

the

Industrial Pioneer

January, 1925

Civilization's
Vanguard

Why We Struck
at Concrete

What Ails
California?

Price 20 Cents



An Illustrated
Labor Monthly

General Construction Workers' Number

THE INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

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Published Monthly by The General Executive Board of The Industrial Workers of the World,
1001 W. Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

Subscription Rates: \$2.00 a year; Canada, \$2.25; other countries, \$2.50.

Bundle Rates: 10 copies for \$1.20; 20 for \$2.40; 100 for \$12.00—non-returnable. 15 cents per copy—returnable. Single copy, 20 cents. Sample copy on request.

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Entered as second-class matter April 23, 1923, at the post office at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Vol. II. — No. 9

JANUARY, 1925

Whole No. 21.

Saith The Thinking Toiler

By COVINGTON AMI

I am sick of the "rights of nations," of fencing and flagging the Earth,
And I'm asking the "great" and the "mighty" the goodness and value
and worth.

I am weary of hearing the preachment that parchment is greater than
man,

That "the Lord in his infinite wisdom" did infinite misery plan.

Yea! I question your courts and your congress, your "justice," your
"order" and "law,"

And the more that I see and I suffer the less do I hold you in awe;
For I thought you were really the "able," the "masters" you taught me
to see,

But the war from my ego has blasted these notions you drilled into me.
You may call us whatever you fancy, "hoboes," "hayseeds," or "bums,"
But dream not we have come from the trenches to wallow forever in
slums.

We have weighed and found wanting your "system," your "wisdom,"
"efficiency," all,

And we mean that the System shall perish, the Kaisers of Usury fall.
Yea! We mean that the child of the Sower shall reap what the Sower
has sown,

And none save the Toiler shall harvest and none but the Toiler shall own.
And our march it shall never be ended, and nothing shall silence our
songs,

Till the doors of the prisons are open, the World to the Worker belongs.

Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World



THE working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



Civilization's Vanguard

By EDWARD D. J. FAHEY

When We Realize Our Organized Power
Nothing Can Hold Us In
Slavery



What civilization owes to the general construction workers is shown by one of these workers. He also describes what society allows them, and demonstrates the means to achieve what is needed above this beggarly precarious allowance.

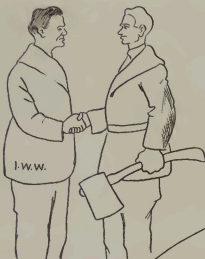
A NNIHILATION of distances is an ambition of this century approximating realization in the seven-league strides made to perfect means of communication. Rapid transportation sweeps on its way to bring far fields near, uniting rural expanse with urban district, drawing states closer together and linking the nation with the countries of the world.

Flung in myriad profusion over every direction in the land are the roads along whose smooth surfaces spins the thoughtless motorist; thoughtless of the fact that while the roads are avenues of business or pleasure for those now using them, they are the monuments of pain, hardship and often incredible injustice endured by the workers who constructed them.

Comfortably seated in the railroad train traversing marsh, swamp, plain and prairie, rolling through deep valleys, winding over mountains and piercing their rocky fastnesses, the traveler seldom compasses in reveries any thought of the endless thousands of workers who built the right of way, mastering coulee, river, forest and mountain fastness; conquering an untamed wilderness for the needs of man; subduing a continent for the march of civilization.

Humanity calls for food; waste places abound. Comes the power of construction workers to throw up dams impounding life-giving waters. The haunt of prairie dog and lizard vanishes; deserts bloom, sweet with the mingled odors of grow-

1924 REVIEW



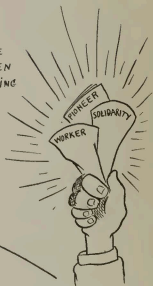
I.W.W.



WORKERS
STILL KEPT
IN PRISON



IN SPITE OF
ARRESTS OUR
PUBLICATIONS
STILL CONTINUE
TO ENLIGHTEN
THE WORKING
CLASS



CANADIAN LUMBER
WORKERS JOIN
WORKERS IN FOREIGN
PORTS APPLY FOR
CHARTERS

CANT BE DONE



EMANCIPATION
ORGANIZATION
LIKE
IRON TERMS
SOLIDARITY
REVOLUTION



SAMMY SUPPORTED
LA FOLLETTE IN
PRESIDENTIAL RACE

VICTIMS OF THE
SAN PEDRO
RAIDS
PORT
ARTHUR
RAID
MOBILE
RAID
SKAGIT
DEPORTATION



RULING
CLASS
VIOLENCE

J.M.



MOTOR TRUCKS LOADED WITH I. W. W. STRIKERS AWAITING ORDER OF SHERIFF CONN TO START DEPORTATION FROM CONCRETE.

Why We Struck at Concrete

By GEO. RAINEY (One of the Strikers)

That the real forces motivating society are economic is emphasized anew in the following account of a struggle between master and slave in the Northwest. Whenever necessity dictates, the ruling class writes its mandates with working class blood, and thrusts aside all law. At Concrete, Washington, a huge corporation again issued its inhumane proclamation in the most unmistakable terms of violence.

CONCRETE is a small town of about 1,500 people. It is situated in the great state of Washington, about 150 miles northeast of Seattle.

The town owes its publicity to the Baker River project, where about 700 men have been employed since early last spring by the Stone and Webster corporation. This giant firm, with a directing voice issuing from a Wall Street office, is interested in sixty-four corporations, manages twenty-two important light and power companies, certain of which, as single units, have monopolies that are state-wide in scope. This titan of the Electrical Age has plans under way by which its domain shall connect power lines over more than three states.

The firm is constructing a hydro-electric plant in Skagit county on the Baker river, and the workers were employed on a high dam project which employed right-of-way, tunnel and coffer dam crews; railroad, dam and powerhouse construction men; steam shovel and quarry workers.

Conditions under which these men were compelled to work beggar description. Imagine sleeping in blankets that were never washed since the work started nine months ago. Food unfit for human consumption was served. Wages for heavy work were as low as \$3.60 a day, but the company, apparently taking advantage of the unemployment situation, continued to mistreat its workers.

An illustration to the point rests in the death

trap flume that was erected to carry concrete into the base wall of the dam. This flume, high over the bodies of workers toiling in the depths, developed a habit of jamming, and the overflow fell upon those below. There was no protection from it, and it constituted a real menace to life and limb. Although many workers quit rather than risk being struck by the heavy concrete, the company paid no attention to it. After all, what do the bosses care for a few broken heads or a few more graves for the workers? Protests were without avail. Something more than quitting individually was needed to get results.

The fire of resentment against all these injustices was banked, but, smouldering, and it flamed high

ing things, delightful to the eye; nourishment for millions of human beings.

Humanity cries for light, for heat, for power; these construction workers dam mountain torrents and turbines whirl. There is light to challenge the nightfall, warmth for human comfort, power to turn the giant wheels of industry.

Rivers flowing through the land greedily claim their portion, slowly eating away the land, at flood times fiercely gouging their banks, inundating low places. Construction workers build dikes to cheat the currents, to discipline the streams in their course. The land is saved, navigation secured, a source of human happiness and wealth.

Trail Blazers

Who are men whose labor makes possible all these wonders, these boons to society? They are the skimmers, muckers, shovel runners, teamhands and bridgemen and others performing the manifold labors involved in general construction work. Their work is that of pioneers, blazers of trails, builders of the very foundations of civilization. Without the labor of these advance toilers for industry there could be no industry; should they withdraw their labor civilization would find itself bound, unable to advance. Changes in railroad routes well illustrate the point.

Engineers in earlier times of railroad building often caused the roads to wind in a circuitous manner that the development of electrical motors and an advance in the science of engineering itself with regard to topography have now made unnecessary. New roads will be constructed along different principles. But there are the old lines already in use with their devious twistings that are frequently susceptible to straightening or shortening.

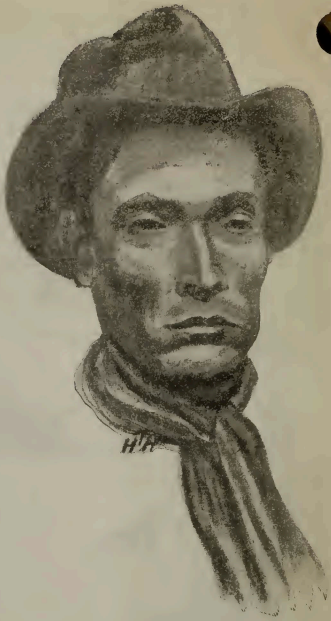
In all corners of this country changes are being made in these railroads. We have learned to know them as "cutoffs." On the New York Central line a project is under way to eliminate many miles from the road, thereby saving immensely in time and adding prodigiously to the wealth of the company. This is called the Albany Cutoff.

"Cutoff" Labor

In the West we have been hearing a great deal about a Natron Cutoff. The Southern Pacific system has about five thousand workers shaping a rock-bound stretch of forest and mountain into 150 miles of railroad between the towns of Klamath Falls and Oakridge in Oregon.

While tunnel work is performed in much the same manner as mining, it is the construction workers' task to bore through the mountains. The Natron Cutoff has about 22 tunnels. In the old days mucking the dirt and rock with shovels was done by the hand of the shovel stiff. Today steam shovels holding three to four yards of earth have taken their place. Then there are air drills, steam drills and air shovels to do the mucking in the tunnels. Farther on we shall describe other details about this immense job.

Four



TYPE OF GENERAL CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Another name that is familiar to those who watch the skirmishes in the class war is Copco. This is the name of a place in the northern part of California where the California-Oregon Power Co. is—vicariously—building a power plant. The actual work is being done by hundreds of workers, and it has been estimated that their labor is needed for two years. This project is going to cost about \$4,000,000.

Then there is the Baker River Project of the Stone-Webster Company in Washington where the workers recently struck against intolerable conditions, and were beaten, jailed and deported by the sheriff of the county under orders from his industrial superiors. Here the workers are building a dam for the manufacture of electricity. Light and power, again. Theirs is the power to bless the idlers of the world with all manner of convenience, with every kind of wealth, but they have in-

(Continued on page 41.)

mised into coming turned away. Altogether only
teen scabs betrayed the workers.

The masters always have a reliable source upon
which to rely in the form of the capitalist press,
and this was ordered to manufacture its poison,
discrediting the strikers, and dosing its readers with
lies. There is another agency that comes to bour-
geois aid without fail whenever the workers revolt
against the more offensive extremes of slavery, and
the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, November 10, quotes
Major K. W. Thom of the United States Army,
attached to the National Guard of Washington, as
saying: "I merely gave the sheriff the benefit of
my experiences and advice in organizing his plan
of action today."

What was this advice to the sheriff? What did
the sheriff do? Well, when scabs could not be in-
duced to pass the picket line, Sheriff Conn of
Skagit county appeared on the picket line at 8
o'clock on Monday morning of November 10, with
a large force of heavily-armed deputies. Other
armed lickspittles of Stone and Webster were hid-
den in the surrounding hills under orders to shoot
the unarmed pickets if they offered resistance.

Strikers Deported

Sheriff Conn then rounded up the pickets with
insulting commands and prods to hurry them along.
His gunmen beat up a number of strikers, one man
having his head broken open. They were not per-
mitted to get their belongings in the way of food
and clothing, but were hustled into motor trucks
and over one hundred of them deported. Those
with families were not allowed to communicate
with them, and all, married and single alike, went
the way of violence dictated by the ruling class,
shaped by the army officer and executed by a vassal
sheriff.

More Boss Violence

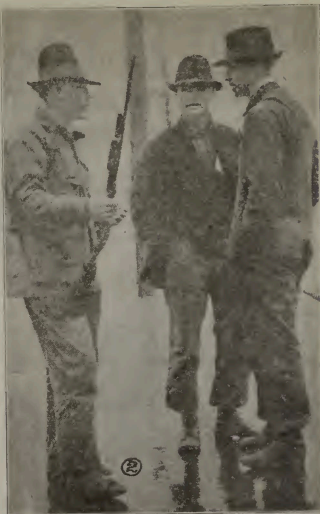
The deported strikers held a meeting where they
decided to vote the strike back on the job, realizing
that the governor was ready to serve his economic
superiors by ordering the troops against the strik-
ers. The meeting also elected a committee of three,
whose duty it was to return to Mount Vernon and
ask the sheriff to permit shipment of the clothing
and personal belongings of the strikers and their
families out of Skagit county.

When the brutal sheriff heard their request he
decked his fists with brass knuckles, placed a black-
jack in his holster, and then, with his deputies alert
to shoot down the three unarmed strikers, if or-
dered, this fiend beat them up and threw them into
jail with other badly beaten strikers.

Cause Not Lost

The strike is not lost, and it is up to every work-
er there to use job tactics to gain all that we did
not secure in the walkout.

The strike has its lessons, proving once more that
the so-called guardians of public order are the ex-
ponents of disorder, and that at the behest of their



GUNMAN ACCOSTING STRIKERS

industrial masters they will ignore all constitutional
guarantees and deprive the workers of all rights.

When the project is completed it will be a source
of profits to its owners amounting to \$60 a minute.
Not bad, eh? During the strike a lot of damage
was done to the coffer dam by floods which have
set the work back sixty days. This added to the
twenty-four days of striking shows that the com-
pany has been retarded eighty-four days at \$60
a minute. Figure that up and you can see that,
with the possibility of another strike, it would have
been better to settle with the strikers at the outset.

The Concrete struggle shows plainly that if the
bosses can succeed in wiping out a picket line by
the direct force of a sheriff and deputies, unmin-
dful of the alleged constitutional guarantees, by
which the naive worker might expect to be pro-
tected against such violence, the workers can an-
swer successfully only by marshaling their economic
power and refusing to continue to make profits for
the rulers. The workers have no recourse in law
when opposed in the manner exemplified at Con-
crete. They have no other weapon than that of
their organized strength.

It is up to the workers to show that we have
intelligence and that we remember. All aboard
for Concrete and make it safe for the working class.

when twenty-five men, working on the concrete crew, demanded more pay. This was refused in an insulting way by the Wall Street puppets. Fifty cents more a day was too much for the poor corporation to expend in wages, and the crew walked off the job.

Immediately fifteen men from the bull gang were ordered to fill their places, but these showed their solidarity by refusing to scab, also walking off, leaving the hirelings to pour concrete themselves. None was poured because such brainless lackeys are "all thumbs" and used to loafing, to boot.

An open camp meeting was called to order and a grievance committee of strikers elected to draw up demands to be presented to the company. As ratified by the meeting they follow:

- 1—Release of all Class-War Prisoners.
- 2—Twenty-five per cent wage increase all around.
- 3—Sheets and pillows to be furnished and the same to be washed weekly, at least.
- 4—More and better food.
- 5—Twelve muckers in the tunnel instead of 6 to a shift.
- 6—Concrete flumes to be made safe to work under.
- 7—That all overtime be abolished except where human life is in danger.
- 8—No discrimination against the workers for taking part in the meeting.
- 9—All men who worked in concrete and bull gangs to be reinstated.
- 10—Boycott California products.

Demands Presented

The committee presented these demands to Mr. Jessup, the understudy and slave driver for General Superintendent Shannon. He looked them over and the committee said, "See what you can do about it."

Returning to the meeting they reported, and a strike committee was elected from the body at 11.30 that night. The graveyard shift was notified and many joined the strike. Later 20 more came out. In the morning only one slave showed up for the tunnel gang, and he bowed his head in shame as he walked back through the picket line, never to be seen again while the strike lasted.

Solidarity Is Shown

This strike was not a craft union fiasco, but an industrial union conflict conducted by the I. W. W. which was twenty-five per cent organized on this job. Many of the engineers and skilled mechanics rallied to the support of their more exploited fellow workers doing ordinary labor. The fight was not for higher wages alone, but for liberty and the protection of human life.

It was a fight for the freedom of the men who are held by the master class in their hellholes for no



CHIEF FINK CONN GIVING ORDER FOR DEPORTATION TO START.

other crime than that of organizing the workers to effect a peaceful change in society, whereby the slogan "He who does not work, neither shall he eat" must be realized.

The strike soon enlisted the support of ninety per cent of the working force, and with only ten per cent left to do the scabbing, construction work was badly crippled, and the scabs began to migrate. On the fifth day the work came to a standstill for lack of workers. All attempts to bring in scabs failed. In an orderly way the pickets explained the situation and those who came to scab or were



Tampico

A Class War Skirmish

By MARINO

GENERAL STRIKE PROTEST IN TAMPICO AGAINST OIL WORKERS' MURDER BY TROOPS. ARROW POINTS TO I. W. W. BANNER.

REACTIONARY papers in the United States view Mexico's recent administrations as "Red"; liberal journals describe them as progressive regimes, dedicated to the well-being of the working class. Perhaps both divergent camps regard the speeches and constitutional compositions of Mexico as a just basis for their findings. We in the United States should not be "taken in" by fair words of politicians or the libertarian rhetoric of democratic constitutions; having found through bitter experience that economic reality has no knowledge of either, and owes no tribute to their shining promises.

Tampico is famous for its oil production and infamous for the outrages inflicted upon the workers of this industry. Readers of *INDUSTRIAL SOLIDARITY* will remember accounts of the strike against the El Aguila Oil Company by 2,000 workers, and how they won a sweeping victory with the aid of their fellow workers in other lines. They were out about four months. These workers secured unconditional recognition of their union and shop control. They held firm in spite of the machinations of the yellow C. R. O. M. (Regional Federation of Labor of Mexico) leaders whose philosophy and practices are counterparts of A. F. of L. activities in this country. Bribes, intimidation and treachery failed. The strike was won.

Conspicuous in assistance to the strikers were the railroad workers, who served the company with an ultimatum allowing it forty-eight hours to settle the strike on penalty of forfeiture of transportation of its products on trains manned by these railroaders.

This victory had a most beneficial effect upon the workers of La Transcontinental and Pierce Oil Companies, in which the owners capitulated almost immediately. It seems evident that they were not looking for a repetition of the defeat sustained by El Aguila.

Workers of the La Huasteca Oil Company duplicated these successes after a struggle of one month. Inspired by this example employees of the Mexican Gulf Oil Company declared a strike. Then those working for the La Corona Oil Company walked out. A brief outline of these later developments, which are not meeting with success, is timely, because we learn not only from triumph but also through defeat.

Recognizing the tremendous importance of the success of the workers at El Aguila, La Huasteca, La Transcontinental and the Pierce Oil Companies, all that it forebode to their profits, the oil magnates sent representatives to Mexico City on a mission to the government. It is noteworthy that these companies dropped all pretense of nationalist iso-

lation and united solidly when holy profits were threatened. They joined in a \$50,000,000 loan to the government.

We are hardly so unsophisticated as to be blind to the probable contract by which the loan was negotiated. Subsequent events proved that in consideration of the huge sum loaned the government promised a fair field for the proper exploitation of the Mexican oil workers. Troops were sent into the strike district.

The bayonets were not received with open arms. Immense protest meetings were held and Obregon was notified that the presence of soldiers was obnoxious to the Tampico unions. Replying to this Obregon declared that the troops were to be entirely neutral. Their orders, he asserted, were to prevent violence and to protect both parties to the dispute.

The workers elected a committee to serve notice to the troops of the Obregon neutrality message, and also of the similar orders of their military superiors in the capital. This committee went unarmed towards the barracks and was met by a detachment of soldiers who immediately opened fire upon them. One member of the workers' committee was killed on the spot, eleven more were wounded and another died later of injuries.

What Ails California?



By
ROBERT
WHITAKER

CALIFORNIA is sick. Physically the State may be everything that the Chambers of Commerce claim, a Mecca for the comfort-seekers and the health chasers of the world. But as the man said who was called upon to speak at the funeral of the most unpopular man in a certain western mining community and who accepted the service very unwillingly,

"Well, neighbors, all I can say is that we all hopes brother Jones has gone where we know he hasn't."

So, even from the viewpoint of physical well-being California is not all the Wallingfords and the Babbits of business would have you believe. Three years ago, about this time, an Eastern judge of national reputation who was visiting Los Angeles was quoted as saying that there were fifty thousand cases of flu in this city just then. How he got his data was not said, nor whether his figures were anything more than a rough estimate. But there is no lack of proof that the flu is prevalent here this winter, and that the bubonic plague has just taken a startling total of lives within a few days. The triple troubles of the Buddha, old age, sickness and death, are with us in Los Angeles, as they were with him centuries ago in another land where the sun shines and the days are warm most of the year.

But it is not only so that California is sick, with the diseases of physical decrepitude and decadence such as flesh is heir to everywhere and in all ages. It is on the side of law and order, another thing of which our Chambers of Commerce boast, that California is sick. That ours is the most lawless land on the face of the earth there are many who are high up in the councils of court and government ready to admit today. And California is the most lawless state, and Los Angeles the most lawless city in this, the most lawless land.

