

against foes from within and intruders from without? No, indeed, no power on earth could turn them into slaves, or, having turned them into slaves, could keep them in slavery for any great length of time.

But the times changed. Came a different order of society, hunting was abandoned for agriculture, fishing for cattle and sheep raising, serfdom became the order of the day. Came the landed proprietor, the lord with sword and spear, and with him came the priest with cross and prayer-book, a preacher of the meek and humble spirit of submissiveness, an extoller of the virtues of the lord, the deadly enemy of whatever spark of manhood and independence there was left in the human breast. Came also all the other blessings of Christianity, such as long hours of slavish toil, prisons, hangings, humiliation of body and of spirit. The lash was laid mercilessly on the backs of those old-time offenders against "lawnorder."

But did all this suffice to turn these people into a craven race of slaves? Did all this put out once and forever the flames of freedom that burned in their hearts? Oh no, not by any means. The flame was smouldering, it is true, but it was there nevertheless, and it kept the red blood racing the more impetuously thru their veins.

Again the times changed. Came the steam engine came the locomotive, came the electrical motor. Under penalty of starvation, men, women and children were compelled to toil at monotonous tasks in dreary factories to the buzz of whirling wheels from dawn till dusk, and late into the night. They were compelled to borrow into the entrail of the earth and slave there all day long while the sun shone, to crawl out only at night when the air was damp and frosty, and when the sickly pallor of the moon had replaced the bright rays of the sun. They were compelled to dig with pick and shovel, steam shovel, dredge and excavator thousands of miles of road-bed and canal-bed, and, with gnarled fingers and bent backs, to lay brick to brick and rail to rail for distances without end, that the globe on which we live be covered by a net-work of railroads and canals.

By their ceaseless toil thru weary days and thru still wearier nights these workers created wealth for their masters, the capitalists, in such abundance as to be beyond the wildest reaches of man's imagination. But their masters were not satisfied and said to each other: We will yet break the worker's spirit entirely, we will yet create a race of craven slaves that will be a joy in our eyes forevermore.

And with that end in view the workers were introduced to the time-clock, to the stop-watch, to the Taylor system of scientific management, to the massacres of Ludlow and of Everett, and of countless other places, to Standard Oil, to thugs, dicks and stools, and to Henry Ford.

But did all this extinguish the smouldering flame of freedom in the worker's breasts? Are there no men living to-day who hold sacred their ancient heritage of liberty?

Yes, there are countless thousands of them, and

it is the blind refusal of the capitalists to recognize this fact that will be their undoing.

My spirit is in constant rebellion against the restrictions and privations imposed upon me by wage slavery. By what right am I required to work month after month, year after year, for the profit of some idle parasite who will only use the wealth that I produce to still further enslave some other worker just like myself? The world is so large, there is so much to see, to learn and to experience, and our time of sojourn upon this earth is short. Then why not use that time to our greatest advantage, why not eat and drink of the best, laugh, dance, study, travel, love and be happy?

I have an intense desire to travel in foreign countries, but this must not be, for I am but a plain working stiff who has neither the opportunity nor the money with which to travel. Also, I have always experienced a great yearning to delve into the intricate mysteries of nature; the study of the laws and forces that operate in the physical universe unseen and unapprehended under our very eyes has always possessed for me a fascination well-nigh irresistible. I know that I would make an excellent chemist, or physicist. But that again can not be. I must eat in order to live, and that I may eat I must work and produce profits for my benevolent master, the capitalist.

Sometimes, as I think of the many privations that I have undergone in the course of my comparatively short life, as I meditate over the small wages that I have received and the many meals that I have missed, indignation sweeps over me like a hurricane, and for a moment, I am on the verge of doing anything, yes, anything and everything in order to right the wrongs that our system of exploitation has heaped upon me from the earliest days of my childhood. But only for a moment, for the next moment I realize that the only line of action by which the workers will ever be able to shake off their shackles of thralldom is organizing industrially upon a revolutionary program. I realize that the only road that leads out of the swamp of wage slavery is the road of revolutionary industrial unionism.

As soon as this thought enters my brain I smile, and throw out my chest, and am happy, and am proud. I am proud because I know that I am a member of the Industrial Workers of the World, the one organization of men and women in America in whose breasts the flame of freedom burns the brightest. I am proud because I am an I. W. W., because I am one of that great multitude of men and women whose most treasured possession is their heritage of a free and dauntless spirit, who would rather die as free men than live as slaves, and who have made up their minds never to rest until that filthy, slimy thing known as capitalism will have been forever banished off the face of the Earth.

Remember there are about 50 men still waiting for us to bail them out of Leavenworth. Send in your Liberty bonds and other resources as a loan to the General Defense Committee.

The "Patriotic" Terrorists Caught with the Goods

By John Sandgren

The Wilson government is implicated in a giant scandal. Just as the president is about to start across the country to make speeches from coast to coast in a last attempt to save the International Trust called the League of Nations, and the peace treaty in unchanged form, a terrific scandal bomb has exploded in the camp of the "patriots," and the worst of it is that the president's son-in-law, William G. McAdoo, ex-secretary of the treasury, and chief of the U. S. Railroad Administration, is the central figure in the scandal.

But the scandal branches out in many directions and if we had the opportunity to lift up the whole network of these "patriotic" intrigues, we should surely find that these self-styled "100 per cent Americans" and "true-blue patriots" in reality are nothing but a most unscrupulous gang of financial pirates who have exploited the war and the really patriotic instincts of the plain American people in order to gather wealth. In fact, in view of these developments we now dare, without a tinge of hesitation, to repeat the accusation of a couple of years ago that the war was started by a gang of profiteering swindlers, who duped the American people into this costly and disastrous adventure, touching them to the tune of \$20,000,000,000.

The Scandal Begins in the Northwest and Ends Nobody Knows Where

The House of Representatives had occasion to send out a sub-committee to the state of Washington to investigate the expenditures in aeroplane manufacture for the government during the war. A great number of charges have been made as a result of this investigation, but for our part we will take note of only two of them.

(1) The first charge is that William D. McAdoo while Secretary of the Treasury and Director General of Railroads, exerted influence to insure the building of the government-owned railroad from Joyce to Lake Pleasant, Wash., constructed by the Siems-Carey-H. S. Kerbaugh Company, a railroad which was as useless to the government as it was expensive, while the building and operation of it nets great profits to certain persons.

(2) The second charge we take note of is that Brigadier-General Disque, the great "patriot" that founded the Four L's (Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen) in order to crush Lumber Workers' Industrial Union No. 500 of the I. W. W., sold thousands of soldiers into peonage under private lumber firms who, in certain places, did not produce even a foot of aeroplane material.

"Patriot" McAdoo's Share in the 100 Per Cent American Scandal

To understand these charges a few details will be in place. There was a man by the name of Pliny Fiske who made a visit to "Patriot" McAdoo, and as a result of that visit followed the building of the railroad in question. The two "patriots,"

Fisk and McAdoo, were old friends, for Pliny Fisk is a member of the banking firm of Harvey Fisk & Sons of New York, which was financing McAdoo when he had charge of building the tunnel under the Hudson river. McAdoo is said to have lost money on that tunnel and the banking firm mentioned covered the shortage for him. McAdoo was again in charge of billions of dollars and Fisk evidently thought that this was a good chance to get his money back while McAdoo carried the key to Uncle Sam's treasury in his pocket. The simplest way was, of course, to give the banker a fat war contract, and this McAdoo was able to do, for in those days he was busy as a bee distributing such favors right and left. "Patriot" McAdoo used his influence to give the Fisk firm a logging and railway contract on the Olympia peninsula in the State of Washington, a contract which made a big hole in Uncle Sam's pocket and a corresponding bulge in "Patriot" Fisk's pocket.

The scandal consists in this, as far as we understand, that the cost of the building of the railway is entirely out of proportion to the service it could render the government in its distress, for the district was only to a limited extent a spruce district. It has to be taken over by the new Milwaukee system for a song, but McAdoo's account with the Fisk's was balanced; at least that is the conclusion one must draw from the newspaper accounts.

Of course, the sum involved amounted to a few millions, but that is not the important thing. The chief importance of this rotten business is that it proves "100 per cent Americanism" and "patriotism" in high places to be nothing but bluff and swagger. Just a tiny bit of the curtain which separates the public from organized capitalism has been lifted, but what we have seen through this tiny peep-hole is sufficient to give us an idea of the hellish corruption this curtain hides.

These officials, these bankers, and these "patriots" in general, who have now for years exercised a perfect reign of terror against common, decent, loyal citizens, and are still at it, have been unmasked as swindlers. Their patriotism consisted in forcing the people to loan their money to Uncle Sam in order that they might plunder him.

A disclosure of this kind is all that is needed in order to get an insight into their souls, their motives and their methods. What they do in one case they do in another. Had they been pure and moral they would have been incapable of a single act of corruption. The disclosure is, so to speak, a cross-section, taken at random through the life of the ruling class of this country, and the same as the cross-cut of a log, gives us an idea of the structure of the log, both sides of the cut, though it may not give us the length of the log both ways, so this investigation is a cross-cut into the life of the capitalist class which gives us a perfect in-

sight into the structure of that life, though it may not reveal the extent of the corruption. That structure and that extent, whatever it may have been, explains how there could arise 20,000 new millionaires during the war, while the old millionaires have increased their interest bearing pile to such a height that the American people now are gasping for breath in their attempt to create interest on the stolen wealth.

"Patriot" Brigadier-general Disque's Share in the 100 Per Cent American Scandal

A glimpse of the general methods followed by the aeroplane "patriots," with General Disque at their head, we obtain through the testimony of a captain of the infantry, C. A. Turner, from Everett, Wash. He insists that General Disque should be prosecuted. Captain Turner testifies that with 130 picked men he was sent to a logging camp in Stillwater where not one foot of spruce for aeroplanes was taken out during the year he was there. His company was forced to work in uniform for the profit of a private company by order of General Disque. His own position he describes as that of "a herder of serfs."

The following are extracts from a letter written by Captain Turner to Senator Poindexter, this letter being read into the testimony by Representative James A. Frear, chairman of the Investigating committee:

"I request that you have me called before the Congressional Investigating committee, who are to go into the conduct of the aviation program. I am going to insist upon the prosecution of Brigadier-General Brice P. Disque, his chief of staff, Starns, and the collection of individuals and corporations who are with them guilty of the blackest scandal of the war—the misuse of nearly 30,000 men of the army, with 2,000 officers—for violation of the peonage act, and put an end to this flagrant misuse of troops in any way in the future. The public has been drugged by lying propaganda advertising the work of General Disque and the spruce production division, every bit of it false as to the amount of spruce produced and the manner in which it was being done. Under the cover of this, General Disque's profiteering friends have exploited thousands of soldiers, drafted or enlisted, to serve against the enemy. I have production, or better, the lack of production figures, of two of the largest mills of the Northwest. Union labor should know of General Disque's \$2 a day labor scale.

