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TRADE UNIONS ARE THE BULWARKS OF MODERN DEMOCRACIES.—W. E. GLADSTONE.

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TEN DESERTIONS

San Francisco Printers Have Strike Prac- tically Won

Typothetae Has Hard Work Keeping Members From Eight-Hour Ranks

Extraordinary efforts are being made by the Typothetae of San Francisco to induce non-union printers to take the places of the union employees who refused to remain after the nine-hour conditions were posted, but so far the unfair employers are meeting with little success. Union men, so it is said, have also been tempted with offers of stock to make them forget their obligations, but without avail. In one instance a union compositor was promised stock worth \$200 if he would return to work on the nine-hour basis, but he refused the offer and declared he would stand by the union and the eight-hour conditions.

The pickets of the Press Feeders and Assistants' Union reported having induced several additional non-union feeders to desert nine-hour shops. The pickets say that watchmen affiliated with the Citizens' Alliance are helping the unfair employers and doing all they can to prevent the unionists from conversing with the non-union employes.

The officers of the Pressmen's Union and also the Press Feeders and Assistants' Union say that many of their idle members are finding employment in eight-hour shops that are getting much of the business of the unfair nine-hour employers. During the past three days no fewer than 30 pressmen and apprentices have had their names taken from the out-of-work list, having found jobs in the busy eight-hour establishments.

Import Strike Breakers.

On July 14, 26 strike breakers were landed in San Francisco from St. Louis, Mo.

On their arrival they were taken in three buses to the Commercial Publishing Company's establishment at 463 Mission street, where they were herded like cattle and conveyed to the fourth floor, which has been turned into a temporary abode for them, cots and cooking utensils and a gas range having been installed there for that purpose. There are two women in the party, one of whom is a widowed mother with a babe of three months, and the other woman 65 years old, the mother of one of the strike breakers.

This party of strike breakers was gathered in St. Louis by one A. C. Bremer of the Greeley Printery of that city, assisted by Attorney Cornet of the same place.

Their train was sidetracked to a point near the shore and the entire number were transferred to a launch and crowded into the cabin—men, women and children. They were conveyed to a pier near the Pacific Mail docks, where, without the aid of a ladder, they were hauled to the wharf hand over hand.

Three buses met them and took them to the Commercial Publishing Company's building. Since their arrival there three of the men have deserted the crowd on account of the misrepresentation made to them of the accommodations that were promised them. Six guards now are watching the entrance to this building.

Tells of the Trip.

One of the men who escaped tells a graphic story of the manner in which they were handled on their trip to the city and of the false representations of the way they were to be treated on their arrival here. He said:

"This party was gathered up by a man named A. C. Bremer, assisted by Attorney Cornet, both of St. Louis. They told us that we would be provided with accommodations in standard sleepers and that during the entire trip we were to be treated as

ladies and gentlemen with no curtailments upon our movements, and that upon our arrival here we would be provided with the best of hotel accommodations.

"As far as Sacramento we were treated half way decently, with the exception that we were obliged to travel in a tourist sleeping car instead of a standard Pullman. At Sacramento, our car, which had been in the middle part of the train all the way out, was taken to the rear end of the train; the entrances were both locked and armed guards stationed themselves at each entrance.

"We were deprived of all newspapers, with strict instructions not to attempt to buy the San Francisco Examiner. This order was unnecessarily given, as the guards and a man named William Jenkins bought up all the papers from the newsboys. Since Thursday evening we had had nothing to eat; we were promised breakfast at Tracey, but for some reason we did not receive it. When we arrived at the Sixteenth street station our car was sidetracked to a point near the shore; and, like cattle, we were herded into a launch, the entire 26 of us being crowded into the cabin. The armed guards stationed themselves at each end of the boat and kept their revolvers in plain sight of all.