Here is an item from the daily press of Los Angeles, published just a few days ago, as the month of November ended and the month of "Christmas peace" began. "SHOOT TO KILL! IS ORDER GIVEN BY CHIEF." And here is the item itself, the very words peddled out on our own streets: "Realizing drastic steps must be taken to curb lawlessness in the city following 11 murders and 250 holdups in November, Captain of Detectives George K. Hone ordered his men to 'shoot to kill' Tuesday, after representatives of the district attorney and sheriff's offices had promised full cooperation in the war to suppress crime."

In another paper the eleven murders are catalogued together, and after most of them stands the telltale word, "Unsolved." But even this does not tell all the story of the sickness here, nor the full tale of the lawlessness in which we so excel. The lawlessness that is outside the law is here in surpassing abundance. Former Chief of Police Voll-

mer, in answer to a question asked him when he spoke before an Open Forum in San Diego last summer, said that the sorry pre-eminence of Los Angeles in respect to the prevalence of common crime here, murder, assault and robbery of all kinds, could be in part accounted for because the mildness of the California climate and the vigor of our advertising campaigns attracted to the Southland a large number of the "undesirables" of the earth as well as a lot of decent people. This may be granted as having some force. But it does not explain even the prevalence of ordinary crime here as much as California officialism and conventionalism would like to have us believe. And it does not explain at all the surpassing abundance here of what may be called the "higher lawlessness," the lawlessness of the law officers and the courts themselves, and the mass of the "respectable" people who stand behind them.

"How can you keep a man in jail day after day and week after week without any charge being made against him," a group of us asked this same Chief of Police, August Vollmer, in his own office last July, just before he closed his work here.

"It cannot be done," he said.

"But it is done," we replied, and we cited the fact that at that very moment Moffitt, who had been arrested at San Pedro, Sunday afternoon, July 6th, when he was quietly presenting the cause of the children who had been scalded almost to death in the raid on the I. W. W. meeting, June 14th, was lying in jail without any charge having been made against him. Moffitt was actually kept in jail nine days without an indictment, and then, when an indictment was trumped up against him of having said that the police were stool-pigeons of the Hammond Lumber Company, it took a jury only two minutes to acquit him. Moffitt was not himself a member of the I. W. W. and he did not call upon any lawyer to defend him.

Yes, "it is done," over and over again here. That is, men are arrested at the whim of any policeman who wants to make a record for zeal in service, or whose dinner happens to have disagreed with him, and are thrown into jail and kept there, sometimes for weeks, in utter contempt of the Constitutions, both of nation and state. Here is the official record

(Continued on page 44)

The Way to Freedom

By P. J. WELINDER

RECENTLY we have been suffering from a deluge of words threatening to completely submerge every voice raised in behalf of organization on the industrial field. It has been one continued cry of "Vote for Coolidge," "Vote for LaFollette," for Foster, for Davis and for a dozen or so would-be saviors of the working class.

It would be amusing, were it not so tragic, to watch those thousands of disfranchised, hungry and ragged slaves stay for hours at the time cheering themselves hoarse for something they can not define, know nothing about, or for somebody whom they never knew and never will know whether elected or not. And those starving masses will accept as a foregone conclusion that there are, so far as they are concerned, really two fields upon which we, the workers, must exert our energies in order to gain a little more of the good things of life: the political and the industrial field. Yet none of them have ever entered any other than the industrial field, and then in the capacity of a wage slave seeking a master, and few, if any of them, will ever enter another field with the exception of potter's field when they are finished as objects of exploitation.

"Political Field" Reflex

Is there really such a thing as a "political field" so far as we, the wage workers, are concerned? If so, what part does political action play in our every-day life? What is its origin and what is its nature?

That we at the present time have in our society a certain form of activity undertaken on a large scale, that properly can be termed a "political field" is certain, but whether our participation in such activities in the nature of organized wage workers will benefit us and our class is another question.

What is the origin of politics? No one has even attempted to prove that there was such an animal as a "politician" in ancient society, much less a "field" of them. In the time of primitive communism there were neither politics nor politicians. When the means of production, if individually used, were individually owned and the result of their operation was the property of their owner and operator, or socially used, and the fruits of such labor socially enjoyed equally by all participants in the work, no political government existed. But that day the principle of private ownership was applied to socially used means of production and the fruits of the toil reverted to the owner of these means, a government became necessary, not, as often claimed, for the protection of the exploited slaves, but for a somewhat suitable arrangement of the right to exploit.

At no time can it be claimed that the exploited subject has had either need of or assistance from a

political government. All subjects of exploitation, no matter under what form they have been exploited, have this in common: that they are dispossessed. They own nothing and control less. Consequently, there can be no question of governing the affairs of those who have no affairs to be governed. The only question before the politicians is how to keep the slaves in submission; whether they should resort to militant methods or appease them with some reforms; whether it is more beneficial to the existing order of ownership to kill treacherous elements or to bring them to peace by means of bread lines. Both forms have been applied in a mixture considered suitable for the occasion at hand, and those politicians who have been the best judges as to how to blend in proper proportions their deception of coercion and persuasion called "politics" are heralded as "great statesmen."

Rulers' Revolutions

Ever since the inauguration of production for profit, or ever since private ownership of social wealth was established, every revolution and every rebellion has had as its aim to admit new layers into the group of exploiters and not to abolish exploitation. Every revolution in historical times has had as its object to rearrange the affairs of the exploiters; has concerned itself with the possessing class and its interest and not with the interest of the dispossessed class, except insofar as it has been necessary in order to gain their consent for continued exploitation.

The great revolutions of the eighteenth century in which Liberty, Equality and Fraternity were proclaimed as the guiding stars for human progress are in no way any exceptions to earlier revolutions in historic times. The American revolution, although ostensibly aiming towards the liberation of mankind, meant only an enlargement of the number of the exploiting class. At the very best half of the population was dispossessed and their only gain in society was a hope of some day becoming members of the possessing class. All the new "rights" established were rights concerning franchises, as well as the safeguarding of the spoils of exploitation. The dispossessed class came into consideration only insofar as it was feared that they might attack the sacred institution of private ownership of socially produced commodities.

The "Cockroach" Wail

Since those days the employing class has decreased very rapidly in number and as a consequence discontent becomes more pronounced. The outcrowded petty bourgeois cries about lost ideals, about democracy being thrown overboard, and demands reforms. He is kicking on the politicians, and he has a just cause for his kick, for failing to protect him. Did he not possess a certain limited field in which

For forty-eight hours after this barbarous act a general protest strike was maintained, with street cars and lighting service, factories, shops and mills entirely tied up. The streets were filled with protesting workers, parading with banners aloft to denounce the murdering of their fellow workers.

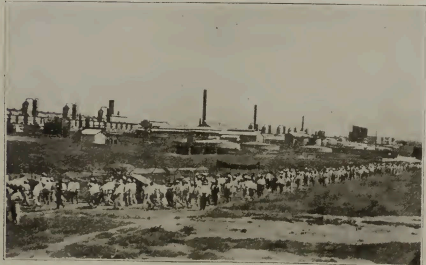
Causes of Failure

When the troops were drawn up in battle formation to continue the murderous program on a larger scale the government, evidently fearing to overplay its hand, ordered them back to their barracks, and further bloodshed was averted.

But the \$50,000,000 and lack of real working class unionism outside of the limited number who showed such splendid solidarity, have done their evil work. Instead of a solid front in labor's ranks there are the quarrels between leaders of the reformist C. R. O. M. and the revolutionary Confederación General de Trabajadores, which confuse the workers, and result in many autonomous unions in the oil fields. These in turn fight the other two factions who are striving to control them.

The strikers against the Mexican Gulf Company are affiliated with the C. G. T.; those opposing La Corona are connected with the C. R. O. M. The owners of these companies, English, American, Mexican or whatever they may be are ONE against these workers, are ONE in their \$50,000,000 loan bribe to the government.

No amount of spontaneous solidarity can hope to defeat these powerfully agreed capitalists. Mass strikes cannot endure long. The way to sound victory is less spectacular. It requires a steady up-building of a new form of economic organization



OIL STRIKERS MARCHING WITH RED BANNERS TO DOCK TO JOIN TAMPICO DEMONSTRATION. LA HUASTECA REFINERY IN BACKGROUND.



STRIKERS EMBARKING AT LA AGUILA DOCKS FOR TAMPICO DEMONSTRATION.

by which the workers organize industrially and know their strength.

The solidarity of the Mexican workers has been very heartening in and around Tampico. Presently they will learn the lesson of solidarity and industrial unionism; grasp the weapon of industrial organization, which means a cessation of work by all workers within the industry struck or surrounding industries if required.

Must Lead Themselves

To the Mexican workers must be given the commendation of all class-conscious workers on their struggle against the monstrous appetite of the Oil Kings. Our Mexican fellow workers have paid a price in blood and misery that is worthy of a better return than factional animosity and jurisdictional dissension.

We can hope that they will learn that capitalism is the productive system of Mexico and that its governments are alert to do the will of the capitalists. Learning this they will not be deluded by

faith in political leaders, or parliamentary eloquence. They must learn to have faith in themselves alone, to be their own leaders, and to find their freedom along the red road of direct economic action.

Though the I. W. W. in the district is not numerically powerful it exerts an educational influence that is sorely needed, and may be counted on to take its prominent part in every manifestation of solidarity.

The present situation furnishes many concrete examples to which our fellow workers can point in illustrating the industrial union argument with hopes of greater success, as bare theorizing does not impress workers.

we are wandering highways and by-ways begging someone to accept it. Our only wealth is our misery, and there is no politician and no parasite that intends to grab that from us. **Organize on the only field that concerns us as producers of the world's wealth: the industrial field.** Give the politicians and the parasites a couple of hours of our working day to exercise their managing ability directly at the point of production.

Abolish the army of unemployed through a suit-

able curtailment of our working day and secure for ourselves and our class the full product of our toil directly on the field where we are engaged in production, and all the worries of the politicians will have come to an end, all social dualism in the form of "political action" and "industrial action" will cease. Put the politicians and their masters, the present day capitalists, to useful work alongside us on the industrial field and our social question is solved for all time to come.



Four Proletarian Poems

By LAURA TANE



Vigil

The moonrays scrawl across the sky
And here, as dead, entombed we lie;
I heard the rumble of a lightning blast
And watched blue flames come near us
fast.

So here we wait for the sound of pick;
The shadows of men to come three-quick
And lift us up to see on high
The moonrays scrawled across the sky.

They've worked all day and the night as
well

To free us from our airtight hell.
My mule is dead; my pal doesn't speak,
And I alone the death-watch keep
(Before I go the way of sleep?)



Strike

Men of the woods
Tired . . . hungry . . .
Facing a wall of knitted wind and ice
To reach the next camp.

These are our men—Wobblies,
Intent upon the salvation of the scab soul;
Intent upon a little more time to rest
And a little cleaner rest
Before they face their daily battle
With the forest.

Mine Disaster

In Blackstone town the shades are down,
The night has fallen fast.
The crowds are rushing to the mine
Where the earth has heaved a blast.

Close to the shaft the women moan
And curse the raging soil
Which has wound around their living men
As a snake its prey would coil.

The sun shines down on Blackstone town,
The wind sings high and low
For the long black file of silent men
Who wait for their fate below.



Version

A prostitute stands on the quiet hill
Admiring a yellow skyline,
And a little child holds her hand.
I know a man with millions
Of dollars and hours to spend,
Who occupies a front pew in a stylish
church . . .

Yet I have never seen him
Looking at a skyline or at a flower . . .
I saw him driving young boys and women
Into his factory where sausages
Form a skyline of profit for him.

he could operate in "the good old days," a field that is now being taken away from him? Do not the various trusts crowd him out of the exploiting class and force him down among the wage earners of this nation? Are not the beef trust, the chain stores, the manufacturing establishments with their branch houses all over the country, crowding out the local butcher, blacksmith, tailor, shoemaker and corner grocer—men who formerly had the privilege to exploit perhaps half a dozen slaves? Were not this group of "citizens" the fundamental base for our democracy? Certainly they were. And now they are on the verge of being forced into the great mass of exploited subjects.

The great howl for "democracy," in which the voice of a Woodrow Wilson sounded above all the others, meant nothing but a preservation of the right of the petty bourgeoisie to continue their existence as exploiters. When they demanded certain limitations of the fields where the big trust operates they never intended a limitation in degree of exploitation, only a limitation as to the scope of operation. It never was their intention to demand that outside the limit of the operations of the steel trust the exploitation in the steel industry should cease, only that outside this limit the right for the small fry to exploit was to begin. So far as the workers are concerned, their program means only a change of exploiter, from one big one to many small ones. As to the degree of exploitation it goes without saying that if any change under such a program could take place it would be a change from bad to worse.

Division of Wealth

We are told by the politicians themselves through their government, that more than 70 per cent of the people in the U. S. A. own less than 3 per cent of the wealth of the nation. It is reasonable to presume that, so far as governing goes, although less trained in this noble art, these 70 per cent ought to be able to govern that amount of wealth satisfactorily to themselves, without the assistance of especially paid and trained "governors." As a matter of fact, the wealth of the working class does not count a bit in the plans of government advanced by the politicians. What does count, however, is how to prevent the slaves from seizing wealth produced by these slaves; how to safeguard it for its present non-producing owners.

Industry Makes Wealth

All wealth possessed by one class or another, by one individual or another, is created on the industrial field. In the creation of such wealth politicians take no part whatsoever. Their sole function lies in the disposal of such wealth—not in the disposal of the wealth returned to its creator in the form of wages, but of the wealth stolen from him in the form of surplus values created on the industrial field. Abolish this surplus value and there will be nothing for the politicians to govern.

The politicians have only one function: to govern the wealth robbed from the producers. Theirs

is the task of dividing satisfactorily among the exploiters the licenses to exploit. Their task is also to guard the wealth thus obtained from any attack that may be attempted upon it on the part of those who are robbed. As to us, they have absolutely no function to fulfill as we have nothing that needs governing except the marketing of our power to labor, and that never has, nor can be, governed by any political action. It is a commodity on sale in the public market and subject to the same economic laws as govern every other marketable product.

Knell for Politicians

Should the workers cease to produce for profit and confine themselves to producing for their own use only, what would become of the politicians? Suppose that no surplus value was created by labor, that all who work received the full product of their toil in return for their labor, what would become of the "political field"? Would it still exist? What would be left for the statesmen and the political governments to govern? There would be as much use for them as there is use for them in the negro tribal regions of Australia and Africa, or as there was among Indian tribes prior to the appearance of the white men on this continent.

While the "political field" is conditioned upon the presence of a system of exploitation of those who toil, of legalized robbery, the industrial field, on the contrary, is indispensable to the whole human race. Without the concerted action on the part of all useful members in society on the industrial field, mankind would cease to exist, while the expiration of the "political field" will only mean the elimination of an unnecessary burden on the body social. No matter what stand is taken by the workers, they will always be forced to operate on the industrial field. It is in this respect not a question of opinion, as it is in regard to politics; it is a question of sheer necessity, of action forced upon us whether it runs concurrently or contrary to our avowed opinions and principles. Hence, so far as we the wage workers are concerned, there is no such field as a political one. There is a question of doing away with exploitation, of robbery in one form or another, legalized or illegal, and that can only be done by the ones who are robbed and at the point where they are robbed, and not by a group of administrators of the wealth robbed from us.

"Political Action" Bunk

Fellow workers, forget all the flowery talk about the "need of political action." Don't worry about being robbed of social wealth. Don't be afraid that anyone is going to steal our "Tea Pot Domes" or other oil deposits, our ore deposits, our forests or our land. We have nothing of the kind in our possession. We have not even enough oil to grease a wheelbarrow, far less any rich gushers to be taken away from us. If Sinclair or Doheny fail to grab the oil, Rockefeller will not fail. If Gary can't manipulate all the iron ore deposits of the world, you will never get them so long as you are a wage slave. All we possess is our power to labor and

The Story of a Soul

By E. H. H.

A FRIED onion or a stewed prune does not resemble a soul. Nor can it be compared unto anything that you can see, taste, feel or smell. There is something indescribably intangible about the soul, more to be likened unto the hole in the elusive doughnut. The hole is there, yet it isn't there! You can see it all the time, but at the same time you don't see it. When the doughnut is gone the hole still remains. You didn't eat it. The quickness of the eye deceives the hand—'tis even so with the merry old soul. Nothing is incomprehensible about the soul, brother. This argument's won without a struggle.

We may linger around this old U. S. A. for quite a spell with everyone calling us a good old soul excepting a few bosses and some of our hook-tender friends, but some day it is ordained that the soul part of you is going through the balmy ozone "hell bent" or it may whizz skyward like a sky rocket.

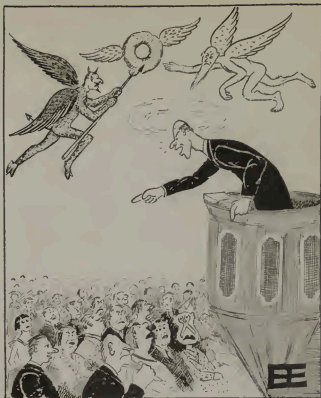
But far be it from me, the illustrious Plymouth Rock Whitey, to liken my spotless soul unto the hole of a greasy doughnut. No, my soul is going to be saved by fair means or foul. Money can't do it, but it helps a little—yea! it helps a leetle bit!

Had it not been for the interference of my asinine pardner, the notorious dumbbell "Rhode Island Red," it is possible that the salvation of my soul would have come to a head last week with all of the finer touches and formalities that go with soul saving. But now, here I am, gallivanting around the country with a soul, that is pronounced by good authority as black as a thundercloud.

I had no business coaxing Red into the holy place, but the night air was frosty and he 'lowed he'd come in an' take off the chill. Our clothes being rather shabby, we were escorted towards the rear end of the gathering.

I don't remember this particular brand of saviors but I think they all used the low even roll and always came out on a point or a pair of boxcars.* Various formulas are pronounced good. Some submerge the patient four times in the icy drink and drag him half strangled onto the bank, while others merely spray the water on, Chinese laundry fashion. Some can get you out of old Purg. for only a few dollars and others might want you to handle a Christ-like 100% tar-pot to swab and whitewash all sinners with. Also, you donate ten bucks for the snowy ascension robe. Oh! Kum Kou Kum, get in the regalia and Kioodle about your pure 100 percent Hertford strain.

The minister was all that could be desired. His text was: "The Soul and All Its Mysteries Dis-



solved," and he put up an airtight 120-proof argumentation upon it. The more he discoursed the more enthusiastic he got. Work! will not be necessary in the Great Beyond! and there will be lots of eats. All the steaks will be either T-bones or Porterhouses, and none will be used of'n the neck or from 'twixt the horns. As the boulevards and stairs are golden, there will also be plenty of coin for those who have been generous here. The armies of the Holy Smoke were said to be all-powerful. Nothing was ever mentioned about the navy, and once when I was young and tender I came near joining it! And the recruiting agent told me it was as near heaven as anything could be.—Nothing was said about whom the Heavenly Army intended to fight, but it might have been the Japs as he mumbled something about the Yellow Peril threatening our gates. He wound up with giving both Calvin and Davis a boost and a bless you my lambs—Amen etc., etc.

It was then that Red arose. I ought to have yanked him back into his seat, but I didn't think he would bore and disrupt the meeting the way he did.

He first asked the reverend if he might ask a question or two for his own enlightenment, and the Rev. informed him that he could come around to his studio directly after the services, and he would be glad to answer any question. But Red claimed he had to catch a train and would be forced to depart in ignorance were the questions not answered "right now."

He first wanted to know if the supposed being known as "God" was all powerful and did he really love the human race.

While Riding Through Canada

By LEWIS STONE

WHEN a person has traveled from east to west and west to east through the United States a number of times, to say nothing of trips in other directions within the same country, it is natural, and perhaps profitable, to desire a journey across the Dominion just north. So I had the agent at the Tacoma station route me through Canada.

Nothing unusual happened en route. If any bootleggers were aboard they were not molested. No bandits held up the express cars. It was summer and we had nothing to fear from avalanches. Altogether a tame trip.

Everybody knows all about Canada's natural wonders and beauties. Railroads and other boosters have set forth these marvels in an effort to win tourists and colonists. What need then at this time and place to attempt description of her fairest features?

Although it has often been my luck, or misfortune, as you please, to get about the world "under, over, within and between" the rolling stock of railroads, it so happened that my first trip across Canada was contracted for through a duly authorized agent, and I sported a Pullman reservation, as well.

Tiring of admiring, appraising or deploring the shifting panorama without, I read a while. Then, to stretch my legs, went into the compartment set aside as a washroom and for smoking. The air was blue with smoke—and other things, to use a figure.