"Three of my men were killed in one logging camp, one crippled for life, and eight or ten injured, and this in a total of 130 men, and we did not produce one foot of aeroplane spruce in twelve months' work. When an officer needlessly loses his men in battle he is court-martialed for it. Shall we do less for a traitor who sends men to their death, under the plea of producing aeroplane spruce, at a camp where he knows before ordering them there, contains no spruce? I happen to have seen the letter advising General Disque of the absence of aeroplane stock at the particular camp mentioned and to have recommended removal of

the troops therefrom without avail.

"A number of individuals are going to learn that American soldiers cannot be sold into slavery for purely private commercial purposes without those guilty being brought to trial."

Captain Turner seems to be a man who has not yet become bad enough to lose faith in American justice. Were he one of the insiders he would know as we do, though not on the inside, that one raven rarely picks the eyes out of another raven.

We I. W. W. men have always maintained that the Northwest was being ruled and exploited by the lumber barons. They run that country in the only manner that could be expected from a band of pirates as they are. The above revelations prove that we were right. These 100 per cent Americans and "patriots," promoters of Liberty bond and Red Cross drives, prove to be nothing more and nothing less than a league of thieves and crooks who, under the mask of patriotism, are forcing thousands of guileless American boys who are sincere at heart into actual peonage for a pittance, not to help out Uncle Sam, but to make profits for capitalists. In fact, it is Uncle Sam himself they have driven into peonage.

By this method they killed two birds with one stone; first, they made immense profits; second, they hoped to break the I. W. W. organization in the lumber industry, which was lifting the lumber workers up to a level of existence that almost approached the human level.

It was in this connection that General Disque organized the so-called Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen (the Four L's). The workers who were taken in by this scheme, no doubt, were to some extent actuated by patriotic motives, but they will now see how they have been flim-flammed by the lumber trust and its tool, General Disque, for it is now plain to everybody that the pompous general and the sniveling lumber barons were nothing but plain traitors against Uncle Sam, a pack of liars, crooks, swindlers and profiteers. Such words are generally considered abusive and irresponsible, but in this case they are the plain truth. To use milder terms would be to deviate from the truth.

Through this exposure the lumber trust and their whole retinue, Ole Hanson and the other "patriots" included, are morally convicted. These are the very crooks and swindlers who caused the enacting of laws against "criminal anarchy" and caused numbers of innocent workers to be thrown into prison, or to be deported when they tried to interfere with their traitorous plans by organizing the regular workers. We ask you, dear reader, to put your hand on your heart and answer (conscientiously) which ones are the real criminal anarchists?

We hope that this will prove a serious set-back for the so-called "patriotic" agitation originating from the same source. Teddy Roosevelt Jr., and his American Legion, a national "vigilante" organization, working under the orders of the very same interests, are about to form local forums throughout the country to combat what they call lukewarm Americanism. It seems to us that they have

a great field for their activity right among the backers of this patriotic agitation. These disclosures will no doubt open the eyes of hundreds of thousands of men in uniform so that they will give Roosevelt Jr., the agent of the capitalist class, the reception he deserves when he turns up in their various cities in order to dupe them into believing that he is running the errands of Uncle Sam.

These very "patriots" have lynched and otherwise murdered a great number of I. W. W. men. They have tarred and feathered dozens of them; they have kidnapped and deported thousands of them; they have put thousands of them in jail, of whom hundreds are still in prison serving long sentences. The I. W. W. stands vindicated and our persecutors stand condemned.

EDUCATING the IMMIGRANT OR

THE PUBLIC BALKS AT "PATRIOTISM"

By XXX.

Not until the so-called All-American Exposition at the Coliseum in Chicago flopped—and flopped hard—did local junkers tumble to the fact that the war frenzy has passed and that flag waving can no longer be calculated to put over a rotten show.

The exposition was advertised to open September 1 and to run two weeks. Long before opening date headquarters had been opened in the First National Bank building and an army of stenographers were busy. A corps of newspaper persons was even hired to get out a daily boosting the big show. These persons, being hard boiled and incredulous, had their ears to the ground and to them drifted rumors that all was not well with the financing of the enterprise. They hurried to the cashier's office to get what was due them, but no checks were forthcoming. One might say that they came to collect and remained to curse. Suddenly the paper was stopped on the ground that it did not pay.

The exposition was for the purpose of educating the immigrant. The junkers of the Gold Coast and the bourgeoisie of Evanston planned to take the immigrant up, wipe his nose, tie a napkin around his neck, and feed him a diet of spread-eagle and flapdoodle. The presumption was that the immigrant, being ignorant and half-witted, required a nurse. Strange to say, the ungrateful immigrant refused to fall and stayed away from the Coliseum.

And what of the native American? Was he there? He was not! At least he was only discernible in mighty small quantities. A Gold Star mother and two fat men wearing secret society insignia in their coat lapels watched the worst show in the world at the alleged '49 ranch. About the only other native Americans present were a few tame and moth-eaten Indians who did stunts to elicit the thin dime.

Even the stenographers at headquarters got rest-

less. Their checks were never ready for them when they called on the bookkeeper. "Who was the treasurer?" They inquired. Minister H. H. Garver, they were informed. Mister Garver would undoubtedly be over in the afternoon to sign all checks. But Mister Garver, whose headquarters are at the Association of Commerce, remained curiously coy. One thing and another prevented his coming over to sign checks.

Now the employees are running around talking about legal action to get their wages. Some nice, respectable people were backing the alleged exposition. Names such as Felix J. Streyckmans, Nels Hokanson, Mary E. McDowell and Grace Dixon appeared on the letter heads. Even Gov. Lowden was announced as a backer. What are they going to do about it? What with the ungrateful immigrant staying away, and those unreasonable employees running around and demanding their money—such a to do!

Haven't told yer half of it, dearie! Haven't told yer half of it!

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND THE I. W. W.

Will Hays, head of the National Committee of the Republican Party, in a speech to Massachusetts republicans on Aug. 27, stated, according to "Boston Globe," that "the republicans will after the next election take charge of the problems now confronting the country and solve them, and that labor will have full voice in the councils of the nation, commensurate with its loyalty and its dignity. As for the I. W. W.," he said, it is a traitor, and there is only one remedy for a traitor. It is to take him and stand him up against a wall."

So now we know what the republicans will do for us. It does not differ very much from what the democrats have done for us and are doing for us.

The work of the I. W. W. stands in the way of the politicians and those who keep them and pay them. When the affairs of the world will some day in the near future fall into the hands of the workers, industrially organized, the politicians will cease to exist, together with their pay-masters. They know that their time is about up and they are getting desperate. But standing I. W. W. men up against a wall and shooting them, does not stop economic evolution for a moment. It only may retard a satisfactory solution of the social problem for a while, if done to any great extent. Industrial Communism is bound to come, because there is no other permanent solution of the social problem.

The I. W. W. is far in advance of other movements of the working class. We are not animated with a lust for proletarian power. Our object is to solve the social problem in a practical way for the benefit of all humanity and at practically any cost to ourselves. This may appear to be heroism, but it is not. It is our firm conviction that there is no other way out of the misery. Knowing of only one exit, naturally we go for it, even if it cost our lives. Death on the road to freedom is better than voluntary surrender to eternal slavery for our class.

Why the Doom of Predatory Civilization Cannot be Averted

By Quasimodo Von Belvedere

Since the liberty of exploiting the proletariat become seriously assailed, the various civic authorities promptly set forth to silence the agitators. They jailed them; ran them down with army tanks; deported them, and even allowed the "people" to "take the law in their own hands" as a result of which "scores of wobblies went home to nurse their swollen heads and broken ribs." No sooner did we commence to rejoice over the saving of our anthropophagous democracy in our fair land than the privileged press squills frantically that, instead of diminishing, the forces of the rebels are increasing. Perceiving that the government cannot successfully cope with the situation without our advice, we immediately indited a letter to Hon. John Mitchel Palmer, offering to him practical plans as to how to rescue our civilization from the relentless teeth of the bolshevik dragon. Among several other shrewd measures we proposed that one day be set apart for a general patriotic pogrom — which shall be called LIBERTY DAY, upon which day the government would advice the people ruthlessly to take the law in their own hands, and to decimate the foreign bolshevist pest — to send its soul plumb to hell, to be nursed by the devils. The solution of the entire dark problem being so simple, we wondered why the government was waiting until we discovered it.

However, before mailing this clever letter to Mr. Palmer, we submitted it for criticism to Matys, who, in addition to being our janitor, is also our chief literary adviser. Upon a cursory perusal of

our letter Matys told us bluntly that our plans were no good. He explained to us that the most exploited element in every country without distinction is the most radical one, and that in this U.S. the bulk of the most exploited element happens to be foreign born.

The robbery perpetrated upon them, he continued, "accounts for their radicalism much better, and more logically than their foreign origin. If you kill them off, Americans shall be obliged to take their places — maybe you yourself would have to work. Subjected to the same economic adversity Americans would become equally rebellious. On the other hand, give the present rebels justice, and they will become conservative."

All this sounded so reasonable that we did not send our letter to Mr. Palmer; however, the problem remained unsolved, and this made us feel unhappy. Looking appealingly to Matys, we asked him how he would go about it to destroy Bolshevism.

"You can't destroy it," quoth he, and his voice rang with a strong emphasis. "You cannot abolish things instituted by Divine authority."

Never before did Matys speak to us with such earnestness, he astonished us. "How it that?" we cried, "do you mean to deny that Bolshevism is the product of the devil!!!"

By way of reply Matys reached for his old Bible, located the desired point and read to us: "HE WHO DOES NOT WORK SHALL NOT EAT!!!"

The Orthodox Wobbly and the Borer from Within

By JACOB MARGOLIS

THE irreconcilables are not so wide apart any more, but yet once in a while you meet one of them who shows all the bitterness and hostility of friends who have diametrically opposite views on tactics.

The borer from within bases his position upon the success of the Syndicalist movement in Europe, and cannot be persuaded that similar tactics will not be just as fruitful in the country. These borers from within who are strictly orthodox in their tactical beliefs are men who spent some time in Europe and made some study of European labor movement. When these men returned from Europe they were so full of enthusiasm for the methods employed there that they would have the I. W. W. give up the ghost immediately and undertake the conversion of the A. F. of L. and the Brotherhoods to Syndicalism and Revolutionary Industrial Unionism.

These men made one very serious error in their calculations. They do not realize the vast difference existing between the European and American work-

er as to revolutionary traditions and class consciousness. The American working class has revolutionary traditions. We never had a Paris commune, a Chartist movement. The revolutionary movement of 1848 which swept all over Europe hardly touched isolated United States.

