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The One Big Union Monthly



INSPIRED WRITING

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

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

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the everyday 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.

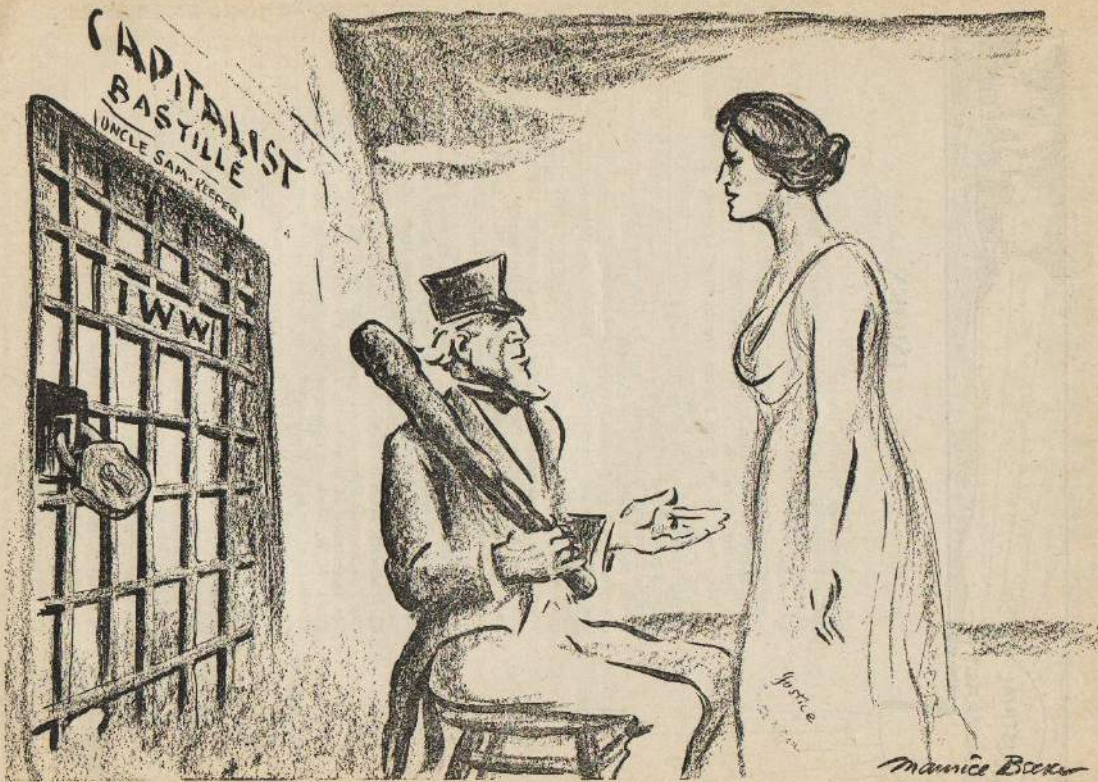




INDEX

	Page
Cover cartoon by Maurice Becker	1
Justice Pleads with the Prison Guard—Cartoon by Maurice Becker.....	4
\$1,000,000 for Bonds, \$100,000 for Defense. By Wm. D. Haywood.....	5
Editorials:	
Riots and Race Wars	9
Collapse of Capitalism	11
Industrial Franchise	13
“It Was The I. W. W. That Incited You to Riot”—Cartoon by M. Becker.....	10
Politics. Poem by B. E. Nilsson	15
Maybe It is Padded. Cartoon by H. Spinadel.....	15
Time. Poem by Harry Lloyd.	16
Twelve Thousand Miles Away. Poem by Covington Ami	16
In “No Man’s Land”. Poem by Covington Ami	16
Freedom. Poem by Raymond Carter	16
The Truth about the Steel Strike. By Harold Lord Varney	17
The Significance of Gary. By Anne Gallagher	20
Shall He Make the Plunge? Cartoon by I. Swenson.....	22
The War Against Gompersism in Mexico. By Linn A. E. Gale.....	22
Drifting in Warm Waters. Cartoon by Maurice Becker	25
The League of Nations and the Treaty of Peace. By W. J. Lemon	26
Labor is Coming. Cartoon by I. Swenson	29
The Metal Miner. By Delegate M-659	30
The Job Delegate Strikes a Knot. Cartoon by H. Spinadel.....	32
The Railroad Workers’ Union. By Card No. 301479 of No. 600	33
One Big Union of Railroad Workers. Cartoon by Dust	35
The Life of a Railroad Trackman. By a Trackman	36
The Cellmate. Poem by Raymond Corder.	37
The Fundamental Principles of the I. W. W. By C. E. Payne.....	38
The Importation of Ideas in the Labor Movement. By John Sandgren.....	40
The I. W. W. Needs an Industrial Union Encyclopedia. By John Sandgren.....	42
The Story of the I. W. W., Chapter 9. By Harold Lord Varney.....	44
The Lumberjack. By D. S. Dietz	48
A Letter to the Editor. By Covington Ami.	49
I. W. W. in Mexico.....	50
Raising of the Dues	51
Railroad Workers Industrial Union No. 600 Bulletin.....	52
Marine Transport Workers Industrial Union No. 8, I. W. W.	54
Metal and Mine Workers Industrial Union No. 800 Bulletin	55
California District Defense Committee	56
Metal and Machinery Workers Industrial Union No. 300	57
Agricultural Workers Industrial Union No. 400.....	58
Hotel, Restaurant and Domestic Workers I. U. No. 1100.....	58
Construction Workers Industrial Union No. 573	59
Shipbuilders Industrial Union No. 325	60
Industrial Workers of the World General Office	61
The Awakening. Cartoon by Spinadel	62





JUSTICE PLEADS WITH THE PRISON GUARD.

THE ONE BIG UNION MONTHLY

Published Monthly by the General Executive Board of the Industrial Workers of the World,
1001 West Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois.

JOHN SANDGREN, Editor

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\$1,000,000 For Bond \$100,000 For Defense

ONE MILLION DOLLARS must be raised for BOND.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS for RELIEF, DEFENSE and EDUCATIONAL WORK.

Securities for Bond must be in cash, Liberty Bonds, unencumbered real estate, or such collateral as can be used to indemnify those who furnish bond.

It will require every dollar of the stupendous sum named to secure the release of the members of the Industrial Workers of the World now confined in the jails and penitentiaries. Every red-blooded member and friend of the organization will be required to exert their utmost energies to raise these securities. Assistance will be rendered by the bail and bond committees of the organization.

Later, territory will be assigned, but for the time being the work:

WEST OF THE ROCKIES will be handled by the Co-Operative Bail and Defense Committee, J. L. Engdahl, Secretary, P. O. Box W, Ballard Station, Seattle, Wash.

EAST OF THE ROCKIES by the Committee at Minneapolis, Wilfred Engdahl, Secretary, 1821 Fullmore Street, N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

MIDDLE STATES by the Committee at Detroit, E. S. Rose, Secretary, 215 Gratiot Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

EASTERN STATES by the Committee at Philadelphia, Walter T. Nef, Secretary, 900 North Franklin Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The following named men, confined in the penitentiary at Leavenworth, will be released on bond in the amount opposite their names. Let us make this slogan good. Remember: THEY are IN for US, WE are OUT for THEM.

Wm. D. Haywood.....	\$15,000	Out on Bond
C. L. Lambert.....	15,000	
Geo. Andreytchine	10,000	Out on Bond
Vladimir Lossieff	10,000	" " "
Richard Brazier	10,000	
W. T. Nef.....	10,000	Out on Bond
A. V. Azuara.....	10,000	
Carl Ahlteen	10,000	
Sam Scarlett	10,000	
Forrest Edwards	10,000	
Ralph H. Chaplin.....	10,000	Out on Bond
Leo Laukki	10,000	" " "
James Rowan	10,000	" " "
Manuel Ray	10,000	
Charles Rothfiser	10,000	Out on Bond
C. W. Davis.....	10,000	
John I. Turner.....	10,000	
Peter Green	10,000	
Ragnar Johanson	10,000	Out on Bond

THE ONE BIG UNION MONTHLY

Alex Cournos	10,000	
J. P. Thompson	10,000	
Jack Law	10,000	Out on Bond
Grover H. Perry	10,000	" " "
J. Baldazzi	10,000	
John Martin	10,000	
A. Sinclair	10,000	
Fred Jaakkola	10,000	Out on Bond
Dan Buckley	10,000	
Don Sheridan	10,000	
E. F. Doree	10,000	Out on Bond
Francis Miller	10,000	" " "
Ed Hamilton	10,000	
John Walsh	10,000	
A. B. Prashner	10,000	Out on Bond
Charles Ashleigh	10,000	
Charles Bennett	10,000	Out on Bond
S. L. Clark	10,000	" " "
Bert Lorton	10,000	
Sig. Stenberg	10,000	
J. H. Beyer	10,000	
C. H. Rice	10,000	
Jos. J. Gordon	10,000	Out on Bond
James Slovick	10,000	
G. J. Bourg	10,000	
Ben Fletcher	10,000	
John Pancner	10,000	Out on Bond
J. A. McDonald	10,000	
Vincent St. John	10,000	Out on Bond
Arthur Boose	5,000	
Frank Westerlund	5,000	Out on Bond
Peter McEvoy	5,000	
W. H. Lewis	5,000	
Wm. Tanner	5,000	Out on Bond
Wm. Moran	5,000	
P. S. Wetter	5,000	
Wm. Weyh	5,000	
John Avila	5,000	
Joseph A. Oates	5,000	
H. F. Kane	5,000	
M. Levine	5,000	
Herbert Mahler	5,000	
Harrison George	5,000	
James Phillips	5,000	
Joe McCarty	5,000	
Lewis Parenti	5,000	Out on Bond
James Elliott	5,000	
Ray Fanning	5,000	Out on Bond
Clyde Houge	5,000	" " "
V. V. O'Hair	5,000	
Joe Graber	5,000	
Ted Fraser	5,000	
Charles Plahn	5,000	Out on Bond
James H. Manning	5,000	
C. R. Griffith	5,000	
J. T. Doran	5,000	
Harry Lloyd	5,000	Out on Bond
Olin B. Anderson	5,000	" " "
John M. Foss	5,000	" " "
C. H. McKinnon	5,000	" " "
E. J. McCosham	5,000	

Following named members convicted at Sacramento, California, now confined at Leavenworth penitentiary. Bonds will be fixed at:

Mortimer Downing	\$10,000
Phil McLaughlin	10,000
Herbert Stredwick	10,000
George O'Connell	10,000
Henry Hammer	10,000
Elmer Anderson	10,000
Robert Connellan	10,000
Godfrey Ebel	10,000
George Voetter	10,000
Frederick Esmond	10,000
John Graves	10,000
James Quinlan	10,000
Roy Conner	10,000
P. Bernardi	10,000
Caesar Tabib	10,000
Harry Gray	10,000
William Hood	10,000
Chris Lubber	10,000
Louis Tori	10,000
Edward Quigley	10,000
John Potthast	10,000
Myron Sprague	10,000
Frank Elliott	10,000
Harry Brewer	10,000
Vincent Santelli	10,000
Edward S. Carey	10,000
Robert Feehan	5,000
James Mulroonery	4,000
James Price	4,000
John Murphy	4,000
Joseph Carroll	5,000
Otto Eisner	3,000
Joseph Harper	3,000
Frank Reilly	2,000
Harry LaTour	2,000
Edward Anderson	2,000
Ralph Moran	2,000
Felix Cedno	2,000

(Note—On the Wichita indictment ten men will be released on a blanket bond of \$15,000.)

That a few of us have secured our temporary release from long terms in the penitentiary is not enough. Every man must gain his freedom. Washington, California, Kansas, Oklahoma and Michigan members shall not be railroaded. The appeals of the Chicago and Sacramento cases must be won. These cases must be reversed. This can only be done by EDUCATION and ORGANIZATION.

For this purpose ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS will be required. Agitation must be carried on by speakers, through the columns of our papers and of the radical press of the country.

It's a big job, but the members of the Industrial Workers of the World have never fallen down on any proposition. WE CAN DO IT. LET'S GO!

Receipts from all sources for the month of August	\$ 8,981.71
Expenses	5,476.87

Cash balance	3,504.84
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Receipts from all sources for the month of September	\$17,474.93
Expenses	12,996.89

Balance, General Defense	\$ 4,478.04
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During the month of August there was received at this office for bond \$1,535.09.

During the month of September there was received at this office for bond \$4,646, not including monies raised by Bail and Bond Committees. All big fees for lawyers have been paid.

REMEMBER: A MILLION DOLLARS must be raised for BOND, and ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS for RELIEF, DEFENSE and EDUCATIONAL WORK.

Wm D Haywood.
Secretary.

P. S.—Since this was set in type sixteen more members have been arrested in Los Angeles, Calif., and their bail was fixed at \$5,000 each. Two have been arrested in Sacramento, Calif., fifteen at Scotts Bluff, Neb., and twelve at St. Louis, Mo.



MORE CHAINS

Riots and Race Wars, Lynchings and Massacres, Military Law, Terrorism and Giant Strikes

In the above long heading the social conditions at present in the United States are briefly summed up.

