


March 1925
The **Industrial
Pioneer**

*An Illustrated
Labor Magazine*

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Revolution in the Marine Industry
Will U. S. Fight Japan or England?
Making Slaves in Eastern Kentucky
Labor and the American Empire

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.

Seamen of the World Unite!





SOLIDARITY ON THE SEAS

WHEN this magazine comes to your hands our fellow workers of the Marine Transport Workers Industrial Union No. 510 will be convening in New Orleans, to which Gulf port they have invited the unions of seamen of the western hemisphere. The purpose of the International Conference is to promote greater solidarity among the toilers of the sea and on the wharves. Solidarity of this kind means an increased effectiveness of their activities for common advancement. It means that encroachments by the international shipping masters will be resisted not only by the seamen of this country, but by those of all countries shipping between North and South America, and by the seamen of the world when necessary.

Approaching the seamen of Latin-American countries first is a sound policy. No structure is built at once, but must be raised little by little, brick by brick, and 510 shows constructive wisdom in seeking the solidarity of all workers of this hemisphere engaged in the marine transport industry. When they have learned to support one another at all times, especially in strikes, a firm basis will have been laid for the unity of all workers in this industry throughout the world.

Recent revolutionary labor-displacing inventions for ship propulsion demand powerful organization of seamen for self-preservation, whose first aim must be the shortening of working hours. 510's organization work, just as all organization work, will advance with surer strides, will win the support of a widening number of wage slaves, and hold this support in proportion to the examples we can show them of success due to our plan of action, than merely by propounding theories. It is, therefore, an encouraging sign, this international conference, from which great activities are possible for the up-building of this strategically important industrial union.

STEINMETZ

LAST year Charles P. Steinmetz died. He was a scientist of rare ability, being employed by the General Electric Company at Schenectady, N. Y., where he acted as Chief Consulting Engineer. He established an enviable record in the field of electrical engineering by his numerous discoveries and inventions.

Being a great engineer, Steinmetz understood, as do many less gifted men in this field, that, with all its vaunted efficiency, capitalism is excessively wasteful. Not merely in war times when the premium is upon organized destruction, but through the interims of so-called peace. Bourgeois propaganda emphasizes the waste of strikes. Men like Ford and Gary are shocked by the waste of labor turnover. Competent engineers have estimated that com-

bined strikes, lockouts and labor turnover can not be charged with more than ten per cent of the waste of industry. The great waste is with ordinary capitalist management of the productive machinery.

Steinmetz was also a sociologist, and a revolutionary, knowing that the world's wealth, produced by the mind and strength of workers and technicians is owned and controlled by a plundering, useless, parasitic minority at the expense of its toiling creators. He scoffed at the theory of genius like this, "Any young man can do as well as I have done if he is given the right opportunity".

Steinmetz knew that capitalism denies opportunity to the great mass of the human race. He was a socialist. He supported the I. W. W. press because our goal of working class emancipation was his own goal. Now a memorial has been endowed to him by the company that employed him. It is in the form of permanent scholarships for four students at Union College.

The memorial may seem worthy to the exploiting General Electric Company, because capitalism now secures all advantages from inventions. We have a more basic, social, and incomparably greater educational program, driving straight for working class freedom. The future is for an emancipated human race, a vivid, happy, wholesome, just and great society, where inventions must redound to the common welfare. Such is to be another kind of memorial to all social protestants who have died and lived for a better, a freer world.

COMMENDABLE PARTIALITY

THE Greer College of Automotive Engineering, Chicago, recently issued a form letter advertising the kinds of human merchandise it is able to supply. This choice paragraph appears therein:

"We have quite a number of handicapped students placed in our school by the United States Veterans Bureau and the Illinois Vocational Bureau—many of them are willing to work for small wages and their meals."

These "handicapped students" are part of the human wreckage that did not stay on Flanders Fields to fatten trench rats. These men, willing to work for the barest subsistence, are some of the boys who were sent with cheers and glory to make Morgan and his kind safe.

However, this sort of favoritism by the good automotive school is commendable, as some of the wrecks may find these low-paid jobs. Our disabled veterans are not being entirely neglected, and it reminds one of the bounteous ruling of the Police Prefect of Paris, who says injured French veterans of the late difference with Wilhelm are not to be apprehended for begging in the streets.

THE INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

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Revolution in the Marine Industry

By T. P. SULLIVAN



The Leviathan: World's Largest Ship
59,956 Gross Tonnage.

ers who make this wonderful, and almost seemingly impossible progress possible are ground down still further with every new invention and improvement, through the lack of organization on the industrial field.

Wind and Wood to Steam and Steel

From the time when the first savage burned out the inside of a tree into a canoe to the beginning of the century of the Industrial Revolution, water transportation had developed the wooden ship, depending on the winds and tides, weathering the storms of Tierra del Fuego and the Cape of Good Hope, instead of stopping the trans-oceanic voyages around the great southern continents through the short-cuts of Panama and Suez. Then, less than a hundred years ago, the hand of LABOR, armed with the machine, took hold of this means of

WHILE glancing through the pages of a large metropolitan daily, my attention was arrested by an article under the heading of "News of the Mercantile Marine." The article in question was a description of a large ocean liner that had sailed from the Port of New York with its cargo of human parasites who were going abroad for their periodical visit to the shrines of debauchery and mammon in the gay capitals of Continental Europe. The "Astorbilts" and many of their stripe were present when this huge ocean greyhound left its moorings and turned its nose towards the open sea. The slaves in the stoke hole were not mentioned by this reporter in his article and neither were the rest of the crew, as they were unimportant, and who would think of associating the name of a common fireman or sailor with that of an "Astorbilt"?

Times have changed in the means and methods of production and distribution, but still slavery exists, even in our so-called "advanced" civilization, with its machine process and labor-saving devices, which react to the comfort and security of a few who perform no useful function in society and reap the material gain of the brains of genius and initiative, while on the other hand the toil-

transportation. Now ocean greyhounds, under the tireless urge of steam, electricity, gasoline or petroleum, carry passengers and crew into the teeth of the wind, while from their squat stacks belches smoke in victorious defiance of the elements on all the seas of the world.

A new invention has lately been perfected that threatens to do away with all artificial propulsion, and is known as the Flettner Rotor Sails, named after the inventor, a German, by the name of Anton Flettner, who took his idea from the aerial field, on the positive and negative pressure that forces a plane to descend and ascend. In order to understand the principle upon which the Flettner Motor Sail acts it is necessary briefly to describe the Flettner aeroplane rudder and the Flettner ship's rudder.

Both of these were the incentives to the development of the new Flettner rotor sail which has aroused the curiosity and interest of seafaring men the world over.

The action which takes place when a body is either subject to stream lines, or moves through these, is probably as much unknown as the causes of electricity. When an aeroplane speeds through the air, it was formerly believed that the air pressure created against the lower surface of the plane forced the plane upwards. Investigations

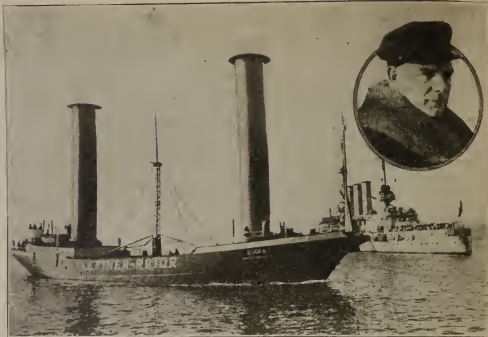
however have proven that the negative pressure existing on the upper side of the plane had just as much to do with the lifting of the mass as the positive pressure on the lower side. In other words, it was assumed that the lifting capacity of a plane depended just as much on the negative pressure as on the positive one. A plane is really sucked upward more than forced by the air pressure below.

The size and capacity of aeroplanes have increased in the last few years, and the steering of these "Giants of the Clouds" has become more difficult. This was the chief incentive toward the development of the Flettner rudder. The inventor conceived the idea of utilizing the difference in pressure to steer the plane, instead of forcing the rudder against the air current he attached a small fin or auxiliary rudder, to the rudder on the after-edge. This auxiliary, when forced against the air current, creates a positive pressure on one side and a negative pressure on the other side. In brief, Flettner steered the rudder itself and the rudder steered the plane.

Aerodynamics Suggests Invention

After the war the idea of utilizing the difference in pressure for steering aeroplanes was carried out on ship rudders. A considerable amount of energy has to be developed in overcoming the pressure against the rudder in order to steer large ocean-going steamers, and this is the cause of outfitting large ships with expensive steering engines, developing in some cases one hundred horse-power or more. By fitting an auxiliary rudder in the after edge of the main rudder, Flettner obtained the same results in water as in air. The area of the auxiliary rudder is about one-twelfth that of the main. It is obvious that the power required for operating the former is a minimum compared with that which is used when turning the latter. Flettner's auxiliary rudder may therefore be operated

Four



Sails Like Giant Stacks, and Anton Flettner (insert) The Inventor.

by hand on ships up to eight thousand tonnage.

Anton Flettner was experimenting, using the idea of his auxiliary rudder in connection with the sails. In other words, he looked at the sail as a body moving through stream lines, and nothing would, therefore, be more natural than operating sails, for instance, metal sails, by means of this pressure difference, and thereby eliminate a considerable amount of the running rigging as well as making the handling easier and simpler. It was while investigating the possibility for such a sail ship that Flettner conceived this idea—the rotor sail.

The following law has been recognized in both aerodynamics and hydrodynamics: wherever a body is moving through stream lines, be it the bow of a dirigible, an aeroplane plane, a turbine blade or a rudder, a section is formed where the positive pressure goes over into the negative pressure. Or, to put it this way: a section which disturbs the path of stream lines and absorbs a considerable amount of energy. This law is called the "Magnus Law," not to be confused with Magnus low in thermo-electricity.

The above explanation of the "Magnus Law" is somewhat complicated and must not be taken as being scientifically and technically correct, but, nevertheless, it illustrates the conception involved when explaining the rotor sail, and also the ordinary one. We know that the latter is placed at an angle with respect to the direction of the wind, so as to obtain the greatest possible pressure through the contraction of the stream lines. The disturbance, however, created by the sail in the direction of the path of the air, could only be prevented by making the sail rotatable. Flettner did this. In order to eliminate every energy absorbing section caused by the negative and positive pressure, he realized that it was necessary to transfer the sail into a rotating body. It was easy to prevent this resistance by

simply "revolving it out" or in other words removing the obstruction. The component of the wind forces will then be at 90 degrees to the direction of this, and it is this component which affects the driving power of the Flettner sailless ship.

The Flettner sailless ship has two funnel-like masts about sixty feet high and nine feet in diameter, smooth and built up of steel sheets. The power developed by these masts is said to be fifteen times as great as that which would be obtained from a sail of the same height and width, equivalent to the diameter. The results obtained with the rotor ship Buckau of Kiel, Germany, have been the cause of several prominent shipowners placing contracts for installation of this new sail on auxiliary vessels. The Hamburg-American Line has ordered ten vessels to be so equipped.

Will Reduce Cost of Operation

It is obvious that driving power like this will reduce the cost of operation considerably and also cut the amount of labor needed at present to man ships, in some cases up to sixty per cent, and it is very much possible that the near future will see the rotor-sail-driven ship invading the trade routes where trade winds are favorable and economy of vital importance. It is a well known fact that it took the Diesel-engine-driven ship to compete with the sail ship in the trade with Australia, but if the future holds what it promises, auxiliary rotor sail ships will possibly dominate the long trade routes in time to come.

It must be borne in mind that the Flettner rotor sails are revolved by means of a small auxiliary engine and not by the wind. It is the action of the wind on the revolving cylinder which is translated into energy movement for the vessel. The two rotor sails each being sixty feet high by nine feet in diameter, constitute an energy development surface equivalent to that which would be afforded by a sailing vessel having 8100 square feet of canvas stretched on its masts. The Flettner rotor masts extend through the deck to the keel of the vessel where they are properly secured by bearings.

When this ship is perfected to the extent intended seamen will be as scarce aboard it as broncho-busters on the high seas. It is less than one hundred years ago since the first steamship crossed the Atlantic, yet today ocean warehouses ply the channels of trade, equipped with all the labor-saving accessories of steam, electricity and hydraulics, undreamed of one hundred years ago. Lighthouses of concrete flash their beacons while machines tell them their location as unerringly as the landsman can tell where he is by the street signs. Recently ships have sailed around the world with no helmsman at the wheel. Steering these ships was one mightier than any quartermaster, with hands that are tireless and eyes that are unblinking—electricity. Sailors call this new machine the "Metal Mike," the fading phantom—a stern reality, it takes the place of human hand and



brain—but it could well be named "Industrial Revolution."

One hundred years ago ships were made of wood. "Iron does not float" was the popular conception in those days. Now ships are of iron and steel, with a consequent decrease of weight for their tonnage of one-third. At the present time the United States is planning a number of ships much larger than any that have ever appeared on the ocean. Those ships are to have a capacity of 70,000 tons, with a speed of thirty knots. They will leave New York on Wednesday and arrive in Southampton, England, on Monday. They will be built like palatial hotels, with a bath in each stateroom. There will be suites with two bedrooms, a sitting room, dining room, a private veranda, two bathrooms and two trunkrooms. The specifications of the crews' quarters are not made known, but one who is familiar with the sea knows that the more space and comfort allotted to the parasites who occupy these suites, the less there is for the crew. In fact, on the ships like the S. S. America, one hundred members of the crew are crowded together in the same space as one of the parasites who happens to occupy a suite on this ship.

One hundred years ago man crept and crawled on the face of the earth, and ventured on the waters not as master but as the servant of the elements. Now he speeds over the face of the earth and dominates the ocean. The birds have been forced to grant him the supremacy of the air; the fishes the supremacy of the waters, yet it was only a hundred years ago that the school board of a little town in Ohio was asked for the use of the schoolhouse to debate the question as to whether railroads and telegraphs were necessary—both of which as yet had existed only in the realm of thought.

The same ignorance and skepticism that existed a hundred years ago still exists and there are many

(Continued on page 19.)

America's Triumphant Slavery

By JOHN A. GAHAN

ON the opposite page is reprinted an advertisement that at this date in our blessed era of unrestricted bourgeois light may seem unique. My assurance is given that there was nothing extraordinary about its original appearance in the year of grace 1855 and the thriving commonwealth of Tennessee. It refers to a firm whose honorable trade was in the commodity of black human work beasts. But America did not always draw a color line in the bartering of slaves.

Indeed, the white resident today who belongs to the Kiwanis, and whose wife is in the social swim, should be a trifle wary about pluming himself on his strain from the free loins of the dominant Nordic, if his ancestors also lived on these bounteous shores. It is commonly known that chattel slavery of blacks prevailed extensively in the South until the Civil War. It is not commonly known that white slavery flourished until long after the United States had occupied its high position among the nations, and much credence had been given to its self-styled claim to being "The land of the free, and the home of the brave." White indentured servants, held for sale, received quite as humiliating, dehumanizing treatment as blacks bartered as chattels.

There is many a pushing, piggish, proud Rotarian, with all the cheap snobbery of the parvenu, whose lineage runs straight back to such enslaved whites chained by their necks in rows, driven from town to town for exhibition, lodged worse than ill-kept swine in the pristine hospitality of American jails, and sold at auction from the block. That's how the country got its start. We don't think such a genealogical tree anything to be ashamed of, but the hundred-percenter probably would.

Populating America

It happened this way: some of these whites were sold into service for periods of seven or more years on the assumption that their service was legitimate recompense for the cost of their passage from Europe. Others were convicts who elected to be exiled in bondage in preference to continued incarceration or death. How easy it was to become a convict in those days may be judged from the fact that 18th Century England held 168 crimes punishable by death. In this light one sees that being a convict at that time need not carry, from this distance, the moral stigma usually inflicted upon present day convicts. In due course we shall see what prompted such severity in English penal law. At this juncture let us consider the European background leading up to America's discovery, and the industrial system established in the earlier settlements.

Too often are we disposed to attempt interpretation of historical movements and events with an horizon that is restricted. History cannot be understood except by regarding the world as a unit in which every great religious, social, political and industrial activity is reflected to its remotest corners. Those who explain history by the presence of great men would impress us with the idea that Columbus was burning with scientific thirst, and that his noble, impersonal idealism is responsible for the discovery of America! The concept is very romantic, but such teachers leave the student to learn elsewhere why Ericson's explorations along the Atlantic coast of upper North America five centuries earlier resulted in no European settlement.

Columbus did have a scientific spirit. His life as a sailor stimulated his excellent mind to geographi-

cal speculation, not influenced by watching the stars upon which, just before his time, seamen relied. The mariner's compass was invented and they dared to venture farther out to sea. Still, Columbus' speculations were not rare, though admittedly unusual, nor were they peculiar to his age, learned men having pondered over the mysteries for centuries. Six hundred years before Christ Pythagoras, a Greek philosopher, held that the earth was a sphere, and theorized concerning its astronomical relations. Copernicus, a Prussian contemporary of the great Italian discoverer, published similar opinions, which were contrary to those of the church. However, he issued his work so late in life that he was permitted to die in bed.

Galileo came to the scene later on, popularizing the same notions, which, owing to their inevitable conflict with biblical mythology (the story of Joshua commanding the sun to stand still), got him into trouble from which he extricated a whole skin by repenting in genuflection at the feet of a Pope: "I abjure, hate and detest the heresy of the motion of the earth." Bruno, too, persisted in treading this hot trail of reawakening science, arriving at the stake in 1600 for his "heresy."

Columbus was more adventurous than abstract, avoiding heterodox heliocentric connotations, sticking to his geography, and capitalizing the forces in his favor. Yet even what he said about the rotundity of the earth would have been dangerous a century earlier, but circumstances were with the intrepid Italian. Europe's imperialist kings, and an ascending mercantile class needed what he promised—a new way to India, from whose riches they had been cut off when the Crescent of Moslem rose above St. Sofia at Constantinople in 1453.

Instead of burning him they tolerated his seven-years pilgrimage from court to court seeking financial and political patronage for the westward venture across an unknown, uncharted sea. Having just completed the Moorish expulsion in January, 1492, Spain was on the crest of enthusiastic frenzy. Columbus did not fail. He won his opportunity by dangling alluring tales of the greater monarchical glory to be gained by his voyage.

A word about his personal thrift and foresight is not amiss. He was not so thoroughly scientific as to neglect making provision for his own share of whatever material wealth resulted, and he diligently wrought to insure a happy outcome by sending back to Spain in 1494 five hundred Indians to be sold as slaves and "converted," suggesting that the money derived should be used to buy cattle needed in the development of the islands he had inadvertently discovered, which were called Hispaniola. Bickerings engendered on the score of title to the spoils eventually landed him in prison, where he died.

Peopling of the new world was divided mainly into two groups—avaricious adventurers speaking Romance languages, Spanish, Portuguese and French on the one hand, and Anglo-Saxon refugees and term-bound laborers on the other. With those of the former group we are at first interested.

Spaniards enslaved great numbers of aborigines in South America and the West Indies, the civilization destroyed in the former being culturally superior to that of the conquerors. History unfolds a terrible indict-

ment against these christianizing conquistadors who, wherever they ventured, were ambidextrous with sword and crucifix, carrying their Dominicans and Jesuits with them to save the Indians' souls while their bodies were damned in murderous slavery. In the West Indian gold mines and sugar fields the superior race had prospered so well that by 1520—only 28 years after Columbus landed at San Salvador—the Indians had been decimated as if by a pestilence, which would have been more mercifully

swift, and to continue this happy, golden era negroes were imported.

Columbus lived in the Age of Discovery. America was found as part of the world process of discovery. Prince Henry the Navigator had his own ships sailing along the African coast on the Atlantic. In 1442 one of his captains exchanged some Moorish prisoners for a number of black slaves and some gold. The traffic spread and was well established when need for slaves became great after the West Indian natives had been wiped out.

Other voyages that attempted to reach India around Cape Good Hope chanced upon other sources of slave supply. North of the equator, Western Africa extends much farther west than the coast south of the equator, and here is situated the Gulf of Guinea, whose waters wash the Gold Coast and the Slave Coast. De Gama thought he had reached a passage eastward to India in this gulf, not knowing the great length and extent of the Dark Continent. The versatility of these explorers is wonderful to contemplate. They would not return empty handed. They took slaves. India was so far

off anyhow, and trading in blacks a lucrative profession.

Ships from Spain, Holland, Portugal, England and France thereafter forgot all about India and stopped along this promising coast, and later at Madagascar, to load their holds with black freight. By the time France got well into the game the West Indies had a slave population of over a million. French St. Domingo had half a million slaves in 1791, with a ruling population of 30,000 whites.

FORREST & MAPLES
SLAVE DEALERS,
 87 Adams Street,
Between Second and Third.
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE,
 Have constantly on hand the best selected assortment of
FIELD HANDS, HOUSE SERVANTS & MECHANICS,
 at their Negro Mart, to be found in the city. They are daily receiving from Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri, fresh supplies of likely Young Negroes.
Negroes Sold on Commission,
 and the highest market price always paid for good stock. Their Jail is capable of containing Three Hundred, and for comfort, neatness and safety, is the best arranged of any in the Union. Persons wishing to purchase, are invited to examine their stock before purchasing elsewhere.
 They have on hand at present, Fifty likely young Negroes, comprising Field hands, Mechanics, House and Body Servants, &c.

English royalists fleeing from the Cromwellian Revolution of 1641 had set up in the slave business as planters in the Barbadoes. They prospered and required territorial expansion. England warred on Spain in 1655, affording these gentlemen the patriotic opportunity to assist in the capture of Jamaica, where they spread their system. John Colleton, a Barbadian, and some followers had been given a charter by the English king many years before—1633—to found a settlement in Carolina on the continent. This was put into execution in 1670 when Charleston was founded. Slavery was advancing. Let us now observe Virginia, which had preceded Carolina in foundation.

When Virginia was founded plantation meant what colony now means. The London Company owned the Jamestown settlement. But a more intimate connection inhered between company and settlement than is now signified between mother country and colony. To illustrate: the company owned the land and the equipment. It held property rights to the labor of all settlers sent over by it. It supplied taskmasters, and provided food and clothing for the workers from its own magazine. Therefore, it owned the product. The plantation was of purely industrial character rather than of the political nature of the colony.