The American working class is practically free from class consciousness and there are many reasons for this absence. In the first place there have never existed in this country the recognized class differences of Europe. We have no recognized royalty, and nobility. One is not born into a class from whose iron confines there is no escape. The subtle poison called Democracy has beguiled the American worker into the belief that everyone is equal, and everyone has the same opportunity of success. The fortunes made by the children of workers in America and the high political positions attained by these of most obscure parentage have lent some color of proof to the equalitarian belief. The American worker was and still is individualistic,

bourgeois, mercantilistic hoping always to get out of the employee group into the employer group. If he has given up the hope for himself he believes that his children will fare much better than he. That by reason of superior education they will surmount the difficulties and take their place in the employer-merchant or political group. As a further reason for absence of class consciousness we find that in the eastern part of the country, in the basic industries the foreign workers do the hardest, the unskilled, and least remunerative work. They received all the hard blows of capitalism. The American skilled worker belonging to craft unions having a vested interest in his skill felt that he and the employer were closer and had more interests in common, than he had with the alien unskilled worker, who was not a member of a craft union, and who spoke a tongue unfamiliar to him. And even when they did belong to the same union such as for instance, the United Mine Workers of America the situation was about as follows:

In speaking with coal diggers I have learned that in many large mines not a single English speaking person was an actual coal digger. They were either foremen, mine bosses, assistant superintendents anything but coal diggers. It has been my experience that these men although they belong to the same union with the alien diggers can be relied upon to take the side of the mine operators against the foreign diggers.

The miners officials can often be relied upon to join with the operators to suppress any revolutionary class conscious demonstration of the diggers. With all these conditions present the outstanding fact is that the American worker was not and still is not class conscious and revolutionary. He does not conceive of a society without employers and employees. He merely hopes to see the day when he is an employer. The lack of class consciousness is even more pronounced among the craft organized American workers and among those American workers employed in industries where no organization exists.

Despite all this, the borer from within full of what he saw in Europe is certain the same wonderful results can be achieved here. In all candor, among the American workers on the Eastern coast he has achieved a signal failure, but on the other hand the borer from within has justified his position by the results accomplished among the class conscious foreign workers, and among those American workers particularly the machinists who have thru the machine process lost their distinction of skill and craft consciousness.

It is a very simple matter for the borer from within to transform a miners local of the U. M. W. A. to a Syndicalist or I. W. W. Local. This industrial union of the miners is far removed from revolutionary industrial unionism and the class conscious alien worker can see this fact without much argument. However, it is inadvisable to separate the local from the U. M. W. A. for the local would be destroyed by the combined forces of the U. M. W. A. and the operator's association. The borer from within

in tactics if continued will eventually bring about a secessionist movement involving one or more districts, or the I. W. W. and Syndicalists boring from within will transform the U. M. W. A. into a revolutionary industrial union. The U. M. W. A. officialdom recognized this fact and as proof of their recognition at two conventions of the U. M. W. A. resolutions were adopted to expel any member who joined the I. W. W. this was a ridiculous resolution and died aborning. It has never been invoked and probably never will be.

If the advice of the orthodox wobbly had been followed these miners would be advised to sever their relations with the U. M. W. A. and hold membership only in the I. W. W. Such a course of action would not help the I. W. W., would be disastrous to the miners and would take splendid material which is transforming the U. M. W. A. out of it. To a lesser extent the same process is going on in the machinist organization, and it may not be in the distant future, when these organizations are a part of the revolutionary industrial or syndicalist movement.

Let us consider the tactics of the borer from within in the organization of the steel workers. Since 1892 there has been practically no organization in the steel industry. Every attempt made to organize them by the I. W. W. never got beyond the discussion stage. The A. F. of L. attempted in a half hearted way to organize them several years ago, but after the 1917 convention at St. Paul, they undertook the organization of steel workers in earnest.

To-date they have succeeded in organizing thousands of steel workers all over the country. Certainly the Federal plan of organization is incorrect in such a highly developed industry as steel and at the conference held in Pittsburgh in May, 1919, the weakness of the form of organization was revealed. The one question which was persistently and frequently urged was the universal transfer and many insisted that the only cure was industrial unionism. The outstanding fact remains that they have made tremendous headway in their organization campaign.

If this organization weathers the storm of steel rust opposition it will be a most fertile field for the borer from within. The large majority of steel workers are class conscious revolutionary foreigners who are not only receptive to the Syndicalist and I. W. W. propaganda but are convinced Syndicalists and I. W. W.'s.

The orthodox wobbly would rather the steel workers were not organized at all in preference to organization in the A. F. of L. Notwithstanding the opposition of the Orthodox Wobbly, the fact still remains that this organization of steel workers will be as productive a field as the mine workers and machinists, and it is my opinion they will be more valuable to the I. W. W. than to the A. F. of L.

On the other hand the borer from within who has severed his connection with the I. W. W. upon the theory that it is a dual organization and has no reason for existence is also in error. The I. W. W. represents the revolutionary aspirations of the class

conscious portion of America's working class. The workers penetrated beneath the fiction of the absence of classes in America, and although they found that one was not born a king or a noble, as such in this country, yet class distinction based upon employment relations and property were as marked as those of Europe. These class conscious American workers realized that the solution of the problem was not deserting the working class and rising to the employing class, for such a condition was impossible for the vast majority of the workers, but was rather through the organization of the workers into class conscious industrial revolutionary unions. The purpose of these unions was to build a new society in the shell of the old, sweep away capitalism with its property and propertyless classes, its aristocracy and plebeian, its bourgeois and proletarian classes the world over, and bring into being a classless society wherein all are workers. A society based upon creation, not possession; achievement, not inherited wealth; voluntary co-operation, not super-imposed authority.

These revolutionary clear thinking workers with an understanding of modern economic society and with a vision of a future world, were unable to make any progress in the American Federation. Disgusted with the shallowness and trickery of the officialdom not to mention the downright dishonesty and faking, and the frequent treason of these same officials who, on more than one occasion, actually sold out the workers. Disheartened with the stupidity and ignorance of the rank and file. Unable to arouse any class conscious feeling among the religious, bourgeoisminded workers, many gave up the task as hopeless. Others found hostility and ridicule of their own craft unionists so strong that they were

forced out of the organization. The best they even found was craft consciousness.

A pride in their skill and hatred of the scab. The illogical craft division in industries where the machine process had already wiped out such division, the jealous parochialism of the International the absence of the spirit of solidarity, all of these accumulated facts forced the rebellious class-conscious American to organize the I. W. W. He could not function in the stifling atmosphere of the American Federation of Labor. The need for self expression was too urgent to be denied, and he must have some forum. These conditions gave birth to the I. W. W. It is a natural product of the American Labor movement not an imported product from Europe, not a dual organization, for the A. F. of L. never proposed to transform society, never had any vision of a classless society. The extreme expression of A. F. of L.-ism has been a co-partnership with capitalism in the management of industry and that only of very recent date.

If we had a class conscious revolutionary proletariat then the position of the borer from within would be entirely correct. We do not have such a proletariat and his position is therefore incorrect and untenable.

When the American proletariat loses his bourgeois character, when the machine process has destroyed his craft consciousness, when the industrially organized become more numerous than the craft organized in the A. F. of L. Then we will find the borer from within and the Orthodox wobbly in one movement. A movement of Revolutionary Industrial Unionism while the name of the organization will be of no consequence.

Our Program in the Steel District

By HAROLD LORD VARNEY

(Secretary-Treasurer of Metal and Machinery Workers I. U. No. 300)

By courtesy of Fellow Worker Sandgren, I have read the monograph of Mr. Margolis in manuscript. Its point of view is refreshing and illuminative. Written as it is, in the very glare of the on-rushing steel strike, it is a strong message of the moment. Perhaps before these words are even printed, hundreds of thousands of steel slaves will be on the firing line of a great General Strike. And then the problem, which Mr. Margolis raises, will become acute and tense.

Let me state here—positively, and for all time—that the I. W. W. has no feud with the 'borer from within'. We do not advocate 'boring from within' tactics. Not officially. But we are not entirely blind to the fact that labor's surge runs in many molds which are not of our making. That thousands of workers—I. W. W. workers—have been forced by circumstance to find their economic expression in the extreme wings of the A. F. of L. That there, they are accomplishing a veritable revolution in thought and tactics. As an independent movement, the I. W. W. cannot, of course, indorse them. But

as a revolutionary movement, the I. W. W. cannot but realize that all roads—even the roads of the A. F. of L. 'borer'—lead inexorably home to the I. W. W.

In other words, the I. W. W. attitude can be described as one of unofficial tolerance toward all 'One Big Union' movements. Be it the Canadian O. B. U., Seattle Duncanism, Detroit and its Auto Workers, or the Fosterized Steel Union of Pittsburgh, we who are I. W. W.s throw no barriers in their way. When they strike, we strike with them. When they feel the vengeance of the A. F. of L., we come to their defense. When they stumble and grope for guidance, it is the I. W. W. which lifts them up. This is the task and duty which those who are I. W. W.s have assumed.

But beyond a certain point the I. W. W. does not yield. And this is the point of autonomy. Many emotional persons, seeing the success of these tactics in local instances, are swept away. 'Let us abandon the beaten track of I. W. W. autonomy,' they cry. 'Let us all go into the A. F. of L.—and

capture it! They cry out shrilly in meetings. They bombard the press with their naive importunings. Syndicalists, they call themselves, and again and again, they have paralyzed the morale of our organization by their luring arguments for a 'change.'

Such people lose sight of the one indelible fact of the I. W. W. movement. For the I. W. W. is not a mere labor union, neither is it a band of evangelists. The I. W. W. is first, last and all the time, an **architectural movement**. We are constructing a new society. Our unions are organs of this new society. And only as we enter every industry and build there the first frail foundation of our new industrial system, are we making progress toward our great goal. By building industrial unions in each industry, we gather into our movement the human material which is to be the corner-stone of the new system. The militant minority who are to wage the victorious fight. The constructive element of the working class, who will study the task of the future in the I. W. W. of the present, and who will be trained for industrial management in the school-house of the present day I. W. W. movement.

There is a certain spirit, a certain quality in the I. W. W., which one finds nowhere else in the American labor movement, and it is a quality which has transmitted itself to every I. W. W. member. This is the quality of constructive proletarianism. Always, the acts of the I. W. W. are shadowed by our goal—the goal to 'build a new society within the shell of the old'; or, in other words, the **architectural spirit**.

Now this spirit can find expression in no other form than the form of independent unionism. The man who 'bores from within' is consumed with the duties of polemics; he has no time for construction. The Wobbly who squanders his energy 'capturing' other movements, has no energy left to build his own. The worker who toils unceasingly to 'make the A. F. of L. revolutionary,' may accomplish his immediate goal and lose his final one. For of what value are revolutions to the proletariat, if our tactics fail to train our class for the duties of self-administration which will follow the revolution? Better to build a small movement, which shall be solid and invincible in its economic genius, than to capture all the workers of America into a blind, wobbling mob. The I. W. W. moves slowly, but we are rearing a new industrial civilization, with every step we make. Ours not to capture—but to build!

In the steel industry today, such is the I. W. W. program. We have a dual union to the Fosterized A. F. of L. But we are not fighting that A. F. of L.; on the contrary, we are cooperating with it at every step in the fight. Many of our members are in the Steel Workers Union; some of them sit in the councils of that body. But still we have our own union. Throughout the steel district we have a far-flung human trench of I. W. W. job delegates. And we are lining up the steel workers into Metal and Machinery Workers I. U. No. 300.

Here, the steel workers catch the tang of the real fight. Here they are recalled to the truth that the steel union and the steel strike is only an in-

cident; that behind it, is the background of a world-wide class struggle and that this struggle will bring victory only when the workers are capable of industrial control. Here they find themselves by the side of I. W. W. miners, I. W. W. lumber jacks, I. W. W. construction workers, I. W. W. transport men. They are no longer bound in a single union; they are in a **class organization**, and the spirit of class wideness gives the vision of a new society.

