conversation of a number of the workers the crude fanaticism that has been so noticeable in the S. L. P., has developed here to some extent in regard to the non-essentiality of the ballot. Only those very poorly informed in regard to historical development can ever seriously espouse so reactionary a position. While every possible skill and acumen in economic organization is of the utmost importance—is essential, if we are ever to establish industrial control through superior efficiency, the political weapons which the working class has won from the contests of history, and which their less favored fellows across the seas are putting forth every effort to attain, must be tested to the utmost with intelligence and determination.

Until we do this we know not what possibilities lurk within the ballot in the hands of the working class.

Wednesday evening I spoke in the opera house at Phoenix. This is the great copper camp that feeds the Grand Forks smelters, and has a thousand men at work.

The opera house building is owned by the union and cost \$20,000. It has besides the beautiful auditorium, ballroom, banquet hall, lodge rooms, large library, and other rooms for the accommodation of the working class and its work.

The socialist party is well organized here with Comrade McLeod as secretary. The comrades are planning the speedy capture of the city administration, and a plan of action which, if carried out successfully, will land the Dominion government in the hands of socialists in a few years.

This is the way to plan. If we socialists simply sit around and look wise and suck our thumbs and look for some mystical and impersonal "evolution" to do the rest we'll not be making much headway in supplanting capitalist governments.

From Phoenix I took stage to Greenwood, another large copper camp about four miles distant. I spoke here and at Mother Lode, and then back to Spokane for a week's work. As the Steve Adams trial will probably be on then, it looks as though the contemplated trip into the Kallispell country would have to be abandoned until after the Federation cases are disposed of. For the socialist press must strain every nerve to give the greatest possible publicity to these outrageous attacks on the part of the government, in the interest of the mine owners, against organized labor. Individual crimes, the socialist movement has not the slightest interest in upholding or defending. But when even Mr. Hawley asserted in his opening statement before the jury at Boise that the chief crime of the Federation was its conspiracy for political control, it is plainly evident to every one that these alleged crimes cited against Federation men are not for the purpose of upholding public morals, but for breaking down the prestige and power of the mighty labor organization of the Rocky Mountain regions.

Ida Crouch-Hazlett.

Assail Free Speech in Spokane

Mrs. Hazlett Arrested

Two Thousand People Storm Jail and Form a Triumphant Procession After She Is Released on Bond.

The fool policemen of Spokane and the idiotic city "reform" administration has broken out in a new place and attempted to put an end to socialist street speaking.

Saturday evening, September 7, Mrs. Hazlett was addressing a crowd of 5,000 people on the street. She had spoken for an hour and a half without any molestation. There was not the slightest disturbance, the crowd standing remarkably still in a compact mass during that time. Just as she had announced her collection and was beginning to sell her books and subscription cards, a policeman in plain clothes came up and said, she was obstructing the sidewalk. She said she was not obstructing the sidewalk as she was in the middle of the street, but asked the crowd to open up a passage, which it immediately did. She then told the policeman that it was his business to keep people off the sidewalk and not hers. Whereupon he jerked her down from the box and placed her under arrest. The vast crowd began a most vigorous protest, shouting and shaming the policeman and even threatening to use force.

As the policeman started toward the jail with Mrs. Hazlett, the crowd formed a procession and fell in behind, shouting and raising a din that was heard all over the city. Comrade Tamblen mounted the box to continue the speaking, but everybody on the streets was headed towards the jail. A body of policemen joined the first one and Mrs. Hazlett proceeded under heavy guard. She took the matter cheerfully through and bowed and smiled as hats were lifted and cheers went up whenever she came in sight.

Many women followed all the long distance of about a mile to the jail. The crowd never ceased heaping abuses and maledictions upon the police, who looked utterly amazed and stunned at the unexpected storm they had evoked. It was as the volcano had broken forth in all its fury from ground that was supposed to be solid and substantial.

As the heavy doors clanged behind Mrs. Hazlett the fury of the thousands of people who had gathered outside increased. The police grabbed one young man and hauled him in too.

Dozens were on hand with offers for the cash bond, which was demanded. One business man said they could put him down for \$500. A young lawyer by the name of Kirby, who was not a socialist at all and was a stranger to Mrs. Hazlett, offered to go her bond with a check, but was told cash was required, and he immediately left to procure it. Mrs. Hazlett was taken inside the cage while the bond was fixed up. She was then cited to appear for trial on Monday at 1:30 P. M.

On emerging from the jail the cheers and greetings of the crowd were tremendous. Comrade Lichty stepped to one side of her, and Comrade Mrs. Wilson to the other, and they started towards the Central Rooming house where Mrs. Hazlett was stopping. The crowd fell in behind in such a dense mass that it was necessary to take the middle of the street. Even so the street was blocked for two blocks, and the street cars, carriages and teams were brought to a halt. As block after block was passed, the people lined the sidewalks and cheered as at a Fourth of July celebration. The crowd never stopped cheering for an instant.

