

The Story of the Sea

A Twentieth-Century Epic

By TOM BARKER



Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace as long as hunger and want are found among millions of the 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 to 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 interests 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.





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Who Shall the Victory Win?

By J. C. C.

Not the princes and prelates with gilded, beribboned spears,
Who sit, all jeweled and laureled, lapping the fat of the years;
Not the medaled commander, idolized by an unthinking mob,
Who rides at the head of the column, to the bugles' gayest throb.
Not the o'er-zealous magnate, who throughout a world-blighting war
Has reaped his ill-gotten profits from the nation's battle scar,—
Not these have a victory won.

But the men of the battered batallion, who spent weary days in the
trench,
And those of the world's long defrauded, who bend over anvil and bench;
Those who see in the East the bright gleaming of a newly risen Star,
And read in its rays the glad message of the lasting end of war.
Who have held to their faith in the shadow of the federal prison's wall,
And who clearly see the vision of autocracy's final fall,—
These shall a victory win.

THE ONE BIG UNION MONTHLY

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Our Future Policy

The I. W. W. is a militant working class organization. Its purpose is to organize the workers in order that they may be able to wage a struggle for better conditions against the employing class at the point of production, and that eventually they may become strong enough to take over industry and run it for the benefit of society as a whole. Its weapon is economic direct action, in its various aspects. The I. W. W. recognizes that in a highly industrial country such as the United States the ballot is worthless as a means for advancing the cause of the workers. The correctness of its position has been vindicated time and again by bitter experience. At present our working class efforts at action along purely political lines are centered primarily in the Socialist Party, and they are a fiasco from top to bottom.

But although the I. W. W. proclaims its belief in the efficacy of economic action, it is not so hide-bound and dogmatic as not to recognize that the working class has to choose its weapons according to the dictates of circumstance. Tactics that may be effective in one country may not be effective in another country; may, indeed, be a hindrance to the triumph of working class solidarity. It recognizes that in countries which are not predominantly industrial, such as Russia, the Balkan States and the countries of the Near and Far East, action other than economic could be used with good results—should, in fact, be used. Not only that, it also recognizes that in the case of countries held under the heel of foreign oppression, such as Ireland and India, even the fight for national liberation is one to arouse our sympathies and command our

support, moral and otherwise. While holding fast to its tenets of economic direct action in the United States, the I. W. W. stretches forth its hand of friendship and encouragement to the workers of all countries who are fighting oppression and capitalistic exploitation in whatever form and with whatever weapons.

It is therefore with a sense of regret that we have to admit that in the past there have appeared some few editorials and articles in the columns of the One Big Union Monthly severely criticising and condemning, in rash language and on questionable evidence, certain activities and tactics of the Russian Bolsheviki and other revolutionary organizations. Those editorials and articles were in open contradiction to the official stand of the I. W. W. on those questions, as well as against the sentiment of the overwhelming majority of its membership. They were, in fact, mainly the personal opinions of the man who was in charge of the magazine at that time. In order not to convey a wrong impression to the world concerning the attitude of the I. W. W. toward other revolutionary movements and organizations, the General Executive Board of the Industrial Workers of the World deemed it imperative to relieve him of his duties as editor, as will be seen by reading the official notice to that effect printed elsewhere in the magazine.

The I. W. W. will continue to devote its energies in the future as it has done in the past to educate the workers to a true understanding of their economic status, and to organize them into the One Big Union of all the workers. That is a tremendous task which can give employment to the best

minds in the American labor movement. The I. W. W. has neither the time nor the inclination to quibble over personalities or to discuss at exaggerated length theoretical niceties about the class struggle which are only very distantly—or not at all—related to the economic situation in America. Furthermore, while admitting that the Dictatorship of the Proletariat is a necessary step in the evolution towards Industrial Democracy, the I. W. W. re-affirms its conviction that, in the face of the present tremendous strength and perfect organization of the capitalist class in America, talk about armed insurrection is out of the question.

The policy of the One Big Union Monthly will be governed accordingly. No controversies of a personal nature will from now

on appear in its columns. They will be used exclusively for the presentation of articles on industry in its various aspects, for the discussion of the economic and labor situation in this and other countries, for the spreading of educational propaganda, for the printing of news items of vital importance to the welfare of the organization, and for enriching the lives of our workers with proletarian art, in the shape of stories, poems and humor, of a high order.

There is no better way to end this brief outline of our future policy than by quoting the wise counsel of Francis Bacon: "Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider."

To the Workers of United States of America

FELLOW WORKERS!

The crisis in the class struggle is drawing near in this country, as in Europe. The long contest between the workers and their exploiters is approaching its inevitable climax.

Unemployment is creeping like a black pall over the country. Speeding up, overtime and other devices for increasing output have resulted in the usual over-production and the consequent closing down of industrial establishments. Thousands of workers are already unable to find an opportunity to earn a living, not because the needs of the people have been supplied, but because the employing class can no longer make a profit off their labor.

At the same time, the colossal destruction of wealth and the enormous waste of human life and labor during the recent war have created such a scarcity of the necessities of life that hunger and want are widespread among the workers of all lands. While the employing class is rolling in its bloodstained luxury, the men and women who do the work of the world have not sufficient food, clothing and shelter.

The increasing frequent and bitter strikes in this country, extending from the shipyard workers of the Pacific to the longshoremen of the Atlantic ports and including the steel workers, coal miners, railway men and countless others, are the preliminary skirmishes of the great battle that is coming. As the final phase of the class struggle draws nearer, strikes will become more and more numerous, more and more intense, while the repressive measures of the capitalist class will become more brutal, more determined. There can be

no peace until the workers take over the machinery of production and distribution and abolish the capitalist system.

The employing class, always quick to understand and protect its interests, is taking stern measures to meet the impending crisis. The mask of "American democracy" has been brazenly cast aside and the capitalist system stands revealed in its true form. Free speech has been abolished. Freedom of the press exists no more. The right of assemblage is denied to any group that stands uncompromisingly for the working class. Foreign-born workers who criticise the capitalist system or its government are torn from their families, held for long months in foul prisons and finally driven out of this supposed "land of liberty" and "refuge of the oppressed." Thousands of other workers have been sent to jail for inhuman terms for having dared to brave the power of the ruling class.

The various agencies of government are being used openly and without shame to crush the rising spirit of revolt among the workers. Troops, police and hired gunmen shoot down peaceful strikers. Judges willingly grant injunctions ordering men to remain at work in involuntary servitude to their masters. Laws are passed to take from the workers the right to strike.

Fellow Workers, we must prepare to meet this attack or we shall be crushed beneath the capitalist machine. We must organize our resistance or we shall be beaten in the struggle.

As workers, we have but one weapon, our industrial power. It is our only means of defense. It is of little use, however, unless it is organ-

ized, and organized not under the old system of crafts and trades, but along the scientific lines of modern industry. Craft unionism is showing itself unequal to the test of present-day conditions. It is everywhere breaking down and must soon disappear. The defeat of the steel strikers after weeks of heroic struggle, the collapse of the coal strike in spite of the determination of the rank and file, and recent attempt of the railway workers to break the tyrannical power of their union officials are signs of the failure of craft unionism to meet the needs of the working class in the present crisis.

The workers of this country must organize industrial unions combined into One Big Union of the workers of all industries, based on a clear recognition of the class struggle, and aiming frankly at the overthrow of the capitalist system.

Fellow Workers, do not be misled by those who would have you believe that you can get relief through new laws or new officials. Years of bitter experience have shown us that we can expect nothing from political governments but trickery and oppression; that courts, laws and officials exist and function for the protection of the established social system.

Do not listen to those who, in their desire to retain their power over you, seek to prevent you from joining the one real industrial union, the

I. W. W., or try to persuade you to form independent unions which are unscientific in structure, reactionary in their methods and "industrial" only in name.

Pay no heed to those who, by misrepresenting the I. W. W. to you, endeavor to blind you to your own interests and keep you subservient to your masters.

Join the I. W. W., fellow workers, the One Big Union of the workers of the world, organized on a scientific basis for the purpose of taking over the machinery of production and putting an end to wage slavery.

Join the I. W. W. and do your part to bring the day when competition shall give way to co-operation, when the good things of life will be produced, not for the profit of a favored few, but for the use and benefit of all, when there will be no master and no servant, but all shall work together in freedom and equality, all for each and each for all.

Join the I. W. W. and help to build the new society, the universal brotherhood of the workers of the world.

Yours for the international solidarity of the working class!

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD
1001 W. Madison, St., Chicago, Ill.

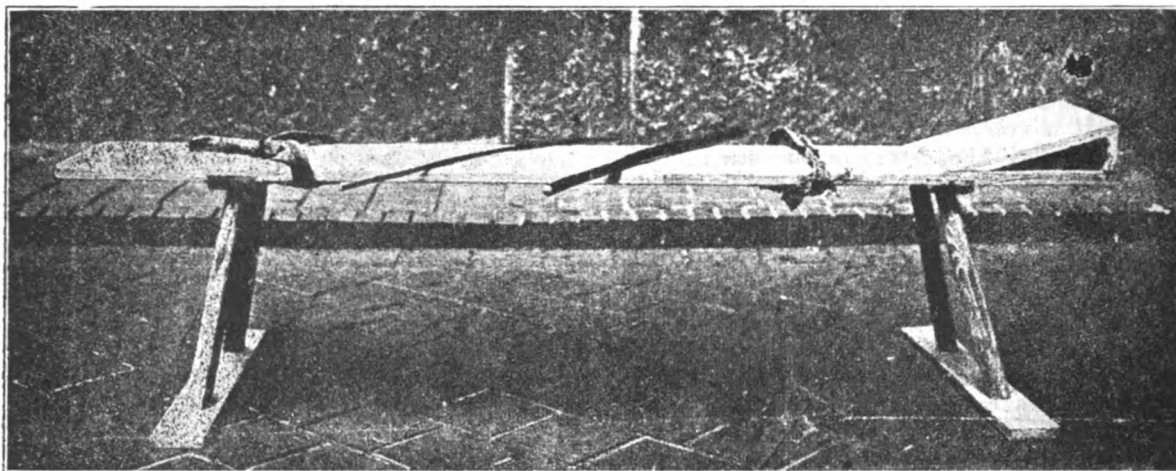
Hail!

By COVINGTON AMI

Hail, Wobblies, hail!
Men like you can never fail!
You have labored without rest—
You have met the "acid test"—
You have borne the freedom ark
Through the starless, pathless dark!

Moneyless, with empty hands,
You have faced their blood-crazed bands;
You have gone o'er land and sea,
Far proclaiming liberty;
In mine or mill, or in the cell,
You have fought the good fight well!

Victorious or in defeat,
Steadfast you the Old Kings meet,—
You the Lords of Bread defy,—
You the Ancient Wrong deny,—
Yet the Race shall honor you,
You the "outlaw" and the true!



A TORTURE BENCH USED BY THE WHITE TERROR IN HUNGARY.

The torture bench shown above is known as the "deres," and is used in inflicting punishment on radical workmen who fall into the bloody clutches of the White Terror. The unfortunate one is strapped to the bench with two strong belts and is then beaten with the stick seen on top of the bench. The lighter stick is 1 centimeter in diameter and is used only on minors (under 21 years). The heavier one is 2 centimeters in diameter and is used on adults.

Help to Save Thousands of Men from Dying from Cold!

The Executive Committee of the Communist International of Youth asks our magazine to reprint the following appeal:

Distressing news is coming from Hungary. Behind the wire-grates of the concentration camps, behind the stone walls of prisons and jails, there are languishing even now thousands of Communists and Socialists, men, women, young people and even children. Hundreds of them have already died owing to the want of food and care; in consequence of ill-treatment and torture, hundreds have been hanged or shot. The sufferings of the prisoners are known to the whole world. It was in vain that the Trade Union International, and the millions of workmen comprised therein, tried by the boycott of Horthy-Hungary to deliver the prisoners and to release these miserables. The sufferings have increased; the distress is deeper than ever. Those who are still living can only look forward to terrible pains. The coming winter will increase their sufferings to the point where they cannot be endured any longer. *Food, but above all else linen and warm clothes are wanted.*

Touched by the cries of these tormented men the Executive Committee of the International of Youth has resolved to take action for helping the prisoners. With the help of the Communist Parties and Young People's Organizations, linen, warm clothes, and money for the purchase of these things, should be collected for these prisoners in all countries. But this action, however, cannot and shall not interest only Communist and Socialist organizations. It is more than a matter of

party, *this call must be heard by the whole mankind!* We have received the call of the International of Youth and we direct to all women and men without distinction of party and nationality the pressing appeal to support the action of the International of Youth to the best of their ability and by all means in their power.

Men and Women!

Form in all countries and all places Committees for collection of linen, clothes and money for the purchase of these things!

Strengthen our appeal by putting your name under it. Do all you can in order to help quickly these miserables in the Hungarian prison-houses.

Berlin, November, 1920

Signed:

Maxim Gorki (Russia); Max Barthel, Bruno Schonkank, Alexander Moissi, Kathe Kollwitz (Germany); Henriette Roland-Holst (Holland); Henri Barbusse (France); Bernard Shaw (England); Martin Anderson Nexø (Denmark); Ture Nerman (Sweden); Arvid G. Hansen (Norway).

Appendix:

In the meantime this international action for help has already begun in some countries. The International Central Committee is composed of a member of the Executive Committee of the Communist International of Youth, of a member of the Executive of the Third International, and of a member of the presiding Committee of the Hungarian Party. Communications are to be addressed to: Schriftsteller Max Barthel, Berlin NW. Altonaer-

strasse 23, bei Katzler, or to I. Max Kohler, Berlin C. 2, Stralauerstrasse 12.

(Editor's Note: — The above Appeal for Help in behalf of the Hungarian victims of the White Terror was received from Germany on Dec. 15, 1920. We urge upon all who are able to do so to respond by sending assistance, financial or otherwise, to the addresses given above. The White Terror is at the throat of thousands of workers in Hungary! Do not let it strangle them!)



An Executioner of the White Terror in Hungary.

Paul Foece, deputy warden of the Hungarian state prison in Budapest, officially appointed to execute punishments. In Hungary the law legalizing physical punishment was originally aimed against the profiteers, but the White Terrorists have used it exclusively against radical workers and those who were in sympathy with the short-lived Hungarian Soviet.

ALL CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS RELEASED.

We reproduce below a statement issued by the "World War Objectors," announcing the liberation of conscientious objectors:

All the conscientious objectors have been released at last. It is good news, but we cannot wholly rejoice over it. Why are we all free when Eugene Debs and 166 I. W. W.'s are still imprisoned by the Federal Government, and over a thousand I. W. W.'s by the state governments? War hysteria has lapsed until it is needed again for a war to make Mexico safe for profiteers or to make another bid for international prestige: all objectors and nearly all if not all, of the disloyalists have been released. It is now much safer to be pro-German than pro-Russian, and pacifist than class-conscious worker. The class war is not over: those class-conscious workers who were rounded up under war time legislation and by the use of war time psychology are mostly all in prison or awaiting trial. We objectors cannot rejoice over this.

We all rejoice that war hysteria is passing, or has passed. But those objectors who were not religious, ethical, personal or philosophical objectors, but who were class-conscious in their attitude, must look for the reason why they were released before other class war prisoners. If it were due to the fact that they were not sufficiently articulate, then to what extent have they failed? In any event, we must by speaking out for ourselves, make it clear to all, particularly to workers everywhere, that it was for class war purposes we opposed the last capitalists' war. We shall do this through our organization, which exists for the purpose of making articulate all objectors to the last war and all such wars

WORLD WAR OBJECTORS,
J. B. C. WOODS, Organizer.

Wind Song

By A REBEL GIRL

The winds are blowing, masters,
Yours ears are white and red,
Your noses are like beacons,
The hair stands on your head.

The winds are blowing, masters,
Your roofs shall sail in air,
Or shelter him who made them—
The roofless proletaire.

Ay, ay, the winds are blowing,
Go, draw your blankets tight;
The way that things are going,
You'll need them Christmas night.

Patriotic Blackmail

Some time ago we had an article on "The Wobly Baiting Industry," in which we reproduced a letter from the "American Defense Society," asking their rich patrons for money with which to combat "the red peril."

the I. W. W. press, they were quick to take advantage of the fact, in order to get hold of more money from the rich dupes whom they are thus holding in a state of constant terror, which makes them loosen their purse strings to secure "protection."

Having seen their begging letter reproduced in The following circular letter speaks for itself:

AMERICAN DEFENSE SOCIETY, Inc.

National Headquarters, 116 East 24th Street, New York
TELEPHONE GRAMERCY 4307-4308

(In Perpetuum Memoriam.)
First Honorary President
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Honorary Vice-Presidents

HON. DAVID JAYNE HILL,
Former Ambassador to Germany
WILLIAM GUGGENHEIM,
HON. PERRY BELMONT,
Vice-President, Navy League
CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD,
Former Secretary of U. S. Treasury

HON. CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
Former Attorney General, U. S.
HENRY B. JOY,
Former President Lincoln Highway Assn.
WILLIAM T. HORNADAY, Sc.D., A.M.,
Director, N. Y. Zoological Park

HENRY W. MARSH,
Chairman, Executive Committee
ROBERT APPLETON, *Treasurer*
CARPENTER AUDIT CO., *Auditors*
MISS FRANCES TILGHMAN,
Director of Publicity

October 13, 1920.

Gentlemen:

"Fellow Worker" (the organ of the I. W. W. and the "One Big Union"), published in its issue of August 7th a reproduction of a letter of the American Defense Society, addressed to you, with a footnote stating -

"The above letter was taken by a fellow worker from his boss's desk. ***** The fellow worker put it back where he got it after a cut had been made."

The letter referred to was one warning thousands of our members and other employers. It attacked the vicious I. W. W. Program and requested loyal Americans to combat Red Radicalism. The American Defense Society is trying to prevent recurrence of outlaw strikes such as these which brought about chaotic conditions of trade, delayed shipments and increased the cost of material.

Will you help by contributing \$50.00 to our Chest for war against Bolshevism? We feel it is worth that much to you. If you will mail your check to-day it can be put to effective use when most needed.

Yours very truly,

Robert Appleton
Treasurer.

Another circular letter from the same source, which should properly come under the classification "rustling for suckers," or "using the U. S. mail to defraud," reads as follows:

THE NEED IS URGENT.

2,000,000 Reds are said to pay dues of \$1.00 a month to the One Big Union, arming to destroy orderly government and business system. Their watchword is revolution and loot.

We recently asked you to contribute in support of the work the American Defense Society is doing. Please make your check as large as your interest permits and mail to Robert Appleton, Treasurer, American Defense Society, 116 E. 24th St., New City.

Imagine the terror such a letter will put in the hearts of rich people who generally have not the

best of consciences. And that is what it is intended to do. It is that spirit of terror which is going to make them sign the check.

And in their offices in New York these smug wobbly baiters and professional patriots chuckle with glee as the mail brings in the "mazuma". It is one of the greatest mail swindles in history.

In return for their remittances the terror-stricken dupes are promised "protection" and aid as per the following program:

WHAT THE AMERICAN DEFENSE SOCIETY IS WORKING TO DO.

The program which it presents to free our country from the Red menace:

1. Eliminate Labor Reds and outlaw strikes.
2. Purge government offices of officials who are in sympathy with Reds.
3. Suppress schools which teach revolution.
4. Make the United States a one-language country.
5. Change the present form of foreign language newspapers.
6. Americanize by education.
7. Support public schools in greater Americanization work.
8. Secure more teachers for public schools with better pay.
9. Strive for military and naval preparedness

consistent with the safety requirements of our country.

10. Educate all in the truth that Christianity, industry and thrift are the keys to happy prosperity.
11. Encourage industry and increased production. (The Society provides printed leaflets to be placed in pay envelopes, demonstrating that increased production can reduce the cost of living and that all must give their best efforts to increase output. Samples will be furnished on request.)
12. Co-operate with all Americans to make the United States a better and safer land, in which respect for orderly government, the church and property will always prevail, and an industrious, prosperous citizenship live in peace and contentment.
13. Foster the organization of Home Defense Committees to act under proper officials in case of general strikes, that public service facilities may continue and the life of American communities may not be at the mercy of agitators.
14. Place Theodore Roosevelt's portrait and his message on Americanism in every public school in America. This message, his last to the American people, was transmitted through the American Defense Society the night before his death, January 5th, 1919.

Whither ?

Whither are we going—with no pilot at the wheel?
Without a chart and compass we are lost—
Like a ship upon the ocean, in a tropic hurricane,
As a cork upon the angry waves we're tossed;
The rumbling thunder threatens, and we are far at
sea,
There's no beacon light to guide us to the land,
And as we are drifting wildly, our captain is asleep,
Or else the danger signs he cannot understand.

We are drifting further daily, the captain gives no
sign,
Does not understand, or else he does not care,
To see the danger signals, that blaze along the way,
And sees not the cause of Revolution—there—;
"Awaken from your stupor, Oh, Captain, give com-
mand!
Consult the chart and compass ere too late!"
For with the blinding lightning and with the thun-
der's roll
To Destruction—drifts our helpless Ship of State.

The winds are blowing wilder—the storm clouds
hover low,
And rudderless our ship is out at sea—
At the mercy of the elements—while the captain
sleeps,
And while demons of destruction shout in glee;
"Turn, Captain, to the harbor—aye—turn the ship
about
For you have failed to guide our Ship of State—
In surer—safer waters, in the darkened hours of
need—
Oh, Captain, steer for harbor ere too late!"

—W. E. Hanson.

The Chilean I. W. W. Under the "White Terror" of Chilean Bourgeoisie

The following translation of a letter received from a member of the Chilean I. W. W. is one of several communications received by us from authentic and reliable sources, giving an account of the almost unbelievable atrocities committed by the Chilean bourgeoisie during and since the last week of July. These atrocities were caused by what appears to be a cleverly manipulated "wave of patriotism" in behalf of the nitrate barons of northern Chile, who dominate the whole country and its government through its chief wealth-producing industry, against Peru and Bolivia and their awakening bourgeois elements. These latter have of late voiced a desire to regain possession of the provinces of Arica and Tacna, formerly a part of Peru, and Antofagasta, formerly a part of Bolivia, which were seized by Chile in the war of 1879, and held by it since the peace treaty of 1883.

As the virile and attractive magazine "Insurrexit," published by the University Students Organization of Buenos Aires, says, another war, fomented by the patriots of Chile, Peru and Bolivia, is brewing for the possession of a desert waste of fowl excrement, the guano beds out of which the nitrate is taken.

The phenomenal growth of the Chilean I. W. W., separate and independent from the I. W. W. of the United States, is one of the many remarkable developments of the South American labor movement, about which we shall have more to say in future issues of the *One Big Union Monthly*.

A Letter from Chile.

(Special to The One Big Union Monthly.)

Fellow Workers:

We are passing through a period of repression which for savage ferocity has never been equalled in this country. The dominating powers and representatives of "order," of "our country," and of "god" even, are reverting naturally and easily to the instincts of the troglodyte.

The watchword seems to be, "wipe out all Syndicalists, I. W. W.'s, Anarchists and idealists, be they workers or students; destroy their publications and print shops, their offices, assembly halls and libraries," etc., in short, all agencies of enlightenment and education appealing to, or established by, oppressed workers or idealists, and all organizations aiming to replace the present intolerable regime with one of economic freedom.

There are large numbers of our comrades and fellow workers in the jails of Chile; over 100 in Santiago, 25 in Valparaiso, as many more in Concepcion, Iquique, Caleta Buena, Antofagasta, Tocopilla, Punta Arenas and other localities. Many of our fellow workers have been deported for the "crime" of having been born beyond the boundaries of the domains of the nitrate despots, or because of affiliation with the seriously progressive labor or-

ganizations, in spite of the fact that many of them have resided in this country for 25 years or more. These comrades have been arrested, subjected to violence and beatings, and abandoned in the desert on the Peruvian boundary.

They have raided and destroyed the printing plant of the libertarian review "Numen" of Santiago, of the Anarcho-syndicalist ten-day publications "El Surco" of Iquique and "La Batalla" of Valparaiso, of "La Comuna" of Vina del Mar, of the weekly "El Socialista" and the inter-daily "El Trabajo" of Punta Arenas, the latter being the organ of Magellan Workers' Federation.