Let Foster build his One Big Union; may it grow, may it increase, may it win its battle with the steel trust. But though we may be called 'Orthodox,' we of the I. W. W. will still toil for our I. W. W. One Big Union—and we know that when we have at last built it, we have also built a new society.

I. W. W.'S INDUSTRIAL UNION BULLETINS

The absence of organization and job news from the One Big Union Monthly has a good reason. Several of the Industrial Unions of the I. W. W. are issuing monthly or weekly bulletins covering their respective industries.

The following is a partial list of these bulletins, which may be obtained for the asking merely by writing for them with postage.

"The Boomer," monthly newspaper-bulletin, issued by Metal and Machinery Workers I. U. No. 300, 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

"Official Bulletin," issued weekly by Agricultural Workers I. U. No. 400 from 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

"Official Bulletin," issued monthly by Lumber Workers I. U. No. 500, 401 Tower ave, Superior, Wis.

"Official Bulletin," issued weekly by Construction Workers I. U. No. 573, I. W. W. from 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

"Official Bulletin," issued weekly by Metal Mine Workers I. U. No. 800 from 318 N. Wyoming St., Butte, Mont.

"The Textile Worker," issued monthly by Textile Workers I. U. No. 1000 from 20 Van Houten St., Paterson, N. J.

Every worker should make it a point to read the official bulletin of his industry.

CHICAGO UNIONS MEET.

At 119 Throop St.

Sunday: (First and Third) Printing and Publishing Workers Industrial Union No. 1,200, at 3 P. M. at 119 Throop St.

Every Sunday, Open Forum at 8 P. M. at 119 Throop St.

Monday: Textile Workers Industrial Union No. 1,000 at 8 P. M. at 119 Throop St.

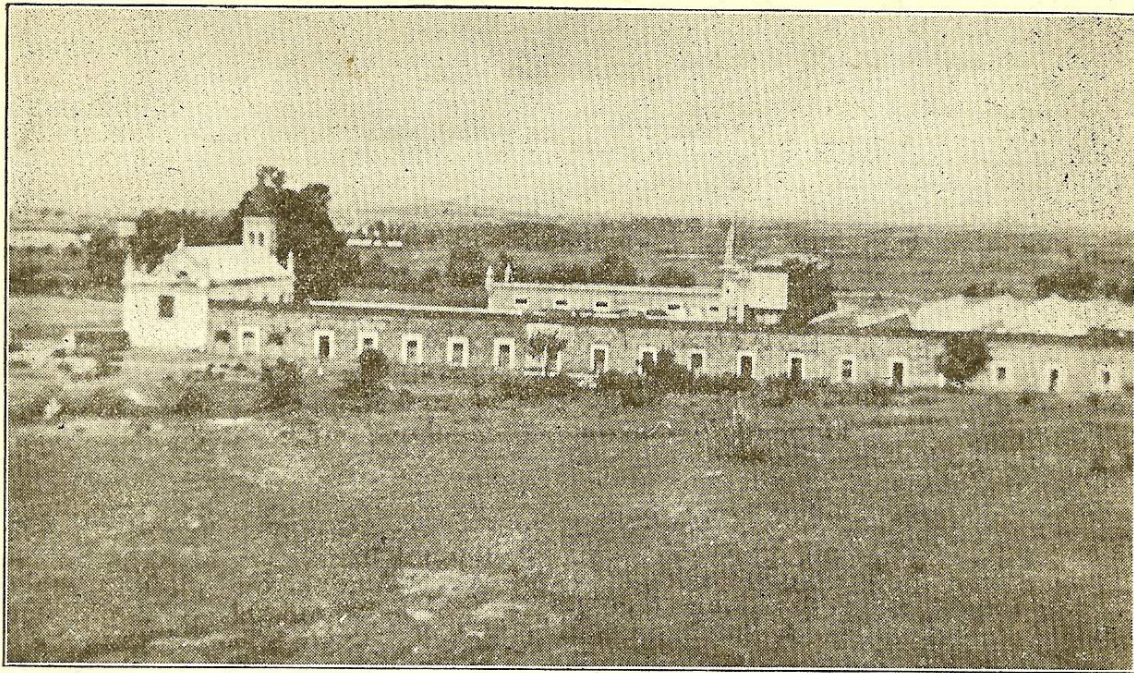
Tuesday: Gen'l Membership Meeting at 8 P. M.

Thursday: Propaganda Committee at 8 P. M.

Friday: Metal and Machinery Workers Industrial Union No. 300 at 8 P. M. — Hotel Restaurant and Domestic Workers Industrial Union No. 1,100 at 8 P. M. at 3001 S. Halstead St.

Saturday: (Second and Fourth) Lithuanian Branch. At 1812 Burling Street.

Thursday: (Second and Fourth) German Branch, at Workers Dramatic Hall, 1824 Burling St. Everybody invited



A Textile Factory in Puebla, Mexico, with Church Attached

Industrial Evolution in Mexico

Capitalist industry in Mexico has been making rapid strides. Only a few years ago the **hand stage** of production held sway over most or all of Mexico, and but little manufacturing existed. The important elements during the Porfirio Diaz regime were the landed interests, the mining interests, the church and the government, all co-operating toward the exploitation of the peon, the Mexican wage slave, whose wages were often paid him in food, shelter and clothing of the poorest sort, plus the lash of the overseer and **capataz**.

A fellow worker sends us the accompanying photo from Puebla, capital of the state of the same name, showing one phase of capitalist development, the textile factory with its own individual church where the slaves can get a glimpse of "pie in the sky bye and bye" and where they can confess their sins after working all day for from 35 to 75 cents in the fields, or from one to three pesos in the textile and other factories. The church is furnished free for these workers, but not so bed and board.

However, there is not lacking a gleam of hope. There are some fifty syndicates or labor unions in the city of Puebla and vicinity, including thirty-four textile syndicates, organized by factories, and fifteen syndicates of agricultural workers, and a bakers' union. About 8,000 organized workers altogether, and many of them looking toward the brighter hope of Industrial Unionism and the One Big Union.

In Orizaba the textile unions are older and

stronger, for here the martyrdom of the workers shot down and slain by hundreds after the bloody Rio Blanco textile strike of some eight years ago, has shown the need of solid organization.

Lumber Workers Greet Class War Prisoners

The Convention of the Seattle District of Lumber Workers Industrial Union No. 500, I. W. W., assembled in Seattle recently, sent the following telegram to the Class War Prisoners:

Seattle, Wash., Aug. 28, 1919.

To all Class War Prisoners of the World,
Greetings,

We the Lumber Workers I. U. No. 500, Seattle district, in convention assembled extend the hand of fellowship to you in your persecution by the master class and pledge ourselves to do all in our power to hasten your release and break the iron jaws of capitalism and free the workers of the world.

PAT CANTWELL,
N. I. FISCHER,
CHAS. McGUIRE,
Committee.

Fred Hegge and Robert Briggs are asked to communicate with F. Benton, Raymond House, 278-25th St., Ogden, Utah.

A Break for Liberty

By J. M. Kerr.

In the summer of 1908, I was in the interior of Mexico, travelling from town to town, busily engaged in that interesting and never-ending occupation of getting a living—food, clothing and shelter.

I was also continually observing and studying the lives of my fellow men and women, especially those of the working class and watching for the least sign of any mental awakening among them.

It was just at the beginning of the rainy season in the great state of Jalisco where everything grows in great abundance and variety. The climate is one of the best in the world. As I looked out of the car windows at the broad fields so carefully cultivated, thousands of acres of wheat, melons and various fruits passing before my gaze, I thought what a picture of peace and plenty, what a choice place in which to find human happiness.

No failure of crops here, Nature has done her full part in making this one of the very best places for human habitation. True it is, that those fat cattle I saw by the side of the railroad and those fine horses and other domestic animals were the most contented I had ever seen anywhere. It was a most pleasing and beautiful picture and every traveller who passes that way and is but a casual observer, nearly always forms the opinion that here is peace, plenty and contentment.

But I was not a casual observer, studying conditions in Mexico from the windows of a Pullman car. I have been there more than three years. I had been in the cities, in the towns and villages and at some of the great plantations, or haciendas. I had been in the houses of the rich (a few of them) and in thousands of the hovels of the poor. I had explored some of the slums of Mexico City. I had seen thousands of people who never had owned a pair of shoes. In the city of Guadalajara, noted for its schools, colleges and culture. I had seen servant girls working for four dollars a month and sleeping on the tile floor of the kitchen.

So, to me, as I looked thru the car window that day, the picture was not entirely one of beauty. We saw figures in white cotton moving across the field in the early morning. I have seen them working as early as 4 A. M. These people did not own any of those fat cattle, nor an acre of the land on which they worked every day of their labor power. They were the human domestic animals of their master. I have seen 3000 of them on the land of one proprietor. Most of them had no right to leave but were tied to the place of their slavery. If they did leave they were generally brought back like a stray horse or cow. I have seen seventy women and children working in a field under an overseer on a large horse, who carried a whip and side arms. The men workers were in another field not far distant. This also was in the beautiful state of Jalisco, under the reign of President Diaz. The governor of the state was Miguel Ahumada. This Ahumada had been promoted from the less important governorship of the state of Chihuahua. At last I reached my destination, a small town in the hills where I stayed about two weeks and during

which time I made another trip of 12 miles out into the country to a large hacienda and had a chance to compare the life of the peon there with that of the fellows elsewhere. There was a monotonous similarity. Work, work, work, obedience and slavery. I returned to my little town in the hills quite despondent. It was raining. It does not rain all day like in the Northwest of the U. S., but at that season of the year it rained nearly every afternoon, or evening, or both.

My room was on the second floor of an inn, or maison, as they are called in Mexico. One afternoon, as it was raining, I stayed in my room reading, writing and thinking. At the side of the inn and just across the very narrow street from my room, was a large tree growing on a vacant lot. Towards evening a man and woman arrived there, evidently after having made a long journey on foot and decided to make their camp under the sheltering branches of the tree. The man carried a large bundle. It contained blankets, cooking utensils, etc. In short it contained all of the worldly goods of the couple, except a medium sized basket which the woman carried. And what do you suppose was in the basket? A baby. It was still raining. The tree was but a poor shelter. They did not try to make a fire that night. They ate some tortillas and went to sleep, with the water dripping down on them from the branches of the tree. The driest spot was reserved for the baby and everything was done that was possible to protect it. The mother took but little interest in anything else. They were still young and even under such conditions were hopeful. At least the man had a certain look of determination that seemed to say he would not give up the struggle easily. Early the next morning the man started out into the strange town to try to earn, or in some way to get, something to eat for his little family under the tree. Each day he returned at intervals with the food and once more I could see a faint smile on the face of the little mother as she looked into the face of her faithful companion. Then they would both look into the basket at the baby. Sometimes the sun would shine and then she would hold the baby while the basket and the bedding was getting dry. Every day he managed to secure enough food to last till the next day but that was all and house he had none. The baby was sick and when she was alone with it, she would look into the basket, its only cradle, with a look of despair. If only the sun would shine.