Do men traveling or traveling men ever fail on such occasions to compete for the blue ribbon as raconteurs of tales not usually welcome in polite society? They excuse themselves from the women and get together to smoke and talk.

A lame old Scot had just finished his bit of risqué narrative. It was well received. Then a man from British Columbia horned in to cap him. Great applause; great success.

Several wore lodge emblems; three were Rotarians.

Presently a man in black came in, and at sight of his inverted collar you should have seen their faces smooth out. However, he was away from his flock, and these seemed like good fellows. He had his own store of smut and in a few minutes all was going just as joyfully as ever.

Later, in their appointed places with wives and children, they sat straight-laced enough. This is a public gesture.

The man in black advertised his calling without speech. I wondered what the B. C. man did to keep the wolf from the door. We had just passed

Mt. Robson, the highest peak of the Canadian Rockies. Night was falling.

The B. C. man had invited the preacher over and these rotarians were boosting for their respective communities. They were going to a convention. I thought some of their conversation interesting.

A blind man about thirty years old was led through the train.

"Nice chap," said the B. C. man.

"How did he lose his sight?" asked the sympathetic parson.

"In the war. He is fortunate in having a companion to take him about."

"Well, that is what all should be ready to sacrifice, and more, for our country," declared the preacher.

"Exactly," agreed the B. C. man.

Both of them were not eligible for military service when the war was on.

"HE doesn't say much, but did you hear that man who lost his son? Went on against war and the government. Why he got radical!"

The clerical tongue clucked disapprovingly.

"Yes, he lost his only son; boy about nineteen. The lad was a violinist. Too bad. Still, he should not go on like that."

"Of course not. Civilization had to be saved."

They kept at it for a while longer. Sad, indeed, to lose one's only talented son, but not too much to give to one's country.

What had they given, was my thought.

Not much; they were not givers, but takers.

The wife of the B. C. man purred approvingly.

His twelve-year-old daughter looked at her father and the minister adoringly.

What did the B. C. man do, what profession, what graft?

After a while he was telling all about it. Kept a school for feeble-minded children.

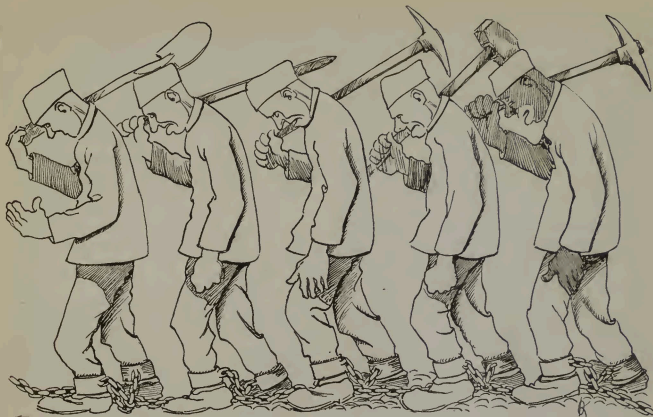
"Yes, we keep them until they grow up. Try to teach them a trade so that they'll be able to support themselves. . . . No, we take them of different races. But, no matter of what nationality they are our aim is to make them grow up to be good, useful citizens of Canada."

Good, useful, feeble-minded citizens. What a field for patriotism!

The porter was making up the berths.

Soon these nice, clean, well-fed upholders of law an' order stretched out comfortably and slept the sleep of the just.

MORAL: Riding in Pullman trains is a good place to be gassed.



The South's Wild Animal Show

BY JACK METTE

WIND howls around the house, filling the crannies and eaves and sills with its white burden. It sweeps the dry snow over the frozen earth with a hissing sound.

The house is a small frame structure, and though the short winter twilight has caught the deeper gloom of night no lights are burning. At a window a woman stands motionless, face pressed against the cold glass, looking out at the desolate night. An agony of anxiety is breaking her heart; she is wondering where Frank is on this cold night. Frank is her son. Is he working? Has he food and shelter? An overcoat?

These, and a host of other thoughts torture the mother. Perhaps her doubts are really merciful. We leave her with their gray, heart-stabbing shapes surrounding her, and travel south to the land of romance—for some.

Reality

We could, with just as good cause, have chosen any of the southern states. North Carolina is singled out because it was in this uncivilized region that Frank was "resting" after a fifteen-hour work-day on the public roads.

Back in the woods, a short distance from the highway, are the headquarters of the Fayetteville chain-gang. A few tents raise dirty peaks around the clearing; in the center three large cages on wheels. Never having seen a chain-gang camp before one thinks it a small wild animal circus.

The animals crowded into the small cages are men. They are not wild; not only are they domesticated, but utterly crushed. If you could look in the cages at the forms of men sleeping, tired as

death itself, or squirming in a restlessness common to fatigue, your body would recoil from shock. You would never forget the scene.

The place is jammed full—a railroad strike is on, and all hoboes who will not scab are thrown into the chain-gang. Also: The Atlantic Coast Line has a two-dollar reward for hoboes, and others. But still they pack the victims into the foul-smelling cages.

Frank's mother couldn't recognize her boy confined with that flotsam. His face is dark with unshaven beard; his skin has boils covering it—the effect of eating garbage; nature trying to throw off the poison. His eyes are bloodshot for want of sleep. Moreover, they hold murder in their depths. His treatment has been the usual kind. It is enough to make the sufferer feel like murdering.

The authorities do not wait to test the pliancy of the new arrival; he is beaten at the start, lashed until blood runs. Apparently the sadists in charge proceed on the assumption that a preventive is bet-

"Of course he is all powerful, and sure he loves every one of us!"

"Then there was no other Supreme Being that had a hand in this creation business besides him, was there?" queried Red.

"No absolutely, no! God created everything, my child."

"Well, if he created everything, why, then, did he create a HELL and the DEVIL, if he thought such a lot of us, and why did he create SIN? Did he want to sabotage on the human race?"

The only reason why Red is alive but crippled is that the congregation was composed of law-abiding citizens. I remained inside the church after Red's exit as it was my fixed intention to save my soul if possible.

The pipe organ started playing "Merrily We Roll Along, Roll Along." The lights grew dimmer and dimmer. Together the lost ones ambled up towards

the altar and commenced to roll on the floor. The strains that floated down from the pipe organ and the groans of the saved souls were harmoniously mingled together. I felt a strange feeling creep over me. Evidently my soul was working up steam and getting ready for salvation! Yes, that must be it! Getting a fair start I rolled nearly out into the center of the gang. Two ponderous old widows rolled over me and close on their heels followed the deacon and the sky-pilot. Then some old villain pinched my leg and I kicked the old fossil in the jaw. There was such an uproar that the lights were turned on and I was discovered in their midst.

Imagine that old ding calling me a lousy bum! Imagine it! Said it was all O. K. for his wife to roll around in polite society, but the proper place for me was out on some dirt-moving job. Let us pray, brothers—Amen, and Peace be with you.

* NOTE—Only crap-shooters will get the low even roll and the box cars.



Capitalism Made Him Nervous

LOS ANGELES SLAVEMARKET SNAPSHOTS

By JIM SEYMOUR

HE wore a lean and haggard look and a three-days' growth of stubble that glowed with the radiant tint of a new boxcar.

"Got a pencil?" he asked. "I want to drop this bundle of laundry." Although the sketching pencil I loaned him was of the softest graphite he wrote his name only after considerable difficulty, with fingers that trembled. I noticed that the name was a reminder of early American history.

"You must be expecting to stick around a while," I remarked. "Can you make it all right?"

"Yes," he replied, "I get by, but I'm nervous." I encouraged him to explain.

"I made \$2 today on a swamping job, but I'm paying four-six bits a week for a room and it's hard to get that much together. I get nervous thinking about it. It's due again day after tomorrow and maybe I won't strike a thing; you never can tell. "I can manage to eat all right and get myself a box of snus now and then, but that roomrent always makes me nervous. Going down this way?"

We crossed Main street and eddied our leisurely way east on Second, jostling and being jostled by the other eggshells on the waves of a rallentando prosperity.

"I got to take a walk once in a while," he said. "I get nervous."

We soon had left the cheap restaurants and "cheap" high-priced second hand stores and my companion breathed a sigh of relief.

"It ain't right," he said. "This is my country and I got a right to have a place to sleep without worrying about it. Before the war I used to get the same kind of a room for two bits by the night, and lots of the lodging-house keepers was getting pretty well-fixed—could sell out at any time and take life easy. The war is over now but we still have to pay more than two prices. And it's hard to pay—it makes me nervous.

"Something ought to be done about this room business. It hurts the town. Men come here from the East that don't know what it is to be without a room, and they have to pay 40 or 50 cents to sleep on a cot where there are anywhere from a dozen to a hundred cots in the same room. When they get back East they knock the town.

"I've lived here most of my life and I don't like it. It makes me nervous.

"It ain't right for any man to have to depend on odd jobs at four bits an hour and then pay the most of it for roomrent. And especially it ain't right for me. I'm an old-time American and ought to have some rights.

"Yes, sir, man, I'm a descendant of Henry Hudson and it makes me nervous."

I left him at the entrance to a cheap lodging-house on San Pedro street. As he walked upstairs he reminded me of a mouse in a warehouse where a big cat sleeps.

The Social Forces

By JOHN CANNAN

CHAPTER IV.

"The centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands . . ."
I. W. W. PREAMBLE.

WITH the development of machinery, the productivity of labor increased progressively, and though the market expanded it could not absorb the rapidly increasing volume of commodities which industry forced upon it.

In a society where the intention of industrial enterprise is only realized in exchange, a congested condition of the market spells defeat to those who depend upon it to furnish them opportunity for undelayed sales—quick realization of profit. Wherever variable capital did not suffice to tide manufacturers over a period of depression, they were forced either into bankruptcy or combination. The bankruptcy of some meant the consolidation of their businesses with other solvent concerns. The process of centralization was a natural one.

The increased productivity of the workers made for an increased volume of surplus products. An expanding volume of surplus products made blind competition among the manufacturers a form of commercial suicide.

"Cutthroat Competition"

Reorganization was necessary if collapse was to be avoided. Business is not undertaken in a sense of social obligation, but with a view to realizing profit. That the products of industry serve social purposes is only incidental to their production. It is not the motive that inspires production. The manufacture of patent medicines, having a deleterious effect upon the users, is as cheerfully undertaken as the manufacture of clothing; capitalists will as readily engage in the production of whiskey or narcotics as in the production of foodstuffs. They will as cheerfully undertake to supply short dresses to a bawdy house as vestments for the priesthood or prayer shawls for the Jews.

That which determines the launching of an enterprise is the prospective profit rate. Profit being the guiding star of capitalist enterprise and the machine enabling the employers to wring more surplus value out of the wage workers, it became an object with the capitalists to so arrange their working forces that the greatest amount of profit would accrue to them. If the machine, as a means of exploitation, was to be taken full advantage of, they felt compelled to obey its dictates.

So we find ownership and management changing to conform with machine progress. The higher forms of modern property ownership were not solely manifestations of greed by the capitalists. They were forced to adopt them. These forms were not established until the machine basis was first laid

for them. When the development of machinery modified the commercial environment, this environment reacted upon the old forms of property ownership and the old systems of business management, and compelled them to adapt themselves to the new environment or perish. The forces of progress thus placed means for the greater exploitation of wage labor in the hands of capitalists, provided they could learn to use them. To do so demanded the new ownership forms and the scrapping of old systems. The capitalists were equal to the occasion.

The Unwelcome Trusts

Corporations, trusts, mergers, etc., testify to the adaptability of the capitalists. The process of centralization was forced upon them if they would preserve their advantage in society and continue to dominate it. This explains the fact that industry tends to center into fewer and fewer hands, until, at the present time, it is alleged that less than 100 capitalists control the industrial life of the United States and hold the working class of the nation in subjection. That control is economic.

In an earlier stage of capitalist development, before the present degree of centralization was attained, side by side with centralization of control went centralization of production. But, as holdings and power tended to include diverse manufacturers in a contracting area of control, decentralization of production became the rule. Where the cotton of the Southern United States and India formerly was transported to the northern states and to England to be manufactured, factories and mills are now located close to the raw cotton supply and there the cotton is worked up into textiles. The refineries of Standard Oil are within easy reaching distance of every oil deposit on the globe. This feature of modern production is not without significance to the great army of wage-working wealth-producers who depend upon industry for a chance to live. A cotton factory in the South, in India, or in China, has a direct bearing upon, and is of interest to the textile workers of the New England states. Nor can the oil worker in California regard the development in Baku or Persia with indifference. He, like the Georgian or Persian oil worker, is a subject of that power which sits enthroned at 26 Broadway, New York.

We Must Observe

But, without going overseas, this centralization of control in industry compels attention, if the wage workers would not permit their living standards to deteriorate until a level is reached where degradation will engulf them.

The progress that enabled the bourgeois to entrench themselves behind the barriers of power and privilege provided opportunity to the workers to

ter than a cure, anticipating insolence, disobedience, and so forth, and nipping it in the bud, the bud being invisible.

A new head guard was told that his first duty was to whip a prisoner. The shackled and manacled man was ordered down the road to the post. Looking back the guard saw most of the subordinate guards following.

"What are you coming for?" he called out.

"Gwine see th' whippin'," they rejoined happily.

The superior was not as low in the scale as most of his caste.

"Go back!" he commanded. "This is no show."

Reluctantly they retreated. Some were so disappointed that they quit their jobs on the spot. All grumbled. Their lives are uninteresting. Think of a superior so stingy as to keep the sight of the bleeding back, the screams of the prisoner all for himself!

The whippings are common, it being almost impossible to keep from additions to the initial brutality. In southern prison camps and prisons even women are whipped unmercifully. Sometimes a leather strap soaked in salt grease and attached to a club is used. Other geniuses hit on a perforated water hose, a clever thing, at once raising a blister and bursting it. Presto!

One investigator discovered a relationship between the lashes and the niceties of language. To illustrate: For "impudence" a penalty of ten to twelve lashes with a strap was inflicted, whereas for mere "insolence" only eight to ten were given. And the investigator says:

"I beg the reader to observe that the exact difference between impudence and insolence is four lashes. This method might well be copied by dictionaries, and we should be spared the uncertainty of words."

The men in chain-gangs are not segregated, the blacks and whites are herded together. No matter; but so are the sound and the syphilitic, the healthy and the tubercular. All eat the same rotten food, the same cornbread and molasses. All eat from the same pots and dishes. When they wash their bodies it is in a tub of water filled once for ever so many men. Clean enough, perhaps, for the first; microbe soup for the last.

North Carolina practises other economies. The prisoners are given one pair of pants and an old coat; no underwear. If they work in the rain they sleep in drenched garments. There is no change of sleeping clothes. Tuberculosis sufferers shiver with the others, no exceptions. Such is the democracy of the damned.

The water boy comes 'round. A negro afflicted with tertiary pox takes a drink. Next, a healthy inmate drinks from the same cup. So goes the water, so the cup, so the infection. What does North Carolina care? No business to be in prison.

Under such conditions of overwork, malnutrition, want of sufficient and proper rest, the whippings

and tongue-lashings, many fall sick. This is a real misfortune. Sick? Get out! Bluffing; go to work!

The victim knows the alternative, he calls on heroic will to dominate his weak, fevered flesh. A while he keeps the pace. Too much; slackens. Looks at the guard in despair. This monster sees the halt; whacks him with a club over the head. Then the "cure" is administered—twenty, thirty, fifty lashes. As the guard wishes. Often they make the prisoner count. Under the agony he miscounts. No matter, he must start over again:

Swish, crack!

"Count, you bastard!" snarls the guard.

"One", sobs the outcast.

Swish, crack!

"Two," he groans.

And so on.

Yes, it is 1924.

In such a fearful plight Frank found himself. He wasn't up for murder. They pulled him from a freight train, five railroad "bulls," the chief wearing a gun nearly as large as himself, strapped to his side. A scarecrow of a man, jaundiced and bullying. They asked the boy if he wanted a job at Rocky Mount.

"Strike on there, no," he declined.

Next day he and a half-dozen more 'boes are hailed before a pig-faced justice of the peace. This legal light shines in the office of the Atlantic Coast Line office at Fayetteville. On the door a legend informs: "A. C. L. Chief of Police." How well the private corporation dovetails with the civil officers.

All migratory workers who have made Fayetteville know this "justice." He denies all chance for defense. Reads the charges perfunctorily. There must be no dismissals—the A. C. Line is paying a two-dollar bounty for each conviction.

"Sixty days on the public works."

The Law has spoken. The prisoners are taken to the county jail to await transfer to the county gang.

North Carolina calls this a fair trial. The great state sees nothing incongruous in this farce on justice conducted in a railroad stool's office. North Carolina belongs to the A. C. Line and other corporations. All is well.

Last year a young lad caught in this sort of a trap managed to get word to his people. The case was appealed to a higher court. A grand jury investigation resulted in the release of all men and boys convicted as hoboes. The justice swore that he had advised all those coming before him that they could appeal their cases. He perjured himself. The superior court reprimanded him. So ended that incident.

If your boy is on the road tonight, you can pray to whatever God you may worship that he is not on a North Carolina chain-gang.

We send missionaries to other lands to civilize the savages. North Carolina needs civilization. Judge.

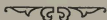
(Continued on page 30.)

far-off days still dominate the working class. The fancied differences and imaginary distinctions that divided the workers then, still keep them divided. Then, these ideas sought a foothold. Today, they are entrenched. At that time they defeated consolidation, but today they have organized the dismemberment of the working class.

In the face of capitalist centralization, we are finding it difficult to come together. Laboriously and painfully, we have created barriers which we must demolish before we can unite the forces of

labor. The craft system of unionism binds us in a straight-jacket and renders us helpless before the attack of a relentless and implacable enemy. The power of centralized wealth engages and defeats us piecemeal because we are organized piecemeal. The solidified capitalist power finds us divided, weak and powerless. "The centering of the management of industry into fewer and fewer hands," strengthens, and the craft union system "aids the employing class." How? Why?

TO BE CONTINUED



Physiological Reaction and the Class Struggle

By PASQUALE RUSSO

THIS is an age of wonders; man is conquering and overcoming the mysteries of Nature. He is now able to cross the oceans in airplanes, and with the aid of the radio converses directly with all parts of the world.

Every day we are witnesses to new inventions; new machines mean new victories over Nature. And these, in the last analysis, are products of an invisible power, the human mind.

In spite of his progress man is not satisfied. Either its rate or amount gives him cause for greater effort. He meets with success and straightway plans new campaigns in the mechanical conquest of the world.

Yet man is not happy, possibly because he is a slave. His freedom has not been attained because he is a victim of an economic system of exploitation.

Since economics and happiness are so closely related, progress in its study can only be had by serious application to the acquisition of scientific knowledge. Every worker should acquaint himself with physiology in order that he maintain good health, which is a factor in happiness.

Most persons are of the opinion that happiness consists in eating and drinking. Their logic, if it may be dignified by such a name, is that by eating and drinking an abundance everything will be all right. This, of course, is a very serious error. Most of the sickness among workers is caused by a wanton disregard of the capabilities of the stomach. A good stomach is the basis of good health and to maintain it in good condition requires attention.

Despite warnings from medical men, the majority of the working class pay no heed and criminally neglect the body and its needs.

The stomach is the principal organ of digestion and its task is to convert inorganic and organic substances into assimilable matter for the blood, thus giving energy to the tissues of the body.

No species of animal can exist unless it receives its means from the surrounding environment and in this work of gathering and assimilating the material, both mechanical and chemical changes are necessary. In this work the stomach performs the essentials of the digestive process. Passing from the cardiac orifice to the oesophagus it is the first organ to receive the food and is the most dilated portion of the alimentary canal.

The stomach is that muscular pouch forming the connection between the oesophagus and the intestines. The knowledge that it occupies such a position in the body is valuable, but owing to lack of space we shall hasten on, allowing the thinking reader to seek out more elaborate and detailed information.

The worker, as guardian of the body, should exercise great care in seeing that the stomach is kept in prime condition. In most cases he abuses it, treats it as one might a slave, forcing it to receive an oversupply of food. Frequently the stomach rebels, protests against such tyranny, rises in revolt and expels the food.

An old adage informs us: "You may lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink." This truth applies equally well to the stomach. The stomach cannot be forced to retain bad or unpalatable food, and, should the eater insist, he usually suffers the penalty of a reaction.

This action is revolutionary and in common parlance is known as vomiting. It is somewhat similar to the winding of a clock tightly. The spring weakens, then breaks, creating disorder in the whole mechanism.