They have destroyed and sacked the offices of the Students' Federation of Santiago and of the local unions of the Industrial Workers of the World in Santiago and Valparaiso. The majority of the prisoners are of the latter organization, and they are being tried or are awaiting trial in Santiago and elsewhere as "subverters of law and order." Those detained for trial in Santiago comprise practically all the members of the Regional Administrative Council of the I. W. W. of Chile, as well as the business managers of "Numen" and "Verba Roja," Julio Valiente and Luis A. Soza. The editors were not apprehended. Nearly all the members of the Local Administrative Council of Santiago and the editors and managers of its organ "Mar y Tierra," Juan O. Chamorro y Santos Arancibia, are in jail in Valparaiso, with Juan Vergara and Luis A. Pardo of the Anarcho-Syndicalist ten-day paper "La Batalla". In Iquique, the editor of "El Surco," Celedonic Arenas, is again on trial, and in Tocopilla, the editor of "El Socialista," Luis Rocabarren, has been indicted. In Concepcion, Fellow Workers Luis A. Jorquera and Luis A. Hernandez, editors of "La Jornada," are being tried.

Among the students being tried in Santiago, is Fellow Worker Domingo Gomez Rojas for the "crime" of being a member of the I. W. W., and Pedro Gandulfo and Rigoberto Soto, who heroically defended their offices and hall on the day of the assault, when the library of the social center of the students was burned. The assault on the students' club took place at high noon, and it is pertinent to mention that the said club was situated two blocks away from the palace of "La Moneda," the seat of government of this civilized republic.

In the face of the acquiescent police, a mob of clericals and patriots, made up of students of the religious colleges and military in civilian clothes, with the national flag and the portrait of the president at their head, proceeded to destroy all that stood for enlightenment and freedom for the workers and producers. They beat up our Fellow Worker Juan Gandulfo, a student, most cruelly, because he would not obey their demands that he kiss the flag they were carrying. They also beat up in the most

savage manner the student Santiago Labarco, and the professors of the University of Chile, Evaristo Molina of the department of Political Economy and Pedro Leon of the Department of Philosophy.

In Valparaiso the same acts of barbarism took place, the I. W. W. hall being raided by police and soldiers, who entered the hall, revolver in hand, while the fellow workers were holding a special business meeting, and began to beat them right and left, until a couple of our comrades opposed their cowardly brutality and defended themselves with chairs, and then the majority of those present were taken to jail, including the most active members of our Valparaiso unions, while other police and soldiers miraculously "found" dynamite and firearms of different kinds in the hall. The furor created over this discovery by the corrupt daily press with its usual perversions, brought about another raid of the hall by the clericals and patriots pure and simple, who destroyed all the furniture and equipment in the local hall and offices of the I. W. W.

The hall and offices of the Magellan Workers' Federation, including their printing establishment, all occupying a magnificent building formerly used as a theatre, were stormed shortly after midnight, while the workers were assembled inside.

The soldiery attempted to enter the hall but were refused, and upon being closed out fired several volleys into the building at close range, killing some thirty workers and wounding about fifty. The mob, made up of the Catholic Federation, the Patriotic League of Chile, and military and civil officials, including the governor of Magellan, set machine guns at the street corners surrounding the building, and set fire to the workers' hall at several different places at the same time, burning it to the ground along with the offices and print shop of "El Trabajo," organ of the Workers' Federation of Magellan, issued every second day.

The soldiery attempted to enter the hall, but were orgies of murder and destruction, and he forbade the fire department from putting out the fire. Afterward, according to the version of this same worthy governor, there were found in the ruins the charred remains of five victims of the assault and fire. Those who succeeded in escaping from the burning building were seized. Some of them were shot while attempting to escape the flames, while others were shot in the plaza without further ado.

It is the supposition that not only the wave of mobilization patriotism against Peru, but also the opposition of the Federation and its organ to the governor, Alfonso Bulnes Corres, because of his protection of the local exploiters and illegal traffickers in liquor, as well as the ultimatum of the workers comprising the Federation not to move any liquor, caused the governor to instigate vengeful action against the workers, being ably assisted by the Catholic Federation, the Patriotic League of Chile and the press, as well as mayor Paradas and other civil and military officials.

The infamous massacre was too much even for the editor of the bourgeois paper "The Daily Magel-

lian," and another editor had to be found before the paper could be issued; while the workers of the whole region went out on a spontaneous general strike of protest and in memory of the victims of the Chilean bourgeoisie, continuing on strike for four days.

As you will see by the above, fellow workers, we are the victims of the most infamous reaction imaginable. Neither the names of the workers held prisoner in different parts of Chile nor of those deported have been allowed to be published; in this letter we only mention those we have knowledge of personally, or through other comrades.

As we are placed at a tremendous disadvantage in our struggle against the perpetrators of these terrible crimes, we ask for solidarity from all the workers the world over. We suggest that wherever and whenever possible publicity should be given to the crimes of the Chilean bourgeoisie, and that protest meetings be held.

We also ask that you endeavor to carry on a boycott on all that comes from or goes to Chile as long as our comrades are held behind prison bars, and while the vicious persecution lasts against those of us who seek a better system of society and a brighter future for humanity.

Fellow workers: let solidarity be the watchword!

Against the criminal tyranny of the Chilean bourgeoisie let us oppose the international solidarity of the proletariat!

The I. W. W. and Anarchists of Chile.

Valparaiso, Chile,

September 28, 1920.

P. S. We especially urge a boycott against members of the Chilean bourgeoisie traveling in your country, by the organized Chauffeurs, Hotel and Restaurant Workers, etc.

Discontinue sending all papers and correspondence to our former addresses; this concerns all radical papers and organizations in Chile, as our offices have been closed and our addresses being known, all correspondence for us is being seized by the police. **Send papers and correspondence to Luis Pirson, Correo 2, Valparaiso, Chile.**

Inasmuch as most good things are produced by labor, it follows that all such things of right belong to those whose labor has produced them, but it has happened in all ages of the world that some have labored and others have without labor enjoyed a large proportion of the fruits. This is wrong and should not continue. To secure to each laborer the whole product of his labor or as nearly as possible, is a worthy subject for any good government. — ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

How about the man who is working alongside of you, is he lined up? If not, why not?

“Lord” Varney — A Warning

By H. VAN DORN

It is easy to understand why officially the I. W. W. is opposed to having Varney's name printed in its publications. Varney has turned out badly and the organization is ashamed of him. It is in the same position as the fond parents of a youth who suddenly turns into a wild-eyed lunatic and performs some highly disgraceful stunts. To live down their shame the parents resolve to maintain an eternal silence about him.

However, to the mind of a scientist a lunatic is by no means a thing to keep silent about. Besides being a disgrace to his parents a lunatic is also a danger to society as a whole. Besides being a financial and a moral loss he may also under certain conditions do a tremendous amount of harm. He therefore has to be studied from all angles in order that his recurrence in the future may be prevented to as great an extent as possible. The seeds of lunacy were in him all the time. It but required the right combination of circumstances to make the flower of unreason blossom forth in full bloom. Why were not the symptoms noticed sooner? Why were the things allowed to pass which led up to the final catastrophe? A lunatic when properly studied and diagnosed may prove to be a blessing in disguise.

The same reasoning applies to Varney. Now after these many months we may calmly consider his case for the benefit that we may derive from it. It holds out to us a great and much needed lesson, a lesson which may prove of incalculable value to the organization in the future.

Commencing with next year the organization will get a great influx of new members. Unemployment, the impending collapse of the A. F. of L., the Bolshevik revolutions which will flame up in Europe from time to time, will lend impetus to the spirit of discontent and color to the revolutionary mood of the people. A great many “fiery petrels of revolution” will find their way into the I. W. W. With them they will bring a due appreciation of their intellectual superiority over the rank and file. Some of them will preach an immediate revolution by means of the bayonet and the street barricade, others will dilate on the philosophy of Tolstoy and Bakunin, but all of them will realize the full extent of their own importance. New Varneys will arise by the dozen. They will aspire to become the Lenins of America, the Moseses whose God-appointed task it is to lead the erring proletarian flock to the land of cream and honey. And when their puny strength will not prove equal to the job, or when the I. W. W. rand and file, which is in the habit of exercising its robust common sense rather brusquely in matters of personal

ambition, will brush them aside as so many nobodies, some of them will turn. Some of them will go over to the camp of the enemy, and from there will make faces at us and throw mud at us. The Varney episode will be repeated time and again, — if we don't watch out. It is a safe prediction to make that the handling of freaks and cranks, of intellectual egotists and philosophical anarchists, and the holding back of premature revolt, will be one of the big problems of the I. W. W. in the years to come.

Let us therefore study Harold Lord Varney in order that we may the better be able to recognize our future Varneys before they do us any considerable damage.

Varney floated into the I. W. W. on the crest of youthful enthusiasm. He was thirsty for adventure, for romance, for anything that would satisfy a sentimentally tempestuous soul. He did not come into the I. W. W. for the same reasons that, let us say, prompt a lumber-jack to come into the I. W. W. The latter joins the organization because it offers him the only visible and tangible means of getting shorter hours, of obtaining decent wages and living conditions, and of eventually abolishing the whole crazy system of capitalism. The circumstances of his daily life continually impress upon his mind the insanity of capitalism and the desirability of industrial democracy. It is the same with almost every other workingman and woman who join the Industrial Workers of the World. Their initial step is inspired by economic necessity, and as time goes by and they become better grounded in the principles and tactics of the organization they devote more and more time and energy to its up-building and strengthening. The cause of industrial liberation, which for them finds tangible expression in the I. W. W., becomes an integral part of their lives.

But Varney was never a worker in the accepted sense of the word. I doubt if a bond of mutual attraction was ever established between him and the business end of a No. 2. If so, the courtship was short-lived and, to the best of my knowledge, has never been resumed. While it is true that there are some of us who do not believe in working too hard or too steadily for fear that we may make too much profit for the boss, or may hold down a job which some other workingman might need worse than we do, yet all of us at one time or another in our careers have for months and years at a stretch lived and moved in close intimacy with spades, sledge-hammers, pitchforks, wrenches, pick-handles and such other various instruments of production which make the world go round.

So we see that Varney's initial footing in the

I. W. W. was different from that of the vast majority of other members. He came in looking for romance and for supermen, and found mostly ordinary men and the drab, gray facts of life. A great scientist will see as much romance in a drop of water as the average mortal sees in a quart of whiskey, and a great artist will discover romance even in the life of the low and humble gandy-dancer. But Varney, altho endowed with a touch of the artistic temperament, is neither a scientist nor an artist, and so he found not the romance for which his soul craved, and in the depths of his heart he was overmuch grieved thereat.

It may be objected that there have been men who, inspired by an ideal of justice, have performed great services for the working class altho they have never been wage earners themselves. Such men are Jaures, Lenin, Liebknecht. But they possessed deep learning and keen intellects. Varney possesses neither. It is apparent from his piece in the New York World and his amusing article in McClure's Magazine that he has never really understood the economic structure of society. His mental make-up is a jumble of incoherent ideas. However, he is gifted with a facile pen and a fluent tongue, and on the basis of these in themselves wholly commendable attributes he developed in the course of time a man-sized conceit about his own superiority. In his articles he writes about "attaining to a place of great importance in the secret councils of the I. W. W.," or words to that effect. Following the example of Percy Bysshe Shelley, George Bernard Shaw and other luminous ones of the earth, he never fails to write his name at its full majestic length, prompted probably by the idea that mere ordinary men would breathe the magic words: "The great labor leader Harold Lord Varney" in the same awed tone of voice in which they would say: "The Grand Duchess Louise Wilhelmina Josephina."

The thing which impressed me most when listening to any of Varney's speeches was the lofty height from which he spoke down to his audience. Never a trace of humor, never a sign of that "human touch" which makes brothers of speakers and listeners on a basis of equality. Unconsciously, perhaps, his manner and aspect were always those of a man of destiny who had tidings of great import to deliver to the benighted and blundering flock who had assembled to listen to him. His whole being gave testimony to his deep-set conviction that he had been selected by Providence to do some of the really big things of life. Sensitive, imaginative, ambitious, but muddle-headed,—he furnished a perfect setting for a tragedy. And the tragedy came.

Let us look back at Varney's writings since he left the I. W. W. Were he a man with ideas, a man with a versatile and a sane mind, capable of differentiating between the momentous and the trifling things in the tide of human destiny, and withal honest with himself, he would write about

things which in his opinion are of genuine importance to mankind. He might, for instance, write about the fall of the Roman Empire, about the best method to turn a chicken farm into a gold mine, about Chinese poetry, or he might "psychologize" Obregon in order to prove that Pancho Villa's romantic temperament did more for the success of the latest Mexican revolution than Wall Street gold. Or, should he possess a just estimate of his own worth as a scientific investigator, he might write an article for Hearst's Magazine stating his reason why, after eight years of arduous research, he has arrived at the conclusion that the moon is not made of green cheese. But, alas, the illuminating "vibrations" of his genius concern none of these subjects. Trip-Hammer Johnson throws "Tom-Cat vibrations" to impress upon his audience the things which in his opinion are of the greatest importance to mankind; "Lord" Varney throws his "Tom-Cat vibrations" to impress upon his audience, not the things of the greatest importance, but the thing which, in his opinion, is of the least importance,—the I. W. W. Who is the saner of the two?

Therefore, let us beware that we may not in the future be "taken in" by intellectual imposters of the Varney type. Nine out of ten of these men are harmless, but the tenth man is liable to spring up at a crucial moment and make a mess of things for which we have labored for years,—unless—we —watch—out.



Stop, Look, Listen!

The Way to Help Yourself

Is to Work for Industrial Unionism.

The Way to Work for Industrial Unionism

Is to Spread I. W. W. Propaganda.

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If You Cannot Write Articles,

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THE I. W. W. BOOK STORE, 278 MICHIGAN AVE., DETROIT, MICH.

Above are shown a number of fellow workers standing in front of the only book store in Detroit, Mich., which handles radical books and literature of all descriptions. From right to left: Joseph H. Downer, secretary of the Detroit Branch of Construction Workers' Industrial Union, Mike H. Patten, until recently secretary of Detroit General Defense Committee, "Big Bill" Haywood and four members of the Detroit Construction Workers' Union.

The Story of the Sea

By TOM BARKER

INTRODUCTION

It is the purpose of the Industrial Workers of the World "to build the new society within the shell of the old." In order to do that, the workers not only have to get control of industry, but they must master its processes as well. They must prepare themselves to be able to run industry smoothly and efficiently when the death knell sounds over capitalism and introduces the new era of industrial democracy.

To that end the I. W. W. has launched a program for the exhaustive study of the vital industries. That is the reason why the I. W. W. is the one big constructive movement in America to-day. As a preliminary step, it is getting up handbooks describing the different industries, giving the history of their development, their importance to society, their present status in the complicated net-work of modern industrial life. Their mechanical processes are entered into as deeply as the scope of a general handbook surveying the whole industry will permit.

But that is only the initial step. Later will follow a detailed compilation of the technical, commercial and social phases of each industry, which will require a tremendous amount of research work.

The I. W. W. has been very fortunate in prevailing upon Tom Barker to write for it a Handbook on the Marine Transport Industry. It is doubtful if there is another man in the English-speaking world as well qualified as Tom Barker to write on all the phases of that industry. Having spent his whole life on the sea, the wharves and the docks, and having made an exhaustive study of the subject, he is conversant with all phases of shipping and navigation from A to Z.

The book will appear in The One Big Union Monthly serially. Following is the first installment containing two chapters. There are eight more chapters to follow. Besides being a work of great scientific value, it is also a masterpiece of English composition, a literary treat that will be appreciated by the finest connoisseurs of the art of writing.

CHAPTER I.

FROM ANCIENT TO MODERN TIMES.

Long before the days of written history, man had launched forward into the unknown seas. Under the restlessness engendered by his environment he had formed his rough coracle on the shores of Albion or pushed through the bays of warmer climes his crude raft of tree branches bound together with the supple strings from tropical climbers. These humble craft were the forerunners of the great liners and the black, squat battle cruisers of our own day. Slowly, ever so slowly, man added to his conquests and gained in confidence and in horizon through the long vista of the years.

In the palm-decked Andamans and the straits of the Eastern Seas he built and outrigged his canoe

to sail with its matting-sail before the steady blow. Primitive and barbarian peoples who live near the sea or on the shores of great inland lakes all seem to have possessed some knowledge of primitive boat-building. The Indians who had settled upon the banks of the Amazon and its tributaries could have only reached their settlements through the use of the canoe. The African lakes and rivers show many and varied fashions in ancient ship-building. The Maori race—most heroic, moral and courteous of barbarians—had wandered across the Pacific Ocean in their huge war-canoes from Hawaii to Tonga and from thence to Ao-tea-roa,—their beloved "Land of the Great White Cloud"—now known as New Zealand. The race that spread itself from the Great North Land to the straits of Magellan had undoubtedly paddled its way from the Asiatic mainland through the Behring Straits. The need of food and the art of fishing, we believe, had much to do with the early contests with Mother Ocean. Man himself can trace his ancestry back to the protoplasm on the edge of the primeval sea, just in the same way as he can trace the art of boat-building from the barbarian hollowing the tree-trunk with a stone adze, to the modern yards at Clydebank, Belfast and Hog Island.

By the placid, sun-kissed waters of the Mediterranean the merchant princes of Phoenicia erected their yards. Driven by the breeze and propelled by sturdy oarsmen, their galleys visited the rising ports of Sicily, Carthage, Rome and Iberia. These keen-witted traders bartered the purple cloth of Tyre and the cedar of Lebanon for the wool of the Sicilies, the dates of Carthage and the golden apples from the Iberian valleys. They ventured through the frowning Pillars of Hercules and thrust their way through the hurtling waters of the Biscayan Sea to the shores of Albion, where they traded salt and cloth for the tin of the skin-clad Briton, who greeted them as beings from another world. Through the grey North Sea went their prows, turning sharply into the Baltic to a world of blue-eyed, yellow-haired men and women and gloomy pine forests. They wound in and out of the Norwegian fjords, touched the fringe of the Maelstrom and gazed with awe upon the Northern Lights. Those were the days when the courageous trader matched his endurance against the elements, and ventured his frail ship against the unknown seas. To-day trade is in the hands of lily-handed, avaricious misers with many titles and little honor, sordid robber barons with frock-coats, front pews and unnatural carnal appetites.

Along the banks of the Yang-tse-Kiang, whose waters pour into the Yellow Sea, the Chinese had constructed their huge junks and laboriously thrashed their way to the Burmas, the Philippines, the many isles of the Malaccan Seas, even to the

shores of Madagascar and the Cape of Storms, which breaks the tremendous attack of millions upon millions of tons of crashing waters. The Chinese were fearless navigators and heroic explorers when the Britons of Albion were murdering each other in tribal wars, worshipping before the mystic mistletoe and paying homage to their Druidical priests.

Great slave states were rising round the edge of the Mediterranean Sea. They fought out their almost endless wars in its crimsoned waters. Rome, Egypt, Greece and Carthage hurled their marine legions at each other's throats. Chained to their huge oars, our slave forebears went down to litter the floor of the sea, and to await companions of the tempests and the wars of the years to come. The rammed Punic galley and the submarined merchant ship prow by keel both bear testimony to the saving grace of Olympus and Nazareth.

The lusty Norseman, driven by hunger from his own inhospitable shores, set out on his expeditions to ravage the plains of Normandy and Eastern Britain. His blond-haired women-folk sailed with him, fought with him, and ventured with him in his final quest of Valhalla. In the coming days of rapacious commercialism this fearless and hardy race were to play a great part in subordinating the ocean to the subduing hand of man. But their ancient brotherhood and freedom was to disappear in the process. The lousy fore-castle, the "retired and condemned" navy salt-horse, and the prison cell were to be their share out of the conquest.

The galley gave way to the sailing ship both for war and commerce. Columbus' ships crossed the Atlantic in a search for the shores of India. From this ponderous event came the naval power of Spain. The Americas opened before the avaricious eyes of Latin Europe. The galleons of Spain sailed the seas, and their golden cargoes attracted the pirates of Devonshire—now duly canonized in the Calendar of British Commercialism, and duly justified by its hand-maiden, the Church of England—to engage in their filibustering exploits. War was declared, and Philip of Spain sent his Armada, after due propitiation of the Lord God, to rout out the buccaneers and establish the legality of the right of Spain to rule the waves. God, however, was upon the side of the "meek," and the Spanish fleet was attacked by fire near the French coast, and the remaining ships destroyed by a storm on the Irish coast. Great was the joy of the English at this victory, and the Lord God improved muchly in their opinion. The Almighty's good graces are said to have been due to His approval of the virgin life of the good queen of England and his corresponding disapproval of the lax moral habits of Philip. This matter can well be left to a class of people whom the world honors by the name of historians, and who have ever been more concerned about a dead monarch than a living navy.

The Spaniards spread through Mexico, Peru and Chile. The Portuguese established themselves in the Brazils. Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape of Storms, and Magellan drove his ship between the

land mass of South America and the grim island of Tierra del Fuego—"Land of Fire"—which to-day is divided between the republics of Chile and Argentina, and where some of the bravest hearts in the working class movement are eating out their lives in the Siberian rigor of Ushuaia, the Saghalien of the Antarctic Seas. Tasman and van Diemen left their names to immortality by the discoveries of the huge land masses in the Southern Ocean now known as Australia and New Zealand. The lust for power, for gold, for fame, was in the heart of every explorer, every seaman, every merchant. Mother Church needed a wide earthly kingdom, and souls for Grace. The sturdy aggressiveness of the people of the sea dragged from earth's reluctant breast her many secrets. The world was found to be round, the "four corners of the earth" of the New Testament were discovered to be non-existent and the invention of the compass made men as secure in the wilderness of waters as in their homes ashore. The blazing sun at noon and the silent stars at night were sign-posts to the mariner as clear as the Peak of Teide to the homebound windjammer.

Navigation was no longer a grope or a gamble, for charts were made and soundings taken. They were crude at first, but no cruder than the ships and no rougher than the men who sailed them. The Cinque ports of England and the Hanseatic seaside towns of Germany became entrepôts. Cadiz, Genoa and Venice were the centres of vast commercial ramifications, and crowds of masts, and mariners of many tongues and varied costumes frequented the quaysides. The world was becoming smaller although ships were changing very little in their construction. The restless rovers of Western Europe with profit in their hearts and bibles in their pockets, brought the races of Africa and the East beneath their iron sway. The mild-eyed Buddhist was taught the necessity of hard work, the Chinese were educated to a taste for opium and the African inoculated with the civilizing germ of gonorrhœa. The brown son of the Mexican hills was told by the missionaries to gaze into Heaven, while they stole the land from under his feet.

The groaning slaves of the Cartagean galleys were to have their counterpart in the following centuries. For the convict ships of England were to carry from her shores all those who conflicted with the savage and ruthless laws of a vindictive ruling class. The criminal from the slum and the trade union pioneer were dragged in manacles aboard these hell-ships and sent in despair to the fiendish penal settlements of Bontany Bay and Port Arthur. For in those days trade unionism was a crime, and unionists were conspirators. The convict ships filled the sea with such a nightmare of desolation and sorrow as never before.

The Christian nations engaged in the revolting business of "blackbirding," the capturing and subjugation of colored slaves. One enormity was added to another. The ruling classes of those days were almost as conscienceless and brutal as those of to-

day, and as hypocritical—if it were possible—as the cowardly, sedentary bible bangers and platitude mongers who profess to be the followers of the slave agitator of Nazareth.

The navies of France and Great Britain carried on a long war, wrangling over the possession of great tracts of the earth's surface and the right to exploit the native peoples and the natural resources. The war terminated at Trafalgar, where the one-eyed Nelson defeated the French and earned the right to have hideous monuments erected to his memory in all parts of Great Britain. The divorce courts missed a chance of dissecting his love affairs, which would possibly have made him even more famous.

At the beginning of the last century the pride of the merchant service was a fine fleet of clipper ships which traded to various parts of the world. The famous "East Indiamen" are still magic words in the world of ships. They were the most beautiful structures with which man ever crowned the surface of the sea. The press-gangs secured the men for the glorious navy and the shanghaier was settling down into that vile business of "supplying" men for merchant ships.

While great advances were being made ashore in different branches of industry, little of a far-reaching nature had affected the construction or the propulsion of ships. Early in the 19th century, however, experiments were undertaken to turn the great discoveries of Watt and others in the field of steam into the sphere of marine transportation. Fulton on the Hudson and Symmington on the Clyde, after many trials and many failures, were able to apply steam to aid the wind in the propelling of ships. This was an enormous advance, as it took the question of marine traction out of the hands of capricious nature, and endowed ships with both greater speed and regularity.

The rigging of ships underwent great changes during the ensuing fifty years. For a period steam was merely used as an auxiliary to the sails. Paddle wheels were used for a time, but they were cumbersome and clumsy, and on occasion they retarded rather than helped the ship when she was taking advantage of a good wind. The propeller was invented, which speedily scrapped the paddles. Stronger and more efficient engines were built into the newer ships. In looking over old files of illustrated papers dating back to the forties, the reader can get some idea of the wonderful advances made. In those days the structures were incongruous and weird in appearance. A shaky-looking funnel can usually be found hidden, almost, in a mass of rigging. Capitalism was driving romance from the seas. The Doldrums ceased to embarrass the homebound ships, the legend of the "Flying Dutchman" became only a storybook memory. The rousing chanties, "Bound for the Rio Grande" and "Off to Valparaiso" went out with the departure of the era of "wooden ships and iron men."