Virginia Buys Black Slaves

In 1620 three important events took place in Jamestown. The London Company's charter was dissolved, to begin with. The settlement had grown out of the company's hands, and the population was divided between wealthy planters and their bondsmen, and poor whites. But one day the sails of a ship were seen nearing the settlement. This was not an everyday occurrence, to be sure, but it did not arouse very great excitement. The ship was a Dutch slaver. It unloaded its blacks and auctioned them off to eager purchasers. With all its harsh laws England was not supplying the planters with enough white slave labor, and the enterprising Dutchmen came to their aid. This was the first time that black slaves had been brought to continental North America and sold. To make life rosy all around, another ship arrived with a cargo of white women who were also auctioned off to the prurient buyers of wives. The English damsels each netted their sellers from 120 to 160 pounds of tobacco, which was legal tender there, and was worth about three shillings a pound.

Ten years afterwards clearings on the York, Rappahannock and Potomac rivers furnished another impetus to tobacco cultivation. In the meantime large planters were monopolizing the tidewater peninsulas. Better system and large scale marketing made this result inevitable. The small holders, poor whites, were crushed out. But there was still the untrod wilderness to which they emigrated with emancipated redemptioners to find an existence. The land was new and fresh, and the ingress bore important consequences, among the most immediate being that the pioneers served as a "buffer" between hostile Indians and the rich planters.

We know that the condition of the white slaves was extremely onerous because so many of them ran off, braving the forest, the natives and the risk of possible capture, which meant torture. Newspapers carried, side by side, as time passed, advertisements of fugitive whites and blacks. Descriptions of these frequently mentioned scars caused by scourgings and brands seared into the flesh, just as cattle ranchers mark their stock for identification.

With the swallowing up of small holdings by large plantations ground was being laid for an institution destined to grip the colonies and hold sway over the United States for the first half century of its Union, and then to mightily shake this Union. The farmer of small means had long ago found what his Southern fellow agriculturist had yet to learn—that it was more suitable to his interest to hire intermittent wage labor than to hold slaves or long-term bonded laborers. That accounts for the "moral repugnance" against slavery which spread in the North. That, and the advancing bourgeoisie. Before attacking this problem more fully, we can profitably view the development of chattel slavery in the South.

It was found in 1694 that Carolina's marshy lowlands favored extensive rice cultivation. The planters spent most of the money gained from rice on new slaves to grow a still greater crop, thus adding to their wealth on a progressively expanding scale. It reminds one of the modern capitalist using profits extracted from wage laborers to increase his operations by employing an ever-growing force of wage slaves, thereby steadily multiplying his wealth and the power it confers.

Indigo became a staple product in Carolina in 1745, doubling the resources of the planters and intensifying the slave system. Virginia was still going along on the importance of tobacco, and likewise Maryland. In the latter colonies at this time average plantations employed from five to ten workers, some of whom might be white redemptioners. Carolina had an average per plantation of thirty, nearly all of them being slaves.

The Effect of the Cotton King

Five years later Georgia began to clamor for more slaves to produce rice and indigo, and Sea-island cotton was introduced there in 1786. It seemed that many forces conspired to fasten the prehensile claws of the slave system in the land, but no one at this time could have foreseen the tremendous stimulus it received when a few years later upland cotton became "King" as a result of the labor-saving invention of the cotton gin by Eli Whitney in 1793.

New lands were feverishly sought, often violently taken, and large scale slavery pushed westward through Carolina and the Georgia Piedmont until it had dominion of the South as far west as Texas and to the north as far as the southeastern end of Kentucky. A year later, 1794, planters in Louisiana added another product to the list profitably raised by slaves—sugar cane.

(Continued on page 31.)

Labor and the American Empire

By ROBERT WHITAKER

It has been our pleasure and good fortune on many occasions to have gained the keen and scholarly support, both in press and on the lecture platform, of Dr. Whitaker in the movement of working class education along industrial union lines. He should write a book—no one could do it better—called "An Outline of American Labor History". At this time he is beginning for INDUSTRIAL PIONEER a consideration of the workers of America in relation to the country's growth and its present imperialism.

NOT one workingman in a thousand in these United States of ours understands the part which labor has played, and has not played, in American history. If he thinks of the matter at all he passes over without knowledge and understanding the phases where labor has had most to do with the making of America, or our part of America, and he attaches an importance and success to certain modern manifestations of labor's activities far beyond what is their due.

In general, writers on American labor history will tell you that labor took no active part in the shaping of our national affairs until the second or third decade of the nineteenth century, at which time labor organizations in the great city-centers of the east began to make themselves felt. Out of this early labor movement, we are told, came the Common School system of the United States, to which labor points with a pride which is in sorry contrast with the manner in which the common schools have become the bulwarks in our day of the oppression and exploitation of labor. The other chapters of labor's story, as it is commonly told, have to do with the rise of the Knights of Labor, the climax of their struggle with the ruthless might of the Steel Trust, the passing of this more militant form of labor organization, with the contemporary development of the American Federation of Labor, and later of The Industrial Workers of the World. These are the outlines of Labor's History in the United States, as it is conventionally set forth. And on the whole it is a very pitiful story, and gives but a poor impression of the actual part which the workingman has had in making the United States what it is today. The picture is altogether too contracted in size, and its foreground, in the details of the doings of the last century, is too highly colored and altogether too flattering to those who have been leaders in it.

The real story of American labor is not the story of leaders at all, but of an innumerable company of "millions who, humble and nameless, the straight hard pathway plod," and who to this day, both individually and collectively, remain practically "unhonored and unsung." American labor history in its larger aspects has little or nothing to do with the organized labor movement. It begins centuries before that movement was dreamed of, and it concerns even yet the whole body of labor more than it concerns any particular leadership or organization.

How the Country Changed Hands

Four times within the past five hundred years the ownership of the lands which are now included within the main body of our national area, known as the United States of America, has changed hands. The ownership was with the Red Man five centuries ago, and had been with him for dozens, scores, and perhaps hundreds of centuries before. The major part of the country which we call ours now passed then into the hands of the Latin powers of Europe, Spain and France. From them it was wrested by the English, who were originally in possession of very small holdings on the Atlantic Coast. From the English it was taken by the people of the colonies themselves, mainly of English stock, but from this time calling themselves rather arrogantly and exclusively the Americans. And then came a strug-

gle among these as to which portion of them was to control the country, those who lived in the chattel-slave belt of the Southern states, or those who occupied the Eastern, Northern, and Western sections of the land. The South lost the reins of power, and the country has been governed ever since in fact from New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, in alliance with the West.

Now in every one of these instances power has passed from one group to the other on industrial lines. The Red Man lost America to the White Man, not because of inferior cranial capacity, natural brain power; not because he lacked the makings of moral character, but because circumstances were against him in the development of industrial technique. He was just as good a fighter as the white man, but he was behind him in the knowledge and the use of tools. The reasons for this industrial belatedness cannot be more than hinted at here. In part the reasons were climatic, because the New World had no such favorable natural environment for primitive man as the Old World could show. In part the reasons had to do with the lack of domesticated and domesticable animals here. The ox and the cow, the horse, the sheep, the hog, the camel and the ass were missing, and these have had much to do with the making of civilization. A third factor in the backwardness of America during the regime of the red man was the lack of the great cereals, nine

wheat, and oats, and rye, and barley, and rice. The American aboriginal never got to going on the lines of that industrial ascendancy which Asia and Europe achieved because he was in want of the necessary natural and animal assistance. But the fact to be stressed here is that it was his failure as a workingman which lost him the control of America. Had he known tools he would have known sovereignty, of which he could not have been dispossessed as he was.

Workers Built America

The same in substance is true of the failure of the Spanish and the French to hold their own in America, as against the English. The Latin races came as conquerors, as adventurers, as trappers, traders, missionaries. Their records compare favorably with any, on the side of heroism, self-sacrifice, devotion. But the English who came, and prevailed against them, were workingmen. They were farmers and artisans. Why this was so there is no space here to tell. But it was so, and English success in holding the land was industrial success.

So also in the case of the colonists, it was the workers who had made the land who took the land. They took it for their masters in America as against their masters in England, but nevertheless it was the triumph of an industrial order on this side of the sea, as against an industrial order on the other side of the sea.

And it was so with the struggle between the Northern States and the Southern States. The Civil War was not, as many people imagine, a great philanthropic upheaval on behalf of the black man. The North cared very little more for the black man, if any, than did the South. It was a struggle between two types of labor, as to which of them was to rule in America, and the more advanced type, industrially, won. The common people, black or white, got little advantage out of it, but none the less they were the makers both of the South and the North, and it was they, not just on the field of battle, but far more in the field of labor, who decided the issue.

Before ever there was thought of organized labor in America the empire of America passed from the Red Man to the White Man because the White Man was the better industrial man. And while the organization of labor in its own defense even on the most moderate lines still slept in the womb of the future the Spaniard and the Frenchman in America lost the empire of that which is now the United States to the Englishman, because the Englishman was the better equipped and the more effective industrial man. So did the English governing class lose the empire of their own colonies here a little later because industrial strength was on the side of the colonists instead of on the side of the absentee lords of England, that is industrial possession here. It

was a triumph of labor again. And finally it was a triumph of the workingman of the North against the workingman of the South that determined the making of modern America. Always the empire of America has inclined to the side where the industrial emphasis was at its highest and best.

And all this happened, let me repeat, before there was a labor union of any kind here, or anywhere else in the world. All history is labor history. It has been written as if kings and lords, and priests and monks, and scholars and politicians were the makers of world history. But they have been mainly mere figure-heads for what was going on in the industrial field. They have held their own, or lost it, as they have been able to hold the advantage at the point of industrial equipment and product. The real makers of history have been the tool-makers and the tool-users, that is, the workingmen and the working women of the earth.

And this has been peculiarly emphasized in the story of America. It was not kings who came here. Neither did the priests who came here hold their own, however bravely they wrought, except as they were backed by a more effective body of labor than backed the men of other nations. It was the common people of Europe and Asia and Africa who came here, and who transformed this country into what it is today. Unorganized labor, uneducated labor, unconscious labor one might almost say, it was sheer labor, the industry and skill of the workingman that won America. And they who hold it today hold it by the gift of the industrial machine.

For greater by far than the so-called American Revolution, by which labor here changed English masters for American masters, bigger than the French Revolution and all the other political revolutions of the last one hundred and fifty years, was the INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION, which has so utterly transformed LABOR POWER in the last century. The United States has grown to its present size mainly in the last dozen decades, since the nineteenth century began. We had then been two hundred years hanging on the fringes of the Atlantic, and living by the bounty of Europe. We were five million or less then, and we are more than a hundred million now. Why? Are we so much better thinkers than were our fathers of two centuries, or three centuries ago? Are we better characters? Certainly not twenty-fold abler or better than they were, but more than twenty-fold as efficient with tools. The Nineteenth Century was for us the IMPERIAL CENTURY because it was the century in which the workingman increased his power over nature more than in all the centuries of the past, the industrial age of all the ages that have ever been.

And what is the workingman, the American workingman going to do about it today?

(TO BE CONTINUED)



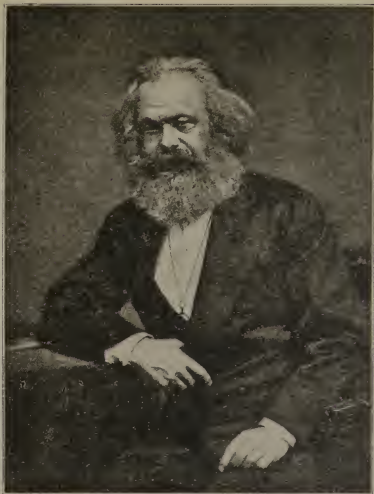
Our Revolutionary Position



By

FORREST EDWARDS

A Resume of The Basic Conflicts Of
Sociological Opinions From the
Ancient Plato to the Moderns.
Lester F. Ward and
Karl Marx.



THE tendency to obscure the class struggle by accepting a philosophy which, at the very most, reflects the interests of the small shopkeepers and professional men—in a word, the middle class—is everywhere apparent. The minds of many well meaning revolutionists have drifted into the middle class channels of thought. They dish out middle class ideology in lieu of working class propaganda, while, at the same time, they are maintaining a revolutionary pose. This sort of misinformation on the part of the so-called revolutionists can lead only to confusion in the revolutionary movement. Much of the internal strife in that movement can be traced to the fact that so many conscientious workers do not fully grasp the revolutionary point of view.

In proof of the foregoing remarks, your attention will be called to several well known philosophers, who, the writer thinks, stand out in the world's history as men whose contributions to education are unique: Plato, Aristotle, Roger Bacon, Marx, Buckle and Ward. Their names appear in the order in which they wrote. We should consider each of them from the standpoint of what they thought should be done in order that this world might be a better place in which to live. The writer will present what he believes to be a fair outline of the theories of each. No attempt will be made to go fully into detail in any case. Just a brief sketch, quoted from memory, and in the writer's own language.

Plato thought that there was something very much wrong with the way the world was run in his time. He saw the wars of conquest, the blundering statesmen and the effects of a cruel social system. He observed the people's ignorance, both in public life and out of it. He said that the way to solve social problems was to begin by building educational institutions. He would have the state promote a system of education that would make it possible for everyone to develop intellectually to the limits of his capacity.

Briefly, his scheme was founded upon the proposition that there were intellectual differences, which

under no system could make all men intellectually equal, and, of course, he saw the mental disparities about him. So he proposed that each person should be given the opportunity to attend school, and after completing the elementary grades he should be permitted to enter college. He thought that after a scholar had been given this opportunity and failed to pass the examinations that he should then be required to take up some industrial occupation suitable to his degree of intelligence and capabilities.

He argued that those succeeding in passing their examinations should be promoted to a university of a higher learning still. He realized that many would

fail to pass the examinations and thereby be dropped from the roll of students. He declared that those who did pass the examinations should in turn be permitted to continue their studies until they had mastered all that the most learned professors were able to teach them. After completing their education these few who had run the gauntlet, who had been sifted out of the great masses, should then devote their time to public affairs. They should officer the various departments of state and rule by virtue of intellectual fitness.

In this way Plato struggled hard to prove by argument that which experience had proven impossible. It was his opinion that the social problems would be solved and the people benefited by virtue of being governed by intelligence rather than by ignorance and political intrigue. This scheme of things is what is known as Plato's intellectual oligarchy.

Philosophy Still Young

Although his scheme presents a glowing picture of what he thinks the world ought to be, yet it does not take into account the fact that even in his own day the class struggle was a bitter and ancient reality. By virtue of his method of proving things by argument, rather than by placing his reliance upon experience, he completely divorced himself from the reality of the economic division in society and hence, although the social division was everywhere apparent he observed it as a matter of necessity. He knew nothing about economic science, for that branch of learning remained for the future. However, had Plato observed the economic division in society, he could have avoided his absurd conclusion. He would have been able to account for the social division, then existing, on the basis of economic division.

In the days of Plato the city of Athens contained a population of about one hundred and sixty thousand people and only thirty thousand souls. Those who dirtied their hands with labor had no souls. Slavery then as now formed the basis of the social system. Plato founded his Republic on slavery because he saw in slavery a divine institution. In this "civilized" age there are plenty of men of "authority" who are always ready to defend wage slavery on the same grounds. In fact there is no other defense for it.

Not pretending to review in detail the writings of the ancients, a task to which the writer does not feel equal, we can arrive at an understanding by searching out a few points which seem to have direct bearing on the theme. It is understood, of course that in the days of Plato, 444 B. C., and those of Aristotle, about 345 B. C., the scientific age had not yet begun. Many philosophers were yet to be born, to be educated, to write, to speak and to be burned at the stake before the old barbarian superstitions and methods were to be overcome and subdued by experimental science. The stake, the dungeon and the dagger have always been the most convincing proof of the correctness of the ideas that ruled the old world, just as the tar-and-feather party, the lynch-

ing bee and the federal prison are the chief supports upon which the ruling class of our own day depend both for proof of their theories and how much the people are really benefited by the kind services of these rulers.

Aristotle, who was a close friend and associate of Plato, had some notions about how the world ought to be run. While he resisted the communistic tendencies of Plato's Republic, he, like his friend and teacher, thought that the proper form of government was one by a wise aristocracy in which neither wealth nor numbers should be allowed to determine anything. That, so he believed, was the panacea for the social questions, and the best guarantee for exact justice. Like Plato he also believed that slavery must form the basis of the social system of any age. He defended slavery on the grounds that it was perfectly natural and in strict accordance with the divine will. Moreover, he proved by argument that it was right to make war upon, and reduce to slavery those races who were evidently intended by nature to be slaves. But just how any system of slavery, whether it be the chattel slavery of old, or the wage slavery of the 20th Century, can be reconciled to that word "justice" is hard, at least for a wage slave, to understand.

But Aristotle was very much opposed to Plato's notions about the emancipation of women, arguing that women were just simply "stunted men" fixed by nature in a position of inferiority. Our liberal and socialist friends of this day may, and do, draw on both Plato and Aristotle for much of their philosophy, but on this feminist point they take sides with Plato.

Before we leave the ancient, dead philosophers behind it should be stated that both of these men used the deductive method of reasoning which requires that the mind proceed from some universal proposition, i. e. it assumes some such universal concept as God to be a fact and that other things, such as slavery, are in accordance with the divine will. That was the old way of reasoning, but in our own day there are plenty of these Aristotelian fossils instructing the students in the universities.

Inductive Reasoning Proclaimed

In the 13th Century Roger Bacon appeared on the world's stage, and he set out to change this method of reasoning that had so long held sway. He said the method of proving things by argument could not prove anything, in fact. Further: that while argument was no doubt necessary to the work of the scientist, it could never be more than just an aid to him. Experience was, according to this profound thinker, the only way by which men could arrive at "exact truth." So he set in motion the experimental method, or in other words the inductive method. He refused to accept anything as a proven fact simply because some scientific dabbler or philosophic windbag said so.

This determined mental attitude by which he refused to accept the old, and therefore "true", claims of men in authority caused him to find himself in due

time safely locked up in prison. But since the prison experiences of Roger Bacon, the whole system of philosophy has changed. In fact, the claim is made that the age of science dates from Roger Bacon in the middle of the 13th Century.

We must not dwell longer on matters so remote in the history of mankind. It will be much better if the remainder of our space is devoted to the 19th and 20th Centuries. Therefore let us look to the historian Thomas Buckle who wrote the "History of Civilization in England". Buckle was a fellow who had to struggle very hard for his education, most of which he acquired outside of schools and universities; He said that the way to write history was to describe the history of a nation's intellectual development. Buckle was a contemporary of Karl Marx, and Marx had a somewhat different notion about writing history, saying that the way in which to faithfully record history was to show the history of the economic development of the nation. On this basis he undertook to supply the key that would enable one to understand why people act as they do, and why nations pursue certain courses in their relations to the other nations. But Marx did not stop with merely considering the nation's economic development; he said that we must study the material conditions which include the economic development. Therefore, his key to history is known as the materialistic conception of history.

Buckle declared that human progress was due not to moral agencies, which are stationary, and which balance one another in such a manner that their influence is unfelt over a long period, but to intellectual activity which has been constantly varying and advancing. The actions of individuals are greatly affected by their moral feelings and passions, but these being antagonistic to the emotions and passions of other individuals are balanced by them, so that their effect is in the great average of human affairs nowhere to be seen, and the total actions of mankind, considered as a whole, are left to be regulated by the total knowledge of which mankind is possessed.

The Class Struggle

That is all very well, but suppose we consider something else that he said, something which forms one of the principles of his history. It is especially interesting to one who keeps in mind that at the same time, and in another country, Marx was working out the formula known to all radicals as the materialistic conception of history. Marx was a communist or socialist and Buckle was not. Buckle said that climate, soil, food and the aspect of nature are the primary causes of intellectual progress—the first three indirectly through the accumulation and distribution of thought, the imagination being stimulated and the understanding subdued when the phenomena of the eternal world are sublime and terrible, the understanding being emboldened and the imagination curbed when these phenomena are small and feeble.

At first thought one would say: "I do not see

where there can be any material difference between the Marxian theory and that of Buckle." Yet, if we observe closely in the reading of Buckle's work we are bound to see in Buckle just as we see in Lester F. Ward, great writers as they were, an absence of perception of the class struggle. Marx discovered and embraced it, but these others let it pass them unnoticed, the only struggle that they were able to discern in society being a sort of intellectual struggle.

Many of our modern radicals, pretending to accept Marxism, actually take for their text books such works as "Dynamic Sociology" by Ward, and "The History of Civilization," by Buckle. Then again, it is difficult to notice any material difference in the "intellectual oligarchy" of Plato and Aristotle and that of Ward, and the one to which we may be justified in assuming that Buckle would have subscribed himself.

Intellectual oligarchies are no solution to the economic problem of today any more than they were in the days of Plato. Both of the great works of Ward and Buckle are well worth reading but one must bear in mind the fact that after all they have not offered any new remedies or panacea for social questions. One must keep in mind the thought that revolutionary philosophy does not emanate from the kind of men who are quite sure that the wage system is all right. We have altogether too many spokesmen for the revolutionary movement advocating Ward and Buckle, rather than Marx and Engels.

Marx's Contribution To History

The greatest contribution to history ever made by one man was the materialist conception of Marx. To explain it we quote the language of Frederick Engels in the introduction to the Communist Manifesto where he says:

"In every historical epoch the prevailing mode of economic production and exchange, and the social organization necessarily following from it, form the basis upon which it is built up, and from which alone can be explained the political and intellectual history of that epoch; that consequently the whole history of mankind (since the dissolution of primitive tribal society holding land in common ownership) has been a history of class struggles, a contest between exploiting and exploited, ruling and oppressed classes; that the history of these struggles forms a series of evolution in which, nowadays, a stage has been reached where the exploited and oppressed class—the proletariat—can not attain its emancipation from the sway of the exploiting and ruling class—the bourgeoisie—without at the same time, and once and for all, emancipating society at large from all exploitation, oppression, class distinctions and class struggles."