From this, all of us engaged in the revolutionary class struggle may learn a lesson. Nature has made it possible for the stomach to fight the oppressions of a foolish guardian. By vomiting a warning is given to the owner to discontinue the abuses or take the inevitable consequences. If the warning is not heeded the individual always loses. Studying

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dispute every inch of ground with them. But that clearness of vision, which the capitalist class possesses, appears to have been denied the workers. The capitalists realized that their interest was served only by preventing the coming together of the workers. Pronouncements of the early capitalists, in this and other countries, show that fear of this contretemps obsessed them. Labor solidarity is the only weapon with which to counter the effects of the capitalist centralization of industrial control.

The transition from the early forms of capitalism in America to modern capitalist centralization, control and dangerous power, was so gradual that it did not at all alarm the proletarians, although there is not lacking evidence to show that some of the wage workers saw the trend and feared the possibilities which now weigh so heavily upon the wage working element.

False Ideals

From the inception of a labor movement in the United States, it has been cursed and diverted from its proper course by capitalist conceptions. In the very earliest attempts of the workers to fashion an organization weapon for themselves, they had no labor philosophy to guide them. Capitalist production was a mysterious arrangement that victimized them. They felt the victimization, but they could not explain the process.

It is recognized by every student of the American labor movement that the political state is the instrument of the capitalist class; that the state from its advent appeared as an institution to legalize and justify the exploitation of one class by another. They are aware that the so-called political revolutions of the past were merely changes to enable a ruling class more completely to subjugate and exploit the slave class, within the society of the period. They realize that the present capitalist system is the most complete and heartless form of slavery the world has ever known. They expose the fact that the American capitalist class made use of the government to endow themselves with dominion over the immense resources of the United States by methods that offend even the professed moral conceptions of capitalism and contravene the laws laid down for the government of the land. The capitalist class, like the kings of old, can do no wrong. The state is the capitalists' state. It is their instrument and cannot be turned against them. A capitalist combination can command legislative and legal privileges. Such combinations have in fact commanded empires from the government. But a combination of workers is met with the Lever Act and with a Coronado decision and other hostile manifestations that should have served to disillusion the working people.

The state is the guardian of capitalist property. It is its concern to foster capitalist property and to defend it even with its life as a state. Every function of every branch of government is capitalistic. This cannot be otherwise. Legislation is not social.

It is capitalistic. The police power exercised by the state, vested in the chief executive, who is commander in chief of the military and naval establishments, is not used socially and disinterestedly, but is wielded to serve the interests of capitalist property. The state is the guarantee of property interests, and the guardian of the slave relationship which exists between the classes. In the absence of that relationship, there is no function which the state could perform to serve society. The needs of society are material needs.

Towards One Big Union

The evolution toward centralization in the capitalist control of industry forced from the masses of the proletariat a demand for a consolidation of the wage working class, to resist the encroachments by which the capitalist class was advancing to the complete-subjugation of labor. Several attempts were made to bring about such unification.

From the very earliest attempts to unite all the workers in a locality (1828), the idea of craft advantage proved a point of division in every attempt to bring about working class unity. The group idea dominated every council of labor, and the caste feeling of the "skilled workers," which held the unskilled in contempt, prevented the formation of a united front of labor. This happened even after there was general recognition of the need of economic unity by the workers.

The American workers, in earlier capitalist times, were drudges and extremely ignorant. This was more their misfortune than their fault, but it left them largely dependent for information, impressions and direction upon non-wage working elements. Such a condition was bound to reflect itself in an influence untempered by the experiences of a working class life. Friendly "smart" men, and sometimes women, often favorite employers, furnished the guides upon whom the proletariat relied. The outcome was always disappointment and often disgust. Yet it is only what was to be expected in the first stages of organization experimentation by the workers. There then obtained a stage of development where small employers and journeymen were constantly changing industrial positions and sides in the economic relationship, so that the class divisions were not clearly discernible. The workers could easily be misled under the circumstances by which they were beset at that time. "Friendly" employers were enabled through their influence to use the early organizations against their trade rivals, an evil which at one time grew into a dangerous practice.

No Ideology

At this time no labor philosophy had been developed. The capitalist system of wealth production was not understood at all. The mistakes of the time were natural mistakes. But experience consists in learning from our mistakes. And how slowly the workers learn!

The capitalist ideas that prevented unity in those

EDITORIALS

By The Editor

WISHING AWAY LIFE

EVEN when in wretched circumstances human beings usually cling to life with a tenacity not always easy to understand. On the other hand we find a universal working class wishing of our lives away. If we are employed, we begin the day's work with a hope that it will soon end, and when it is Monday we want it to be Saturday. But we are not anxious to have Sunday or a holiday pass quickly.

When we are out of a job we want the time to rush by until the day is reached that finds us once more engaged in gainful occupation. When we suffer the hardships of winter we wish for the spring. In all this fervent desire for time to fly we do not think of the end of the road, the terminal none can dodge.

However, it seems clear that we want time to hurry along because we are miserable when working and equally as much and more unhappy when deprived of the chance to get wages. In the former case the unpleasant emotions are aroused because of the conditions of employment, chiefly. In the latter, simply because it costs money to buy life's necessities and we derive this money from our work, having no other income.

A fair conclusion may be stated: If the exploitation were not a part of the conditions of labor, the working time shortened, sanitation and safeguards perfected, it is very likely that we should not be constantly alert for the quitting time whistle. And with surplus value extractions taboo, there would be no unemployment as we now know it. There would be work for all and leisure for all. The holiday hours would grow.

In that case it is reasonable to believe that there should be an end to this wishing for time to pass on wings.

RESOLUTION

THE new year dawns. At this time we are accustomed to hearing a great deal about making resolutions to do certain salutary things and to refrain from the reverse.

Entering another year we know that whatever progress or lack of advance may characterize our movement, it is a fact that the capitalist class is coining all the precious hours and days and months into a golden stream upon whose crest it rides to its own satiation and our degradation.

On every side we see advances made by machine invention. One comes into real contact with this phenomenon on the job, but the knowledge may be just as forcefully impressed by the simple expedi-

ent of glancing over advertisements of labor-saving devices in a host of trade journals that burden the shelves of any public library.

The whole current of industrial development sweeps steadily toward the ideal of a super-machine power minus our labor in the creation of commodities. It is inevitable that periods of acute unemployment tend to grow chronic. Most workers take their ugly turn in feeling the effects of the jobless estate; few analyze what forces have thrown them into the grasp of misery.

The I. W. W. has consistently taught the need of scientific organization of the workers for the purpose of realizing their wants and ambitions. But it emphasizes as indispensable to such organization the education of the workers to an understanding of their class position in society.

Against the evils of unemployment we must urge a shorter working day, thereby insuring the existence of the erstwhile jobless, and at the same time blow destroying the effect of a cutthroat competition on the labor market. Reduction of the hours of labor being held reprehensible to the boss, it follows that success of such a drive can not be achieved except by powerful industrial organization.

EDUCATION BEHIND BARS

RULING classes learn nothing from the lessons of the past. The recklessness of their acts when dealing with subject social classes leads one to believe that they echo a fervent amen to the rash king who silenced his more cautious advisers with "After me the deluge."

True, he died in bed, but another Bourbon Louis presently paid for the wrongs of his lineage under the sharp edge of the guillotine.

Crimes perpetrated against the workers of this country, aside from the ordinary criminal scheme of surplus value robbery, are without number. Systematic terrorism against more militant, advanced sections of the working class has been rife with a marked bearing on labor history of recent years.

That the answer of the I. W. W. to this bourgeois brutality is renewed emphasis upon our educational efforts has never been more clearly demonstrated than by the action of the imprisoned M. T. W. members at Mobile, where they are battling the ship-owners for the life of their organization on the Gulf. **The jailed fellow workers in the Mobile county jail decided to hold educational meetings every day that they are behind the bars.**

This is a spirit that cannot be broken. It is a spirit that must grow and grow until the united forces of oppression and greed wither to nothingness before the gigantic power of an industrially organized working class.

"When Winter Comes"

By JOSEPHINE ELLSWORTH

THEY were resting in a park. To be exact, Fairmont Park in Philadelphia. The husband and wife and five children. These tots ranged in age from one to eight, and their father had built a sort of wagon to push the tiniest in, whose little legs hadn't learned how to get over the road. This wagon first attracted my attention. This, and something else.

The little group were possessing a bench near which a drinking fountain gurgled upward in the morning sunlight. They were eating a loaf of bread, and washing it down with water. Really a case of bread and water diet out in the beautiful morning? The day was warm, and dew sparkled on the grass like ever so many diamonds. If bread was all they had—and it presently became plain that such was the case—at least they were not cold.

My observation point was another bench close by, and when the bread was gone the children ran down to inspect me with their solemnly curious faces. I was reading the want ads. Unable to find work as a stenographer I was scanning the lists of other trades.

When the children seemed intent upon bettering our acquaintance their father came along to round them up. Soon we were conversing. I learned that they were not residents of the city; that they had been traveling a long distance.

"How far have you come?" I wanted to know.

"Over two hundred miles now... Pretty tired; some of the roads were rough."

"Out of work there, I suppose."

"Yes. The shop closed down. We waited to see if it was going to start up again, but it didn't. Then we thought of trying other towns. Things are tight. I found a day's work on the way. That's all... But I might land something here."

This hopefully. Then he looked out across the sun-drenched park commons. But he wasn't seeing it. His mouth pressed to a thin, grim line.

"I've got to get work, we're broke now!"

While we were speaking the mother had been tiding up the children. She would wet a cloth in the fountain and summon her brood, one by one, for the unwelcome ablutions. I watched her carefully.

With all her homelessness she did not seem bitter, just very tired and very worried.

"How have you been sleeping?" I inquired.

"Well, we have a few covers folded under the wagon. It doesn't get very cold. We manage somehow..."

It was summer time.

Still, their bread was gone, and no cash to buy more. I had a dollar or two in my purse. At first they refused. Then I gave them an address.

"When you are able you can repay it."

A dollar among so many!

The man marked some places on the "Male Help Wanted" column of the paper I handed him. I had counted these advertisements. Fifty-nine in all.

And what is the population of Philadelphia?

A wife and five youngsters to think of. Homeless wanderers on the face of the earth. This is civilization.

Before he walked away on his desperate quest, leaving his family to wait in fearful suspense, a boy of four clung to him and refused to be left behind.

"Stay with Mamma, Bob, and Daddy'll be back soon. Then we'll have some cakes to eat, if you're a good boy," promised his father.

A lad of eight and a lass of seven said nothing. Theirs was the wisdom that comes early to the poor; they understood.

Two babies slept in the wagon, untroubled.

My own room rent was due. I said good bye and wishing them luck went the other way.

Could I feel rested on my bed knowing that these outcasts were bivouacked on a park bench, on cold grass with the stars over their heads and Hunger a lone sentinel?

I was powerless.

Would the charities rescue them? These poor wayfarers were afraid of the "authorities," they might separate them from their children. How I hoped that he should find work! Hopes, hopes, where food and clothing and a roof are needed!

My own search must be pressed. Through factories, in shops, and in restaurants I passed looking for the chance to earn wages. I am only one. I am alone. But the seven...

Once, while resting in a library, I read a book about poor people being forced away from their cottages so that the wool manufacturers could use the land for sheep raising. The book said there had been thousands made homeless; that the roads had been full of them.

And I was glad for one thing; that summer was with us.

Another day, in a museum, I saw a mummy all doubled up.

The card said it had been laid away in the "Embryonic Posture." Leaving the world it had been wrapped with limbs arranged just as they had been while resting within the womb...

Now, with this family on the road, homeless factory folk...

Is it a symbol? Is it a promise of change?

The sunshine was bright that day in the park; the air a caress. Seasons have passed, the days are short, hard times stay on, and the wind that used to kiss our cheeks becomes a knife to pierce the heart.



Don't Mourn, Organize!

The picture above shows a Joe Hill memorial meeting of the Stockholm Branch, Marine Transport Workers' Industrial Union No. 510 of the Industrial Workers of the World.

Joe Hillstrom was a Swede by birth, but that is merely incidental. By choice he belonged to that larger race that is rising to sweep slavery from the world. He belonged to the world of revolutionary labor, and this world sings his songs.

Beneath the top line on the right wall, partly covered by the post, the words translated read: Joe Hill's last will "Don't mourn, Organize."

Our Swedish fellow workers are heeding those words, as can be seen by this meeting, with a speaker on the platform carrying on the educational work that must always precede and accompany organization.

The American master class tried to stifle the revolutionary spirit of Joe Hill's songs when their hired assassins blew out his singing heart. The songs are on the lips of workers of all races; the message of industrial freedom is circling the globe.

Read "The Story of the Sea," By Tom Barker, Published By the I. W. W. This Book Is The Only Accurate and Comprehensive Account of the Situation Existing in the Field of Marine Transportation Since the War. The Growth of Unionism Among Seamen, the Failure of "Coffin Unionism," the Industrializing Effects of Steam Engines, Oil, Diesel Engines, and the Inadequacy of All But The Latest Model Unionism to Combat the Employers' Trust—These Things Are All Brought Out, in the Clearest and Best Written Booklet Ever Devoted to This Subject. Order From 1001 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill., or the Nearest M. T. W. Branch. Price, 25c.

EDITORIALS

By Pioneer Readers

DISCUSSION ON WASTE

By CALIFORNIA PUBLICITY MAN

"ELIMINATION of national waste" is the keynote of Secretary Hoover's annual report, published by the Department of Commerce on November 26th. In it he states: "The road to national progress lies in increasing real wages through proportionally lowered prices. The only way is to improve methods and processes and to eliminate waste."

To reduce real wages through lowered prices is to increase the profits of general manufacturers at the expense of the food producers, which is perhaps what Hoover means; to raise real wages without lowering real profits. George Wheeler Hinman, a syndicated writer on alleged economics, whose stuff is always given space on the financial pages of the Hearst papers, thinks Hoover is "filling men's minds with impossible ideas" when he writes of eliminating waste.

To this brilliant writer the national waste is all the result of reckless expenditure, mostly on the part of the workers, in this "land of plenty." Says he: "Two paperhangers came to the writer's home. They came in a handsome little roadster. How are they to be prevented from "wasting" their money on such a car, and be reduced to a flivver, or to the ordeal of walking to work Or how are the roof shinglers in the next block to be kept from wasting their money upon the flivvers parked along the curb during their eight hours of labor?"

He wants to know: "Where is the power... to compel them to hoard their labor and its wages etc." and says there is no such power, so "it can't be did" and we'll have to go on wasting even if the country goes to the merry bow-wows. Hinman's wires are crossed. The waste in consumption, the extravagant expenditures of the bulk of the American people is a myth. They cannot spend wastefully for they do not get it to spend. The national waste is in production and is due to, and inherent in, the system. Mr. Hinman is a living proof of this.

His photo, featured with his article, shows him to be well fed, well clothed, and presumably well housed, and the energy consumed in the production of his food, clothing and shelter returns to society nothing of more value than the syndicated slush with which he attempts to mislead his readers. This is an item of waste which may be multiplied by the number of such writers. But that is only a trifle.

There are in all probability six million willing workers now vainly seeking employment. Estimating the productive value of the labor power of the average worker at \$15 per day, every day of

their unemployment equals a waste of \$90,000,000. That isn't all. It is a perfectly safe estimate that one-half of the physical and mental energy expended by those employed in modern business is wasted. The labor spent in the advertising and selling of useless and even harmful commodities; the making, counting and housing of money; the recording and safeguarding, to say nothing of the quarrels over, private property; the building of war ships, war planes and production of munitions, and the feeding and equipping of armies, navies, air and police forces to protect the properties of the different groups of capitalists is all wasted as far as human society is concerned.

And that's only a part of it. The feeding, clothing and sheltering of missionaries, priests, preachers and other peddlers of bunk; of nine-tenths of the doctors, all of the lawyers and politicians, and most of the so-called teachers is all effort wasted. Like all the rest of the bourgeoisie, Hinman and Hoover both are unable to "see the woods for the trees." They see the leak at the spigot but can't see that the barrelhead is stove in.

The national waste can only be stopped by an organized working class and by them only when they take possession of the earth and the machinery of production and produce for use instead of for profit. In the meantime it is worth while for the workers to turn some attention to this question of waste. We are wasting our lives, spending our whole term, and our only term of life, piling up needless wealth for a bunch of useless parasites who haven't even the decency to appreciate the good time we are giving them.

To prevent the growth of the I.W.W. they will do anything in their power, and their power is great. They set their lawsmiths to making laws which they vainly hope will delay the day of reckoning. They establish a legal "reign of terror" with their criminal syndicalism laws and injunctions, deportations by sheriffs, hall raids by masked police, all with the intent to terrify the workers. But the workers don't terrify "worth a damn;" they go on organizing and the day is steadily approaching when the Industrial Workers of the World will tell the masters to watch their step.

On with the work, fellow workers! Educate yourselves that you may be able to enlighten your fellows and cause them to organize with you and us in a union with which we can effect our emancipation from wage slavery, free our fellow workers from the master's prisons, and by producing for our own use, eliminate not only national but international waste. In the carrying on of this work you will be making the best use of, and therefore saving the waste of, your own life.

ils." . . . "No sailors who know anything ship on er." Here is a situation that is tragic, pitiful, powerful and altogether most realistic.

"In the Zone" is a scene laid in the war zone. The shipmates of Smitty the Duke suspect him of being a German spy, because he acts suspiciously about a certain black box which he keeps hidden under his bunk mattress. (The ship is carrying ammunition.) They then decide to find out for themselves. One can imagine the reactions of these hairy apes when they discover that the box contains love letters of a girl that has thrown over Smitty. This scene ends with a silence most heart-rending, broken only by Driscoll, who out of forced bravado bellows: "Got stiffen us, are we never goin' to turn in for a wink av sleep?"

"Bound East for Cardiff" is the tragic story of a man dying, suffering from a crushed chest as a result of a fall; and his last words with his best pal, Driscoll, seemingly hard-boiled, but in this situation revealed as a typical Irishman turned sentimental.

After seeing "S. S. Glencairn" one is convinced that here is the product of a master painter of sea characters. O'Neill, since these one-act plays were written, has managed to recapture the realistic spirit for his recent plays; he has retained the cunning for giving us colorful (not colored) studies on a canvas as extensive as is his own genius. Look to O'Neill!



SCENE FROM "S. S. GLENCAIRN". YANK, SMITTY AND JEANNE BEGG, WEST INDIAN NEGRESS.

Problem of Distribution

By J. E. WIGGINS

PRODUCTION and distribution, twin foes of hunger, make possible the continuity of the human race.

Production coming first has won an incalculably greater expression of brain power for its efficient play than has been expended by the human race on the problem of apportioning the wealth produced.

Patent offices are crammed with all manner of devices to assist production; how scant the store of thought mankind spends on better modes of distribution. How little, indeed, he thinks of working out a system just to the whole race.

Increasing production under social operation of tools, we find workers in a more subjugated state than previously, with unemployment and all manner of misery abounding, and with the few controlling life's necessities in a savage, criminal way.

Under a just arrangement of distribution increase of production would mean a better life in every way for all. So long as a corrupt system of distri-

bution exists we shall have a world of miserable poor and criminal rich, while development of science is retarded in the unhealthy air of slavery, ignorance flourishing.

Discovering and practising just distribution means a quickening of all branches of knowledge, giving humankind opportunities for advancing hitherto undreamed; approximated only by the seers of all ages. Lacking this opportunity we live in a state of ignorance, which entails destruction of those things finest for man. Crime, wretchedness, want—these are ours while ignorance prevails on every side, the parent of degradation. Intelligence manifested for construction enters when ignorance making for destruction goes out. Ignorance breeds evil offspring fast; to tear down and to stifle is easier than to build. Mankind's unhampered creative intelligence can bloom only in the sunflood of economic emancipation.



—Photo by Nicholas Muray, New York.

EXTOLLING the genius of Eugene O'Neill has become a common practice here in the East. If you in the West have witnessed "The Hairy Ape" and "Anna Christie" you can easily understand why.

And now comes along another O'Neill production of four of his first one-act plays, grouped together, the action of which is well-sequenced and made into a full-length play. Under the title of "S. S. Glencairn" are produced four powerful episodes depicting the lives and actions of those who sail the sea.

These early contributions to the scarce and uninspired American drama were undoubtedly the forerunner of O'Neill's genius as affecting the theatre today. What is more interesting to relate, the works of O'Neill are successful from a financial standpoint. Theatrical managers are eager to produce his plays now, where before, in his early days when inspiration was coupled with hunger, he was not to be favored.

The first part of this review was taken up for the most part with the person of O'Neill. The following must not be forgotten: the organization responsible for first introducing to the public the works of O'Neill must come in for a bit of praise. It is hard to make a fair distinction as to which most credit should be given: the Provincetown Players, or O'Neill himself. Honors are about evenly divided: the Provincetown Players made O'Neill; O'Neill made the Provincetown Players.

