

The Gem Worker is receiving the loyal support of the Boise Labor Unions, who regard it as their paper, and the Members of the Unions are very keen to appreciate those who patronize the paper and who invite the trade of organized labor through its columns. This makes The Gem Worker a most splendid advertising medium. Try it for a short time and watch the results.

THE GEM WORKER

The Gem Worker goes to more homes in Idaho than any other labor paper that was ever published in this State. And it goes to more homes each week than it did the week before. This makes it of increasing value as an advertising medium, a fact which is becoming more and more recognized by the business men of Boise.

Vol. II. No. 47.)

BOISE, IDAHO, APRIL 22, 1915

(\$1.00 Per Year. 5c a Copy)

THE ANNIVERSARY OF LUDLOW

As we write, there is before us a pamphlet, bearing date of September 21, 1914, and published by a committee of Colorado mine managers. The first paragraph of the introduction says:

It is of the utmost importance that every American citizen should understand what has really been going on in Colorado.

And the closing sentence reads: "It is to be hoped that a knowledge by the American people of the FACTS may promote permanent and hearty industrial peace throughout the United States."

Since these paragraphs were written every American citizen understands what took place in Colorado, because the TRUE FACTS have been given to the world, every one of which proclaims the Colorado mine owners and managers who desired a diffusion of such knowledge to be as cruel a band of tyrants as history records.

Whether, "a knowledge by the American people of the FACTS" will "promote permanent and hearty industrial peace throughout the United States" or not, no one can say. We don't believe it will. There may be a truce, but there can be no peace where justice does not prevail. And there is no justice to be had from men who proclaim, as did these Colorado mine managers, that, "in our judgment no question of the rights of organized labor is now involved."

It was Madam Roland, during the dark days of the French Revolution, who complained of the crimes committed in the name of liberty.

We must raise a protesting voice against the crimes committed by oppressive corporation managers and heartless, corrupt, subservient Colorado officials in the name of "law and order" and "property rights." And there is no difference between the guillotine of Danton, Robespierre and Marat and the rifles and machine guns of the hired assassins of the Colorado mine owners of Ludlow. The Jacobin military and civil tyrants of Colorado used the latter as mercilessly as did the puppets of the organized French mob, the former. The system and its result under the Terror in Paris in 1797 is equalled by the Terror at Ludlow in 1914.

The two most vehement champions of the mine owners were General Chase of the Colorado militia and Congressman George Kindel of that state. Kindel, in a speech in the House of Representatives on June 13, 1914, essayed to champion the cause of the mine owners. He prided himself because he was a member of a Labor Union, but the quality of his unionism is best described by his own words:

"The necessity for the maintenance of the open shop," said he, "for which the mine owners of Colorado are fighting, involves a principle far from local in its character. If this country is to endure, at least in its present form, the constitutional right of every man to work for whom, when, and upon such terms as he sees fit must be preserved."

General Chase, not content with his part in the military operations against the miners, in his report to the Governor of Colorado speaks his venom upon "Mother" Jones in these words, referring to her speeches: "These speeches are couched in coarse, vulgar, and profane language, and address themselves to the lowest passions of mankind."

But notwithstanding the falsehood and the bias thrown about the Ludlow massacre, the world knows the truth, and so long as the world endures it will stand out as the most cruel specie of oppression and rapine in recorded history, and the men who had the minds to conceive and the hearts to do the execrable deed will "go down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust" despised by all mankind.

The men, women and children who died in defense of their loved ones and for a glorious cause, should never be forgotten. And they will never be. Generations unborn will revere their memory, and repeat the tale of horror to their offspring, and they in turn in hand it down to their children to inspire them with a desire for noble deeds.

Let us no longer raise our voice in protest against the Muscovite and the Turk. We have had our Homestead, our Calumet, and our Ludlow. And it were enough. There must be no more such deeds, or else men will cease to

swear allegiance to a country that boasts of a bastard freedom.

And on this twentieth day of April, and each succeeding one, let us remember with loving spirit the living and the dead within the shadow of Ludlow—the dead for the noble sacrifice they made that those who come after them may attain the measure of life's hopes and desires; the living, because in them survive the spirit of great souls. When they, too, shall pass beyond the veil that hides the mysteries of the infinite from the eyes of the finite, they will know that God is good. And when the angel that upholds the heavens comes at eventide, he will unbar the jasper gates, and they will enter and find a welcome—a welcome to that country where flowers never fade nor rivers fail; a country where the green turf does not hide a single grave; where the clatter of the pale horse, Death, is never heard upon the sapphire pavements, and of whose King it is written, "He shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Bakersfield Journal.