Someone conceived the idea that ships could be built of iron. The idea was laughed at as being a

challenge to the laws of nature. But it came to be, and ship-building no longer was a wood-worker's job. Then it was that the building of ships took a great leap forward, and the Tyne, the Wear and the Clyde—great coal and iron centres—became the homes of ship-making. Little by little the elaborate rigging disappeared from steam-driven ships, until there remains to-day—like the holeless buttons on your coat-sleeve,—two lonely relics of masts, which carry the lamps and support the booms in the working of cargo.

The Suez Canal opened a near way to the East, and vast ships traveled down the hottest waterway in the world, crossing that wonderful road that, we are told, was traversed by Moses, the Jewish agitator, and his fellow Israelites. Great ports, with greasy streets, strange smells and ragged workers, arose to meet the tremendous development in marine transport. The Western Ocean became a highway, and the Canaries and Fernando Noronha the post houses in a long water-road to the River Plate, where the dreaded "pampero" howls and makes old seamen whiten and wish for the open sea. Huge leviathans were there with red throbbing hearts tended by sweating men from Scotland Road and rice-fed Lascars from Calcutta; grimy, rusty, weather-beaten tramp steamers with ten nationalities aboard, with rotten food and big insurance; a rime of salt on the funnel from the heavy seas, and a Plimsoll line that cries to High Heaven.

Ships, ships, ships, everywhere! Down the Clyde and the Tyne, over at Hog Island and Nagasaki, the never-ending clanging of a million riveters. Unsightly frames swarming with human ants growing into ugly solidity! Luxurious liners with palatial state-rooms for professional idlers and titled bums; tramps for the Home-Calcutta-Westcoast-Home trade; tugs for the ports; vicious torpedo craft and squat battle-cruisers. Here and there in the ports, a Norwegian full-rigged ship or a Puget Sound timber schooner: the remaining relicts of the day before Steam, Oil, Diesel and International Canals!

Capitalism forces its hand through Central America and in a few hours the New Zealand bound passenger ship or the San Francisco-Boston cargo tramp passes from the Atlantic to the Pacific, or vice versa. Panama has saved the ruling class of the sea millions of ship-miles, millions of tons of coal and oil, and millions of dollars in wages. Columbus could go that way to India now and could spare himself and the world from calling the American natives by the name of Indians.

Mother Ocean! Mother Ocean! the home as well as the grave of the pariah and the outcast, strewn with the wreckage of thy conquering wrath and the impotence of the foolery of warring, petty man! We are gathering to conquer from thy bosom the things that enchain and enslave us; to conquer the floating machines, the wonderful achievements of engineers and dock-yard laborers that have made our masters rich beyond the dreams of avarice! Men from the ocean ferry, the whaler, the barque, the tug, the tramp, the dredger, the schooner, the lighter, the cable-ship, the canal boat; men from the

docks, the cranes and the wharves, awake and claim your own! Awake, every man of you, from the fore-castle head to the poop, from the masthead to the stokehole, regardless of your hundred nationalities and your warring creeds!

The mastery of the sea to the workers of the sea! The ships to the marine workers, and the wharves to the dockers! The Marine Transport Workers of the Industrial Workers of the World salute the Rising Dawn. With the desire for power within us, with all the fire of solidarity within our bronzed and gnarled frames we organize to master our own destiny, to retrieve our lost manhood, and to honor the great, green bosom of Mother Ocean with our Solidarity of Labor.

"Until tyrants and slaves are like shadows of night,
In the van of the morning light."

CHAPTER II. THE EXPANSION OF THE SHIPPING INDUSTRY

The "Law of Acceleration"

The world in which we live is constantly changing. The tendency to change is steadily accelerating. I think that it is Normal Angell, the English publicist, who describes in one of his books what he terms the "Law of Acceleration." To roughly re-state his deductions will, I believe, be a help in assisting marine workers to grasp the nature of this work. Says Mr. Angell in effect: "It took approximately 30,000 years from the time fire was discovered until the beginning of the Christian era. During that period, the race advanced more than they had in the previous hundreds of thousands of years. During the period extending from the dawn of the Christian era to the year A. D. 1800, the race advanced more than they had in previous periods combined. The law operated to an even greater extent during the years A. D. 1800 to 1900. It was very apparent that the tremendous strides made in the technical and industrial spheres entirely overwhelmed the slow progress of the three previous periods. Then", reasons this eminent man, "is it not logical to believe that the next twenty years (1900 to 1920) will mark greater and more outstanding triumphs and discoveries than the four earlier periods combined?"

Mr. Angell's deductions are undoubtedly correct. The past twenty years have been remarkable in the triumph of man in the fields of science, technics and industry. We may, therefore, estimate that during the coming TEN years new inventions, new processes and far-reaching improvements will come about that will revolutionize our daily life and our relations one with the other.

Communism to Slavery

The shipping industry as I pointed out earlier in this work commenced in very early times. Progress and improvement were very slow. Over long periods they were almost imperceptible, like the

forward motion of a barque in the Doldrums, with a very tiny current beneath her. The earliest crews were free savages, possibly bound on fishing and hunting expeditions. Canoes were tribal property, for while the men spent long months and sometimes years in the fashioning and hollowing of their craft they were fed by the other members of the tribe. The Maoris in their long and dangerous voyage across the Pacific to the "Land of the Long White Cloud" were tribal communists. The paddles were used by free men. The legendary places where these huge canoes landed in the North Island are sacred in Maori mythology. The Norsemen who swept the seas of northern Europe had no slaves to tend sail or man the sweeps of their sturdy galleys. It remained for the slave empires of the Mediterranean to chain their prisoner slaves to their war vessels.

Slavery arose and tribal communes of the barbarians were overthrown. Private ownership of property was in its earliest stages. The merchants of Tyre owned their ships, but their olive-skinned seamen had a vast amount of liberty. In the slave empires, even as in the empires of today, the ships of war belonged to the State, and the ships of commerce to private individuals.

Ships of Wood

During the long centuries that passed many changes took place in the structure of the ships, but practically none in the mode of propulsion. The ship that sank with St. Paul aboard on the coast of Malta, the ship that sank on the "Rock of Norman's Woe", the "Pinta" of Columbus, the "Great Harry", the Chinese junk of the sixteenth century, the ships of Magellan, van Diemen and Tasman, van Tromp's flagship with the broom at the masthead, the Arab slave-dhow, the convict ships of London, the vanquished ships at St. Vincent and the victor ships at Trafalgar were all dependent upon sails and the breeze for their speed, and they were all built of wood.

The Advent of Capitalism

When we look back over the past hundred years it is difficult to realize the wonderful changes that have taken place. Capitalism had arisen in England. It had driven the yeoman from the land to work in the factories of the towns. The British people were swindled out of their common lands by the connivance of a gang of disreputable titled thieves with the so-called democratic Houses of Parliament. As a result, the British manufacturers had goods to sell, goods which their workers could not purchase with their limited wage. So markets had to be found; and the black and yellow races had to be taught to cover decently their nakedness with the shoddy products of English child-slaves.

Thus ships were necessary for commerce and to transport soldiers and marines to stimulate, with the point of the bayonet, a desire on the part of the native for cotton duds, beads, old-fashioned fire-arms, foul spirits and other elevating and

moral products of the white race. The Thames became a great ship-building district. Lordly clip-pers were built for the rising merchant princes. The East and West Indies opened up vast vistas of untapped wealth before the God-fearing British business man. The English Channel was crowded with the white and towering sails of heavily laden merchant men and the oaken walls of men-o'-war.

The Coming of Steam

Then steam was applied to the propelling of ships. Its effect was wonderful. If we consider what England was like 90 years ago when there were no railways, we can form some idea what difference the coming of steam made. The railway shortened the travelling time between York and London from six days to five hours. Even the earliest steam-driven ships that crossed the Atlantic made the distance in less than half the time formerly necessary when the motive power was the wind. The discovery of steam was almost entirely responsible for the tremendous alterations and changes in the industrial world.

Like all other processes, however, it was not to benefit either the men who built ships or the men who manned them. The people who were destined to reap the golden harvest from cargo and passenger carrying were persons who did not draw a plan, coil a rope or trim an ounce of coal. Tens of thousands of men lost their lives in ship-wrecks in all the corners of this earth, but shipowners died in their beds, with their prospective heirs watching one another suspiciously across their well-fed bodies.

In the engine-rooms there was a steady improvement in the engines. Adaptation and study brought about more speed and made it possible for the engines to occupy less space. Ships began to depend more and more upon their engines and less upon their sails. This change affected very considerably the mining and smelting industries. Steam needed coal both for land and water traction. Countries that had little or no coal had to import it from countries that had much. Boiler-making became an art and engineering a science. Wherever coal and iron ore were found in close proximity there would spring up mighty cities of coffin-like brick houses, filled with grimy, sweating men and dismal, dirty, neglected children, who were destined to spend their lives in the endless chain of going to work to get the cash to buy the food to get the strength to go to work again.

Wood and Steam

There was always something faulty in the combination of wooden ships and steam engines. Wooden ships cannot conveniently nor safely be built too large, for timber is unsatisfactory for large ships. This has been proved only recently, when the United States shipyards constructed a large number of wooden steamers and auxiliary motor schooners, during the period of the war. They have turned out so unsatisfactorily that one can hardly visit a port from Kristiania down to Punta Arenas without seeing one or more of

these "white elephants" undergoing repairs. Four were burned to the water's edge in the River Plate in 1919, and in Buenos Aires there were two large wooden steamers and four schooners lying there for such a long time that their owners might as well have pulled down the Stars and Stripes and put up the Argentine ensign, for any use they were likely to be to anyone else except ship-breakers.

In the small wooden ship of the old days we find that the engines occupied far more space than their use warranted, leaving very little room for cargo. Therefore during the combination of engines and wooden ships, such were only used for the fast passenger services, the general run of cargo was still carried by ships which entirely depended upon the breeze.

The Test of a New Process

To be successful, every new invention or process must do one of two things. It must either produce the same amount of wealth with a smaller amount of labor or else produce a greater amount of wealth with the same amount of labor as is required by the thing it supersedes. If it does not fulfil one or both of those requirements then it will be speedily dropped. The shipping magnates, like their comrades and fellow shirkers in other industries are not in business for either relaxation, health, or for the noble cause of charity, despite all that their subsidized sky-pilots and missionaries may say to the contrary. They are in the business for dividends and profits. Their interest in both the men who build ships and the men who risk their lives running ships is merely the same kind of interest that an Australian dingo displays in the sheep that he is worrying.

Therefore, when the discovery was made that ships could be built of iron and steel, the builders of ships did not delay in erecting new yards in the midst of coal and iron bearing districts. The old conservative ship-builders would have nothing to do with it, swore that it was lunacy, and croakingly predicted disaster. Naturally, they went out of business, or turned it over to their go-ahead sons. The celebrated play by Arnold Bennett, "Milestones," is written around the change in the materials for the construction of ships. Every marine worker should see it. Hide-bound conservatism collapses when confronted with the driving forces of economic advancement. The application of iron to ship-building was one of the great changes that took the world of trade out of the conquering textile manufacturers' hands, and put it into the mailed fist of the lords of steel, coal and shipping. Without this great change there would have been no great European war, and cotton, cocoa and soap would still have been the dominating figures in the world of today.

Competitive Capitalism.

The British Isles from then onwards until the year 1917, became the great ship-building centres of the world. Up to the beginning of the World

War, Great Britain not only built by far the greatest portion of the world's shipping but also owned the greatest portion of it. Gigantic companies arose which counted their capital by the millions of dollars and their slave helots by the tens of thousands. The enormous dividends that they made were utilized in building other ships and improving those that they had. These companies fought out competitive wars between themselves. In the cutting of passenger and cargo rates, some were squeezed out and some survived. "The big fish ate the little fish and the little fish ate mud."

There were rate wars between British ships and German ships, Italian and American, between Liverpool and London, Hamburg and Antwerp, Sydney and Dunedin. I have been told that the Union Steam Ship Co. of New Zealand used to pay the passenger for traveling on their boats between New Zealand and Australia, in order to break down the lesser and poorer Huddart Parker Co. The laws that underlie the capitalist system are such, however, that the lessons of the wastefulness and stupidity of competition always end in consolidation. If two companies are in the one trade and supplying the same service, have the same amount of capital and the same efficiency in both production and organization, and they compete for the trade, then rupt, both must go bankrupt to leave the field to one of three things must happen: one must go bank-another organization, or they must join forces. This always ends in industrial oligarchy, the absolute subjugation of the industry and the workers to a soulless domination.

Expansive Capitalism.

British capitalism fostered world-capitalism. Germany entered the arena to engage in both the construction and running of ships. Japan had overthrown her ancient system of social organization, stopped building junks and erected her yards for iron ships in Nagasaki and Kobe. The world struggle was marching apace. The patriotic and humane British shipowner, ever anxious to save his fellow countryman from Scotland Road and the West India Dock Road from the exhausting work in the stoke-hole, filled his fore-castle with the Lascar and the Chinese, in order to keep down wages and thereby win the foreign trade from the encroaching German, Jap and American. The profits of the big British companies were tremendous. Their growth was phenomenal. In the same way as a gigantic avalanche springs from a tiny snowball set into motion by the frolics of the wind, so have developed and grown the shipping interests of to-day, until they have forced their workers beneath a callous and mechanical dictatorship and enslaved them, from the captain on the bridge down to the Chinese spud barber in the galley. Capitalism is ever thus. In a short space of time it penetrates into all the corners of earth, and when markets and raw materials can no longer be found it will totter through its own contradictions and leave the intelligent workers in control of the industries. In the midst of this march, the iron man of the days of wooden ships

had worked hard and long and went down with his ship to Davy Jones' Locker. His children, if he had any, followed in their father's footsteps and coined wealth and gold for the cubs of their father's boss. Jack the Sailor would, according to anaemic missionaries, get his reward in Heaven, and twang a harp or handle a concertina on the edge of a cloud in the sweet bye-and-bye.

The Coming of War.

When the World War came about in 1914 no one suspected that the shipping kings and the ship-builders had anything to do with it, nor that the challenge of German marine transportation had anything to do with the subsequent patriotic enthusiasm of the British shipowner. And yet when we see their balance sheets we know that they must have desired the war, for they made huge profits out of it. German shipping was driven from the seas, for that was of much greater interest to our patriotic ship-owners than the plight of the Belgians or the "sacrosanct rights of small nationalities." The ship-owners were as much concerned about small peoples as they were about the coolie fireman or the Swedish deckhand when he was shanghaiied aboard their hungry tramp steamers. Some 14,287 marine workers on British ships were killed and drowned during the war owing to submarine action. Right through the country to-day their dependants are starving, but that raises no sympathetic throb in the flinty hearts of the men who owned those ships, and did so well out of the disasters that befell their men. Anyway, these unfortunate men were only regarded as the riff-raff of the seas, the victims of shanghaiers, although they were the source of the luxurious houses, good food, fine silks and refined pleasures of the magnate and his lady fair. The war increased the shipowners' grip on things tenfold. The British, American, Scandinavian and Japanese companies coined enormous profits. The Germans by losing the war also lost the greater part of their shipping. The much-vaunted action of the Brazilian government in declaring war upon the Central Powers was caused by the desire to possess, at Allied suggestion, the interned German ships in that country. The same was true of Peru and Portugal, and it was probably one of the minor reasons why the United States subsidized its press to work up a state of violent indignation with Wilhelmstrasse, after it had supplied the Germans with material and had received merchant cargoes from the merchant submarines, when they came through the Allied blockade.

The War after the War.

The Allied shipowners contrived by the assistance of their respective governments and by intrigues with neutral countries to clear German shipping from the seas. This act did not settle their own rivalries, and they set to work to over-reach each other, and cut each other's throats as they had done in the days gone by. For although cargoes were on the increase and the carrying trade generally greater, new processes and new routes were being utilized that made it possible for the same amount of

tonnage to make more trips and thereby carry more cargo than formerly. The advance in American ship-building became very marked in the year 1918, when we find American yards turning out 929 ships with a tonnage of 3,033,030, while British yards only constructed during the same year 507 ships with a tonnage of 1,628,924. The Japanese built 198 ships of 489,924 tons in the same year. Of course, as I have mentioned before, some of the American ships were very faulty and quite useless for profitable cargo-carrying. They were ships for a seaman to beware of, and a source of anxiety to the insurance companies that were foolish enough to undertake the risks.

The Coming of Oil.

But as iron and steel had caused a revolution in marine transport in the middle of the 19th century, so now there were other potent forces operating that exerted great influence upon the world of shipping. The turbine engine had accelerated the speed of ships to an astounding extent. It became possible for a liner to cross the Atlantic in less than a week. Oil fuel was introduced that dismissed thousands of firemen, coal-passers and others from their former occupations. Less coal was required and more oil. That strengthened the position of the oil companies. It displaced miners, and coal-workers on the docks. It gave ships more cargo space, for oil-bunkers can be placed along the bilges and other parts of the ship that are of little use for cargo-carrying. In the place of the dirty, coal-blackened stoke-hole with its piles of ashes and its struggling, sweating, grimy men we see a man here and a man there, clad in clean dungarees, regulating the flow of the oil into the furnaces. When a ship arrives in a bunker port, the oil pipe-lines are laid aboard, and in a couple of hours she is ready for sea again. It must be quite evident to every intelligent marine worker that the companies that pin their faith to oil will prevail and triumph over companies that persist in sticking to coal. Science always prevails, and anything that displaces human labor is scientific, although the ignorant worker may not think so. As I have already said, a lesser amount of human labor produces a greater result and more profits for the shipowner. The intensification of profit-making gives the magnates more wealth to re-invest, until we see to-day that the interests of the shipping magnates in the four great carrying countries are dove-tailed and interlocked with ship construction, mining, insurance, stevedoring companies, oil, tea, real estate and innumerable other concerns. Later I will deal with the method of organization of the magnates and with the power that naturally springs from the character of their concerns.

The world may be said to be in their hands. Whatever little they have missed they design to acquire later. They own the governments with their platitudes, the gutter press with its sordid divorce and criminal details and its piffly mediocrity and inanity. The parrot-like parsons, priests and popes of Mumbo-Jumbo are their servile lackeys, and university professors and a

myriad of mentally prostituted writers act as their apologists. And last, but not least, the white-spatted labor leaders with big cigars and top-hatted friends, who bawl with unparalleled effrontery, "Work harder, you stiffs, for the more you produce the more you will get!" are their henchmen.

Suez and Kiel.

The Suez Canal saved millions of ship-miles for the European shipowners. It shortened the road to India and the Far East by 40%, and strengthened the stranglehold of the British middle class upon India and the rest of the East. The possession of the alternate train route through Constantinople and Bagdad to the Persian Gulf was one of the biggest factors in precipitating the great holocaust of 1914, which in its turn was to present the world with "democracy", "independence", "liberty" and all the other breakfast foods invented by Woodrow Wilson and the bay-windowed bald-heads of Westminster. The Canal of Suez meant hard work for the Egyptian, and ten hours a day, a loin-cloth and a handful of rice a day for the Hindoo.

The Suez Canal increased the bank accounts of the shipping companies enormously, but never shortened the working day of the sailor by a second nor improved the ration scale by an ounce of green salt pork. But there are prominent labor leaders who will tell the world that all this was done in the interests of the workers, for which they will probably receive a degree from some university owned and controlled by the master class.

The Kiel Canal was another triumph of the shipowners. Of course, like Suez, it was also a strategic necessity from the naval standpoint. During the war period it enabled German warships to pass from the Baltic to the North Sea in a few hours. It is now saving the use of thousands of tons of shipping every year and cuts two days off every voyage made from Western Europe to the Baltic. It will save the shipping magnates thousands of hours of labor time as well as thousands of tons of coal and oil. It will increase the number of ship trips and give the owners more profit, but the marine workers will have more unemployment as a result. Competition for jobs will be keener in Malm, Reval and Hull, and the companies will make much out of their natural advantages over their slaves.

Panama.

The recent opening of the Panama Canal was another great event in the shipping world, and also had its effects upon the men who man ships. It shortened the sea distance between San Francisco and New York by more than one half. Instead of the long trip around the South American continent, it is now possible to travel through the locks in Central America. This gigantic enterprise cost millions of dollars and thousands of lives, — working class lives. It also shortened the distance between Europe and Chile, Austra-

lia and New Zealand, and thus abolished the risks incurred by sailing in the low latitudes of Cape Horn. It effected a great difference in the sea distance between the North Pacific coast ports and those of the River Plate, and between the Atlantic coast ports, and of the nitrate towns of Chile. It strengthened enormously the position of the United States, both economically and politically. It transferred the carrying of cargo from the American railroads to the ships, for it is now cheaper to send a ton of cargo from Seattle to Philadelphia, via Panama, than to send it by a freight train. It strengthened the Octopus of Shipping, the Autocracy of Merchant Navies.

The Octopus and Its Victims.

When we study a world chart, with its converging ocean routes, we can form some idea of this huge world autocracy. Three great octopuses spread themselves out from the United States, Great Britain and Japan. Their tendrils cross and recross each other like the threads in a huge patternless spider's web. The whole world is in their tentacles. Under their direct ship-board rule are 900,000 ship-workers of every nationality under the sun. There are in the vicinity of 1,100,000 dockers, longshoremen and allied workers scattered in every nook of the world wherever these tentacles penetrate. Strong and silent are these industrial giants, the "high pontiffs, priests and kings" of ocean transport.

The opening of Panama has augmented this grip, just as Kiel and Suez did in the past. It certainly gives American shipping the advantage, for the moment at least, but we must not forget that the competitors in this march for industrial conquest are inextricably connected with the shipping concerns of other countries. And in every port in the wide world the effect of the new route is reflected by the hungry hordes of our fellow workers who are walking round the docks, begging the chief stewards, officers and engineers for jobs, which in the old days were always waiting for them. New routes, oil fuel, canals, all these have had the effect of strengthening the ship-owners and weakening the toilers of the sea. It is the business of this handbook of the Marine Transport Industry, in a crude fashion, to waken the workers of the stokehole, the galley and the bridge to an understanding of the economic forces that affect them, and to forge methods of counter-organization. To that end we hope that this book will be passed around and that these matters will be discussed by the boys in their watch below.

The Deisel Motor.

Some years ago a small German with a large head made a great discovery, which is destined to shake the world of industry to its very bottom. I refer to the Deisel Motor, which is named after its inventor. When this invention was mooted in engineering and ship-building circles all kinds of efforts were made, some of them very unscrupu-

lous—but quite in keeping with capitalist and ship-owning morality — to secure the plans. This invention was not only calculated to revolutionize the propulsion of ships, but land transport also. It could be used to haul trains both on rail and on the open road. It could be applied to farm tractors, and, in fact, to any and every form of wheeled transport. It could be manufactured very cheaply, was very simple in construction, and would burn any kind of crude oil. In fact, upon a fully outfitted motor, the bye-products which could be derived from the burning of the oil would more than repay the original cost of the oil. Therefore the motor could be run at a profit.

The oil runs directly to the motor, where a forced draught explodes it. This explosion is the motive power that will transform industrial processes everywhere. No boilers are necessary and the engine-rooms of ships that use the new motor are very compact and small. It gives them much more cargo space than a similar-sized ship which also burns oil, but possesses the ordinary steam-making boilers. The contrast between the Deisel-engined ship and the coal-burning ship is much greater. A motor-ship usually has a very small smoke stack, and the smuts, dirt and grime that are the second mate's and the bosun's despair are missing from this new type of ship.

This type of ship has not yet made a general appearance in the British and American merchant service. The rights for the invention for marine purposes were placed in Danish hands by Doctor Deisel. Just before the war, we are sorry to say, this great industrial genius was found to have disappeared from a ship while crossing the North Sea. Whether he committed suicide or was murdered by the agents of the disappointed engineering and ship-building companies will never be known. The big yards in Copenhagen commenced to turn out a large number of these modern ships, particularly for the Eastern Asiatic Company. The ship "Siam" inaugurated the service of this type of motor-ship to Australia in the latter part of 1915. Large numbers of these ships are now sailing out of the Scandinavian countries. The Johnson Line of Stockholm possesses 27 large cargo carriers, speedy, clean and beautiful, engaged for the most part in the South American trade. Both the Norwegians and the Danes have a steadily increasing number of them. Early in 1919, the Swedish motor-ship "Bullaren", fitted with Deisel-Bullinger engines, arrived in Buenos Aires from Gothenburg. The trip took her less than 20 days. She had electric winches, which worked the cargo noiselessly and speedily.