The little Provincetown Playhouse in the heart of Greenwich Village, New York, is conducted as a

The Emperor O'Neill



By BOB ROBBINS
(An Appreciation)



The writer of "The Hairy Ape" creates real characters. This, in an age when drama reeks of sham and counterfeit, is enough to recommend his work to our attention.

repertory theatre. Those attending the plays given here are known as subscribers.

The "S. S. Glencairn" cycle consists of "The Moon of the Caribbees," "The Long Voyage Home," "In the Zone," and "Bound East for Cardiff." The first shows the reactions of these "sailor fellers" to drink and women, West Indian negroes in this case. It concerns also Smitty the Duke, as he is called by the men. He accepts drink but draws the line on the women, drinking, as he says, "to stop thinking," but never thinking to stop drinking. Smitty is troubled with "memories." He is disturbed by music. A donkeyman suspects that Smitty is brooding over a girl, and lets him know that the best way to treat women is to give them a "whack on the ear that will learn 'em." Gentlemen don't hit women, Smitty replies to that. "No, that's why they has mem'ries when they hears music," the donkeyman very sagely remarks.

"The Long Voyage Home" is a true picture of the old sailing-days, when crimps were thicker than flies on fly-paper. The action takes place in an old-time (hurrah for Prohibition!) low type saloon, into which place comes Olson the Swede, although pledged not to drink. He has saved money enough to go home. When he drinks heavily, he says, it all goes. Not this time though—he's going home! Olson is inveigled into taking just one drink, by one of the harlots attached to the saloon, into which are mixed some knockout drops. After which Olson is carried off unconscious, a victim of crimps, and destined to become a part of a ship which is notorious for "rotten grub, where dey make you work all time—and the Captain and Mate was Bluenose Dev-

there are men who are not honest? Who should know better than the mayor? His instruction leaves us no other inference to draw.

O'Banion was the most powerful gang leader in Chicago, yet he never served a day in prison for anything more serious than petty larceny.

Contrast: In 1923, members of the Marine Transport Workers' Union No. 510 of the I. W. W. were arrested for holding a street meeting in South Chicago.

At one time O'Banion and five others were caught red-handed standing beside a safe in the offices of the Chicago Typographical Union. The safe held \$30,000 and a charge of nitro-glycerine was in its door. The six yeggs were standing in a corner with guns in their hands. One of the six was Charles Reiser, who has won the sobriquet, "King of Safe-Blowers."

They were not convicted.

"Be sure the men you pick are honest."

Once, so the police say, there were four active beer distributing agencies in Chicago, all controlled by gunmen. Also, that twenty-nine breweries were in constant operation. Pitched battles would be fought; bodies would be found on the outskirts of the city.

"Beer runners' battle," the police would say, and forget all about it.

In California men are railroaded to jail for being members of a labor union.

O'Banion and twenty-eight others were once trapped in a raid on a brewery. None were ever convicted, although motor trucks valued at \$100,000 were loaded with real beer at a platform and ready to be driven off.

The trucks were seized.

"Be sure the men you pick are honest."

Innocent Men Jailed

In the penitentiary at Walla Walla, Washington, eight men are serving what amounts practically to a life sentence. Beer runners? Gunmen? Safe-crackers? Murderers? None of these. They are held for defending their union hall against an attack of organized hoodlums, intent on doing the work of the lumber trust.

"For ways that are dark . . ."

The Mayor of Chicago orders the Chief of Police to clean up the city. But what else is the chief paid for?

"Be sure the men you pick are honest."

Dean O'Banion is dead, slain by an unknown (?) hand for some unknown (?) reasons.

A Similar Incident.

The case is not unparalleled. Memory goes back a few years to a similar case occurring in New York City. Herman Rosenthal was shot dead in a public thoroughfare. Four men were electrocuted, including a "Lefty Louis," a "Gyp the Blood" and Police Lieutenant Becker of the New York police force.

Herman Rosenthal was ready to "squeal." Was Dion O'Banion?

"Be sure the men you pick are honest."

Lynching Union Men

Frank Little, member of the Mine Workers' Union of the I. W. W., was dragged behind an automobile, although a cripple, and lynched. But not by "heathen Chinese," either, but by the blood-stained lackeys of King Copper in Butte, Montana.

Wesley Everest was lynched by hanging from a railroad trestle in the U. S. A., to be exact, at Centralia, Washington. He was a union man defending his union hall. He belonged to the I. W. W. Before he was hanged a doctor unsexed him. This was done in an automobile filled with the elite of Main Street.

Mooney and Billings, both active union men, are serving life sentences for their alleged part in dynamiting during a "Preparedness Day" parade at San Francisco in 1916, in spite of the fact that witnesses against them have been proved perjurers, and in spite of a photograph showing Mooney in another part of the town at the time of the explosion. The photograph caught a large clock in its focus. Still these men stay in prison.

"For ways that are dark . . ."

"Heathen Chinese" Maligned

No, dear reader, I don't think the "heathen Chinese" is unbeatable. The forces of darkness, exploitation, greed and administration have him beaten to a frazzle.

Captain Walter Bryant, night police captain of the Minneapolis headquarters is suspended for ten days "for conduct unbecoming a police officer." He is connected with Detective Fattico in the selling of Liberty Bonds amounting to \$950. Furthermore, he is accused of "burying a telegram" and making an unnecessary trip to Los Angeles at public expense.

"Be sure the men you pick are honest . . ."

At Fargo, North Dakota, when the harvest season opened, men were allowed to stay in town only two days, or be arrested for vagrancy.

In the workhouse at Minneapolis nine-tenths of the inmates are making "moon."

"For ways that are dark . . ."

During strikes the I. W. W. "dried" several towns.

Draw your own conclusions.

SOME TIMBER!

A kauri tree has recently been discovered in the New Zealand bush which rises to a height of seventy-five feet to the first branch and measures twenty-two feet in diameter or about sixty-six feet in girth. It is estimated to contain more than 195,000 superficial feet of timber.



Heathen "Chinee" and Christian American

BY EDWARD LLOYD

Note: All references to Dean O'Banion are taken from the Chicago Herald and Examiner, of Sunday, November 23rd, 1924.

THERE is an old adage—the exact wording of which I forget—having reference to the customs and manners of the Chinamen. It starts something like this: "For ways that are dark, etc.," and winds up by saying that no one can beat the "Heathen Chinese."

Perhaps they do seem inscrutable to occidental intelligence; they evince fewer tale-bearing traits; they display a finer racial solidarity. So we have viewed them in the light of the strange, the mysterious.

Perhaps, too, they are hard to beat; their knowledge has been passing through centuries, slowly, seemingly changeless, yet accumulating. It may be that they are more canny than the whites.

However, while it is fresh in the public mind, let us take a case in point to prove that by recent exposures here in America, one is led to believe that the Chinamen are beatable "for ways that are dark."

Kings of Crime.

Dean (Dion) O'Banion, slain "Bootleg King" of Chicago, had an amazing career that furnishes an uncomplimentary, not to say damning, commentary on the enforcement of local, state and federal liquor laws in every village, town and city of this coun-

try since the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Three days before he was murdered, O'Banion gave a party at one of the leading Chicago hotels. This soiree is now known as "The Bootleggers' Ball." A photograph of this affair shows O'Banion surrounded by his satellites, who are described as "gunmen and labor leaders."

Wanted: Honest Police

This man's murder caused Mayor Dever to order the Chief Collins drive. "Drive them out, or put them behind bars... What I want you to do is to pick a select squad of twelve, fifteen, or twenty men... Be sure the men you pick are honest."

Is it possible that among "Chicago's Finest"

How Negro Soldiers Saved Teddy

(A LETTER)

VERN Smith, Editor, Industrial Pioneer: Your very interesting and instructive article on the present day negro slavery causes me to relate an incident in the career of the late Teddy Roosevelt.

Great praise and credit have been given Roosevelt for the spectacular dash he ordered at San Juan Hill during the Spanish American War. However, were it not for the negro regiment rushing across a dangerous field to his rescue the result, we are told, would have been different.

A regular soldier from this town by the name of Larson, whom we have known for many years, said to the writer that he stood near his officer who was engaged in the conflict and heard him exclaim on viewing his position: "He got in where he had no business to get in. Now, damn him, let him get out!"

The information received from Larson, whom I consider very reliable, is that the negro soldiers rescued Roosevelt's position at great risk and some loss of life.

Yes, the black man makes a good comrade in war time as we have found on other occasions. **The I. W. W. is right in considering him as a comrade in the labor struggle. It is evident we capitalists will make good use of him as a scab if you throw him aside and fail to educate him along class conscious lines.**

We find the Farmers' Union movement is entirely concerned with the farmers' prosperity in Kansas, and has failed to realize the problem is a social labor problem for all industry. We read the Kansas Union, farmer paper, and have written a couple of small articles for it, and I find they are concerned only for "Us farmers".

They do not realize that industrial and farm labor must rise and fall together. Should either field become much more favorable for the worker it will draw from the other until they equalize. Then, too, we have the rich farmer and the poor farmer, or the capitalist farmer and the labor or renter farmer, with opposite interests to a certain extent. No sooner does a farmer reach the point that he hires one assistant than he complains of high wages. We recall that shortly after ex-Governor Allen secured the famous Kansas Industrial Law, making it a crime for miners or others engaged in so-called "essential industries" to strike and interfere with production, the wheat growers called a convention to establish a price on wheat and refuse to sell unless they received two dollars a bushel.

In other words it was a crime to raise the price of coal in cold weather by refusing to work for a low wage, but perfectly all right to join together and raise the price of bread. "Consistency, thou art a jewel!"

But I have digressed. I wanted to finish by telling of Roosevelt and the late Senator J. R. Burton of Kansas. Shortly after the Spanish American War it was proposed in Congress that the tariff on raw sugar be set aside between Cuba and this country in order to aid the depleted sugar plantations of Cuba. Senator Burton refused to support the measure on the ground that it would not help the planters of Cuba but the sugar trust of America. Also, that it would lower the price of sugar beets in Western Kansas.

Roosevelt secured the conviction of Burton in St. Louis, Mo. of the crime of using his official power in preventing justice being done to a get-rich-quick grain concern called the Rialto Grain Company. However, the government case against the company failed, and Burton openly charged Roosevelt with bribing the court by securing the release of the trial judge's son from a charge of embezzlement. Burton also claimed that Douglas Robinson, Roosevelt's brother-in-law, was made vice president of the sugar trust and that the sugar trust cleaned up forty million dollars in the deal.

But this is muckraking, and both Roosevelt and Burton have gone to the happy hunting ground where bribery can not influence the judge.

W. H. Sikes, Leonardville, Kansas.

PHYSIOLOGICAL REACTION AND THE CLASS WAR

(Continued from page 21.)

in this light it can be applied to the class struggle in dealing with the masters of industry.

Nature has furnished the stomach with means of revolution to combat abuses, and in another way she has given man a means of fighting the oppressions of an industrial master. This weapon is the mind, and when used is most effective.

The working class is now suffering under the tyranny of a capitalist regime. The worker produces everything, not for himself but for a master; he leads a life of hellish poverty; he is exploited for the benefit of a few; he is overworked, thus bringing on ill-health and premature death.

The stomach is a natural fighter, but in the case of man as an individual there are many exceptions to this. He does not resent the oppression of a master but submits to his will. The worker in the industrial world should follow the example of nature and crush the enemy, i. e., the capitalist class.

This world of ours can only be improved when man will use the power of his mind and sweep the world with the lava of social revolution. Doing this he can convert the earth into a paradise for the working class.

The South's Wild Animal Show

(Continued from page 18.)

ing from past performances of missionaries we do not think the sadist-system of prison procedure is to be reformed by messengers of peace. Like the whole chain of evils inherent in this capitalism, more is needed to cause a change. It will come, not white and stainless, nor with soft purrings of the goody-goodies, nor with protests of comfortable reformers. No, the ulcer is too deep for that kind of salve. The change is promised by Giovannitti's "Red-winged archangel of the devil."

Conclusion

Last year Frank Tannenbaum made a survey of southern prison camps. In the above account little enough is said of the women prisoners. Tannenbaum learned that some wardens forced the women to stand before them stripped of all clothing; to bathe in the same filthy water, one after another. He found that babies are born in prisons. Their natural fathers are the guards, "and others." The women, like the men, are driven to exhaustion under the lashes of cat-o'-nine-tails, water hose and vile oaths.

The male prisoners are shackled by the ankles on being received. Later they are again chained to a cross chain that holds a number of prisoners in a line. A kind of hellish centipede. Even at night this common chain is secured, and the men lie in their pallets as best they can. Usually the roof leaks. In summer they are nearly roasted.

There is a mainspring for all of this brutality. Convict labor is exploited by private concerns; the cheaper a prisoner can be kept, the more profits are derived. If he dies it is of no consequence—the system keeps a steady supply flowing in.

In one place where weevils swarmed in the peas the men were forced to eat them, or starve outright, so collards were introduced instead. Complaints were heard.

"You ought not complain," said the guards. "You are getting more meat (worms) in the collards." Humor will have its little jest.

Tannenbaum found twelve men sleeping in a caged space 8x8x15. In another cage twenty-two were held in a cage 8x8x20. The bunks were two feet wide. As there were only eighteen of them it follows that eight men were obliged to double up. What fraternity of flesh and chains!

How many die from exposure, improper food, the whipping post and clubs of guards? Who knows? How many go mad? Martin Tabert was one who died, beaten to death. Without doubt there have been others. Some prisoners have no relatives, no friends. They die and are buried in the woods. Nothing more simple.

Where prisoners are worked in the coal mines, as in Alabama, there is a death rate from accidents that fairly takes one's breath away. It does take the victim's breath, summarily.

The first treatment of this chain-gang horror should aim at the abolition of the private contract features by which the degradation and dehumanization of prisoners is a source of private wealth. The next must recognize the necessity of segregation. At this time sick and healthy of body and mind are herded together. The murderer, a vicious product of the system, is shackled next to a boy convicted of riding freight trains.

Of course I do not expect to see any widespread reform of prisons, or the rehabilitation of prisoners who really need it, so long as the present industrial disorder holds sway. The future belongs to the workers, and in the future they will be obliged to clean up more than one mess of capitalistic vomit.

In a territory that has its thousands of little children slaving in cotton mills, and where the most relished outdoor sport seems to be "nigger-baiting" with no closed seasons, it is not reasonable to look for any reforms of the prison system except by one force. This is the same force that can save humanity from the industrial chaos into which it is rushing full speed.

Industrial organization of the workers alone can halt the rapacity of the ruling class. The profits sweated from chain-gang slaves and the surplus value extracted from wage labor are one and the same thing. There is simply a difference of degree. Big business gets the cream. The workers take skim milk.

A NEW GOLD RUSH?

There are times of the day when it is an heroic act to board New York subway trains. During a rush hour a young man sprinted across the platform only to have the doors shut in his face. He was not to be left, however, and with much agility swung onto the rear end of the departing train.

It is unlawful to ride outside in such hobo fashion. At the next station a policeman was on hand to arrest him. The young man told the judge that he was so impetuous because missing that particular train meant being late for work.

"I might get fired," he lamented.

I was wondering what sort of sinecure could impel risk of life or arrest by such a bit of daring. The judge was wondering also.

"What do you work at?" asked Hizzoner.

"I'm a dishwasher in Childs," was the eager reply.

under the domination of Granville, who took to himself the title of Baron, and defended them from battle, as the knights of the middle ages defended the peasants from robbers, in order to rob them themselves.

Tuttle rediscovered the art of making synthetic food, and the serfs of Granville were suffering indigestion from eating exclusively canned goods. So capitalism started with Tuttle as capitalist. The bargain by which Tuttle and Granville divided the power is a wonderful materialistic interpretation of modern capitalism:

"What price?" asked Granville, promptly.

"Now you people have got to understand," said Tuttle, "that you've got to have these tablets, or you die. Most of your cans will bust when freezing-time comes, and then where will you be?"

"Tell me your price," said Granville.

"You can go on for awhile," continued Tuttle, implacably. "You'll fight me off, but you'll get sicker and sicker, and in the end, to save your lives you'll have to come across."

"It is really a wonderful work that you have done, Mr. Tuttle," said the Baron, tactfully. "You may be sure that the word 'Mr.' was not overlooked by the Head-butler, who never before had been thus addressed."

"I know it's a wonderful work," he said, complacently.

"You have conferred a benefit upon humanity, one which will forever make your name illustrious. That must be a source of gratification to you."

"I'm gratified, all right," said the Head-butler, his little pig's eyes twinkling.

"And surely you will not be too hard in your requirements—will not wish to withhold from your fellow men the benefit of such vital knowledge. You will be generous . . ."

Said Tuttle: "Now look-a-here, Mr. Granville . . ."

"Baron," corrected the other.

"Now look-a-here, don't you try to come any such game as that over me! I'm a business man! You see?"

"A business man?" said Granville, taken aback for a moment.

"A business man, and I ain't in business for my health. We ain't goin' to have no philanthropy talk in this deal—and you might just as well save your breath, for it won't do no good."

"Ahem," said the other, controlling his anger—as one must when dealing with business men. "State your terms, Mr. Tuttle."

The other edged a jot nearer, and turned to see that the door was closed. "Now listen, he said, 'there's no reason why you and me should quarrel. We are the only people in this crowd that are fit for anything. Why shouldn't we stand together, and make the rest work for us?'"

"I am sure, Mr. Tuttle, I am perfectly willing to consider a proposition. I have no hard feelings towards you."

"All right," said Tuttle—"then let's get down to business. I started to make these people work for me, and they wouldn't do it. Maybe I was a little harsh about it. I'm willing to admit that—I was drunk at the time, and a man isn't exactly what he ought to be when he's drunk."

"You understand?"

"Perfectly," said Granville, with a smile.

"Well, they got away from me, and I ain't tried to get them back. I saw it would mean a fight, and maybe I'd get hurt, and what was the use? But now you've got to obeyin' you, an' everything goin' nice. You've got a government—a sort of a . . ."

"A feudal society," put in the other.

"I don't know anything about that feudal society, but I know what business is, and this looks to me like a good thing. Now you go in with me a table every two hours, and the rest of 'em and we'll make 'em pay. See?"

Granville had become more cordial. "An excellent scheme, Mr. Tuttle. But understand, of course, I have to have some of the tablets also."

"Sure," said Tuttle. "That's what I'm talking about." He drew his chair closer, and began to tap with his finger upon Granville's knee. "This is the way I figure it out. These people have to have a table every two hours. That's eight of 'em every day, allowin' for eight hours' sleep. I don't see that there's any need of their sleepin' that long, but we'll let it go for the present. The point is, we'll give them eight tablets for sixteen hours' work, and that'll be their wages."

"I see," said Granville.

"That'll keep 'em going, and there's no reason why they shouldn't get along and be contented. They don't need nothin' but food; they can go out and get their clothes for nothin' . . ."

"They won't have much time to go out," suggested the Baron—"if they have to work sixteen hours a day."

"Well," said Tuttle, "they can wear the clothes that

they've got for the present, and we'll consider the rest bye and bye. The point is, we'll make them the proposition to give them a table every time they work two hours—whatever kind of work we'll let 'em to do."

"But where do I come in?" asked Granville.

"You?" said Tuttle. "Why, you'll be the boss . . ."

"Hah!" corrected Granville.

"Well, Baron. Naturally, being a nobleman, you wouldn't be expectin' to work. My idea is that you and I ought to be able to get along comfortable on the work of the other four, and if you'll manage 'em, and see that they do what they're told—why, that's an important service, and naturally I'd expect to pay you for it."

"And the pay will be?" inquired Granville.

"Why, you'll get your eight tablets a day for the job of bossin' . . ."

"Governing, we call it," corrected the Baron.

"Well, governing. You'll get your eight tablets every day, and you'll be able to live like a gentleman, the same as me."

There was a pause while Granville considered the proposition. The other was watching him anxiously. "It seems to me that's a fair offer," Tuttle argued. "It's really exactly the same as it used to be in the old world. You're the politician, the man that governs—and I'm the business man, the one that owns things. The rest of 'em, they're the ones that do the work. We'll be able to live fairly decent—we can have the place kept clean and comfortable, and somebody to wait on us when we're tired; and if any of 'em make a fuss, or don't do their work right, why all we have to do is to fire 'em, and they don't get their tablets, and then they get sick. From all I can see, it's a proposition you can't get away from."

And Granville rose, with his most genial smile, and stretched out his hand to the Head-butler. "Mr. Tuttle," he said, "you're a genius! You are what, in the old days, we used to call a man of affairs, a great industrial pioneer. I congratulate you upon the plan which you have evolved, and upon the lucidity with which you have stated it. After listening to you, I feel myself many centuries more advanced in the school of human progress. I become a new kind of nobleman, a modern nobleman. The days of Capitalism have begun!"