The space of time between the writing of Plato's Republic and that of the unfinished manuscripts of Marx is a long one when measured by the lifetime of one of us, but when considered in relation to the existence of mankind on this old planet it is

(Continued on Page 42)



The Harbor at Buenos Aires Where the Shanghaiers Plied their Trade Until the M. T. W. Broke It Up.

How the M. T. W. Laid Bricks in Buenos Aires



By AUSSIE

THE year 1919 was a black year for the shanghaiers and shipping masters in the ports of the Argentine Republic. A strike of tugboatmen tied up the port following "Bloody Week" in Buenos Aires, and that was not settled until all the back pay—due for the time lost while on strike—was paid, and the matter over which the strike arose adjusted to the satisfaction of the men. Hundreds of ships were tied up in port—in fact, you could walk from one side of Docks 2 and 3 to the other across steamers and wind-jammers lying abreast of each other. On top of this came the formation of the Marine Transport Workers' Union, which almost in a night put an end to the Shanghaiers' era, and compelled skippers to get their men from the Union Hall. The Shanghaiers were quite a resourceful crowd, for there was hardly anything that they would not try once. They tried in the beginning to buy the Union—a novel idea—but, as I said before, they would try anything once. There had been a Union (?) once before that had a short life and a lucrative one for everyone except the seamen.

Then they tried coercion—and that failing, flapping. They tried forming a "Scandinavian" Union, which died in its birthpangs in the grimy saloon of the "Cape Denmark" in Calle Veinticinco de Mayo. That was a weird union—but often these gentry had rather novel ideas on unions and their functions, if any. The secretary, a grass-eating young Norwegian mate, lasted until someone met him one dark night and unfortunately dropped a brick on his head. The M. T. W. shipped him afterwards—with a hard-case M. T. W. crew.

Down in the Boca, in the boarding house district where the Union was established, became very dangerous country for Big Pete Bengtson, Stockholm Charley and the pot-bellied gentleman from the Cafe Denmark who varied shanghai-ing with procuring. They usually went through in fast automobiles. Business went right down to zero. The skippers had to come to the Union Hall, otherwise the dock workers laid off, the tugboatmen ignored them, the "carreteros" neglected to bring any loads along—and, worst of all, their men on board just wouldn't get out of their bunks. So old time skippers belly-ached and cussed and blew off their heads in the Salisbury Bar about the Union—and then three days before their ships were loaded, trotted along to Calle Gabota and got the men from the Union to make up their crew.

The sharks had Indignation Meetings in the various uptown bars, started to drink coffee and beer, sold their cars, some of them even gave up the per-

oxide blondes in the Cafe Maipu and took a street car to the Races. For grafting days were over, and robbing seamen of a month's advance, and charging the ships and companies for their services in getting crews was all gone.

But at the end of 1919 an event happened. A Finnish barque—a three-master—the "Loch Linnhe"—wandered into Ibicuy, away up the Rio Plata. Now she was a no-good hooker and her crew kissed their hands to her and beat it for Buenos Aires. At Ibicuy the port-workers had no organization, in fact, about two ships or so a year are all that come in there. For once the shipping masters got a job—the combined forces were put to work finding a batch of 17 scabs to man the scow. They could not get them around the boarding houses, as no boarding house keeper dare let his men go to a non-union ship, but they picked up a bunch of riff raff—God help that mutt-headed Finlander skipper—and they were signed on, and in due course the Noah's Ark and her menagerie beat it for far and away. The Union had no power to stop her.

So that night—it was Saturday—the United Association of Shanghaiers celebrated the portentous event in Kruse's Bar at the "Green Corner," (the corner of Pedro Mendoza and Almirante Brown). That is right opposite the big transporter bridge—and a "bombero" (fire) station. The gentlemen were jubilant. They had shipped a crew—although God knows how far fees went among such a crowd. But maybe they thought that good days were about

to dawn again. So they drank and sang and cheered. And they filled their glasses with curacao, champagne and schnapps.

The news travels quick around the Boca. The shanghaiers were drunk, singing, hilarious. Something novel for a bunch who could previously have easily qualified for the undertaker's business. A delegate passes along, pauses for a moment, gathers the news and makes hot-foot for the Union Hall.

The secretary heard the news and Ginger Irish Paddy—Oh! the janitor speedily located the delegates and called up the forces from the various boarding houses. Result: in ten minutes about 70 marine workers, mostly Scandinavians and sailing-ship men. We had a bricked-up copper boiler at the back of the hall—and a wrecking party started in preparing ammunition. Each warrior must have had about 6 half-bricks packed in his overalls. The expeditionary force started cautiously—not to alarm the enemy unnecessarily. They dribbled in fours and fives down the various streets to converge at the "Green Corner" at 8:15 prompt.

Meantime, the booze-fighters were drinking malediction to the Union.

Then like a flash a small army percolated through the nearby side streets and with a yell raced across the street and bang! went a volley of bricks. The heroes of two minutes before sprang for the lavatory—a small and unsavory place—not meant for more than one of them, at the best of times. The Union Army, however, was unwieldy, one party got inside, while a larger party was outside alternately throwing bricks and marble tables and chairs through the space occupied a few seconds before by plate glass. The detachment inside busied itself dragging the now thoroughly sober and frightened shanghaiers out and beating them up, and throwing out the marble tables into the street, again to be returned by the brothers outside. With a crash a large sideboard carrying several hundred pesos' worth of fancy liquors was toppled over. The fun was fast and furious while it lasted. Mr. Pete Fredrikson—6 feet in height and with the brain capacity of a South Dock skeeter and a throat like the hippo at the Bronx Zoo, was down on his knees protesting his innocence. Mr. Bengtson, with the celerity of a juggler, had caught three bricks and a broken stein with his head. He was all in, the booze already having acidulated in his stomach.

And then Argentine law—and order arrived! It arrived rather apologetically. A dozen very fat "Bomberos" had waddled across from the fire station, while a few stray "agentes" from Comisario 24 hurried in with their pickle forks. The war was over practically. The Bar of Señor Kruse was wrecked, and then re-wrecked several times—by experts. Bricks were everywhere. One of the attacking force, a Swiss mate, had a tiff with an "agente." He took the latter's pickle fork and broke it over his knee. The fat "bomberos" made several captures—and when the war was over, eleven were arrested.

The police invited the shanghaiers to present complaints, but these gentlemen, probably fearing more retribution, declined to present themselves. However, the eleven were taken to Swinagar Carcel and charged with most everything that was provided by the Penal Code of the Divinely founded Republic of Argentina. While the boys were accumulating a variety of animal companions—for which Argentine prisons have a special reputation—the Union was seeing somebody who had to see somebody who had to hand something to somebody—and so on.

And on a certain day the eleven lined up before the gentleman who dishes out Justice.

"You men have committed a heinous crime. You have assaulted citizens, destroyed property, violated our hospitality—blah, blah and more blah blah (a la Nicholas Murray Butler)—but I understand that there was justification for your action, that the men whom you attacked had insulted your calling and called you foul names. Under the circumstances I am going to deal very leniently with you, and release you on your words that you will behave yourselves in our great country. But I warn you very sternly that should you come before me again that I will give you not less than twenty years of forced labor in the Federal Penitentiary at Ushuaia."

And that evening the old copper at the Union Hall was at work boiling up shirts and underwear to enable eleven to go about their business without any special gymnastics.

And a chastened bunch of bad men kept still tongues in their teeth and kept out of public bars and generally acted like Salvation Army lassies under the strict eye of the Staff Sergeant-Major.

"AUSSIE" PROMISES AN ARTICLE
ON THE M.T.W. FOR THE

April Industrial Pioneer

Subscribe At Once!

We Are Going Ahead!

San Quentin

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

A lowering pile of whitish gray
Looking with bleak eyes on the bay,
And Tamalpais looking down on it;
A kitchen garden by the shore
And flowers at each cottage door,
Some benches by the road on which to sit.

Such is San Quentin from the roadway seen,
Immortalized by men
Railroaded to the "pen;"
A modern hell-hole framed in emerald green,
Behind whose frowning walls a hundred men
Suffer and starve because they **dare** be men!

Such is San Quentin that you see—
California's Statue to Liberty!





Coal Civilization in Eastern Kentucky

By ALONZO WALTERS

This article faithfully depicts conditions of coal mining in an important district. It concerns itself chiefly with wages and sanitation, company stores and county governmental corruption in the interests of the coal operators. We are promised another article by the same writer on the pseudo-organizational work of the U. M. W. of A. there. Read this and look to next month's Pioneer for an expose of the president appointed in District 30 by John M. Lewis. You will then see what kind of organization is really needed to win for the miners the common necessities of life, of which they are now largely deprived.

DOWN in the heart of the Cumberland mountains, on the banks of the Kentucky river, less than 70 miles from the Virginia line, lies a little mining town of about eight thousand inhabitants. This town is called Hazard. It is in Kentucky and rises in the center of what is known as the Hazard Coal Field. Other mining towns and hundreds of mining "camps" dot the valley of the Kentucky along a distance of 45 miles to the north and 58 miles to the south of Hazard. Thousands of wage slaves toil in the mines that have been opened up in that region since the first railroad line, a branch of the L. & N., was run into that region in 1912, and live with their families in the filthy camps.

Fifteen years ago Hazard had a population of less than one thousand. Fifteen years ago none of the hundreds of mining camps now to be found in the district were there. Fifteen years ago the railroad extended into that region no farther than Jackson, Kentucky, 45 miles north of Hazard. As late as then wage slavery did not exist there. The people—all natives—lived their lives, happy and content in their own quiet, simple way. Their only industries, or occupations, worth speaking of were tilling their small mountain farms for a living which, simple and rude though it would probably seem to most of us, quite satisfied all their tastes and demands,—this, and making the best moonshine liquor that ever kissed the lips of men. For pastime they hunted the small game that abounded in the hillside woodlands, or fished from the Kentucky river or some of the numerous creeks that are its tributaries. The young folks now and then went to "bean shellings," "apple cuttings," or old fashioned country "parties," and the old folks on Sundays went to "preachings." Occasionally, when some of them wanted a little excitement, a feud was started in which some two or more leading families of a community or locality proceeded to kill each other off. They knew nothing of the vices, crimes, filth, labor hells and other blessings of modern civilization, and modern civilization had not yet heard of them, or, at least, was not yet interested in them.

Then suddenly it was discovered that these mountains contained three very rich layers of coal, extending the entire length of that portion of the Kentucky valley, which traverses the mountain region. Then it was that modern civilization, or modern capitalism, which is the same thing, began to develop a very lively interest in this benighted section and its primitive people, and decided to bring to it and them all the above mentioned blessings and many others.

Now let us take a brief glimpse at this region, the Hazard Coal Field, as it has since come to be known. It would be hard to find a more deplorable, a more abominable form of slavery anywhere in the world, or in any age of history than the system of wage slavery that now exists there. Because of the fact that this region is just now in the infancy of its industrial development, and coal mining its only important industry in which wage slaves can find employment, thousands of workers are absolutely at

the mercy of the coal barons. They are dependent upon them for jobs; they live in their houses, and they trade at their stores. Hence, it follows that when one of them has incurred the ill-will of his master for any reason he is thrown out with his family upon the road; his credit is cut off, and he is blacklisted throughout the entire district, so that it is impossible for him to get a job without leaving the whole coal field.

Sample of "Prosperity"

The coal miners in that field have had three wage cuts within the past year. At present, local loaders are being paid 40 to 50 cents per "ton" of 3,000 pounds or more for digging coal in mines where the average thickness of the coal seam is about 40 inches. In addition to mining the coal, they must remove a streak of "jack rock" which varies from eight to eighteen inches in thickness, and all overhead slate, for which labor in most mines of the Hazard field nothing is paid. Out of this meager



This Is Where the Mine Superintendent Lives.



This Is A Typical "Home" of a Coal-Mine Slave.

wage they must buy from the coal companies all their tools and working material, such as carbide, lamps, blasting powder, fuse, shooting paper, etc.

One coal miner, at Blackey, Kentucky, told me a few days ago that for eleven days' work for the Bertha Coal Company his total earnings were only \$22. Day wages range from \$2 to \$4.50 a day, the latter figure being the wage to the most highly skilled and extremely dangerous and responsible jobs.

While on a two-week visit to the Hazard Coal Field, in addition to gathering a lot of other data, I compiled a number of tables showing the prices which miners must pay for the bare necessities of life in the company stores where they are forced to trade. The following, which is a table of prices charged by the Hazard-Blue Grass Coal Corporation, will serve as a typical illustration:

Light overalls, per suit	\$5.00
Light work shirts, each	1.00
Canvas gloves, per pair50 to .75
Flour (24-pound sack)	1.50
Salt bacon, per pound30
Breakfast bacon, per pound75
Ham, per pound50
Beans, per pound10
Butter, per pound80

Independent stores located near some of the mining camps sell the same articles from 20 to 40 per cent cheaper, but most of the miners are always in debt to the company stores.

Now just a word about health and sanitation in

the mining camps of the Hazard Coal Field. The outhouses, or toilets, little wooden shacks built usually within 30 or 40 feet of the dwelling houses of the miners, are allowed to go uncleaned for months, or when cleaned the refuse is buried in the ground nearby. Water in the wells and springs which supply families of coal miners is, of course, full of deadly disease germs.

Fixing it for the Doctors

In some cases several families have to use the same toilet. In one camp which I visited while on my recent trip, three families were using the same toilet and those in two of the houses using it were obliged to apply to the family acting as custodian of the key with which the toilet was locked. Epidemics of such diseases as typhoid are common in these mining camps.

The miners are completely at the mercy of the company doctors, who receive their salaries from monthly deductions from miners' pay envelopes. No matter how incompetent and insolent these doctors are the miners have to put up with them. One coal miner who called an independent doctor was severely reprimanded by the mine superintendent, and threatened with discharge if such a thing occurred again. The company doctor, being called again to see the little child, was angry and refused to go. **The baby died the following morning.** The father was in such desperate financial straits, due to the shamefully low wages he had been receiving, that he was unable to pay for burial expenses and had to appeal to the charity of his neighbors. A wooden

coffin was made by a friend, and burial clothes were bought with donations made by neighbors.

Although these company doctors receive handsome regular salaries from the miners, they never lose an opportunity to charge extra for treating a case when they can get away with it. Their charge for an obstetric case is \$25. The little son of an Italian coal miner was bitten by a mad dog last summer. His father was compelled to pay for the medicine used in the hydrophobia treatment. This cost him \$23, and the doctor charged him \$2 a shot for administering the treatment. Foreigners, who are most ignorant of the customs of the locality, and negroes, are quite naturally the easiest and most common victims of these scoundrels.

Official Corruption of District

The post office in a mining camp is located in one end of the company store, and the postmaster in every case is a store or office clerk of the coal company. This enables the bosses to keep a tab on the kind of mail their slaves are receiving and sending out from time to time. In this manner knowledge is gained by the coal companies whether any of it comes from or goes to undesirable parties.

The coal companies of the Hazard Coal Field have one of the most thorough and efficient systems of thuggery that was ever planned and devised. One or more deputy sheriffs are stationed in every camp, and these deputies are in every case cutthroats and murderers of the vilest and most abominable type. Judging from the kind of material always appointed deputy sheriffs in this region, a man is not eligible for such a position until he has killed some people. The tamest and gentlest deputy I know of there is a man by the name of Collins, at Blackey. This fellow has never yet killed any white man.

The high sheriff of Perry county, of which Hazard is the county seat, is the son-in-law of J. C. Campbell, principal owner of the Campbell Coal Company. Campbell served one term as judge of Perry county, and is now the representative of that district in the state legislature of Kentucky.

The present circuit judge of that judicial district, a man by the name of Rufus Roberts, complained to all his friends at the time of his election in November, 1921, that he was head over heels in debt. Within the first two months of the railway shopmen's strike he built a magnificent residence in the little town of Hazard costing more than \$30,000.

The last sheriff of Perry county boasted openly that he cleaned up \$50,000 in his four-year term, on a salary of about \$2,500 per annum. Some saving!

Third Party Out of Luck Here

The elections in mining camps are always held in a company building, with an election board made up of coal company officials and office clerks. Although Kentucky has a secret ballot law the coal miner who votes must vote his ballot openly and in the presence of this picked election board.

Such is the present condition of the wage slaves who inhabit the winding, mountain valley of the north and middle forks of the Kentucky river; a region that only a few short years ago was one of

the most beautiful, picturesque, poetic and romantic areas of the world; a region inhabited by a people who knew nothing of the indescribably and unspeakably sickening and deplorable conditions that have, within the short space of less than a decade and a half, been brought to that territory by the blighting hand of twentieth century "civilizing capitalism." As I think of the trend of events of the last few years in that region the following couplet from Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" comes forcibly to my mind:

"Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay!"

REVOLUTION IN THE MARINE INDUSTRY

(Continued from page 5.)

who still believe, "That iron does not float." They are a menace to the process of social evolution, many, unconsciously. Although we have seen the revolution of the means of production and distribution we have yet to see the social revolution that is inevitable and will come whether we like it or not. It is for this reason that the I. W. W. says, "Organize the industries and prepare for the doom of capitalism." When I hear a seaman say that the seafaring men cannot be organized strongly enough to be a power, I think of the popular conception of a hundred years ago, "Iron does not float," and know that it will be a very short time hence when seamen will control the seas and there will be a union in the marine industry whose word will be law and it will be parading under the banner of the I. W. W. Freedom of the Seas will then be a reality, not for the master class, but for the seamen who toil upon the ships of all nations.

The following was wirelessly from the Rotor Sail Ship on its initial voyage:

ON BOARD THE ROTORSHIP BUCKAW, in Kiel Canal, Feb. 13.—With both huge rotors whirling at a speed of 105 revolutions a minute, this strangest of ships is clearing through the canal, seaward bound, at better than nine miles an hour. Before Capt. Callsen twisted the tiny hand wheels on the bridge which started the fore and aft rotors whirling, our auxiliary engine was giving us only seven miles an hour. With the rotors our speed increased to nine and a third miles an hour.

Since we left Kiel at 7 this morning our passage through the famous old Kaiser Wilhelm Canal has been literally a sensation. The countryside gathered from miles around and cheered. Crews of vessels in the waterway massed against their rails and stared suspiciously at the revolving cylinders, which some shipping experts say may ultimately put thousands of sailors out of work.

A brisk southwest wind is causing us to list to starboard like a yacht with widespread canvas. If the weather holds good we are certain of a successful North Sea passage.



Barter of Flesh



By

MARY HOPE

BACK of the railroad tracks, the packinghouse windows looked with the slit eyes of an ogre upon the dirty sunshine where the smell of skulls and bones and guts made an odoriferous paradise for multitudes of flies. The houses of the workers appeared to be made out of burnt wood, now dank and murky. The curtains were coffee-colored, stringy and only in a few places were they lit up with the glow of a bright flower. The caretakers of flowers were mostly plump women who watered red geraniums with milk bottles and who fed their hopes with the easy and laughing food of youth. Here and there, half-ripe tomatoes nestled on someone's windowsill, looking red-eyed upon the clothesline full of creamy things sprawling in the wind like madmen in nightshirts.

In one of these houses, a little boy was washing his feet in the kitchen sink. Spurred on by the vociferous accents of his mother's language, he had cleared the sink of soup plates and proceeded to wash little Maria. His own brown toes proclaimed the generosity of seven days dust and the rite of bathing them was one of the facts of Saturday night. The other facts were pay-envelope for Mrs. Pellegreni and a rest-pause for her husband, a golden Sunday to stretch and yawn indecently, to teach the children a few tricks and to beat them affectionately. Pellegreni was an operator of a Breaker machine which scrambled two-pound cuts of hog into sausage-meat with the precision of an old virile man carefully masticating his food. It was so slow and easy that a second or an inch of non-vigilance meant a bloody tribute of flesh.

The little cleaner of feet was Genesio who performed his labors with twitching palate, for on the stove the flapping ears of egg-plants sizzled in tomato sauce and garlic; some unknown portions deliciously throttled the barbarous scent of the packinghouse and little Maria was contentedly sucking the tough skin of a hen's foot, boiled and unmanicured.

When Mrs. Pellegreni heard her husband's footsteps, the steaming table was coquettishly topped off with red-rimmed spaghetti and distant food-cousins elaborated with similar sauces. God's blood fresh plucked from the vine shadowed little hills of pudding with yellow caps and black olive-eyes, and already the little Pellegrenis had their dishes cocked in the crook of their elbows and with high, pliant fingers slid the spaghetti down their throats. Genesio, with clean feet, ran to meet his father.

"Papa, Papa, a bundle of cheese, some apples, some striped candy," said his fingers, prying into the wrappings in his father's arm.

But Pellegreni, with awkward carelessness, had sent Genesio sprawling to the floor. He was a big man with red cheeks rising high above the silken blackness of his moustache, and strength that would seem primeval were it not for the quiet intelligence shining out of his eyes and the softening effect of his voice which contained all the music potency of his race. He had sent Genesio sprawling to the floor in good natured fun, greeted his wife and wiped the tomato juice from little Maria's cheeks with his kisses. It was when he sat down to eat that Mrs. Pellegreni sprang forth in quivering horror and seized him. At the very end of his arm, where the hand should be, there was no hand. This morning it had held a lunch pail, but now a stump was wrapped in surgeon's cloth, a white bandage as clean as a hound's tooth!

"Mio Dio, mio Dio," Mrs. Pellegreni's words tumbled together in anguish. "What has happened to us, what has happened to us?"

He told his story bravely, "Who was to tell? That machine don't go fast, just up and down. Pete sent over a cart of meat and before it is all on the board, what happens? My hand, it is all dripping blood and everyone comes running. The foreman starts to swear and there I was all out and in the hospital all day and make them mad that I am strong enough to come home tonight. . . . Quiet,

quiet, cara mia . . . Think of poor Mrs. Gebrinsky, whose husband threw himself into a boiling vat of soap and she with six children, while I have only lost a hand, just a hand."

He continued with brave restraint, "Some American men come in and talk to me next week, everything will be fixed. A good sum, you will see."