One day the woman screamed and suddenly like a tortured animal, fell prostrate beside the basket in a flood of tears. It was one of the saddest sights I had ever seen. A father and mother kneeling by the corpse of their first born child. The baby was dead. Not dead, because of any fault of its own, or of its parents, but because of a system that does not allow people to retain, for their own use enough of the results of their labor to secure even the most necessary things of life i.e. food, clothing, and shelter. In Mexico there is a common belief that Liberty is to be found in the North and this man of the peon

class had dared to leave the land on which he had been born, and to go out from under the domination of his master into the unknown world and seek for life and liberty. He took his wife and child and in a mood of desperation had started north afoot and had made his first long stop under this friendly tree.

The baby had died so suddenly that neither the services of a doctor nor a priest, had been procured.

Leaving their other belongings under the tree, they carried the little corpse in its basket cradle, no doubt to a priest and then to the cemetery. They returned at night empty handed, slept under the tree once more and early the next morning they started towards the North and from that day to this I have never forgotten this sad incident. It is just a chapter in the life of a man who had determined to make a break for liberty.

IT CANNOT

By COVINGTON AMI

The following is the ending of an editorial article, "The Myth of Capitalistic Rationality," in The New Republic of July 23rd, 1919:

"Can it not, however, grow into a real system, adopt an intelligent statecraft and give itself a chance for life? While it held the modern world alone, intelligence was not essential to survival. But now a new regime has arisen to dispute the hegemony with capitalism. What is appearing in Europe is a society based upon labor instead of upon capital. The new regime is likely to be closely organized and conducted with an imaginative statemanship. The capitalistic regime may prove the more efficient in spite of its manifold stupidities. But victory is not often awarded to overconfidence. Now while the menace is remote it is time for those who cherish the system of private property to deliberate what may be done to strip it of its vices and fit it for survival.

First, I am inclined to agree with Gronlund when he says: "Capitalism is not a system of society; it is a period of anarchy intervening between the fall of Feudalism and the rise of Socialism".

Second, Capitalism has never shown "intelligence," and for the good and sufficient reason that it has none; all it has ever had has been a very poor brand of rat-like cunning. But its intelligence or non-intelligence does not interest me.

What does interest me is to see journals like The New Republic so clearly recognizing this: "What is appearing in Europe is a society based upon labor instead of upon capital," and then seeming to think that the Old Order, which is essentially a DYING thing, can either put down or compete the New Order out of Being; for, in the long run, there is no such thing as the Old conquering the New. For instance, Feudalism seemed to have taken on new life in the German Industro-Political Empire, but now history records again that "You cannot put new wine into old wineskins." And so it has been thruout all the time.

On this note closes The New Republic: "Now while the menace is remote it is time for those who cherish the system of private property to deliberate what may be done to strip it of its vices and fit it for survival."

I might as well say, when my body is broken with mortal illness, when age has doomed me to the tomb.

Let me deliberate what may be done to fit me, dying, for survival; it would be just as sensible. I might prolong my agony for yet a little while but only at my own expense and that of those on whom I depended for my miserable existence. Who wants to deliberate to save a corpse, especially when one must carry that corpse around thru days and nights of horror?

And that is just what the "system of private property" has now become to the Body Social—a corpse that is poisoning its every effort to cleanse and conducted with an imaginative statemanship. "private property" means allowing a handful of men women to claim and hold as theirs the Common Means of Life; that is to say, the land and natural resources of the Earth and the vast socialized machinery of production, distribution and exchange the Race has built up thru centuries of unremitting toil. That is what "private property" in this sense means, and this means the "right" of an insignificant minority to charge the Race for the use of commonwealth, which is monstrous.

For, as for the Earth and its resources, it is clear that under whatsoever idea of universal law you look at it, whether the Laws of God, or the Laws of Nature, the Earth is the common property of all mankind, and while its use may be temporarily usurped it can never be alienated; hence the Race has a right at any time to revoke the rules by which the Earth is held, and in so doing it does no injustice to any one, for the Race alone has a VESTED RIGHT in and to the Earth. This is clear to all who think for themselves; but, when it comes to the Socialized Machinery, the contention is apt to be made (and here the poor inventor is brought in to be wept over along with the "poor widows and orphans" who "own" so much of the Railroad stocks and bonds and fund of Insurance Companies, that this machinery is the product of human ingenuity, with the strong insinuation that some one man or other is its inventor or creator. A falser plea was never made. For the machinery of production, distribution and exchange used by society is so clearly an evolution of the ages, is so patently the outcome of the LABOR OF THE RACE that it cannot possibly be separated from the Race, and that which the RACE HAS CREATED belongs, by every code of justice imaginable, to the Race, and to the

Race ALONE. Its private ownership is a seizure, an expropriation pure and outright.

It is just because so large a portion of the Race today has come to recognize this expropriation that the Old Order is everywhere being questioned and attacked; and nothing can save it, except it can perform the miracle of making the great majority of mankind believe it is better off SLAVE than FREE.

But this is not all. No THINKING workingman or woman, no matter what their income may be, wants to "fit capitalism for survival," and for the simple and sufficient reason that we "have our bellyful" of the Wage System—WE ARE TIRED OF BEING HIRELINGS, no matter what our mar-

ket price may be. This is recognized by The New Republic, but SOMETHING ELSE is not, and that is this: The hope of Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness is ALWAYS bound up in the building of a New Order; and not only is this so but there is a strange fascination in New Work to grown men and women just as there is in new play to children. We are never really grown up in the eyes of God. Hence, to conquer back its lost hegemony, Capitalism must not only persuade Mankind to act counter to all its moral, material and spiritual welfare, but must, at the same time, persuade it that wage-drudgery is preferable to Free Labor freely experimenting in the beautiful and wonderful domain of Nature. This IT CANNOT.

Industrial Democracy

By COVINGTON AMI.

"No society can make a perpetual constitution, or even a perpetual law. The earth belongs always to the living generation. They may manage it then, and what proceeds from it, as they please, during their usufruct." — Thomas Jefferson.

This, with his further declaration of: "Equal rights to all, special privileges to none", sums up the creed of Democracy as opposed to the dogma of Autocracy.

What, then, do we mean by Industrial Democracy? Simply the above principles applied to the socialized industries and the earth of today; that and nothing less.

Industrial Democracy holds that a man WORKS in order to LIVE his own life.

Capitalist Autocracy, that he LIVES in order to WORK for the PROFIT of a profiteer.

Industrial Democracy rests upon the following:

First, that if a man has not a property right in and to his labor-power, if he is not entitled by right to its full social value, then there is no such thing as a natural law of property.

Second, that, as to the earth and its resources, such as farming lands, forests, mines, waterpowers, harbors, etc., and the socialized machinery of production, transportation and exchange, the law of Occupancy and Use is the only natural law of ownership; for it is the USERS thereof who feed, clothe, house and educate the Race.

All else is usurpation of common rights.

Further, reaffirming the principles laid down by Franklin, Paine, Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln, we hold that ALL the powers of government ABIDE IN and proceed from the people and not from executives, judges and legislators; and, so, we demand the DE-CENTRALIZATION OF POWER, its resumption by the people; and we unhesitatingly assert the RIGHT of the Workers to be PEOPLE and not COMMODITIES.

Philosophically, that is what Industrial Democracy means, as I understand it.

Practically, it means the establishment of an Industrial Republic — a government of Producers, by Producers, for Producers; that is to say, the men and women who do the useful, necessary, artistic, scientific and educative work of the world shall administer society in the interest of themselves — the Workers.

This being the end desired, we of necessity seek to remold the government of Industry and the State on working class lines.

To accomplish this, speaking broadly, we propose that the system of representation be changed from the present TERRITORIAL unit to an INDUSTRIAL unit; instead of starting from the Precinct and Ward, we would begin with the FARM and SHOP as the unit; build from there to the Industrial District Council, to the Industrial or Agricultural Union Convention, to the General Congress of the Industrial Commonwealth; in all of which Legislatures the representatives would, of necessity, come from and represent Industrial Constituencies: All executives and legislators Local National and International to be subject to recall at any time by their constituents: All laws, ordinances and treaties to be subject to the initiative and referendum.

This, as I see it, is what we mean by Industrial Democracy.

The idea did not come down out of the skies; neither is it the product of fevered brains of a "few agitators and demagogues" It is the direct product of the INDUSTRIALIZED world in which we exist, the effect of ECONOMIC EVOLUTION and, as such, can neither be put down with rifles nor locked up in prisons: It is the greatest and most hopeful idea in the World today — Industrial Democracy.

If you like the outline, if you come to believe, as we have, that it is the only method by which the Industrial System, which rules our souls as well as our bodies, can be administered by and for the general welfare, fall in and help the One Big Union build a New Society of Free and Equal Workers up out of the ruin Capitalism has bequeathed the Race.

Three-Cornered Definitions

By ROBIN OF PODUNK.

ART.

1. **Upper class.** Any work of imagination that shows an upper-class bias. As technique requires endless teaching, it is naturally preferred by this class to something naive and simple, showing that master and slave have been at work. Grand opera is the highest art of the upper-class. It is all founded on melodrama, where slaves are sacrificed to masters' evil passions to the approval of the composer. Workers' lives are held at nought; masters' lives most dear. So with its architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry and drama; all full of the poison of servility to the ruling class. The lesson of Shaw, Wells, Sinclair, Maeterlinck, D'Annunzio, Andreyev is: scholars, obey your masters if you would be rewarded.

2. **Middle-class.** Any work of imagination that shows middle-class bias. Nowadays the middle-class is clean sterile. Times were when it produced some able pieces, such as those of Dickens, Balzac, Zola, Tolstoi. Now middle class stuff consists of reproductions of classics done in plaster-paris, of canned music, moving pictures, of 5 and 10 cent novels, either blood-and-thunder or sickly-mawkish stuff. The newspapers and magazines emit middle-class howls now and then, via The N. Y. Call, The Nation, Appeal to Reason; but howls aren't art.

3. **Lower-class.** This class has been mute up to recent times, as leisure is the father of art, and naturally the workers have been too busy to carve their thoughts on imperishable stone. However folk-songs voicing the love of freedom, such as Joe Hill sang; a little of political economy as contained in the "Communist Manifesto" and in "Capital" of Marx; a play or two of Gorki; some essays of Herbert Spencer, Huxley, and the works of Darwin and Haeckel; some propaganda pamphlets of Jack London, and the able articles in the I. W. W. papers and magazines voicing the discontent of the slaves and speaking for a positive outcome, like that of Dietzgen,—these constitute the beginnings of the new powerful proletarian art; powerful because it stands for the abolition of classes and therefore is free from the class bias.

POLITICS.

1. **Upper-class.** The system of secret government by which the power of the plutocracy is kept up. The hidden hand of theft from the workers, and the traders.

2. **Middle-class.** The public open government which seeks to curb the plutocracy on the one hand, and to hold back the advancing working class on the other, and which does neither.

