

# I. W. W. ATTEMPT SYSTEMATIC EXPLOITATION OF INDUSTRY

### Radical Foreigners Hold Jobs in Northwest Mills, While Legion Members Are Turned Away.

BY JOHN MICHEL.

CENTRALIA, Wash., Nov. 29.—(Special.)—How many I. W. W. are there in the Pacific northwest? What is their strength? Are there just a cowardly few, through such wantonness as the Centralia Armistice day outrage, try to convey the impression of sinister machinations through bold lawlessness? Or are there so many that this incident was coldly calculated to force the good and bring the I. W. W. solidly into the open?

The records that have ever been found in raids by state and government officials, haven't given much of an idea of the actual number of members in the northwest. How many there are in cities means nothing, for hundreds might come or go in a week. How many there are in individual localities means little more because the "wobbly" lasts but a little while on most of the jobs that he gets, and is therefore much on the move.

But this probably is true: There are many more carrying red cards than those who most often come in contact with them generally are willing to admit. The case of a logging company in Washington is an example.

Less than two months ago the company hired a filer. This filer did excellent work and one of the managers of the company considered it somewhat a reflection on his judgment when an interviewer said he had reason to believe that this man was a red who was doing untold damage in his camps every day.

**Absurd, Declares Manager.** Impulsive and absurd, said the manager. The man, he declared, was the most satisfactory filer they had had in months, and it would take more than more suspicion to cause his removal.

But that there was something wrong finally became apparent to the superintendent of the camp. He could not explain to his own satisfaction why "fallers" would not stay, asserting that the saws were too good. Falling timber is hard work at best. It requires a strong back and the best of tools to do more than good when it comes to getting logs from the forest. The first demand is a good saw.

In each camp there is a man whose job it is to keep the saws fit and sharp, so that each morning the "fallers" have to beam cutting blades that draw lightly, with telling effect, across the timber. The filer is the man who keeps the saws in trim. He is the pivotal man in the operation. If the saws are poor the men at the stump fall less timber. On the fallers depend the efficiency of the rigging crews and the army of men employed in getting the timber from the forest to the railroad or water. Men and machinery all wait for the logs.

**Investigation Is Begun.** So tracing back the lack of timber in this operation, they attributed it to the continuous change of men who fell the timber. And then began the search for the reason for the poor saws.

The superintendent watched more closely than ever the workmanship on the blades that were issued by the filer each morning. Each tooth was perfectly filed. The "set" and alignment pleased his eye. The feel of the shimmering steel and the purr as it cut the fibre of the fir only made the complaint more puzzling.

They complained to the saw dealers and finally laid it to poor steel in the blades. An expert from the saw factory located the trouble and proved the suspicion, and a search of the filer's shack revealed evidence.

The expert first found on some of the saws traces of lime, where steel had been heated. It was mere suspicion, but that of the metal proved it for saws did not make the work with the bases of the teeth "soft." These soft teeth, in passing through the logs, failed to cut a clean path for the saw. They looked all right, but they had been the cause of all the trouble. In the bunkhouse was a small torch with which the work had been done.

**Card Proves Man "Wobbly."** And then it was hard for the company to believe this man a "wobbly." Not until his card was taken from him were they sure.

This had been going on for weeks, but the poor saws were doled out by this filer only to those jobs that were not manned by other members of the I. W. W. The minute a man showed up who could not be controlled he was given these saws, while other trouble-makers stayed and stayed, because for them the work was made easy by comparison.

This had still another effect. In the camp were several Americans, to whom the I. W. W. were all that stood for were repulsive. Yet day after day, they had to watch good men come and go, while those whom they had learned to know as delegates of the wobbles stayed on, in seeming favor of the company, who it seemed kept only "wobblies," as they rarely lasted more than a day or two.

But there are other places where matters are more bold, where the men make no effort to hide the fact that they are wobbly. They have nothing common with management that work is a necessary evil, to be tolerated under the direction of the management until—until what?

## MEMBERS OF SIX DENOMINATIONS JOIN COMMUNITY CHURCH IN DAY.

HOOD RIVER, Ore., Nov. 29.—(Special.)—The so-called interdenominational church, recently organized at Cascade Locks, is making progress. Dr. G. L. Tuttle, prohibition worker and Belmont orchardist, who is pastor, declares that last Sunday, when the new church was a month old, was a red-letter day. The close of the morning service affiliated with the organization, says Dr. Tuttle. Among them were the superintendent of the locks there, two public school teachers, superintendent of the lumber mill and former postmaster. They represented the following six denominations: Baptist, Congregational, Episcopal, Lutheran, Methodist and Presbyterian.

The community church at the locks today is reported to have doubled its attendance in the past month.