A TRIBUTE TO A SMALL, BUT HEROIC AND MIGHTY BAND

(By Samuel Lewis)

They did not wear the scarlet coat,
For blood and fire are red,
And Arson's blood was on their hands
When they found them with their dead—
And poor dead people that they burned
And murdered in their bed.
—Paraphrased from "The Ballad of Reading Goal."

The Twenty of the Mighty Soul arose in the morning and looked toward the coal-ribbed hills.

The April sun—the rising sun, the warming sun—shone full in their wan, tired and harassed faces.

It was a sun that smoothed the care-lines from the foreheads of the old and weary. It softened the work-worn, sweat-creased cheeks of the middle-aged. It caressed the happy, laughing faces of little children.

It was the glorious sun of a new day—April 20, 1914,—peeping its promise over the hills of Ludlow town.

It played among the weather beaten, winter scarred tents that these people for seven months had called home. It warmed the bodies of old and young. It sent ambition and the thrill of new life into aged and youthful hearts. It breathed of coming flowers; of summer's green vigor, of the spring's beauties and pleasures.

God was good! He had sent His best to his children. It was for man and man only, to mar the heavenly splendor.

Before the day was done, all ordinary things would be changed. Bright day would be turned to darkest night. Sunshine would become gloom. Beauty would be sadness. Laughter would drown in tears. The bugle-blown "reveille" would be changed to "taps" for this courageous score.

The funeral dirge of eventide would replace the joyful music of the morning. The sun rising in promise for the living would go down in benediction for the dead!

A dull, reverberating sound is heard from a nearby hillside. The report catapults against mountain and is thrown off in echoes, which only die as they race up canyons and against sheer rock faces.

There come another startling explosion, to be disrupted and scattered into the echoes that din on eardrum and appal the spirit.

Two bombs! The signal for attack! Down, then, came the troopers—two score of them left to guard where guards were needed—left to goad, harass, badger and browbeat where all should have been peace—left to scheme and plan for a deluge of smoke and death where all should have been happiness! Left to turn the joys of life-giving spring into the drum beats of untimely destruction.

It came as suddenly as the flashing sword of death.

Rifles rattle hideously. Sabres swished frightfully in the yellow of the morning. Machine guns sputtered, choked, vomited their leaden hail. Disaster! Cataclysm! Fire and sword!

The story has been told. It gains nothing but sorrow and horror in the repetition. Forty fully armed, war caparisoned, strong, strutting men

against a thousand huddling, running, weeping pleading, crazed and terrorized human beings. And twenty men, women and children—strikers and their loved ones—fell in that horrid storm of lead and flame. Fell by gunshot, bludgeoning from rifle butt, by blow from sabre, by burning in the fire tents, by smothering in the black holes beneath those tents to which they had fled to escape Arson's awful clutch.

They slew them as the beast is slain;
They did not even toll
A requiem that might have brought
Rest to the startled soul.
But suddenly they mowed them down
And hid them in a hole.

All day the one-sided battle continued. All that day through men dropped in their tracks; mothers sobbed over the dying babe on their bosoms, only to be stricken themselves; children were stifled, bullet-riddled, asphyxiated!

And when kindly night descended—when the golden sun of the morning, set blood-red in the west, changing his promise to the living to the benedictions for the dead—those rifles, machine guns and torches had sounded "taps" for a score of workers of God's world.

Here, then, is the grim picture of Ludlow—the smoky, blurred and blackened painting that must mar the galleries of the twentieth century!

And what is that?
Just this. That score died in their own cause. They perished for what they thought was right. They laid down their all—their lives!—that others might live and work in peace.

Their greatest sin was that they held out against capital's greed. Hungry themselves, they asked only the bread that was refused. Sick, they pleaded only for the necessary medicines of life. Downcast, they begged only for the barest crumbs of happiness.

All honor to the Twenty of the Mighty Soul!
Like Another long before, who had given his life to bring solace and comfort to the hearts of men, so did that twenty die to insure industrial peace, betterment and greater reward to the sweating, starving, toiling hosts of the earth.

For Ludlow is the beginning and the end!

Some sporadic assaults on other striking bands followed; a few scattered acts of reprisal were noted on its dark wings. But Ludlow stands out from all these as the climax, the culmination, and the final stand of Courage, Heroism and Self-Sacrifice.

Ludlow carried home to the nation the horror, wantonness and futility of the very things which had created Ludlow!

Ludlow aroused the people to the realization that capitalistic rapacity had over-reached itself in producing Ludlow.

Ludlow sounded the emphatic notice that there must never again be another Ludlow!

The Twenty of the Mighty Soul brought these things to pass. As they stood upon those brown hills and watched their canvass homes go up in smoke and flame waiting for the next bullet to single them out as victims, had they been gifted with prophetic eye they might have seen a kindlier, more indulgent spirit of the future rising from the gray and sombre ashes of the present!