There was the insurrection in Drum-right, Okla., where several thousand oil workers suddenly took possession of the city government and threatened to hang the mayor. In Omaha there was both an insurrection and a race war. In Chicago and Washington, D. C., there were riots and race wars. In Elaine, Kans., where over a dozen negroes were killed, there was the beginning of an insurrection of tenants against the landlords, altho the affair gets the appearance of a race war as the tenants happen to be colored. The lynchings have increased enormously in the South. Hardly a day passes without the most hair-raising stories from those parts. In other parts of the country, great numbers of workers are being arrested, in addition to those already in jail. At the time of writing we hear of sixteen I. W. W. men incarcerated in Los Angeles and Sacramento, Cal., and of fifteen I. W. W. men being imprisoned in Scotts Bluff, Nebraska, and 12 in St. Louis, Missouri. Great numbers of the striking steel workers are in prison in Gary, and a riot was on the verge of being started. Hundreds are being arrested throughout the strike zone, and great numbers have been clubbed and maltreated and shot, and some have been killed by the tools of the steel trust. "Patriots" are doing longshore-work in Seattle and regular soldiers are unloading ships in New York. In New York one hundred "REDS" were recently wounded when the police made an attack on a parade, and so it goes thruout the country for every day that passes.

Constitutional rights are formally suspended in many parts of the country, while in every part of the country these rights are being ruthlessly trampled upon. The right of free speech, free press and free assemblage have been circumscribed and limited and in some parts entirely suppressed.

Federal troops are in control in three steel cities in Indiana and martial law is declared. In other states armed troops of cossacks are terrorizing the steel cities, oppressing, clubbing and murdering. One great strike follows upon the other and the people suffer and writhe in pain.

Such are conditions in the promised land of democracy anno 1919.

To this must be added, that so-called "patriotic" societies and organizations of

duped soldiers thruout the country are exercising private terrorism, oppressing, blackmailing, threatening and maltreating private citizens who are suspected of rebellious thoughts against these terrorists.

From where does this terrorism come?

Its fountain head is undoubtedly in Wall Street and its ramifications are found among the social layers whose economic interests are identical with Wall Street's. It has been nursed with a tidal wave of lies in the prostituted press, and it is being kept alive by a strong and steady stream of agitation against the imaginary danger of so-called Bolshevism. The low passions of national hatreds are being appealed to, and the American flag is in the name of "patriotism" being draped about the most vicious and most dangerous acts against the liberty of the people, and all this tremendous agitation is being financed by the rich and is directed against the poor.

Only such efforts are tolerated by the terrorists as have for their aim to protect private ownership in the form that it is approved by Morgan, Rockefeller, Dupont and Gary. Every effort to solve the social question by striking out for a new society on a communist basis is branded as criminal and treasonable, and everyone who publicly voices such thoughts takes the risk of losing life, liberty or the means of livelihood.

Liberty is practically dead in this country. Courageous and daring truth speakers are either made harmless or are silenced, and the field of publicity is reserved solely for the criminal philosophy of profitteerdom. Rapacious "business men" and gamblers are spreading themselves insolently with their platitudes and their criminal principles in the columns of the newspapers, and what they say is made to weigh as much as the word of God. These terrorists have bit the head off shame and turned morals upside down. Right is what agrees with the interests of these robbers; wrong is what is contrary thereto. The so-called "intelligenza," consisting of professors, lawyers, journalists, physicians, priests, and others with a university education, have long ago been made so dependent that they no longer dare to speak the truth, and if they should do so, there is no publicity given to it, for swindledom controls the whole big press. The majority of the American intelligenza has not stopped here, but has gone still further and placed their ability on the market, selling their soul for

bread, speaking and writing lies for pay.

Capitalism has now come to the point where it can no longer stand the light of day. The shameful crimes are becoming so numerous and so terrible that the knowledge of them has to be suppressed with violence and oppression. Production is to a great extent being carried on at the point of the bayonet, under the police club, or even under the mouth of the machine gun and cannon, and the mass is held in silent awe and given the choice between submissive slavery or prison and death.

When a social system can maintain itself only at such a price, it is evident to thinking people that its days are numbered. Capitalism cannot very long hold on to the rudder of the social ship. It is on the verge of collapsing. Certain learned men and social observers are predicting a tremendous crisis, and we for our part hold that it can't be very far distant.

But among the working masses there seems to be very little uneasiness. There

is no general realization of the impending danger. Like a soulless herd of buffaloes it wanders in the known furrows and in the beaten paths against unknown dangers. They dress and they feast, they dance and go to the theatres as if everything were calm and peaceful, and masses of them are blind enough to place themselves under the banner of the profiteers and help with the oppression.

What shall we do under these circumstances? We who can see the coming storm, the precursors of which are now whistling past our corners.

There is only one thing we can do and that is, in spite of all obstacles, to spread information about the only road to salvation for mankind; that is industrial organization. If we survey the whole field of human endeavor there is nothing else that is adequate to cope with the conditions resulting from the collapse of capitalism. It alone can save the freedom of the people and safeguard the uninterrupted flow of the necessities of life.



GEN. WOOD TO "CITIZENS" OF OMAHA:

"It was the I. W. W. that incited you to riot."

The Collapse of Capitalism

Repeatedly we have raised warning cries about the impending collapse of capitalism. The easy-going and thoughtless will perhaps dispatch this warning with a sickly grin as uncalled-for prophecies of disaster and accuse us of making a false alarm, but this is not going to deter us from repeating the warning.

"Warning," says somebody, "is that anything to warn us for? Haven't we always been wishing for that collapse? Why should you warn us for a gift from heaven? May it take place today! If this is true it would be occasion for us to see if we have no poetic vein in our soul so that we could write a long and spacy song of praise and thanksgiving for the realization of the long-ing of centuries instead of warning."

Well, this is true. If we had a lyre at our breast, as the poets have, we probably would try. The impulse is there, but there is another impulse that is much stronger and that is the impulse to tell those who are busy with their daily tasks that the collapse of capitalism will not only be a victory festival but that it possibly and probably will mean a terrible social catastrophe.

We consequently warn with the purpose of awakening our fellow men to a realization of the necessity of considering what they ought to undertake in order to soften the blow of the unquestionably impending catastrophe.

Capitalism collapsed, at least in part, in Russia, and we know what it meant. The people became free from their old oppressors and that certainly was a great cause for celebration, but the collapse had another side which has caused streams of tears to flow and unspeakable suffering.

The bird Phoenix, the new society, did not rise out of the ashes at the same moment as capitalism flared up. It hasn't risen yet. Hundreds of thousands have succumbed from want and hundreds of thousands have been compelled to sacrifice their lives, arms in hand, to defend the infant new society. The same thing has happened on a smaller scale in Hungary and Germany, and in the other European countries the gradual collapse of capitalism is every day causing nameless sufferings. The bread revolts of Italy are nothing else than symptoms of this gradual collapse, and bread revolts come only when people suffer from hunger and want.

The great railway and dock workers' strike in England, which was on the verge of spreading to the whole working mass, is nothing else than symptoms of the collapse

of capitalism. The few days the strike lasted, limited to one industry as it was, were enough to give us an idea of what conditions would have been, had it at this time come to a final conflict between England's capitalists and workers.

The insurrections, riots, race wars, lynchings, military law, terrorism and great strikes which characterize America of today are also symptoms of the impending collapse and will be multiplied a thousand-fold as the real crisis approaches.

The collapse of capitalism commences when the necessities of life get beyond the reach of the people and when the pressure of capitalism, its tyranny and oppression, coupled with the economic insecurity, becomes unbearable. Capitalism is now making a failure of its monopolized undertaking, to supply mankind with the necessities of life, because it is absorbing too much of the products of labor for the use of the capitalist class and for the running expenses of capitalism. There is not enough left for the mass of the people, and on what there is left the capitalist class has felt compelled to set such a high price that we cannot pay it.

In accordance with its nature, Capitalism continues to collect rent, interest and profit at a more cruel rate than ever and on an ever increasing capital, the stolen wealth produced by the people. Capitalism in itself is a logical and mathematical impossibility and an absurdity. As the structure of capitalism rises in the sky like an Eiffel-tower, the short-comings of its foundations are becoming apparent. The whole structure totters and sways and can be held in place only by artificial means, i. e. violence and the threats of violence. The structure of Capitalism was not designed by social engineers of wide learning and knowledge. It is a structure built according to the plans devised by greed, selfishness, cruelty and social ir-responsibility.

The new society on the other hand, is being built with due consideration for all the material at hand with a complete knowledge of mankind's past experiences and on a moral foundation of human solidarity, mutual aid, brotherly love, and justice to all. These four corner stones will be able to bear up the tremendous structure of the new world society which we are planning to erect on the ruins of capitalism.

Still somebody might say that this might apply to the European countries but that America has been built so solidly that capitalism here will endure. To this we will an-

swer that American capitalism, English capitalism and French capitalism and the capitalism of other countries are grown together like the Siamese twins. If one of them gets sick the other breaks down also, if one of them dies, the other has not many days left. Should capitalism collapse in England, or in France, it is only a matter of hours when it will draw its last breath in America.

We maintain that we are no prophets of disaster to be grinned at, but we are reasoning logically from facts that are known to everybody. The danger of a universal social cataclysm is a ghastly reality. It may take place this year or next year or later, but it is coming.

How are the English workers prepared for such an event? How are the American workers prepared? They are hardly prepared at all.

The English workers are partly organized in craft unions in an emergency manner patched up with the superstructure of shop stewardism, but this clap-trap apparatus is hardly fit for the taking over of production and carrying it on. Production will stop and fall into disruption. There will be chaos and disorder and fights between competing elements who all want to take the leadership in the country's affairs. So it will go in this country, altho in much more terrible forms because we here are split up into so many nationalities.

There is one way in which this world-disaster could be diverted, and that is by the capitalist class voluntarily abdicating from the ownership of the means of production and the right to the products of labor, without for a moment stopping production or withdrawing the services of such elements as are necessary for carrying it on. Still, this would not be sufficient as the workers of this country and other countries have no organs ready with which to take over this great inheritance. The capitalist class have hindered our efforts in every conceivable way when we tried to create the needed organs by organizing the workers industrially, and as a result the great mass of the people are unprepared to take the responsibility, even in the face of the impending calamity. If the capitalist class were as humane as it pretends to be, and as conscious of its social responsibilities as it boasts to be, they would not only immediately abdicate but they would immediately divert all the tremendous educational facilities from the channels of lies and misinformation where they are now operating, and turn them all in one general direction for the purpose of educating the people in industrial organization by means of which

they could take over and run production under a communist system of ownership and management by the people themselves.

If the capitalist class followed such a course the transition from capitalism to industrial communism could be accomplished with no more jar than what is felt when a railroad train passes over a bridge on to terra firma.

By suppressing the I. W. W. and hindering our efforts at enlightening the people, they are increasing the scope of the disaster for which they alone will have to be held responsible, for we are doing our best in spite of all persecution to prevent this disaster.

Dear friends, do not despise our warnings. Take them seriously. By so doing you will have nothing to lose and everything to gain. Drop everything else. Drop your pleasures, your hobbies, your fancies, in the face of impending danger and throw the whole weight of your ability and your personality in the work of organizing the workers industrially, so that we shall have as much as possible of the new organs of production ready to function when the big crash comes.

The work is simple. There is only one way to do it and that is to participate in and support the campaign of agitation, education and organization carried on by the I. W. W. Our efforts are directed upon this very point since fifteen years back. They have never slackened and they are increasing every day, and our work is being taken up in one country after another, showing that the people are beginning to realize the necessity of following our example. So far as we can see, the work accomplished by the I. W. W. and the prospect of more work of the same kind for the future, is the only ray of hope to which we can cling with heart and mind as the black clouds of the social doomsday are approaching.

A LESSON IN LAW AND ORDER

This Season's Pest

Swing upon him with a vim.
Whale the daylights out of him.
Ask your neighbor to assist.
Thrash the insect. Use your fist.

Take a little powder-gun,
Hold it ready. Squirt it, son.
End each crawling, sneaking one.

Reams of sticky paper buy.
Ever keep your swatter nigh.
Down it now—the Bolshefly.

—Life.

Industrial Franchise, Industrial Representation, Industrial Administration are the Elements of Industrial Democracy and Industrial Communism

ALL of us know what political franchise means. It means the right to drop your vote on election day in the ballot box and to have it counted in the election of officers for the management of the capitalist state. The right to vote has for a long time been the privilege of American citizens and has been gradually extended in the course of years so as to include even women in most of the states. Nominally there is universal political suffrage in this country but as a matter of fact immense bodies are excluded from the privilege. Millions of Negro workers are terrorized into absenting themselves from the ballot box, millions of white workers who are citizens are deprived of their vote by residential qualifications and by the nature of their work, and millions of foreign workers are, of course, excluded from participation in the political affairs of the nation. Those of us who are old enough to have observed conditions in other countries for the last twenty or thirty years have witnessed the successful struggle of the propertyless for political equality in most every country; in fact, we have seen political democracy grow up from suckling infancy to powerful manhood right before our own eyes. In some countries the propertyless have already secured a majority, or are on the verge of doing so, in the political parliaments.