So capitalism was duly established, and they gave the Lord Bishop of Harlem eight food tablets free on Sunday in return for his preaching a sermon to the rest of the population on the texts:

"To order myself humbly and lowly toward all my betters," and "Servants, obey your masters," and

"To be respectful to those to whom God in his infinite wisdom has entrusted the care of the property interests of the country."

Mrs. Lumley-Gotham discovered that once capitalism is functioning, inventors get cheated out of their labors. She discovered a way to make the food tablets by machinery and was served with an injunction, had a law suit filed against her and was forced to sell her invention to the capitalist for a song.

After this Mrs. Lumley-Gotham was accused of stealing food tablets, and de Puyster, the former society reporter, was created a labor spy to catch her.

Shortly after this the I. W. W. is reborn. (Presumably all the Wobs but Billy had been killed in the atomic explosion.) To quote again:

The former social leader, Mrs. Viviana Athelstan de Smithkins Lumley-Gotham, brought forward a new idea—that of revolutionary industrial unionism.

"We have worked for the capitalist," said the speaker, "and we have produced wealth—much wealth. But this wealth belongs to him, and not to us. We produce it, but now we are turned out to starve, while he riots in luxury and fattens in slothful ease. Let us put an end to this diabolical system, whereby we are deprived of the product of our labor! Let us organize, fellow workers; let us make a common cause against this enemy! No matter what may be the nature of our work, whether we have charge of the fuel supply, whether we stir the kettles, or transport the raw materials of the food-tablets, let the whole labor-force which has to do with this work, organize itself into one big union! Let us vote together and strike together, let us proclaim the supremacy of the working class and the end of exploitation!"

Mrs. Lumley-Gotham had risen to a great height of eloquence. "Workingmen of all countries unite!" she

The Millennium

BOOK REVIEW By CARD No. 794514

IT IS with the greatest satisfaction that we pick up one of Upton Sinclair's latest books which is too good and too merry for us to disagree much with. Sinclair has been so friendly and well disposed towards the I. W. W., and has understood the I. W. W. so badly, on the whole, that a good Wob naturally regards each new production of his with mingled feelings of glee and shame.

But "The Millennium" is not like "Singing Jailbirds." It is as light and happy as "Singing Jailbirds" is grim and confused. It is not quite a play though it sounds like one, and not quite a novel, though it is written like one. And it is not about any Utopia, though it is called "The Millennium."

In this connection, the author's foreword is very illuminating:

This little farce comedy of the future was originally a four-act drama. It was written seventeen years ago, immediately after the Helicon Hall fire, as a means of diverting the writer's mind from thoughts of that tragic event. The play was accepted for production by David Belasco, but years of delay took place, and finally the manuscript was submitted to other managers, and in the course of time all copies were lost. If this should come to the eye of anyone having a copy, the writer will be glad to hear from him.

The present version had been sketched out for an editor friend who wanted to publish the story as a serial. Readers of an observant turn of mind will detect the outlines of the play. Act I was laid in the Roof Garden of the Pleasure Palace; Act II in the Entrance Hall at the foot of the ninety-nine flights of stairs; Act III in the kitchen of the Consolidated Hotel; Act IV at the Country Estate of the Lumley-Gothams. New material, not in the play, was supplied between the last two acts.

In the first act there were few workers present, and in the last act there is nothing else but. In between, what is left of mankind goes through the various stages of primitive communism, slavery, feudalism and capitalism.

We say "what is left of mankind," for Sinclair makes his problem simpler and achieves some of the dramatic unities by having a desperate inventor wipe out all humanity with an atomic explosion—all but a small group who are in an aeroplane above the range of the destructive atomic rays.

This group comprised the captain of the aeroplane, whose name is Billy Kingdon and who is a revolutionist and also is in love with Helen the wife of the secretary of state; Helen, herself, quite a sensible person; Granville, the secretary of state, a heartless, decadent sort of a fellow, but very able and now the real ruler of capitalism; Mr. Lumley-Gotham, the chief capitalist, a John D. Rockefeller like man, tired, scared, and dyspeptic; Mrs. Lumley-Gotham, a sort of ladylike Mrs. Jiggs; Eloise, her daughter; de Puyster, society reporter; Reggie, the poet of the Lumley-Gothams; His Grace, the Lord Bishop of Harlem, very well connected with the official bootleggers; Sarita, an heiress, very ugly; Tuttle, the head butler, a straw boss in the Lumley-Gotham establishment.

When they came back to earth they found themselves 100 stories above its surface on the top of



the Lumley-Gotham pleasure palace, with everybody else in the world dead, and nothing to do but walk down the stairs, the first real work any of them but Billy had ever performed.

Having arrived at the bottom, and realized the full extent of the catastrophe, Tuttle and Granville got drunk; Billy seized Helen and declared she was his wife hereafter, and the whole gang went to live in the Consolidated Hotel "which occupies Broadway from 34th to 42nd streets."

The parasites were in a pitiful plight:

Some of them were cold and wanted blankets; but they realized that there were three flights of stairs to be ascended to the nearest bedrooms. The Lord Bishop wanted a drink; but the automatic bootlegging apparatus would no longer work, and it was a quarter of a mile to the nearest drug store. The pantries of the hotel were far in the basement, and it took quite a search on Billy's part before the simple meal could be got ready. This once, he said, he and Helen would carry the food for the rest; but thereafter they would have to do their own foraging.

So, after a few days of agonizing and lamenting, one might have seen these fastidious members of the best society camping out in the servants' rooms below stairs, handy to the storerooms and the kitchen. In the last-named place the wonderful electric cooking apparatus was useless; but Billy found an old stove in an antique shop, and this he set up so that they need no longer live upon cold food. Fortunately there was still running water, and food enough in the store-rooms of the Amalgamated Groceries company to have fed them for thousands of years. There were inexhaustible supplies of clothing; the only drawback was that whatever one wanted, one had to go and hunt for it.

The dishes, for instance: when a dozen people sat down to a meal, it was incredible how many soiled dishes were left! They tried the plan of throwing them away; but the mere labor of throwing them was a burden, and pretty soon all the passages about the kitchen were filled up with piles of broken dishes. And there was Helen Granville, going about everywhere lynx-eyed and tireless, making rules and insisting that everyone should obey them; and Billy Kingdon, hacking her up with the threat that anyone who refused to obey would be driven out into the cold world to shift for himself!

Soon there was a violent split. The Bishop, the husband of Helen, Granville, Mrs. Lumley-Gotham and Eloise still opposed the transfer of husbands by Helen. So Billy and Helen and Sarita went away to another part of the State of New York and started a cooperative commonwealth.

Those that were left quarreled horribly, and finally became slaves to Tuttle, all but Granville who became a hermit.

All his life Tuttle had been a menial, cringing and obeying the orders of others. Now he was the strongest man in the crowd, and everybody else was afraid of him. From the time he made this discovery he became a brutal tyrant, and the rest were helpless.

Finally Reggie and Eloise escaped and took to farming somewhere in the country. The rest fell

California

AS SEEN BY A WORKER

CALIFORNIA, the land of sunshine, sunflowers and native sons; described by its boosters as the land of heavily laden grape vines, golden orange groves, sunny bathing beaches and Hollywood bathing beauties, has other claims to fame that its boosters sing not of. Recently it has gained some undesirable celebrity as the home of the hoof-and-mouth disease, and pneumonic—or bubonic—plague, while black small-pox even now stalks widely within its borders. Its cities are filled with stranded tourists while on its roads may be seen human derelicts sunk to the most pitiful state of destitution possible of conception.

As the boosters tell it, California is one immense garden, seven hundred miles long and two hundred wide. A glance at a topographical map will show it to be a vast sea of mountains with less than one third of its area amenable to intensive cultivation. When one reads the glowing advertisements put out by the real-estate sharks one visions a rose bordered paradise, flowing with milk and honey, where all enjoy health and wealth unlimited, and a happiness unmarred by a single sordid thought. "Far-away fields look green," but a closeup reveals that while health, wealth and happiness can be found in this land of earthquakes they are so swamped in the flood of poverty, misery, and degradation as to cause a shock upon their discovery.

Yet, 'tis a paradise—a bourgeois paradise—where purse-proud parvenus—"beggars on horseback"—brazenly flaunt their wealth in the faces of the starving horde of cringing slaves from whom they stole it; where the "best people" can point proudly back to a long line of ancestry, to the founders of their family, who came in covered wagons to this state nearly three generations ago and who, after the manner of all wagon-tramps, annexed everything that lay around unattached. They are descendants of the first band of land-pirates who looted the public domains and grabbed all the natural resources of this much advertised "golden" state.

"Living" on Climate

Pioneers, they call them, those wagon tramps, and many are the eulogies that have been written and unloaded on a long-suffering public, telling of their far-sightedness, ability and business acumen. Their keenness of foresight showed them that thousands would flock into this state when the mildness of its climate became generally known, and their greed inspired them to appropriate and monopolize all land, water, mineral and forest wealth, so that later comers who would enjoy this salubrious climate, could do so only on condition of paying tribute to them. Their foresight has been rewarded. They, or their progeny, now wallow in luxury and dissipation while the great bulk of California's population starve and sweat to fill their coffers.

It is the business of every worker to know that this wealth was stolen; to rid himself of all foolish notions that it was acquired by honest effort; and to devise ways and means to recover the stolen property is the problem that confronts him. To give a detailed account of the wholesale theft of California land and resources would require a book of encyclopedic proportions. One single instance of a timber steal, and of the system of peonage that

has been built upon it will be all that space will allow.

California, it must be remembered, possessed wonderful forests of white pine, sugar pine and redwood; the last named, a product peculiar to the state, is found on the Coast range of mountains in a narrow strip a couple of hundred miles in length and comprising some two thousand square miles, estimated to contain some eighty billion board feet of lumber. The white and sugar pines, with other marketable woods, are found on the western slopes of the Sierra Nevadas from the edge of the southern deserts to the point where the state line leaves the mountains and runs due north to the Oregon line.

Timber Monopoly

North of this point the timber is found on both sides of the Sierras—a fact which was not overlooked when the state boundaries were mapped out. In the northern counties the Sierras, the Coast range and the Siskiyou meet together in a perfect jumble of mountains all more or less timber-covered, some heavily so. Altogether there are about 260,000,000,000 feet, board measure, of timber in the state, 200 billions of which are privately owned by about thirty-nine corporations dominated by eight families.

The most powerful of these families is that of T. B. Walker and his five sons—the baronial lords of Lassen county—who own 400,000 acres of land in that county alone and whose timber holdings stretch over five other counties in California, not to mention their properties in Minnesota and other states. In Lassen county the Walker family reigns supreme. Its officials are their paid servants, its road, bridge, and other funds are expended only as suits the Walker interests. The fish, game and sanitary laws of the state are complied with or ignored as suits those same interests, while the

proclaimed. "You have nothing to lose but your chains, you have a world to gain!"

Needless to say, the report of this meeting brought consternation to the propertied classes. The government set on foot an investigation at once; but the action was too late, for already the agitators had succeeded in inflaming the workers beyond the point where they could be controlled. The work of organizing the union was quickly completed, and the leaders proceeded at once to declare a strike. To the consternation of the Governor-general the announcement was made that they refused to have anything to do with him, but would treat only with the president of the Amalgamated Food-Tablets Companies, Ltd. Their demand was for an eight-hour day and a minimum wage of eight food tablets for every twenty-four hours, including Sundays. They declared that their strike would continue until these demands were granted; and to the amazement of the authorities they proceeded up and down the corridors of the Consolidated Hotel, cheering madly and singing the Internationale, the Marseillaise and other revolutionary songs of the old era. Also—a still more dreadful sign—they were waving aloft a blood-red banner, bearing three letters which brought terror to the hearts of all defenders of law and order—I. W. W.

The first strike was broken by Lumley-Gotham who acted as scab, and by organized violence on the part of the ruling caste. The next strike was in the nature of an attempt to seize the means of subsistence, and hold and operate them in common. The particular part of the world these rebels tried to seize happened to be that part already dedicated to the co-operative commonwealth by Billy Kingdon, Helen and Sarita, so both factions joined forces and settled down to enjoy life. Eloise and

Reggie came in too, and the second generation began to grow up. Eventually Granville was induced to throw in his lot with them. As for Tuttle, an exploration party from the co-operative commonwealth—

... found the president of the Amalgamated Food-Tablets Companies, Ltd., lying in the hallway in front of the entrance to the food-machinery room. They saw his form stretched out, and stood some distance off and hailed him, but he did not answer. At last, Billy made a cautious approach and bent over him; one glance at his form—reduced almost to the conditions of a skeleton—told the dreadful story. The last capitalist had starved to death. He had been too lazy to work, so he had perished; and with him perished his system—and the Co-Operative Commonwealth reigned forever after!

* * *

Of course the co-operative commonwealth isn't going to be achieved in this manner. But as a sarcastic, farcical burlesque of capitalism, "The Millennium" can't be beat. Every rebel ought to read it. As far as that goes, every revolutionist ought to read everything that Upton Sinclair writes. Even when he's wrong, he's good.

* * *

THE MILLENNIUM, by Upton Sinclair, published by Haldeman-Julius Co., Girard, Kansas, "Little Blue Book Series" Nos. 590-593. Price for three volumes, 15c.



North Plymouth

By MARY HOPE

THE words pop from them like hot chestnuts leaping from a fire. . . .

Dark women whose garments will not shed the flaming colors of a foreign sun and fields of red and gold.

Pepino and Rosa run by their side to the fish market, a little walk from their houses, set like white birds in a climbing hill nest.

"You know Vanzetti?" I ask.

Who doesn't know saints and martyrs?

There is an entanglement of sorrow and anger in the coarse spinning of their words, the "Engleesh" which seems to be a verbal conspiracy against the easy music of their Italian. But they have something to say which will not remain silent.

So they told me that before his arrest Vanzetti was a fisherman. On December 24, 1919, he came to their houses with a special allotment of eels. Always on Christmas the Italians include eels in their motley of delicacies. . . . The women remember, for there was only one fisherman and that was Vanzetti, and eels form a specially relished portion of their Christmas feast.

Yet this was the time of day Vanzetti was sup-

posed to have robbed a certain individual at the point of a dangerous weapon on December 24, 1919, at Bridgewater, Mass.

One after another they had filed into the courtroom and told the jury that the truth was that when Vanzetti was supposed to be robbing a man he was actually selling them eels for their Christmas meal. . . .

In spite of which a verdict of guilty was rendered. . . . A 15-year sentence. . . . One of the unjust weights which, perhaps, balanced the verdict of his second trial with Nicola Sacco. . . .

Their story told to me on the way to the fish market, they search my face for astonishment, and listen for the accent of protest in my voice.

"I know," I say, "that is why men and women all over the world are working for Vanzetti's liberation. There are still people living to whom justice is not a mere word."

Climbing the hill to their homes these women, who can scarcely write their names, ponder over the lesson America has given them in elementary justice.

services are appreciated at their true value.

The I. W. W. has made great gains in California and many men are now in prison whose activities have made possible those gains. To hold what we have we must still further enlarge and strengthen our organization. The northern lumber camps are the enemy's strongholds. Unorganized they supply the master with the means to oppress and imprison us. Organized they become the means by which we shall

free the prisoners and further our own freedom. Let us then concentrate on these strongholds, break down this peon system, and organize and educate our fellow workers so that they, with us, may be able to effect our emancipation from wage slavery. Then we shall be able to make of California the land of health, wealth, and happiness for the workers, instead of what it is now—a paradise for the shirkers.



The Messenger at the Gate

By VERA MÖLLER

My friend, oh my friend, whom they
falsely condemned . . .

Come, let me forget that his fate
Shall be death by the lions . . . What
is it you say?

A messenger cries at the gate?

Oh, let him cry on, I would feast, I
would drink,

I would drug all my senses to rest.

Then leave me in peace as I sit at the
board

Till my head forward sinks on my
breast.

Oh, the lamplight is drowned in the
splendor of day,

And I rouse from my stupor too late,
For I could have saved him, my friend,
had I harked

To the messenger there at the gate!

For I could have proven him guiltless
of crime,

How the stain lay upon other hands...

But it is too late for already his form
Lies mangled upon the red sands.



Oh, let us forget all the woes of the
world,

Though its pain and its sorrow are
great,

Let us drown pity's anguish in laugh-
ter and song . . .

And the messenger calls at the gate.
'Tis the voice of the worker that cries

"Ho, come forth!

Come fight with us, here is the way
To banish oppression, to break the
slave's chains,

Come on, and we'll bring a new day!"

But they sit and lament all the wrongs
of the world

At the hands of a grim, ruthless fate,
And they strive to forget all its suffer-
ing and pain

While the messenger calls at the gate.



county treasury is bilked out of three-fourths of the amount due to it as taxes from the logs and manufactured products of the Walker outfit.

On their Lassen county domain, the Walkers, under the name of the Red River Lumber Company, have built up a system of peonage which enables them to produce lumber and by-products for less than the factory cost of the food, clothing and knickknacks consumed by the workers while actually engaged in the production. All the surplus value created goes to the Walker family. No competitive concern is allowed to exist within the boundaries of the company's property. **Traveling salesmen and canvassers are given the run.**

The center of this system is at Westwood, from where the logging railroad radiates into the woods to some thirty or more logging camps scattered over a wide territory. In Westwood there are about 3,700 people. Besides the big saw-mill there are—a paper mill, veneer-mill, a box factory and a sash and door factory, where men and women work for wages ranging from \$2.50 to \$4.00 per day payable in the private currency of the company.

Except for a highway which runs through the town, the right-of-way and depot of the Southern Pacific R. R., the company owns all. Streets, houses, department store, bank, garage and auto salesroom, bowling alleys, poolrooms, soft drink stands, barber shop, motion picture theatre, ball park, church, schools and a weekly paper are all company owned, and the doctor and preacher are on the payroll. In this place one cannot be born, live, marry, become sick, die, or be buried without adding to the profit of the Walker family.

Grafting Par Excellence

An efficiency expert is paid \$5,000 per year to see that all the above named institutions yield dividends. Last year the profits from the barber shop, bowling alleys and ball park amounted to \$29,000. Rent for the houses of the married, and rooms of the single workers must bring in a considerable pile. A house which cost not more than \$1,000 to build brings in \$240 per year, while the rooming houses bring in a much higher percentage, and the rentals of cabins in the logging camps in one year are at least double their worth. Then, too, there is a cafeteria which is a gold mine in itself, where an indifferent meal costs from 60 to 80 cents. Gambling and prostitution are flourishing businesses and, there is no doubt, help to swell the stream of profit. This stream of profits ever returning to the company's treasury to replace wages paid out, spells lowered production costs, giving a great advantage to the company in its struggle for markets, thereby tending to strengthen and extend the peonage system.

As this system is permitted to extend it becomes more difficult to organize the workers. It must be stopped. It can be stopped by arousing and shaping the discontent of these peons into a force that

can be used not only to do away with peonage, but with all the other institutions of capitalism. It is a challenge to the revolutionary industrial unionism which we cannot afford not to accept. Westwood is a good place to start in on.

Workers Ripe For Organization

Let it be understood that the workers here are in ripe condition for the acceptance of the idea of industrial unionism. They are rebellious, but their fear of losing employment and being stranded in the wilderness holds their rebellion in suppression. Spies are plentiful and the stay of a known agitator is short. The company fears the union and jealously guards the camp from the organizer.

Two fellow workers have been sent to San Quentin from this county on C. S. charges for their activities in organizing, but the publicity given by their trials has done much to make easier the work of those who come after. The sympathies of all were with the victims and the number of red cards in the camps was increased after each trial. However, company vigilance is such as to make necessary the adoption of methods peculiarly suited to the occasion. Brass band tactics will result in nothing but more C. S. cases—more men for the prisons.

"Peaceful Penetration"

We must adopt the capitalist policy of peaceful penetration. It is easy to get work in Westwood and though it is a ten-hour camp the workers are not rushed. Fellow workers possessed of a knowledge of the I. W. W., who can carry the theory and practice of the industrial union under their wigs, must get into this camp. Go to work; say nothing, but keep ears and eyes open and study those with whom they work. Get a line on the spies and stool-pigeons. Be good mixers, make friends and, when they are sure of their ground, spread the doctrine of industrial unionism without displaying the label.

In this manner the "wheat can be sifted from the chaff" the rebels from the stools and finks. A few such fellow workers, quietly feeling their way could, in the course of a winter, lay the foundation for an organized drive for membership, and when the opportune moment arrives, rouse the workers of Westwood in a strike to break the back of peonage and make the Walker camps safe for the Industrial Workers of the World.