Dying, if gifted with the same prophetic eye, they might have been a friendlier, easier better employer taking the place of the old greed-obsessed taskmaster—a future employer who would listen to the decently framed and fairly presented complaints of his workers.

Going to their reward, they might have realized that there would never be a repetition of the scenes of April 20, 1914, but that the coming years would bring an industrial peace to make for happier homes, greater education, more advancement among the workers, and, by doing that very thing, bring more profit, more humane feeling and wider vision to the employer.

Perishing from the earth they might have foretold that the day had closed on privately hired guards, gunmen, wandering soldiers of fortune and those men who live by coercing, threatening and killing their fellows—a closing of the day on intimidation, browbeating, harassment and starv-

April the 20th, 1915

ing by those who do such things for unholy wage.

Departing into the shadows, they might have seen all the publicity, the investigations, the condemnation of the monstrous system responsible for Ludlow; the wrath of an aroused people, the action of an indignant congress and the moves of a president—all these things and more growing out of their valorous death at Ludlow, but all bringing the emphatic word that there must be no other Ludlow.

They might have seen a stauncher unionism—grown mightier because of their own courage and hardships—moving forward and onward and upward, until it had proved to all the world that in it, and in it alone, lay the common man's hope of the future.

They might have seen that unionism winning its peaceful battles of the future, because the Mighty Score of Ludlow had shown to capital that it is better to treat and confer and reason than it is to slay and maim and burn!

These men and women and children of the hard life, the grinding toil, the sweating days, the many tears and few joys—this People of the Great Sorrow and Great Spirit—might have seen all this. They might have understood that their tremendous suffering would help the strugglers of all time to come—that their names on each succeeding April 20th would be honored and their memories revered as the Saviors and the Rebuters of Greed, the Heralds of Peace.

And standing on the summit of life, with the depths of eternity at their feet and the setting sun shining golden in their faces, they might have cried out to all the world:

"Behold! The Great Martyrs!
"It is far, far better thing that we do than we have ever done! It is far, far better rest that we go to than we have ever known!"

LUDLOW: FIRST ANNIVERSARY

(By Frank J. Hayes)

One year ago—and yet it seem not long,
So deep the hurt, so monstrous was the wrong,
That still I see the shambles seared and red,
And hear the mothers crying for their dead.

One year ago—and now we come to lay
Those flowers upon their graves—turn not away;
Nor hide the tears—nor think that you are weak
Who feel within what tongue can never speak.

IN MEMORIAM
(By Mother Jones)

To you, fair babes of Ludlow, who gave up your lives on the altar of industrial freedom:

Ludlow has become the synonym for tragedy. On the 20th of April, 1914, more than 20 women and children, went down to death among the flames of fire and smoke while the whizz of the leaden rain belched from the machine guns of murder, chanted the awful requiem over the dead bodies of human beings that were sacrificed to appease the hatred of insatiable greed. They did not die in vain, for all over the bosom of the continent the story of the brutal slaughter has been written into the memory of every man and woman whose hearts beat for liberty, and the story of the Ludlow massacre will remain indelibly engraved on the memory of labor until the solidity of the working class shall purple the horizon of the not far distant future with the rosy dawn of that coming civilization where man, woman and child shall breathe the breath of freedom and no master shall dictate the amount.

As I passed those Ludlow graves, I heard a voice which said:
"Papa, where is Mamma?" a little girl cried o'er her mother's grave.
"I am so lonesome without her; tell me why she went away?"
You don't know how much I am longing for her good-night kiss."
Papa placed his arms around her, as she softly whispered this:
"Down in the city where there are no sighs and tears, where the white tombstone glares;
Down in the city of wasted years, you will find your Mamma there.
Wandering along where each smiling face hides its story of lost cares,
Perhaps she is dreaming of you tonight, in that city where there are no sighs and tears."

Our Fight Is Your Fight

The Gem Worker purposes to take the lead in the advocacy of municipal ownership of public utilities and to use all honorable argument to further the cause. We recognize that such a course may bring us the active antagonism of the corporate interests which would be affected by such a policy, but, while we disclaim any personal feeling in the matter, we are thoroughly convinced that municipal ownership is the best policy for the people at large and, therefore, will advocate it. We would not put a straw in the way of any individual in the pursuit of his own business, but look upon this question as merely one of public policy and are thoroughly convinced that public utilities should be monopolistic in their character, and as is universally recognized a privately controlled monopoly is intolerable in a free government—the government, alone, being entitled to own, control and conduct a monopoly in the interest of all the people, as it has conducted the post office monopoly since the foundation of the government.