3. **Lower class.** Shop and union tactics thru which less slavery is attained—more freedom.

RELIGION.

1. **Upper-class.** The worship of the Golden Calf.

2. **Middle class.** The worship of those who own the calf.

3. **Lower class.** The worship of those who are fighting for the Industrial Democracy, hazarding all they hold precious to win the first skirmishes. Gold will be of little worth; labor tickets will constitute money. Bankers and sky pilots will have to go to work.

SCIENCE.

1. **Upper class.** An accumulation of knowledge that profits the masters. For instance, tar gas is an invention of this class, worthless to any other class; so are safety deposit vaults; long distance guns, etc.

2. **Middle class.** Stuff the masters want to know; like filling rotten teeth; removing surplus flesh; manicuring the finger-nails. Parasitic information and skill; prize-fighting is a middle-class science.

3. **Lower class.** That which eliminates extra motions; makes life easier; conquers nature; and benefits all mankind. Most science is discovered and invented by this class.

PHILOSOPHY.

1. **Upper class.** The deduction drawn from life and experience that tend to prove the benefits of plutocracy; Bergson's puerile driveling; also James's and Freud's. Not the rigid conclusions of Haeckel, Darwin, Spencer or Huxley, which are largely free from class bias.

2. **Middle class.** Newspaper editorials; magazine leaders; professorial vaporings; Christian Science bubbles; Sir Oliver Lodge's inanities. All showing the lack of good sense of this class.

3. **Lower class.** The summation of knowledge and experience proving that slavery makes a mean petty world for the masses of mankind. Matierialistic Monism; rebel thinking; free thought from Paine down to Ingersoll.

EXAMPLES.

1. **Upper class.** Artist; Shaw. He fools the most people, while holding on to the Rockefeller tenets. Politician; Lloyd George, ditto. Preacher; Billy Sunday, ditto. Scientist; Mary Baker Eddy, ditto. Philosopher; Pres. Wilson, ditto.

2. **Middle class.** None prominent enough to name tho for artist, Charlie Chaplin fills their requirements; politician, Bryan; preacher, they too accept Sunday; Scientist; Dempsey; philosopher, Brisbane.

3. **Lower class.** Artist; Gorki. Politician, Lenine. Preacher, Bill Haywood. Scientist; Haeckel. Philosopher, Dietzgen.

WAR.

1. **Upper class.** Necessary between nations to divide the labor spoils equitably amongst the strongest.

2. **Middle class.** Unnecessary, but have to submit, because the plutocracy demands it of us. We lose, it wins. The workers and we do the fighting; the plutes reap the advantages.

3. **Lower class.** Necessary, for thru war the Upper-class weakens itself, and then when falling, we by civil war, seize the power stolen from us.

The Bourgeois

By RAY MARKHOM

I am the noble bourgeois!
I toil not, and you'll never
Catch me spinning in anything
But a high-powered touring car.
Yet behold, I eat the best of grub
And have never bought a suit
Of hand-me-downs
On the installment plan
In all my lazy life.

Rotund of belly, flabby of flesh,
With the instincts of a wolf,
And the intellect of a senile fish,
I spend my business hours
Posing for photographs,
Which, after the spot-knocker
Has worked 'em over,
Go into the press under the heading:
"Captain of Industry."

But say, between you and me,
I don't know enough about
Vulgar industry to operate
A peanut pedler's push-cart.
Why should I bother to know!
Brains are for sale, and money
Will buy anything.
Ownership is the open sesame
To industrial greatness.
I buy both brains and brawn,
And verily I say unto you,
I pay damn poor prices.

If slaves die of hunger
And overwork, it is generally
Their own fault.
Why in hell weren't they
Sensible enough to be born
Into decent families?
Am I to blame if God, in his
Infinite wisdom, chose me
To be a shepherd of the human race?
I have always tried to do the best
I could for those whom God
Has placed in my tender care.
But they are ungrateful.
Were it not for me
They could NEVER work,
And then what would become of them?

Yet they want to rob me of my
Ownership of Industry;
To give me a good job
Instead of the good job
I now receive from the
Proceeds of their labor.
Poor fools! If they ruin my industries
How am I to give them employment?
And without employment,
As any addle-pated economist
Can inform you, they must perish.

But there, I shall not permit them
To commit suicide.
Capitalism is, and always will be!
God is on my side,
And God is some guy.
Death and Destruction
To Bolsheviks, Spartacans, Syndicalists,
S. L. P.'s, Left Wingers and last,
And by all means worst,
The I double you, double you.
"Gun-powder and guts."
In hoc signo spes mea!
I, Blowhardus, the bourgeois, have spoken!
They will never dethrone me!
So mote it be!

I Hear

By COVINGTON AMI

I hear the soldiers drilling;
I hear the tramp of death;
I sense the Old World dying:
I hear its labored breath.

I rise and watch them marching:
The "Awkward squad" goes by:
I hear the future burning:
I hear the black peace die.

I hear the Castes that governed
The Nations to decay,—
I hear them taking counsel
'Gainst the men they arm today.

I hear the whispered message
From Counting House to Crown:
I hear the fall of Diaz,
I hear the Czar go down!

I hear the Kaiser praying
The cup may pass his lips:
A flash—his throne is ashes,
His "glory" in eclipse.

The Plutocrat and Bourgeois,
I hear their shrieks of pain;
And all the House of Dollars
Bemoan the death of Cain.

I hear the Workers rising,
I hear the Peoples sing;
Exultant and defiant,
The voice of Freedom ring!

I hear the soldiers drilling;
I hear the tramp of death:
I sense the Old World dying:
I hear its rasping breath.

Thus Always?

By COVINGTON AML.

"This man blasphemeth!" cried the scribes of old:
 "He will not worship at the shrines of Gold;
 He is Caesar's enemy, and the friend
 Of I won't Work; his words to evil tend;
 He stirreth up the people, and the law
 Of Moses he contemns. He has no awe
 For us. He teaches all men kin and one,
 With God all-father and with Man all-son;
 He calls our statesmen and our bankers thieves,
 Denies the prophets and the youth deceives;
 He holds great meetings on the hills and shores,
 Exorts the workers and defends the whores;
 He tells them land, like air, to all is free,
 Their Father's gift, and this is anarchy!
 Our highpriests and our lawyers he derides,
 His scorn for them avows and never hides:
 He will not listen unto reason, nay!
 He jeers our rich when for the poor they pray:
 He teaches communism of all wealth,
 The right of all to life, love, truth and health;
 He calls us sophists, and he proves we lied——
 Away with him! Let him be crucified!"

To All Imprisoned Industrial
Workers of the World

By Matilda Robbins.

For you
 Who are for all
 My song.
 For you
 The sufferers
 In freedom's cause
 My tear,
 I'm looking up to you.
 The heights
 To which you've climbed
 I cannot reach,
 And hold against the foe
 You are so far
 Above contentments's snare,
 So rich
 In vision
 Of a nobler day,
 So eloquent — —
 Despite the prison tombs!
 Here is my hand.
 I'm climbing, too,
 A penitent — —
 Yet proud to be
 Akin to you;
 Exultant in the thought
 That I can dream
 And strive with you;
 That I can know —
 With every pang of heart —
 Our common love,
 Our common bond,
 Our common destiny.

Song of the Profiteers

BY SELDOM GOOD.

Jeo ho. for the pot to the guards abrim
 With ten million capsules containing names,
 And a blinkered Lasear, like a Jack Ketch grim,
 To flip 'em as a gamin games.
 Capped and gowned, the devil's own crew,
 Judge and Parson and Squire and Scribe,
 Stirring the capsules as a cook stirs stew,
 With outward wailing but an inward gibe:
 Yeo ho! my Bullies, as we draw 'em so,
 Ahoy! lads ho! and a heave ho, ho!
 Tatoo and tan on our flesh? oh no!
 Not on your chromo! our chosen few,
 Are bleached and barbed and primped just so,
 To look all else but the devil's crew.
 But the devil's own crew we are, not less,
 Minus the queues and the murder thumb,
 In high silk hats and evening dress,
 We awe the rabble and make them dumb;
 While our Jack Ketch deftly draws 'em so,
 Heave ho! my hearties and a heave ho, ho!
 The cutlass hangs in the faddist's den,
 'Neath the turbanned skull of the Buccaneer,
 Displaced and scrapped by the powerful ken
 Of the blood-smeared, Bourgeois Profiteer.
 The outlawed Rover, with her skull and bones,
 Rots deep in the ocean's slime and silt,
 While kid-gloved cut-throats mock D. Jones,
 On the finest craft man's skill has built:
 So we dice out death, as away we go,
 With a ho! my Bullies! and a heave ho, ho!
 No more do we swarm o'er the Galleon' rail,
 With pistols in hands and a dirk in teeth,
 To shoot and slash and whack and whale,
 'Till her deck runs red in a gory seethe,
 No more do we make men walk the plank,
 Or dice for the women, too scared to scream,
 No more do we fire at the kids point blank,
 Nor pale the moon with a ship-fire gleam:
 No, no! my Bullies! Ketch draws 'em so,
 While we sing, "Heave ho! and a heave ho, ho!"
 Ten million names in the pot of death,
 To be chanced by Ketch, with impartial flip;
 The lottery's sacred, so we hold our breath,
 And pray to God that there be no slip.
 And the rag-tag calls on God, forsooth,
 But God is deaf and hears them not,
 So Ketch stands by to dice our youth,
 'Till the last Jack's name has left the pot:
 The while we sup from the "Holy Grail,"
 And chant, "Heave ho!" with a mournful wail.
 Yeo ho! for a sail and a good stiff breeze,
 When Ketch has hustled the last name out,
 To rush our urchins beyond the seas,
 To bleed and welter and shoot and clout
 The while we loll in our sumptuous den,
 'Neath the turbanned skull of the Buccaneer,
 And thank our God that the "Black Flag Keu,"
 Has progressed thence to the "Profiteer,"
 Who has Ketch deftly draw 'em so,
 As we sing, "Heave ho! and a heave ho, ho!"

The Story of the I. W. W.

By HAROLD LORD VARNEY

Chap. 8. Spokane and McKees Rocks.

The first great drive for membership was carried on among the timberworkers of the Northwest, or, as they are commonly known, the lumber jacks. The I. W. W. soon found this a prolific field for membership. The great timber belts of Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana employ, perhaps, 200,000 lumberjacks when the busy season is on. These lumber jacks are a hearty, strong limbed race of men, boldly uncouth and absolutely fearless when necessity corners them into a fight. Heretofore, they had been practically without unionism. But the instinct of class feeling ran strong among them.

The field was not exactly new for industrial union propaganda. The I. W. W. had organized locals in this territory a decade earlier. The I. W. W. unions in the lumber belt had always reached a certain element of lumber jacks by their general propaganda. Now, efforts were made to concentrate in that industry. When the wave had once began, the lumberjacks surged into the I. W. W. by the hundreds. Great branches were formed in Spokane, Seattle Vancouver Tacoma Aberdeen Hoquiam and a score of smaller towns, 5000 are said to have lined up in Spokane in one year. A National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers was created with its headquarters in Seattle. The Industrial Worker, a weekly paper, edited primarily for the western locals, was started in Spokane.