When the rooming block was reached, the nearest friends crowded into Mrs. Hazlett's room, while it seemed

as if the whole town massed itself on the street outside of her windows.

The police had tried to disperse the crowd at the jail by bringing out the hose. But they were afraid to turn it on the crowd in the temper in which it was in. They then made a fake run with the fire department. The people took no notice except to call after them with contempt. Fully 2,000 persons participated in the unprecedented demonstration. The Spokane papers admitted that it was the wildest demonstration ever witnessed on the streets of Spokane. When Mrs. Hazlett stepped from the jail, she spoke a few words to the crowd and asked them to disperse. They listened to her with attention, but showed unmistakable evidences that they were going to stay by her until the matter was settled. After going to her room they stayed outside until she appeared at the window, when they again greeted her with deafening cheers. She made them a brief address and gave the dates for the other meetings. In spite of her request not till the lights were out did the crowd disperse.

The affair is a dastardly attempt to suppress the socialist street meetings in Spokane. The streets are filled every night with crowds that listen to a fake doctor and Dutch Jake, the political boss of the city, who runs a vaudeville theater, jams the streets night after night with the pictures he throws upon a tall building. Any fake can use the streets in Spokane, but war must be made on the socialists, holding quiet, respectable, decent meetings, that are voicing the deep sentiments of the people.

This demonstration in Spokane is one of many that is occurring now that is amazing capitalist rule. Ever since the Western Federation outrage this feeling has been gathering in the hearts of the working class, and has been showing itself in monster demonstrations all over the country. At the news of Haywood's acquittal the working men in town after town went wild where even old time agitators were astonished. This is the spirit that makes revolutions. The working class in America will yet do something worth while.

Judge Richardson and Attorney Kirby have been retained by the Spokane comrades as attorneys in the case. The case will be fought straight through the courts and a test made of this wanton interference by the police with the constitutional rights of American citizens.

Further meetings planned are at Oliver hall on Sunday night, and street meetings Monday and Thursday nights, provided the speaker is not in jail.

Missoula, Sept. 9.—From telegraphers employed on the Rocky Mountain division of the Northern Pacific, it was learned that a committee from the Order of Railway Trainmen had been sent to St. Paul for the purpose of taking some steps to aid the striking operators of the commercial systems.

It was stated that a move was on foot to declare a strike if the difficulty is not adjusted soon. Towards this end, a vote of the railroad telegraphers has been taken upon the proposition of striking in sympathy, and also demanding a ten per cent raise in their own salary and an eight-hour day.

The vote of the Rocky Mountain division was taken yesterday and today, with the result that a majority were in favor of striking.

The Struggle of Labor

Working Class Did Have No Voice in Formation or Even Adoption of Our Constitution

The following is an abstract of the address delivered by Mrs. Hazlett at the Labor Day celebration of the unions of the Western Federation of the Boundary district at Curlew Lake, British Columbia, Sept. 2, 1907:

Friends, Brothers and Comrades! As we meet on this most happy occasion, and gaze upon this sea of faces—all gathered here in honor of a day dedicated to the cause of American labor,—the heart is thrilled with a sense of the immensity of power that resides in that vast body of people known as the world's working class.

Behold, Labor comes! The fall of its footsteps shakes the nation. It stretches its giant arms and it touches every shore. The sound of its many voices rises to the heavens—but the age has not yet come to speak of the joy in the voice of labor.

The September day is essentially a labor day. In Helena valley lies the man who fathered the idea, in an unmarked grave.

The plan sprung into light in the declining days of that noble and aspiring organization known as the Knights of Labor. As this solid and far reaching organization climbed to its zenith, fraught with the hopes of toiling millions, it celebrated the first of May—the day adopted by the International working men, and honored to-day throughout the world as the universal expression of working class solidarity.

The first of May was observed as a tribute to labor in the old Druidical and it was Karl Marx who urged that it be adopted by the International Working Men's association that was organized in London in 1863.

On that day still in every land where labor dares to voice its aspirations, the tread of marching millions falls like music on the ear as it follows the crimson standard of universal hope.

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Many women followed all the long distance of about a mile to the jail. The crowd never ceased heaping abuses and maledictions upon the police, who looked utterly amazed and stunned at the unexpected storm they had evoked. It was as the volcano had broken forth in all its fury from ground that was supposed to be solid and substantial.

As the heavy doors clanged behind Mrs. Hazlett the fury of the thousands of people who had gathered outside increased. The police grabbed one young man and hauled him in too.