Between the wails of the younger children and the wide-eyed admiration of Gesio inspecting his father's handless arm. Pellegreni comforted his wife and laid plans for the future—a generous picture for the peace of his wife's soul . . . Perhaps a little shop of their own with a red and green front and their name painted in large letters on it. It would be out in the country free of the packing-house smell, with lily-ponds and lakes for the children to wash their feet and only green branches to hide the sun.

But Mrs. Pellegreni's thoughts raced like mad horses over a cliff. The food on the table wriggled in mockery, red-mouthed and laughing, and only the infant Gesu gazed in blissful silence from the pale rim of a gas-haloed picture. Who was to tell? That hand was snapped off as sudden as a stretched thread, bitten off as though the machine had a will of its own and a demon's power. In a flash, the machine had retaliated after years of obedience,

depriving its master of his hand and sending him an exile from the work in which he spent most of his life. It was a fleshly barter demanding a human hand and giving a marvelous twist to their life-paths from the squalid, barbaric packinghouses to fresh fields and wild winds, a free proprietorship of a little store and a return to the sweet, old ways of those across the sea . . . God is good . . . God is very good . . .

But when the horror of his lost hand and the glamour of his moneyed compensation had disappeared, Pellegreni discovered that he would only receive one-half of the agreed sum of money. This was quickly swallowed in the preparation of their business enterprise and its subsequent failure . . . and a little later, Pellegreni was seen walking the plank to the Packinghouse Employment office looking for work assisting the unloading of carts of chopped pig's meat for the filling of sausage skins.

Occasionally, Pellegreni wonders about his hand. On one thousand American tables, a minute portion of his hand had steamed mutely. The diners had not known that human flesh was shredded within the peppered rolls of sausage before them, and which their chaste palates received without a protest. Sometimes Pellegreni thinks of this and he laughs.

The Origin of God

By PASQUALE RUSSO

THE idea of God is a figment of the human brain. This idea was not conjured up among a civilized people, acquainted with the laws of nature, but among savages. They, poor victims of ignorance, worshipped the sun, moon, winds, rivers, animals and trees as gods.

These gods were made into idols, conjured up and worshipped in savage ignorance. The idea of a divine rule of the universe originated in the fertile brain of savages during primitive times. Of this origin, the average Christian is woefully ignorant, but the less they know about the beginning of their murderous and bloody deity, the more intense is their adherence and devotion.

"The Christian concept of a god—the god as a patron of the sick, the god as a spinner of cobwebs, the god as a spirit—is one of the most corrupt concepts that has ever been set up in this world; it probably touches low watermark in the ebbing evolution of the god type. God degenerated into the contradiction of life. Instead of being its transfiguration and eternal. Yea! In him war is declared on life, on nature, on the will to live! God becomes the formula of every slander upon the 'here and now,' and for every lie about the beyond! In him nothingness is deified, and the will to nothingness is made holy." (From *The Anti-Christ* by F. W. Nietzsche, P. 67).

It is now known that God is a myth, and the average well-informed and intelligent man places no faith in the concept. He reasons that if this world of ours is ruled by a God if infinite wisdom and power, surely it would be a place of happiness instead of sorrow. The world, as we know it, is beset with the scourges of crime, poverty and ex-

ploitation. This in itself suffices to disprove the existence of a God.

Further proof of our thesis is submitted in the following: In the year 1620 the first cargo of slaves was sold to the tobacco planters of Jamestown, Virginia. These poor, innocent negroes were kidnaped from their homeland, Africa, by pious Christians and brought to this country in order that wealthy Americans could exploit them. This was, manifestly, an atrocious crime, and since God is reputed to be a lover of mercy and justice, why did he not make his power felt by thwarting its consummation?

No Freedom For Blacks

Passing to the second stage of our story, and referring to statistics, we find that nearly three million slaves were brought to the American colonies between the years 1620 and 1775. In the year 1776 a great change was consummated. After years of agitation for freedom, men of trade and wealth (planters and merchants) joined hands in

the common cause of freeing themselves from English despotism. Washington, Morris, Hamilton and Hancock were land speculators and their hatred of England was derived from this fact; in short, the mother country imposed restrictions upon their business. The revolt against England being successful, the freedom thus obtained was not for negroes. Since some men were to be freed, why didn't God include the negroes?

In 1863, Lincoln, under military necessity issued the emancipation proclamation, freeing the slaves — on paper only. Famous as this document has become, it in nowise helped the negroes. From that time till today the persecution of the negroes has not ceased. Over four thousands negroes have been lynched by so-called good Christians, and in no instance has God, in any manner, intervened in the atrocities. Why doesn't God stop this mob violence? The average negro has the reputation of being a good Christian. After a hard day's work he sings and prays and is a regular attendant at church, all to glorify God. When the mob puts the rope around his neck, he calls on God for help, but God disdain to answer. Why? Simply because there is no God to answer.

It is disgraceful that Christians should lynch a helpless negro. According to the Christian theory, the negro was created by the same God that made the white man. Some there are who will deny this, however, both negro and white adore and pray to the same God. In addition, a Christian God has for 1924 years augmented the miseries of the earth with cunning and slavery. Therefore, no reasoning man should worship an imaginary God, who according to the bible, kills with pleasure.

"The conception of a God who kills, murders, and damns forever creates a brood of human imitators who will execute his bloodiest decrees. The Doctrine of the Atonement is alone responsible for the many thousands of innocent martyrs to the tortures and flames of the Inquisition. Demolish the conception of a blood sacrifice as a legal necessity in God's government, and you at once shatter the gates of a revengeful hell and raze the walls of a selfish heaven." (From The Doom, P. 59).

To us moderns, at least, reason should be our god. Above this there should be no greater. Why is it men are not willing to confess their ignorance of God? To a rational creature this appears to be a species of dishonesty. In the last analysis, there is not a human being on the planet that knows aught of God. There exists no proof that God has either written or spoken a word, and if there be any such who have a first-hand knowledge of God, why should he not speak and make his facts known? True, there is a pretended knowledge and faith in God, but the pretenders are usually so ignorant their opinions and judgments are

without value. As to positive knowledge of God, not a single human being can state where God is or what kind of an animal he may be. As for the authorship of the Christian bible, it evidently was written by ordinary and average men and contains, so far as one can judge, not a particle of divine wisdom.

Nature No Respector of Man

To everyone the manifestations of the world are a mystery. Even the wisest of us knows not the meaning of life, its growth and decay; we are surrounded by phenomena we cannot comprehend. To ascribe the world's existence to God solves no problem; it only enlarges it, because the world's creation is more complicated than its mere existence.

In the sweep of the earth around its orbit there is without doubt some law, but man's welfare is no part of it. In the comings and goings of the seasons there may be some objective, but as for consideration of their welfare, spiders have the same rating as men.

In examining Nature we find no traces of God. We all admire the forces that bring the sunshine, the snow and rain, yet imposes no punishment of hell. Nature is direct and honest; there is nothing religious about her. "Nature exists independently of all philosophy. It is the foundation upon which we, ourselves, products of Nature, are built. Outside man and Nature, nothing exists, and the higher beings which our religious phantasies have created are only the fantastic reflection of our own individuality." (Frederick Engels).

The earth, according to astronomy, revolves on its axis, traveling about 25,000 miles a day, and in a year 558 millions of miles on its circuit about the sun. Thus the earth moves, controlled by two natural forces, centrifugal and gravitational, if science is to be believed. From this we conclude the universe in space is a boundless infinite, without beginning or end.

The beautiful sky is a product of natural forces, and under its dominion lurks no damnation in the blossoming of the rose or the pricking of the brier. Nature's manifestations can be depended upon; there is no deception in them.

God, as such, was not given us by nature. He is but the creature of man's imaginings, thus the whole history of God is false. To the degree that earnest investigators have been able to determine, there is no God in nature. Such a being is not to be discerned in the sky, the sun, the moon: the stars, though far from us, manifest no divinity, and it is useless to look into the depths of the ocean. If there be a God, he is unknown to man and with some confidence we may now say that nature, and not an imaginary God, is the great queen of the universe.



I Can't Help Snickering

By W. A.

STARTLING MURDERS REVEALED

The editor of the *Nation's Business*, organ of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, prefers startling charges against the American lords of industry anent the deaths of Woodrow Wilson and Warren Gamaliel Harding. Instead of the demise of the former being caused by softening of the brain and of the latter being killed by too greedy attention to the delicate parts of hard shelled crabs this noted journalist adduces the following: "We murdered our former president Woodrow Wilson by our unjust criticism and again we broke the heart of the other late lamented President Harding by a similar process and then gave him five carloads of flowers to show how much we loved him."

BROADENING EFFECTS OF TRAVEL

That secret society of lumbermen known as the HOO HOO Club of St. Louis was given inside information about the lives of the people of China and Japan according to a recent pronouncement of the *American Lumberman*, leading exponent of the principles of HOO HOO in these United States. E. C. Robinson, president of the E. C. Robinson Lumber Company, divulged the secrets of the Orient to the assembled go-getters. The estimable lumber journal reports that, "while it was a delightful trip, Mr. Robinson said that he came home more than ever impressed with the fact that there is no place like America."

STARTLING DISCLOSURE OF SOCIAL EVOLUTION

The *Annalist*, authoritative financial journal of New York City, published weekly by the New York Times, views the tendencies of the national ruling class with some alarm. It says, "Already here we can see our wealthy classes possessed of several residences in different states and parts of states, and securing sporting rights and other agreeable amenities in large quantities; in the intervals they travel for amusement or to supervise their interests in foreign lands."

OPTIMISTIC VIEWPOINT AS OBSERVED IN FLORIDA

The *Dearborn Independent*, chief organ of the anti-Jewish movement in America, discloses a revival of the ancient spirit of the Medes and Persians in the land of resorts, swamps and citrus fruit. It says: "By a vote of six to one, Florida recently adopted a constitutional amendment forever prohibiting the levying of inheritance or income taxes."

NEW ICONOCLASM AMONG BUILDERS

The *American Contractor*, prominent journal of the construction industry, in speaking of the advan-

tage of attending conventions inadvertently indicates that a spirit of iconoclasm is affecting the masters' gyppos. It says, "You get to meet contractors from all over the United States, and every man acts just exactly as he wants to act. If there happens to be one contractor in the bunch who wants to wear pearl gray spats, he wears pearl gray spats."

A leading editorial in the same issue of this respectable journal refers to even more dangerous tendencies amongst building entrepreneurs. The editor says, "Arthur S. Bent, in an address a year ago to the Associated General Contractors, let fall a concept of the contractor that is good to think of. He said, 'Let's look him over a bit before we consider whether he is really needed!'"

And this Arthur Bent, we believe, comes from California where such thoughts are not considered nice.

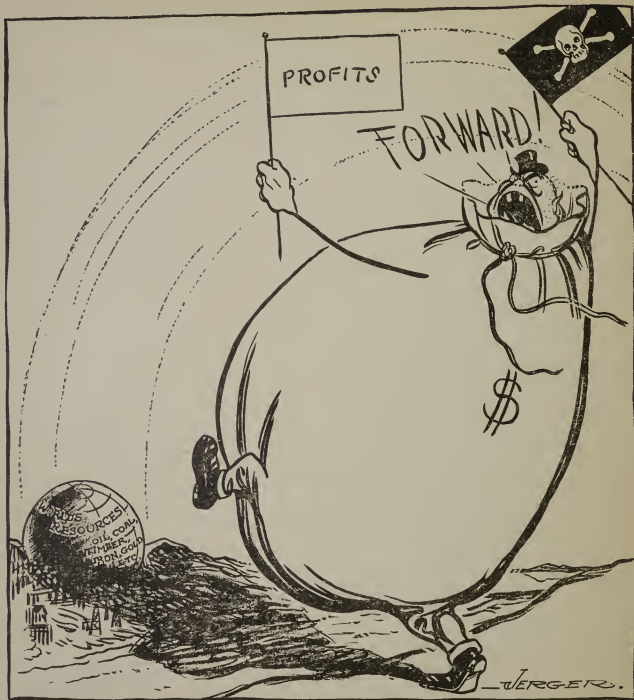
LOGIC IS ARRAYED IN FAVOR OF CHILD LABOR

The National Association of Manufacturers through its organ *Service to Industry*, sums up the following points in opposition to the proposed Twentieth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which would place some hindrances in the way of exploiting children in industry: "If we wanted to be tomcatish, we would say that many of those who are loudest in their fanatical advocacy of the proposition to nationalize the tenderest portion of the country's human life have no children of their own and probably don't want any. Rather than assume the individual responsibilities attached to the bringing into the world and into maturity children of their own, they prefer to assist Congress in rearing those of others. But we will not say that because it would be so unkindly true—and bare truth is shocking to the modesty of modern Americans when they see it coming towards them."

EXPERT WHISTLES AT ECONOMIC WASTE

Amazing disclosure as to the reasons why miners and railroad workers can't produce still more profits for the coupon clippers is indicated in an article in *American Industries*, a national magazine for manufacturers, Egbert Douglas, eminent engineer, states, "The steam transportation companies realize the possibilities of electrification, but the cost of the change is so terrific that with present earnings, on most roads, the change is out of the question on account of money matters.

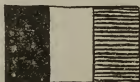
"We will, therefore, have to remain contented with our steam locomotives with their ten per cent efficiency, or less, and provide them with about thirty per cent of our coal, and whistle at the waste of ninety per cent of it."



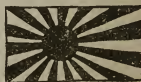
U. S.



ENGLAND



FRANCE



JAPAN

CARTOON CUT-OUTS FOR GROWNUPS. A simple, efficient and timely method of keeping in touch with the swag-hunting activities of imperialists.

Directions: Cut out flag representing nation most **ZEALOUS** in "promoting the welfare of a backward race," "pacifying a country for the good of its people," etc.—and paste same over space marked "profits".

Economic Background of 5-5-3

By K. HIROTA

WAR clouds are hovering, and the storm is bound to be unleashed to break furiously over the world ere long, if we are to believe the lessons of experience and the evidence of our senses. Although the last great spree left in its wake a world filled with disease and wreckage, and the nations are still staggering beneath an insoluble burden of almost incalculable debt piled up to expedite the carnage and ruin, we observe assiduous preparations by the world's greatest powers for another titanic contest.

This next war will see bonds of alliance shifted, but into whatever international blocs governments divide for the slaughter, it is workers who will fight the battles, spill their blood and guts, lose their health, reason, limbs and lives to satisfy imperialistic ambitions of the ruling classes of rival governments.

Contrary to popular domestic belief, manufactured by the brass check press, the Washington Disarmament Conference was not a meeting to stop warfare, but an American "pacifist" brake on the jingo current sweeping to embattled realization too soon to suit the purposes of United States imperialism. It was the masterful voice of the new Americanism demanding that England understand its second fiddle position, that it forever renounce its ancient title, "Mistress of the Seas," and that the existing relative naval strength be preserved for ten years, in which time the United States will have manned its vessels and properly trained its sailors.

A plan was agreed upon between England, the United States, Japan and France establishing a ratio for the first two states named of five each, and for the other two of three each. It applied to battleships, battle cruisers and airplane carriers. As France cannot dare to oppose the United States, owing to the economic whip America holds, France is not racing on the battleship program but is appropriating great sums for the building of airplanes. Hence the agreement is usually spoken of as the 5-5-3 Ratio, meaning that England and America are to be equal in naval strength, and that Japan is not to have more than sixty per cent of the armed sea power of her foremost rivals.

Certain American ships were scrapped after the conference in order to come within the limitations, but jingo newspapers are now raising the cry that the United States ships are not up to the proper requirements permitted by the ratio. They contend that the gun elevation on these warships is lower than that maintained on British types. Some of these elevation experts claim that the low elevation, which reduces the distance at which a projectile can be fired, diminishes the American position so that the ratio is really 5-4-3.

Jingo Initiative Prominent

For months a debate, led by Fred A. Britten, Illinois congressman, for the jingoes, has been raging in the House over this matter. Outwardly, Coolidge opposes the appropriations vote needed to raise the gun elevation, on the policy of "economy". Actually, he is being directed by the economic masters of the more dominant faction of American imperialism, which has a long, careful scheme to put into operation which the "hot-heads", the too-eager plunderers like Britten's

crowd, would interfere with. The cool heads do not intend to permit any naval disadvantages to be suffered by this country, and they are building fast cruisers, submarines and auxiliary war ships at a great rate.

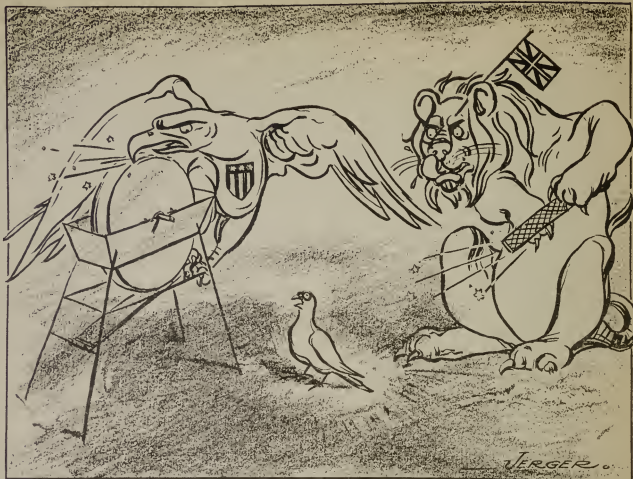
Britain has called for a conference of the white peoples of the Pacific "to promote a better economic, commercial and political understanding and to prepare for the common defense against encroachment of the yellow race". That is his language. He says Japan is openly preparing for war, and his faction resent the attitude of various Japanese newspapers which objected to American fleet maneuvers in the vicinity of the Hawaiian Islands.

It is impossible to understand this game of empire by considering isolated nations. Such examination will reveal the brush strokes, and is important, but one must regard the dominant powers of the world to command a really informing perspective, remembering that, however viciously states snap and tear for the spoils of working-class-extracted surplus value, the world is an economic unit. In such manner let us without too remote allusions consider the roots of the existing situation.

Imperialist Strategy Sketched

The world war gave to the United States an opportunity to increase the relative strength of her navy, which she seized and improved on so thoroughly that she reached the maritime strength of England. But England needed American aid. England was seeing her great warships going to the bottom of the German submarine-infested seas. America, as a protecting ally, crept up and attained equal sea power with proud Britain. Both these governments were allies of Japan, but the Tokyo government saw how much England had to handle and took advantage of this pre-occupation to fasten itself on China, in which vast country lie such immense, virgin fields of iron and coal she needs so greatly. Tsarist Russia before the Russian-Japanese war leased to Japan the important Liau-Tung Peninsula, and the territory became Japan's by virtue of her victory in that war some twenty years ago. Japanese imperialism, the will to expansion of the Japanese capitalists, was on the road to power.

Great Britain had its key positions to the Far East economic situation in possession of the two



strongholds, Hong Kong and Singapore. Germany lost its footing in China, and French capital advanced its influence there.

The United States made war on Spain in 1898 as a pretext to increase its oceanic possessions, and accepted the support of the Filipinos, who looked naively upon America as a traditional liberator, only to find that this government wanted Spain out of the islands, not to secure Philippine independence, but to establish its own rule over the Philippine Islands. The newly acquired territory was rich in raw materials, which are still only ten per cent developed, and the islands are so strategically placed on the bosom of the Pacific that they are regarded as the crossroads to the rich Far East. This archipelago is close to the Chinese mainland, and Manila Bay is of outstanding naval value.

Rule By the Dollar

American capital has been pouring into China for the exploitation of its tempting resources. Hawaii was annexed as part of the program in much the same manner as the Philippines, and the Panama Canal was rushed to completion to insure American's imperialistic advantages on the Pacific. In China Japan was the outstanding rival of the United States by the end of the world war, having seized the province of Man-Tung with its great port, Tsin-Tao. It was required

by the red-white-and-blue empire-makers that Japan be isolated in the Far East. So the United States made treaties with England to this effect. These two powers are obliged to hide their fangs from one another yet awhile.

American's strength in world relations can be gauged by her ultimatum to England practically forbidding further fortification of that Far East Gibraltar, Singapore. The Anglo-Japanese treaty in reference to China was smashed by the 1921 Washington Conference. Thus the United States has demonstrated its statecraft in a commendable manner.

Wars have been going on in China for some time, dating from several months after the Harding conference adjourned. In these hostilities in North China, General Wu Pei Fu is doing the bidding of the Anglo-Dollar alliance, and Chang-Tso-Lin is the general acting for the Japanese. In 1923 the United States grew bold and drove out the Japanese-selected president, Li-Yuan-Hung, in whose stead this government set up Tsao-Kun. So far only Chinese workers are bleeding for this imperialism. Will American and English workers be drawn into the maelstrom?

Economic Strength of United States

This brings us to a consideration of relations between this country and England. America's economic supremacy may be quickly and strong-

ly shown by a few figures. The United States produce of the total world production in various important commodities the following percentages: Wheat, 25 per cent; oats, 35 per cent; corn, 75 per cent; coal, 50 per cent; pig iron, 60 per cent; brass, 60 per cent; steel, 60 per cent; zinc, 47 per cent. The United States own 36 per cent of the railroad mileage of the world, and her commercial fleet, built almost entirely during the world war, totals 25 per cent of the world's ship tonnage. It owns and uses 84 per cent of the world's automobiles; it has only 14 per cent of the gold production, but has scooped into its vaults 44.2 per cent of the world's gold reserve. The United States has also a national income two and one-half times as great as the combined national incomes of France, Germany, Japan and England!

With so strong a balance of trade power based on this ownership, it is politic for England to dance to Yankee music, and to go along with America in opposition to the Japanese designs in China. But to think that the United States is going to abandon her march for world domination after Japan is disposed of, when her finance capital imperialists have felt the pride and power of their victorious position is absurd. Especially so, when we recall that it is not yet thirty years since American capitalists definitely set about for colonial, foreign expansion, and the advance has steadily accelerated until 1924, when it fairly leaped into the first position commercially, as a result of the war. It is likewise unthinkable that England, with its ancient training in diplomatic intrigue, and with its fortified bases in colonies scattered over the world, is likely to permit too great prominence, too much American imperial power to be developed without challenging it by force of arms.

The fortifications of Britain's colonies are strong, but the peoples of these colonies are almost en masse demanding national independence, or dreaming about it. To turn these demands and dreams of Hindus, Egyptians, Irishmen and others into her favor, the United States will appear again as a liberator, just as she appeared in Cuba, Hawaii, Panama and the Philippines.