What of the Future?

The Deisel motor is now being utilized in the engine-rooms of new British warships. The era is speedily coming when steam is no longer going to serve as the motive power for ships. They will be electrified through the new process. However, the increased earning capacity of Scandinavian

ships has not increased proportionally the wages of the men who work aboard. More cargo is carried in a shorter time and with fewer men. All that these advances mean to our fellow-workers is more unemployment and starvation.

This process is not likely to stop. On the contrary, discoveries will pile on top of each other, and in a corresponding degree so will also the misfortunes of the toilers of the sea. Many of the great inventions of the war period are going to be transformed into peace-time uses. Many of the discoveries made for purposes of destruction on land will be altered to suit the needs of marine transport. They will, like steam, iron ships, oil, canals and motors, strengthen the grip of our masters, take the industry entirely out of the

rut of haphazard, cut-throat competition, and bring us men of the sea and the docks beneath the ruthless heel of an iron despotism. That power is in the making. Every day we see the national governments — whatever their label — acting under the instructions of their masters, enforcing restrictive legislation and driving the workers each day into a more precarious position. Each day the gulf between the shipowner and his slave grows wider. From day to day the feeling of antagonism intensifies until the world is becoming but an armed camp of classes, those who obey and create and those who command and possess.

To grasp the dictatorship over the sea is the mighty task of the Marine Transport Workers of the Industrial Workers of the World.

What'll We Do With 'Em

By JOHN E. NORDQUIST

What'll we do with the plutocrats
When we capture the whole shebang;
The fat, oily birds in the "pipe hats,"
Who for slaves never gave a dang?
Will we bump 'em off and plant 'em
Far 'neath the daisies' roots?
Think it over—don't guess at random—
Say, what'll we do with the plutes?

What'll we do with the misers
Who are fattening from our toil?
Shall we turn 'em to fertilizers
To rejuvenate worn-out soil?
Surely they'd furnish a pile—
With bodies so cumbersome and fat—
But who'd take a job so vile?
Who'd render a fat autocrat?

But what'll we do with the masters
Who've driven us on to despair?
Why not give them a taste of disasters
While they're helping the wrong to repair?
I'll say we will—fellow worker—
We'll teach 'em to sow and to reap.
Not one shall remain a shirker;—
And at night they'll be glad to sleep.

We'll not do as we have been done by;
We'll not bump 'em off—oh no!
But this stove-pipe lidded, swell guy
Shall learn to hoe his own row.
He must learn to LIVE BY HIS LABOR
And not from another's toil.
He'll be taught respect for his neighbor
When we've ended his days of spoil!

Free Art

By ROBIN DUNBAR

All true art is free art;
Slave art is a bastard, like movie slush, stage heroics, erotic paintings, bourgeois tragedies, jazz comedies, melodramatic operas, tenement architecture.

When, rent, interest and profit enter in, art flies out.
Art is a gypsy, tramp, hobo, wanderer, minstrel, beggar;

Art does not join the Socialist party, or any party.
She is too wary of her freedom to risk it in union with stupid marplots.

When art enters the door, she looks to see that the window is unlocked
So she can make a quick get-a-way when the police call.

Art is aware that the weakest link in the chain of society is

The ever-present spy.
And while she doesn't refuse to deal with spies,
She shies at being victimized by them.
Art goes to jail occasionally, but never remains there long.

If iron bars could contain her, she wouldn't be art.
Never is she hung, shot in war, starved to death,
Because even her enemies worship her:

So entrancing to all men is the sacred sprite.
Never does she betray one of her worshippers.
Would you be the richest man on earth?
Then burn your wealth and go into the desert and seek

Free Art! she will endow you with the treasures of the universe:

With health, courage, and love of those who toil.



BIG QUARRY AND CREW AT LOHRVILLE, WIS.

The Developments of the Quarry Industry

By S. J. H.

(Editor's Note—The following description of the quarry industry is a gem of simplicity and directness. It is written by a horny-handed paving cutter, by a man on the job. This explains how it is possible to convey so much information with so few words.)

We have repeatedly sounded a call for industrial articles. Here is one of them. The editor cannot sit down and write these. They can be written only by men on the job. This article may serve as a sample of what we want.

Articles like this one are suitable for leaflets for the industry and will eventually serve as the backbone of an Industrial Union Handbook.

Who is next with a write-up of his own industry?)

It took mankind a good while of traveling on the road called progress, before it became mighty enough to take up the struggle with the hardest kinds of rock that form the crust of mother earth.

It couldn't be done, with any success, before some ingenious inventor had found a method of tempering the steel to make it hard enough and tough enough to penetrate the hard rock.

There is no doubt that the first tools used were crude and simple, and without comparison with modern machinery in use today. But it made a foundation for improvement, a fact that is noticeable in any other industry.

It would, perhaps, be very difficult to find out the exact date when stone was first quarried on this continent, but it can be traced as far back as 1817, when the first granite was quarried on the

cape Ann, near Boston, Mass. The record of that place says "that a few men started to quarry out stone for a Boston building contractor." (The above-mentioned place has for a long period of time held a leading place in granite production.) The progress seems to have been very slow up till the second half of the last century, when the invention of dynamite was made, which had a more effective power, especially where the stone is solid and "tight," as we quarrymen term it, than black powder had. Since then, year by year, modern machinery has made its way into the industry with the same effect everywhere. A few men are now able to produce more than hundreds could do before, when everything was done by hand; as, for instance, both the drilling of blast holes and plug holes (holes for the splitting wedges), also hoisting the stones out of the pit, had to be done by manpower alone in early days.

In those days it took a good deal of muscular training in order to develop a sure stroke on the drill. A miss would hazard the fellow turning the drill and sometimes prove fatal. Today, any man, without any previous experience, is able to accomplish more work with a drilling machine run by steam or compressed air, than a score of well experienced men could do before by using the hand-hammer, and powerful electric or steam derricks will lift a stone weighing many tons out of pits sometimes several hundred feet deep, with an amaz-

ing speed. This also holds true concerning the trimming and finishing of parts of the product, with a few exceptions. Such exceptions are the paving block cutters, who do the trimming by hand, and the monument cutters, who use the hand-hammer and the chisel, although not to such an extent as before. Now they have in use surface machines that will hammer down a big lump in no time. And then, instead of the slow process of crushing macadam by hand, there are stone crushers with a crushing capacity of hundreds of tons daily.

The various kinds of rock that come under the jurisdiction of the quarry industry are mainly as follows: granite, marble, basalt, limestone and sandstone. Each of these is a kind by itself, differing very widely both in color, hardness and toughness, and in chemical composition, the latter being thoroughly explained by geologists, but of no vital importance to us quarryworkers. We are generally a lot more interested in the art of breaking or splitting the stone, than we are in its chemical contents.

At the present time there are about one hundred thousand men engaged in the quarry industry of the United States, divided between the granite quarries of the New England states, California, Wisconsin, and Minnesota; the limestone quarries in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York; the sandstone quarries in the three last-mentioned states, where most of them are located, and the marble quarries in the states of Vermont and Tennessee. These above-mentioned states are the chief producing ones in the stone industry.

Of the total number employed in the quarry industry, only about twenty per cent are organized. Not in one union, as one would have a very good reason to believe, but in four different craft unions, and I will now try to explain the working methods of the different unions and their relationship to one another.

The granite cutters' organization, to begin with, is composed of workers that know the art of cutting monument and building stones out of granite. No one is admitted to membership before a three years' term of apprenticeship is served. The number of apprentices is very limited, the idea being to protect the trade. As a general rule this organization has hitherto disavowed all connection with the other workers in the same industry and has never voiced any objections to finishing stones that have been quarried, sometimes, by strikebreakers.

The soft-stone cutters' union is practically the same thing as the former, the only difference being that the material they work on is a little softer. Otherwise they work after practically the same designs and it has happened many a time in the past, when work was scarce, for instance within the granite cutters' jurisdiction, that these went over to the soft stone and vice versa. This often gave cause for hot disputes and sometimes open warfare between the two factions.

The paving cutters' union is composed of paving cutters only. Its membership is a little more than



Paving Cutters' Berths with Half Barrels Filled with Chips and Gravel on which the Paving Stone is Finished.—From Vinalhaven, Maine.

three thousand, and this is perhaps the only craft union that can boast of having every man that works in the trade in the United States and Canada within its fold. As it is a perfectly organized craft, one would have very good reason to believe that the organization could enforce any demand it saw fit to put before the bosses, but that is not so, owing to the fact that the paving cutters only form one part of the many, working in, or around a big quarry. In the case that the paving cutters go out on strike, the others remain at work and the boss gets along nicely without them for a while. And generally it doesn't take very long before they are starved into submission.

And, finally then, concerning the last of the four crafts, the Quarrymen's International Union, it is to be noted that it is composed of workers that could not claim membership in any of the former, but are considered to be in possession of some skill of one kind or another, such as toolsharpeners, drillers, derrick men and mechanics. In general character this union does not differ very much from any of the former. It is, like the rest of them, affiliated with the American Federation of Labor.

Now remains the so-called unskilled labor, which includes the block handlers, crushermen and those doing the "stripping" and other forms of labor around the quarry. They are unorganized even at such places where all the other unions are established, the reason being that they are not admitted



The Big Block Cut in Two with Wedges. This Requires Much Skill. Drilling with Compressed Air Drilling Machine.—From Vinalhaven, Maine.

in any of them, and, consequently, they have got to remain outside whether they like it or not.

The working conditions in general are not ideal, although an eight-hour day is prevailing where the unions are in control. In the non-union quarries, at least the majority of them, the bosses work their men from nine to ten hours a day, which is by far too long at this extremely hard work.

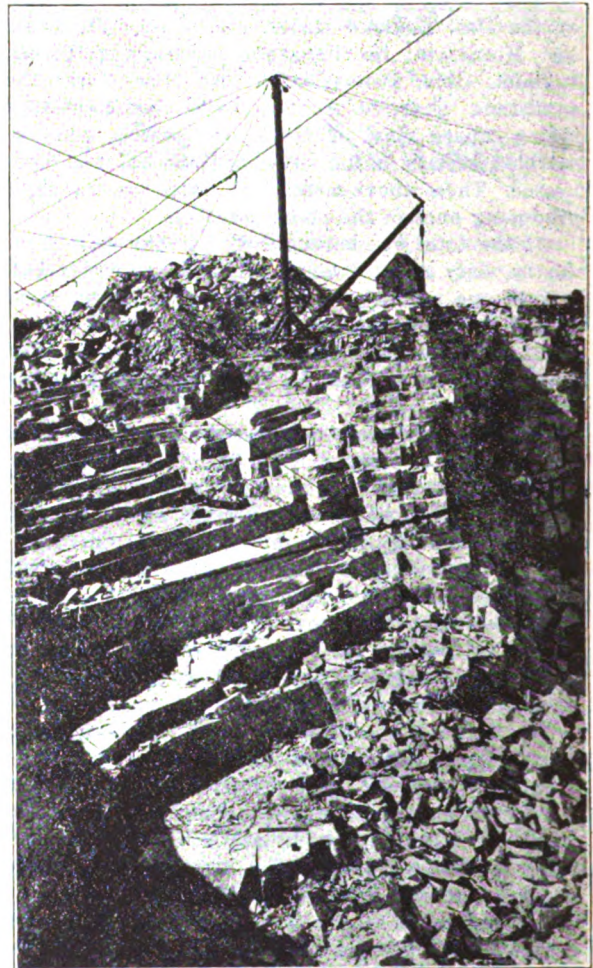
In regards to wages the quarry workers have been lagging far behind others, especially during and after the war period. There are two reasons for this. First, the majority of the organized workers were bound by contracts, some of them in force for a period of not less than five years, which proved to be one of the most foolish things that a group of workmen could do. This was proved more clearly than ever before through the unusual advance in prices of the chief necessities of life. But as time went on and prices were soaring higher and higher, they soon found out that there was only two alternatives left to them, either to work according to their obligation and starve to death in the meantime, or scrap the sacred contracts and live. The men naturally chose the latter. Secondly, the war had a depressing effect on the industry, and many men left the quarries or were forced to leave and seek employment in more essential industries. But in this last year conditions have improved a little in regards to wages. This is owing to the great demand for all kinds of quarry products and the old quarry men's gradual return to their former jobs.

It is hard to get the exact amount of wages received in all branches of the quarry industry, due to the fact that there are many that work on the basis of piece work, at least among the paving cutters. This is a system that should be utterly condemned, because it destroys the spirit of solidarity.

The granite cutters last spring went out on a strike and secured a minimum wage of one dollar per hour. The paving cutters certainly run far below that mark, taken on an average, and the other workers in the industry are getting from four to six dollars per day, probably some more and some a little less in various places.

There is no doubt, if they had been properly organized, they could have had more. But as conditions stand today, with a small percentage organized in craft unions and the great mass of the quarry workers unorganized, the result must be accordingly.

There is no need of trying to deny the fact that the different unions have tried to better their conditions. They have, indeed, fought many fights in the past, but they have fought according to craft-union tactics, which in most cases is bound to re-



The Pit where the Big Blocks Are Quarried with Giant Derrick.—From Vinalhaven, Maine.

sult in failure. But there is one notable gain, namely, the eight-hour day for all the organized workers. In the Red Granite, Wis., district they had to strike for eleven months before it was secured. This being one of the most notable strikes in the quarry industry, both in regards to duration and the number of men involved, and the attempt of the boss to railroad some of the strikers, which did not prove successful.

In the year of 1916, the unorganized men of the above-mentioned district struck, when their demand for higher wages was refused. The skilled workers were forced to idleness, but were otherwise most willing to scab on the unorganized if given a chance. During that strike, in spite of only a few days' duration, a local of the Quarry Workers' Industrial Union of I. W. W. came into existence, and after a few weeks it had a membership of nearly four hundred and succeeded in getting complete job control in two

The following resolution, adopted by Branch Vinalhaven, Maine, in 1914, before the war created havoc in this industry, sheds additional light on the conditions the stone and quarry workers are confronted with.

The resolution, which is reprinted from the Quarry Workers' Journal, after being carried by Branch Vinalhaven of the Paving Cutters, one of the biggest in the country, was put to a referendum vote among the paving cutters and lacked only 6 votes of a majority, showing that already six years ago sentiment for industrial unionism was strong among these workers.

Now that the war is over and the industry is picking up again, the seeds thus sown should be taken care of and the question of organizing One Big Union of this industry should be taken up again.



Piles of Finished Paving Blocks. Compressed Air Drilling Machine Resting on Bigger Blocks.—From Lohrville, Wis.

quarries. As a consequence the working conditions improved considerably for all men concerned. But then came the United States' entry into the world war with its depressive effect on the quarry industry and the men were forced to leave and seek employment in more essential industries. This, along with the suppressive campaign by the federal authorities, caused the death of the first local of the Quarry Workers' Industrial Union of the I. W. W. It is true the local was shortlived as such, but there can be no destruction of ideas, and the men that composed the above local will spread the One Big Union doctrine on all continents, and the second one will be born for sure, because the necessity demands it, and it can't be avoided. The sentiment in favor of the One Big Union idea is growing stronger for every day in all branches of the quarry industry, and a time will come when the toilers of the quarries and sheds will join hands with the toilers of forests, fields and factories, with all who toil; and establish the industrial commonwealth of the workers.

RESOLUTION

To Branch Vinalhaven of the Paving Cutters' Union of the United States and Canada:

Brothers and Fellow Workers:—

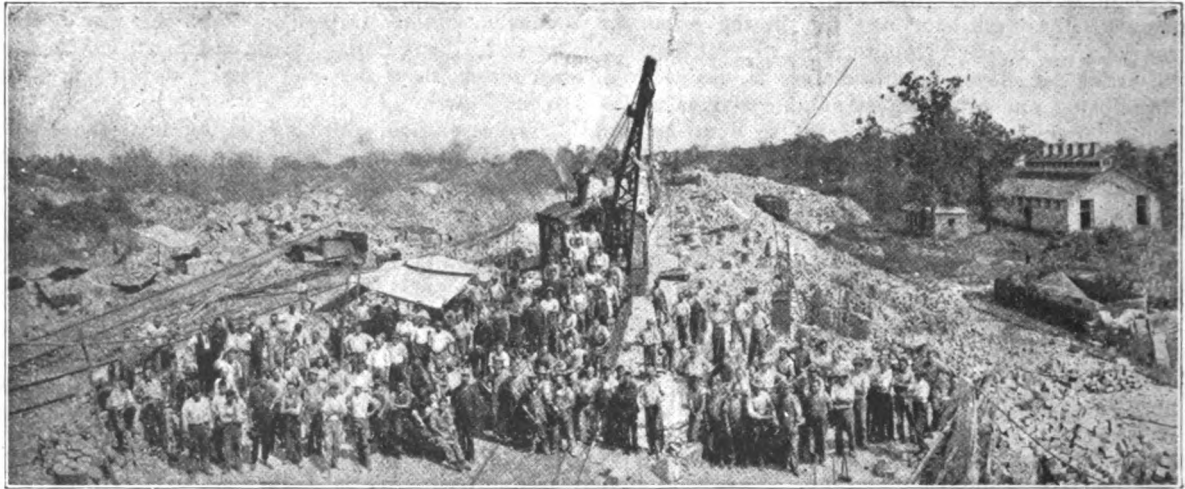
We, the undersigned, members in good standing of Branch Vinalhaven, Paving Cutters' Union of the U. S. and Canada, herewith wish to introduce the following resolution to our Branch, to wit:—

Resolved, by Branch Vinalhaven of the Paving Cutters' Union of the U. S. and Canada,

....That we begin a systematic agitation with the end in view of merging into one single industrial union all Branches of the Paving Cutters' Union of the United States and Canada, the Granite Cutters' International Association of America, the Quarry Workers' International Union of North America, and of all other Unions in the stone and quarrying industry, such as soft stone cutters, marble cutters, etc., thereafter adopting the name of the Stone and Quarry Workers' Industrial Union, having only one local Union or Branch in each establishment.

In support of the above resolution we wish to present the following reasons:

I. The present, above mentioned Unions are all built on craft or trade lines, the boundaries between them being the difference in the tools we use. This



A QUARRY CREW AND PAVING CUTTERS AT LOHRVILLE, WIS.

sort of craft or trade Unionism has its historic explanation in the fact that production was until recent times organized and carried on along craft and trade lines. But the age of crafts and trades is about gone. We are now living in the age of **industrialism**. The workers have nearly all been turned into industrial wage workers, and production and distribution is organized on industrial lines. The owners of the natural resources and the other means of production and distribution have also long ago abandoned craft organizations. They are now arrayed against us on industrial lines in the shape of syndicates and trusts. In our struggle for existence we, the workers, are thus hampered by our old fashioned forms of organization. We are unable to meet our organized employers on equal ground for **lack of industrial solidarity**.

All over the world the workers are now remodeling their organizations on industrial lines. The time is ripe for us to do the same, the sooner the better.

Having thus stated the general principle upon which we demand the change embodied in our resolution, we wish to add a few more reasons why such a change is desirable and imperative.

II. Our present forms of organization are very expensive and wasteful. A large percentage of our hard-earned money is being frittered away by maintaining four national offices with rent and other expenses; four national committees with their expense accounts; four national conventions with heavy traveling and other expenses; several separate official organs with printers' bills; several sets of organizers, local officers and stewards with their expense accounts; and, finally, several sets of local meetings with hall rents and incidental expenses.

By merging into one Industrial Union of Stone and Quarry Workers, with common administration and finances, we could bring these running or administration expenses, now amounting to many thousands in the aggregate every year, down to nearly one-third of the present sum. The money thus saved would be available for the education of our membership in the principles and tactics of an up-to-date labor organization.

III. Furthermore, divided as we are on craft lines, we lack the power and the resources that we would have by merging and uniting. We now make separate agreements and contracts which are allowed to tie us down for a number of years and which not infrequently put us at cross purposes with one another, when in conflict with the employers. This state of affairs largely accounts for

the fact that our average yearly earnings fail to keep pace with the constantly rising cost of living, all the while we are being speeded up to the very limit of human endurance and succumbing prematurely to the numerous dangers, ailments and diseases peculiar to our industry.

On the other hand, by presenting one solid and united industrial front to our exploiters by means of **One Big Union**, we would cause this state of affairs to be changed and be able to dictate, through our organized power, the wages and the working conditions in keeping with our own wishes and our own welfare.

IV. Finally, we should not fail to take notice of the fact that throughout the world the light is breaking upon the workers that we stand on the verge of the most stupendous transformation of the economic structure of society. The private ownership of the means of production and distribution is doomed by the force of natural laws. It is only a question of time when the old economic structure which we call the capitalist system shall collapse, depending upon the efforts put forth by the workers through their Unions. Production and distribution will then be taken over by the workers themselves through their Unions. Millions of wage workers are already organized all over the world with this avowed purpose in view. It is a new order of things forcing itself upon us. We must not and we cannot avoid this historic mission of the working class, nor should we shirk the responsibility devolving upon us.

But, naturally, we cannot, in the final issue, **take over and run the industries**, unless we are organized on corresponding lines. Our present craft Unions will not do for the purpose. The One Big Industrial Union we aim at must unite, in one organized body, every man working in the industry.

We stone and quarry workers at present fall short of this mark.

Let us, therefore, speedily merge into One Big Industrial Union, simple and inexpensive to administer, strong and easily maneuvered for fight, and prepare to accept the glorious and important role which social evolution has destined for us, namely, to take over and run the industries, in the interest of the whole people instead of for the profit of a few rich individuals.

Thus we shall realize the ever more popular demand for "the full product of our toil" and take our proper place in the march forward to a higher social order—a new society.

In order to carry into effect our demands for a re-organization and a re-alignment of our industry on these lines, we, the undersigned, make the following motions:

1. **Moved**, that Branch Vinalhaven send a copy of the above resolution and our reason therefor, as well as of this and the following motions, to our National Union office for publication in our Journal, with the request that it be re-published in full by the official organs of our brother organizations.

2. **Moved**, that a similar copy be sent to the Branches of the Granite Cutters' International Association of America and the Quarry Workers' International Union of North America here in Vinalhaven for their consideration and as a suggestion to cause similar action to be taken on the part of their Unions throughout the country.

3. **Moved**, that our delegate to our next national convention be instructed to introduce the above resolution to the convention and to make motions appropriate for carrying the same into effect.

4. **Moved**, that the columns of our official organ be opened for a thorough discussion of this important matter.

5. **Moved**, that we direct an earnest appeal to the Stone and Quarry Workers all over this continent to take this matter up at the earliest possible date in order to secure thorough consideration of same, as well as speedy and uniform action.

Adopted and carried by Branch Vinalhaven, Paving Cutters' Union of the U. S. and Canada.

Vinalhaven, Me., 1914.

Goin' to Dixie?

By JOHN E. D'NORD

"Are you goin' to Dixie,
Are you goin' with th' crowd?"
Asked the workless northern Wobbly
As the snow-wind shrieked aloud.
"Sure I'm goin' to Dixie—
Boss has gone there with th' mules.
Who th' hell can live on snow-balk—
Like th' scissor-bills an' fools.

They say that southern roads
Are rough as Teddy-trails,
Shakin' all th' moguls' autos
Till they loose their nuts an' nails.
That's why they're goin' to pave 'em—
Of th' rough stuff they had nuff—
So they've sent for Wobbly skimmers
From the northern climate tough.

So come you Wobbly warriors—
The mules were shipped today.
We'll go to Sunny Dixie
An' make 'em raise our pay.
We'll educate th' workers,
An' organize 'em, too.
I say NIX! on fighting snow-balls!
With all these things to do.

Chin-Whiskers, Hay-Wire and Pitchforks

By RALPH WINSTEAD

I was moping down the skid road, sort of up-ending the fact that pretty soon I would have to buy a master or give the grub question the go-by. Them kind of thoughts are never frolicsome, but of themselves is not liable to superinduce these here railroad blues. I have sort of got used to havin' the bottom of the sack just a few jingles down, and you know we are never very much concerned over what we have grown accustomed to, like the feller says of his wife.

But this here moribund condition of mine had justification for bein'. The very night before, I had got stood against a wall by Keefe and his Red Squad while they vacuum-cleaned me, looking for the red card. It is true, they didn't get anything on me because when I hit these malevolent sections I leave the little due book up where the chambermaid can see if I am paid up or not. The job, I maintains, is the place to carry the card at.