Of course, the lumber bosses soon began to hit back. A policy of blacklist was manifestly impossible in an industry where the workers change with every season. New tactics were devised. It was believed that if the I. W. W. propaganda could be stamped out at its source, the growth of unionism would be effectively halted. This source was Spokane, the busiest branch and home of the Industrial Worker.

There was one local element which was only too glad to help in the task of driving out the I. W. W. These were the employment 'sharks.' Among all the leeches who fattened themselves upon the misery of the lumber jacks, the employment sharks were the most despicable. In order to get a job the worker must buy it of the employment shark. But there was an even more vile form of graft in Spokane at this time. Many of the employment sharks had entered into secret agreements with the bosses on the jobs whereby the boss would discharge the new arrivals after they had worked just long enough to pay for their transportation. This would give the employment shark, back in the city, a chance to hire another crew of men and collect another tribute of fees. The fees would be split with the boss. In some of the more notorious camps, there were always three shifts on the move, one on the way to the job, another on the job and the third travelling back.

There is one camp on record, where over three thousand men were hired during the winter of

1908-9, to maintain a force of fifty men. This was the camp of the Somers Lumber Co.

Against this form of extortion, the I. W. W. soon took the lead. On the street corners in Spokane, soapboxers denounced these abuses night after night, drawing the applause of great audiences. Every street meeting was also a recruiting rally at which appeals for membership found a hearty response. The first and main program which the I. W. W. emphasized was that the employment sharks must go.

Early in the year 1909, the City Council of Spokane passed an ordinance forbidding street speaking within the fire limits. Later, this was modified to allow religious bodies to hold street meetings, but barring all others. Thus, the I. W. W. was directly discriminated against. Such an ordinance was frankly a travesty upon the constitution of the United States where the right of freedom of speech is enunciated without qualification. Had the question been thrown into court for adjudication, however, the I. W. W. realized that the decision would be against them. There was only one course open to the organization, to go on with their meetings, City Council notwithstanding and stand upon their constitutional privileges. This precipitated the first I. W. W. free speech fight.

The test was made by James P. Thompson, the local organizer. He was promptly arrested. A group of members followed him on the soap box, one by one. Each was dragged off to jail. The police, however, did not dare to charge them with violating the new ordinance. Instead, they were booked for disorderly conduct. The next day, Nov. 3, 1909, the I. W. W. headquarters was raided by Chief of Police Sullivan, and his aids. They arrested James Wilson, editor of the Industrial Worker, C. L. Filigno, the local secretary and A. E. Cousins, the assistant editor, charging them with conspiracy. This bold stroke was calculated to break the back bone of the organization. With the leaders out of the way, Sullivan assumed that the members would soon submit. But the rank and file was not intimidated. In order that the Industrial Worker might continue to be published, E. J. Foote was chosen as a substitute editor. He was arrested the next day in the lawyer's office. That night, another large group of members attempted to hold a meeting and went to jail.

The treatment that the prisoners underwent was almost unbelievable. Tortures that would have done credit to a Spanish inquisition were invented. Sufferings too terrible to relate were endured. But, to a man, the fighters clung to their ideal. There was never a thought of compromise.

Sullivan, the chief of police, developed a monomania for brutality. Not content with arresting speakers, he turned them over to his strong-arm squad to be mauled and beaten before being taken to jail. One man is recorded to have been brought in with a broken jaw and left to suffer in

agony for two days without medical attention. As soon as they arrived at the jail, the prisoners were thrown into what was known as the sweat box, a narrow cell, 6 by 8. Here, as many as twenty eight or thirty men would be herded. The steam would then be turned on full blast until the men were ready to drop from exhaustion. Some fainted away before being removed. Then the prisoners would suddenly be rushed to an ice cold cell and left there. If they proved riotous, the fire hose would be turned upon them and they would be drenched with ice water. In such a condition, many of the prisoners soon became the victims of pneumonia and other diseases.

A call for volunteers was sent out to all parts of the country. From every local of the I. W. W., men commenced the long journey to go to jail in Spokane. The winter was bitter cold and nearly all the volunteers had to travel upon open box cars but they endured the cold willingly in order to do their part in the struggle. From Chicago, more than 2000 miles away, a band of twenty men left for Spokane on Nov. 15. On their way the leader, James K. Cole, a brilliant young agitator of twenty three, was killed in a freight accident. Undaunted by the tragedy, his companions continued their freezing journey across the wind swept plains. Every day new detachments reached Spokane, stood up on the streets, uttered the words, "Fellow Workers" and were dragged to jail. Frank Little started to read the Declaration of Independence. He was given thirty days. A Mrs. Edith Frenette, one of the woman members, endeavored to sing 'The Red Flag' as some of the prisoners were being led along the street. She was instantly seized and accused of being found in an intoxicated condition. Considerable sentimental interest was aroused by the presence among the free speech fighters of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, a mere child of eighteen, then just springing into reputation as the girl-operator from New York. Until the very end, she was indefatigable as a worker for the cause. She spoke at mass meetings in every industrial city on the coast, rallying the workers to the support of the free speech fight. She was arrested, herself, in the heat of the trouble and went bravely to the jail.

With hundreds of men pouring in every day, with the courts clogged with cases, with the I. W. W. straining all its energies to direct the glare of publicity upon the crimes which were being committed in Spokane, the citizens soon aroused themselves. Not all of them were willing to be used as pawns of the lumber barons and the employment sharks as their mayor was. The unprecedented fight that the I. W. W. was putting up, compelled their admiration. A lawyer named Crane, inspired by the indignities, opened his office window and began to address the passers-by. In the rush of the police which followed, he gave blow for blow, and there were many broken heads in the force before he was safely in the wagon. Many other townspeople felt equally sympathetic toward the fighters. G. E. B. member Heslewood was stationed in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, just across the state line, where he solicited and received the financial support to wage the fight. The response was splendid and the I. W. W.

fully bore its own, both in court and in publicity. It was the latter that the Spokane autocrats feared the most.

They had endeavored, early in the fight, to suppress the organ of the I. W. W., the Industrial Worker. They had arrested all the editorial staff at first and then, when new editors sprung up and the paper continued to appear Sullivan swooped down upon the printer and confiscated 7000 copies which had just come off the press. All Spokane printers were intimidated from printing the next issue. To the chagrin of the autocrats, the Industrial Worker appeared promptly on the date of issue, bearing the imprint of a Seattle printer. A staff of little newsboys were employed and the Industrial Worker was soon being hawked on every street corner of Spokane.

The situation was becoming uncontrollable. The jail was crowded to capacity. The Franklin schoolhouse was improvised to hold the overflow. When the schoolhouse became packed, men were confined at Fort Wright under guard of the negro soldiers. Many of the prisoners went on hunger strike to protest against the abuses. The conditions in the jail became more and more terrible. One reporter on the Spokane Chronicle wrote over his signature:

"If men had murdered my own mother, I would not see them tortured as I saw I. W. W. men tortured in the city jail."

So awful were the experiences of the prisoners, that eleven of them lost their reason and went hopelessly insane. Many others were wrecked for life. But under it all, not a man broke down. Any of them could have been released by a simple word, uttered in recantation of the I. W. W. But they preferred to fight and suffer. Men swarmed to join them from far and near. One lumberjack came into Spokane, donated \$50 to the defense fund and then deposited \$100 more, all that he had, to be drawn upon, as needed. Then he joined the men in jail. Thirty four days later he emerged from it, a living wreck, scarcely able to crawl. He told the committee that he wanted the union to accept the other \$100 to be used for the medical treatment of those who were in a worse condition than himself. He stayed around for a day or two to regain some of his former strength, then he hobbled off to the woods to hunt a master. Such sacrifice was not a rarity.

The labor movement was thrilled by the Spokane Free Speech Fight. Never before had such devotion to an ideal been vaunted. The wonder of it all was the absolute individual initiative of the common members. Leaders were deported or put in jail. The organization proceeded without a falter. Previous experiences in organization had always seemed to prove that individual action and self-activity among the membership were impossible. The I. W. W. succeeded in evoking from its members that very quality which had never before been produced. Not only in Spokane but in every subsequent struggle and strike, the I. W. W. displayed a capacity and a courage of action which fairly dazzled their contemporaries.

The fight dragged wearily on. In one month, 334 prisoners were reported on the hospital list. Outside

public opinion was swinging to the I. W. W. every day. Already, the principle for which they were struggling was recognized. The mayor proceeded against the fake employment agents. Out of 31 employment offices, all but 12 were put out of business. The city forced the grafters to refund thousands of dollars to men whom they had tricked with fictitious jobs. Public opinion also forced three of the most flagrantly brutal officers to resign from the force.

The last fling of the city officials was the sentencing of six more leaders, Whitehead, Speed, Justh, Foss, Grant and Shippy, to six months in the county jail. The ranks of the men remained unbroken. An attempt was made to cut off the financial support of the fighters by arresting Heslewood in Coeur d'Alene. This proved to be a boomerang. Heslewood was released on a writ of habeas corpus and in the resulting hearing, Capt. Burns, one of Sullivan's subordinates was trapped, in a perjury and placed under arrest. The mayor of Spokane saw that the situation had gone too far and that he and Sullivan were beaten. He called a conference at which the following compromise was reached:

- (1) The city to enact the Seattle street speaking ordinance.
- (2) All prisoners to be released as soon as possible.
- (3) The I. W. W. hall to be reopened without interference.
- (4) Publication of the Industrial Worker not to be interfered with.
- (5) All cases against the city officials to be dropped.
- (6) Perjury charges against Burns to be dropped.
- (7) The I. W. W. not to speak on the streets pending the passage of the ordinance.

On March 9, 1910, the bill was introduced in the City Council authorizing street meetings and it was passed without opposition. The I. W. W. had won its fight.

As an advertisement of the I. W. W., this Spokane fight was invaluable. It had played up those particular qualities of the I. W. W., which have given it the name of "the fighting union." An unconquerable courage, a scorn of compromise, a fearlessness in the defiance of unjust laws, a militancy of individual initiative, these were the aspects of the I. W. W. which emerged from this first big free speech fight. It gave the I. W. W. a mighty following among the lumberjacks. It was the very making of the organization in the Northwest. And it advertised the new union broadcast among those industrialists who had long since believed the I. W. W. to be dead.

By a fortuitous conjuncture of circumstances, another dramatic I. W. W. struggle had broken out in the east almost simultaneously. The jaded enthusiasm of the eastern members was revived by the series of strikes which broke out in the Pittsburg district early in the year 1909.

There is a certain grim intensity to the class struggle in the Pittsburg district such as no other industrial section displays. Here, the class struggle is no story book legend or dream. It is a terrible actuality. Its instincts are woven into the very texture of the worker's lives.

Picture a great, smoke-blackened city, lying between two rivers — a city which lives, works and dies only for steel. Surrounding this central city, visualize a swarm of satellite cities, each of which lives, moves and has its being in steel. Everywhere the grime of the blast furnaces, everywhere the roar of the rolling mill. Picture a polyglot horde of workers, lured from every nation in the world, all of them toiling feverishly and brutishly to produce steel. And, brooding over the whole length of the valley, seeing everything, knowing everything, ruling everything with a cold and ruthless hand, behold the United States Steel Corporation, the lord and master of the district. Such is Pittsburg.