# SHE WAITED THREE YEARS, SHE STATES

### Message From Texas Brother Told Mrs. Walsh What to Do, She Says.

"Since taking Tanlac I feel as well as I ever did in my life," said Mrs. N. Walsh, who resides at 312 East Thirty-fourth street, Tacoma, Wash., recently. Continuing, she said: "For eleven years I suffered with my stomach and kidneys and also had rheumatism very bad. I had a very poor appetite and could hardly eat a thing, and what little I did manage to force down would cause me intense pain and would sour my stomach and I would blow terribly with gas. This gas would press against my lungs, making it awful hard for me to breathe, and I suffered from shortness of breath. I also was bothered with constipation and would have the worst sort of headaches which would nearly drive me wild, and I would often have to go to bed and spend the day. I used to get awful dizzy and when I would reach up to turn off a light I would have to hold onto something to keep from falling. My kidneys troubled me a great deal and I had the worst sort of pains across the small of my back that hurt me so I could hardly stoop over. I had rheumatism in my hands, arms and shoulders so bad I could scarcely use them. They pained me every day, and my joints would swell and become very sore, and it was all I could do to raise my hands to comb my hair. I became badly run down, lost weight and could hardly do my housework, and when I got through I would be so worn out I would have to lie down. I was so weak I could not walk any distance without having to stop and rest. I was extremely nervous and it was an effort to me to stay in bed at night. I was so restless and I would bed to bed and toss from one side of the bed to the other all night long, and when morning came I would feel worse than when I went to bed.

"I wrote my brother who lives in Texas, how I felt, and he sent me a clipping from a newspaper about 'Tanlac.' That was three years ago and I could not find any, but I kept looking for it until one day I saw in a paper where Tanlac was being sold in Tacoma, and sent my son after a bottle, and of all the medicines I had taken, it was the only one that ever did me any good. I began to get relief at once and in hardly no time I was in such fine condition I could eat anything I wanted, never suffer after had after effects. The pains and gas all left me and I could breathe freely and the wobbly spells and dizziness those dizzy spells and my kidneys were in the best condition and the pains with the idea that all that is, should never have a pain of any kind. I now do all my housework and can get around fine. I have gained eight pounds in weight and feel like a different person, I am in such good health. A few weeks ago a group of workers went on strike, I picked up one and gave him a ride from one town to another. He talked of things concerning the strike. Finally I asked him: 'But, Halmar, why did you go out? You have a wife, you say, and were making big money in that mill?'

"You're right, but de conditions—their's all wrong," he answered. "Well, just what was wrong? Why did you go out?" "Ab—I don't know. It's de conditions. I know, but what made you leave the job?" "Well, I think it's evolution we was in."

"I asked him if he didn't mean 'revolution.' But he said no. He was sure he went out because of 'evolution.' Breakfast Menu Good. Another time I was at a place called 'Breakfast Menus' and the board was as fine as I have ever had in my own home. This was a typical menu for breakfast on the first morning that I had there: Two kinds of package cereals or cooked mush, three kinds of fruit, hot breads and rolls, bacon and eggs, pancakes, coffee, tea or milk, tarts, jellies and jams in huge platesful.

On the porch was a young logger, not yet 20. He had decided not to work that day. "Breakfast, wasn't it?" he volunteered. "They can't expect a man to work on stuff like that. I'm not going today."

I had nothing to offer on the breakfast, but let him continue. "You're new here, aren't you?" "You're new here, aren't you?" and stated further than I expected to be there but a very little while. I may have been here before in the way I said that I was going to make my stay a short one. It must have given him hope, for he came back. A few days later, don't get discouraged. We workers have got this place on the run. You know yourself that that had more on it than twice as many could eat. We're making progress here. We've got 'em so scared of loss that they're out looking for enough goldfish to feed us two jobs for supper.

"We can't do much soldiering on the job here. The foremen are too d—n good. But the cook's with us and we got the company spending all the make keeping that table loaded down."

**Queer Logic Observed.** That is queer logic in the face of a world shortage of all that we need to feed and clothe us.

The other night an American Legion post, according to a newspaper report, gave its idea of the whole trouble. It seems to fit the bill. It was stated here, among other things, that in the legion members' opinion "the wobbly had simply beat the American to it," and that the best way to stamp out radicalism is to destroy the field for the radical.

The mistakes of 20 years of unrestricted immigration and little attempt to absorb the new arrival left him open to whomever took greatest interest in him. The "wobbly" took that interest in the alien and the uneducated arrival in the industry. The greatest steps to making over these men will probably come through collective action of the employers.

The American Legion must take the first step. That of teaching all radicals respect for America.

## WOMEN NAMED IN SUIT

Wife Says Husband Squandered Money on Others. "Babe," "Toots" and "Nellie" were among the women on whom Jay Rickett squandered \$3000 since he married Julia Rickett and received that sum through the sale of some property owned by his wife in Canada, asserts Mrs. Rickett in a suit for divorce filed yesterday in the circuit court. The wife did not know the last names of her husband's alleged friends. A few days ago he told her, she declares, that a real wife from whom he has had no divorce lives in Portland. All money of \$150 a month is demanded.

The return of Alfred L. Priddy, from France his wife, Edith J. Priddy, has made numerous appointments with men, he complains. Other divorce and annulment suits filed were: Lenta Kavanagh against Kenneth D. Kavanagh, Hazel Schloth against Alfred H. Schloth, Rose Alvord against Frank L. Alvord, Nellie Murphy against William Murphy, Robert

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