The Gem Worker may lose some good advertising patronage by the course which it is determined to follow, as few monopolists believe in patronizing a paper which is opposed to their aims and purposes, and we must ask the people at large to stand with us and give us their patronage for our fight is their fight. We are indeed proud of the support which we are receiving at the hands of organized labor and from the fair business men of Boise who show their friendship for labor by placing their advertising in a labor paper.

Now for a united and determined effort for public ownership of public utilities in Boise. We are gathering an arsenal of facts for the contest.

Some Immigration Figures For Government Ownership

Washington.—Immigration figures for the month of February, just issued by the Federal department of labor, shows there were but 18,704 immigrants admitted during this period, against 57,115 during the month of February, 1914, and 108,963 during March of the same year.

During the month of January, this year, the admissions were 20,684, and the latest figures (18,704, February, 1915) indicate an effect of the European war.

Hungary shows the greatest drop in the number of immigrants admitted during February, 1915. But eleven of this nationality came to this country, while 6,696 were admitted during February, last year. The Russian empire and Finland are next, the report showing that during February, 1914, 9,697 were admitted, while but 159 arrived during February, 1915.

Italian maintains... m r BN etaoin sh Italy maintains an even proportion, during February, 1914, the number being 7,540; in February, 1915, 2,732. The last report shows that 678 Japanese and 158 Chinese were admitted.

Of the 18,704 admitted during February, 1915, there were 1,544 laborers, 1,339 servants, 897 farm laborers and 400 farmers, and 5,287 listed as having no occupation. Among the latter were women and children.

Lincoln, Nebraska.—Evidence given

at the western railroad rate hearing in Chicago shows that the well-managed roads are doing very well, and are making good returns upon their capitalization. It is the poorly managed roads and the roads that have been looted and bled to death, that are in financial straits. Yet the demand is for a blanket increase in rates that would affect all roads alike, both the weak and the strong. In justice, any increase granted should be only to the weak roads, the ones that are in bad financial condition. But that raises this further question: Should the people be called upon to guarantee returns to railroads that have been looted. If the people through a government agency must guarantee profits to railroads regardless of what their management has been, it seems to us that the people through the government should have something to say about who should manage the railroads. This regulation business gets us in deeper and deeper. Surely it must end ultimately in government ownership.

The Lucky Life Savers Gain

Washington.—Because a provision in the new law creating the coast guard escaped the eagle eye of congressmen and senators, all surfmen of the old life-service will be retired on a three-quarter pay basis, which will give them more money than they drew while in active service. The comptroller of the treasury has ruled that the three-quarter retirement pay must be calculated on a yearly basis. The surfmen ordinarily worked but six to eight months a year and were paid on a monthly basis only when they worked. The comptroller says that their retirement pay cannot be calculated under the law on the basis of a part of the year but must be paid on full 12 months.

Are Fighting For Freedom

Portland, Ore.—"Fighting for freedom" is the reason the firm of Lipman, Wolfe & Co. gives unionists for not recognizing organized labor. The workers ask this concern to pay a living wage, and the claims of "freedom" are punctured by the publication of rules governing the Association of the Lipman, Wolfe & Co. employees, which provides: All employees shall belong to the association; all dues and assessments shall be deducted in the office from the salary of each member, and that only heads of departments shall hold office in the association.

WILL PENSION MOTHERS

Oklahoma City.—A mothers' pension law was one of the last acts of the Oklahoma legislature. The bill provides for the partial support of women whose husbands are dead, or prisoners or in a state institution for the insane, when such women are poor and are the mothers of children under the age of 14 years. The allowance provided for shall not exceed \$10 per month when she has but one child the age of 14 years, and if she has more than one child under such age, it shall not exceed \$10 per month for the first child and \$5 per month for each of the other children. Only certain counties are included in the law.

Oppose Convict-Made Books

Springfield.—A bill before the state legislature providing for the printing and binding of school books by the inmates of Joliet penitentiary is opposed by the joint labor legislative board, consisting of the State Federation of Labor, Railroad Brotherhoods, Women's Trade Union League, State Teachers' association and Farmers' Educational and Co-operative union. These workers declare there is more involved than the effect upon free labor by the competition of convict labor. They insist there is a moral issue, and declare that the children of Illinois must not be made dependent upon convicts for their education.

They Have Made Good! Vote For Them

JOHN A. DAVIS and EDWIN HERRINGTON

April 27th is the date set for the general city election. All laboring people should be out to vote on that date and rally to the support of these gentlemen who have been tried and have proven themselves true and genuine friends of the workers. In retaining Mr. Davis and Mr. Herrington on the job a continuation of efficiency, economy and good management will be assured.