Dozens were on hand with offers for the cash bond, which was demanded. One business man said they could put him down for \$500. A young lawyer by the name of Kirby, who was not a socialist at all and was a stranger to Mrs. Hazlett, offered to go her bond with a check, but was told cash was required, and he immediately left to procure it. Mrs. Hazlett was taken inside the cage while the bond was fixed up. She was then cited to appear for trial on Monday at 1:30 P. M.

On emerging from the jail the cheers and greetings of the crowd were tremendous. Comrade Lichty stepped to one side of her, and Comrade Mrs. Wilson to the other, and they started towards the Central Rooming house where Mrs. Hazlett was stopping. The crowd fell in behind in such a dense mass that it was necessary to take the middle of the street. Even so the street was blocked for two blocks, and the street cars, carriages and teams were brought to a halt. As block after block was passed, the people lined the sidewalks and cheered as at a Fourth of July celebration. The crowd never stopped cheering for an instant.

When the rooming block was reached, the nearest friends crowded into Mrs. Hazlett's room, while it seemed

as if the whole town massed itself on the street outside of her windows.

The police had tried to disperse the crowd at the jail by bringing out the hose. But they were afraid to turn it on the crowd in the temper in which it was in. They then made a fake run with the fire department. The people took no notice except to call after them with contempt. Fully 2,000 persons participated in the unprecedented demonstration. The Spokane papers admitted that it was the wildest demonstration ever witnessed on the streets of Spokane. When Mrs. Hazlett stepped from the jail, she spoke a few words to the crowd and asked them to disperse. They listened to her with attention, but showed unmistakable evidences that they were going to stay by her until the matter was settled. After going to her room they stayed outside until she appeared at the window, when they again greeted her with deafening cheers. She made them a brief address and gave the dates for the other meetings. In spite of her request not till the lights were out did the crowd disperse.

The affair is a dastardly attempt to suppress the socialist street meetings in Spokane. The streets are filled every night with crowds that listen to a fake doctor and Dutch Jake, the political boss of the city, who runs a vaudeville theater, jams the streets night after night with the pictures he throws upon a tall building. Any fake can use the streets in Spokane, but war must be made on the socialists, holding quiet, respectable, decent meetings, that are voicing the deep sentiments of the people.

This demonstration in Spokane is one of many that is occurring now that is amazing capitalist rule. Ever since the Western Federation outrage this feeling has been gathering in the hearts of the working class, and has been showing itself in monster demonstrations all over the country. At the news of Haywood's acquittal the working men in town after town went wild where even old time agitators were astonished. This is the spirit that makes revolutions. The working class in America will yet do something worth while.

Judge Richardson and Attorney Kirby have been retained by the Spokane comrades as attorneys in the case. The case will be fought straight through the courts and a test made of this wanton interference by the police with the constitutional rights of American citizens.

Further meetings planned are at Oliver hall on Sunday night, and street meetings Monday and Thursday nights, provided the speaker is not in jail.

Missoula, Sept. 9.—From telegraphers employed on the Rocky Mountain division of the Northern Pacific, it was learned that a committee from the Order of Railway Trainmen had been sent to St. Paul for the purpose of taking some steps to aid the striking operators of the commercial systems.

It was stated that a move was on foot to declare a strike if the difficulty is not adjusted soon. Towards this end, a vote of the railroad telegraphers has been taken upon the proposition of striking in sympathy, and also demanding a ten per cent raise in their own salary and an eight-hour day.

The vote of the Rocky Mountain division was taken yesterday and today, with the result that a majority were in favor of striking.

The Struggle of Labor

Working Class Did Have No Voice in Formation or Even Adoption of Our Constitution

The following is an abstract of the address delivered by Mrs. Hazlett at the Labor Day celebration of the unions of the Western Federation of the Boundary district at Curlew Lake, British Columbia, Sept. 2, 1907:

Friends, Brothers and Comrades! As we meet on this most happy occasion, and gaze upon this sea of faces—all gathered here in honor of a day dedicated to the cause of American labor,—the heart is thrilled with a sense of the immensity of power that resides in that vast body of people known as the world's working class.

Behold, Labor comes! The fall of its footsteps shakes the nation. It stretches its giant arms and it touches every shore. The sound of its many voices rises to the heavens—but the age has not yet come to speak of the joy in the voice of labor.

The September day is essentially a labor day. In Helena valley lies the man who fathered the idea, in an unmarked grave.

The plan sprung into light in the declining days of that noble and aspiring organization known as the Knights of Labor. As this solid and far reaching organization climbed to its zenith, fraught with the hopes of toiling millions, it celebrated the first of May—the day adopted by the International working men, and honored to-day throughout the world as the universal expression of working class solidarity.