These franchise enthusiasts, however, are standing more or less aghast at the results of their labors. It is becoming evident that in spite of increasing political influence the condition of the working class is not improving through political activities, but what little gains are made are to be credited to the action of the workers on the industrial field thru their unions. It is being proven that all that the parliaments do is to slowly and grudgingly register the gains made by the workers thru their own organizations on the industrial field.

To the surprise of the workers it is also becoming more plain every day that they deceived themselves when they hoped thru political action and thru the use of their political franchise to create and inaugurate a new society based on ownership by the people of all the means of production. It is becoming clearer every day that no new society will come about except by creating new organs for owning the means of pro-

duction and for carrying on production. There they stand, these political victors, rather shame-faced while we the I. W. W. men of the English speaking world and the Syndicalists of Europe, are calling to them: "That's what we always have told you. If we want a new society, we must build the new organs of society within the frame-work of the old. What we the workers need is not so much political franchise as **Industrial Franchise.**"

On the industrial field, the workers continue to be without a vote, just as they used to be on the political field. Autocracy is as complete in the industrial field as Russian autocracy once was on the political field. We haven't got a single word to say in the deciding of the quantity and quality of what shall be produced, nor a single word to say as to the distribution of the products of Labor. We have not a word to say in regard to wages, hours or working conditions. Just as before the time of the political franchise we had no way of carrying out our will except political revolution or insurrection, so we now have, on the industrial field, no way of making our will felt except thru industrial insurrections, or so-called strikes, for the strike is fundamentally nothing else than an industrial insurrection.

Everyone will admit that this is a very primitive, uneconomical and unpractical method for the people to act on the industrial field. It causes them sufferings and troubles too numerous to mention. What the working class needs to remedy this state of affairs is the industrial franchise. Not a franchise with the various limitations known from the struggle for the political franchise, such as for age and income, but a complete universal franchise; for any person wise enough and old enough to perform productive labor is also good enough to vote on matter pertaining to production and distribution.

The old voting districts used for political elections will not do for this purpose. The new voting districts will have to fit the industrial body as a suit of knit underwear has to fit the human body. The smallest electoral district will be the workshop and the next higher will be groups of workshops in the same industry, or so-called industrial districts; the highest electoral group will be the whole industry on a national, or eventually on an international

basis, but in any case it is the man on the job, the man with the tool of production in his hand who shall vote. Thus each worker has a deciding vote not only on the affairs of his own workshop and of his own district but in the affairs of the whole nation and the whole world.

As to local administration of cities and other communities the industrial franchise should be exercised by workers in all work shops and in all useful lines of activity for the purpose of electing persons for local administration. This form of franchise would give the power of decision in the common affairs of the people to every man and woman who is actively engaged in useful occupations, while it would self-evidently exclude all whose occupation is recognized as not socially useful.

This franchise is in fact all that the I. W. W. strives for. We want to have the workers who produce with hand and brain decide everything in the common affairs of the people.

The I. W. W. organization as well as the One Big Union in all other countries is the embryo of the new society. We are already now exercising the industrial franchise to the extent that we are organized, and our decisions are being followed to the extent that we can compel the capitalist class to obey us. We realize that the only way to extend this franchise is to build up the industrial unions, and no man or woman will ever participate in this privilege except by joining the industrial unions.

Russia is so far the only country which has introduced the universal industrial franchise. But due to the abnormal conditions the people were not able to immediately take advantage of this fruit of the revolution. The people had not been in advance educated up to an understanding of how to run the production and distribution of the country on a communist basis and, consequently, only part of the workers are exercising this right. Day by day, the new electoral system is developing and approaching a complete economic administration of the country, but so far the communists themselves have been unable to dispense with the political administration inherited from capitalism. In fact, they are compelled to use what they call the proletarian dictatorship for the purpose of extending the use of the industrial franchise to the point where it will result in an economic administration that would make the political administration superfluous. Some day, we hope, to see this thing accomplished and the proletarian dictators step

down from their power and give room for the representatives elected from the workshops, thus substituting dictatorship with industrial democracy.

The course of events will be very much the same in other countries. To the same extent that we are building the new administration within the frame-work of the old society by exercising our universal franchise in our industrial unions, to the same extent we are speeding on the day when we shall be able to throw the out-of-date political administration aside.

The big capitalists can see this time coming. They are busy concocting industrial franchise reforms which would give the workers only the shadow of influence in industrial affairs. This they do in order to break the point off our urgent agitation for a complete industrial franchise, so as to prolong their parasitical existence for as long a time as possible. Thus John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has recently sent out millions of copies of a pamphlet in which he proposes a franchise dividing the people into three classes, capitalists, working-men and consumers. By throwing out this bone they hope to stop the hungry wolves—the working masses—for the time being.

The so-called Plumb plan and other similar plans of "socialization" and "nationalization" in England and America go more or less in the same direction. Just as in the case of the political franchise, the concessions were gradual and wound up with complete victory for the previously disfranchised, so the industrial workers of the world will never stop for any baits thrown out to them in this manner before they have acquired complete universal industrial suffrage.

Universal political suffrage was gained thru a campaign of agitation, education and organization, extending over many decades. The fight for the industrial franchise is being carried on in the same manner, altho we, of course, are meeting with a hundred times the resistance the former had to contend with.

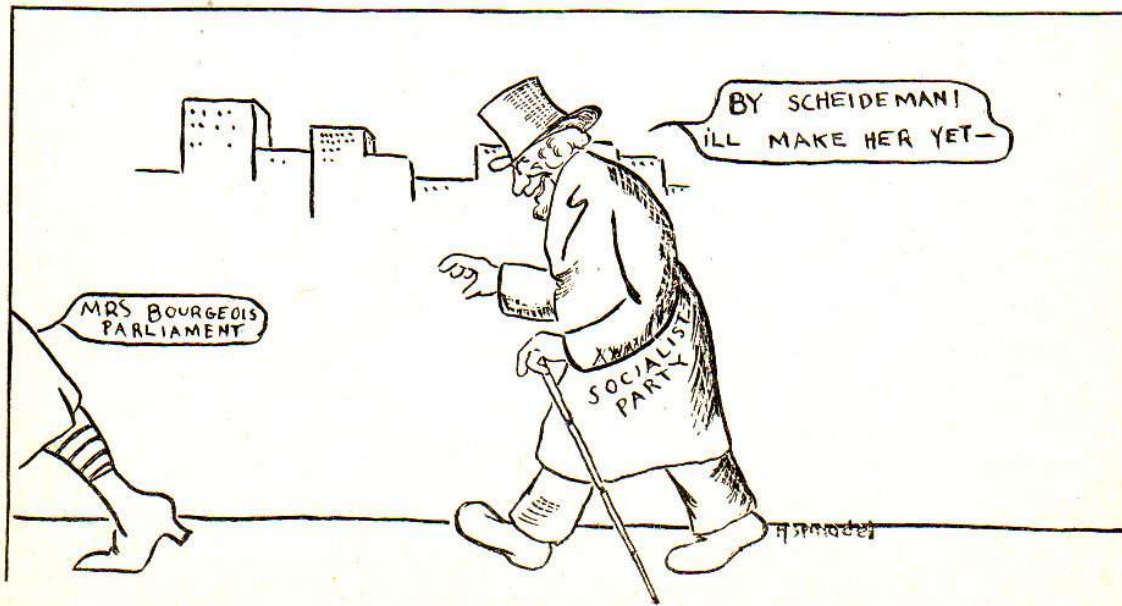
It is the I. W. W. in the English speaking world and the SYNDICALISTS in other countries who have taken up this struggle for the industrial franchise and we have so far made a great success of it. Some twelve, fifteen years ago, we had nothing and now already this industrial suffrage movement has become a world power before which capitalism trembles. It will never stop until we have established Industrial Communism and Industrial Democracy.

POLITICS

By B. E. Nilsson.

Beside the road which Labor walks through life
There lies the Paradise of endless strife,
Of unkept promise and of saintly sin,
A witless mob in many devious ways;
"Come, vote for me, ye sons of honest toil,
Where faith is broken and where words are wind.
Before the gateway stands a hopeful youth,
Who seeks for honesty and faith and truth;
To youthful eyes the hidden land is fair
And siren song and fragrance fill the air,
And he is bidden by a beckoning hand
To cross the threshold of the Promised Land.
Inside the gate a smooth-tongued statesman sways.
A witless mob in many devious ways
Who love your home, your land, your native soil;
This is a land where everyone is free,
Your rights are sacred if you vote for me."
The statesman won, the mob has lost the day,
For words are wind when statesmen have their way.
Then Youth begins to search for honest men,
When they are found, the game begins again.
But search is vain, no honest man is found,
Our youthful hero feels that he is bound
To take a thankless task upon himself,
He seeks no place, nor power, nor job, nor pelf.
And yet he fails, though honestly he tries;
His lesson is—that votes are bought with lies;
He gets in office, when he learns to tell

Lies meaning little—but which listen well,
And so he enters on his life career,
The ship of state a righteous course to steer.
And words of fire he pours out like a rain
In lofty halls, a "labor law" to gain;
But words are cheap where talking is a trade
And plentiful in halls where laws are made;
Week after week the stifling word-storms blow,
Till words are worthless as the polar snow.
But Youth will conquer, and the law came through
By grafty barter with a shifty crew;
For laws and bills are but things to trade,
And the faith he had was the price he paid.
The Witch of Endor is still in biz',
The ghost of Samuel is her's to quiz;
And laws are void until passed upon
By honored sages long dead and gone.
And seven doddering fossils said
They heard a whisper from the silent dead,
"This law of yours no law can be
Till you dot an "i" and cross a "t."
He started back on the weary route
And traveled far around about,
And as he pondered the tricks of Fate
He drifted back to the open gate.
He saw the angel shape with horns and tail,
Who bade him wander in the cork-screw trail;
And politics has taught our weary scout
The same old gate lets you in—and out.



MAYBE IT IS PADDED

TIME

By Harry Lloyd.

(Federal prisoner, Leavenworth, Kansas)

Time is but the fleeting shadow of the past, present and future;
It moves with rapidity of which no mortal mind of man can grasp;
The dimpled, alert, rosy-cheeked youth of yesterday is but the shriveled, wrinkled up
old man of today.
Time is kind, generous and cruel,
It is life, It is death, It is humanity's most precious friend and his most deadly enemy;
It brings light, joy and sorrow,
It increases the precepts of man, makes his burden light, and under certain environ-
ments it hardens them;
For instance, prison time is laborious, spiritless, conscious time it drags on and on,
Man always in its grasp is but a bird in a gilded cage, helpless and almost forgotten.
Humanity always in its shadow from the cradle to the grave, is but a falling star in
the canopy of space;
Time conquers all things.

Twelve Thousand Miles Away

By Covington Ami

"Current Opinion" quotes the "Philadelphia Pres-
byterian" as commenting on the Korean atrocities
as follows: "The groans of these innocent people
have ascended to heaven, and it is time that Chris-
tian nations entered their protest, and the mission
boards, who either condone this violence, or fail to
protest against it, are already condemned." Just
why it is any more wrong to torture Christian rebels
in Korea than it is to commit the same atrocities on
Socialists, Conscientious Objectors and I. W. W.'s in
these Christian United States, I fail to comprehend.
But still, I know "God works in a mysterious way
His blunders to perform."

How clear the Church can see a wrong—
Twelve thousand miles away.
How bravely it defies the strong—
Twelve thousand miles away.
How swift its eyes o'erflow with tears,
What floods it weeps upon the biers
Of those who died for conscience sake
In prison chains or at the stake—
Twelve thousand miles away.

How noble is the Church's ire—
Twelve thousand miles away.
How quick it gets upon the wire—
Twelve thousand miles away.
How white-hot flames its wrath divine
When rebels fall at freedom's shrine;
When, just as it was done in Butte,
The heathens stretch some rebel mute—
Twelve thousand miles away.

How valiant wars the Church for right—
Twelve thousand miles away.
How hard it toils to spread the light—
Twelve thousand miles away.
O'er Chosen's Leavenworths and hells,
Its pity broods, its mercy dwells;
It hates all wrong it's safe to hate,
This soul policeman of the State—
Twelve thousand miles away.

IN "NO MAN'S LAND"

By Covington Ami.

In "No Man's Land" the dead lie deep,
Ten million martyred boys there sleep;
Their "Government" has done its best,
And "glory" found its age-long quest.
In "No Man's Land," with thralling drums,
No politician-statesman comes;
No shrieking editors are there,—
Only the dead are everywhere.
In "No Man's Land" there's no "sweet sod,"
No "peace on Earth," no "truce of God";
There, red with their own people's blood,
"Great" empires sink in seas of mud.
Somewhere, sometime, a deathless band
Will yet arise in "No Man's Land";
The suiciding armies hear
The Race-call ring triumphant, clear!
Somewhere, sometime, the Lords of Woe,
The "might of folded arms" shall know;
In "No Man's land"—how long the night!—
O, Workers of the World, unite!

FREEDOM

By Raymond Corder.

Thou art the revelation
Of hidden things divine,
A crown of consolation,
The dark earth's anodyne.
A glow that fills the twilight,
The sense of every song,
The clarion call of day-bright,
Avenger of all wrong.
Thou art the inspiration
To do the daring deed,
The hope of every nation,
Of serfs who slave and bleed.
Thou art the end of hating,
The usherer in of love;
For you the world is waiting
Her sorrows to remove.
NO. 10010.