Intelligent Tactics

It will seem a hard and thankless task. There will be no "big reports" for the delegate to point proudly to, and the more tactful ones may even hear themselves called "fink" by their less judicious fellow workers. But remember that the most effective fighters in war are the spies in the camp of the enemy, who, unknown and often abused by men of their own side, so weaken the enemy's forces as to make victory easy for their own. Their satisfaction comes when the fight is won and their

And Jean Barraiss' own bayonet lay beside him in
the mud!
He poured a sip in the German's mouth, and was
met by a fever-blank
And burning gaze . . . Where had he seen—? In
Basel!—It was Doctor Frank!

There lay two men one September night when the
cannons' voices were still,
And talked to each other in anguish and pain in a
field at Lunéville;
Two comrades who stood 'neath the crimson flag
when the war of the classes burned high,
Two fighters for freedom and right—and doomed
by each other's hand to die!

There was no one to hear the words that were said
'neath the moon through that fearful night
Ere the corpses were piled in the ambulance in
the early morning's light,
And were buried regardless of nation or faith, side
by side in the very same earth,
With no prattle and talk about Vaterland, or
Patrie, or language, or birth.
But could they have had but a single thought, or
have had but one thing to say,
Jean Barraiss with the bullet from Frank in his knee,
Frank with the bayonet of Barraiss?
I have visioned full many a sleepless night as I've
twisted 'round in my bed
That field in France, and two socialists who died
ere the dawn broke red;
I have seen their arms stretched out to a home
and a hearth's bright flames;
I have heard them whisper as death drew near
two beloved women's names;
I have felt the dark woe of those millions of men
in my blood, the hateful cry
They have fought and bled, that they lived and
died for a lie, yes, comrade, a lie.

For, O mother from Prussia and Normandie, and
from Belgium's ruined domains,
And you, young wife from the Balkan hills, from
Vienna and Russia's plains,
And you, pale and wan little working girls in the
alleys of London's slums,
And all of you who sorrow and weep for the one
who never comes,
You who loved a husband, a father, a son, and
now sob your evening prayer,
And you who beseech the Madonna that death and
danger your darling may spare:
Is there one among you who still believes in the lie
that snatched from your breast

What most precious your longing ever gave name,
what life gave dearest and best?
Is there one who believes in the lie that he whom
the war has torn from your side
Has fought for you, has fallen for you when
"for his country" he died?

A world war was lit by a schoolboy's shot, and
straightway books were penned,
White and yellow and blue and gray, that lied and
lied without end;
Where the diplomats gallantly washed their hands
of the blame, as they're wont to do,
And each government became white as snow till
they thought their own lies were true.

You millions of sobbing women, for a lie have they
died, your men,
For a lie, the Lie of the Fatherland, they shall
never return again.
But the crimson book that they wrote with their
blood has not been written in vain,
For that book shall kindle a world-wide flame
through the widow-cloak of pain.
But for us who endured oppression's whip and
killed at the masters' command,
And for us who went out for a lie to die in
judgment that book shall stand:
It's the judgment over an age when kings and
diplomacy's pirate band
Could treat free men like soulless beasts in the
name of "The Fatherland!"—
But you mothers, who read the tale of that book
with anguish and tears untold,
A stronger International you will bear in place
of the old;
A stronger and greater army you'll bear, a
tremendous, invincible host
That knows its place when they cry "To arms,"
that knows and will pay the cost.
You will bear an army that stands as one man—
proletarians in every land—
That gives more than words for its socialism, that
gives to it blood and hand;
An army that dares to choose its death, and dares
when the drum-beats ring,
To go forth and prepare the waking world for
Humanity's glorious spring.
Then will the anemones bloom on the graves where,
awaiting the judgment day,
Tommy and Jean and Fritz and Ivan and Hassan
were laid away,
And the glorious new generation that has chosen
and dared and done
Shall build **Our International** in earnest under
the sun.



THE LIE

By TURE NERMAN
(Translated from the original Swedish by
L. H. Landen)

Hushed was the roar of the cannons—at last the
machine guns were still,
The autumn night had descended o'er the horror
at Lunéville;
The French with the Germans close at their heels
toward St. Nicholas sped,
And a full moon over the corpse-strewn field
a ghostly brilliance shed.
A lonely hussar-horse neighed around where the
poplars stood tall and gray,
And a bomb-shattered armored auto lay upturned
on the chaussée.

He gripped his throbbing temples in pain and
groaned, young Jean Barrais,
As he woke from his swoon with his shattered knee
on the battlefield where he lay;
He raised himself by the side of the trench, saw
the field by the pale moon lit,
Then back he sank on the ground again
and whispered: "Marguerite. . . ."

Like a dream he could see the little room back home
in La Rochelle,
Marguerite, old Mother, the children, as the evening
shadows fell;
When at last the dark hour had sounded for the
war lords and diplomats all,
La Patrie demanded his strength, and with song
with the others he answered the call.
Marguerite, old Mother, the children, Jean
Christophe and little Babette—
How droll! As he lay it came back to him—
how clearly he saw it yet—
In July, when last the union met, and how he arose
to tell
Of militarism, and Labor's hope, The International,
How he had shouted: "Comrades all, when they
place steel in our hand
And mobilize us, each other to kill for the masters'
fatherland,
Then we will let our broken guns be our answer
to the call,
For, comrades, 'The International brings happiness
to all!'"

How strange! How quickly it all had changed!
A few weeks only had passed,
The war was a gory, hideous fact, at the border
the Germans were massed;
Guesde and Sembat were ministers—the order
went forth to kill—
They were Frenchmen now, not Socialists—
and then there was Lunéville!

Thirty-eight

How gruesome to lie and gaze around—he was
hungry and cold, Jean Barrais,
And then the damned pain in his poor, shattered
knee that nothing could ease or allay.
Diable! Like fire it burned, his throat, but his
flask held some water still. . . .
How his feverish, painracked body rejoiced as he
eagerly drank his fill!
Then at once—what was it? A voice he heard,
a faintly gurgling groan,
Like the prayer of one who is dying, a plaintive,
beseeching moan.
He looked to the south where the town still burned,
o'er the ruins a somber glow . . .
"Wasser . . . Wasser . . ." he heard the wail—
oho, it was one of the foe!
A German, one of the Kaiser's Huns—ah, now
he remembered all:
How they rose like specters out of the ground—
there was naught but to flee or to fall . . .
A German gave Jean his shattered knee, and
Jean with a snarling yell
Straight through the other's stomach sent his
bayonet ere he fell.

Ugh! Now he shuddered in dread and disgust; it
was murder. . . What, murder? Oh, no!
It was self defense: **La Patrie**, you see, must be
guarded from the foe.
So said the leaders everywhere, and the phrases
flew thick and fast:
"We are soldiers and patriots first of all—yes, first
—and socialists last."

"Water!" Faintly it came again, the German's
despairing call;
Well, there was little left in the flask, though
sorely he needed it all.
The man was a German—well and good, but a
human being first,
A husband, a father for all he knew—Well, then
should he slake his thirst?
A German, one of the Kaiser's Huns—but of hatred
no more could he think;
He dragged himself to the German's side: "You
are thirsty, comrade, drink!"

There lay the German on his back, and his coat
was ripped and rent,
His helmet had rolled off in the clay, and his knees
in cramp were bent;
A broad, clear forehead with dark, wavy hair, but
his belt was wet with blood,

Civilization's Vanguard

(Continued from page 4.)

sufficiently organized power to compel their masters to give them treatment at least as good as is accorded mules and cattle.

These are a few typical projects involving the labor of general construction workers.

To touch on another kind of work performed by the construction worker we shall mention bridge building. This is begun by the men who drive piling in river and coulee beds and place thereon a temporary structure across river or creek. Later come workers in iron and steel. The bridgeman's work is very hazardous, a misstep or a swinging timber striking him and he falls, to be crippled or killed.

"Riprapping"

Another line of work that employs thousands of construction workers is known as "rip-rapping" on the Mississippi river. Every year the United States Government appropriates about \$50,000,000 to be expended in preventing the powerful current of the river from washing away the banks, and thereby closing the river for navigation. From this point on we shall consider the conditions under which the workers on this and the other lines of construction work are compelled to labor.

In the case of these "rip-rappers", as is common to all construction work, they keep going and coming constantly. Their average wage last summer was \$2.25 and board. "Riprappers" have better sleeping conditions than are usual to their fellows in other construction jobs, as they sleep on the boats that move from place to place and they also have "bullecooks" whose duty it is to keep the boats clean. They do their duty, too. Teamsters are always in demand, where they use mules, and they are mostly two up working on slips and stone boats, and occasionally on dump wagons where the haul is long.

A peculiarity about these "rip-rapping" camps is that a man is always good for a night's lodging, supper and breakfast. The boss keeps his eye on the one receiving this bounty and if he needs men in the morning he will say so, and it is advisable that the "stiff" go to work for at least an hour or so, as there are usually several straw bosses around to see that board and bed are paid for by working it out. However, should no men be needed, everything is all right and the boss simply tells the applicant to call again.

Conditions for Bridgemen

These jobs are not considered hard work. They have none of what the "dirts" (construction workers) call rushing or "heavy bulling." Men seeking these jobs in Minnesota and Wisconsin go from St. Paul on the Milwaukee, stopping at Hastings, Winona, Red Wing and Wabasha. The man who has charge of the work is Captain Thompson and work under his direction continues from May until freez-

ing-up time, unless sooner by reason of the funds running out.

Bridgemen enjoy the advantage of floors and tables in their bunkhouses. If the boss refuses to allow them to put in these floors and tables on company time, the bridgemen do it on their own and are usually stopped by the boss's ordering a couple of men to do it for them. He knows that he is saving lumber in this way, by eliminating waste. Bridge carpenters receive from 57 1-2 to 72 cents an hour in wages, and their food is usually a little better than the food of the average construction worker, but they are charged a higher rate.

These bridgemen are very docile and along with this quality goes their lack of any feeling of solidarity with their fellow workers. This is true perhaps by reason of their higher wage rate and lack of organization. They are clannish to an extreme point, differing greatly from the form carpenters who work on concrete bridges and culverts. Perhaps the latter are less self-centered because they are nearer to the muckers and concrete workers, being beside them constantly. But another factor is at work; many of these form carpenters are organized in the I. W. W.

With "Dirt" Outfits

In the case of dirt outfits my experiences of the summer just past should be interesting. Conditions among them are deplorable, the hours being long and the pace fast. In Illinois conditions in the camps were almost unbearable, sleeping quarters being filthy, with two-high bunks and no floors in the bunkhouses or tents. Whenever it rained very promising creeks flowed through these "shelters."

To keep the provisions in good shape cookhouses were elevated, and so were the corrals for the mules, which shows that the boss thought more of them than for the slaves who drove them.

The work was on state roads, dirt being generally moved by wagons, as there were very few fresno outfits in Illinois at that time. (A "fresno" consists of a number of scoop-like scrapers that gouge out the earth and are drawn by mules.) Now and then I ran into "dinkey" outfits (where the hauling is done with the aid of a donkey engine) and found conditions even worse than elsewhere; greater congestion in bunkhouses and the food sloppy and dirty. In these places the men were boiling up (washing thoroughly) nightly but they failed to rid themselves of the lice that had come to these camps to stay.

These workers were from large cities, afraid of the boss, and when organization was mentioned to them they whispered about the camps being full of stoolpigeons, and related how many of the Woblies had been sent down the line for agitating. Thus they stay unorganized and suffer in consequence.

The San Pedro Outrage

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

Gather round me, fellow workers,
Make a circle, mark me well,
While I tell you of San Pedro
And the tyrants' work of hell.

You have heard of ruthless Nero,
Bloody Jeffreys, Cath'lic Spain;
You have heard of Bruno burning,
John Huss praying down his pain.

You have heard—God knows how many—
Ancient tales of cruelty,
—But have you heard of children scalded
In the land of liberty?

God! had I a tongue of fire
To lick heaven as a flame
That would draw the eyes of horror
On a city's deathless shame!

Christ! had I a voice to thunder
Of the vileness of a state
That stands silent when the masters
Visit children with such fate!

Jesus! had I but the power
To wake souls of supine men,
Never would this land of plenty
Witness such a deed again!

In their halls the toilers gathered,
Songs of labor children sang,
When upon the peaceful workers,
Screaming oaths, the cowards sprang.

Sprang, as spring the wolves in winter
When their quarry helpless stands;
Sprang, as springs the mob on niggers,
Rending, tearing with their hands.

Crash! the door went down before them,
Smash! the window splintered in,
"Hell! the bastards! let me at them!"
Women's screams above the din.

Over goes the table, over
Goes the cauldron, boiling hot . . .
God! what words can tell you further
Of the fiendish deeds they wrought!

For they took the little children,—
Aye, your eyes had better flash! —
Little tots of six or seven,
In the boiling urns to dash.

"Damn you! you will never mumble
Traitor songs again," they said.
"Red's your color? Red your flag is?
—Blister, damn you! blister red!"

Little children, little babies,
Screaming, sobbing, dashed in steam
By the monsters who repaid them
Oath and blow for every scream;

By the loyal, patriotic
Legion men and Ku Klux Klan;
By the banker and the butcher—
Every inch American!

Little children raw and bleeding,
Burned and tortured—God! the sight
Flings a crimson nightmare over
Everything I see tonight!

Aye, you clench your teeth in hatred . . .
Listen! there is more to tell
Of the vile deeds perpetrated
By this coward spawn of hell:

For around the dauntless workers
(As the wolves hem in the deer)
Thronged the cravens, strong in numbers,
Lips curled back, hands hooked to tear.

"Lynch the bastards! Tar and feather!
Damn the traitors! Where's the string?
We'll protect our institutions!
Beat 'em! hang 'em! let 'em swing!"

Naked, stript of all their clothing,
Still undaunted, heads held high,
Stood the six brave fellow workers
Ready for the cause to die.

Laughed the painted harlots looking
Without pity, without shame;
Laughed their coward lovers spitting
Through their teeth a vulgar name.

Not a worker gave before them
Though the hangman's knot was jammed:
"Recant? Never! Cowards, curs!
We stand pat—hang and be damned!"

Jesus! had I but the power
To wake souls of supine men,
Never would this land of plenty
Witness such a deed again!





The introduction of motor trucks for hauling dirt is displacing a constantly growing number of "skinnners," just as the steam shovel is responsible for driving thousands of muckers into the unemployed ranks. General construction workers are everywhere coming up against this sort of mechanical power, and without effective organization find themselves unable to successfully cope with it. The I. W. W. organizes these workers into a compact industrial union and the extent of general construction workers' economic security can be gauged by their response to the call of I. U. 310.

branches contributed generously. The picket line at the strike zone was drawn so well that out of four coach loads sent up to break the strike only three men went up the hill to scab.

Such self-sacrificing as was necessary on the part of the construction workers in this conflict and in many other battles against the boss entitles them to the cooperation of all workers who follow any of the callings grouped together in Industrial Union No. 310. At this moment, it is hardly necessary to go into lengthy argument showing why the general construction workers must organize industrially as the only means to secure living standards compatible with the status of physical well-being.

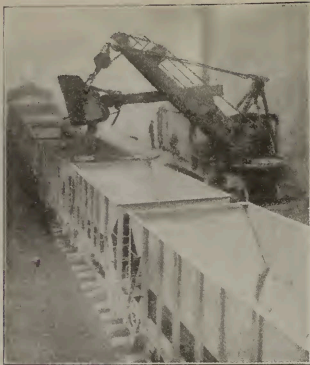
Divided into the many crafts by whose group expression is erected so much that is indispensable to human progress, the workers are easy prey for their rapacious masters, and fall victims to low wages, bad shelter, long hours and general wretchedness. Organized as a single, solidified power in the union of their common industry they present a force that cannot be defeated.

It is worth while to consider the matter. Feeling the miseries of the bad conditions under which unorganized general construction workers are obliged to toil, it is but a step away from those evils to unite to abolish them. It is only a step, but a mighty one in the right direction.

From this step we proceed upward and onward to a goal of human freedom, which is based on the emancipation of the working class.

We have suffered the heat and cold of the seasons, the hazards and hardships of toil, the effects of lack of nutrition, lack of education, and lack of the more refining attributes of civilization. And yet we have built a civilization, going before it into the wilderness and preparing the way. On our backs it has crossed to safety; on our backs it is resting today. If we fold our arms the world must feel the pinch of hunger; without us there is famine and death.

If we are so essential to society we are surely worth a better standard of living than has been our portion. But there is no other class going to commend us for our labors, or offer us the lives that we desire and want. No one but ourselves is going to free us from wage slavery, and we can not achieve this self-emancipation without the instrument of scientific unionism. We are builders, the world sees our labors everywhere. Let us build one more edifice that shall guarantee us recognition as human beings who know their worth and demand their share. Let us build up a powerful industrial union to take what belongs to us by the force of organized strength.



GIANT STEAM SHOVEL LOADING DIRT.

How "Skinners" Live

A glimpse into the life of the skinner (driver of mules and horses) may not be amiss at this juncture. The skinner is certainly a queer character; he has his unique parts, rising about 5 a. m., going to the corral where he cuffs and harnesses the employer's horses, and is then ready for breakfast which is served at 6.

When this is bolted he has his cigarette and begins at 6:30 his day's work for pay, which continues until 6 in the evening, with a half-hour off for lunch. Supper is devoured at 6:30 and in another half-hour the skinner is ready to play poker for several hours.

Saturday night is a "gala" one for the skinner, as that is pay night and unless he has lost his wages in advance, playing poker, he sets off for town where he hunts for whisky and "a girl". This is what most of them do.

On Sunday he is sick as a result of dissipation, but on Monday and through the following week, unless checked, he relates about the "good time" he enjoyed the previous Saturday night. If you tell him he was drunk he will plead that he took only two drinks. However, he is broke, and that settles the argument against him.

With all his faults he has a good heart and a peculiar solidarity with other skinners, with whom he will gladly share whatever he has. This is a trait that deserves favorable comment. I have seen these men help their unemployed fellow skinner by taking up collections in the camps, quietly and wholeheartedly. I have never heard of one of them leaving camp without a "road stake," which often amounts to fifteen or twenty dollars.

Organization Work

Here, then, is worthy stuff. Worthy of better working conditions, better wages, worthy to be with us in the fight for emancipation.

Strenuous efforts to organize these workers into General Construction Workers' Industrial Union No. 310 of the I. W. W. are being made. In the past considerable success attended these efforts. When the construction workers of this Industrial Union on the Great Northern Railroad struck at Wenatchee, Washington, in 1922, against the Grant-Smith Company, they were joined by the men who had not lined up in the I. W. W., and a picket line extending through all the important towns and division points from Chicago to Seattle was established. This strike was won, demonstrating that with solidarity the workers must win their demands.

Incidentally, the Grant-Smith outfit is really a part of the Great Northern Railroad, and it is set up as an ostensibly independent concern merely to divert earnings from the railroad's small stockholders, the large hogs getting into the Grant-Smith trough with snout and jowl, and both feet.

In another part of this magazine the I. W. W. strike at Concrete, Washington is described in detail, so we can pass on to a consideration of the strike of 310 at the Natron Cutoff, and show some of the difficulties under which our fellow workers labored to bring a better state of living for the slaves on that tremendous undertaking.

Mountain Fastness Strike

The work at Natron Cutoff is done at an altitude of from 5,000 to 6,000 feet. When both working and living conditions reached an extremely deplorable condition, the wages averaging \$3.60 for nine hours, with a dollar a day being charged for board that consisted of beans, bread and coffee, except the addition of eggs or meat once a week as a luxury, workers at one of the camps struck. Directly precipitating their action was the discharge of two men who had refused to work overtime. The workers thought that nine hours in mud up to their knees was plenty, and then some, of labor. But the boss has no limitations.

Strike meetings were held, committees elected to go over the entire cutoff, (a matter of traversing a wilderness seventy miles in extent, with snow four feet deep) and notify the workers at all other camps of the strike. The response was so general that within two days the strike had become general. A week after the initial walkout there was an efficient Central Strike Committee functioning in Portland, posting sub-committees at strategic points, with thousands of handbills being distributed showing the strikers' demands. In addition to this kitchens and sleeping quarters were set up in Bend and Oakridge.

Seattle, Spokane, Sacramento and San Francisco were notified by wire and cooperation enlisted. The I. W. W. gave wide publicity to the strike, and its

The Almsgiving Institution

By GEORGE CHANNING

ALSMGIVING, or charity, as it is usually called, has become the profession of a large group of people, which tends to add to its numbers, to say nothing of another horde entering the field for diversion. Their presence presupposes the existence of a numerous "clientele" that has drunk the cup of poverty to the bitter dregs of pauperism. Of course, we must remember that the insolvency may be of a temporary character; but while we are remembering this, no matter of what duration the penniless condition may be, its victim is technically a pauper and undoubtedly feels that way about it.