There is the crux of the matter, so far as the capitalists of all these ruthless, greedy, vulpine governments are concerned. The congressional squabble is not between an imperialist group on one hand and a non-imperialist pack on the other, but between those who want the penetration and assimilation to be hurried, and those who have learned to be patiently potent like predatory beasts lying steeled and in waiting. These are the eagles that conveniently metamorphose themselves into doves pro tempore, and the tigers that quietly stalk with claws retracted, seeming as gentle as house cats. Americans are said to be impulsive. Britten is of this kind. But the backers of Calvin Ignoramus are trying to control the voracious appetites as British statesmen

have so often succeeded in doing. Hughes is of this type.

When Japan Is Whipped, What?

However, the world seems to be on the verge of a war between this country and Japan. If so, with the stage set as it is at present, England must assist America. If France can extricate herself in any way from America she may assist Japan. Should such a war materialize, it is almost certain to result in Anglo-American victory. Then looms up another war to decide the relative roles of the United States and Great Britain. Any war involving either England, Japan, France or the United States is sure to embroil the whole world.

There is a possibility that England may not wait for the American triumph over Japan in blood, but seek to bring its own great difference with America to an issue. At no time has the world scene been so ominous since 1914, and the conflagration that may soon burst into flame will be more devastating than the horrible tragedy that began in August of that year.

War's Meaning to Humanity

Success or defeat for imperialist powers means the same thing to the working class. In the fighting it means that workers must wallow in trench and latrine, run their bayonets into the guts of their fellow workers of the other side, with whom they have no quarrel but an identical economic, social and fraternal interest. It means syphilis, tuberculosis, cholera, typhus, influenza for combatants and civilians alike. It means broken homes, stunted children, ruined women, starvation, an agony of suspense and a frightful misery for the working class.

For the capitalist masters it means greater wealth, power, luxury, security, dissipation. It means for the rich class aggrandizement of more riches, and addition to its numbers, as witness 23,000 new millionnaires in this country from the pickings of the world war.

War means the destruction of all that is good in man, and the triumph of all that is most evil in him. It means cripples, lunatics, broken hearts and gentlest cherished hopes scattered forever. It means the abrogation of what little liberty of expression and collective spirit is in the workers' possession. It means tyranny, espionage, graft, lynching, local venom and race hatred on a limitless scale. It sets a judiciary over the liberties of real men and women who dare to protest in the name of humanity and working class solidarity, flinging them into dungeons to rot away their lives. War truly looses "a red wind of hate upon us," and "weaves the threads of life into a tassel to deck a sabre-hilt."

War in inevitable unless one tremendous force learns to act concertedly against it. This is the force of international working class solidarity. This is the force which the I. W. W. strives to uphold. Between one- and two-thirds of the world's commodities are produced by the speeded wage slaves of

the United States. Here, then, is our great field for action. This is where we must bend our greatest efforts for industrial organization. If we can line up the slaves of America, the slaves of the world will follow. There was never a greater impending crisis for the subject class of any historical epoch. There has never been a more promising, more glorious future for any working class than the one that we can usher upon the emancipated world if we unite in the industries and fight together on the economic field.

China is a trough for the imperialistic hogs, because they want its raw materials; they want to build their factory system there, just as they have built it over the world in the short space of two centuries. Surplus value robbed from the labor of workers in America, England, France, Germany, Japan and all other capitalist countries compels

commercial expansion, forces bourgeois rivalries for markets. Stop the expropriation and wars will neither be fomented nor fought. Industrial organization alone of all proletarian weapons can squeeze the last dime from holy profits and thereby destroy industrial slavery.

If you are a wage worker get into the Industrial Workers of the World where you belong. Help in the fight for industrial freedom. Do something for yourself, your loved ones, your class. It is your own choice. Our masters are on the high road to empire. Empire means unequalled degradation for the workers. Join the I. W. W. We need you; you need us if you are workers. Together we can strike our mighty sledge-hammer blows at the bars and walls of economic slavery, and win to industrial freedom.



The Damned I. W. W.

By COVINGTON AMI

WE HEAR much nowadays about the errors, the faults and failures of the I. W. W., but seldom do the critics carry their logic to its logical conclusion. Nearly always they deal in half truths or else suppress the fundamental facts on which the I. W. W. differs from all other labor organizations. They build a straw man and then proceed triumphantly to destroy the "Boogum," thus proving themselves eternally right and the I. W. W. everlastingly wrong.

If it is a capitalist writer who is on the job, then the organization is one vast "conspiracy" of "criminal syndicalists," "saboteurs" and "violence worshippers" bent on overthrowing at the cost of "chaos" and "anarchy" the gentle, non-violent, peace-loving and super-efficient capitalist class.

If a craft union bunk-shooter is at work, then the I. W. W. is all the capitalist pencil-pusher says it is, plus the charge that the "I. W. W. wants to destroy the craft unions and wreck the labor movement."

If a socialist spieler is pounding the typewriter, then the I. W. W. will most probably be charged with "intending to commit blasphemy against the State," or else with infidelity to the "Holy Ballot Box," or something equally foolish and impossible.

If it is a communist intellectual doing the dressing down, then, "the I. W. W. is drawing all the militants out of the A. F. of L.," and, by refusing "to bore from within," "turning the entire labor movement over to the Gompers bureaucracy." Also it, the I. W. W., "has learned nothing from or since the World War began." Especially it has not learned that the true way to "capture the powers of the State" is with the "Holy Bullet" instead of with the "Sacred Ballot." True, most of the communists have themselves only recently learned this remarkable way of changing Old Orders in New Worlds overnight; but, be that as it may, the I. W. W. is all wrong and they, of course, are all right. Besides, did not the I. W. W. insolently refuse to "disband," and that when it was preemptorily ordered to do so from both Washington and Moscow? It did. Therefore it surely deserves the excommunication it has received at the hands of the capitalists, the craftists, the socialists and the communists; for, is not the ma-

ajority always right and the minority always wrong? Give us a rest.

I. W. W. Not Syndicalist

Answering the capitalists, the I. W. W. is not a "syndicalist" organization, "criminal" or otherwise, and the capitalists, especially the industrial capitalists, know it is not.

They know as well as we do that the I. W. W. idea is sound to the core. For they know as well as we do that industrial unionism is an attempt on the part of the workers to organize each industry and all industries on a co-operative base, out of which will come a government of, by and for the workers—an Industrial Democracy, if you please.

That the capitalists have learned the value of this fundamental I. W. W. idea of economic organization as opposed to the political idea, is clearly shown, not only by their bitter persecution of the I. W. W. militants, but by the "horizontal trusts" being rapidly bulged up by capitalist "wizards" like Henry Ford in the United States and the late Hugo Stinnes in Germany.

These "horizontal trusts" are nothing more nor less than the I. W. W. idea of organizing industry from the raw materials to the final market, and they are sweeping their competitors, whether capitalist or craftist out of their way as chaff is swept before a cyclone. They have not only made the little business men their humble retainers and kicked the

craft unions out of their plants, but they have also subordinated the State to their will and are destined soon to be lords of banking and agriculture as well as of industry.

In other words, in the "horizontal trust," the capitalists have stolen the I. W. W. idea of economic organization, applied it solely to their own benefit and, after committing the theft, have striven to "outlaw" the I. W. W. in the minds of the masses, in order that the masses of the people may be led to believe, now as of old, that the autocrats are their friends while the democrats are "blasphemers of God," "enemies of Caesar," and a danger to society." So it ever was and is.

Who Calls Us "Outlaws"?

So it has come to pass that, though their ideas are stolen and used against the masses, the I. W. W. is today "outlawed," and, not only by the ideathieves, but by craftists, communists and socialists, as well. For what is it, this everlasting cry of "dual unionism" raised against the I. W. W. by the craft union, socialist, and communist leaders, but a proscribing, an "outlawing" of the I. W. W.?

It is easy to understand the action of the capitalists, for they KNOW and FEAR the power of an INDUSTRIALLY ORGANIZED working class. It is also easy to understand the attitude of the craft union leaders, for the industrial union is to the craft union what the trust is to little business, and the little business leaders of labor love their little power too dearly to surrender it without a fight, even for the welfare of the workers. It is, further, easy to understand the gyrations of the socialist leaders, for to the great, great majority of them the "Law of Economic Determinism" has become a sort of kismet which will yet, somehow or other, save Man from himself and, in the meanwhile, nothing should be done to scare it off the job, lest "political democracy" be also lost and with it the honors and emoluments to politicians for "regulating the trusts" and "saving the people from Wall Street." But it is not so easy to understand the tactics of the communist leaders. They are for "boring from within" the capitalist unions but against "boring from within" the capitalist political parties—against "dual unionism" and decentralization but for staying in the A. F. of L., which is "dual unionism" gone to seed and decentralization run mad.

Communist "Achievements"

All that I can see that they have up to date accomplished in the United States, which is where we live and with which we must, therefore, be most concerned, is to do to the I. W. W. what they so freely charge the I. W. W. with doing to the A. F. of L.—withdraw the militants from it without in any way strengthening the militant groups in the A. F. of L. and Railway Brotherhoods, while at the same time they have divided the militants forced out of the old unions so that today both groups are practically impotent to accomplish anything really worth while.

By raising the cry of "dual unionism" they have played directly, not only into the hands of the "barons of labor" who govern the trade unions, but have unconsciously aided the capitalist class in disrupting the I. W. W., for this cry tends to make even the unorganized workers believe that the I. W. W. is "trying to disrupt the labor movement," a thing the craft union oligarchs have ceaselessly tried to impress on the minds of the masses, both organized and unorganized.

Now, it is clear to all who really know the history of the American labor movement that the I. W. W. is not and never was a "dual union" as opposed to the A. F. of L. For the history of the American movement will show that wherever the American workers have attempted spontaneously to organize they have always sought to build industrial unions and not craft unions. Historically, it is the craft union that is the "dual union" and the "foreign importation," and not the industrial union. It was the A. F. of L. that "scabbed" the Knights of Labor, the American Railway Union, and the Western Federation of Miners out of existence. And this the A. F. of L. did because its leaders did not wish to see the semi-skilled and unskilled workers organized, believing that the organization of the semi-skilled and unskilled would end their petty special privileges as an "aristocracy of labor."

A. F. of L. Caste, not Class Unionism

The history of craft unionism will, I think, fully bear out this charge that the craft union leaders did not wish to see the unorganized millions organized; and, not only this, but that it has been their unbroken policy to prevent them from organizing as long as it was in their power to do so. Wherever they have seemingly allowed such organization, history will show that, in every instance, they have sought to keep the semi-skilled and unskilled in an inferior position to the crafts—they have sought to keep them "helpers" forever—to organize a "caste" and not a "class unionism." This policy has, of course, prevented the working class from organizing, for in this policy the craft union machine has had the able assistance of the capitalists and plutocrats.

Nothing has stood in the way of the craft union leaders—they have gagged at nothing in their determination to prevent the unorganized from organizing in the only way they, the unorganized, can really and effectively organize, that is to say, into industrial unions. All this is history, and it proves that the craft union leaders have steadily pursued a policy of preventing the unorganized from organizing. The I. W. W. is not the only union the barons of labor have "damned" as "outlaw," as I call the outraged membership of the Railway Yardmen's Association to bear witness.

Yet it is these leaders that the communists render aid and comfort to when they raise the false cry of "dual unionism" against the I. W. W. It is to a "Job Trust" and not to the unorganized masses

that they demand that we turn for the power with which to build a new and higher order of society. It is in vain, for no stream can rise higher than its source, and now, as of old, figs cannot be gathered from thistles.

Nor is this all. The craft union, like all other little business, is a decaying and dying institution. Within the vast industrialism that has swept over the United States in the past few decades, it has become an economic ghost—a thing incapable of incarnation into effective social action. It can neither be “amalgamated” nor “revolutionized,” for the social body that gave it birth died beyond hope of resurrection when the plutocracy won the elections of 1896.

Tomorrow is for Live Ones

The future does not belong to the dead but to the living, and, socially speaking, the hope of the future is, as far as the working class is concerned, not in the ossified minds of the so-called skilled craftsmen, but in the unorganized millions—in the new machine-using proletariat, and not in the tool-toting craftsmen.

This machine-using proletariat is the coming master of the world, and, whether we like it or not, it will yet make the world in its own image; for, once organized, and it will yet surely organize, there is no earthly power that can resist it.

Out of this new machine-using proletariat the New Society will come. Inch by inch and by leaps and bounds, it will conquer its way to power. For it will till the farms, delve the mines, make the weapons, control all transportation, and, finally, through sheer massed weight at the point of production, if by no other power, govern the world and all that is in it.

The New World will be of its making. No minority will, for long, be able to impose its will upon it. Its world will be builded from the ground up, and that world will be an industrial world. Its government will be made in its own image—an Industrial Democracy. It will not be a “Soviet State,” especially here in these United States, but an Industrial Co-operative Commonwealth—an Economic Society based foursquare on the interests of the income makers as against the income takers. Everywhere it will seek for “direct action,” communal self-government and individual happiness, as against the present indirect, over-centralized, robot-breeding civilization.

Why I. W. W. is Hated

It is because these things are even now foreshadowed in its Preamble and form of organization that the I. W. W. is so bitterly hated by the autocrats of industry, the aristocrats of labor, and the dictators of the state. They one and all recognize in it the beginning of the end of the last great slavery—the slavery of Man to the Caesars of Usury.

It is for these reasons, among others, that I think

the communists are totally wrong in their tactics toward the I. W. W. and other labor organization in the United States. For here, unlike in Russia, the agrarian workers have become, like their city brothers, bondsmen of the “labor-saving machine,” and their only hope of economic freedom and social emancipation lies in their developing the power through industrial organization to control absolutely the machines, the use of which determines the standard of living they now have and can hope to aspire to.

To do this, absolutely to control for themselves the machines on which their standard of living depends, the workers will yet be forced to turn to the plan of organization offered to them by the I. W. W.; for, as capitalism now stands in the United States especially, it is the only scientific plan of organization that is before the workers. They have no second choice. They organize industrially and scientifically, or they surrender themselves and their children to be peons and tenants forever.

The I. W. W., being composed of human beings, has its faults; it has made its blunders; but, in its eighteen years of strenuous history, it has nothing to be really ashamed of. In that brief space of time it has carried the message of SOLIDARITY through all the seven seas and to the six continents of the earth. Often and often it has brought the light of hope to men and women the great and wise had proclaimed beyond the hope of salvation, awakened them from their inertia and despair, and led them, naked-handed, in many an epic struggle to regain their lost right to be classed as human beings instead of the mere beasts of burden to which capitalism had condemned them.

Appeal to the Young

No organization that ever rose on American soil has done so much for the “outlawed” in so brief a space of time, and no organization now in sight has more to offer the workers and farmers of the world, if our young men and women will put their shoulders to the wheel and, remembering, not only the failures of the organization but also the triumphs of its glorious history, press forward in the old spirit of “One for All and All for Each,” than has “The Damned I. W. W.”

It is up to you, the young men and women of labor, to say whether slavery or freedom shall triumph on this continent and throughout the world, for the veterans cannot lead the vanguard forever. Therefore, be not too harsh in your judgments of the rebel trail-blazers of yesterday, but, like them, join the militant minority and do the best you can to carry the crimson banner of labor yet a little further forward from where they fell. So, wave by wave, vanguard following vanguard, shall the final victory come and the toilers at last be free in industrial democracy.



America's Triumphant Slavery

(Continued from page 8.)

It will be noted that by this time the American Revolution had been fought, English ties severed, and the internal struggle between semi-feudal aristocracy and industrial mercantilism had begun in deadly earnest. For decades this contest of nascent northern capitalism based on wage labor against ancient southern landlordism rooted in chattel slavery blazed high. The fires of this internecine competition of master classes lust for absolute power were drowned at last by blood spilled in civil war, and industrial capitalist supremacy was decisively established over the smoking ruins of a broken, proud, reactionary South.

If you do not think this literally true, verify it with the accounts of Sherman's victorious march to the sea through Georgia, whereby he broke the backbone of the Confederacy. Read also the cruel story of Reconstruction by which a corrupt slavocracy was bled white and every last shred of power ripped from its humiliated form. If we examine slavery's intimate workings we can better understand why the system passed away; why its beneficiaries were beaten in the conflict they waged so long and with such seemingly unbeatable advantages.

Upstart, reckless, incipient slave owners, too eager for quick returns on their black chattels, often drove them to speedy death. In time it was carefully calculated that to task negroes at a pace conducive to longevity was more economical. Wherefore we see them evincing a most paternal solicitude for their human property. On the larger and more important plantations the prestige and whims of the owners demanded that they be absent from home a large part of the year. In some cases these owners had various estates, sometimes widely separated. In either event it became necessary to rely upon overseers, whose cruelty and irritability might react unfavorably on the master's property. To injure seriously or to kill a \$2,000 negro in an excess of punitive zeal could not be allowed. So the overseers were obliged to sign contracts with the owners, and observe the rules laid down by these masters.

Richard Corbin, Esq., indited a letter of instructions to his agent, James Semple, for the management of his Virginia plantation, dated January 1, 1759, from which the following excerpts are taken. (We have not changed the style of these quotations except to underscore certain parts.):

1st. The care of negroes is the first thing to be recommended; that you give me timely notice of their wants that they may be provided with all necessaries. . . . The Breeding wenches more particularly you must instruct the overseers to be Kind and Indulgent to, and not force them when with Child upon any service or hardship that will be injurious to them and that they have every necessary when in that condition that is needful for them. . . ."

They viewed the matter without sentiment, just as a farmer might instruct a farm hand against the calving of a valuable cow. Nowadays the inestima-

ble booms of capitalist culture shield our working class mothers from comparison to lower animals, and they are privileged to remain at their drudgery until confinement and to return to it as soon as they have sufficient strength to stand on their feet.

In the rules governing the rice estate of P. C. Weston in South Carolina nearly a century later the same solicitude attends the slave mother. I quote this paragraph:

"Lying-in women are to be attended by the midwife as long as is necessary, and by a woman put to nurse them for a fortnight. They will remain at the negro houses for 4 weeks, and then work 2 weeks on the highland. In some cases, however, it is necessary to allow them to lie up longer. The health of many women has been entirely ruined by want of care in this particular."

Charles Manigault, Esq., made a contract with S. F. Clark, his overseer, in 1853, relating to the management of his estate in Chatham county, Georgia. From it I have taken this:

". . . I will devote all my experience and exertions to attend to all Mr. Manigault's interests and Plantation concerns according to his wishes and instructions and as most conducive to his interest and to the comfort and welfare of his Negroes. I will treat them all with kindness and consideration in sickness and health."

At the risk of causing the mouths of hungry unemployed readers to water and making them envious of their black brothers of the earlier day I have copied the following from instructions by Alexander Telfair, of Savannah, Georgia, to the overseer of his plantation near Augusta, dated June 11, 1832:

"1. The allowance for every grown Negro however old and good for nothing, and every young one that works in the field is a peck of corn each week, and a pint of salt, and a piece of meat, not exceeding fourteen pounds, per month.

"2. No Negro to have more than fifty lashes inflicted for any offense, no matter how great the crime.

"3. The suckling children, and all other small ones who do not work in the fields, draw a half allowance of corn and salt.

"12. All visiting between this place and the one in Georgia is forbidden, except with Tickets from the respective overseers, and that but very seldom. There are none who have husbands or wives over there and no connexions of that kind are allowed to be formed.

"22. The Negroes measures for Shoes to be sent down with the name written on each, by my Raft hands, or any other certain conveyance, to me, early in October. All draw shoes except the children, and those that nurse them."

Not over fifty lashes for any crime! How they spared their property! Now our wage slaves are beaten to death in chain gangs, and pompous judges send innocent men and women to prison for long

terms for promulgating ideas obnoxious to the owners of this republican robbers' roost. Why, even the slave's moral conduct was guarded against temptation, while we have so immensely advanced that there is a prostitute on every other corner in certain districts of our cities.

Nursing of children did not mean only babies in arms. The children were valuable stock to be carefully protected. In summertime, when miasmas crept sickeningly over the lowlands, the pickaninnies were sent to healthier uplands. Today we have our unnatural, pauperizing, fresh-air funds to send a few children of our growing slum proletariat to the country for a week or two: "country" places that are often malarial districts!

These rules of planters gave rise to laws by which certain colonies outlined the treatment of slaves in detail. As this legislation had the planters' sanction, often being their own composition, it was enforced. Quite different was the situation in 1757 when legislation was attempted that did not carry their approval, as is indicated in the following complaint of one who really deplored the moral effect of the system:

" . . . Our Assembly, foreseeing the ill consequences of importing such numbers of slaves among us, hath often attempted to lay a duty upon them which would amount to a prohibition, such as ten or twenty pounds a head, but no Governor dare pass such a law, having instructions to the contrary from the Board of Trade at home."

Economic dictatorship over political bodies in this country has had directing power in every important instance. But what destroyed chattel slavery? In the Harding campaign his lieutenants dared to say that the Republican Party was conceived in moral repugnance of chattel slavery. An ample lie was never uttered, as will presently become clear. Now let us show exactly what did wipe out the black slave regime, and what forces rose in its stead as the controlling power of the Federal Government, incidentally producing the party to which the present presidential incumbent subscribes.

The Northern colonies in pre-revolutionary times had found slavery unprofitable. Small farms, on each of which a few individuals usually worked, rather than extensive tracts under cultivation and employing many hands, were the rule. But do not imagine for a moment that to own such a little holding meant security. The small farmer then was just about as shamefully and thoroughly exploited by the "big fellows" as he is now. Still, most of the labor was rural, the cities being small and not numerous. To these cities were drawn the merchant class that engaged in shipping and shipbuilding, ordinary trade, and then became manufacturers. Here, too, were artisans and mechanics.

As fast as the merchants developed an industry to a point that made it a dangerous or threatening competitor to the English manufacturers, the latter quickly caused Parliament and King to forbid the manufacture of the commodity in the colonies. A long succession of such prohibitions really fomented

the rebellion that became a revolution. The colonial manufacturers, who were frequently land and slave owners, as well, wanted their own parliament, and freedom to engage in the trade of their manufactures.