The Truth About the Steel Strike

By Harold Lord Varney

As I write these words, the great A. F. of L. steel strike is rattling into its third week. The atmosphere is crisp with excitement. Almost anything may happen.

In the Pittsburgh district the satellite cities are dead and strikebound, but the city furnaces are blazing. Bethlehem has remained loyal to its masters. Youngstown has proven a bonfire of revolt. Gary and Indiana Harbor and East Chicago are a rock of solidarity. South Chicago is wavering, but safe. Bristling bayonets and a scab-protecting militiamen are swaggering through the Calumet district, while the murmur of gathering violence begins to be heard on the picket line. In Pennsylvania the clattering hoofs of the Cossacks thunder thru the strike-swept cities. Gunmen beleaguer the railroad depots and challenge everyone. Day by day, one feels the tightening of the Iron Heel, while in Washington, frightened faced business men gather in industrial conference to wheedle and bribe the Gompers crew of craft fakers. And out in the strike belt, Mrs. Sellins lies in her grave in Breckenridge, and Mrs. Hantala is dead and forgotten in Newcastle, and nameless others die daily.

It is a ghastly, yet thrilling panorama. There is something titanic and immense about it. One doesn't need to go into Pittsburgh to feel the hugeness of it all. In fact, one would do well not to go to Pittsburgh, unless he is sure of his perspective. For the panorama is writing itself upon a truly NATIONAL canvas. THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND men! Revolting against TWENTY-FIVE BILLIONS of capital! Labor history never knew such an explosion.

And yet, after visiting Pittsburg, and Ferrell, and Youngstown, after studying Gary and its anomalous labor movement; after talking intimately with the leading propagandists of the belauded Steel strike, I am disillusioned about it all. It isn't what it seems. It isn't going to do what it asserted. It isn't trying to do even that which it can.

The Steel strike may be won. God knows, we of the I. W. W. hope it will be. But it won't be a victory for the revolution. It won't be a triumph of One Big Unionism. At its very best, A. F. of L. victory in the steel industry will lead to nothing loftier than another shoddy, sickly bargain, for a wormy system of craft "fakeration."

In justice to truth, I must say that in this strike we meet an A. F. of L. which has reached the very apex of its career. Indeed, in some isolated trenches of the strike I am almost tempted to say that it is an A. F. of L. which even surpasses itself. But, when this is said, all is said. For, splendid as it all is—unprecedented as it all is—the Steel strike remains—AN A. F. OF L. STRIKE! A battle of craft unions! This, and no more! On this point there is no question. And I found everywhere, that

the strike leaders themselves were at pains to impress this proudly upon us. "It is an A. F. of L. strike."

Characteristically, then, we see the inevitable features of all A. F. of L. strikes—in Pittsburgh. Craft unionism, lack of program, autocratic strike control—evasive and compromising propaganda. All are here. And before I go into the main story of this great moving Steel strike, I would like to discuss these four fatal spots in what might otherwise be a splendid solidarity. I would like to fix them poignantly in your minds, and then you will understand the Steel strike.

First, CRAFT UNIONISM. Rumors have gone over the land that the steel workers were organized upon the basis of industrial unionism. Radicals have whispered that Foster and Fitzpatrick have created in Pittsburgh a new kind of A. F. of L. A One Big Union! Most of us have believed it. I believed it myself because I wanted to believe it. But when I went into Pittsburgh I learned that the rumors were only rumors. Foster has no One Big Union among the steel workers. The organization is glaringly craft unionist, as utterly so as any federated A. F. of L. body or Central Labor council.

Where observers were misled was in the fact that the original organizing committee of iron and steel workers used a sort of mass unionism in their preliminary organizing drive. But it was but a temporary expedient. In order to facilitate the lining up of new members, the organizing committee issued a red, white and blue temporary membership card to the applicants. This card certified that the bearer was a member of the American Federation of Labor. After a certain date, however, the holders of these red, white and blue cards were automatically sorted into craft unions. And this was the beginning and the end of Foster's One Big Union. It was this small morsel of industrial unionism which some of us magnified into a roseate solidarity.

Of crafts, in the steel mills, there is a multitude. Twenty-four of them! Each with a jealous, iron-chained jurisdiction! Each avid for the rich revenues of those herds of new steel mill members! Each shrieking antonomy and stamping out the hope of solidarity!

The Foster-Fitzpatrick plan of organization is as reactionary and craft-tied as any A. F. of L. central body. In fact, to duplicate it, we need merely study the Chicago Federation of Labor. Foster's central steel organization is a counterpart of the Chicago Federation of Labor. It is a delegate federation—that is all!

Each of the twenty-four antonomous crafts elect representatives to this central delegate body. And each of the crafts reserves a veto power over the action of this body. This central body is as feeble in power as a British House of Lords. Of course, in times of weakness and common danger—in

strikes, etc.—the internationals do allow it to function. But once let the crafts secure contracts and job control, and the central body fades like a dying day. Behind every camouflage of One Big Unionism the real hand in the steel organization is the hand of the twenty-four internationals. **IT IS THE HAND—THE DEAD HAND—OF RICKETY, PALSID, DISCREDITED CRAFT FEDERATION!**

Again, we find that the steel organization, even in this crisis of general strike, is without an ISSUE. The one astounding fact that struck me everywhere in the Pittsburgh district was the fact that the workers don't know what they are striking for. It is a crude, deathless instinct of class loyalty that swept them from the mills and holds them together. But now that they are out, there seems to be no mighty, magnetic issue to stiffen them. Indeed, the A. F. of L. has preached no class issue to them.

The one theme that the A. F. of L. has been shrieking through the valley for months has been ORGANIZE! They repeated it with a sort of savage monotony. Then dinned it so incessantly that, subconsciously, the workers reacted to it. The cold fact of organization took the place, in their minds, of the burning magic of issues. Automatically, the workers flocked to the union, trusting that, since the union was perfected, the issues would be born.

Had the I. W. W. or any other constructive labor movement led the organizing drive, they would have preached a flaming and magnetic program. They would have plowed the minds of the steel workers with furrows of glittering dreams. They would have rocked the industry like a deluge, with their programs and their issues. And a strike under I. W. W. leadership would have been a crusade, a gigantic revolution. And the A. F. of L. is just the reverse of this.

Well does the great strike exemplify the stern contrast of the A. F. of L. to the I. W. W. The A. F. of L. and the I. W. W. union organizers differ precisely here. The A. F. of L. man organizes an industry with just one motive—organization for organization's sake. The I. W. W. man organizes an industry in order that the resultant organization may be a vehicle to his great social program. To the A. F. of L. organizer, the gleaming goal is the goal of high dues receipts, and a fat, steady dues-paying roster. He views his union as an insurance company views its policyholders—as an immense field of per capita. But the I. W. W.—apostle of a program—makes of his union a machine of social regeneration. In the Steel Workers' Union then, it is this appalling lack of vision, lack even of issue, which strikes us.

And the third weakness of the strike flows from this same trend. For it is a strike in which there is NO DEMOCRACY. The workers are merely pawns; the game is being played by a dozen self-appointed men. It is a bureaucratic strike.

In an I. W. W. strike, to make the point clear, the striking workers are allowed to hold every thread of the situation. Strike committees, composed of

the strikers themselves, are elected in great mass meetings, and these strike committees hold the executive control. Negotiations with the bosses are conducted by these elected committees. But the committees are checked in every decision by the supreme executive power of the rank and file. The mass vote is the final arbiter. Leaders are but the executing servants. An I. W. W. strike is thus a tremendous training in working class self-administration.

But it is far otherwise in Pittsburgh. There is a national committee for organizing iron and steel workers. Fitzpatrick is its president, Foster its secretary. This committee was appointed from Washington. It is responsible, not to the strikers, but to the executives of the twenty-four internationals. And this committee hold an unlimited and unchecked power over the 300,000 strikers.

It was this committee which called the strike—not the workers. The workers were allowed to vote in a referendum, but so inconsequential was this vote that its result was never even announced. It was the committee which decided there should be a strike. And if it had willed, it could have decided not to strike, and there would have been no revolt.

This committee rules every activity of the workers, save in isolated centers like Gary, where the workers have seized the power. The workers in the mill towns do not hold strike meetings. They couldn't if they wanted to, because Foster has got them split up into twenty-four different unions. Instead, an organizer, appointed by the committee, has charge of each town. He runs the strike for them. He calls general mass meetings, from time to time, but business is not discussed at these meetings. The workers listen to speeches, and then they file out.

And this committee, when the time comes, will have the right to call the strike off. It has the authority to carry on all the negotiations with the Steel trust. It has the authority to sign agreements with the trust. And it has authority to drive the workers back, at the terms it bargains.

It is an undemocratic strike. Not a spark of that industrial democracy which labor is striving for, brightens the Pittsburgh situation. Like obedient children, the workers were jerked from the mills, out into a leader-ruled strike. Is this syndicalism? They know nothing of their own strike, and its far-flung issues, save the bulletins which they read in the press. Is this industrial democracy? Where, in all the wide stretches of this titian of strikes, can we find the spirit of workers' control? And without that, strikes are meaningless; without democracy, labor's revolt is a dead and doomed attempt.

This fatal autocracy of the strike is its most chilling symptom. Everywhere I went in Pittsburgh I was struck by the apathy of the workers. "I don't know." They could make no other answer. They knew they were striking. Foster and Fitzpatrick knew the rest for them.

And a fourth reason for my disillusionment is

the UNSPEAKABLE CONSERVATISM of the whole affair. Of course, it is an A. F. of L. strike. But even an A. F. of L. strike in such an industry ought to have some fleeting touch of the revolutionary spirit. But, instead, even radicalism is interdicted.

The A. F. of L. leaders tread in terror lest one radical utterance slip unawares. They shriek of their horror of Bolshevism. They damn the I. W. W. with threats and profane force. They swab themselves in the folds of the star spangled banner and sing enthusiastically of their Americanism. If an I. W. W. speaks among them they make a virtue of their respectability and turn him over to the police.

And so the whole magnificent opportunity of the Steel strike is slipping away from them. What an opportunity Fitzpatrick had, for instance, as he sat before the silly old senators at Washington. He had the ear of the nation. By his mouth all labor might speak.

The causes of the strike? The senators asked him. And how well Fitzpatrick knew them. The long, deadly hours of it; the lashing, killing servitude of it; the ruthless arrogance of an industrial monster; the smarting shame of enslaved and sullen helots—all the dumb, burning outrage of a stricken class could speak at last to the world THROUGH FITZPATRICK. This was the untold thing which had caused the strike. This was the thing—crime of crimes—which had sent the masses rushing and quivering and sobbing, out of the mills, into the great general strike.

This, Fitzpatrick could have told them—but instead:

"We have gone on strike because the Steel trust didn't live up to President Wilson's policies. We are striking in order to STAND BY THE PRESIDENT." That is how the Associated Press reported it. And while Fitzpatrick mumbled these craven words, how Judge Gary and Pierpont Morgan and the rest of the gang must have chuckled. "Standing by Wilson." Wilson, indeed!

But Fitzpatrick merely exemplified the spirit of the strike. Or, to put it more accurately, the spirit of those who run the strike. Everything is offenseless and correct. It is a strike of "gentlemen." The lid remains clamped down—stapled down by the A. F. of L.—and Hell is unseen. Radicalism? No, not a radical speaker has gotten on their platform. Even poor old Mother Jones was barred. She might say too much. They won't even employ a radical attorney for the strike work. Such is the strike they are running in Pittsburgh.

But now for the story of the strike. The beginning of it all was at the convention of the American Federation of Labor at St. Paul. At this convention it was voted to organize the steel workers. The time was certainly ripe. Again and again the steel workers had turned to the A. F. of L. organ-

ization. But the job was too big. The craftites had shirked it.

At St. Paul the drive was inaugurated. Gompers and Fitzpatrick and Foster—a strange trio—took charge. An office was established in Pittsburgh. Branch offices were opened in all the steel towns. The twenty-four internationals got together on the red, white and blue card system, as explained above, and they appropriated huge funds for the task. Under Foster's supervision an army of high paid organizers were put out.

But the workers didn't heed organizers. They wanted unionism and they wanted it bad. At least the workers of three nationalities—the Hungarians, the Russians and the South Slavs—did. The A. F. of L. needed merely to open its offices. The foreigners flocked in.

But not the American workers. In the steel mills the Americans and the Anglo-Saxon element hold the best jobs. There are rollers who work at tonnage rates and make \$50 or \$60 a day. There are puddlers who make \$20 and \$25. These highly skilled workers are the key to the industry. Naturally they are company men. The A. F. of L. didn't get them. The A. F. of L. didn't even try to get them. Foster's union is a union of the foreigners. He organized the easy groups—the groups that would have flocked just as eagerly to the I. W. W., had we made the drive. The Americans stayed out, and the Americans are scabbing now.

These foreign elements were attracted to the union because they thought that it was to be an industrial union. They felt that it was a new unionism they were joining. They, also, believed that "Foster was boring from within." Deliberately the A. F. of L. capitalized this misconception.