I turned the corner goin' down towards Archie's slave market when who should I bump into but Pearlle MacCann. Now, Pearlle is just the right sort of antidote for any dark-brown morning that comes along. He just radiates joy. In fact, just to think about that fellow worker is to raise up a glow that is more intoxicating than a shot and a half of Dehorn.

You don't know Pearlle MacCann? Say! Pearlle is the most all-there he-man that ever hit the sticks. He savvies how to get out the round stuff, too, but better than that he knows all the methods for gettin' conditions improved in some of the insect laboratories that are to be found even yet on parts of the Coast.

As a scizzorbill evangelist he sure gets the goods. Why, he went single-handed into the cook shack up at hostile Clallan Bay and pulled out the camp, cook house crew and all, till the Super came thru with the grub that the cook wanted, and then decided that it was better to put up that dry-house than to take a chance on losing his job.

MacCann shipped into the outfit as a pearl-diver, and that is how he got the name of Pearlle. This was early in 1918, too, when to be a Wob was about as tough as it is now, only more so.

When Pearlle saw me he grinned a welcome like a shark. "Hello, there, Tightline!" he said warmly as he hooked me with that grip of his. "Where have you been all these days since old Paulson reclaimed the bunk space we was usin'?"

I give him a list of my late ambulations and he returned with his. Then he sprung a job on me.

"Say, Tightline, you still nosin' 'round the grease pots?"

I nodded.

"Why don't you take a rest from this fog bustin' and do a little real work? Come on and load for me for a few months or so."

I was startled. "What do you mean,—months?"

Have you got a pull with old Weyerhauser lately? The longest I ever saw you keep one master was six weeks."

"Well, anyway, you could come out and give a fellow a start," he said. "You see, I got a recommend from Archie as bein' an A-One hooker if I ain't crossed, and one of these gunny-sack parasites decided to hire me and let me pick my own loader. There's a donkey puncher already on the job, or I would put you next to the graft. But as I always said, a man is a chump that will scald himself in good summer weather alongside a yard hog. Come on out and load for me."

I knew right then that I was goin' to go to work, but for appearances' sake I stalled a bit. "What kind of a show you got?" I asks.

"Fine!" says Pearlle. "Couldn't be better. There's two settin's where the logs is four deep and not a stump in the ground!"

"Thasso?" says I. "And I suppose the riggin' is all ginney line with whistle wire for a haul back. I'm your man. If you run me out on a work-house job I'll make you buy an organization stamp for every drop of sweat that leaks out of me. Say! Where is this young heaven?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I haven't exactly given the lay-out the once-over quite, but the proud owner was tellin' me that the hooker he had was loadin' three cars, and that the men was all kickin' on account of hard work. I says to myself: "Here's where I make a reputation."

Next afternoon Pearlle and me hitches our suitcases onto a Redmond stage and climbs in for Camp Three. The chauffer let us off at a little trail and we started along, as directed, towards the camp. 'Twas about a mile, he told us.

I've picked up books with yards of stuff in 'em tellin' about leafy bowers, twittering birds and the like. I never could see no sense in puttin' such stuff down into books when there it is, right in front of a feller in real life, if he only goes out and looks at it. These here writin' fellers ought to write more about conditions and organization and things that are more important, and let people that are interested in nature-lovin' go out and get their nature first hand. I think the reason a lot of ink is spilled on this nature proposition is that the spillers are afraid to get off the cement for fear they might get lost, or bit, or something.

Anyhow, it was late spring, and everything had that tang to it that peeps a fellow up and puts some sass into him. There is a different sort of feeling in the air than there is in the fall, say in November. November is a sort of dreary, reactionary month when everything sort of goes backwards. It ain't for nothin' that November was the month when they hung the victims of the Haymarket riots. I bet the weather had a lot to do with the Everett Massacre,

with killing Joe Hill and with the Centralia Conspiracy. But here I am a-gettin' clear off.

At the end of the trail we came out into a little clearing in which was as pretty a picture of a haunted house as you ever see. An old clap-boarded farmhouse gone to seed. There was two or three pig and hen houses scattered around, but I didn't see nothin' that looked like a camp.

We piked up to the door of the fenceless and unprotected house, and met the bull-cook goin' after water. Pearlie tells him he was the new hook-tender, and the bull-cook he shows us over to the nearest pig-house, which is fixed up with three bunks.

We dumps down our suit-cases and squints about to see the lay-out. No sign of stickers on the walls, no literature on the table, not even a capitalist rag. The shack was one to delight a fresh-air fiend, except that the dust and cobwebs might have caused a sneeze or two. The bunks were of ordinary steel, such as our bosses, prompted by a rush of emotions to their heads, installed at the time of the big Job Strike.

I an't never been interested much in this architecture stuff, but I sure didn't have no taste for the mixture that was in that shack. It seemed to have been built in three installments, each installment put on like a patch on a pair of overalls. There was a cedar puncheon-and-shake foundation with an overcoat of fir lumber and shingles, and then to give the modern touch of orneriness there was some tin and paper stuck around to fill up the holes.

Under such conditions there is generally a flock of double-deck bunks and crummy sougans to sleep under, with the boss a-proddin' all the time to get the new men to bring their own blankets. Here, however, there was only the three half bunks, and while the sougans were not new, yet they wasn't clammy with the rubbin's from pants and shoes,—not so far.

So we surmised to ourselves that this must be the parlor where only the brains was allowed to sleep.

Pearlie pokes his thumb over at the third bunk and asks the bull-cook who sleeps there.

The bull-cook looks mysterious and says in a tone that was meant to sound like he was goin' to give the devil his due even if it went against the grain: "That's Hal Whicombe's. He is slingin' the riggin' as a rule, but is tendin' hook till you get here. He is a pretty good, steady worker." He takes a long pause to think over the next, then he springs this: "If I were you I would be careful what I said to him, 'cause he is liable to let it out."

"Huh," thinks I, "a stool pigeon!"

Pearlie and me looks at each other. Then Pearlie turns to the bull-cook. "How long has this Whicombe been here?" he asks casual like.

"Well, let's see, I been here eighteen months now and he come about a month after I started. Yeah,—he's been here seventeen months."

Pearlie stops monkeyin' with his clothes and sits down on the bed. The bull-cook remembers his water bucket and goes out. Pearlie goes to the door to see if he is really gone, and then comes back and

says to me: "There is something phoney here. This bull-cook spills some slave ideas and then brands this riggin' slinger as a stool, after advertisin' that he himself is a bill from backwater. Here he says he's been on the job for eighteen months and then tells us strangers that this stool come since he did. Something dungy some place."

"All I got to say, Pearlie, is that if this guy is a stool, you and me will sure lead him a cheerful life between us, on the job and off. Anyway, we better wait till we run into him before we lay plans to put the skids under him. It may be a grudge this bull-cook has or somethin'."

So Pearlie and I kept on unpackin'. Neither of us unloaded any of the books and literature we had. We wanted to size up this said stool first.

I mopes around the camp to find the drinkin' water and Pearlie goes over to the cook shack. After gettin' a drink I takes a squint at a couple of the shacks that was built about like the one we had camped in, and finds only one with bunks in. There was four bunks. I was puzzled. What kind of a phoney outfit was this, anyway? I wouldn't have put it beyond Pearlie to go out to a seven-man loggin' camp, but I couldn't savvy no such camp bein' run. I made up my mind that there was another camp some place around—perhaps up on the railroad track.

I goes back to the shack and pulls out a book I had brought along from Andy's Library, and lays down to read. By and by Pearlie blows in. He gives a grunt and lays down, too. His grunt wasn't a sociable one, so I let him alone.

We could hear the donkey whistling signals as the men logged, away off towards the timber. By and by they blow for quits and in half an hour or so the third roomer in our flat showed up.

He says "Hello," and wants to know if one of us is the new hooker. Pearlie says, "Yes."

This third party is very chatty and twaddles along about the weather and the water and the soap and nothin' at all while he is gettin' off his boots and socks and puttin' on his change.

Then he grabs a rag from the wall that does for a towel and goes out to the wash-bench by the creek. By and by he comes back as confidin' as ever and starts to talk about the work. He gets a lot of slave ideas off his chest in one way and another, about how many they yarded on this day and how much they would have got on that day if they hadn't had bad luck with the haul back, etc., etc. Finally I asks him how many there was in the crew. He starts countin' 'em up by name and finally gets about thirty-five. Then he starts tellin' about them: "This feller isn't much good," and "That feller is a jim dandy," and, "This other guy is a piker."

Finally Pearlie asks him what kind of a guy this here bull-cook is. Pearlie casts no remarks about the bull-cook, just a plain question, but the riggin' slinger seems glad of a chance to get something off his chest. "Wah," he says, "That guy ain't to be trusted. Say, there ain't hardly any of the boys here that like him. O' course, those that are his kind

like him all right, but I ain't got no use for that bunch."

"How's that?" asks Pearlie. "What's the trouble with him?"

"Ah! He's liable to tell everything you let him find out about you."

I nearly fainted. Here was two stools whose chief occupation seemed to be stoolin' on each other. I was commencin' to get real curious to see what the rest of this famous crew was like. The chow bell rang and we went over to the cook-shack and climbed up the dilapidated steps, entered the squee-geed doorway and found ourselves in the table room. The bull-cook had graduated into the flunky now and was standin' ready to show us the place we should sit in. The Super was there and they put Pearlie alongside of him while I got a seat down at the other end.

I'll say this for the grub, I've eat worse, but also can say that I've had a lot better. There was eight men at the table. I was wonderin' where the rest of the crew was at. It wasn't Saturday, so that they'd all be gone to town. This here strangeness was gettin' on my nerves. Nothin' was run the way it ought to be. Instead of thirty or two hundred men shovelin' in the chuck, here was eight. Then here was all this loose talk about stools the first thing a fellow hits camp, and nobody seemed to have a good idea what there was to stool about. Then because of the rummy actions that had already come to notice, every other move on the part of the crew seemed rumdum.

There was a woman cook that we could hear talkin' in the kitchen. The pie was dished up in a saucer and one piece was supposed to satisfy. The crew was all talkin' loud at the table, which sure ain't no proper way for a crew to act. Everything made me think that I had gone to some country where loggin' was unknown.

Pearlie didn't show up after supper, so I supposed that he was still listenin' to the Super. I moped over to the other bunk-house and was stared at for a while by the inmates. I never felt quite so ornery. These freaks were sure the strangest bunch of loggers I ever seen. I got up and left when I couldn't get no talk or sense out of them and walked up to the spring for a drink. There I met the fourth character just comin' back.

He says right away like a real human, "Well, what do you think of this lay-out?" I told him that I didn't hardly know yet and was so pleased at his slow grin that I could have hugged him.

"Did you bring any papers?" he says, just as tho out of a dream, to me.

"Well, I got a P. I.," I come back.

"Huh," he scoffs, "I see too much of the P. I. to suit me."

"All right, fellow worker," I says, "come over to the bunk-house and see if there is anything I can give you that will suit."

"Have you got any stamps?" he asks.

"Do you want some?" I counters.

"Yeah," he says thotfully, "I think I'm behind.

I'll go over and get my book. I'll be right over to your shack."

I went into my old valise and dug up my supplies. Then I spread the latest working class papers out on the bed and the stranger soon appeared with his little old red card.

He was an old-time dirt-mover and so I transferred him into 120. While I was busy with his card he looks over the papers and literature and picks out all the late copies. He sticks the papers in his pocket and sits down for a talk.

Before he had a chance to commence I asks him what was the matter with this outfit. I says, "Here is supposed to be a loggin' camp. Loggin' camps generally have a few loggers around and there is nobody here. Then, the first thing we hit camp there is two fellows accuse each other of bein' stools and I commence to believe both of 'em. Everything has a phoney air and a rumdum look. What is the answer? Is it the Dehorn or moonshine, or what? Is it real or just company manners? If I don't find out what's the matter with this layout I am goin' to be as batty as the rest."

The dirt-mover laughs. "Didn't you ever see a bunch of stump ranchers before?" he inquires.

"Sure I seen stump ranchers!"

"Well, these is the real homespun short-horn variety."

"I seen all kinds of stump ranchers," say I. "But what is the idea of brandin' each other as stools?"

"That's all over the cook. You see, this cook hasn't lived here quite as long as the rest of the old hens in the neighborhood, and then she gets the job of mixin' the mulligan and gets all the rest of the old dames sore. Then there is church jealousies tangled up in it, too. Maybe she don't dip in the same duckin' pond as the rest. Anyway, there is two factions in camp. One faction favors the cook and the other faction's against the cook. They have a string of talk that would make you weep. It runs like this: 'Sally come over to the house the other day and says so and so. My old woman got right back at her and tells her so and so.' This is repeated every day by the bushel, yard or scraper full."

"And the class struggle?" asks I, "where does that come in?"

"The class struggle is like the Irishman's flea—it bites, but it ain't there."

Then the oldtimer starts to askin' for information about the organization. Him and me had played different parts of the country, but I give him what late news I had and he soon gets up and goes to read the papers. "I haven't been able to jar a single idea loose in this whole camp," he says. "These hoosiers just stare at you and don't get a single point. Maybe with the three of us we can do more, but I won't be much help to you because I am on the grade and will only get to you at night. Well, so long!"

In a few minutes Pearlie come in and his eyes was ashine with excitement. "Tightline," he whoops, "we've struck a virgin field. Every whichaway you

look you see a scizzorinhus. I been out scoutin' around and I seen whole droves of chin-whiskered blocks as innocent of intelligence as a dehorned sailor. Just think," he rambles on, "of yellin' at a whistle punk with the whiskers of Karl Marx and cursin' at a donkey puncher that is a deacon in the church. I bet there ain't a man in camp that knows that the Czar of Russia has even had a chill."

"You're wrong again, Pearlie," says I, folding up my report sheet. "I have already sold four papers and an Ebert Pamphlet, and stamped one man up."

Then I told Pearlie about the dirt driver and what he had said about the camp. Pearlie was enthusiastic. He was already thinkin' up ways to get under the hides of stump herders. "To-morrow," says he, "I'm to be Queen of the May."

To-morrow came with the bang and the clang of the bull-cook's hammer on the old circular saw that hung outside the kitchen door. We stirred from our bunks and washed the wrinkles out of our eyes at the wash-bench. Then we filed into the cook-shack with the bang of the second bell.

It was just getting daylight and the shivers still ran over us as we gulped down the breakfast and left for the shack to get the rest of our loggin' clothes on. Still shivery, we climbed on the loggin' truck that a wheezy, dirty loggin' dinky locomotive shoved up the track from the mill to the landing where the loggin' was done.

Over the uneven track we jolted and turned around curve after curve. Nearly all the crew was piled on the truck and they were carryin' on a gabblin' about this and that. One had come by a calf during the night. Another was still grumblin' because his wife was too sick to get his breakfast. Spud plantin' and plowin' was discussed in detail. They were a sodden crew, and the misty morning air was no pep instiller.

Arrived at the job we all piled off and the crew scattered to their different places while the locey went back with the empty truck. I went over and sized up the loadin' outfit and found it hay-wire, right. It was one of these single jack crotch-line rigs with hooks instead of tongs. Pearlie moped around and looked over the riggin', also hummin' a little tune to himself and takin' a squint at everybody in sight. Neither of us found any signs of efficiency goin' to waste in the arrangement of the riggin'.

The Deacon blew the whistle for startin' time and Pearlie called the riggin' crew out to where there was a stump that was in the road. First rattle would be to pull the stump. He climbed up in easy hailin' distance and directed the setting of chokers and the shiftin' of blocks necessary to jerk the big root out of the ground. When everything was set he turned to the donkey and roared: "Hoi, hoi! Hoi, hoi! Skinner, back there, the length of a hoe handle, old timer!"

The Deacon donkey-puncher started and looked hurt. "A hoe handle," says he, under his breath. "How did he know I was a-hoein' the garden last night?"

With his mind on the garden he opened up on the haul-back too far and made at least three times too much back-run. Pearlie's "Hoi!" was wasted.

"Hoi, hoi, hoi!" yelled Pearlie again in an effort to land the bull-hook in the right place. The "Whoa-Back" and the line stopped and stood still,—exactly right.

"Slack off the length of a cow barn," ordered Pearlie, who ran the slack back to the stump which was to be pulled, and hooked it in the block. The riggin' all set at last, and all clear, Pearlie again mounted his stump.

"Twist her tail now, old mischief! Prod her with the pitchfork! Hoi!"

At the signal the Deacon opened wide the throttle, the lines tightened, the spar tree shivered, the gey lines strained, and then the mighty stump heaved, flew in the air, and was in the way no more.

"Unhalter the stump, boys, and we'll plow out this corner this mornin'," said Pearlie.

All mornin' the crew was loggin' around close to the landin', and every sentence that Pearlie let loose had some reference to the farm in it. He even come over to me and wanted to know if we couldn't fork the logs up on the load easier if we had some good drinkin' water. I made a motion to hang the loadin' hook in his head, but we scared up some spring water at that.

When the locey came to take us down to dinner it was a different crew than which had come up in the mornin'. There wasn't much conversation at all, and what there was, was mostly on other things besides farmin'.

Dinner was the one meal that these stump ranchers got. They gobbled down their grub at the cook-house, and with each additional plate-full over and above what an ordinary human could eat I could see a calculatin' look,—them a-figurin' how much they was a-savin'. Why, there was one stumper opposite me that used both hands; and say! If he'd made a mistake with either hand he'd a lost an eye!

That afternoon the landin' crew took it pretty easy as the yardin' was all long haul. We was sittin' around and as Pearlie was out by the tail-block I suppose the stumpers thought they was safe from ridicule.

Anyway, they started to talkin' and of course bein' as there was only two subjects outside of the women folks that they could talk about that had any sense at all they was soon harpin' on them. Loggin' and farmin' was two subjects that was not to be rooted out till something else was substituted.

Milk and the price of milk lead to creameries and co-operatives. The foolish notions these rubes had of these outfits were comical. Yeah! They was sure that the reason that their co-op creameries had failed was because the workin' plugs didn't have brains enough to run such a business. It took brains and money to put something like that across, says they, and if a workin' plug had brains he would be in business for himself, so the best way to get

ahead was to try and get the most for what you raised and maybe pick up a good contract or something, so as to pile up a few dollars.

Then I took a hand. I showed them just why their co-ops always went to the wall just as soon as they were a menace to Big Biz. I showed them figures from the Pujio Money Report as to how the financiers had all the credit facilities tied up in their pocket. I pulled out a copy of the Industrial Relations Commission report and showed them the way wealth was distributed and why. Then I explained the buying and marketing of raw and finished products and the dependence on credit facilities.

"When the financiers control the credit system," I asked, "how do you expect them to give credit to some one who is goin' to cut out some of their henchmen's profits?"

"That's so," says the fireman. "There was old man Nelson that couldn't raise ten thousand dollars on his thirty thousand dollar ranch in order to pay the few notes that was outstandin' against the Polt Co-op Condenser, so she went under."

"Well," says one optimist, "there must be some way to get at these here guys,—these here trusts and things."

"Sure there is," I tells 'em. "It's as easy as fallin' off a log. You and me and anybody else that does any work is producers. We don't get robbed when we go to the store to buy anything. We get robbed because we don't get what we produce. The farmer don't sell his milk for what it is worth, and the middleman gets the profits. It is as a producer that he is robbed, and not because he has to pay fifteen dollars for a pair of shoes. The man who is bein' robbed in that shoe transaction is the man that works at the machine and makes those shoes, and the man that robs him is the owner of the machine and the middlemen, too. All we got to do is to get all the producers together and get them organized, each according to what he produces, and put the financiers out of business."

Wrinkles was a-commencin' to break out in places, so I let somebody else take the lead. The loadin' donkey puncher took a whirl at the problem.

"We're producin' logs right here now. You mean to say that we are not gettin' robbed because we have to pay twenty cents a pound for beans down at the company store, but because we only get paid around seven dollars a thousand for the logs we send down the track, which the mill sells for forty to twenty dollars a thousand? Then, who is the robber in this bean proposition? I buy these beans at the store, so don't he rob me when he sells them at such a price?"

"Naw," says the bright fireman, who had sure got an earful. "The guy that gets robbed in this here bean proposition is the guy that grows the beans. He's just like the guy that made the shoes. If we got what we produced in logs we could easy enough pay for the beans and the farmer could sure buy more lumber if he got all that his beans was worth. Couldn't he?"

"Yeah!—that sounds fine," says the second load-

er, "but how are you goin' to do all this gettin'?"

For half a minute I listened to the silence and then I told them about the One Big Union, the Industrial Workers of the World. I explained it to 'em as I had learned it. All about how industry was to be managed, not for profits but for efficient production and use.

I showed them what advantages the organization had brought to each of 'em in immediate gains right now. The eight-hour day, the better grub, and everything which had been put up by the boss because in the other camps the Wobs had fought and made the bosses come thru with a lot more than that. This boss was just taggin' along after the rest, and all the workers on this job was gettin' some of the benefits of what had been fought for by the Wobblies in other places. I talked about the One Big Union idea for fightin' the capitalists. I talked about the One Big Union idea for production for use.

When at last we got up from the chinnin' bee to load the last car there was a lot of stump ranchers that had heard things to make 'em think. They chewed the rag amongst themselves and popped a lot of questions at one time an' another, and generally showed some more life than they had before.

From then on Pearlie cut out his barn-yard vocabulary. He took a hand in the game and, anyway, he is a lot better at explainin' things than I am. He tells it so it sounds real and not like it was bein' read from a book.

The fireman was the first to line up. I got to sellin' literature to the rest of 'em and they read it, too. Conversation commenced to perk up and I listened in to a lot of hot discussions between some of these stumpers on subjects that took in economics, psychology, and a lot of other things that never would have been dreamed of by these home guards a short time before this literature had got to 'em.

It's funny that way. Here Pearlie and me could have said all the things in the books in our own way and nobody would have listened to us. But if you get down on print paper with the facts where a fellow can see them, lookin' at the words is a lot like lookin' at the things themselves. If you only hear somebody say it, why, that don't carry no weight. Most anybody can make a noise.

One by one the stumpers commenced to line up, and from all the pamphlets that was bought I bet that a lot of ranchers growed weeds that spring. Then came a little test of job action which showed that our efforts had not been wasted. The mill store sent up a case of rotten butter that they had got stung with. Now, anybody knows that fightin' for good butter ain't the social revolution, but anybody also knows that hittin' a punchin' bag ain't knockin' Dempsey out, neither. Both of these stunts is good practice for the event aimed at, and if enough pep is showed up in the practice, why, this practice is sure goin' to help in the big event.

Anyway, this butter was shoved under our noses right noticeable, and Pearlie gets real hostile. Grub has always been more or less grub to me since the little jolt I had in the can, where a fancy taste is

not exactly encouraged, so I didn't pay much attention, but I noticed that at dinner there was a considerable murmur about the comparative strength of this butter and skunks and like things. After the meal was over some of the boys come to me and asked what was customary in a case of this here kind and I sort of suggested callin' a meetin'.

The meetin' was called, too, and it was unanimous opinion that this butter was out of place on a weak, wobbly table. It had ought to be standin' on its own.

A committee was nominated and elected to inform the boss of our sentiments in this matter and, of course, Pearlie and me makes the committee along with one more. The Super was kinda cool, but he couldn't deny that the butter was too powerful, and yet he was thinkin' about the same thing as we was: If these loggers get what they want in the butter question, maybe they will be demandin' something else before long that is liable to hurt when it comes to fork over.

"Well," he says, "I will see that the butter is taken back, but I want to state this: I ain't goin' to have nobody dictatin' to me how this camp is goin' to be run. I would have sent the butter back anyway without you tellin' me about it. It seems to me that there is a lot of agitation against the government goin' on here that ought to be stopped, and if it goes any further something will be liable to happen."

This government bunk has been throwed up by every grafter I ever run across, and it seems to me

that the parasites must have mighty little confidence in the staying power of Uncle Sam, the way they are always fearful of these U. S. bein' overthrown and destroyed. Anyway, I told the Super I didn't get the connection between bad butter and the U. S. government, although after readin' about all the war industries' scandals and the shippin' board frauds I seemed to smell somethin' similar in nature.

At this he gets sore and walks away and we goes back and reports to the men that better butter is for those that demand it.

I could see that my time was in for this camp, so I got out the old defense collection book and made the rounds that night. I got a donation from everybody in the camp, includin' the cook, whose factional squabble had, by the way, sort of died down. Three days later the Super told me that one of my loads had landed in the ditch an' that he wanted some one who could load cars to ride and not to roll, and for me to get my time. I told him that he was gettin' his pay for makin' out and handin' people their time, and that I would be on the job any time that he had a slip for me.

So he came back with the slip all right and I kissed this outfit good-bye. Pearlie, he stuck around a while to get a couple of other prospects that we was workin' for.