"The bay was exceedingly rough, and it is only a miracle that the boat was not swamped and many of us drowned. The most pathetic scene was enacted on the boat. The mother, who is not over 21 years old, with her little three-months-old babe in her arms, was doing her best to keep back her tears. She seemed to realize that something awful was in store for her, and the armed guards that were in our sight all the way from Sacramento added much to her fright. All she could do was to hug her little babe and weep.

"In another corner of the boat stood the aged mother and her son, who had come along as one of the strike breakers. She, too, was weeping, and her son was doing his best to comfort her.

"The boat pulled up at a wharf near the Pacific Mail docks and the landing was fully eight feet above us. The guard first got up to the landing and then, with the assistance of another man of the party, the men were first lifted hand over hand to the landing. When it came to getting the women up, one of the men grabbed the babe from the mother and said, 'Here, take this first,' and, as if it had been a mere rag doll, handed the child upside down to the guard. Next the mother was pulled up. When it came to the old woman the son objected.

"'You will have to get the ladder for my mother,' he said. 'I won't stand for this.' Whereupon one of the guards said:

"'Oh, to hell with her and your ladder,' and with that two men grabbed her hands and pulled her to the wharf, her breast rubbing against the piles and tearing her clothing.

"'No sooner were we all ashore than we were hustled to three cabs and driven to the Commercial Publishing Company. Several of us protested to going into the building when we discovered what kind of a house we had been taken to. We inquired if this was the hotel that we had been promised. Jenkins answered:

"'We are taking you here merely to straighten out matters with the publishers, and after that you will be taken to a hotel.'

"'But when we stepped out of the elevator we found the room a place filled with cots and cooking utensils. The apartment is divided into two sections, by a curtain. One for the men, the other for the women. It is like a large dormitory.

"'On the pretense of taking his 14-year-old son, who is also one of the party, out to get medical attention to a wound received from a Fourth of July accident, one of the men escaped; another on the pretense of needing a shave, and myself on my own statements that everything had been grossly misrepresented.'

Six of them will go over to the cause of the Typographical Union. This was learned from conversation (Continued on Page 6)

COWARDLY CRIME

Michael Donnelly IS As- saulted by masked Enemies

He Is Badly Cut With Brass Knuckles, and May Lose an Eye

Five men, flourishing magazine pistols, broke into the hall where the election of the Chicago Federation of Labor was held last Sunday, and, after smashing the ballot boxes and tearing up the tickets, attacked Michael Donnelly, international president of the Butcher Workmen, and left him lying on the floor in a pool of blood, with probably fatal injuries. The assailants, whom no one recognized, escaped.

The whole trouble lasted less than three minutes, the victim stated afterward. Nearly two hundred railway express drivers and delegates to the Federation, who had voted, stood around Bricklayers' Hall at the time, but not one of them knew of the attack being made on the judges and clerks of election on the top floor.

After President Donnelly was discovered he was taken to a doctor, who dressed his wounds. Later he was taken home.

The attack on the election officers occurred about 1 o'clock. Dennis O'Toole, a painter, was at the door inspecting the cards of those who intended to vote. Five men approached the door and drew magazine pistols and one of them struck O'Toole. O'Toole dodged and the men continued into the room where the voting was in progress.

"Line up your face against the wall and hold up your hands," shouted the leader to the dozen men standing about the ballot box. Every man did so. At this moment Henry Rittman, the sergeant-at-arms, was seen on the platform reaching for something in the pocket of his coat, which was hanging on a nail.

"Watch that fellow," yelled one of the intruders. "He's after a revolver."

"Hands up," shouted another of the gang. Rittman's hands went up. "Where is Donnelly?" asked the leader.

No one being able to answer, the men were led to a small room in the southeast corner of the building and locked in. Then the thugs smashed the ballot boxes and tore the thousand ballots awaiting to be counted into pieces. Then the hunt for Donnelly began. All the doors had been locked when the thugs entered the hall. One of them went into a small anteroom in the western portion of the building and found Donnelly.

"You are wanted inside, Donnelly."