On May 25, of this year, the members of the new union had begun to get restive and demand that something be done. They had joined the union in order to strike a blow for freedom from slavery. They were not content, now that they had the union, to be mere dues paying figures. To mollify them, a conference was called in Pittsburgh. It was the greatest convention of steel workers in the history of the industry. From every Hell hole of steel the workers came. The hundreds of delegates met each other with one common mind—to beat the Steel Trust. They knew the job would be hard. But they were willing to pay the price—and they're paying it now.

At this conference the great overshadowing issue was the issue of the ONE Big Union. How can we have an industrial union, the workers asked, if we don't even have the universal transfer system between our twenty-four internationals? If each international is to dike itself off with extortionate initiation fees? This issue of the universal transfer system was the prime issue of the conference.

But the conference had no authority. The twenty-four internationals had seen to that. The Fos-

ter-Fitzpatrick committee had been careful on that point. The conference was merely a "deliberative body." Its only power was the power to recommend.

And so, when the issue of the universal transfer system came up, the conference could only "recommend" that it be adopted. The final say was left to the Atlantic City convention of the A. F. of L. The conference adjourned and the workers went home and waited. And they are still waiting. For at Atlantic City the universal transfer system died in the pigeon hole of a committee. The one essential thing which was necessary to build a solid organization was denied them by the A. F. of L. Poor "borers from within!"

And at last came the strike. The A. F. of L. didn't call it. The A. F. of L. merely accepted it. And Judge Gary picked the time. As the summer went on, the saturnine and invisible planners of the Steel Trust began to move. In city after city they began turning off the union men. They were trying to provoke the workers into strike. And well they knew the temper of those tempestuous hordes who had crowded into the union.

Foster and Fitzpatrick felt their union slipping. On the one hand was the Steel Trust weeding out the active agitators, turning them off by the hundreds a day. And on the other hand there were the men—screaming for a strike—threatening to halt the precious per capita if something didn't happen. The craftite "leaders" didn't want the strike. They had hoped for a triumph of moral suasion; they had looked to gain job control by peaceful conferences with Gary; by "gentlemanly agreements" and cozy mahogany tete-a-tetes. But they had reckoned without Gary. Instead of talking to them and negotiating, he ordered his butler to turn them out. And so there was nothing left to the poor, wilted "leaders" but to return to the plan of their members.

Of course it was asinine of Judge Gary to do this. What safer guarantee could he have bought against red Bolshevism than the bromide of a safe, sane craft unionism? What better jailer could he have placed over the minds of his slaves than the walking delegate of the A. F. of L.? But Gary belongs to an old school. He has a religion—the Open

Shop. He stands with Taft and Nicholas Butler—and he believes in the divine rights of business. He is an anachronism—an industrial troglodyte. And so, foolishly, he slammed the doors in the face of this master opportunity to buy the healing lotions of Gompers.

But now we stand midway in the strike. As the great guns of the battle roar around us—screaming in Bethlehem, popping staccato-like in Pittsburgh, roaring like Niagara's falls from the granite solidarity of Youngstown and Donora and Gary, we of the I. W. W. feel the thrill of the fight, and we are in it. Forgotten must be the past; forgotten even the name in which the strike is waged. Forgotten must be the dingy American Federation of Labor, and though it has made every mistake that union can make, in this Steel drive of theirs—we lay the recollection aside, and line up beside them, face to face. For no longer is it A. F. of L.; now it is Labor—Labor enslaved, maimed and revolutionary—which mans the trenches in a hundred bloody scenes of strike. And Labor MUST ALWAYS WIN.

Bill Haywood, I believe it was, who once said: "The working class; may it ever be right; but right or wrong—the working class!" And it is the working class in Pittsburgh, and Gary, and Homestead, and Newcastle, and Farrell, and in a hundred blazing mill towns that consecrates for us the fight against U. S. Steel.

We pray that they will win. Nay, more, for we have a steel workers' union, too; we are out on the picket line, fighting, that they may win. But Labor never will win anything until Labor knows the truth, and reads its stern lesson. The truth of the steel situation we have tried to give in this article. Perhaps some will be hurt because we told too much. But what we told had to be told. All the destinies of our class, all the hopes of a higher unionism, were waiting for this truth to be known. Now that we have printed it, brother steel workers, act upon it! You can remedy the past, now! You can save the future, now! And the way to do this is to fight like Hell until the Steel Trust is beaten, and then rally for the next great battle in the ranks of Metal and Machinery Workers' Industrial Union No. 300 of the I. W. W.

The Significance of Gary

By Anne Gallagher

The evolution of society is toward an understanding of itself, self-consciousness. "The atom," Haeckel tells us, "does not act, but reacts." This is largely true of society, but we of the present day have the privilege of witnessing the gigantic struggle of society as it emerges from the state of blind reaction to one of purposive aim and understanding of its own laws and forces. For evidence of society becoming self-conscious, behold Gary.

Unlike the other towns of the now famous Calumet district, Hammond, Whiting and East Chicago, Gary did not develop from a somnolent rural village into an industrial center. Gary is a "made" town, designed and constructed with the needs of the Steel Trust in mind—a product of self-conscious Capitalism.

With its wide, clean streets, its fine public buildings, its ultra-modern school system, up-to-date

apartment buildings, good residential sections, and decent enough dwellings for the ordinary workers, Gary differs considerably from the average factory town, with dirty streets, tumbledown shacks, or rows of prison-like tenement buildings and a ragged half-starved population.

What is now Gary was once a part of the wonderful sand dune country, and bits of this former grandeur can still be found on vacant lots which the Gary Land Company has not yet succeeded in disposing of. In the heart of the city almost, one comes suddenly upon one of those miniature sand hills, with its peculiar stunted vegetation seeking the sunlight like factory children escaping for the moment the master's watchful eye, as though, in spite of the blight of Capitalism, some irrepressible impulse toward freedom still remains.

In short, Gary is not a bad looking place, and it is quite a credit to its builders, but over it looms the shadow of the Steel mills.

The Steel mills themselves are a veritable fortress the first, perhaps, ever erected with the inevitable class war in mind. The mills are situated on the lake front and on the north side are accessible only to the lake steamers. On the south side, three spans, bridging the Grand Calumet river, lead to the only entrances to the mills. A machine gun planted on one of these bridges could conveniently mow down the workers should they ever madly attempt to storm this modern bastille. Between the town of Gary and the mills, the river has been widened to 300 feet, and inside the river runs a cement wall and upon this wall at all times are guards armed with rifles and at each of the entrances to the mills are stationed special police. Inside these ramifications, and shut off from the town is the steel company's hospital. The injured can be removed to this benevolent institution without undue attention being called to the number maimed in the course of a day or week. In fact, when they enter the mills in the morning the steel workers are effectively shut off from the rest of the world and are virtually held incommunicado until night.

These fort-like mills, in their inaccessibility, their remoteness and the stratagem of their approaches, call to mind the moated castles of the ancient robber barons, but unlike the robber barons of old, a meagre toll from the casual traveler does not satisfy the Steel Trust. Twelve hours a day, seven days a week, with one twenty-four hour shift, is the toll the Steel Trust exacts from its workers who daily traverse the bridges leading from Gary to the steel mills.

It is against this tyranny of long hours that the steel workers are striking. "The right to organize" is their slogan, and eight hours a day, six days a week, is their aim.

And the evidences of class consciousness in Gary are not all on the master's side. This is not a strike where the workers were driven by desperation into a blind rebellion against starvation wages. This is a well-planned struggle in which the workers, who, during the war and since, have made good wages,

are prepared to hold out until the Steel Trust comes to terms.

It is an industrial strike, in a sense, as all the workers, skilled and unskilled, are out, but there is a weakness apparent to us in the craft union psychology of some of the leaders, who advocate "fair" conditions and urge the workers to heed the advice of their officials and to do the bidding of their executive board. However, we can let that pass. The right spirit is there in the rank and file of the workers and in some of the most influential leaders. Factors stronger than the bonds of craft unionism are at work in the Gary steel mills. Skill, the unit around which the craft unionist builds, is rapidly disappearing from the industry. The machines are being perfected to the point where skill is becoming superfluous and the distinction between the crafts is becoming obliterated. The craft unionist is being converted to the industrial viewpoint by the industries themselves which are grinding him down into the ranks of the unskilled majority.

One of the interesting features of this industrial conflict is the position of the petty bourgeois of Gary. In no other city, perhaps, are the class lines so definitely drawn. Gary is a city of workers. Even the aristocracy of Gary, the so-called better class, is made up of the families of office men and superintendents employed at the mills. The only citizens not directly dependent on the Steel Trust for their livelihood are the shop keepers and merchants, and at present their situation is desperate.

On the one hand the strikers are threatening to boycott trades people whose sympathies are with the mill owners, and the mill owners, these merchants know only too well, have numerous ways of making those who incur their displeasure feel the weight of their disapproval. The bourgeoisie of Gary is fulfilling its historic mission of being crushed between the upper and nether millstones of industrialism, the mill in this case being more real than poetic.

Some of the merchants have declared themselves boldly on the side of the strikers, offering them extended credit, and agreeing to give 10 per cent of their profits to a strike fund while the strike lasts. Others armed themselves with tin stars and billies to bully the pickets and start riots, doing the masters' dirty work in the name of the American Loyalty Legion. The strikers welcomed the United States troops and martial law as protection against these lawless thugs.

Perhaps before this article reaches you the strike will be settled, but as we go to press the result is still in doubt. Riots have occurred, troops have landed and the city is under martial law, but the strikers are not disheartened. There is a quiet determination about them that is inspiring, and whether they win or lose in this particular struggle they will be the ultimate victors. Gary, whose school system has attained a country-wide fame, is giving us all a practical education in class consciousness, and the workers are learning their lesson.



SHALL HE MAKE THE PLUNGE?

The War Against Gompersism in Mexico

(By Linn A. E. Gale)

The workingmen of Mexico are almost a unit against Samuel Gompers and the American Federation. Yet the first national congress that the Mexican Socialist Party ever held sold out body, soul and breeches to Luis N. Morones, secretary of the Pan-American Federation of Labor and bosom friend of Gompers. Strange? No. It merely shows how sharp and shrewd the enemy is, how cunningly he plays the game, how he continually contrives to slip into the midst of those sincere but erring people who

pin their faith to political action as the open sesame to Industrial Freedom. It shows once more what an easy thing it is to subsidize a political party and reminds us that, on the other hand, it is a hard job to do anything like that with industrial unions.

Instinctively, the average Mexican worker approves of Industrial Unionism and looks with suspicion on craft unions. The psychology of the Mexican may explain this party. After centuries of servitude and exploitation at the hands of Spaniard, Englishman,

American, German and Frenchman, the Mexican toiler begins to feel an unreasoning, unexplainable but strong and withal very justifiable sense of solidarity with every other toiler. He does not philosophize about it. He cannot. He has been a beast of burden for alien robbers so long that intellectual effort is well-nigh impossible in many cases. But without giving it much thought he just "knows" that all workers are in about the same class and ought to stick together, and he figures out that there is not much difference between them, even if some do one kind of work, others another, and so on. So the notion of One Big Union strikes him as a good one because it means that all the poor devils in the same boat with him are going to work together with him. And the idea of separate craft unions is distasteful to him because it means just the opposite. Primitive reasoning but it rests on a sound basis. It is a pity some of the more educated members of craft unions in the United States cannot see with as clear mental vision.

Still another reason why the Mexican worker does not usually "take to" agents of the A. F. of L. is that attitude which the jingo press north of the Rio Grande usually calls the "pro-Germanism" of the said worker. As a matter of fact, the laborer here is not pro-German and never was. He is not "pro"-anything. He simply knows that as a general rule the well-groomed American who comes down to Mexico comes for the purpose of exploiting him, grabbing the country's wealth and using shotguns and similar devices as a means of arbitration when difficulties arise. He notices that the A. F. of L. organizer generally looks very much like the capitalist, mining man or oil magnate. The organizer seems to belong to the fortunate few rather than the oppressed many, of which the peon forms a part, and the peon has his doubts when the organizer offers membership in the A. F. of L. as the short road to big pay, short hours and greater bliss. When a "wobbly" comes to Mexico the peon knows the difference instantly. He feels a kinship for the "wobbly," believing the latter is actually an under-dog like himself and is on the level in his promises. He has an idea that I. W. W.'ism is something not distinctly American and this appeals to him, for he has come to associate "Americanism" with robbery and slavery. The word "world" in the name "Industrial Workers of the World" sounds pleasanter to him than the word "American" in the name "American Federation of Labor." Internationalism, although he usually only incompletely understands the word, seems to him a desirable thing, but he detests "Americanism." The only "Americanism" he knows is misery, wretchedness and abuse, and if he had no other reason this would be sufficient to perpetually prejudice him against the Gompers organization.

Again, the Mexican worker had a strong impression during the late war that after Wall Street disposed of Germany it would crush Mexico. That was why, in many cases, he did really hope Germany would win the war. He thought in such a case one gang

of robbers might balance the other, and Germany's victory would keep the "gringos" from invading his own fair country. Recent events and the entrance of American troops onto Mexican soil in two distinct instances have made him feel that his fears during the war were correct. He knows that Samuel Gompers was very active in helping Wilson and Wall Street "win the war." And he concludes that anything that Gompers, Wilson and Wall Street are in favor of is a splendid thing for him to keep away from.