I blowed into Seattle and went out to a real camp. No more of these hay-wire, chin-whiskered outfits for mine. I'm thru.

The Presser

By D. L.

The patterns seem to blur before his eyes,
As with tense face he wields the heavy iron—
Thudding and pressing gay and shimmering silks
Into smooth harmony!

I cannot meet his gaze, as now and then
He pauses to look up—
Eloquent with silent reproach, haggard and gaunt,
His face a mask of pain!

His fellow workers clang their heavy irons
In semi-jesting mirth, lest they should know
His bitter grief—
There are no words of comfort in this dumb
Grey agony of toil!

Heedless he works on in the stifling air,
Dreaming of his dead child—
Aching for freedom!
Outside the sun shines down in patterned patches
Struggling with factory walls, black smoke
And shadows!



CO-OPERATIVE EFFORT WILL BRING RESULTS.

The New Scabbery

(A New Lumber Workers' Leaflet.)

New Methods Versus Old.

New methods of industry are more effective than old. By means of the donkey engine, the railroad and the modern sawmill, vastly more lumber is produced than could formerly be done by the old, simple, crude hand methods of a century ago. New methods of industry produced new conditions. To suit these new conditions, it became necessary for the workers to devise new forms of organization—new tactics and new methods of fighting the boss. Industrial unionism as represented by the I. W. W. is incomparably more effective than the old out-of-date craft unionism. When the lumber barons felt the power of this new unionism they were at a loss to meet it. They found their old methods of strike-breaking ineffective. New methods had to be devised. The principal weapon that the capitalists had relied on was the *scab*. When only the workers in an industry struck together, it became impossible to recruit enough scabs to break the strike. A new

form of scabbery had to be invented. To meet the situation, the piece-work or gypo system was introduced. Just as machine production is more efficient than handicraft; as industrial unionism is more efficient than the Gompers system of organized scabbery, so gypoing is a more effective way of breaking strikes and destroying unionism, than the old form of scabbing by taking a striker's job.

The Old-Fashioned Scab.

The old-fashioned scab is seen at once in his true colors. He cannot cover up his disgrace by posing as a "good union man." He is an object of hatred and contempt. He is shunned and despised by all decent men. He meets with a degree of social ostracism that few care to face. Even children at school and on the street refuse to play with the children of scabs. Often a scab is black-balled by the fraternal society to which he belongs. Scabs are pointed out on the street, and made the butt of ridicule and abuse. In many other ways the life of a scab

is made miserable, and he richly deserves it, for he is guilty of one of the most contemptible actions it is possible for a human being to commit. He sells himself to the masters to be used against his own class. He deprives sincere and courageous men of the fruits of victory. He takes the bread out of the mouths of women and children. He reduces wages, lengthens hours and makes conditions worse for himself and his class. He fastens the chains of slavery more firmly about the necks of the workers. Small wonder a scab is hated.

The Gypo.

But how about the gypo? The effects of gypoing are the same as those of scabbing. The only difference is that they are worse. Yet we find gypoes carrying union cards, associating with union men, and even taking part in union meetings and conventions. Why is this? Simply because the nature of these animals is not yet thoroughly understood. There are even many gypoes who do not fully realize the injurious results of their work. The object of this leaflet is to tear the mask from the face of the gypo and show him up in his true colors, both to himself and others. Gypoing or piece-work is the most effective speed-up system ever devised by a profit-hungry employer, or ever put into practice by a bone-headed, work-crazy slave, who, for the sake of a few dollars, allows himself to be used to increase profits by speeding up production, cutting wages and destroying unionism.

By doing the work of two or three men, the gypo may, for a time, make more money than a day worker. But in reality he is working cheaper. Suppose two men are sawing logs at a daily wage of six dollars apiece. Together they average 12,000 feet per day. That is at the rate of \$1.00 per thousand. Along comes a couple of gypoes, who take the job at 75 cents per thousand. By working twice as hard as the day men, they cut 24,000 per day, for which they receive \$18.00 or \$9.00 a piece. They get \$6.00 a day more than the day workers, but they get 25 cents per thousand less. They are working cheaper. To make \$12.00—the combined wages of the two day men—they would have to cut 16,000 feet instead of 12,000. They do one-fourth more work for the same money. They get a smaller percentage of the wealth they produce, and so make a higher profit for the boss. They are subject to a greater degree of exploitation.

Let us look at the proposition from another angle. If those two said gypoes only sawed as much as the two day men—12,000 feet—they would only get \$9.00, that is \$4.50 a piece. Suppose these two gypoes had gone to work by the day for \$4.50 each. They would have cut the wages \$1.50 a day. That would have been scabbing, but their action in that case would have been less injurious than their action as gypoes. In the latter case they would only have cut the wages directly, by working cheaper. In the former case they not only cut the wages directly by doing the work cheaper, but they also cut them indirectly by doing two days' work in one, and so throwing two other men out of a job, thus in-

creasing the army of the unemployed. Does not this show gypoing to be the worst form of scabbery?

How Gypoing Affects the Gypo

By doing two days' work in one, the gypo overtaxes his strength and endurance, breaks down his health and in a few years finds himself a prematurely broken-down old man, condemned to drag out the few remaining years of his existence, a burden on his friends, or to live on watery soup at some poor-farm or mission — an object of ridicule and contempt to all his former fellow workers. It must be a consoling thought to such a poor wretch, that when he was able to work he did what he could to increase the wealth of his worst enemy—the greedy and tyrannical Lumber Trust, and in so doing put himself on the bum.

As a rule the gypo does not stay long on a job. His exhausted vitality demands rest, and he goes to town to recuperate. Physical exhaustion creates a craving for stimulants, and he usually falls an easy victim to the boot-leggers, blows in his stake for poisonous rotgut, and in a few days he is back on the job, broke and looking for another "contract"

The average gypo wears out twice as many clothes as a day man. Aside from his stiff legs and bent back, one of these birds can usually be recognized in bunk-houses by his ragged appearance. At the present high prices of clothing this is an item not to be sneered at.

A gypo must either furnish his own tools or rent them from the company. In this way additional profit is wrung out of his foolish hide.

The psychological effect of gypoing is to make a man a capitalistic-minded "scissor-bill," and to cause him to lose interest in the union.

How Gypoing Affects Other Workers

By speeding up the average gypo does at least twice as much as the day worker, and so throws another man out of a job. If all workers in the lumber industry doubled their output, only half the number would be required. The other half would be unemployed. This would double the supply of labor and reduce the demand by half. The inevitable result would be to decrease wages. But this is only one way by which piece work operates to reduce wages. By speeding up to the limit a gypo makes \$15.00 a day. The bosses say, "That man is making too much. The rates are too high. Ten dollars a day is enough for any workingman." So the rates are cut one-third. The unfortunate gypo then tries to speed up still more to get his former "big money." If he succeeds, the result is another cut. Taking a short-sighted view, it appears that the harder a gypo works, the more money he makes. This may be true for a short time, but in the long run the exact opposite is true, for the harder he works the quicker his pay is cut, and he soon finds himself working for less than he formerly made by the day, and working twice as hard.

Spurred on by his greed for "big money", the gypo is willing—even anxious—to work long hours. Hypnotized by the glitter of the illusive dollar, he

forgets all about his union principles. Many cases are on record where bunches of gypoes kicked to get breakfast earlier, so they could put in longer hours. So intent is the gypo on getting rich quick, that he is willing to put up with any kind of camp conditions. He thinks, "It will only be for a short time. Soon I will have enough money to buy a farm, or go into some kind of business." But the poor boob is only dreaming. Soon he will go on a drunk, or break down from overwork, and the boot-legger, or the doctor—or perhaps the undertaker—will get his hard earned coin. The effect of gypoing is to sped up the job, lengthen hours, cut wages, make camp conditions worse than they are, and throw men out of employment. Gypoing is one of the greatest union-busting schemes ever devised. The slow-down strike on the job is one of the most powerful weapons workers can use in fighting the boss; but the gypo puts himself in a position where it is impossible to use it. Everything the union man builds up, the gypo tears down. When I see man doing piece-work, it makes me wonder at the high price of ivory.

Results of Gypoing in Other Places

Some years ago the lumber workers of Louisiana formed a union. It was first known as "The Brotherhood of Timber Workers", but it afterwards affiliated with the I. W. W. To break up this union, the lumber barons of that state declared a lock-out, shutting down every camp and mill for a period of two years. But this failed to bust the union or break the spirit of the workers. When they returned to the camps and mills they brought the union with them. In 1913 a great strike broke out in Merryville, La., and lasted for many weeks. To break this strike, the Lumber Trust used the same methods as it used against the striking lumber workers in the Northwest. The usual government by gunmen was instituted, and a reign of terror held sway. Strikers were jailed, beaten up and murdered. But this failed to break the strike, or cow the workers. They held the union together, and the strike was partly successful. Soon after this strike the gypo system was introduced, and by this means the Lumber Trust accomplished its purpose of breaking up the union. Today there is not a trace of a lumber workers' union in the entire South.

Piece work has proved equally disastrous to unionism in other places and other industries. In 1912 the construction workers' strikes on the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific railroads were rendered to a great extent ineffective by a system of "station work."

Many other cases could be cited to show the disastrous effect of piece work on unionism. Even conservative craft unions do all in their power to discourage this system, for they have learned by experience that it lowers wages, lengthens hours and throws men out of employment.

The Modern Scab

The gypo is not only a scab, but he is the most dangerous of all scabs. He is the modern, up-to-date, efficient scab. The fact that he sometimes car-

ries a union card, makes him all the more dangerous, for he brings disgrace and discredit on the union, and makes it an object of ridicule even among the unorganized. Sometimes a herd of these animals carrying union cards will horn their way into a union business meeting or convention and demonstrate their scabby character by voting against strikes or any progressive measures that may be proposed.

The Gypo a Traitor.

There are many men in the lumber industry who are doing their utmost to build up the union. But the gypo to a great extent renders their efforts futile. Some have even sacrificed their lives in the cause of unionism, and many more are serving long sentences behind prison bars. The gypo stabs these men in the back, for the only hope of getting them out of jail lies in the economic power of a strong union, and the gypo constitutes the greatest obstacle to the growth of the union. Let no gypo try to salve his conscience by buying defense stamps, or contributing a few dollars to the union. As well, one might offer a headache powder to a man, after having split his head open with an axe. A great and successful fight was waged in the 1917 strike, but if gypoing is allowed to continue, everything gained will be lost.

The Gypo a Prostitute.

A gypo is a prostitute who for a few measly dollars sells himself to do the dirty work of the boss—to lengthen hours, cut wages, bust the union and put his fellow workers on the bum. In return for this he gets his own wages cut, and his work doubled. Oh! You gypoes! If there is a single spark of manhood left in your over-worked carcasses, or a grain of intelligence in your blue-moulded minds, pay attention to these words! Let this idea penetrate your thick skulls, and let the realization be brought home to your calloused brains that you are doing something despicable—something contemptible—something that rightfully deprives you of the friendship and respect of all men worthy of the name. Let this fact sink into your brains, and make up your minds that you will gypo no more. Don't wait until you make a little more money. Right now is the time to quit. Don't be a gypo; be a man.

If you want to make "big money," then do your bit to build up the union. With a strong union you would get more by the day than you now can make by the piece; and you would not have to do two days' work in one to get it.

The workers will never have any more freedom than they take. The door of opportunity is put up to keep out bad and weak people. When good men come along, they batter it down, tear it off its hinges and pass on.

All hail Revolutionary Industrial Unionism!
Speed the day of its advancement and ultimate triumph!

The War on the Alien in New England

By ART SHIELDS

As the murder trial of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti draws near, a brief survey of the industrial conditions of eastern Massachusetts becomes necessary in order to understand certain phases of the case. The western and middle-western worker does not generally realize that this is one of the most highly industrialized parts of the nation. It is the greatest American centre of cotton and wool cloth and produces more shoes than any other part of the world.

Massachusetts produces commodities for all the world with the aid of workers from all parts of the world, who, during normal times keep the machinery of the shoe, textile and variegated industries of the state humming for nine hours a day. But she is producing very little as this is being written, for the numerous mill towns are under the blight of the worst unemployment wave in New England history. From half to three quarters of the shoe and textile workers are on the jobless list and many of the rest are on part time. Unrest is growing as the foreign born population finds itself as badly off as in the Europe of yesterday, from which it escaped.

Among the Shoe Workers

Nicola Sacco, one of the principals in the approaching murder trial, was engaged for several years in the men's shoe industry near Brockton, around which centre most of the men's shoes of the country are produced. He was a highly skilled edge-trimmer in the cutting room where the first operations are performed on the leather after it comes into the factory.

Sacco learned his trade so carefully that one employer admitted that he was the fastest edge-trimmer of some three thousand who had passed through his factory doors. And if he had done no more than trim edges his employers would have been satisfied; but this young Italian-American lost no opportunity to explain to his fellow workers the advantage of being their own masters and cutting out shoes for themselves and society, instead of laboring for the wage lords who lived far away from the scene of their workers' toil.

There were others who were carrying the same message and agitating ceaselessly against the low wages and the nine-hour day. But the workers were divided into racial groups and solidarity was difficult to obtain. And co-operating with the employers was a type of labor leader who watchfully blocked the movements for effective action.

A No-Strike Union

The Boot and Shoe Workers' Union of the American Federation of Labor has jurisdiction over the men's shoe makers. All the men and women in the factories near Brockton are compelled by their employers to take out cards in this organization, which has become notorious in

the labor world for its no-strike contracts. Governor Allen and his Industrial Court are not needed in Brockton. Rather might he take lessons from an organization which has fined individual members for quitting their jobs on account of "stoppage" of work, in violation of union contracts.

This anti-labor combination usually held the workers in line. There had been small strikes, but nothing on a large scale till the European war forced the cost of living beyond wages and beyond endurance and it became impossible to keep a tight rein any longer. The cutters defied their officials in 1918 and went out on an "out-law" strike for more money, and after the shoe manufacturers offered an increase the strike continued some weeks longer, with the elimination of the no-strike agreement as one of the goals of the strikers.

The strike lasted seven weeks before the cutters consented to let the factories start again on their war contracts. Sacco and other agitators became marked men with the foremen and superintendents who knew their powers of persuasion among the other workers. Sacco was forced to move from factory to factory, always able to get a job because of the skill he could demonstrate, but under constant surveillance as soon as his identity was discovered. At the time of his arrest he was employed at South Stoughton, Mass., in a small factory near the home where he lived with his wife and child.

Cordage Town

Vanzetti lived not far away in "Cordage Town", as the city of Plymouth, where the Pilgrim Fathers landed three hundred years ago, is often called. However, the affairs of the town are no longer controlled from the old "town meeting". Its place has been virtually taken by the office of the great Cordage Company or "Cordage Trust", which orders the life of the community because it furnishes almost the only place of employment in the city. This powerful corporation controls most of the sisal hemp output of the Yucatan Peninsula and sends its rope and twine products all over the world. The warehouse worker in Brazil ties his coffee bags with Cordage Trust twine and the Alberta farmer binds his grain sheaves with the same material.

This twine and cord is made by a mingled force of Italian, Portuguese and other foreign-born workers, who now occupy this oldest city of New England, many of them living in the new company houses which have sprung up alongside the narrow, old-fashioned homes which the Puritans built. The men who carry on the agitation of the class struggle among these workers are not so well known as Gene Debs or Bob Smillie, but

their work is just as difficult, as dangerous and as necessary. They are the ones who rouse their fellows to the action which brings them all nearer freedom and who often fall before the savagery of the employing class, and disappear from the scene, mourned by none but a few chosen comrades.

Vanzetti came to Plymouth not merely to pitch sacks of twine on cars in the outside gang where he worked, but to rouse his fellow workers against conditions worse even than those in the mills at Lawrence. The European war started, and the Company put on night and day shifts to fill the ever-increasing war orders. Profits piled up faster than ever, but the workers' wages remained at nine dollars a week for the men and six and seven dollars a week for their wives, who worked by their sides at the massive spinning machines.

The Big Strike

At last came the strike, a sudden and complete walkout of four thousand workers from every department of the mill. The stream of twisted hemp ceased pouring from the mill as the workers folded their arms in the first industrial revolt that had taken place in that plant. Vanzetti worked night and day speaking, writing articles for an Italian paper and raising money for the strikers, the same as he had raised money for the Lawrence strikers four years before. The walkout started on January 17th, 1916, and continued for a month. The workers went back without the eight-hour day but with a dollar a week advance and with the feeling, gained by common action, of the power of solidarity.

Vanzetti was blacklisted and forced off all jobs controlled by the domineering Cordage Company. He became a fisherman and a fish salesman, but his class propaganda among his former fellow workers never ceased. To-day the results of the work he and others have been doing may be seen in the gradual fusing together in a common cause of the racial differences of the Italians and the Portuguese.

The native American as a rule sees little of the social and industrial currents among the alien workers, but there are a few who follow the movements of such men as Sacco and Vanzetti most carefully. These are the managers and superintendents of the mills where the agitation that may halt their profiteering is going on. And what they and their agents cannot learn they seek to dig up through the various detective agencies that cater to our business world.

These foreign-born agitators have been relentlessly pursued by thugs, private detective agencies, the immigration authorities and the Department of Justice. Many have been deported, others have been thrown in prison, and some few have been reserved for the more deadly fate that awaits the victims of a murder frame-up.

Salsedo's Death

The arrests of Sacco and Vanzetti followed

upon the heels of a long and deadly pursuit of foreign-born radicals. They were seized just two days after their comrade and friend, Andrea Salsedo, had plunged from a fourteenth story window of the Department of Justice Building on Park Row, New York City. This young worker, it will be remembered, had been taken out of a Brooklyn printing shop on February 25th and had been held prisoner without indictment or other legal pretext for more than two months in the secret chambers of the Department, where he was subjected to all the rigors of private examination in the hope of extracting some confession that would implicate him in the 1919 bomb plots, although they are now generally believed to have been the work of agents provocateur. But news of the secret imprisonment leaked out. Vanzetti, Sacco and other Italians began an agitation for his release that was proving embarrassing to the Department. A series of meetings was planned, the first to be held in Brockton, Mass., on Sunday, May 9th. Meantime, Vanzetti was dispatched to New York with funds for an attorney to secure a writ of habeas corpus. Quick action was necessary for the other side, and two things happened close together. Salsedo perished May 3rd, and two days later, as Vanzetti and Sacco were rushing plans for the meeting, they were arrested in Brockton and taken to the town hall and police station.

The Frame-Up

Closely grilled about their labor activities, the two Italians thought they were being held as "Reds". But no "Red" charge was entered in the police books. The conspiracy developed next day — May 6th — when Chief Stewart of Bridgewater announced with a lot of bravado that he had two desperate Italian auto bandits. Vanzetti was charged with an unsuccessful attack on a shoe company's pay-truck in Bridgewater on December 24th, in which shots were fired but no one was injured, nor was any money taken. Then both Sacco and Vanzetti were charged with murder and robbery in connection with the seizure of an \$18,000 pay-roll and the killing of two shoe company guards at South Braintree, Mass., on April 15th.

The frame-up plans were hastened. First, a police officer was brought from Medford to show that Sacco was the "Red" arrested there in the 1913 Hopedale strike for making a speech. Next, factory superintendents of the two shoe companies that had been attacked were notified to produce witnesses. The stage was set to make identification certain, just as cards are shuffled in such a manner that certain ones must be drawn. Vanzetti and Sacco, for the benefit of doubtful witnesses, were made to crouch in the position alleged to have been taken by the bandits. They were also placed in an automobile roughly similar to the one used in the hold-ups and driven over the murder route for the benefit of other witnesses

who needed their recollection stimulated. In spite of all these devices, several positively stated that the wrong men had been seized. Others, yielding to the artifice, or to pressure, said that the men were, or at least resembled, the "foreigners" they had seen.

These same witnesses lost their assurance in the more matter-of-fact court room environment at the preliminary hearing for the Braintree case soon after. Not a single witness made a positive identification, but indictments for murder were brought in nevertheless. A seventy-thousand dollar reward had been offered in the meantime which police and leading witnesses were to share.

This happened in May. Next month Vanzetti was rushed to trial in the Plymouth Court for the Bridgewater affair. Eighteen fellow townsmen swore he had been selling fish in Plymouth, twenty-eight miles away from the scene of the hold-up, on that day. Only five Bridgewater witnesses said he was there. In the swiftness of the shooting affray, none had good opportunities to observe carefully, all were uncertain or contradictory, and three had confidential jobs with the shoe company, one as paymaster, another as guard and the third,

— since the shooting — as inspector. But the eighteen alibi witnesses were ignored and the juggernaut of justice rolled over Vanzetti. "Guilty!" said the jury: "Fifteen years!" said the judge. "At last!" said the superintendents of the Cordage Company in "Cordage Town".

Now the murder trial is approaching and the manufacturing interests, the insurance interests, the police and the Department of Justice that got their comrade Salsede are determined that these rank and file agitators shall go the way of Joe Hill and the Haymarket martyrs. But aid is coming from the workers in the Italian homeland and from thousands of workers in the great Massachusetts industrial section, and the frame-up will be more difficult of achievement than the authorities had expected.

Sacco and Vanzetti must be saved from this dastardly conspiracy, as Charles Krieger was saved last year and as Ettor and Giovannitti were saved from the cage in Salem eight years ago. They are needed once more in the mills and factories of New England for the inspiration of their comrades and fellow workers.

The Wanderlust

By J. C. C.

I go a never-ending journey, from one great ocean
to the other; come with me, we will see what
lies beyond.

From the sands of Cape Cod we see the sun rise
from the mists of the mighty Atlantic; and
from the Golden Gate we watch it sink into the
calm Pacific.

We see the orange trees in their bridal robes, and
pluck their yellow fruit; we start the deer from
its haunts in northern forests, and cross the
waters of the Great Lakes.

We toil in the snowy cotton fields of the Southland;
and again, in the far stretching wheat fields
of the Dakotas.

At night we wander lonely in the crowded city
streets; and again, we sleep on the rugged
mountain path, with the pines and the stars
for sentinels.

Today we eat in a marble city mansion; tomorrow
we shall be in the log cabin of the pioneer.

We see always the want and the misery of the mil-
lions who toil; we see the wealth and the power
of those who toil not.

And yet, a little time, and it shall be changed!

I. W. W. Propaganda

(Editor's Note—The I. W. W. has reached a stage in its development where further growth depends on efficient and scientific methods of spreading its propaganda more than on any other one thing. The suggestions contained in the following two articles are of paramount importance for the success of revolutionary industrial unionism in America.)

For an I. W. W. Press Service

With the growth of industrial unionism, the impending break-down of craft unionism and the consequent increase in demand and circulation of the industrial union publications, arises the necessity for an I. W. W. Press Service.

Material for I. W. W. papers in the past has been supplied by struggling editors, voluntary, random contributors, and, during trials or strikes, by special reporters. This system of news gathering is inadequate and undependable. While one week an editor may receive sufficient material, perhaps for a month following he may be forced to "fill space" and quote editorials. And meanwhile on labor's battlefield things of great importance may transpire which have to be told, if at all, thru the capitalist press agencies, as there are no unionists to report them.

The ever-resourceful I. W. W., ready to see and grasp opportunities, should avail itself of the advantages to be gained from a Press Service of its own. Until now this has been overlooked, apparently because of the great task in the administration of a growing union, because of expanding activities and constant persecution. But these are the very reasons why we should establish our own Press Service, and as soon as possible.

To organize a complete Press Service, the known voluntary contributors should be consulted. A dependable correspondent should be appointed in each industrial center and communication should be open with writers and unionists abroad. With a regular stream of news pouring in from all places, the publications of the I. W. W. would be supplied with ample, reliable material. The labor situation would be known, then, in all districts where our papers circulate.

The city correspondent, under this news system, should report all labor events in his territory; he should be in touch with the changes and activities in trade unions and with the objects and methods of the big employers in their dealings with labor. Such a Press Service we need. With it we can carry our message of Industrial Organization to millions of workers, and hasten the day of Industrial Freedom.

For a Daily Press

By H. VAN DORN

Our working class is facing the hardest winter in American history, and a still harder spring. There is not the least reason for believing that even after seven or eight months an improvement in the economic situation will take place. Wages are cut, piece work, contract and bonus systems introduced, open shop declared, and more and more men and women find themselves without jobs as the days go by.

Confronted by this new situation, our A. F. of L. and other independent craft unions find themselves utterly helpless. Many of these unions are not labor organizations at all, in the proper meaning of that term; they are simply "job trusts," organized for the exclusive benefit of their crafts, and do not know how to function in an economic crisis such as confronts the nation today. Striking along craft lines for higher wages, which is the only thing that these unions have ever done, is out of the question. Thus the rising tide of unemployment has swept away the very reasons for the existence of trade unions.