When the revolution was fought slavery did not present so promising a future as commerce and manufacture. Therefore the English attack on the latter mustered the united colonies to an opposition that seemed based on common interest. The dual character of ownership by many of the richest men in the South, such as the Virginian, Robert Carter, who owned 60,000 acres and 600 slaves in addition to iron foundries and grain mills, rallied them to support the war.

Their independence gained, these aristocrats and autocrats, Washington, Randolph, Adams, Jefferson, Hancock and the other wealthy "fathers," might have eventually, through their heirs, developed a manufacturing system without the seeds of division and civil war, had not the cotton gin pushed the slave regime into the predominant position. After that the fight resolved itself into one to a finish, with capitalism of the North spreading to the great West and the slavocracy of the South pushing its way to the great Southwest. To gain territory, the former ruthlessly drove the Indians to the sea and fought a second war with England for its life in commerce, while the South instigated the Mexican War in its greed for land.

Despite the impetus to cotton production, wage slavery was always present in the South, and the Southerners tried to compete with the textile manufacturers of New England. Chattel slaves were used in Southern cotton mills in 1828, and J. S. Buckingham in his "Slave States of America" said this in a discussion of the cotton mills at Athens, Georgia, where chattel and wage slaves were working side by side:

" . . . There is no difficulty among them on account of color, the white girls working in the same room and at the same loom with the black girls; and boys of each color, as well as men and women, working without apparent repugnance or objection . . . The negroes here are found to be quite as easily taught to perform all the regular duties of spinners and weavers as the whites, and are just as tractable when taught; but their labor is dearer than that of the whites, for while the free boys receive about \$7 (7 dollars) a month, out of which they find themselves, the slaves are paid the same wages (which is handed over to their owners) and the mill-owner has to feed them all in addition; so that the free labor is cheaper to him than the slave, and the hope expressed by the proprietor to me was that progressive increase of white population by immigration would enable him to employ wholly free labor, which, to him, would be more advantageous."

That is the flower of lucidity. It would be difficult to say in fewer words or plainer language why chattel slavery was doomed to extinction; why it must be superseded by the more economical wage slavery. Such thoughts and statements were very

common as time went on. The dominant elements of their respective Northern and Southern productive modes each were contending for the country, and that was why such bitterness marked the debates at Washington whenever a state asked admission to the Union. Naturally each side wanted its own way, and as the capitalists advanced, the slave aristocracy found it more difficult to have new states admitted as slave.

Capitalist philosophy was penetrating the South. Charles Lyell, an English writer, had this to say after a visit in 1849:

"After calculating the interest of the money laid out in the purchase of slaves, and the price of their food, a lawyer undertook to show me that a negro cost less than an English servant; but, as two blacks do the work of only one white, it is a mere delusion to imagine that their labor is not dearer."

He also wrote this:

"That slave labor is more expensive than free, is an opinion which is certainly gaining ground in the higher parts of Alabama, and is now professed openly by some Northerners who have settled there. One of them said to me: 'Half the population of the State is employed in seeing that the other half does its work and those who work accomplish half of what they might under a better system.' 'We can not,' said another, 'raise capital enough for a new cotton factory because all our savings go to buy negroes, or, as has lately happened, to feed them when the crop is deficient.' A white bricklayer had lately gone from Tuscaloosa to serve an apprenticeship in his trade at Boston. He had been earning 2 1-2 dollars a day there, by laying 3000 bricks daily. A Southern planter, who had previously been exceedingly boastful and proud of the strength of one of his negroes (who could, in fact, carry a much greater weight than this same white bricklayer), was at first incredulous when he heard of this feat. For his pattern slave could not lay more than 1000 bricks a day."

When the worker's food, clothing and shelter depended on his ability to get a job, and the continuance of this job for any length of time depended on his diligence, then did the quintessence of slave systems manifest its peculiarly desirable affinity with the thousands of new machines that were constantly being invented.

But the haughty aristocrats of a reactionary South, wedded to the old ways, jealous of innovation, and hating the bourgeois competition that threatened them and whose political expression was winning control of the Federal Government, refused to see their destiny or to embrace the weapons they knew were too skillfully wielded by their adversaries. Helper wrote a book showing in calm, statistical language just why the old chattel regime must perish. His books were burned by the slavocracy. Yet they did infinitely more to arouse intelligent opinion on the subject, and to enthuse Northern capital to go into the backward country, thus

hastening the decline of slave power, than all the exaggerated propaganda sentimentalism of Miss Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The long struggle that led to guerrilla warfare in Kansas, and violence in other states, was nearing a climax. In 1853 a slave owner declared:

"I am satisfied too, that our slaves are better off, as they are, than the majority of your free laboring classes at the North. . . . They certainly are better off than the English agricultural laborers or, I believe, those of any other Christian country. Free labor might be more profitable to us. I am inclined to think it would be. The slaves are excessively careless and wasteful, and, in various ways—which, without you lived among them you could hardly be made to understand—subject us to very annoying losses."

Chief Justice Taney of the United States Supreme Court, who rendered the famous pro-slavery decision in the Dred Scott case, was a Maryland slaveholder. The decision was made in the Buchanan administration, which immediately preceded the election of Lincoln. The slave power was making a last desperate stand before opening hostilities in military warfare. Lincoln's party was that of the winning capitalism that was sweeping all before it on its triumphant westward course. It was dedicated to the new slavery in the wages form. It did not hold chattel slavery in reprobation for humanitarian reasons, and "The Great Emancipator" told Congress that he would sign a law if they passed it, making slavery a permanent institution in the territory where it existed. In a letter to Horace Greeley, dated August 22, 1862, Lincoln said:

" . . . My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy slavery."

"If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could have it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. . . . I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free."

So much for the "moral repugnance" of the new political dominant to the institution of slavery. The wage slave scheme was far more profitable to the exploiters than the chattel slave method, and the system that will rob the greatest number of workers in the most thoroughgoing manner is the one the dear boss will swear by. He swore by it in those days, and shed crocodile tears for the poor black chattels who did not enjoy the glorious freedom of the Northern white wage slave and the poor white trash in the South.

Immigration has been mentioned above in a quotation as a factor upon which pro-capitalist residents in the South depended to whip the slavocracy out of existence. Many Irishmen came to the States in the middle of the last century. They proved to be better producers for their employers

than the proudest buck nigger that ever was elevated to the post of "driver," or worked himself to death in the fields. In 1865 an employer in Dixie "eulogizes" the sons of Erin in these glowing terms:

"The Irish labor in ditches and banking is so superior to that done by the very best negro men, that I made use of it as far as my means would allow. . . . The Irishman works with a shovel (and long bent handle) and wheelbarrow. The foreman loads each barrow as wheeled to him over a board, each man in line pushes forward his wheelbarrow, carrying a load of huge weight; reaching his destination, the load is immediately discharged, and the wheelbarrow is drawn empty behind the man. There is no talking, as with negroes, no trifling, but the work goes on rapidly and in a serious manner."

We often indicate the remarkable concentration of industrialized capitalism, with single firms employing thousands and tens of thousands of wage slaves. These huge corporate monsters were strikingly foreshadowed long ago. In 1791 Peabody, an American shipowner, employed 7000 seamen who took his vessels to all ports of the world. The Peabodys and Carters, Girards and Astors were the American pioneers of the greatest system of exploitation that has ever existed. Foundation of the American Government gave them unlimited scope to develop and to exploit the richest territory in the world by applying producers to the land and industries of this vast area and then properly squeezing from these workers everything created above the level of a miserable sustenance.

Merchant capital became industrial capital, and the present dominant form of bourgeois evolution is finance capital, with banking firms so grouped that they direct the employment not of wage slaves by ten thousands but by millions. Upon them depend the crusts and rags and hovels of these immense armies of workers. To them has been drawn, octopus-like, half of the gold resources of the world, and upon their interest the people must either wallow in slavery or rot in war. The peace of nations is in their keeping. At present America is steeling herself for the greatest strides on the bloody path of empire that have ever been made.

Today black chattel slavery is only a memory. The negro was given that freedom enjoyed by his brother—freedom to hunt his food, clothing and shelter; to besiege factory gates in desperate want of the precious job, imploring the protection of the new wage master, and to feel through all his miserable days the pinch of poverty and the torment of insecurity.

The ante-bellum observer described with vivid strokes how black boys and girls, and white boys and girls, as well as the men and women of the two races worked "together without apparent repugnance or objection." Capitalist necessity promoted this harmony, just as it engenders race prejudice and race wars when these suit its purpose. There



is no negro problem in America, no race problem. Neither is there a sex problem. But there is the all-pervading problem of slavery. Not the old, inefficient, paternalistic kind that held three million blacks when at its pinnacle, but the modern piece-work, hurry-up, bonus-crazy, systematized wage slavery that enthralled a working class of 27,000,000 victims and their dependents in the United States alone.

Against this vilest of slaveries white and black, brown and yellow workers, men and women and children, irrespective of the gods they worship and the creeds they profess, have a common, class conflict. Against their common enemy, the universal and unified bourgeoisie, whose soul is in a ledger and whose heartbeats are the clicks of tickers and cash registers; whose pitiless, frigid, inhumane driving force is summed up in the motto they fling in our teeth, "There is no sentiment in business"; against these robbers of the vast wealth our labors produce, a united and universal working class, solidified in industrial formation, must throw its conscious, revolutionary strength. There is no place so lacking working class organization as America; no land more sorely needs it.

President Buchanan assumed that slavery was a national institution with the right to exist anywhere in the Union, and that a slave owner "might legally call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill." A very few years passed, and chattel slavery was no more.

Today the bankers and industrialists call the roll of their wage slaves on Bunker Hill, Elk Hill, Capitol Hill, Teapot, Dome, or wherever they please. The slave roll has increased, the new slavery is more efficient. Its exponents are proud and arrogant. They do not know that they have built on sands that lie in the pathway of evolution's inexorable stream.

Our task is to line up our fellow wage slaves on the jobs, make them our organized fellow workers, and together perform our great part of the proletarian mission of ridding the world of its plundering parasites and all forms of slavery forever.



These Old Men, Who Are First To Be Discharged, Are Shown Here Seeking Charity

Discharged



By

BOOMER

THE night shift had just gone to work in "the glory hole" at Copco, when the shift boss told them to leave their shovels down below and come up on top.

There was one of the workers who climbed up on top of the bank hesitatingly; he knew what was coming, sack carrying. He was an old man, not so much because of his years, which were but fifty-two, but because of hardships and the privation he had suffered. He dreaded the carrying of the sacks filled with dirt; they were too heavy for his feeble strength.

He could get along all right shoveling, but he could not "stall" on the sack carrying; the eyes of the boss were too sharp for that, and he was a driver, Big Dan was. A good fellow in town or on the road, but a driver on the job. That was the reason Big Dan always got bossing jobs.

The old man had to climb up and take his turn carrying sacks. The first two trips were made all right; a young fellow pulled up a sack lighter than the others each trip, and said, "Take this one, Fellow Worker, it is lighter for you."

The old man did not know why he was called "Fellow Worker," but as long as he could get light sacks to carry, he could stick on the job.

Then Dan put the young fellow placing the sacks in the bulk head, and the next trip the old man got a heavy sack. He walked very slowly with his load. It was just all that he could carry. Then he stumbled. For a moment the tired old fellow hoped that Dan did not see the stumble, but he did.

The old man reached the place to which they were carrying the sacks and placed his load on the pile; he was out of breath and weak, but he knew he must stick with it; there were a few more sacks to carry and then they would be mucking again. He could hold his own mucking, and he must stay on this job. It was hard for a man with white hair and stooped shoulders to get a job these days. Now, there was a time when he used to do station work, that he could outwork

many a man larger than he was. "Ah, well, them days were gone," and he heaved a sigh.

But Dan cut short his reminiscence by tapping him on the shoulder and jerking his thumb towards the camp, "Go get it, Old Timer, you are only in the way out here." And as he climbed up the steep trail up to camp it kept ringing in his head, "only in the way." He had heard that many times of late, the bootlegger had told him that down in Sacramento, after the few dollars he had earned, haying, were spent.

The next morning he got his check and as he was leaving camp he met Dan. This Dan he had fed many times. He asked Dan why he was canned. Dan looked serious; then pulled a ten-dollar bill from his pocket. "Here, Old Timer, I am your friend, but on the job I am a boss, and to be a boss one has to forget friendship. I didn't can you, Old Timer, it is the system of exploitation; I was merely the mouthpiece.

"Take this ten-spot, it will help in the jungles, and remember a man can't let friendship interfere on the job. Any time that I can't get more work out of a crew than someone else, I lose out. Why, right here on this job are a dozen trying to get the job I have."

The old man took the bill, and placed it in a tobacco sack with the check, and then started on the eighteen-mile hike to the railroad. He kept wondering on the way, about what Dan had said. Dan had talked almost like the paper he read one night in the jungles at Sissons.

It was evening when the old man reached Hornbrook, a little town on the S. P. in northern California. He was tired, as he did not have any food, but went right down to the jungles to lie down and rest. There were quite a bunch in the jungles, some "cooking up," some washing, one or two lying on the dead grass, sleeping, and a few reading.

Most of them were of a clean-cut type, and there wasn't a single sign of booze, or "canned heat" of any kind; they all appeared to be sober.

The old man selected a place, spread out his blanket, removed his shoes, and lay down to rest. After a time he began to grow hungry, and was thinking of going up town to get something to "cook up."

It was when he put his shoes on and stood up that a tall slender fellow called to him to "come over and have a can of coffee." To be invited to have a can of coffee, according to the etiquette of the jungles, means to have a share of whatever there is. The old man thought the slim fellow meant someone else. He was not used to being invited to eat with others in the jungles.

But when the invitation was repeated then he knew it was he that was being invited, and with a "Don't mind if I do," he joined the group gathered around the "feed."

There were six and he made the seventh who consumed fried sausage, scrambled eggs, potatoes fried with onions and drank excellent coffee with canned milk and sugar.

True, the old man had been in the jungles many times, but it was always after he had been on a drunk and was broke, and all there had been to eat were the odds and ends begged or stolen. This was the first time he had ever been in the jungles where there was plenty.

He drank the coffee gratefully and consumed the food ravenously, all the while wondering why he had been invited.

The conversation of the others was all about organization, and soon he learned that they were all I. W. W.s. In times past he had always kept away from the jungles where there were I. W. W.s, because they were such bad actors. He had been afraid of them.

The bootleggers had told him some terrible stories of the things the I. W. W.s did to men they met who didn't have a card. But this bunch "sure treated him white."

After the "feed" two of the men washed the cans and cleaned up the jungles.

The slim fellow rolled and lit a cigarette, then handed his can of tobacco to the old man bidding him fill up the old pipe, which he did. Slim then asked him which way he was headed, and before the old man realized it they were sitting on the ground talking as though they had known each other for years. The old man was telling him things he had not spoken of for years: of the girl he had won for a wife when a young man; of the money he had made at station work; of the home they had built in 'Frisco; of the laughing blue-eyed baby, and the joy he knew when he returned with a good stake; then of the 'Frisco earthquake and how he had lost it all, home, wife, baby, everything, even the insurance money he had been beaten out of.

He didn't know why he told this man his pitiful story. Perhaps it was because of the understanding smile; anyway, he felt better after telling it. Then he told him of Dan discharging him. That

seemed to be the worst of all. The rich company spent millions up there, and Dan would not let him stay. Surely they could afford the few dollars his pay would amount to, even if he couldn't do much work.

"Yes, Old Timer, it looks that way, but business is not done like that; you stay on the job only as long as your labor is profitable, and the speed of a crew of workers depends on all being able to hit the ball. Then, too, you say that you don't belong to any union," Slim spoke slowly and kindly. "Well, you consider yourself beaten, and so you are. You are not an old man, but you are standing all alone in an age of combinations. If you become a member of the I. W. W., there is the organized strength of thousands put behind you, while you add the strength of one. You have an ideal in life, it makes you young again, it will take the place of the wife and baby you lost, those that you used to enjoy working for. Here, stay here a day or so and rest up; we all have a few dollars made fighting forest fires, and I will give you literature to read; then if you want to join, Mickey over there," and Slim pointed towards the delegate, "will fix you up."

Slim rose to his feet, smiled again and said, "I'll get you something to read, Fellow Worker," and walked over to a pack-sack and after rummaging in it for awhile returned with a book, *What Is The I. W. W.?* and left him to read, and the old man read, and in the peace and quiet there he learned many things. The big thing though, the old man had discovered, was that there were places where he was wanted. He learned that no matter how old or feeble one of the workers becomes, he is welcome wherever members of the I. W. W. are to be found. He felt the surge of strength, the blood went racing through his veins; his shoulders lost much of the stoop, and after reading, resting and eating in the jungles, he felt as good as any man. He had also learned how to conserve his strength, and was astonished to find how long a few dollars lasted when he was with a bunch of fellow workers and kept away from the bootleggers.

A week later Big Dan received a letter up at the power job at Copco which read:

"Dear Dan:—I thank you for discharging me. I met some real men in the jungles at Hornbrook, and they started in to educate me.

"I have not blown my money in for booze as I used to, and I realize that the bootleggers used to lie to me about the I. W. W. Dan, I know now that you were not to blame for canning me. I read 'The Economic Interpretation of the Job' and it showed me the fix you were in.

"So the only thing to do is educate and organize so as to change the system.

"I am yours for Revolutionary Industrial Unionism which makes a man young again.

OLD-TIMER."

Shaw's Saint Joan

By ROBERT GRAYSON.

CAUCHON (conciliatory, dropping his polemical tone): My lord, we shall not defeat The Maid if we strike against one another. I know well that there is a Will to Power in the world. I know that while it lasts there will be a struggle between the emperor and the Pope, between the dukes and the political cardinals, between the barons and the kings. The devil divides us and governs. I see you are no friend to the Church: you are an earl first and last, as I am a churchman first and last. But can we not sink our differences in the face of a common enemy? I see now what is in your mind is not that this girl has never once mentioned The Church, and thinks only of God and herself, but that she has never once mentioned the peerage and thinks only of the king and herself.

WARWICK. Quite so. These two ideas of hers are the same idea at bottom. It goes deep, my lord. It is the protest of the individual soul against the interference of priest or peer between the private man and his God. I should call it Protestantism if I had to find a name for it.

CAUCHON (look hard at him) You understand it wonderfully well, my lord. Scratch an Englishman and find a Protestant.

WARWICK (playing the pink of courtesy) I think you are not entirely void of sympathy with The Maid's secular heresy, my lord. I leave you to find a name for it.

CAUCHON. You mistake me, my lord. I have no sympathy with her political presumptions. But as a priest I have gained a knowledge of the minds of the common people; and there you will find yet another most dangerous idea. I can express it only by such phrases as France for the French, England for the English, Italy for the Italians, Spain for the Spanish, and so forth. It is sometimes so narrow and bitter in country folk that it surprises me that this country girl can rise above the idea of her village for its villagers. But she can. She does. When she threatens to drive the English from the soil of France she is undoubtedly thinking of the whole extent of country in which French is spoken. To her the French-speaking people are what the Holy Scriptures describe as a nation. Call this side of her heresy Nationalism if you will: I can find no better name for it. I can only tell you that it is essentially anti-Catholic and anti-Christian; for the Catholic Church knows only one realm, and that is the realm of Christ's kingdom. Divide that kingdom into nations, and you dethrone Christ, and who will stand between our throats and the sword? The world will perish in a welter of war.

WARWICK. Well, if you will burn the Protestant. I will burn the Nationalist, though perhaps I shall not carry Messire John with me there. England for the English will appeal to him.

CHAPLAIN. Certainly England for English goes without saying: it is a simple law of nature. But this woman denies to England her legitimate conquests, given her by God because of her peculiar fitness to rule over less civilized races for their own good. I do not understand what your lordships mean by Protestant and Nationalist: you are too learned and subtle for a poor clerk like myself. But I know as a matter of plain common sense that the woman is a rebel; and that is enough for me. She rebels against Nature by wearing man's clothes and fighting. She rebels against The Church by usurping the divine authority of the Pope. She rebels against



God by her damnable league with Satan and his evil spirits against our army. And all these rebellions are only excuses for her great rebellion against England. That is not to be endured. Let her perish. Let her not infect the whole flock. It is expedient that one woman die for the people.

WARWICK (rising) My lord: we seem to be agreed.

CAUCHON (rising also, but in protest) I will not imperil my soul. I will uphold the justice of The Church. I will strive to the utmost for this woman's salvation.

WARWICK. I am sorry for the poor girl. I hate these severities. I will spare her if I can.

THE CHAPLAIN (implacably) I would burn her with my own hands.

CAUCHON (blessing him) Sancta Simplicitas!

The scene is the first in the third act and shows the tent of the English commander, Richard de Beauchamp the Earl Warwick, in his camp on French soil after the successive defeats his armies have suffered at Orleans. Jargeau, Meung, Beaugency and Patay.

Peter Cauchon, the influential and cunning Bishop of Beauvais, visits the camp to discuss the peril of feudal and ecclesiastical positions at the hands of the conquering mystic, Joan of Arc, who is wanted by both earl and bishop for the purpose of stopping her activities and destroying her importance.

The chaplain, John de Stogumber, is attached to the English camp and readily, though very crudely, lends himself to the designs of his intellectual and worldly superiors.

Joan Is Captured

So presently Joan was captured by the Burgundians during an unsuccessful sortie at Compeigne, and sold to the English for sixteen thousand pounds. The dialogue is presented because it places the reader in possession of the insight, forethought and motives of the forces making the tragedy.

Nationalism was rising by the process of viewing the king as the head of the state—the king with real executive powers, and not a caparisoned imbecile topped with a crown for show purposes only. In France Charles was only a Dauphin, and he did not have even the trappings or the coronet. To give him a crown and power meant a diminution of the real strength of the nobles, the feudal lords. It signified elimination of the titled middleman who wielded actual power.

Thus Joan, who wrought so valiantly over the weak spirit of the cowardly, bullied Charles, to make him rise to kingly ambition and evince the commanding qualities of a king in reality, was guilty of a political heresy in the reckoning of the shrewd Warwick who knew whence his power came, and whither it was doomed if once the people embraced a will to nationalism by which the nobles faded before the greater glory of a governmental concept embodied by one man—the monarch.