"All right," was the reply, and Donnelly opened the big doors leading into the main hall. No sooner had he crossed the threshold than he was knocked senseless by one of the thugs and then the rest of them jumped upon him. They escaped without a person being able to identify them.

Donnelly Injured.

Secretary Edward N. Niskels, Treasurer Robert Noran and Financial Secretary F. G. Hopp were in an anteroom in the southwest corner of the building during the affair, but it was so quietly done that they heard nothing. Secretary Hopp happened to step out into the big hall, when he discovered Donnelly lying in a pool of blood apparently dead. The judges and clerks locked in the little room in the southeast corner of the building began to knock for release. Hopp unlocked the door and then attention was paid to Donnelly, who had gradually regained consciousness.

William Rossell called a cab and hastened with Donnelly to the office of Dr. W. C. Caldwell, where the wounds of the labor leader were dressed. His nose was crushed, as if his assailants had used brass

knuckles. The sight of his left eye was apparently gone. Deep gashes showed on both cheeks. The doctor said that he could not tell until tomorrow whether Donnelly would lose the sight of his eye if he lived.

Donnelly was unable to speak except in monosyllables. He said that he did not know any of the thugs who had assaulted him, nor could he explain the motive. It seemed strange to him, however, that he should be singled out to be assaulted.

In picking Michael Donnelly, who is president of the Amalgamated Meatcutters and Butcher Workmen of North America, as a victim, the thugs selected the labor leader who was directly responsible for the repudiation of John C. Driscoll by the Federation three years ago.

Three years ago Donnelly was the victim of a similar assault, when he was beaten severely by sluggers and had carbolic acid poured into his mouth. Driscoll confessed recently to the grand jury that he paid thugs \$50 each to "put Donnelly away." Donnelly will recover, but will probably lose the use of his left eye.

After breaking up the election, the sluggers made an attempt to get at President Dold, of the Federation, but were frightened away by the presence of friends of the labor leader. This was taken as an indication that the wrecking crew was under instructions to attack several of the men who have taken a prominent part in the reorganization of the Federation on lines that would result in the disposal of the "machine."

Fear of banded assassins, with its parallel only in the terrorism that was inspired by the death-dealing operations of the "Mollie Maguires" in Pennsylvania thirty years ago, placed a seal of silence on labor leaders in Chicago in connection with the mysterious attack on Michael Donnelly, and the storming of the election place of the Chicago Federation of Labor by eight armed men. While Donnelly, for the second time, a victim of labor sluggers, lay suffering from the effects of the assault, the men who were held up in Bricklayers' Hall under threats of death during the beating of the Stockyards leader and the destruction of the ballot boxes of the Federation election, admitted that they dare not talk about the "affair."

"My life would not be worth a snap if I should talk," said Charles Dold, president of the Federation, and candidate for re-election, against J. F. O'Neill, the "machine" candidate.

Dold was the acknowledged victor in the election when the eight men forced their way into the hall, kicked the ballot boxes to pieces and destroyed the ballots before the assault upon Donnelly.

Attack the Label.

A decision has just been rendered which, if upheld, will prove more dangerous to organized labor than the recent decree handed down by the United States Supreme Court declaring the New York ten-hour law for bakeshops unconstitutional.

The Court of Errors and Appeals of New Jersey has struck a blow at the union label law of that state.

An action was brought by the cigarmakers against one Goldberg, who was tried in the District Court of Newark, and fined \$200 for violating the label law.

The case was then taken up to the Court of Appeals, and last week the lower court was reversed, it being held that section 10 of the label law, providing a fine of not less than \$200 or more than \$500, for violating the provisions thereof, was unconstitutional. The court declared that the legislature had no power to enact a law exacting a penalty for the benefit of the plaintiff, the Cigarmakers' Union.

The fight will now be transferred to the State Supreme Court, and if the latest decision is upheld the union label law of New Jersey—after which the label laws in many other states are modeled—will be practically killed, for after the section providing penalties is emasculated the statute is useless.

Help down the "trust" by asking for blue label cigars and tobacco.