But this unhappy estate has its turnover; the pauper of today is the wage earner of tomorrow. We do not look for darkest clouds, presenting first destitution's redeeming peculiarity. There is an almost imperceptible line between the poverty that holds millions of workers and the pauperism into which some of them are recurrently sinking. This is a cheerful view. If you are an object of charity now there is no reason to feel disheartened; on the morrow you may find a master to pay you wages. Who knows?

Part of Capitalism

Pauperism, like its first cousin poverty, is an inevitable product of the wage system, which first rose prominently in England, where early wool manufacturers gave it a very proper "send-off" when they drove peasants from the land so that sheep could graze thereon. Firmly established, the new factory system did not abolish pauperism. It proved not an ugly phenomenon due to industrial revolution and disappearing with transition completed but a natural part of this system, quite as enduring. Novelists have fixed the picture in deathless infamy; recall the stories of imprisonment for debt, and the history of indentured servants sold to drudgery for colonial masters in America.

Today, with all our vaunted prosperity and wealth, America has not a city, town or village unmarked by the shameful blot of pauperism and extreme want. Rulers, making pretension to civilization, nay more, benevolence, must do something about it. Result: organized charity and philanthropy woven into the social fabric.

In addition to this we have alleged charitable societies propagating religious teachings. Around the Christmas season they are busy ringing the bells on street corners and taking offerings in black pots. All of these groups can furnish abundant reasons to justify their activities. The needy are numerous; they stand naked, starving, unsheltered. Enter the social workers, and all's well.

Charity Unscientific

It is not my purpose to waste very much printer's ink and good paper condemning social work, even though we all know that the lion's share of its finances is expended in maintenance of the institution itself, office costs, investigation fees, staff salaries. Who for a minute could expect the emaciated paupers to fall heir to the lion's share with only the meek lamb's appetite?

Better to see if these almsgivers aim at eradicating destitution or have no other purpose than miti-

gating its pangs. With the disease on the increase they keep to their salves and palliatives for the very good reason that they are respectably employed and intend to preserve their calling. Do they ever grasp a scalpel of economic truth to probe beneath the ulcer down to its rotten core? In ante-prohibition days they blamed drunkenness for most of the poverty prevailing. Volsteadism came—pretty much so—with the saloon's passing, but not that of indigence. **No grass grew on the beaten trail to the poorhouse.**

Anyone on an intellectual plane beyond that of a Neanderthal atavism must agree that humanity has solved production's problems. In this country no additional proof is needed than that most of the people exist without acute starvation in spite of the fact that approximately **seventy per cent of them possess only three per cent of the national wealth.** It is to distribution that one must look for poverty's causes, this distribution being controlled by private ownership of production's instruments.

Workers have nothing to sell but their labor power, a commodity subject to the same laws that govern the sale of all other commodities. While employed, which means while the worker has a buyer for his labor power, he is able to maintain himself according to prevailing standards of his kind. Capitalism's history, however, is one of periodic industrial crises when markets are glutted and commodities pile up. Unemployment follows.

Surplus Value Means Panics

The worker, producing a surplus value over the cost of his subsistence, receives only a wage equivalent to his maintenance. He can not buy back all that he has produced. Employers have no primary service motive; they are animated by the desire for profits, which are surplus values, unpaid labor. **Even in the best of times there is unemployment,** with labor-saving machinery being constantly introduced. These unemployed have no income, and when they fall objects of charity we can but speculate on the vast number hiding their misery, since it is well known that workers will appeal for aid or accept the same only when in most desperate straits. Unemployment can then be regarded as a fluctuating but ever present source of pauper-manufacture.

If the workers are unable to remain self-supporting in times of business depression they are certainly incapable of independence when struck down by diseases and accidents. Occupational diseases receive the scantiest treatment by compensation laws, and accidents are inadequately dealt with. Modern machinery breaks men, women and children, and society makes no provision for the wrecks. Worn out

What Ails California?

(Continued from page 8.)

for the period from November, 1922, to the present time, a little more than two years. Bear in mind that "innumerable fellow-workers have been held in jail for from one to seven days without being recorded either on the jail or court docket." So writes the present secretary of the I. W. W. organization here, and his statement is borne out by the facts. But these which follow are the "recorded" cases. There have been the following **acknowledged arrests** within this period, on which, **sooner or later**, the charges booked here have been made. Of those arrested, three were women, and three were children between the ages of four and twelve years.

"Vagrancy cases"	293
"Criminal syndicalism" cases	118
"Illegal entries"	11
"Mutiny"	1
"Contributing to delinquency of minors"	2
"Talking to prisoners"	1
? Children	3

Altogether since November, 1922, there have been 1353 arrests recorded, the others being for "violating city ordinances" such as picketing, interfering with police, blocking traffic, littering the streets, and such like camouflage of petty officialism. One man, Pete Lustica, was arrested over eighteen times in the course of a few months, and as a result his mind became unbalanced and he is now confined in the Insane Asylum at Norwalk. The physician there, an interesting and intelligent and apparently fair-minded man generally, undertook to argue with us when we called at the Asylum in the interests of Lustica, that the stress of social radicalism was too much for such minds as Lustica's, and his insanity was a natural result of the preaching of social dissent. But Lustica's preachments did not disturb him half so much as they disturbed the grafters and profiteers and parasites in whom this section of the earth abounds, and his alleged insanity is a manifest sequence of persecution and not of advanced social conviction. Somewhat the same excuse is made in the case of Anna Hartman, who is now serving sentence of ninety days on a Busick Injunction charge, and has another

charge coming up against her in a few days. Most people could be charged, with some semblance of reality, of being "unbalanced" if they were subjected to the kind of treatment Anna Hartman and Pete Lustica have had here in California, not to dwell upon the treatment given to the victims of the mob in San Pedro. The Grand Jury there (what irony "grand" is in that connection!) could find no fault on which to base indictment when the I. W. W. hall there was violently broken into, furniture smashed and publicly burned in the streets, children thrown into scalding hot coffee and burned so as to be maimed for months, if not for life, and men carried by force many miles into the country and tarred and feathered and then left to find their way back to "civilization" as best they could. This is California, Southern California in particular, in 1924.

And what is the meaning of it? Why is California the worst state in the Union at the present time with respect to lawless violence toward the non-conformists in the labor world, and as regards the "vindictive insanity" of the police and the courts in their treatment of labor agitators here?

Well, I have stated the situation here, modified a little for the better just now. For the first time in five years we have lately had a breathing spell of a few days without any overt act of official violence toward the I. W. W. or other radicals here. And a considerable company of those who had been held in jail for sixty days or more were recently released on "their own recognizance." But yesterday's papers flared forth in big head-lines about the "reds" "raiding the schools" of California, and told of twenty-one persons being arrested for "vagrancy" in San Francisco because of their activity in opposing the American Legion's domination of Education Week in California.

Officialism in California reminds one of the Frenchman concerning whom an opponent said that he had "occasional lucid intervals when he was only stupid." The "lucid intervals" of officialism here are brief. But as to why it is, and what lies back of this sickness of California, let me tell you in another article.

You cannot afford to miss the FEBRUARY NUMBER of the INDUSTRIAL PIONEER in which Dr. Whitaker will continue his examination of the causes of California's rottenness.

In addition to this feature there are promised many other articles of timely interest by the best minds in the industrial revolutionary movement, new poems breathing the soul of the workers, short stories realistically written, cartoons that can not be excelled for making proletarians think, and all the splendid features that are making this magazine the dean of working class journals. BE SURE TO SUBSCRIBE NOW so as not to miss a single issue!

Choice Fruits of Trade Journal Orchard

By W. A.

An Ethical Awakening in California

The California Lumber Merchant, constructive organ of those who hawk lumber in the Golden State, presents this gem of thought uttered by C. W. Pinkerton, president of the California Retail Lumbermen's Association. "It behooves us to wake up and get out of the rut of thirty years ago and take an active interest in civic affairs pertaining to our communities and establish the retail lumber business on a foundation of confidence and square dealing."

Pacifism Rampant in The Steel Trust

The Iron Age, dean of trade journals and organ of the steel interests, reports questionable words uttered by Judge Elbert H. Gary, titular head of the steel barony. Mr. Gary is alleged to have said, "I have no hesitancy in saying today that if the leaders of the steel industry had been permitted to come together year after year, had grown to know each other in friendly business relationship, they could have done much to bring men to reason. Munitions are made out of steel and they could have refused to manufacture them. It need never come to that. They could have convinced the political leaders of the country that harmony could be maintained through friendly intercourse. Even in October, 1924, if the question had been left to the steel people, there would have been no further continuance of the war."

Dirt Movers Utter Paeon of Thanksgiving

The Steam Shovel and Dredge Magazine, official organ of the International Brotherhood of Steam Shovel and Dredge Men, is moved to express its thankfulness in the following terms:

"The fruits of the orchard have been plentiful, the harvests have responded generously to the needs of mankind, and the amicable relations of the American people toward the rest of the world are as permanently established as are the rock-ribbed mountains. Why, then, should we be slow and reluctant to give thanks to the Great Power for these uncounted blessings?"

Efficiency in Pittsburgh

As reported by the Pittsburgh Builders' Bulletin, the labor drivers of that community are living up to their honorable reputation:

On a certain building job in the East End, one of the hod carriers was caught by the foreman making a trip with only a half load of bricks. The foreman bawled him out and told him that the hod would hold so many bricks and that he must take a full load up the ladder each trip. That afternoon the supply of bricks ran out and Mike, after gathering up every one in sight, found he was still short of the proper number. He yelled up to a

workman on the third story, "What do you want?" asked the foreman. "Throw me down wan brick," shouted Mike, "to make good me load."

The Happy Nordics Of Alabama'

A full page advertisement by the Alabama Power Company, whose motto is "The Power That Lights and Moves Alabama," moves us also. This ad puts the amiable qualities of southern labor on the block and proceeds with the auction somewhat after this fashion:

IN ALABAMA COTTON MILLS THERE ARE:
11,949 wage earners employed in cotton goods manufacturing industries where prevailing hours of labor are between..... 54 and 60
5,202 wage earners where the hours are 60
292 wage earners where the hours are OVER 60
242 wage earners where the hours are 54

ALABAMA LABOR GIVES

A FULL DAY'S WORK FOR A DAY'S WAGE

Preponderantly native born—of Anglo-Saxon stock—intelligent, tractable, industrious, Alabama's textile mill operatives are not susceptible to those disturbing influences which are so frequent in foreign labor centers.

For further information, etc.

Horrible Heresies Among The Sky Pilots

As set forth in a leading editorial of the Manufacturer's Record, a staunch journal devoted to the technique of maintaining the full work day and the empty pay envelope.

"Scarcely a week passes in which ministers of the Gospel do not receive suggestions from one organization and another to preach on this, that and the other, forgetting the work to which the minister is pre-eminently called, and many of them, in the slang of the day, "fall for it." Sometimes they are asked to preach in favor of painting and cleaning up houses and yards on the ground that "cleanliness is next to godliness." Sometimes, as was lately done in Brooklyn, they are asked to preach on the necessity of more subways, so people could travel with greater comfort. Sometimes they are asked to preach on election questions, and recently a so-called religious paper offered a premium of a Bible to the winning church which would discuss in one way and another for a week before the election the duty of citizens to vote.

"And now if by any manner of means Catholic and Protestant organizations should undertake to follow the aggressive efforts of the Typographical Union and urge that all printing done by these organizations be given to union printing shops, one more hard blow would be delivered at the work for which priests and preachers alike are called in their divine mission."

workers are flung on the scrap pile—more clients for social workers. Bad housing, improper and insufficient nourishment, lack of adequate clothing and want of wholesome amusement, all proceeding from low standards of living, intensified during jobless "interludes," cull workers for the pit of disease, premature old age and death.

Social workers can only alleviate a very small part of this wretchedness. In large measure their funds come from better paid workers, and no credit is owed the capitalist who donates, since he is simply returning to the more conspicuous victims of the system a few crumbs while he holds his stolen treasure out of reach. Generally, he makes the most of the charitable gesture; he is blessed by the beggar and honored by society. He has a large heart, God bless him!

"All wealth is produced by labor; all wealth must go to labor". When that ideal is realized profit-taking ends and all its poverty, its waste and wars. Consider for a moment the immense number of people now living on the labor of others, or the millions devoting their lives to pursuits that are non-productive, necessary now, to be sure, but capable of being given productive work that shall add to the store of mankind's wealth and happiness. Think of our swarm of physicians made necessary only because this scheme of ownership sweeps an endless backwash of disease and wreckage. How many are engaged in social work? When society no longer produces destitution all of these can act in creative capacities. What genius and labor now combine to make engines of destruction! How easy to direct this effort into channels from which flow objects conducing to our well-being!

Helping Their Jobs

That the more penetrating social worker can fail to catch a glimmering of the truth is unbelievable. That they grope in an earnest but blind state endlessly, taxes credulity too far. Some do see the obvious, how superficial their method, and because few abandon the calling for that reason, we can ascribe pressure of economic determinism which makes it convenient for them to mould their ethics consistently with bourgeois compulsion. They keep their skirts clear of radical contamination to cling to their precious jobs.

What have we to offer professional dole dispensers? They are happy to be thought respectable. We are not so regarded and rejoice in the exclusion. Their way is safe; it does not disturb private property rights. It does not say to the industrial monarchs: "Your extraction of surplus value is responsible for

the misery we attend on all sides. It is ridiculous to attempt relief and impossible to effect a cure so long as the producers are denied their product."

Our movement is no temptation to weak vessels. Few can face tempests of persecution, withstand biting winds of social ostracism. The old highroad is pretty comfortable going, while blazing trails is perilous and hard.

Meanwhile social work must be continued with no ambition save that of temporary relief, and this, as admitted by the charities themselves, applicable to only a small number of those who are in desperate circumstances. This social work is a profession, one that is so firmly established in the scheme of things we may look upon it as a vested interest. Viewing its service, its practices in this light, one does not expect to hear anything of a revolutionary nature coming from this direction as a cure for poverty and pauperism.

Revolution the Cure

Social revolution is the only way for the working class out of poverty and subjection, and such a revolution can not be achieved by any class except the workers. With goal defined it becomes simply a matter of method by which to arrive successfully. The I. W. W. strives to organize the workers into industrial unions for the purpose of resisting encroachments, advancing demands and perfecting a proletarian power strong enough to assume ownership of the tools of production.

In the hour of success we do not suppose that disabled and defective sufferers of the wage system are going to vanish into thin air. Ample provision shall be made for them in the spirit of mutual aid, with a feeling that it is the least they are entitled to.

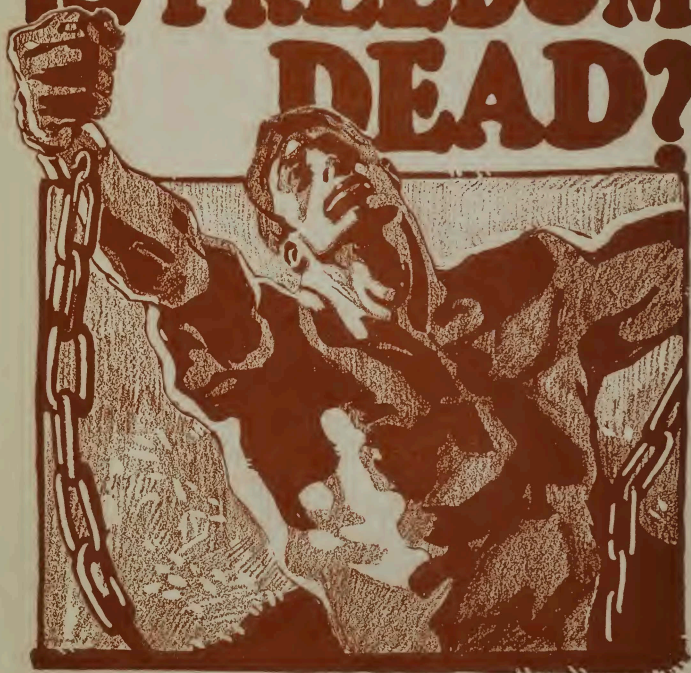
Humanity in coming generations of industrial freedom shall have ceased to produce such victims and we see in that time Ingersoll's dream come true: "A race without disease of flesh or brain."

Nothing can stop poverty but justice, and there can be no justice without revolution. If the revolutionary is an enemy, consider the enemy within the gates. He is the foe of an anti-social process of wealth making. He is growing stronger all the time. In thousands of strikes he is testing his strength. Reverses do not sap his courage, he falls back only to advance again and again, uncrushed, uncrushable. Revile him; he laughs. Jail him and his power multiplies in the sunlight. Kill him; he rises again. This is the figure of militant labor.

Presently he is going to upset his masters, and keep them upset.

YOU CAN SELL the Industrial Solidarity and the Industrial Pioneer and in addition to earning handsome commissions you have the opportunity to win cash prizes as described in detail elsewhere in this magazine. Become a Sub Agent. Boost the Press of Industrial Unionism. Change your idle hours without income into well paid hours. Write for Sub Book NOW!

IS FREEDOM DEAD?



-Geo-

What Is Your Answer?

The master class holds over one hundred of our fellow workers in prison. It's not too late to contribute to the Christmas Fund for these Class-War Prisoners. Last year each prisoner received \$25 from the General Defense Committee. We must, at least, duplicate last year's effort. It is up to the members to raise funds and show that we do not intend to let freedom die; that we shall relieve those jailed as much as possible, and carry on the fight for their freedom from prison and freedom for all workers from wage slavery.

All together, let's go!

Send funds to the General Defense Committee, 1001 West Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois.

The Future of the I. W. W. Depends on ITS PRESS

If we cannot build up a big and powerful press, how can we build up a big and powerful Union?

We Must Double the circulation of Pioneer and Solidarity within the next two months. We can no longer tolerate the deplorable weakness of our Press.

Every member of the I. W. W. must get behind this circulation campaign and push it to a success. Let us stick to the task of building up our Press until we achieve success.

As a means of making it worth while for members to become sub agents we are offering the following Cash Prizes:

CASH PRIZES FOR SUB AGENTS

150 yearly subs.....	\$120.00	plus 20 per cent	Commission
100 " "	75.00	" " " "	" "
75 " "	55.00	" " " "	" "
50 " "	35.00	" " " "	" "
25 " "	18.00	" " " "	" "
15 " "	10.00	" " " "	" "

RULES GOVERNING CONTEST

Contest ends February 1, 1925. To the Sub-Agents Turning In the Highest Number of Subscriptions Over 150 an Additional Prize of \$25.00 Will Be Paid.

In case of a tie for the highest number of subscriptions among one or more contestants, each one will receive the prize of \$25.00.

Only subscriptions accompanied by payment will be credited to Sub-Agents. Sub-Agents will not be credited with subs from books that are carried by other agents.

New subs must be turned in from week to week.

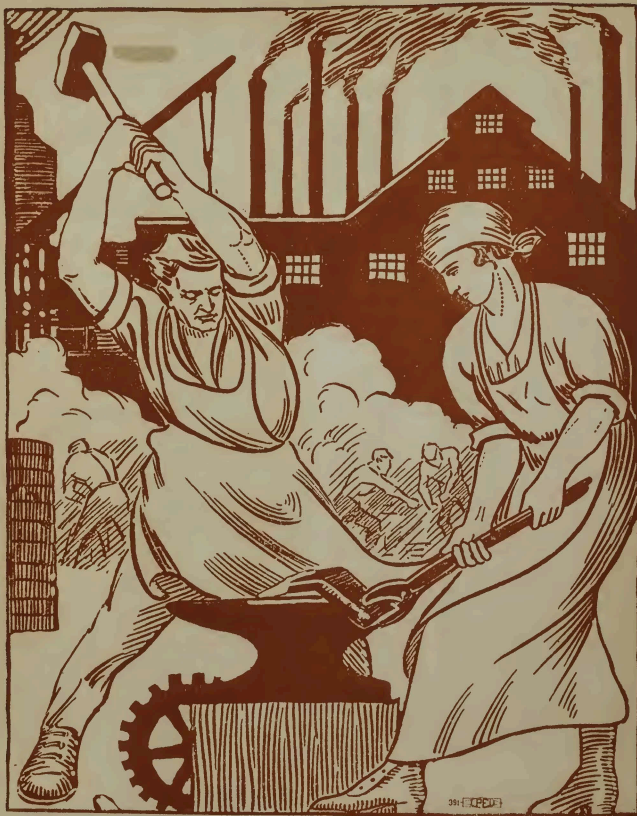
Subs put in the mails on or before February 1st that do not reach this office before the closing date will be credited to Sub-Agent. Subs will be counted four days after contest closes and winners notified by first mail and in publications.

Six months subs count one-half. Three months subs count one quarter.

Special prizes of \$35.00 will be paid to everyone turning in 50 subs before December 20th. All those who turn in 50 before this date will be credited 15 subs for contest closing February 1, 1925.

LET'S GO!

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