However, in spite of these beliefs and prejudices, the Mexican Socialist Party is completely in the hands of Gompers. And the sale of the party has resulted, very naturally in the formation of the Communist Party of Mexico which is emphatically on record in favor of Industrial Communism and will co-operate to the fullest extent possible with the I. W. W. Although organized as a political party, it frankly says that political action is of value only in a secondary sense for purposes of propaganda, education and agitation, and that industrial action is of far more importance. The Communist Party has organized with provisional officers to serve until the national congress of the party called to be held in Mexico City in November. Its International Secretary is Adolfo Santibanez, formerly International Secretary of the Mexican Socialist Party and virtually the pioneer in Mexican Radicalism, having been a worker for the past fifteen years. Santibanez is a lawyer who devotes his energies entirely to the legal work of the toilers. He was ousted from office in the recent Socialist Congress when the "Moronistas" or followers of Morones, seized control. The National Secretary of the Communists is Enrique H. Arce, a printer of nine years' connection with the Socialist Party and a man with exceptional literary talent. The address of the Communist Party is P. O. Box 985, Mexico City, D. F., Mexico, and all I. W. W. secretaries in the United States should communicate with it for they will find the party unequivocally committed to I. W. W.'ism and ready to do anything possible to further the One Big Union idea.

The story of the capture of the Socialist Congress by Gompers' man, Morones, is an interesting one. It hinges largely on the doings of a Hindu, M. N. Roy, who is supposed to be an exile from the United States, but who is also said by some to be a spy for the American government. As to the truth of this I do not know. But I do know that Roy and his wife have lived in Mexico City for nearly two years and during that time he has given frequent lectures and written a few pamphlets and articles on British misrule in India, a subject in which all Radicals are naturally keenly interested. However, in this period Roy took no interest in Socialism or allied subjects until a couple of months ago. In fact I have a letter he wrote in January, 1919, declaring emphatically he was "not a radical" and had "no connection with any radical group." Not many weeks ago, for reasons to be surmised, Roy's attitude changed decidedly and he manifested sudden and noticeable interest

in the Mexican Socialist Party. He and his wife joined and began to attend regularly the meetings of the Mexico City local. A little later he offered to give financial aid to "El Socialista," a little monthly published by Francisco Cervantes Lopez, National Secretary of the party. His financial backing was admitted by Lopez in a meeting of the Mexico City local the other evening. "El Socialista" increased in size, improved in appearance and was soon published semi-monthly instead of monthly.

Arrangements were begun shortly thereafter for the first national congress of the Soc. Party and the various groups and organizations whose ideas were practically the same. In these arrangements Roy also took a prominent part.

The congress met in this city on August 25th and was attended by a little less than thirty delegates, about half being from Mexico City and a few from Puebla, Zacatecas, Morelia and other cities. Mrs. Roy came as a delegate with the proxy of the "Centro Radical Feminino," a Radical and anti-Catholic organization of women in Guadalajara. Roy had credentials from "El Socialista," each publication being entitled to representation. Lopez, the National Secretary, was present as delegate from the Mexico City local with Santibanez, International Secretary.

A murmur went around the hall of the bakers' union, in which the congress was held, when a portly, fashionably dressed man with a diamond stickpin, took his seat, accompanied by another portly and prosperous looking chap. The former was Luis N. Morones. He was accompanied by one Samuel Yudico. The two had credentials from some obscure labor organization of Mexico City which, it developed, rents a hall and is supposed to meet once in a while, but details as to the membership, origin and activities of the said organization were not forthcoming. It functioned "somewhere in Mexico" and that is about all anybody knew. Morones looked decidedly out of place, but he is hardened and was not disturbed by a sense of fitness of things—or unfitness. A majority of the delegates came in their working clothes, some wearing the typical wide-brimmed Mexican sombreros which are becoming less and less common with the advance of our commercialized civilization. Not a few of them looked askance at Morones and Yudico. Several swore vigorously in Spanish. But Morones and Yudico were cool and unperturbed.

The convention began to pass on credentials. Morones and Yudico presented theirs and the storm began. A whole day was spent in oratorical fireworks. I had the audacity to say some harsh things about Morones, declaring he was not a Socialist, had no business in a Socialist congress, came there for no good purpose and represented an organization that existed chiefly to betray the working class into the hands of its exploiters. For this I was called to order by—my friend, Roy, the financial angel of "El Socialista." I had been a little doubtful of the genuineness of Roy's conversion to Socialism anyway, but it had not dawned on me before that he

was working hand-in-hand with Morones. Even then I was not sure of it. I thought perhaps Roy only objected to my strong language on general principles and might have done the same if a friend of Morones had talked in the same way. But I soon changed my mind. When Roy addressed the congress he said he did not approve of the policy of the American Federation of Labor, but he left the impression that it was only a friendly difference of opinion over minor details. There was no hint of a fundamentally different conception of economics. Not a word about the real object of the A. F. of L. being to patch up a rotten system and make it last a little longer, instead of preparing the way for the new and better system.

Speech-making finished. A ballot was taken. Roy did not vote and the result was—tie! Another ballot. Tie again—Roy still not voting. Then, as though fully decided to do a painful task, Roy voted in favor of seating Morones, casting the deciding vote!!!

International Secretary Santibanez left the congress in disgust and said he would not return. He did, however, to help us fight Morones, for at one time we thought we could down him. Later, the Morones machine kicked Santibanez out and that sent him into the new Communist Party with the rest of us direct-actionists. National Secretary Lopez was angered and humiliated, but he did not leave the congress. He tried to convince himself that Roy might have acted from honorable motives. His was not an easy place. Without Roy, "El Socialista" might have to suspend, or at the best, could not be published regularly as at present. Roy, of course, explained his vote to Lopez and the rest of us. He thought it would be better to give Morones a seat and then "show him up" in the congress. Maybe it would have been, but this is precisely what he didn't do.

From that day Morones really ran the congress. When the national committee was named a furious fight developed over letting him have a seat on it, and he discreetly allowed himself and his friend Yudico to be excluded. This Roy, aided by Frank Seaman, editor of the English page of "El Herald de Mexico," the liberal bourgeois daily of ex-Gov. Alvarado of Yucatan, proudly declared was a great victory over Morones. But as a matter of fact, it was a beautiful piece of camouflage, for while not a member, Morones, it later developed, controlled a majority of the national committee. When the executive committee was named, Morones got three of the five members, possibly four. Lopez is the only one who is not a Morones man, but his sincerity will avail little if he remains with the Gompers-dominated organization. However, it is believed he will break away and join the Communists soon.

The congress lasted for ten days but it consisted really in grandstand plays and exhibition speeches made to convince the delegates that they were taking part in an epoch-making event. In this business of bluff Morones and Yudico were most active, and Roy

and Seaman were able assistants. Elaborate discussions over Utopian nonentities gave the congress the appearance of great activity, but an examination of what was really done shows next to nothing.

A statement of "revolutionary Socialism" of an ambiguous and dish-watery sort, was adopted and a program for a permanent organization was also accepted, after much philosophising and generalizing. The chief feature of the latter was that it left the control of the party machinery entirely in the hands of the present officials who are all Morones' men.

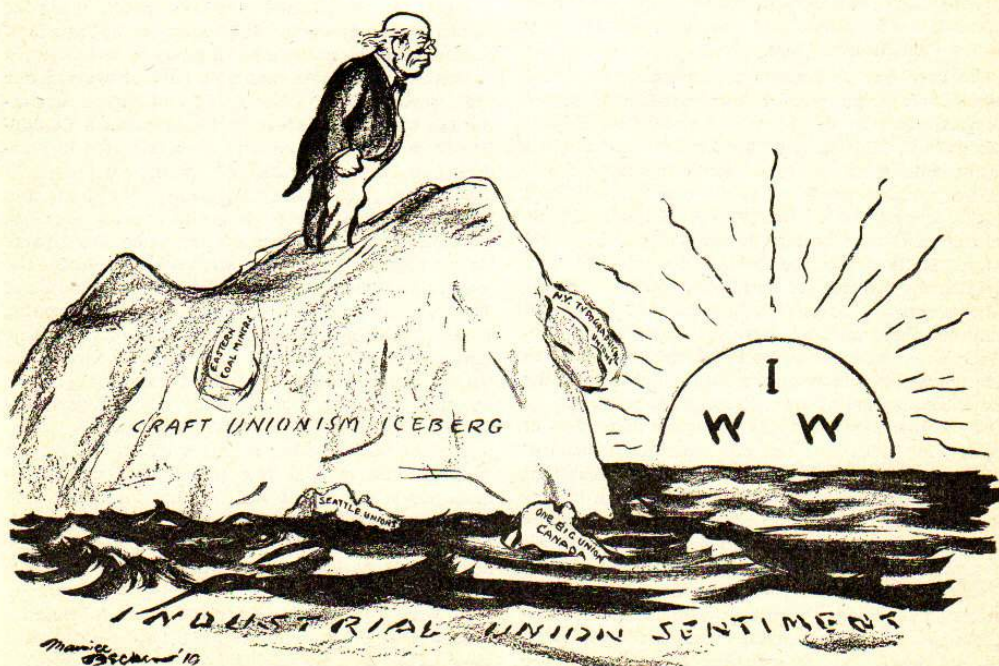
No official action whatever was taken on intervention, although the working class of Mexico is bitterly against any interference with Mexico's affairs by foreign governments. Of course Gompers (despite what he may say) does not want concerted opposition to intervention. That would make Wall Street's task harder and Gompers' business is to smooth out the obstacles to Wall Street's plans.

Early in the congress I called attention to the fact that the manifesto issued beforehand mentioned the election of delegates to the Second International at Berne, Switzerland, and remarked that such action would be an insult to the party. The committee which drafted the plan of organization, Roy and Seaman being members, therefore inserted a clause saying that delegates would be elected to the Third

International at Moscow, to save the face of the congress. But the congress adjourned without electing anybody and left the choice of delegates to the executive committee which will probably select Roy and Seaman and somebody else satisfactory to Morones. Inasmuch as the Communist Party will elect delegates to Moscow, it is not probable that the Socialist delegates will get much consideration from the Bolsheviki. But it was a clever thing to do to indorse the International Left Wing and it served in some cases to distract the attention of delegates away from the fact that the Gompers reactionaries had emasculated the congress.

Meanwhile the Communist Party is receiving assurances of support from all parts of Mexico and springs into life virile, well-organized, revolutionary and emphatically in favor of Industrial Unionism. There are many syndicates and not a few branches of the I. W. W. in Mexico and these will co-operate thoroughly with the Communists. There is reason to think that the Gompers victory will prove a Pyrrhic one. Industrial Unionism is stronger than ever in Mexico despite this temporary defeat.

(Editor note: Not knowing the condition in Mexico, we publish the above with some mental reservation, insofar as we believe that the I. W. W. men of Mexico may take a different view of cooperation with the new Communist party.)



DRIFTING IN WARM WATERS

The League of Nations and the Treaty of Peace

By W. J. Lemon

When President Wilson, some few months ago, made his triumphal entry into the city of Paris armed with his modern Magna Charter, his famous document better known as the fourteen pointless points of Democracy, which he had proclaimed far and wide would bring eternal peace and happiness unto this war-sick and weary world, millions of people were deluded with the idea that the world was now entering upon the long prophesied millennium, the day for the lion and the lamb to lie down together in peace and security had at last arrived.

No more would there be industrial strife between the master and slave. No more would there be cruel wars, to desolate the earth with famine, disease and death, and leave behind in its wake the cripple, the widow and the orphan.

But what a jest and a delusion! Were we just being kidded and fooled, or was the President and his Co-partners in the secret pact at Versailles, really unconscious of what they were doing under the guise of Liberty? We can hardly believe that such a group of Representatives of International Capitalism, as those selected to journey to Paris to play the role as saviors of this wicked world and to make us Safe from Democracy through and by open covenants, openly arrived at, and held behind closed doors, would be unconscious of the interests and purpose of the program, which they had been entrusted to formulate and put in action by their Master—The Ruling Class.

The very day this peace instrument was signed twenty-three wars were being waged, with every prospect of more to follow. The five Big Powers who were the initiators of the League are pounding Russia with their troops on seventeen fronts; and yet not a single nation of this group have declared official war on the Russian Federated Soviet Republic, the only working-class government in the world today. Neither has the Soviets declared, or even threatened, invasion of any other nation. Their only request and desire is to be let alone to work out their own program and destiny as best suits themselves, as enunciated by the President somewhere in his famous document of fourteen points, i. e., the self determination of all nations, great or small.

The civilized world today is a seething mass of revolt and discontent; not because it is in need of a League of Nations and Treaty of Peace, but that it needs a new Industrial and Social system of production and distribution to administer the essentials of life, in place of the present or capitalist system that has run its historic course and fulfilled its mission. It will require something more than mere scraps of paper drawn up by the diplomats of capitalism to usher in Industrial Freedom for the workers, and this is the only question of vital importance to the workers. To arrive at a conclusion as to the merits or demerits of a proposition, it is only

necessary for the workers to consider the status of its promotion. Who are they? To which class do they belong; never mind their color or their nationality? What are their economic or material interests, etc., etc., etc?