Cauchon viewed her transgressions against authority in a different way, not caring about the fate of secular nobles so long as the church and its political prelates suffered no loss of prestige. Both of these men, peer and priest, understood Joan's significance better than she herself could possibly have understood it. She was brainy, but illiterate. She was in her teens, and not given to introspection except when her powerful imagination (nourished through childhood's plastic years on stories by travelers and soldiers who stopped at her father's rather comfortable home in Domremy), seemed to hear divine voices. She was in the fight herself, heart and mind devoted fanatically to a mission for whose achievement she regarded herself heavenly appointed. With these native and occupational hindrances she could not command the social and spiritual perspectives that the earl and the bishop saw. They knew what her success meant to both the political and sacerdotal status quo of 1429.

Her Greatest "Crime"

Cauchon opposed her spiritual heresy, being mindful of the fact that a religious system permitting the individual to approach his supernatural concepts without the imposed guidance of a churchman at every step is not specially conducive to the healthy estate of the priestly caste, nor to a perpetuation of its domination.

I think that Shaw has done a splendid piece of work in his drama if he has in no other way contributed to education than by so faultlessly and understandingly showing the meaning, by use of the pop-

ular dramatic vehicle, of the nation's rise, its consequence to feudal nobles, and also the historic roots of conscience' freedom which flowered in the Reformation. My kind words press swiftly. Shaw's portrait of The Maid is quite sympathetic, not gushing like Mark Twain's and without being grossly false and distorted as was that done by Voltaire. His preface to the book displays his grasp of the story, and his conception of the churchman's attitude in the 15th Century is psychologically true and whole.

There is an opinion quite common that the priest necessarily disbelieved the credo and ceremonials that he so forcefully insisted upon others accepting out of whole cloth, in that time under pain of everlasting fagots ablaze, with an occasional mundane scorching in the kiln of object lesson—that tangible memento mori, the stake. Such a view of the clergyman is erroneous. No one has better illustrated my contention than Veblen who points out that the priests of any religion, taking them by and large, believe in the hocus pocus they exemplify. What made Torquemada a holy terror was his intense and narrow faith. It made him atrociously vengeful. More mercy is always possible in the skeptic than in the zealot. If this were not true we should be spared many brutalities, but we should also view a world without its clerical martyrs. Such self-conviction cherished by performer and ordained lends greater vigor to the constancy of theological propagation, and color to the rewards and punishments—especially to the latter. Cauchon did not believe Joan a witch, and said so. That was a vulgar opinion and concerned with the moment. He regarded her as a heresiarch, and correctly. For heresy she was tried and found guilty. The bishop was perfectly sincere and he saw both the moment and the future.

Joan's Weakness and Strength

When Joan first felt the imminence of her danger she recanted. That was quite natural and womanly. Who would not shrink from the flames except the mad flagellant? Naively, she expected to be delivered from the English and liberated. But her judges had prepared against this anticipated renunciation. Tried at Rouen before a joint ecclesiastical court at whose head sat the Bishop of Beauvais, and the Inquisitor, John Lemaitre, of the Dominican order, she was in a trap from which there was no escape. When she made her mark on the abjuration the sentence was pronounced.

THE INQUISITOR: Because thou hast sinned most presumptuously against God and the Holy Church, and that thou mayest repent thy errors in solitary contemplation, and be shielded from all temptation to return to them, we, for the good of thy soul, and for a penance that may wipe out thy sins and bring thee finally unspotted to the throne of grace, do condemn thee to eat the bread of sorrow and drink the water of affliction to the end of thy earthly days in perpetual imprisonment.

JOAN (rising in consternation and terrible anger): Am I not then to be set free?

LADVENU (a priest who tried to save her; the one, in fact, who persuaded her to recant) (mildly

shocked): Set free, child, after such wickedness as yours! What are you dreaming of?

JOAN: Give me that writing. (She rushes to the tables, snatches up the paper, and tears it into fragments): Light your fire: do you think I dread it as much as the life of a rat in a hole? My voices were right.

LADVENU: Joan! Joan!

JOAN: Yes; they told me you were fools (the word gives great offense), and that I was not to listen to your fine words nor trust to your charity. You promised me my life; but you lied. (Indignant exclamations). You think that life is nothing but not being stone dead. It is not the bread and water I fear; I can live on bread: when have I asked for more? It is no hardship to drink water if the water be clean. Bread has no sorrow for me, and water no affliction. But to shut me from the light of the sky and the sight of the fields and flowers; to chain my feet so that I can never again ride with the soldiers nor climb the hills; to make me breathe foul damp darkness, and keep from me everything that brings me back to the love of God when your wickedness and foolishness tempt me to hate Him: all this is worse than the furnace in the Bible that was heated seven times. I could do without my warhorse; I could drag about in a skirt; I could let the banners and the trumpets and the knights and soldiers pass me and leave me behind as they leave the other women, if only I could still hear the wind in the trees, the larks in the sunshine, the young lambs crying through the healthy frost, and the blessed blessed church bells that send my angel voices floating to me on the wind. But without these things I cannot live; and by your wanting to take them away from me, or from any human creature, I know that your council is of the devil, and that mine is of God.

That finished Joan. She was nineteen. They pronounced her a relapsed heretic, cut her from the church tree, and Warwick got the incorrigible branch that he wanted. She was burned in the public square at Rouen and all the people went out to see her die.

Too Many Retouched Characters

I have so far considered the drama in the light of its historic exactness and psychological truth. Enough of the action has been given to show the forceful beauty of Shaw's greatness. Consideration of several weaknesses follows: Sitting through three and one-half hours of the play I felt dissatisfied, not because of its length—it is all most interesting—but perhaps simply because we expect so much from Shaw. In spite of the nonsense of Brassbound, Candida and Back to Methuselah we still look hopefully for the perfection displayed by some of his other dramas. I felt that he is becoming very religious and that we should not feel surprised if another Anglicized Irishman, who so early and stoutly proclaimed his atheism, has swung into the fashionable stride and joined the mystics.

Then, too, Shaw is so glib, writing has become so facile for him that he follows lines of least resistance and jerks old characters from his well-stocked closet, dusts them off a bit, and struts them across the stage as brand new creations. It still rakes in the shekels, but we recognize them anyhow by their demeanor and speech. Warwick bears a striking re-

semblance to Burgoyne in the "Devil's Disciple," where the latter "with utmost suavity" apologizes to the rebel he is about to hang, pleading "political necessity" and disowning personal animosity.

In the epilogue to Saint Joan, where she appears as a vision and the characters of the play are dragged from bed, the distance and the grave to hail the exonerated maid and make their farewell speeches, Warwick, who was so earnest and brisk about seeing her body dispatched, says pleasantly to her spirit: "The burning was purely political. There was no personal feeling against you, I assure you." To which Joan replies, "I bear no malice, my lord." Most saintly! Warwick then continued: "Just so. Very kind of you to meet me in that way: a touch of true breeding. But I insist on apologizing very amply. (Which is proper since Joan was so amply reduced to a cinder). The truth is, these political necessities sometimes turn out to be political mistakes; and this one was a veritable howler; for your spirit conquered us, madam, in spite of our faggots. History will remember me for your sake, though the incidents of the connection were perhaps a little unfortunate."

Even Joan has a Shavian prototype, Lady Cicely, the positive woman in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," who, like The Maid, has power over the wills of men and treats them in much the same fashion. The same play gives us Brassbound himself as a forerunner to the Squire Robert de Baudricourt, while Drinkwater is a true figure of the steward in Saint Joan.

"Caesar and Cleopatra" furnishes the youthful Ptolemy who is like the puerile Dauphin, and Chappain de Stogumber has the earmarks of Brittanus in his heavy plodding without humor, in direct faith in his leader, even though concealed, and in his British predisposition to be exact, narrow and rude at the same moment. Both characters are helplessly unable to attain the subtle heights of their commanders' thinking.

Methuselah Technique Repeated

These are a few examples, but there are others that any reader of Shaw will discover upon examination. The epilogue is a technique employed to glorify a martyr at the expense of her contemporaries and the institution which both condemned, cleared and canonized Joan. It is fair, because she was ahead of her age and a greater character than those who surrounded her. But it harks back to the cry of the eternal martyr and presupposes a new redemption of mankind by the triumph of saints when all men are saints. Bringing central characters back into an epilogue is too close a repetition to the tiresome folly "Back to Methuselah," in which Shaw ends that book by presenting the Serpent, Cain, Eve, Adam and Lilith (a spirit of the endless and omniscient), who appear in the order named, say their little trite or enigmatical speeches and vanish.

When Saint Joan nears its last curtain, and the book the last page, A Gentleman of 1920 enters

to announce that Rome has at last made Joan a saint. But none of her contemporaries want the agitator back. When she speaks about being permitted to return, this Gentleman says that that is an eventuality not contemplated by Rome to which he must return for further orders. It is very keen satire and well placed. Then all leave Joan, one by one, and

The last remaining rays of light gather into a white radiance descending on Joan. The hour continues to strike.

JOAN: O God that madest this beautiful earth, when will it be ready to receive Thy saints? How long, O Lord, how long?

Last Impressions

After that you feel as though you had been tricked into a church, a very pretty church, too. But if you want freedom and fellowship in life you cannot echo poor Joan, because you don't be-

lieve that the earth will be revived by saints, but cleansed of its social parasites by very human men and women. By men and women lacking that moral impeccability that is said to win halos, but surely possessed of sufficient vision, method and strength to make the earth fit for humanity in economic equality.

The play is well acted, but to do Shaw justice one must read the book with its ample, lucid preface in which he explains so much that remains inexplicable in the drama. I shall conclude by quoting the author concerning the trial. He says: "Joan got a far fairer trial from the Church and the Inquisition than any prisoner of her type and in her situation gets nowadays in any official secular court; and the decision was according to law." Which isn't saying much for modern courts, but is undeniably true.

SAINT JOAN, by G. Bernard Shaw. Published by Brentano's, New York City. Price, \$2.25.

Waste

(A Book Review.)

THIS is a brilliant novel following the development of a thinker's life, and flooding light on the social forces to which he was inextricably bound, for all that he strove heroically to make his own life. Jarvis Thornton's career, from an unhappy, impoverished boyhood to its final disillusionment in comparative affluence at fifty, shows step by step the effect of environment engulfing, embittering, stunning, absorbing and destroying the individual.

Throughout the story we feel the fullness of Thornton's antipathy to established gainless ruts, and his revulsion as an engineer, architect and artist to the stupid, permeating squalor of life, one immense, shoddy class rushing from hovels to work places and back to hovels again, a soddening treadmill, and another smaller class busting about in pursuit of the most propitious chance to rob these slaves and do a very thorough job of it. Out of this vortex issues no peace but that of the grave; life is stultifying, and where there is beauty it withers at the blighting touch of a dirty, capitalist civilization, while within the confines there is room for no tranquillity nor for the happy expression of life. There is only a great deal of room for an endless suppression of the poor and lots of smokestacks at one end, and a bloated gentility at the other debased by appetites.

Denounces the War

The war is castigated in a way that could hardly be improved upon by the most ardently eloquent anti-militarist. Thornton's son, just an ignorant bourgeois lad who does not really know his father (nor, indeed, does the father know his son) because the boy has been packed from one school to another

by his woefully stupid mother in an effort to make a "gentleman" of him, is killed in the war. Like other boys, unable to feel the seriousness and tragedy of war, he itches to "get into the scrap," and this desire gratified, he speedily falls before the foe.

Thus the father observes the waste of life so near to his own heart, a very part of himself, but sadly separated from him always by an ambitious mother unsympathetic to the husband she uses solely for support. The man sees warm youth, eager and inexperienced, believing the lies of patriotism, sacrificed; sees the guns chewing these boys up by millions and leaving them to the rats that fatten to repletion on the wastes of no-man's land. For into this inferno Jarvis Thornton had gone prior to America's war declaration. Then he believed the monstrous lie that war purifies. At last he understands that the horrible technique of destruction serves no good end, chastises no too-proud souls, but drains them of their faith and mercy, and leaves them stark and shrivelled. So he quits, and when his friends finally discover his abhorrence to the war they say nothing, secretly regarding him as a bit "yellow." These acquaintances know war by story only.

The Surprise Speech

Before he is known as more than a visitor who has served in the conflict, he is invited to a luncheon at a club in a fashionable "Hun-hating" summer colony on the coast of Maine, where he lives. To honor him he is surprised by being asked to speak on the war. Unable to evade, he makes a speech, a part of which was:

"A few months ago I was lunching with a gathering very much like this, in Rome, a party of English, French, and Italian friends—I was the only Amer-

ican. The talk turned on art, and some of the younger men, civilians, connected with the diplomatic service and the various propaganda services, began to depreciate German artistic and intellectual achievements. "There never has been a great German painter," one young man declared. Then a French officer at my side spoke up. He was wounded in the thigh and his hand still trembled from trench malaria—he had fought from the opening of the war, though his age, his high civilian rank, exempted him from military service. "I hate," said my friend in a voice that still vibrates in my soul, "I hate to hear a great people traduced—how about Albrecht Dürer?" and there was no more silly talk about the despicable Huns at that luncheon. . . ."

This took them by surprise and they eyed him angrily. A gold cross dangling over a bishop's rotund belly, an admiral's pretended indifference and the hateful glare of a bitter old money-bags squawrous his anger, and he said, dividing his gaze between the cross and the knitting needles of the acrimonious "lady":

"Over there under the whine of the guns they can think of something better than fabled atrocities and rapes, but here, on our peaceful, beautiful coast you spend your time swapping idle yarns that a child of twelve years old ought to know to be lies. Spend your time knitting sweaters and socks and dropping a curse in every stitch. You, you women," he said, pointing across the table at the Bishop's cross, but apparently at the thin lady with the sneering lips and the fat lady with the gaping mouth, "you women whom one might expect as the vessels of life to be more interested in preserving youth and manhood from another slaughter like this, some of you mothers, with sons already gone or going or likely to go into the hell of the trenches—you women in whose wombs the life of the race lies, to be preserved for something better than war, you sit and bloody-mouthed mumble your curses and miserable tales, while you knit and 'help win the war' by adding to the fearful river of hate that must some day be quenched."

He had one approving listener, an old college professor, who said on the way home from this luncheon which forthwith "broke up":

"No use, my boy, no use at all; they want to hate, suppressed emotions and all that; read the psychology books. They feel good when they hate: it makes 'em religious! Look at the clergy in the war! By God, just look at the Bishops of the Church, damn 'em!"

Thornton was reported by the admiral and watched thenceforth. His social position saved him, and also the fact that he had no positive program, and entered no organization. In fact, the book stresses the necessity of self-reliance of the individual, and its chief character fights throughout life for escape from the gregariousness of the herd, and of institutions. One gathers that he leans toward philosophic anarchism.

The author's style is fine, his analyses are searching as far as he probes, and the effects of an in-

teresting life wasted in the social mechanism repay the reader's attention. The Wobblies are mentioned sketchily, and not understandingly, and the Department of Justice is neatly "panned," while the Intelligence Bureau is referred to as a "mad-house."

Love plays its part, but there is not even a hint at pornography, and the Sumners cannot condemn the manner in which it weaves through the pages. The emphasis throughout is upon social squalor dirtying life, thwarting the best outcome of affection, and stifling a cry for beauty in the world. Robert Herrick is doing good work among a liberal class who must be given the truth in carefully measured doses generously mixed with individualistic soft soap. There are many books, you know, that we think excellent which the progressives and pink tea dilettanti refuse to read at all. One has to sneak up on them. At all events, there is a wealth of meat and beauty in this fine sociological novel that will satisfy.

By ROBERT GRAYSON

WASTE. by Robert Herrick, published by Harcourt Brace and Co., 393 Madison Ave., New York City. Price, \$2.00

THE THIRD DEGREE

By VERA MÖLLER

(The Vision which may have come to Bob Medford in "Gertie")

They've bound me to the bars, arms, trunk and limbs,

A harpy sits and watches in my cell,
And still he asks the question: "Will you sign?"
And still my white lips answer: "Go to hell!"

The straps! The straps! I try to shift my weight,
To ease each aching muscle, 'tis in vain;
They hold me tight as in a mighty vise,
While still more terrible becomes the pain
Until hot pincers seem to tear my back—
The harpy looks up grinning and says: "Well,
'Tis a fine day. You'd best give in, my lad."
But still I shriek in answer: "Go to hell!"
And still the leaden hours drag slowly on,
While inch by inch my body seems to die;
A nightmare numbness creeps from limb to limb,
Until my numbed brain questions, "Is it I?"

They touch my flesh with lighted cigarettes;
They try to mock me with the sight of food—
They can not hurt me, I am not the man
Whom they have bound there, let them take his blood.

For I am wandering out in space and see
A land where Justice is no empty name
And men are free, and gone, forever gone,
Are lust and greed and cruelty and shame.
I know that while I hung upon the bars
The light of dawn was struggling through the gloom,
That in the sweat of anguish and of blood
Wrung out of victims tyrants wrote their doom.

And then—I fall, and feel a stabbing pain,
For something tripped me up, a branch or vine.
They slap my face, "Here! None of that, my lad!
There'll be no sleep for you until you sign."

Our Revolutionary Position

(Continued from page 13.)

only another day. Economic development seems a slow process to the human observer, but when we consider the great changes that have taken place in the economic and social relations of mankind during the last three thousand years and compare them with the progress made in the hundred thousand years prior thereto, then human progress does not seem so sluggish. Again, if we look with care we are compelled to admit that more progress has been made in every avenue of human activity in the last two hundred years than was made in any five thousand years before. It would, it seems, be quite reasonable to say that science has progressed more during the past twenty-five years than in any two-hundred-year period preceding.

Consider the matter of writing history, for example. It is admitted that very little was done in this line before the fifteenth century. H. G. Wells, among others, complains of the disgusting condition in which the records of history have been kept. Buckle uses up several pages on this subject. So it is not at all surprising that no great historian has in writing history employed the formula of Marx.

Experimental Science

It was my intention to use much space in criticizing Ward's "Dynamic Sociology," but already the manuscript has grown to such proportions that it will be impossible to do more than remark, in passing, that Ward saw in education alone the panacea of the social question. His indictment of both government and religion, and the clearness with which he proves his case, namely, that they are a bar, rather than an aid, to progress, is sure to win the admiration of the radically inclined worker. But, after all, when we recall that Ward found no real fault with the wages system, and that as a consequence, he did not recognize the class struggle and the class slavery arising therefrom, one is compelled to ask the question of socialists, communists, and some wobblers: "How do you reconcile the philosophy of Ward, Buckle, Aristotle and Plato with proletarian philosophy?" And it is fair to add: "You complain of the confusion in the revolutionary movement. What else can you expect? The conflict between the old ideas and the new is very much alive among those who profess to champion the new."

Since the days when Roger Bacon looked out from behind the prison bars and told the world that all the old philosophers were wrong, and that the road to progress was by experimental science, great progress has been made in every field of human endeavor. But the progress of science, and therefore of industry, during the last fifty years has been wonderful. We have now reached the stage in industrial production where real advances may easily be seen by each generation.

Modern industry has grouped and regrouped the workers in every line until now, two or ten thousand

workers will enter an industrial establishment, do their bit, and at the end of each shift be replaced by an equal number of workers, who will continue working where the others left off. All this without any noticeable change in the whole mechanical process beyond the blowing of the whistle and the punching of the clock. Everything works in harmony, with mechanical precision. We might very easily say that the capitalist system has done more to lighten the burden of the man who toils than has any other system in history. Thus, while pointing to the wonderful achievements of capitalism, and the benefits that the people have derived from electricity, steel, steam, oil and concrete, we condemn the social organization which makes of these achievements instruments of torture, plunder and oppression. We can even go further. We can say that we cannot conceive of any system more unjust, useless and cruel to rule the destinies of the people in the future than is the capitalist system.

The capitalist system has developed rapidly. It has removed all of the old problems that seemed so perplexing to the old philosophers. The social question of today is new and was unknown to the long-whiskered philosophers of old. What does it matter to us what Plato, Aristotle, Jesus or any of the rest of them said? At most, whatever they said had to do with the conditions of their time. The social questions of today must be solved by modern philosophy and modern methods. We care more about what Steinmetz had to say on the social problem than we do about the opinions of Adam Smith or John S. Mill, or those held by any others living before our own time. Steinmetz lived amid the whirl of modern machinery and they did not.

How to Solve Our Problems

The solution of the social problem can be found in the material conditions that now exist. The first thing in order is education, conducted on the basis of sound principles. Modern educational institutions give you an education which at most must be but a beginner's course. You are started out in life, but good care is taken that you are started out on the wrong road, and then, of course, they trust that you will follow that road so far that you will never believe that there is another road, perhaps not so well paved, but much shorter, and which, if followed, will lead you on to that condition of happiness for which all men hope, and which but few achieve. The things that one learns at school are never sufficient. One must add to that education after leaving school.

The next thing in order is for the working class to organize according to the way that modern industry has grouped them in production. That would be according to industry. Industrial unionism is the logical form of organization for the working class of today. The workers must, first of all, understand that their problems are industrial, and not

political in character. The economic division, so clearly evident to all workers in modern industry who work for wages, would seem to prove the necessity for a union sufficiently broad in scope as to include all who work for wages.

Conditions in each industry are slightly different, and so the union of the workers, in its internal structure, must be slightly different in order to meet the requirements of the workers in that industry. But the union in its main outlines, in its general structure, must be the same. It must be as broad as industry itself. In this respect the writer accepts "universalism," but in the same way and for the same reasons that he accepts it in its general application to the union, he rejects it when it is applied to the internal structure, the working program of the union, because it does not fit the conditions.

Meaning of Industrial Unionism

Why must the workers organize industrially? The question might very well be answered in a few words, namely, to achieve their emancipation. Now, what do the workers desire to be emancipated from? They are now separated, freed from the product of their labor. In other words, they are exploited, robbed, plundered, "gypped" out of it by the instrumentality of the wages system. To secure a condition of happiness for which we are all fighting in our own way, the working class must organize industrially so that when the great crisis comes in the evolution of the capitalist system, the workers can free themselves from all exploitation—from the rule of capital.