The first of May was observed as a tribute to labor in the old Druidical and it was Karl Marx who urged that it be adopted by the International Working Men's association that was organized in London in 1863.

On that day still in every land where labor dares to voice its aspirations, the tread of marching millions falls like music on the ear as it follows the crimson standard of universal hope.

That standard, so dear to those who behold in their ideals labor glorified, lifted from the sludge and the murk, robed in the garments of beauty which its toil hath fashioned!

That standard—gloriously colored with the heart throbs of fraternity that beat around the world in the breaths of those who toil, whatever may be the color of their sweating hides.

Shall capitalism protest at the standard of labor?

We bring it into contest with the emblems that the capitalists have raised in the nations which they govern. Labor governs no nation. Until it can do so, its national emblems must typify the laws and institutions agreeable to the dominant class.

When labor and civilization walking hand in hand shall fashion nations where toil does not mean poverty and shame, then will these stars and bars and crimson flashes float over universal joy, content, and justice, and not over bull-pens, alms-houses, and penitentiaries.

The red flag follows the star of hope, but newly arisen in eastern skies, that throws its golden radiance down the long ages of night and suffering where labor has groaned and clanked its chains.

It is labor that has raised the race from primitive stages to whatever of civilization we boast to-day. It turns every wheel, it builds and operates every factory, it fires every engine.

Labor feeds us, clothes us, educates us—yet throughout the ages there is the same bitter tale of its suffering and degradation. The pages of history quiver with the breaking backs of the slaves, the fetid smells and the rotting bones of the dungeons, the slaughter of armies of the toilers.

But with the oppression and the cruelty there was likewise the revolt. There were long slave wars—the Roman legions held at bay—the peasant revolts that shook all Europe. Always that suffering, that injustice, that revolt, that struggle.

Labor itself means a continuation of that struggle.

In a just and rational arrangement of society there would be no special day devoted to the parade of the slaves, for all would labor. The parasite would vanish, and every individual born on this earth would justify

his existence by some necessary labor which society approved.

Contrary to the teaching which the capitalist authorities have prepared for our school children, America did not open its history with freedom and justice. The working class had no voice in its formation, not to exceed 100,000 persons could vote on the adoption of the constitution. The Revolutionary war was a revolt against the government of the British capitalists because they were not allowed to go into manufacturing and make the enormous profits that were making England the mistress of the world. The farmers did not even show any interest in wiping out the debts of the Revolution.

When manufacturing was established and the rise of the American proletariat had commenced, the first unions were formed around the date of 1820. It was through the demands of these unions, their strikes and protests that manhood suffrage, public schools, mechanics' lien laws and other advantages to the working class were obtained.

Every political wave has an economic cause behind it, and this may be traced through the industrial crises of the 30's and 40's and through that mid-century revolution known as the civil war. This was a struggle between two economic classes for the control of the government, and not a fight for the moral purposes of changing slave labor to wage labor. Wage labor had already superseded slave labor as the cheapest form of labor for the employing class with consequently increased profits.

The wage system is the most refined and effective system for the exploitation of the producer that a parasite class has ever availed itself of. The capitalist appropriator of the product of labor is systematizing and organizing his forces accurately and effectively. He does this through his control of machinery, the trusts, the government and institutions, the schools, the church, the courts, the press. The process of concentration in the productive process has proceeded at so gigantic a rate that capitalism is entrenched in organized society as never before in history.

What future does labor encounter as it confronts a situation like this? Does it drop helplessly down into an inevitability of penance and degradation?

No—revolutionary and economic forces have laid their hand also upon the slave. Semi-democratic institutions forced by bourgeois classes upon the world for the sake of protecting their industrial riot of competition, have placed incentive even in the heart of the laborer. That call of individualism has pierced even his gloomy caves of suffering.

But he has learned from the conditions of his labor that his only hope for the development of his individualism is in co-operation with his fellow sufferers. Incentive and joy can never enter into the work of the man who toils only that others may profit. These can reside only where a man finds hope, pleasure and reward in his daily activities. Joy in labor can only come with its freedom. So the laborers have instinctively united in a common cause throughout all time. Blindly have they struggled against Titan forces, knowing neither their path nor their goal. They have united in their labor organizations against the most evident wrongs.

Their efforts on the political field have been the most pathetic. They have continually been the tool of those they sought to resist.

Labor has no participation in government to-day. It can have no voice so long as it accepts the programs of the masters. Modern political parties are a farce played on the working man under the name of freedom. The workers can never gain any substantial advantage until they intelligently establish their own program and goal.

What is the program that will end the wrongs of the worker—his infer-

(Continued on Page 4.)