But, however, I will briefly sketch over a little of the class history of this, and other countries composing the League of Nations, in order to illustrate by facts, as they exist at present and have in the past, that not a solitary one of them are sincere and candid in doing anything of a beneficial character in the interest of the workers; their entire program is a snare and a delusion in order to more securely fasten upon the workers the chains of bondage.

In the document brought forth by the former professor we read beautiful phrases about the freedom of the seas; open covenants openly arrived at; the right to self determination of small nations; the protection of the weak by the strong; the square deal for labor, etc., etc., etc.

The working class can have no other interest or concern in this question except as it concerns the material welfare of the world's workers, regardless of race, sex, creed or color, and it will be from this phase that I will endeavor, by merely quoting conditions and facts, as they exist in the every day class struggle between the exploited and the exploiters of all nations, to tear off the mask of hypocrisy and deception, and to expose the League of Nations as being nothing but a group of international capitalists, with their cunningly devised program for the express purpose of deluding and further enslaving the workers, in order that International Capitalism for a while longer may have a free rein in plundering and robbing weak and defenseless people.

We must judge these nations by their deeds, not by fluent words and beautiful phraseology on Democracy and Freedom coming from the lips of their statesmen—and when we place them under the glaring searchlight of truth, what are the facts? The working class in all these nations are struggling with all their might and strength in order to maintain a bare existence; not only are they confronted with a worse economic condition than ever before, but they are being more brutally and autocratically ruled by both the civil and military power.

England has filled her Ireland's bastilles with Irish workers, and martial law prevails throughout almost every portion of Ireland this very day; and in her own little island kingdom the workers live and die in the direst poverty. Only by their industrial unions have the English workers been able to maintain any semblance of economic liberty.

In Egypt the workers, their wives and babies have recently been mown down by machine guns, and their hovels that they call homes, have been bombed from airplanes because they refused to submit and starve under British Capitalist Rule. Look at far

off India, millions of her workers, literally starving to death, not because of famine or lack of production of food and clothing—but because they do not receive back enough of their product in the form of wages to buy sufficient to keep body and soul together; and this is perpetrated by British Capital, legalized by British law, in a land that boasts, "Britons never shall be slaves."

Recently the Hindustan Gadar Party sent out an appeal to the workers of the world in behalf of the 100,000 cotton operatives out on strike in the district of Bombay, in order to enforce human conditions from their British masters. Do we see the Ruling Class—the exponents of Leagues and Peace Treaties, rushing to their relief with food and clothing? No! Instead of giving them Industrial Democracy they send machine-gun regiments to mow them down with bullets, and teach them to respect and obey British Capital and Authority.

The British Rulers of India, while palavering about British freedom and justice, have recently enacted a most infamous law known as the Rowlette Act, an Act more drastic than our own Espionage Act. It deprives the Indian native worker of all freedom and protection. It denies them the right of trial by jury, a legal defense, and their trial is conducted behind closed doors, not even is it necessary for their accuser to appear in person against them. The natives are also prohibited by this infamous act from gathering in groups or even carrying a harmless walking stick that might be used as a weapon of defense.

And there is little Imperialistic Japan who is helping to make the world safe for Capitalism. All socialist and labor organizations have been ruthlessly crushed and are absolutely prohibited in the Kingdom of the Rising Sun; and then some of our American Labor Traitors, who style themselves Labor Leaders, have the audacity to make frantic appeals to the American labor movement to endorse and stand behind the most bare-faced and iniquitous League of Imperial Capitalism ever launched.

In France and Italy the workers after going through four years of human sacrifice for what they mistook to be liberty, find themselves still under the yoke of Industrial Bondage, and their Ruling Class is leaving nothing undone that will more securely fasten upon them the chains of slavery. They too, are solidifying their ranks by Industrial organization, for they are now beginning to realize that there is no other real liberty, except Industrial Liberty, and that those of their countrymen who have fattened and fattened from the spoils of war, are of the class that are in nowise concerned in the welfare of the workers.

Now what about our own country? I mean the country we call ours, though as workers we don't own any of it—the U. S. A.—the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave. For the last three years we have been subjected to a barrage of high sounding phrases such as "safe for Democracy"; "self determination of all nations"; "we must destroy

Prussian Militarism," etc., etc., etc. Where is this thing called Industrial Democracy for the American worker? Never in the history of this nation has there been such a wave of social discontent among the workers. Strike waves convulse the nation from coast to coast.

The high cost of low living steadily advancing, and the employers using all the power at their command to force wages and conditions downward. The master-class are all organized into their One Big Union, i. e.,—their Chambers of Commerce and Commercial Clubs; these institutions are in reality the supreme law-making bodies of the nation, whether federal, state or municipal; and owing to their strongly entrenched position, both economic and legal, they are making use of this tremendous power to crush the workers into complete submission. To them our criminal anti-syndicalism laws do not apply, even though they sabotage the workers by the blacklist, and kill them off with adulterated foods. The chasm between the workers and employers of this nation is getting continually wider and deeper, just as in all other capitalist nations. The lot of the agitator and organizer in the American labor movement has been in countless cases, the dungeon and the gallows. Our courts send the Debs and Haywoods to long terms behind steel bars, while profiteers and grafters who hoard and destroy foods go free and unmolested. Our corporations of wealth and greed shoot down workers and cremate their wives and children at Ludlow, they deport honest workers in cattle cars from Bisbee, and slaughter them at Everett because they demand the right of free speech. Native-born labor organizers are arrested and held for months in filthy jails without a trial; but if born on foreign soil they may be deported by consent of our friend of labor, Secretary Wilson, as dangerous Reds. Our Espionage Act which was enacted during the war, principally to ferret out enemy spies, as far as known has never touched a single one, but the jails and penitentiaries are overflowing with labor organizers and propagandists.

Our treatment of the colored worker should make us blush with shame; the recent pogroms in Washington and Chicago shoves into the background the Jewish massacres committed under the regime of brutal Nicholas of Old Russia. Since 1889 over 3,000 of this race, a race just emerging from two and a half centuries of chattel slavery, and whose bone and muscle has created the wealth and luxury of the Bourbon South, have been crucified upon the gallows and the stake by ignorant and intolerant American mobs. They went across the sea by thousands to help make this world a fit and decent place to live in, but since the beginning of the present year almost two score have fallen victims to fiendish and brutal southern mobs; and yet our army must be sent to Mexico to establish Law and Order.

We have been told times innumerable that Prussian Militarism must be destroyed in order that we will have no more wars and that the future peace of the world will be made secure. Evidently judging

from press reports, the Naval and Military program of America is to be on a greater scale than ever before, candidly speaking they don't mean what they say. England proposes a standing army of 900,000 men, and is increasing her navy by building the largest battleships afloat; while this nation is going to build larger ships than England and maintain a naval force of over 80,000 and a regular army of 510,000 men. Secretary of War Newton Baker insists on passing through Congress a Bill authorizing the training of 600,000 young boys each year in the art of warfare. I presume this is to make the Plutocracy safe, both at home and abroad.

I am merely sketching over the class history of the nations composing the group, or rather the initiators, of the League of Nations in order to portray to the working-class the hypocrisy and sham of the Ruling Class in pretending to frame an instrument that is going to put the world on a peace basis and emancipate the working class from an Industrial and Military Autocracy.

Such a presumption as economic or social freedom and liberation from militarism is absurd and impossible as long as there is a vestige of the capitalist system in existence. Capitalism and militarism go hand in hand, cheek by jowl, neither can exist without the other; no matter what brand you put upon any capitalist system of government, capitalism is capitalism, and it must have an armed force both to protect its vested interests at home and to go forth, to maraud and plunder in foreign lands in the interest of our benevolent Industrial Barons. Without the bulwark of militarism, capitalism would melt and fade like snow under a July sun.

Then what folly it is for the workers to believe that their deliverance will come from the top down, when it is the material interest of those at the top to keep the workers at the bottom where they can produce wealth in order to maintain and perpetuate this parasite class in all their power and magnificent splendor and life of ease.

There is not a single provision or article in this Peace pact that is of any benefit to the workers; every concession or proviso granted to labor was won by organized labor years ago, and therefore is past history so far as we are concerned. Furthermore, we, the workers do not need any concessions or gifts from those who exploit and rob us, for they are detrimental to us as a whole when we accept them. For the workers to make permanent headway towards the goal of emancipation from industrial slavery they must first of all have high ideals to strive for, and a class conscious program that leads direct to the final goal.

Every point must be won by our own organized power, for it is only power that will hold that which we win. As we have seen both in the past and the present, the craft union system is useless for winning *Industrial Power*; i. e., partly because one unit goes on strike where the other units remain at work, either

because of time contracts or autocratic union officials; that are particularly concerned in their own personal welfare, but the principal reason for defeat is the lack of system, lack of the proper form of organization and lack of class solidarity on the part of the rank and file. This system of organization only means defeat to the workers and victory for the bosses. Therefore our unions from now on must be industrial in form, and must have as their aim and purpose to erect the New Society founded upon the Rock of Labor that will produce and distribute the necessities and luxuries of life for the use of the workers instead of for profits for the shirkers.

As labor is the real basis of society and civilization and is the only commodity and private property owned by the workers, it is therefore the exclusive right of the workers to build, own and administer the New Society upon the principle that *those who work not—neither shall they eat nor enjoy the fruits of those who toil.*

The League of Nations and the Treaty of Peace is purely and simply a capitalistic organization and document, and may appear to some to be of no concern to the working class. However, I consider it a very important subject at this time. If the workers were properly organized as a whole, and were conscious of their class position in society, it would then be a waste of ink and paper to even think about it. But unfortunately we are not, and the Ruling Class are taking advantage of the ignorance and apathy on the part of the vast majority of the workers. They are using every means at their command to capture the workers psychology; the oily politician, the press, the parson and the priest, the labor fakir, are all brought into use to play upon the minds of the unconscious workers in order to get them, either by their silence or endorsement, to stand behind their cunningly devised program for capitalistic Imperialism. Many of us reason entirely individually. We forget that the vast majority of the workers think and act in the terms taught them by the Ruling Class, and this the masters thoroughly realize. The capitalistic interests are lavishly spending the unlimited funds at their command to propagate their scheme in order to know the feeling of the masses, while at the same time enlisting their aid and sympathy and keeping the labor movement divided against itself. Many labor organizations have already endorsed the League and Peace Treaty without ever knowing its contents or realizing its purposes because they have permitted labor traitors and others to mislead them.

For the working class of America to either endorse or remain silent on this question is to give our consent and approval to the treatment being meted out by British capital to our fellow workers in Ireland, Egypt and India. We approve of race pogroms at home. We approve of our own and allied troops crushing the worker's republic of Russia and Hungary. If I understand article 10 correctly, we would approve of sending American troops to shoot down

rebellious workers in the other nations that compose the League or vice versa, and I am sure that that it would be very inconsistent for organized labor to permit this; if possible, they should prevent it.

The real danger to the labor movement at the present time is the fact that our enemy the capitalist is taking advantage of the situation and making valuable propaganda to his cause by teaching the workers to believe that the specific remedy and cure for our social evils is for the workers to

stand behind and support their League of Nations and accept the Treaty of Peace as their deliverer from bondage.

Workers: Our place and duty as workers is not to give our consent, either by silence or endorsement, to any instrument that will work an injury upon the workers of any land; we must not entangle ourselves in any manner with the enemy; but we must agitate—educate—and organize industrially, all workers of all nations, regardless of race, sex or color.



LABOR IS COMING

The Metal Miner---Copper

By Delegate M659.

(Acknowledging assistance of many metal miners throughout the United States.)

The dollar alarm clock rattles insistently, and the miner, conscious of the copper water sores on his back which are sometimes glued to the sheet, rises to go to work. For the past two weeks this miner worked on a night shift and the complete reversal of his habits periodically is hard, but it is no matter—he is a mere wage-slave at \$6.10 or \$5.60 or maybe as low as \$3.50 per day, with sore, stiff limbs and possibly the rattling cough of copper consumption itself.

Breakfast, a lunch put up, and off to the "change room." At the "change room" he finds a temperature sizzling hot or icy cold (for who cares about the comfort of a common miner?), and he crawls into his mining togs which he has washed out in a fashion (if he wasn't too tired), under the shower bath when he took them off last. They may be damp yet and there is always that smell. If they are dry now, they will not be for long, and with the sweat, the odor will also come out stronger.

Next the cage catches our miner. From nine to twelve on each story of the cage, packed in systematically, the miners descend from the collar of the shaft to the lowest level—perhaps 2,200 feet underground or lower, and are unloaded like so much commercial matter into the drift to go to work producing many times their wages in copper ore. Succeeding trips take other miners to each next lowest level in turn till the shift is all on. As he goes in, in some mines, he indicates that another slave is reporting to work by turning a tag with a number (his only individuality) so that it reads "in." Other mines have different systems of keeping track of the men employed.

Now that the men are "in," they begin their various tasks. Some mines still operate under the straw-boss system, but almost all mines have dispensed with this nuisance. He is called a "jigger-boss" and gets 25 to 50c a day extra for working his husky muscles overtime and reporting all of his squad of seven or eight men to the shift boss if they don't keep up with him. In short he is the official stool pigeon and has been known to report events that never happened in order to make his extra 50c solid. He seldom wants a union, whereby all the men could win big increases in wages—oh, no! he thinks the boss is "fair enough."