The industrial union of the workers is essential not only as a means of resisting the employing class in its effort to reduce workers to a lower economic level now and while capitalism lasts, but it will be of special use in starting up production again after capitalism, for any reason, has come to the end of its career. The big problem with which the workers are confronted is not just simply stopping production, which is a simple matter, but to start it on a new basis.

That is the function of revolutionary industrial unionism. There is absolutely no doubt but that the road to freedom is industrial unionism. It may be argued that the workers are not yet ready to accept such a program. That objection, and it is a frequent one, is entirely aside from the issue. The only question that we workers are concerned with is whether or not the plan is sound. If so, then why not support it? If, on the other hand, you admit it is a sound program, but for the reason that the millions of workers are not yet ready to embrace it, you attempt to justify your stand in supporting some other program economically unsound, you are simply doing what you can to add to the confusion, to the already too confused mental state of your fellow workers.

If you popularize Plato or Ward rather than propagate the teachings of Marx and Engels, then your standing as a revolutionist is open to question. If you teach the middle class ideology of the eighteenth century rather than the proletarian philosophy of today, then at the very least and fairest estimate to you you are not only hopelessly confused, but at least a hundred and fifty years behind the times.

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WOBBALES

AFTER THAT, IT'S EASY!

Mike and Pat, who had gone to bed drunk, got up early one morning to catch a train. Mike went down the dark passageway of the hotel, feeling with his foot for the top step of the staircase. The elevator shaft door was open and he stepped down and fell ten stories. When Pat came along a few minutes later he reached the open elevator door, but was more cautious, and he called down: "Mike, is this the staircase?" "It is," said Mike, "but look out for that first step, it's a son-of-a-gun."

READ FAST!

"Conditions in the U. S. A. is gettin' worsen an' worsen," observes a case-hardened pine-cat. "Why just the other day the boss came into the bunkhouse and cut the crew!—An' then I sees in a paper where the employers in the Spokane restaurants cut all the girls too! Gettin' so's a worker isn't safe nowhere."—The Flying Doughnut.

THE INSPIRED WHALE

A minister was visiting some logging camps in an effort to save the lumberjacks' souls. He made a bad start by picking on a Wobbly. The dialogue that the camp listened to ran this way:

"Do I have to believe that old Bible?"

"Oh, yes, that is the Inspired Word."

"That Jonah-whale story, too?"

"Certainly, it is all part of our faith."

"But," went on the Wobbly, "a whale's throat is so small it can only swallow a small fish, and not a man. How about that?"

"Why, my good friend, since the Lord made all things, could he not have made a special whale to swallow Jonah?"

That settled the evangelism at that camp.

A NECESSARY CHANGE

"Pardon me, Miss, but I gave you my order some twenty minutes ago, and—" began a meek looking customer.

"Well, what about it?" demanded Heloise, of the Rapid Fire Restaurant.

"Nun-nothing," he replied. "Except that I wish to make it an entreaty instead of an order."

REALIZATION

Two of the unemployed many were passing a factory gate when the 12 o'clock whistle blew.

"Dinner time, Jack," said one.

"Yes, but it's just plain 12 o'clock for us," Jack replied.

Forty-four



CLASSIFIED

John Farmer had quartered his harvest aviators in the barn. A Wobbly victim raised a protesting voice.

"You're kickin' all the time," said the farmer.

"I used to sleep in barns lots o' times, an' I never kicked."

"That's nothing," rejoined the Wob. "Who ever heard of a jackass kicking against sleeping in a barn?"

BROADCASTING

Mr. F. S. Yamamoto, of 209 Ninth street, Milwaukee, Wis., unburdens himself as follows in Experience, for December:

"I know a man who is so dumb he thinks I. W. W. is a broadcasting station."

Your acquaintance is absolutely correct, Mr. Yamamoto. You may rest assured that no one need hesitate in stating that the I. W. W. is the MOST POWERFUL broadcasting station in the world for sound logic, sound principles, and the most practical method of educating the wage workers yet outlined.

To all workers, whether your name is of a sweet potato-ish sound or not, let us say you are invited to send a postcard and TUNE IN for the best wiring-up you ever received in the interest of all wage workers. Address I. W. W., 1001 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill.

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

The Social Forces

By JOHN CANNAVAN

CHAPTER VI

"The trades unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry."
—I. W. W. Preamble.

WHEN the need of economic organization first was felt by the wage workers, those who were impressed by it were craftsmen, for, at that period, skilled workers constituted the working force in an establishment. These workers were competent to function in all the processes required for the production of special articles, from raw material to completion.

The industrial (and social) castes of "mechanic" and "laborer" were then well defined and accepted; and the mechanic caste refused to consider the unskilled workers as industrial or social equals.

That they were interdependent factors industrially and common victims of the same economic relationship, was not recognized. The craftsmen were, at that stage, the important industrial element, and the consciousness of this importance reflected itself in the attitude of superiority assumed toward the unskilled. Manufacturing, at that time, was deemed to begin with raw material and to end with the finished product. The raw material was only superficially recognized as the embodiment of prior labor, and the fact that the completed article had yet to be carried to its social destination was not yet realized to an extent which would bring to the craftsmen a sense of the interdependence of all working class elements. There was no class conception. As a result, the early unions were composed solely of craftsmen.

Division of Workers

One of the effects of such organizations was to draw a line of demarcation between skilled and unskilled workers—to divide the working class. Moreover, these separate unions of skilled workers, in the different trades, made unity of the skilled workers impossible. The unskilled workers represented a large unorganized mass of individuals, while the skilled workers represented an element organized by groups, without coherence or a means of achieving it. Nevertheless, these unions, in a day of blind and unrestricted competition among the employers, whose margins of capital were small, were able to embarrass the individual employers, so that gains were made by the organized workmen.

It became evident to the employers that they must unitedly oppose these combinations of craftsmen, and we find that they did so united. The united opposition offered by the employers forced the craftsmen to form local, central labor bodies, and to invest these with economic authority to command obedience from the constituent craft unions. Skilled labor thus equipped itself with economic solidarity locally though the instances in which this evident purpose was carried out are few.

As the country developed, villages sprang up, to grow into towns and cities. These depended upon craftsmen, and the craft unions connected the workers in the old and new localities. It was natural for these craftsmen, believing, as they did, that their interests would be better served, to organize into national bodies. This they did.

Weakness of Craft Union Position

As craftsmen they appeared to have served themselves well by so doing, but, in looking backward, we are enabled to see that, as a matter of fact, they weakened, instead of strengthening themselves, by bringing about the division which has made the American section of the working class the weakest and most backward in the world, industrially and socially. For while the standards here are higher than those in Britain, Germany and other capitalistically advanced countries, relatively, and as compared with social advancements, the workers of the United States are behind those of other lands.

The rise of national craft unions, when viewed from the working class standpoint, meant that whole bodies of workmen were divided off, effectively separated from the other workers, while their industrial association continued. These organizations, while apparently conforming to the industrial arrangement, actually ran counter to it. Besides, these unions presented and fostered the conception that the workers so organized, were independent of other workers and sufficient to cope with all the industrial problems that might confront them; that questions arising in their employments were only craft questions in which the balance of the workers had neither share nor interest.

This posture emphasized a failure to recognize the interdependence of the working class elements by attempting to deny their association in production. These unions saw the wage relationship and did not see that it extended beyond the limits of the crafts and included the workers collectively, just as it did the employers of labor as a class. This flying in the face of fact has been productive of evil results for American labor.

For the craft unions, there is no class struggle and no class issue; neither is there class interest to advance. Occasionally, class feeling breaks through the artificial boundaries set by these unions and their memberships make common cause with some struggling unassociated group, only to be penalized or outlawed.

Lack of Class Consciousness

These unorganized workers are, because of their craft unions, detached from every effort by other workers and prevent united action by the working class. The belief is carefully cultivated that the craft union membership have nothing in common with one another, or the working class. Based upon this misconception, it is not surprising that the craft unions have time and again wrecked every attempt

to form an economic movement upon a national scale for American labor. When, eventually, the Knights of Labor promised the realization of such an organization, the American Federation of Labor, preserving craft division, was brought into being to do the Knights of Labor to death.

The A. F. of L. is not a national instrument for American labor. It is the preventive of the organization of such an instrument. It knits the unions of which it is composed in a system that pits one set of workers in an industry against all other sets of workmen in the industry and carries this arrangement throughout industries where it commands any following. It keeps the working class at odds with itself and working at cross purposes. Moreover, it stands ready to combat any and every attempt to weld the workers into a solid force. It stands guard over the division that spells weakness and ineffectiveness for American labor.

Capitalist control of industry and society is predicated upon working class division. Only while division prevails in the ranks of the workers will the rule of capitalists endure. This division of the workers cannot be permanent. It will survive only while the conceptions that guide labor prevent the recognition of the class struggle by the workers. Once the working class reject these conceptions, the mastership of the bourgeoisie is at an end. The very earliest capitalist spokesmen have given utterance to this recognition long before Marx and Engels enunciated the theory of the class struggle. The capitalists, driven by fear of such outcome, have invoked the aid of every agency that might assist in delaying, if not preventing, this culmination. They have even created new agencies and used them as their interest demanded and need arose.

The Tool of Capitalism

The modern American labor movement, as expressed by the A. F. of L. and railroad brotherhoods, presents itself as a device by which the capitalist idea of the wage relationship is inculcated in the minds of the worker, and preserves the division that delivers labor into the hands of its enemies. Division, as a result of the craft system, is organized and entrenched behind the misguided loyalty of working class ignorance and prejudice to old forms and customs. The forces that prevented the recognition of their class interest and the means of serving it, found in the craft system, which has dominated American labor for more than forty years, a satisfactory medium. Above all else, the A. F. of L., with its kindred unions, functions to keep the workers divided industrially, and, in so doing, it constitutes the greatest bulwark of the capitalist system.

This organization, without body or substance, without economic jurisdiction or power, fraudulently pretends to be, and unfortunately is accepted as the national expression of American labor interest, while being really the national expression of the capitalist interest in relation to labor. It was conceived by ignorance and seized by design. The national and international unions, prior to 1881,

were inclined to favor only such a national labor arrangement as they could dominate, and which would not interfere with them in economic matters.

So, when the Federation of Organized Trades and Labor Unions of the United States and Canada (A. F. of L.) was formed, representation was so distributed that control was vested in these national organizations. The courtesy of representation was accorded central bodies and state federations, but it was merely courtesy, for the representation allowed them is of a character which does not permit interference with the will of the national unions in their guidance of the affairs of organized labor. The C. L. U. and state federation delegates sit in the convention without being able to influence decisions in any degree whatever. Upon the Executive Council, which is the governing body, there sit only the heads of the international unions and the subordinate organizations have no representation whatever. It is theirs only to obey, not to suggest or question.

Capitalist-Minded Labor Fakirs

The mentality that governs in the Executive Council* of the A. F. of L. is influenced by the associations into which the members of this official directorate are thrown. More "Labor" philosophy is imbued from capitalist contact than from worker sources. The capitalist conception of union function, policy and usefulness guides the management of the craft union system; and, although the control of this movement manifests itself contrary to what the experiences of the organized workers warrant, and what they would approve, the system is so perfectly balanced that they bend to the dictation against their judgment and inclination. They do not realize that the A. F. of L. is anti-labor in conception, policy and action. Nor need they be expected to learn, until some agency, outside of the craft system, interprets the significance of events for them and supplies them with an organization which will enable them to break the bond that holds them in thrall to this system.

Union Label's Real Meaning

The "union label" provided the craft system with an invaluable asset, whereby the interest of the employer and that of the wage workers were made to appear identical. This device had the effect of serving the employer and blinding the workers to the class nature of the struggle in which they were engaged.

To boost the sale of union label goods is to boost the business of the manufacturer who employs union labor. This leads to a belief that the union, to some extent anyway, is dependent upon the employer—an idea that tends to deprive the union of aggressiveness.

The idea underlying union label patronage is that it affords greater opportunity for employment to unionized workers, but the far more important

* See "Historical Cathecism of American Unionism." Published by the I. W. W., 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Price 25c.

fact is that by diverting union custom to goods so labelled, it confers advantage on the employers of union employes and fosters the belief that the interests of employer and employe are identical. The greater the demand for label products, the better chance particular groups have for employment. Therefore it is reasoned the more the boss sells the steadier the employes work. What is good for the boss is good for the worker. So runs the confusion arising from the label.

And, again, upon a product only one of the processes may be unionized but the label of that group carries the impression that the whole of the labor embodied in it has been expended under union conditions or that the non-union workers do not count. The label is thus made to blind the workers to the class character of production.

But the greatest service the union label renders the employing class lies in the cultivation of the idea that labor can act effectively to advance its interest at the consuming instead of at the producing end of a commodity; that action as buyers is more effective than action as workers; that the boycott carries greater assurance than concerted action in the working place. No greater service than fostering this perverted view of industry could be done for the capitalist class.

Under this conception organized workers will cheerfully assist in the production of a commodity which they will try to induce buyers not to purchase. Such is the contradictory "logic" of the A. F. of L. which deludes labor and comforts the employing class.

When the boycott at the counter is substituted for production prevention in the working place, the labor movement is facing backward. An ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure in labor matters as in other things.

A. F. of L. Organizes Skill

The A. F. of L. system does not and cannot organize the most numerous and most powerful of all industrial elements—the unskilled workers. Where unskilled workers have been enrolled into its membership they, like all others, have been hopelessly divided.*

A labor movement to be worthy of its name and mission must function economically, and, instead of arraying its component unions against one another, must unite them to further the common cause of labor. To hold one set of workers upon the job while others are striking is to cancel the effect of the strikers, for production is not a craft process, but a process that involves several sets of workers. Those who remain upon a struck job assist the employer to defeat their striking fellows. Any movement that not only sanctions but provides for such procedure, cannot be regarded as a

labor movement. With the A. F. of L. and the railroad brotherhood unions this is a definite and fixed policy. It is not something adopted occasionally for reasons of expediency, but a cardinal tenet of their industrial creed.

The A. F. of L. itself is not an organization. It is only an influence which sponsors and sanctifies the crimes against labor in the name of labor.

The international unions are the organized, continent-wide segregation of labor classifications from the rest of the working class. It is not out of place to repeat that these unions represent the organized dismemberment of the American working class. While they survive they will function to preserve that dismemberment. Labor's first duty is to rid itself of these handicaps to unity and progress. Whither are the A. F. of L. unions traveling? They have no goal toward which they are directing labor. They drift from day to day, and from one industrial situation to another with no set objective to attain and no definite labor principle by which the labor hosts may be guided. They accept as just and rightful the relationship against which they are an organized product. They have never yet, even in 1886, arrayed the organized workers for an attack upon the relationship that victimizes the wage workers.

Why Bosses Fear the I. W. W.

While the craft system, A. F. of L. and the Big Four dominate the workers in industry and transportation, economic solidarity will be beyond the workers of America. Organized workers will continue to be set against organized workers. Economic division and weakness will prevail and the capitalist class will not even have a remote cause for fear. The only danger they stand in dread of is that the workers will become possessed of the I. W. W. idea and break from the control of the capitalist labor lieutenants.

One thing is certain that, until the craft system collapses, the workers of America will be held in thrall and made to serve the capitalist interest. This system cannot be modified to serve the proletarian interest. It must be destroyed.

The I. W. W. is the antithesis of the A. F. of L. It is based upon recognition of the class struggle, and class unity is its endeavor. It is an economic organization, international in scope, which confines itself to an economic sphere and function. It has a definite objective—the replacement of capitalism by an industrialized society, the affairs of which will be administered by the workers. Labor will be social service, with the profit taint removed.

The I. W. W. is a labor union in the truest and highest sense of the term. When its principles are understood by the workers, they will accept and apply them. Already in growing numbers they are responding to its appeal. Eventually through it, they will attain the position of which they are worthy and take into their hands the world and its affairs. Speed the day!

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH)

* See Historical Catechism of American Unionism. I. W. W. Headquarters, 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Price, 25c.

Press Week February 22 - 28

The Industrial Pioneer, according to anticipation, will be in the field toward the close of the seven days—February 22 to 28—dedicated to the increase of our publications sales. Press Week is a general, initial, and concerted drive by I. W. W. branches, I. W. W. members and friends. All interested in a powerful working class press must unite to wipe out our debt and extend the scope of our circulation.

The plan to increase bundle orders and subscriptions and to raise funds by holding entertainments throughout the whole I. W. W. movement is just the opening gun in a steady effort to upbuild the press. Get into the work and make it an unprecedented success. By sincere, united, intelligent action every member and every branch can accomplish great things for the plan, and put our greatest weapon on a sound, growing basis.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD (Authorized by the General Executive Board of the I. W. W.)

(ENGLISH)

INDUSTRIAL SOLIDARITY

Published weekly at 1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Subscription price: \$2 per year; six months, \$1. Bundle orders, 3 cents a copy. Single copies, 5 cents.

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

The only real revolutionary magazine of the working class, published monthly in the English language. \$2 per year; \$1 for six months; 50 cents for three months; single copies, 20 cents.

(RUSSIAN)

GOLOS TRUZENIKA

(The Voice of Labor)

Magazine, published monthly at 1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Subscription price: \$1.50 per year; six months, 80 cents. Bundle orders, over 5 copies, 10c per copy. Single copies 15c each.

(HUNGARIAN)

BERMUNKAS

(Wage Worker)

Published weekly at 1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Subscription price: \$2 per year; six months, \$1. Bundle orders, 3c per copy. Single copy, 5c.

(ITALIAN)

IL PROLETARIO

(The Proletarian)

Published weekly at 158 Carroll St., New York, N. Y. Subscription price: \$2 per year; six months, \$1. Bundle orders, 3c per copy. Single copies, 5c.

(SPANISH)

SOLIDARIDAD

(Solidarity)

Published twice monthly at 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Subscription price: \$1 per year (26 issues). Single copies, 5c.

(CZECHO-SLOVAK)

JEDNA VELKA UNIE

(One Big Union)

Magazine. Published monthly at 1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Subscription price: \$2 per year; single copy, 20c. Bundle orders, 14c per copy.

(FINNISH)

TIE VAPAUTEEN

(The Road To Freedom)

Magazine. Published monthly at 1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Subscription price: \$1.75 per year. Bundle orders, over 5 copies, 20 per cent discount allowed. Single copies, 15c.

INDUSTRIALISTI

(The Industrialist)

Published daily in Duluth, Minn. Write to Box 464, Duluth, Minn., for prices on bundle orders and subscriptions.

(SCANDINAVIAN)

INDUSTRI ARBETAREN

(Industrial Worker)

The Scandinavian organ of the I. W. W. Contains articles in Swedish and Norwegian. For sale on all news-stands at 5c a copy. Bundle orders, 3c per copy. Single copies, 5c. \$1 per year.

Literary and Artistic Contest

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INDUSTRIAL PIONEER and INDUSTRIAL SOLIDARITY have combined to offer a prize of \$75 for the best piece of literature submitted, and a prize of \$50 for the best cartoon submitted. April 15, 1925, is the date for closing the contest, when all manuscripts and drawings must be in the hands of the manager of the two publications.

The best article or fiction work and the best cartoon will be published in the May Day editions of both publications. The other material submitted in the contest is to become the property of the I. W. W. press, to be published either in English or translation by the various editors at their discretion.

All material submitted for the contest should be sent unsigned, but with some identifying mark, to the manager of the Industrial Pioneer and Industrial Solidarity, and should be marked "For Solidarity-Pioneer Contest". A separate letter should be mailed at the same time as the manuscript or drawing and should contain the identifying mark inside a sealed envelope on the outside of which is written the contestant's name and address. When the judges have announced their decision these envelopes will be opened. The contest is open to both members of the I. W. W. and non-members.

Several prominent writers and artists are under consideration as judges. Their names will be announced soon, and the men chosen to pass on the merits of the articles, stories and cartoons will be such as to leave no doubt as to their competency and fairness.

Nothing sent in competition for these prizes shall advocate parliamentarism, religion, class collaboration, co-operative projects, or utopian colonization schemes. Such articles or cartoons will not be considered for the prize.

Manuscripts for the literary prize may be fiction or non-fiction, but not poetry, and must not exceed 5,000 words.

Fiction should embrace some phase of the workers' lives involving the class-struggle. Non-fiction may deal with the whole or any part of the field of labor and industry—including organization, history, present tendencies, and future possibilities. The articles may be either general and theoretical or as highly specialized as the author may desire.

Cartoons may be drawn in any medium, but must be dead black on dead white. This does not mean the exclusion of shadings or the use of Chinese white, but it does bar the use of colored inks or crayons. These cartoons should tell the story by means of the drawing and should require little or no lettering on them to make them intelligible.

Cartoons should be of a general propaganda nature and not illustrative of current events, as it may be some time before they are actually printed.

CALIFORNIA!

Where Life Is Better?

WHERE the Hoof and Mouth disease is contaminating all things grown in the "Earthquake State;" cattle to the extent of more than a million dollars in value have been slain in an effort to stamp out this dreadful malady, but new outbreaks are being reported.

YOUR health is endangered when you visit California because of the epidemic of typhus that is raging in several parts of the state and the dread Bubonic Plague which has killed untold numbers of people in Los Angeles. That unfortunate city is often under quarantine because of some dangerous disease.

A POLL TAX is to be levied on all persons in the state; no matter how much taxes you pay in your home state, you will be required to pay a Poll Tax in California.

TOURISTS will be required to pay Campfire Tax and a Permit costing one dollar will be required of every person using a camp fire.

A LARGE percentage of the population of this state live by one of the many forms of legal robbery practiced upon the unwary tourist by charging many times the ordinary price for the simple necessities of life.

ABOVE ALL: California has in its penitentiaries eighty-eight men whose only crime is that of attempting to organize their fellow workers in order to better protect their economic interests.

YOU can protest against the further incarceration of these men by boycotting all products grown or manufactured in the state of California.

FOR more information on this ill-famed state write to:
The California Branch

GENERAL DEFENSE COMMITTEE

Box 574, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURIST BEWARE!

Stay Away From California!