But is has done another thing. It has brought the I. W. W. its greatest opportunity. America is going through the same process that England went through several decades ago, when as a consequence of unemployment its craft unions went out of existence, and were replaced by the great British industrial unions of today.

The fellow worker who, in the comforting warmth of the reading-room stove, tells you between bits of observation on economics and the strategy of the Bolsheviks, that the I. W. W. is a splendid propaganda league, but will doubtless do much better when driven underground by Palmer's dicks and stools, does not know what he is talking about. The I. W. W. is not a propaganda league and will not be driven underground. It is a labor union and is on the eve of a tremendous growth in numbers and in power. We might as well make up our minds to that and act accordingly.

Our working class has reached a pass where it must either embrace industrial unionism or go down into abject slavery. There is no middle course. Beyond any doubt it will embrace industrial unionism if it is told how and where and why. All we have to do is to reach the ears of every working man and woman in America. We must not overlook any means of reaching the working class. From the soap-box, from the platform, from the printed page we must preach the doctrine of industrial liberation, day and night, week in and week out, on the job and off the job, in every city, town and hamlet in America.

To reach and organize the great masses of workers in our big cities we must have a daily press. Let us, for instance, consider New York City and its possibilities. Many of its millions of workers live from hand to mouth. With the coming of winter and unemployment will come to many thousands

actual starvation, disease, death and despair—the black, bitter despair of utter helplessness. Everybody will be eagerly listened to who has a remedy to offer, no matter how novel or childish. Huge demonstrations of unemployed will take place. In fiery language orators will condemn the beastly evils of capitalism and will extoll the beauties of socialism. But the next day, or the next month, things will be just as bad—if not worse. All the speeches that these workers will have listened to, from the orations of a Dudley Field Malone, delivered in the grand style of a social Messiah, to the dynamic explosions of some “fiery petrel of revolution,” will not have done the least bit of good. And then the New York worker will remember that twice he spent a lot of money and energy to send five socialists to the state legislature, and all that he received for his trouble was a great deal of free advertising for the aforesaid five socialists.

About this time it will dawn upon the brain of the New York worker that what he needs is action—immediate action, action on the job. This is where the I. W. W. steps in with its message of industrial unionism and job control. It steps in through the medium of its press and its speakers, and, so to

speaking, assumes control of the industrial situation in New York City. Through a daily paper the I. W. W. could assume leadership of the unemployed situation. Through a daily paper the I. W. W. could turn the thoughts of the New York workman from electing socialist aldermen and from the wisdom of Morris Hillquit, into direct action lines—such as job control, shop committees, striking on the job. And eventually the I. W. W. becomes the one big labor organization in New York City.

Therefore, by all means let us turn our minds to getting out daily papers in New York and Chicago. Let us take this question up at our business meetings and discuss it thoroughly. Let us devise ways and means of raising the necessary funds. Offhand I might mention taking up collections at business meetings, on street corners, by personal subscription. Possibly some of our parlor Bolsheviks may come across with a few thousand apiece for such a noble cause.

The paper would not have to be very large to start with—say, six pages. A daily press is an absolute necessity for the success of the I. W. W. It is hoped that all members and branches will take this suggestion under immediate consideration.

Will the I. W. W. Work to Fulfil its Mission?

By C. G. ANDERSON

The wide-awake member of the I. W. W. has always been kept in motion by that inspiring power that is embodied in the I. W. W. ideal, the “One Big Union of the Workers of the World.” That, to an I. W. W., is the highest ideal, higher than the ideals of the Anarchists, or even the Syndicalists, because their ideals are more or less hazy. To an I. W. W., however, the ideal of the One Big Union of the World’s Workers is a practical ideal, an extension of a system to cover an evergrowing territory until it covers the whole capitalistic world. That ideal is so powerful and tremendous that it forces individuals to strive for it. Once the working class has begun working on that idea, then we may say that the structure of the New Society is started.

However, after some observation, we find that the obstacles are tremendous; besides the economic factors, contradictory ideas exist in the working class that are detrimental to its progress, as they are vestiges of ideas which at some previous time were useful to it. Hence, the peculiar fact that even amongst many of those who are active in the organization that advocates the “One Big Union” of all the Workers, some are actually retarding the process of putting that idea in practice. What is holding them back? Is it the fear of the unknown, or is it a fear that the rest of the workers will not support them in their work? Will that process be stopped on account of some minority in the working class, that does not like to advance, and when dis-

turbed, may actually threaten to withdraw support of the organization engaged in building a New Society?

The very fact that such a condition exists ought to make us more determined to carry out the program of the “One Big Union.” As there is not an organization of the working class today that has put forth a plan so modern and scientific as the I. W. W., it is natural that no intelligent worker will abandon it for something less modern and scientific. Hence the slogan: once an I. W. W., always an I. W. W.

With this introduction let us now consider the case of Scandinavian Syndicalism versus the I. W. W.

The Syndicalists maintain that they have the same basic principles as the I. W. W., differing from the I. W. W. only in some small details, as regards the form of organization. We will let the reader judge. It would take too long to show the whole history of the Syndicalist movement. Sufficient to say, it began through the efforts of the Anarchists, as a healthy reaction against boss-dominated craft unions, which were in turn dominated by a political party. The Syndicalists repudiated time agreements with the employers; they also repudiated the piece-work system. They carried on a strong anti-political and anti-state propaganda, and, as a reaction against the centralized craft union, a strong decentralization propaganda. Due to the fact that the large majority of the workers were organized

in craft-union federations, the Syndicalists were forced to go after the unorganized workers. These were mostly unskilled and migratory laborers, engaged in the construction and building industry. The large majority of the members are today working in those industries. Some years ago, the employers decided to introduce the piece-work system, the system that still prevails. The Syndicalists, who in the beginning had taken a stand against that, were forced to give in, and allow their members to use it. Today, if you point out that the piece-work system is dangerous to the working class and ought to be stopped, the Syndicalists will reply that they have the "register." It is a system of price lists issued by the organization to the various local bodies, but knowing that no two jobs are exactly alike, and that no two men are exactly alike, the result is competition, speeding up; in other words, the very antithesis to solidarity. What is the cause for a condition like this? The cause of it all is the Anarchist theory of extreme decentralization. The local organizations had no connection with each other. We know that isolation does not give the worker that feeling of power which a large industrial organization would give him, the result of which would be more militant action. The Syndicalists, due to decentralization, have lost their militancy, hence they have nothing to show the workers in the craft unions. The result is stagnation.

Another fact that helps to bring this about is the looseness of the Syndicalists' constitution. There is no time limit to office holding. The majority of the office holders have been in office for five years or more. Every I. W. W. knows the evil of this. Even their agitators are professionals who for years preach the same ideas. To an I. W. W. they are out of date. The very fact that they have been there so long proves that the organization is not virile. All these agitators have reached that mental state where they imagine that they know it all. As they have not worked in the industries for years, they have become a caste, a kind of bohemian-radical caste, and they actually imagine they are better than the workers.

The Syndicalists may point to the many fights that they have had with the employers, but if we keep in mind that nearly all those fights were about a little higher price for some piece work (fights that may occur every week and in nowise are of any consequence to the working class) their statistics are of little importance. They have no hold in the metal and machinery industry; no hold in the transport industry, nor in rail or marine transport. Practically no hold in the lumber industry, nor in any industry, except construction and building, and neither of these is a key industry.

All in all, if the I. W. W. is satisfied with having such weak allies, and depends on them for action, very well; but to an I. W. W., it would seem more logical to have these workers in the I. W. W. with the prospect of getting all the rest of the Scandi-

navian workers. Why not? There is no sound reason why we should not. If we don't, well, then we ought to cease calling our organization the Industrial Workers of the World, but of the U. S. A. The I. W. W. plan of organization is fine: why can't we let the workers in other countries know about it? Does the I. W. W. want only the workers in the U. S. A.? Then we ought to put a copyright on it. Don't you see, fellow workers, that the result is practically the same? Don't you see that all the valuable literature the I. W. W. publishes cannot be used by other workers, because it's part and parcel of the organization?

In regards to alliances, where does the I. W. W. stand? Let us read: Resolved, that to the end of promoting industrial unity and of securing necessary discipline within the organization, the I. W. W. refuses all alliances, direct and indirect, with existing political parties, or anti-political sects, and disclaims responsibility for any individual opinion or act which may be at variance with the purposes herein expressed.

So much for that, but the I. W. W. will ally itself with other organizations that have direct alliances with anti-political sects, hence there is an indirect alliance in this respect. The Syndicalists in Sweden are directly allied with the Young Socialists, an anti-political sect. Fellow workers, let us get away from this mess! Let us go for the O. B. U. and nothing else; let us be consistent; let us give the world's workers the full benefit of our knowledge. Don't let us be stingy, even if they say that they don't like it. We know it will be to our benefit in time. More knowledge, more and better organization, must be our watchword. Don't fool the fellow workers that have suffered hell for the ideal of the "One Big Union" of all the workers, by telling them that, in this and the other place, there exists something that's just as good. It's a lie. There is nothing just as good as the I. W. W. in the economic field, on the face of the earth. The capitalists can afford to send out experts to various countries, to study the various industries. It would be a good principle for the I. W. W. to have their experts sent to different countries to study the different economic organizations. Then the rank and file would get the facts as they are, not as the office holders of some organizations want them to believe they are.

At last we appeal to all fellow workers: Let us retain our ideal of the "One Big Union of the World's Workers." Let us fight for it everywhere. Let every fellow worker be an apostle of that idea everywhere. Let us back up each other, while doing it. Let everything that stands in the way be swept aside. If they are not with us all the way, then they are not with us. We need sympathy, but we need the O. B. U. more. We don't expect anybody but the I. W. W. to be able to organize internationally because there is no other international organization. It is foolish to quote Freie Arbeiter

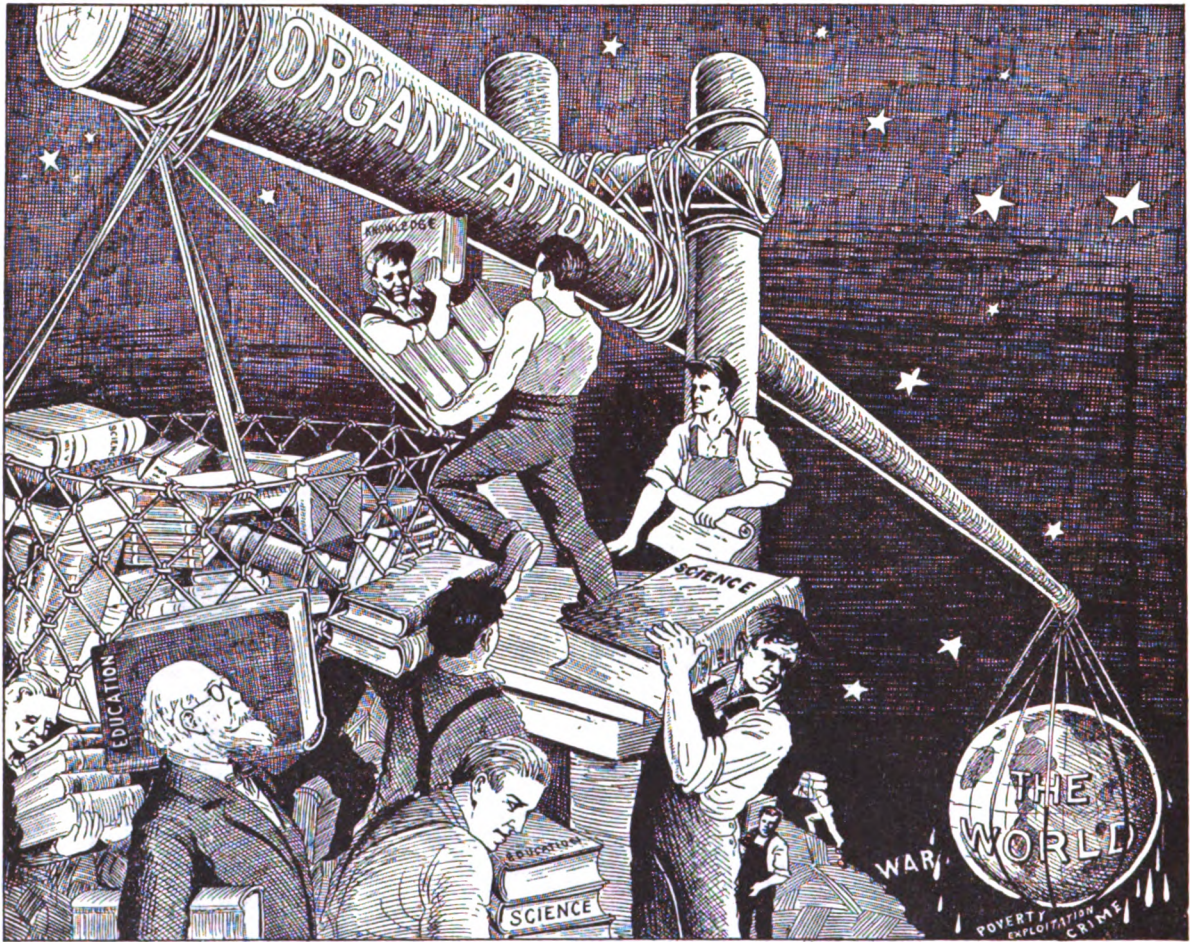
Union Deutschlands, or the C. G. T. in France. They are national organizations. The I. W. W. is the only world organization in existence. So let us put Scandinavia on the I. W. W. map, and by doing so we will take a step in the right direction. The Scandinavian workers will have to choose between two world organizations; one, a political,

with headquarters in Moscow; the other, an economic, with headquarters in Chicago. Which shall it be? The I. W. W. must decide.

(Editor's note: The above article is printed primarily in order to show the difference between the I. W. W. and the Syndicalist forms of organization.)



ARCH-DEMON



KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

Retribution

I hear a voice calling—calling
 Wherever I go; wherever I go:
 "East and West your kind is falling;
 Why do YOU tarry so?"

"O, hasten to the battle ground,
 Where workers lead the fight
 Against the rulers in all lands
 To end Oppression's night.

"You dream your dreams too far away,
 While our grim records grow;
 Come out! Leave off excuses bare,
 Come forth and meet the foe!"

You cannot? Duties hold too fast?
 Your loved ones are at stake?
 Ah, well, your life is but a lie:
 Some day your heart will break!

The History of a Pig and a Sack of Potatoes

By QUASIMODO VON BELVEDERE

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INTRODUCTION.

Following is the tale of a sack of Irish spuds and an unruly Jersey pig. It is in the form of a three-act play and was sent to a New York magazine for publication. It was returned with the remark that the editor could not understand it. The author Quasimodo von Belvedere, thereupon offered him an explanation, printed below. Few men would ever get into jail were they able to invent as clever an alibi as is contained in that letter.

THE REJECTED PLAY.

Natural History.

ACT I.

Mr. Peterson unloads from his Ford near the hog yard two sacks of seed potatoes, costing him \$17.45 exclusive of freight charges, then he runs his Ford into the corn-crib and goes into the house.

Act II.

A large, hungry son of a Jersey duroc champion smells the spuds, breaks through the barb and woven wire entanglements and nonchalantly attacks the costly commodity; all his fellow inmates rush to his aid. Soon the sacks become disemboweled and the spuds disappear as fast as the hogs can pick them. The tumultuous excitement accompanying the feast soon attracts the attention of Mr. Peterson.

Act III.

Arriving upon the scene and beholding the tragedy, Mr. Peterson becomes possessed with unutterable fury. Cursing most horribly, he seizes a manure fork and chases the moral derelicts all over the yard.

CURTAIN.

If you like our show, tell it to our boss;
If you don't, tell it to your friends.

Nothing in the above protocol is to be construed as criticism of the President, or as opposition to the League of Nations.

THE EXPLANATORY LETTER.

To the Editor of.....
Illustrious Comrade:

Due to the instability of my address the delivery of the rejected pig story was delayed. From tomorrow on my address will be more or less permanent, as I have just rented a "newly furnished" front room and paid the rent a week in advance. The blissful message that you like my story and have read it more than once set thrills of rapture racing through my body. Your penciled note in which you accuse me of being obscure impressed me as if explanation was desired. My honest endeavor to com-

ply with this desire may cause me to write to you a longer letter than you may care to read.

Besides being simple, the idea embodied in my story is set forth with impeccable clarity, quite unsusceptible to wrong interpretation by a normal mind. Obviously, you were searching the story for some concealed communistic aphorism, or an anti-Christian parable which did not exist. Now, I know that the editors of your magazine won't find in my story things which are not there; but, I was not sure about the Department of Justice. It was for this reason that the paragraph was appended to the story in which the author solemnly avers his fealty to the President and his politics. I presume that you endeavored to connect the innocent character of the story with this appended paragraph and gave up the efforts after one hundred days of hard thinking. You were willing to take a chance, but your associates feared that if the story appeared in the..... its career would end right there. By following the ensuing review of the author's process of thought at the time the story was being written, and during the dozen or so consecutive hours afterwards, the reason for every word appearing in his story will become to you as clear as is the reason for every star in our showy national emblem: The Natural History was written in the evening after supper. The author partook of a generous meal consisting of a plate of Boston baked beans, a big roll of corned beef hash, two hot biscuits and four cups of black unsweetened coffee (there was the German mustard on the table, but the author has two witnesses to attest to the fact he did not touch it.)

While the story was being written, the author attached to it no political significance whatsoever; he then bestowed upon President Wilson or the League of Nations to enforce peace no more thought than did the swine while devouring the valuable potatoes. (See article No. II of the Natural History.) However, you will recollect, that individuals in whose heads original thoughts germinated were then fiercely persecuted by the government. Hence, after the story was finished and the author went to bed, his mind became gripped by the apprehension lest there should have slipped into his story a word or two which the Department of Justice could possibly construe as disloyal. On a previous occasion the author had been apprehended by Hinton C. Clabaugh's pariahs upon the joint recommendation of President Wilson and Henry Cabot Lodge, who charged him with treason, espionage, or something of that sort. The charge was based upon a letter written by the author, the text of which was no more disloyal than the story about the pigs. Haunted by such dire misgivings the author was rolling in bed and thinking; and the sleep during which the beans and the other viands were to be digested,

would not come to him. The course his thoughts were taking ran something like this: Suppose the story was published and an inebriated agent of the Department of Justice would find, or imagine to have found in it, a flaw of some sort. The story would be sent to Washington, D. C. By some vagary of Fate the Secretary of War might be present in Mr. Palmer's office when the story arrived. They would read it together and immediately see therein things whereof the "New Freedom" made no mention at all; from this they would infer that the author does not like the American government. (My shirt was hanging upon the back of a chair close to the bed, so I reached for it and wiped off the cold perspiration which was covering my face.) They would lose no time in taking the case before the President. A special cabinet meeting would be called, to which the majority and the minority leaders of both parties would be invited. (Now, my dear colleague, is not my situation commencing to appear a trifle unsafe to you?)

When the cabinet meeting would get in session the President would address it thusly: "Gentlemen, fellow servants of the people: The people were profoundly disinclined to take part in a European war, but I thought that if we do not participate in the conflict there would be no League of Nations to enforce peace. So I made a brave speech before the Congress and made a few demands in the name of the American people, and the Congress granted to the American people everything I asked for them: war, conscription, Liberty bonds and sedition laws. We have fought for the rights of small nations and have won the universal confidence of the world, and to do the utmost services to humanity and to satisfy the conscience of mankind we must live up to the rules of the sacred Covenant of Nations which was based upon my fourteen points. Now, I do not pretend to have any extensive experience with hogs, my judgment of them may be too severe; nevertheless, I am certain that they had no right to employ violence in the breaking of the fence. We have sacrificed the lives of 110,000 Americans and ruined the lives of thousands of others and brought upon thousands of American families wretchedness beyond description; we coralled hundreds of Reds into our penitentiaries and have attempted to drive the I. W. W.'s underground. If we keep the good work up civilization shall not perish. I am pleased with the services the Department of Justice in rendering to the nation. At one time I hoped that the Kaiser would be hanged, but there is no law for the Kaiser—he is as hard to deal with as are our profiteers; but, thanks to God, the Reds are easy to catch—by the thousands at a single raid. We are so busy catching them that we may never find time to try them before the bar of justice; it may prove expedient to condemn them in bunches like rotten bananas. This is the free-est democracy in the universe; our heroes have done great deeds and they have not walked like other people, but, lo! and behold, they have walked like free men; they were not free to buy beer, to be sure, but they were allowed

to buy Coca Cola, chocolate sundae and ice cream, and we do not want to cheapen their heroism by giving them any bonuses, because we would have to impose taxes upon the fair profits of the American business man; for have we not a free government employment bureau for the returned heroes?

There is a clear-cut violation of Articles IV, X, XVII, and XXVI of the League of Nations to enforce peace in the third act of the story. Mr. Peterson shows a deplorable lack of sound judgment and much illicit haste.—In my opinion, the case should have been submitted for arbitration. May I not say at this point that, as a Christian people, it does not become us to resort to pitch-forks to settle our differences. You are here assembled, gentlemen and my fellow guardians of the people's rights, to suggest the most efficient manner for dealing with the problem at hand. If the story of Q. von Belvedere be true, then the hogs he describes must have some red blood in them. (My shirt was already all soaked wet, and still a new crop of icy perspiration was springing up upon my face.) The hogs had no right to break the fence by violence, if it should be proven that they had been brought to America from Russia, they ought to be deported, every one of them. I would like to hear the opinion of the Secretary of Labor upon this important matter."

Secretary Franklin K. Lane, being rather a furious guardian of the small people's rights, would address the crew as follows:

"Mr. President and fellow gentlemen: Our beloved president is the greatest statesman ever was born from a woman; he's got more brains than all the rest of us put together, and he is right in his exalted opinion that there would be no Bolshevism had the Russian people accepted the batch of principles which he made for their special benefit and which he was magnanimously offering them; I shall always agree with our President, no matter what he says. (Enthusiastic applause.) Right or wrong, he is our President, and I shall follow his principles as long as I live. (More applause.) I denounce Judge Anderson of Boston because he knows more about the American Constitution than a patriotic judge ought to know. I also denounce the Socialist Party for having nominated a criminal as a candidate for the highest office of the republic. The Reds should be deported as soon as they become Reds, and fresh foreigners with innocent minds should be imported to take their places,—because there is a lot of work in America which is too hard and too dirty to be performed by the Americans.

"Samuel Gompers and conservative trade unionists are all right. I am willing to act as a chairman upon any commission to settle disputes between capital and labor, the 31 per cent suggestion is the only mistake I made; we all make mistakes, except President Wilson. The miners knew it was too much, and therefore they accepted it. I had seven eminent criminologists and two justices of the Supreme Court studying the case, and they could make nothing out of it, so I showed the story to a prom-

inent New York financier and he found the offense much more grievous than it appears on the surface. He found it reeking with seditious matter and pregnant with evil possibilities and his advise was this: 'Our country, right or wrong, my dear Franklin, that's the motto of true Americans. It makes little difference whether the story be true or not,—it should never have been told. An individual who would write stories such as this about American hogs is not a good citizen, take my word for it, Lane, that he is in the pay of the Kaiser. I never have seen a story more pro-German than this. The proper thing for you to do is to have Mitchie apprehend this man Quasimodo and place him into the hands of a patriotic judge.' This advice I think is very sensible, and the proceedings suggested are in perfect accord with the principles of President Wilson.

All of a sudden the author realized that the entire panorama of prospective horrors which were thus crowding the screen of his overheated imagination could still be averted by burning up the story before anybody sees it. He jumped out of bed to execute the cremation upon the manuscript, so fraught with perilous possibilities. He could find no match for a long while, and when he finally found a match and was about to set fire to the story, he recollected the warning of Ibsen that it is an awful sin to destroy a beautiful thought; so he inserted the story back into the typewriter, and added to it that solemn protestation that the story was not dictated by disloyal sentiments; that nothing contained therein was intended, or should be construed as a criticism of the President or as opposition to the League of Nations to enforce peace. With this explicit declaration of his political convictions, he hoped he can have the story published without putting his life or liberty in jeopardy.

If you will kindly read to your fellow editors the above explanation of all the treacherous circumstances, they may become convinced that the story is less radical than it first appeared to them; and they may consent to giving it space in some obscure corner of your famous publication. If necessary, they may print the above explanation with the story, because the American people are prepared to hear the truth, and this explanation would be sure to keep Mr. Burleson from divorcing your magazine from its mailing privileges. The Ms. is herewith included. Whether you should succeed in your renewed endeavor of having it published or not, your good will shall be profoundly appreciated. It makes me unhappy that I can do nothing to demonstrate my gratitude to you. Were I living in your city I might contrive to gain access to your shoes and polish them up for you every day, and a brilliant shine I would give them, such as they never had before. In the coming new society I shall vote for you for any sort of a commissar you may run for.