The air is charged with nitro-glycerine left by the last shift's blasting. Where three shifts work the air is always charged with smoke. In this smoke the muckers begin to shovel the loose ore down the shoot to the cars. The miners must do the timbering in addition to blasting and drilling. Drilling is done with a stopper, (usually called a widowmaker because of the danger in using it), or with a jack hammer (dry and wet), or with a machine called a

water leyner. The water leyner is a superior one, as it keeps the drilling wet, but, because it costs more, many mines still use the cheaper hand machine. Some states, Arizona for example, have laws requiring sprinklers on each machine to keep down copper dust. Perhaps one machine in ten will carry the sprinkler, perhaps less, and if there is no sprinkler the copper dust begins to fly. The air is saturated with infinitesimally small pieces of jagged-edged copper which are taken into the men's lungs and it is attested by many physicians that this is a certain cause of copper consumption. Thus young men who should be in the prime of life are forced on to the scrap heap comparatively early in life. The mines which have the "physical examination" system force these men, whom they have permanently disabled, on the tramp, and further use the system as a pretext for bringing other men to terms by declaring them physically unfit to work. Men who have led strikes or organized unions are usually found "physically unfit" to work.

Where copper dust is not kept down the miner's life is indeed hazardous, but there are also many other dangers incident to mining. The firebug, who receives miners' pay is not always successful in detecting fires in the mines in time to save his fellow workers' lives. If men are caught in a drift with a fire between them and the shaft, it is not such a loss to the mine owner as are the machines which are destroyed, for more machines will have to be bought—more miners will merely apply for work. In the latter case there is no initial cost, and the workers may even be at some expense for going into the face of probable accident or death.

Another source of danger is bad air. Few metal mines have a ventilating system. A few do. Some mines have fans *inside* that stir the air but do not change it. Others have nothing. This foul air grows hot, and men have to take off their shirts sometimes as often as twenty times a day to wring the water out. Otherwise the water would run down into their shoes. Some shift-bosses fire men caught wringing the water out of their shirts on the ground because they are wasting time. Men thus intimidated are known to go all day with water running out of their shoes.

Often water veins are struck in the drifts. The water is saturated with copper in solution, and everywhere it touches a person the skin is eaten off. I have seen miners with their nails eaten in to the quick from constant work in copper water. When the sweat gets into these sores it is irritating and painful. The depth of the sore is shown by the pits left when one succeeds in curing up a sore.

And this is the life, no, the living death, for which a man is paid a pittance and he gets a chance to do

that only intermittently! More men are killed outright from ground falls than from any other thing. If the ground is loose or if the timbering is inadequately done, a man is apt to be killed any time by a ground fall. Death from ground fall is very frequent. Miners have a saying among themselves that timber is more expensive than men, and proper timbering, "stuls" (posts) closer together, etc., would undoubtedly save many lives, but the ones killed are *only workers* and workers are merely a *cheap commodity* according to the employers and the *International!*

Overseeing these miners, (paid 6.10 a day in Arizona, \$5.50 in Nevada, and \$4.00 and \$4.25 in California) and muckers (paid \$5.60 a day in Arizona and \$5.00 in Nevada, \$4.00 a day in California, different wages elsewhere), and motormen (miner's pay), and firebugs, cagers, powder monkeys and tool nippers, is the shift boss. A shift boss will have 50 to 100 or more men under him. His pay is about \$7.50 a day. He competes with the shift boss just before him, and his sole concern is to get his slaves to get out more ore than any other shift boss in the mine. A better name for him would be slave driver. Over the shift bosses, to see that they keep competing, is the foreman with his assistant, receiving about \$10.00 and \$8.00 in wages per day, respectively. Over the foremen is the superintendent, and over and above all, to look after the masters interests is the general manager. The supers and managers draw the fancy pay, and of the entire force, from shift boss up, not one is industrially essential. They drive men—workers—for eight long hours for profit for a master who "owns" according to title. They never are needed by the miner to assist in blasting or timbering, nor for telling the mucker anything about shoveling ore, nor yet to tell the tool-nipper when nor how to gather in dull tools, nor the "powder monkey" how to function. Their sole function is to see that the utmost work is required at the hands of each tired worker in the mines. They oppose organization and strikes, and in many mines, Bisbee, Arizona, for example, a gunman or paid stool pigeon is employed for each worker, or perhaps even a larger percentage. These paid stool pigeons draw extra pay, it is assumed—about \$1.00 a day—and carry news always concerning men who are supposed to carry a union card. They are very inefficient workers and really cost the company much more than the extra pay they receive, for their business fundamentally is to carry news—not to work. It is estimated now that three men in Bisbee are required to do the work formerly done by one—due to this system of gunmen and stool-workers.

Any group of miners could select from their number a worker to see that the work in the mines was properly co-ordinated. After six months or a year in a metal mine any man of average intelligence will be acquainted thoroughly with the work. He will be able to know what method is best suited for taking out ore. Whether overhand, 40 per cent, square

set, caving, or slice system is best the men themselves can determine. They will seldom take to "slicing" merely because it is cheaper, where men are working from top down and have timbers creaking over their heads liable to *break down at any time*.

Where the formation of the ground permits, the square set is a fairly safe method of taking out ore, inasmuch as the men work from bottom up. Thus they have firm ground overhead and stand on a timbered floor. The method is economical because the waste used to fill in the gob will catch new deposits of copper, and in this way some mines are worked over three or four times.

Less man power is required in the *caving system* than any other. Intermediate drifts are run every twenty-five feet between the main drifts, and blasting is done in a circle, twenty-five inches in diameter upwards. Then the ore sluffs down through the shoot into the cars and one man is all that is needed to get the ore out.

According to figures obtained from the office of one copper mine, 50 tons of ore are produced daily by two shifts of 60 men each at a cost of not over \$750. The ore brings to the miner owner \$25,000. An astonishing profit!

All the work to bring this profit in is thoroughly understood by the men who do the work. A few, it is true, will not know what kind of ore they are taking out, but the majority do know. By cultivating self confidence, the present workers could operate every mine with facility, and then we would not see men compelled to work such long hours under such conditions that fatality would result in 62 per cent of their ranks from *unnatural causes*.

To accomplish a workers' co-operative control in the mines, the formula is the same as in industry in general. First, education, then *organization*, last *emancipation*. The workers, after understanding the fundamentals of their industry, with conscious application can devise ways of "going through the day" without the assistance of the bourgeoisie, our masters, who are mainly "at the club" or "gone on a yachting excursion." It would not require great acumen to elect from their number substitutes for shift boss, foreman, etc., who would account to their fellow workers for their accomplishments rather than to the master. They would be able also to change these off occasionally so as to equalize labor rendered, and to train more men for executive positions. What is more, the great masters of industry, the special interests, know the ease with which this program could be carried out, and that is why they fight *Industrial Unionism* so relentlessly.

With all industries so organized, the processes of production and distribution simply and swiftly go into the workers' hands, and class distinctions cease to exist, because classes will cease to exist. There will be but one class—the working class. That is the program of the Industrial Workers of the World. But rather than select from the many *useful* lines of work, something for which they are fitted to do, the

capitalist class prefer to inaugurate a program of violence which would cause not only millions of workers to perish but they themselves also.

We seek no violence. We only wish labor to be equally required of all and to be equally and fully rewarded to all. Our enemies, the employers, rather than consider those terms would plunge industry

and society into bloody chaos. Oh, glutted foes, you are at the zenith of your power, and it intoxicates you! Workers of the World, awaken! Break your chains! Demand your rights, for your cry is the cry of the ages, your hope is the hope of the world!

Join Metal Mine Workers Industrial Union No. 800 now! DO YOUR BIT! DON'T BE A SLACKER!



THE JOB DELEGATE STRIKES A KNOT

Did you ever pause to consider that in the Wichita trial a new Dred Scott decision was pending? That is, just as the old decision declared chattel slavery and the United States government ONE, so the new decision will declare wage slavery and the government ONE when, of course, it will be "treason," "sedition," or something of the kind to propose either through a labor union or a political party to get rid of our lords and masters, the plutocracy. But now, as then, as Debs so well put it, "The people are the court of last resort."—Covington Ami.

The Negro workers have just held a convention in Washington, D. C., where they adopted a declaration of principle on the lines of the I. W. W. See next issue of this magazine for details.

THE OVERTIME EVIL.

By Frederick A. Blossom.

Overtime is fine for the boss—it allows him to pile up stocks and then close his factory and take a vacation—but it is hell for the workers. It exhausts them physically and stupifies them mentally. It drives them at top speed during a few months and then leaves them without work or on part time until the surplus production is disposed of. It keeps wages down by deceiving the workers as to the real basis of payment. Like the speed-up system, it keeps other workers out of a job and hastens the day when all will be out of work.

When you work overtime you are SCABBING on yourself and on your fellow workers. Don't be a scab! No overtime!

The Railroad Workers Union

By Card No. 301479, No. 600.

To those of us who are employed in one of the most vital industries composing our industrial life today, namely the transportation, it is well to reflect upon the means and methods open to us, in the furtherance of our aims to better our condition and the conditions of our fellow workers. All those individuals or groups of individuals whose daily work is along the same general lines, tend to become, the longer they have worked, more sympathetic toward others who are in the same industry, even though they are miles apart and will never see one another. This feeling of sympathy is based upon experience, the experience which a worker gains through his daily work, from his fellow-worker, his hopes and fears, his ideals and ambitions. These feelings are likewise felt by the thousands of others who are engaged in the same occupations, and extends to all who work for a daily wage, regardless of craft or trade, though the feeling is more pronounced between workers of the same industry. In other words, it is the sympathetic feeling one worker has for another, a class conscious feeling that is caused by the knowledge of mutual interest, though some workers would not be able to explain this feeling in that way. Nevertheless it is true, and it is at the bottom of all our industrial labor organizations, which could not exist except for the fact.

If a wealthy man loses his fortune it arouses no feeling in the heart of the worker, or a purely negative one, if any at all, for the worker has not had the same experience, has had no fortune to lose, consequently cannot be expected to share his feelings with the rich man. An excellent example of this even in "our own country" is shown by the way the fall of the nobility in Russia is received, when harrowing tales of the poor rich being forced to work, to clean streets, carry baggage, and otherwise lend themselves to productive labor are told by dependable labor papers.

Just the opposite effect is produced when a worker even though we may have never seen him, don't even know his name, is hurt or killed, or loses what little he may have been able to accumulate under the present system. Everywhere among the workers are heard expressions of commiseration and sympathy; contributions are sent to the unfortunate, and a general feeling of sympathy is shown by those who have in all probability never seen the person in question. I have given this example because I wanted to show that this mutual sympathy is at the base of our efforts to bring all workers together in the form of unions, that it is a perfectly just and natural feeling.

Now since we have seen that all workers, regardless of what industry they are in, have a sympathetic feeling towards other workers, a class conscious feeling that is nurtured by the knowledge that all workers are fighting their exploiters, it might be well to see what means the workers have taken to further

this feeling of class consciousness, so as to use it as a weapon of defense in regards to their rights.

To begin with, we have the craft union, to which some of the workers belong, and upon which they base their hopes of higher wages and better conditions. But the craft union by its very nature destroys this sympathetic feeling engendered by the workers in their daily toil and sows hatred and distrust in its stead by setting one craft against another, and causes bitter dissension among their members because they are forced to do things from which this instinctive feeling of sympathy revolts.

Take for example the late strike of shop and carmen, which even now after months of talk and an abortive strike is still unsettled. Why? Because of the methods employed and also primarily by reason of the faulty construction and natural defects of the craft union.

One craft went out, several days later another craft laid down its tools, not in direct sympathy with the first, but because they too had a grievance to adjust, and took that time to force the issue. Train and engine service men kept merrily at work hauling trains inspected at terminals by foremen who stayed with the companies and scabbed on the striking carmen. Well, who is the most contemptible, the train and engine men or the scabbing foremen? We know such things could not be if the workers were properly organized, and had a proper understanding of their mutual class interests.

Consider now the organization under which, if the workers had been organized, all demands would have been granted the workers, confidence in their union strengthened, and a general feeling of class conscious solidarity exhibited. I refer now to the Industrial Workers of the World. The structure, methods, and general ground plan of the I. W. W. are as different from those of the craft unions as day is from night. The I. W. W. would, and does, take all workers in any industry and place them in One Industrial Union, regardless of craft. Any number of crafts may be in one industry, but under the I. W. W. plan there would be only one union for all the crafts in that industry, thus differing from the clumsy craft union, which would split all the workers in one industry into several small craft unions, thus dividing their power and lessening their chances of winning. It is the mass attack concentrated upon the enemies' weakest point that eventually wins, and this method of attack is impossible under the craft unions, where there is a lack of cohesiveness on the part of the several crafts. *It is fatal to divide our forces if we really expect to win!* Let us take the railroad industry which comes under the head of transportation, as an example.

Under our plan of organization, every man who was directly concerned with the railroad industry, its section men, telegraph operators, engineers, brake-