Yours, with admiration, etc.,

von Belvedere.

_____*

To Whom It May Concern:

This is to certify that every statement contained in the enclosed documents, particularly the one about the author's never having touched the German mustard, is as true as an imperfect, and, one way or the other, always prejudiced human being, is capable of making.

QUASIMODO VON BELVEDERE.

Subscribed and sworn to before me
this 9th day of August, A. D. 1920.

(Seal)

TULA C. LEWOLD,
Notary Public.

REMOVAL OF EDITOR OF THE ONE BIG UNION MONTHLY.

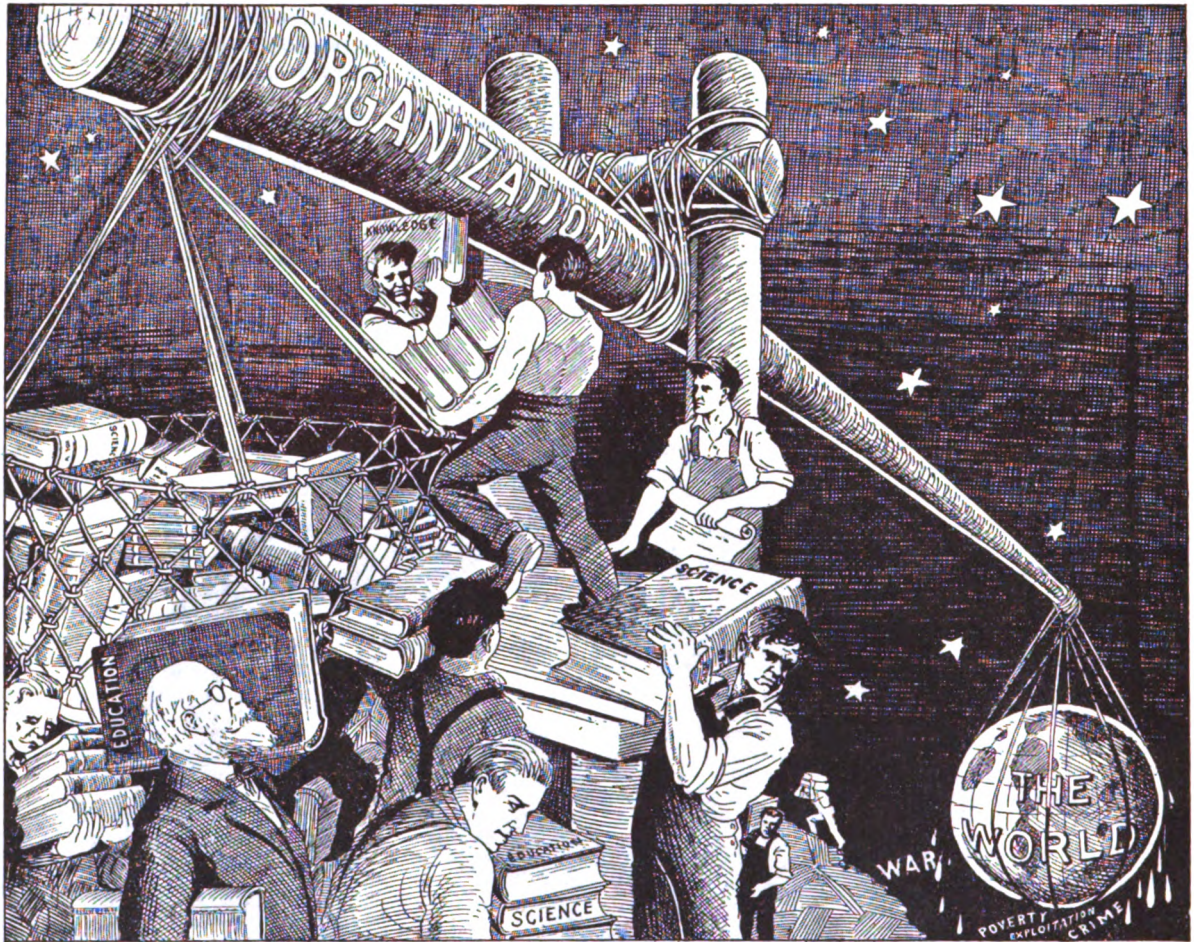
On account of the articles appearing in the O. B. U. Monthly, attacking revolutionary organizations of this and other countries in a manner which is contrary to the policy laid down by the General Executive Board of the I. W. W. at its previous sessions, and so many complaints coming into the General Office, the General Board has found it necessary to remove the Editor, John Sandgren, in order to maintain harmony and discipline in the organization.

General Executive Board.

VOTE ON REFERENDUM.

The vote on the Third International having been counted and tabulated, it was found that all propositions were defeated, and as many resolutions and protests were received from industrial unions and branches, as well as from individual members, and as a majority of the G. E. B. had sanctioned the withdrawal of the referendum on the above proposition—the G. E. B. has declared the ballot void—excepting the constitutional amendment of electing G. E. B. members direct by the industrial unions that they represent, which was carried.

Chairman G. E. B.



KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

Retribution

I hear a voice calling—calling
 Wherever I go; wherever I go:
 "East and West your kind is falling;
 Why do YOU tarry so?"

"O, hasten to the battle ground,
 Where workers lead the fight
 Against the rulers in all lands
 To end Oppression's night.

"You dream your dreams too far away,
 While our grim records grow;
 Come out! Leave off excuses bare,
 Come forth and meet the foe!"

You cannot? Duties hold too fast?
 Your loved ones are at stake?
 Ah, well, your life is but a lie:
 Some day your heart will break!

The History of a Pig and a Sack of Potatoes

By QUASIMODO VON BELVEDERE

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INTRODUCTION.

Following is the tale of a sack of Irish spuds and an unruly Jersey pig. It is in the form of a three-act play and was sent to a New York magazine for publication. It was returned with the remark that the editor could not understand it. The author Quasimodo von Belvedere, thereupon offered him an explanation, printed below. Few men would ever get into jail were they able to invent as clever an alibi as is contained in that letter.

THE REJECTED PLAY.

Natural History.

ACT I.

Mr. Peterson unloads from his Ford near the hog yard two sacks of seed potatoes, costing him \$17.45 exclusive of freight charges, then he runs his Ford into the corn-crib and goes into the house.

ACT II.

A large, hungry son of a Jersey duroc champion smells the spuds, breaks through the barb and woven wire entanglements and nonchalantly attacks the costly commodity; all his fellow inmates rush to his aid. Soon the sacks become disemboweled and the spuds disappear as fast as the hogs can pick them. The tumultuous excitement accompanying the feast soon attracts the attention of Mr. Peterson.

ACT III.

Arriving upon the scene and beholding the tragedy, Mr. Peterson becomes possessed with unutterable fury. Cursing most horribly, he seizes a manure fork and chases the moral derelicts all over the yard.

CURTAIN.

If you like our show, tell it to our boss;
If you don't, tell it to your friends.

Nothing in the above protocol is to be construed as criticism of the President, or as opposition to the League of Nations.

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Chairman G. E. B.

Fill the Jails!

AN APPEAL FOR ACTION BY CALIFORNIA MEMBERS

FOREWORD

Los Angeles, Cal., November 30th, 1920.

In the following discussion the Criminal Syndicalism law is understood to be a law designed to crush the organization of the working classes. It is only in this light that all intelligent workingmen will look at this law and its intent. We are not here concerned with what the law is cracked up to be. Even if our masters say that this Criminal Syndicalism law is a law aimed at the destruction of property, the use of violence, etc., etc., on the part of the I. W. W., that does not make it so. That is only camouflage. The Syndicalism law is a convenient tool for the money-mad exploiters of the United States to accomplish their dastardly and sordid plot to enslave forever to their will and desire the aspirations of the American workers, and to crush out all their efforts at organization. We of the I. W. W. have never believed in, and do not now believe in, destruction of property or the use of violence, and we claim once more (as will have become apparent to every intelligent and thinking American worker by this time) that the Criminal Syndicalism law is a stupid, harmful and dollar-inspired piece of legislation not only directed at the activities of the I. W. W. as an organization to organize the workers into One Big Union, but also eventually against the freedom of the people of the United States.

An Appeal for Action.

Fellow Workers:

This is an appeal to you, an appeal for action. As a result of the Criminal Syndicalism laws in the far west the jails are full of our best members, while the work of organization is being noticeably retarded.

We ask you, what are you going to do? Are you going to lie down under the persecution of your masters like curs whipped into submission, or are you going to carry on the fight in spite of hell, like members of the I. W. W.?

Remember that what got you in jail was action. The action that gets the goods. Also that it is this kind of action only that will get you out again and that will push the work of organization in spite of hell.

Do you know that out of some 20,000 members of the I. W. W. in the state of California there are only a few Criminal Syndicalism cases? What does this mean? Why are there not 20,000 such cases? Do you get the idea?

A law is what you make it. Grovel and whimper before it and it will crush you. Defy it, laugh at it, act as if it did not exist and it will become so much trash. Do you understand what we mean now?

It is not sufficient to be able to show a book

plastered full of defense stamps. To force the steel bars of the bastiles of Capitalism, to insure the unimpeded progress of revolution's march, something more is needed.

A card full of defense stamps shows a deplorable state of affairs. It spells weakness on the part of the workers, a cowardly desire to evade the REAL battle and to leave to their fate the few courageous and undaunted spirits who refuse to retreat before the onslaught of the enemy.

Would we still need defense stamps, capitalist court and lawyers to combat the Criminal Syndicalism law with, if we all did our share? Supposing that the 20,000 members or so of the I. W. W. in the State of California ignored the Criminal Syndicalism law to a man the same as did our fellow-workers in jail? (We believe in solidarity of action, don't we?) Supposing that these 20,000 agitated and organized openly and brazenly? That, if necessary, they all filled and swamped the jails? How long do you think would it be before the Criminal Syndicalism law would lose its frightfulness? That frightfulness which you and nobody else give it. How long before it would be so much rubbish in the waste paper basket?

We say to you, if you are sincere in your solidarity with your fellow-workers, if you really want to see them out of jail, strike and strike hard! If you want to see your organization grow and its work carried on in spite of hell then ignore the Criminal Syndicalism law. Shout to everybody who is willing to listen, proclaim from the housetops that you are I. W. W.'s. We say again, fill and flood their lousy and filthy jails.

Listen to this. There is not the least doubt in our mind (and the same must be apparent to anybody else capable of intelligent observation) that the ruling class of the United States is continuously jailing our members now under this and then under that law for the purpose of financially and morally exhausting the I. W. W. Did you ever look at it in that light?

The way things are now, every time one of our members is jailed the masters chuckle and rub their hands in glee. They know full well that the only action the I. W. W. will take is to throw itself upon the mercy of their legal machinery. This is as it should be. It is what they want. It all works out according to their carefully laid plans. They like to have the I. W. W. exhaust its financial resources and waste its energies on legal defense without any results great enough so you might notice them. They like all this because they know that if only they can induce the I. W. W. to adhere to this policy long enough the time will not be far off when the organization, thru exhaustion in all directions, will lose its effectiveness as an instrument in the hands of the

subdue the rebellious workers of that region. They work only indifferently, however; there being as many, or perhaps more, acquittals than convictions. Fellow Worker Joe Doyle was convicted at Wallace, Idaho, and sentenced to serve from 18 months to 10 years. But fellow workers J. B. Clark and Roy Wilson, who have been held for trial in the Bonner Ferry county jail, have been released without being brought to trial. William Dawson has also been released, at Colfax, without coming to trial. Walter Smith was acquitted, in Everett, Wash., on a charge of Criminal Syndicalism. Thirteen of the fellow workers, confined in the Idaho state penitentiary at Boise, on Criminal Syndicalist charges, will apply to the pardon board, which meets in January, for a pardon. They wish to test whether class war prisoners will receive the same consideration at the Board's hands as is given to other applicants.

Victims in the Sunflower State.

From Kansas City, Kansas, comes the news that the cases of Felix Thornton and Ed Anderson, slated for trial under the state Criminal Syndicalism act, have been continued until the March term. The boys are out on five hundred dollars bond each, and are free to go wherever they please in the United States. It is thought that the state has a very weak case, in this instance.

In the case we are bringing against the Sheriff and the stockyards company, in the city of Wichita, Kansas, for the brutal beating-up and imprisonment of Robert Barker, a member only eighteen years old, the prospects look somewhat satisfactory. Attorneys Caroline Lowe and Harold Mulks recently fought the attempt of the state to have the case continued ten days, with the result that the judge allowed them only five days. The defense — it is strange, for once, to be able to refer to the other side as "the defense!" — tried to compromise by offering Barker two hundred dollars. But the offer was refused. The trial of the boys in the Wakeeney jail has been postponed. The defense is attending to this case; and it is hoped that the state may, as in the other cases, realize the scarcity of their evidence and release them.

Publicity Forging Ahead.

The tour of William D. Haywood for the defense has been uniformly successful. The only obstacles have been in those cities where the authorities have prevented meetings. In Pittsburgh and in Cincinnati, the local officials refused to allow the meetings to be held. And, in Youngstown, Ohio, Haywood was also stopped when trying to hold a meeting for defense. However, later he succeeded in speaking to a small crowd, and raised a considerable sum for our work. Charles Ashleigh spoke for the Workers' Defense League in Omaha, on Sunday, the 19th. Arrangements are being made for several speakers to cover routes throughout the country, giving to the workers

details of the suppression of the right of free speech, free press and organization.

More Help is Needed.

For some reason or other, there appears to have been a certain slackness, of late, in the support of the Defense. Especially at this period, when a nation-wide effort is being made to shame the master class into the abandonment of their raw tactics, our work should not be weakened. Also, the hundreds of members in the jails and federal and state penitentiaries, should not be left without the small comforts that help to make prison a little less oppressive. At this stage, publicity is much needed; and that also costs money. An appeal to the Supreme Court is to be taken; and other legal expenses met. Our members are realizing that, when they stake their liberty for the organization, their loyalty is not in vain; that they will receive protection. This must not be otherwise.

Every member is urged to do his or her utmost for the raising of funds for defense. Do not relax in vigilance; do not falter in your efforts in aid of our fellow workers who have carried the propaganda of the I. W. W. to the enslaved workers of the country. The spirit of the I. W. W. is invincible. Jails cannot shake the determination of the enlightened workers who have enrolled in our ranks. But — it is up to YOU to stand by them solidly in their hour of suffering.

All donations and communications should be sent to: JOHN MARTIN, Secretary-Treasurer, General Defense Committee, 1001 W. Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

NOTICE.

To All Branch Secretaries and Bundle Order Agents.

Our German paper, "Der Klassenkampf," is now being published in New York City. All communications should be addressed to "Der Klassenkampf," Box 79, Sta. "D," New York City.

To Members of the I. W. W. in Minneapolis and Vicinity.

If you are working at building a house, office building or factory you should belong to the Building Construction Workers' Industrial Union No. 330, and should attend the meetings of that union, which are held on the 1st and 3rd Sundays of every month at 3 P. M. at Richmond Hall, 225 So. 5th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Also Open Forums every Sunday evening at 8 P. M., at same address.

Detroit Branch of General Defense Committee Has New Secretary.

Fellow Worker Mike H. Patten, Secretary-Treasurer of the local defense of Detroit, Mich., has resigned and Fellow Worker Gascoigne has been elected to fill the vacancy. Language papers please copy.
Mike H. Patten.

The Story of a "Wobbly"

By COVINGTON AMI

"Once upon a time," he said, "I was the son of a freeholding farmer back East, or South, it doesn't matter now. The year it happened the 'Old Man,' my two brothers and myself worked from sun-up to sun-down from the time of the first plowing till the last bushel was in. We and all our neighbors raised that year one of the biggest crops on record. So wonderful had been the results of our efforts that the greatest bankers and highest government officials complimented and congratulated us on, as they put it, 'Your loyalty to your country,' which certainly made all us farmer folks feel good and proud. Yes, sir, we sure rang the bell on old Mother Nature that year and made her come across to the limit, all right.

"But we hadn't been paying much attention to the markets, that is, not until we began getting returns for our first shipments of produce, but you can bet we 'stood at attention' then! Also we let out a unanimous howl, 'cause we saw that at those prices the sheriff would soon be auctioning off more than one old homestead.

"In our desperation we tried to hold back what we still had in the barns and S. O. S.-ed the bankers and the government for help. But something seemed wrong with the wires. We got no replies. Then we sent committees made up of our most loyal farmers and they came back and said there was 'nothing doing,' that the bankers and politicians 'felt sorry' for us but could do nothing on account of the 'law of supply and demand.'

"This, most of us being native-born Americans, made us and our committees mad, for we hadn't seen where the 'law of supply and demand' had kept the bankers and politicians from helping each other and the trusts, so we decided to hold mass meetings and protest. We did, and so loud that we actually woke up some of the 'red tape' twisters in Washington and Wall Street, which, disturbing their rest, made them madder than us, and soon the big papers, 'great dailies', they call themselves, began shooting mud at us farmers, calling us all the names they could think of, such as 'Pro-Germans,' 'Socialists,' 'I. W. W.'s,' 'Anarchists,' 'Bolshevists,' and slinging lingo to beat the band.

"We didn't know at that time what any of the names they were calling us, except 'Pro-German,' meant, and we knew that the way they meant that we wasn't "it", so we cussed them out and stopped our subscriptions. This hit them in the heart, right in the middle of the pocketbook, and, so, when we began trying to organize to save our homes, they denounced us as 'Disloyalists,' 'Seditionists,' and 'Traitors,' and we called them the 'Servile Press,'

the 'Kept Press,' and 'Hired Intellectuals,' but this did not save our homes, though it did relieve our feelings.

"Family after family was foreclosed and sold out that winter and spring, and sometimes, when a lot of little children were put on the road with a tired out mother and father, the old sheriff would cry, for he knew all the folks, and they had been electing him for years and years, but the bankers said it was 'The Will of the Law of Supply and Demand' and drove him to it until he quit and went west with a bunch of the 'Sold Outs,' as we had begun calling ourselves.

"Well, when we got out west, my brother Frank and I, we went to work in a lumber camp up in Washington, and pretty soon a young fellow about our age comes up to us and says, quiet-like, 'Fellow workers, don't you want to join the O. B. U.?' 'The what?' we says. 'The Union, the I. W. W.,' he answered. 'Not on your life, we don't!' we told him, and went and put the foreman on to him and he was discharged. Then the Super came out and thanked us for 'Your loyalty to your country,' which, remembering the circumstances under which we last heard this compliment, made us feel sort of queer, and we began wondering if the young 'camp delegate' was any worse than we were and if they were lying about him and his organization, just as they had lied about us and our organization.

"Well, we kept wondering, and the grub kept getting worse as the work got heavier, until one morning the Super called us all up to the office, made us a speech on what he called 'patriotism' and the 'duties of citizens' and ended by informing us that the president of the company, who lived in Boston, Mass., thought we were getting too much money for the good of our country and notified us that wages were cut 25 % and board advanced 50c. a day from date.

"A lot of the boys said they wouldn't stand for it, especially at the prices the company was charging the government for lumber, and Frank, who was rather high-tempered, told the Super it was 'a damn outrage.' This made one of the foremen mad and he said, 'Don't you talk to the boss that way, young feller,' and Frank turned on him and asked, 'Where is it any of your business? YOUR wages ain't cut, are they?' At which the big six-footer landed him one in the jaw and Frank went down in a heap. Then several of the fellows started for the foreman, but the rest of the bosses and gunmen drew their gats, and this stopped the boys.

"I and Frank's pal picked him up and carried him to the bunkhouse, most of the crew following us. After about an hour we brought Frank to, and

the foremen came around ordering us to 'Turn out on the works or hit the railroad,' which last about 90 % of us did rather than starve working. First, though, the boys made up a collection for Frank and put him on the train and sent him to hospital in Spokane, which left us so nearly broke we had to "beat our way" out of the woods. All went fairly well until we hit a place called Bogalusa, where, when we were trying to make a freight, a railroad 'bull' shot Frank's pal off a car and killed him. This stopped the train and a bunch of the boys were nabbed and jailed for 'resisting arrest' and later on given 90 days for 'vagrancy.'

"This made me pretty sore, but after a while I reached Spokane, went to the hospital and saw Frank and, on my way down town, who should I run into but the I. W. W. 'camp delegate' we had turned up. He comes up to me holding out his hand and says: 'Well, Scissor, what you doing down here?' I felt sort of mean and sheepish, but I told him the whole story, and all he said was, 'It's hell, ain't it?' And I said, 'Yes, but it's no use crying over spilt milk and if you fellows will have me after what we did to you up there, I'd like to

join the union. Can I?' 'Sure,' says he, reaching for his supplies, 'all of us has to learn our lesson, you as well as the rest of us. What's your name?' I gave it to him, got my card, and that's how Lincoln Grant Lovejoy came to be a 'Wobbly' and a 'rebel' against the best system of society evolution ever evolved."

Here Lovejoy got up and left the store, his eyes glowing as if fixed on some fair future. "Lovejoy's a fine boy," said the old merchant, looking over his spectacles, "but he's a damn fool to talk that way." "Yes," said Farmer John, "the Kept Classes sure hate the converts they have made to industrial democracy." "That's so," said the railroad conductor, "and the I. W. W.'s are too radical, but, there's no hope for us working people outside the One Big Union." "Glad to see you fellows are waking up," said the little school teacher. The old merchant closed up and, as we walked out on the gallery, we heard a clear young voice singing somewhere out in the dark, "Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!" Fainter and fainter grew the song, and all was still. But the sleepers waken and the day dawns.

Ancient Man and Man Ancient

Modern science positively affirms that men are nothing more than evolved animals, i. e., a new species of improved erect-walking monkeys. The monkey in turn is shown to be a still earlier evolution from the world of quadrupeds, birds, reptiles and fishes. Then away behind the lowest animal forms in the salt slime of some tropic swamp appeared the first germ of organic life. Everyone knows that in personal appearance man is very much like the baboon, he has exactly the same number of bones, and he functions in a similar way. Furthermore, it is the general belief that there was at one time on earth another cross-bred race, half human and half monster. Scientists are also of the opinion that one human (or semi-human) race ate up another (as a matter of course) in primitive ages; and that probably the same thing may happen again.

Upon a stump-covered hill, near Lake Coeur D'Alene, a strangely shaped semi-human skull has been unearthed, causing much speculation in scientific societies. This skull is undoubtedly not

entirely human. It appears to be the head of some pre-historic being, half way between animal and man. The size of his brain cavity, the outline of the face, the structure of the bones and other carefully observed peculiarities prove beyond question that it belonged to some monstrous ape-man, generally termed JYPO, but science has not positively affirmed how the JYPO lost his tail. The point is: who chopped the tail off the APE and made a JYPO of him? — M. DALY.

FOR THE RIGHT OF FREE PRESS

(Continued from page 54)

the end of the fight. But in spite of these things the Spokane branches are determined to put the I. W. W. on the map again in the Northwest.

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2. The writing should be double-spaced.
3. A stamped and addressed envelope should be inclosed if the contributor wants his manuscript back in case it cannot be used.

Editor, The One Big Union Monthly.

A Wall Street "expert economist" has figured that American workers receive sixty billion dollars a year in wages, that sixty billion is six per cent on a trillion dollars, hence the workers are trillionaires. Gee, but it's great to get rich so quick and easy like that! (Labor)

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You will find the vaunted ensign,
For the Flag of England is there.

It floats over the blazing hovels,
Whence African victims fly,
To be shot by explosive bullets,
Or to wretchedly starve and die.
And where the beach comber harries
The isles of the Southern Sea,
At the peak of his hellish vessel
'Tis the Flag of England flies free.

It has floated o'er scenes of pillage,
It has flaunted o'er deeds of shame,
It has led the fell Marauder,
As he ravaged with sword and flame.
It has looked upon ruthless slaughter
And made sacre dire and grim,
It has heard the shrieks of the victims
Drown even the Jingo hymn.

The Maori oft hath cursed it,
With his bitterest dying breath.
And the Arab has hissed his hatred,
As he spits on its fold in death.
The hapless Fellah has feared it,
On Tel-el-kiber's parched plain,
And the Zulu's blood has stained it,
With a deep indelible stain.

Where is the Flag of England?
Seek the land where the natives rot,
Where death and assured extinction
Will soon be the people's lot.
Go search the once glad islands,
Where death and disease are rife,
And the greed of a callous commerce,
Now fattens on human life.

Where is the Flag of England?
Go where rich galleons come,
With shoddy and loaded cottons,
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Go where brute force has triumphed,
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