Feudalism in its full bloom was not a patch on Modern Pittsburg. Here autocracy reigns, brazen and undisputed. In all the valley, there is but one mind, the mind of the steel trust. There is but one party, the party of the steel trust. There is but one master, again, the steel trust. It poisons every life. It taints every endeavor. It crushes every symptom of revolt.

It has an organized secret service of spies who pry into every nook of activity. The late lamented Czar of Russia was never served so well. The detectives of the Steel Trust worm their way inside of every union that the workers attempt to establish. They are interested spectators in every radical audience. They are planted in churches, in schools, in every workshop. Where two or three gather together in the Pittsburg district, there the spy is bound to gravitate.

In open defiance of the spirit of American laws, the Steel Trust maintains a private standing army of its own. This standing army can be mobilized within twenty four hours notice. It is recruited from the vilest scum of the race. In its ranks we find the professional gunmen, thugs and criminals, scoured from the tenderloins of every American city. They are the instruments that the Steel Trust employs to cow its workers into submission. At the first hint of a strike in any one of its hundreds of mills, the Steel Trust hurls its battalions of hired gunmen onto the spot and they proceed to crush the revolt by sheer terrorism. The spies are the ears with which the Steel Trust listens; the gunmen are the arms with which it strikes.

Obviously, with such a system perfected, the Steel Trust is secure in its dominion. It has debauched the politics and the courts of the district and there are none to question its high-handed ruthlessness. The press is its servile instrument. Unionism was literally beaten to death in the awful Homestead outbreak in 1892. Socialism is forced to crawl through underground subterranean channels of expression. A clever juggling of nationalities prevents any unity of feeling among the workers.

More than any other district then, Pittsburg presents a cross section of capitalism. Stripped of all camouflage, it reveals the hideousness of its reality.

The workers of the Pittsburg district have none of the illusions which paralyze the organizing activities of their fellow workers. The class struggle interprets itself to them in every experience of their life. They know that the steel trust has reduced them to virtual slavery but they are powerless to

resist it. Shuddering before the power that has crushed them, shifty of eye and furtive of glance, fearful of every stranger lest he prove to be a spy, sent to trip them, these slaves of the steel trust are truly the most pitiable of all the driftwood of the modern system. And there are hundreds of thousands of them. Here it was, that the I. W. W. first raised the red flag in the east.

For the first time since 1892, the workers of this district began to get restive in the year 1909. The old A. F. of L. union that had once been powerful enough to give battle to the steel trust, the A. A. of I. S. and T. W., commonly known as the Amalgamated, was moribund. It had long since ceased to be a factor in the valley. Many of the workers had come to distrust the pitiful shell that remained and its officials were suspected of being corrupt. Like all craft unions, the Amalgamated had no place for the unskilled workers. And the steel mills were teeming with unskilled.

Almost simultaneously, the workers came out in an organized strike in the mills of McKee's Rocks, Butler and Newcastle. These mills were all subsidiaries of the steel trust. At Newcastle, where there were more skilled workers involved than in either of the other two cities, the Amalgamated took charge of the strike. At Butler, there was nobody to advise or lead the strikers. Most of them were Polish in nationality and a Polish priest soon induced them to return to work. But, at McKee's Rocks, a struggle was waged which opened a new chapter in the history of American strikes. This was the first great revolutionary strike.

There were 5,000 strikers in McKee's Rocks. They were criss-crossed by sixteen nationalities. Among them were Americans, Germans, Hungarians, Ruthenians, Slavonians, Croatians, Polish, Turks, Lithuanians, Russians, Greeks, Italians, Armenians, Roumanians, Bulgarians and Swiss. Naturally, there was almost infinite chaos among them, at first. They all knew what they wanted. But they could not get together to discuss and plan the fight for what they wanted. Socialist party leaders came in from Pittsburg to assist them but they accomplished nothing. The men could not understand them and even if they had been able, they would not have been interested. The only advice that the socialists could give was to advise them how to vote in the next election. But the next election was far off, while most of the workers were foreigners who had no vote.

A committee of six was elected, known as the Big Six, to conduct the strike. This committee held big open air meetings on Indian Mound, ran the commissary store and handled the defense funds. But this Big Six was lamentably inadequate. Only two of the six were revolutionists. The other four were conservative trade unionists who, however good their intentions, knew nothing about the conduct of a revolutionary strike. In the emergency, a queer thing happened.

Among the foreigners, there were several men who had been revolutionists in Europe. Some of them were card members of the Metallarbeiter Verband, the most powerful industrial union in Europe, in-

cluding all the metal and machinery workers of Germany, Austria, Denmark and Sweden. Some of the Hungarians had participated in the great railway strike in Hungary. Three of the strikers had taken part in the 'Bloody Sunday' outrage in Petrograd in the revolution of 1905. Others had been active socialists in the old world. So it was not ignorance but language which kept them divided. Suddenly, an Unknown Committee came into existence, formed by those European revolutionists. Although the Big Six continued, ostensibly, to manage the strike, in reality it was the secret Unknown Committee which planned and executed all details.

With the brutal confidence with which the Steel Trust had always subdued its previous strikes, it commenced to stamp out the revolt by force. The Pennsylvania State Constabulary, known among the workers as the Cossacks, an army of mounted police, were rushed in. The usual tale of beatings, arrests, evictions and intimidations followed. Scabs were brought in. On August 12, one of the strikers, Horvath, was killed in cold blood by the Cossacks. To their surprise, the Cossacks were immediately served with a notice, signed by the Unknown Committee, that brutality must stop and that, for every striker who was killed in the future, the strikers would avenge his death by exacting the life of a Cossack in return. Which Cossack did not matter, they would hold all of the band jointly responsible.

Of course, the Cossacks ignored the warning as an idle threat. On August 29, crazed with drunkenness, they commenced to shoot up 'Hunkville', as the foreign section was called. But the Unknown Committee was prepared. It gave them shot for shot. In the melee, three of the Cossacks lost their lives, including the most notoriously brutal of their number. Many were wounded on both sides. But this was the end of violence. The indomitable Cossacks had been tamed.

Public sentiment veered around to the strikers early in the struggle. Their wrongs were too glaring to be denied. The strike was primarily to abolish the pooling system. This system had developed into an indirect form of extortion which enriched the company at the expense of the workers' pay envelopes. This system parcels out the lots of work to the foremen who contract to do it for a certain sum, the money to be divided pro-rata among the men under him. Under this system, men who had formerly earned \$3, \$4 and \$5 a day were only drawing 75 cents or a dollar a day. Grafting foremen were preying upon every worker.

Publicity soon revealed other glaring injustices in the treatment of the workers. The Pittsburg Leader of July 15, 1909 described them as follows:

"The lowest wages, the worst working conditions, the most brutal treatment looking to the deadening of every human impulse and instinct, graft, robbery and even worse, the swapping of human souls, the souls of women, for the lives of their babes, have for years marked the Pressed Steel Car Works as the slaughter house is the most expressive name that could be given to the plant, although it has other claims to rank as a strong side show of Inferno Workingmen are slaughtered every day, not killed, but slaughtered. Their very deaths are unknown to all save the workers who see their bodies hacked and butchered by the

relentless machinery and death traps which fill the big works. Their families know, of course, that the bread stops from coming. But the public, the coroner, everybody else, is ignorant of the hundreds of deaths by slaughter which form the unwritten records of the Pressed Steel Car plant. These deaths are never reported. They are unknown by name, except to their families and their intimates. To others, they are known as No. 999 or some other, furnished on a check by the slaughter house company for the convenience of its paymasters. A human life is worth less than a rivet. Rivets cost money."

Many similar articles were printed. Soon the meetings on Indian Mound began to attract great crowds of sympathizers from all the district around. At last, one group of submissive slaves were putting up a fight and a winning fight against the steel trust. Workers who had long since given up the struggle began to thrill with their fight. Funds and support rolled in from steel workers throughout the valley. A splendid example of solidarity was displayed when the trainmen on both the railroads running into McKee's Rock refused to haul scabs to the plant. This was followed by a similar refusal on the part of the crews of the two company steamers. Never before had such a keenness of class loyalty been displayed.

From the first, the strikers were hostile to the A. F. of L. McKee's Rocks had been the scene of many a previous failure by the Amalgamated. The workers know, by bitter experience the inadequacies of craft unionism. The assumption of control by the revolutionists of the Unknown Committee had been the signal for the entrance of the I. W. W. As an organization, the I. W. W. was practically unknown in the district. With the exception of the unsuccessful attempt at Youngstown, three years before, the I. W. W. had never locked horns with the steel trust. Further than the fact that it was revolutionary and industrial, the committee, themselves, were ignorant of its nature. But they welcomed it on these grounds.

On August 15, a great mass meeting was held by the I. W. W. on Indian Mound. The meeting was advertised by posters printed in five languages. 8,000 men, including nearly all the strikers, attended the meeting. William E. Trautmann the General Organizer of the I. W. W., addressed the crowd in English and German. Foreign language speakers followed him in each tongue. The audience enthused to the message. This new revolutionary unionism, a unionism which united the craftsmen and the laborer, a unionism whose motto was Solidarity; this was what they had long dreamed of. It was such an organization for which they had cried when disillusioned by the A. F. of L. The I. W. W. representatives were swamped with applicants. From this point on, Trautmann practically managed the strike.

Within a month, the strike was over and won. The men returned on Sept. 8. The victory was so sweeping as to be unbelievable. The pooling system was abolished. The grafting foremen were discharged. A five per cent increase in wages, half holidays on Saturday and no Sunday work, was conceded by the bosses. Other onerous shop rules were eliminated. And the men returned as a union; as a local of the I. W. W., 4,000 strong.

It was fortunate that they were organized. After working one week, the men found that the company was actually paying less to some of the men than before the strike. Others were paid the agreed increase. This was a subtle trick by which it was hoped the workers would be divided. The boss soon found out his mistake. On the morning of Sept. 15, at 10 A. M., every worker in the great plant dropped his tools simultaneously, while a committee interviewed the office. This 'passive resistance strike' lasted just fifteen minutes. The boss realized that the men could not be divided and he submitted to the demands of the committee. Solidarity had won a second victory in McKee's Rocks.

The prestige of the I. W. W. in the district waxed greater every day. Unlike other localities, the I. W. W. had the whole hearted co-operation of the Socialist party in this district. Trautmann and his corps of foreign speaking organizers went from mill to mill, organizing local industrial unions. After the debacle in Butler, the I. W. W. stepped in and formed a large union. Frank Niedzillski, a former member of the Russian Duma, tore the Polish workers away from the influence of the priest. Other locals were formed in Sharon, Struthers and Pittsburg. Joseph Schmidt, an eloquent young Lithuanian did splendid agitation among that race.

In the meantime, at Newcastle, the strike of the tinplate workers was going on in deadly earnest. All the fiendish weapons of oppression were employed to crush them. The Cossacks had been transferred from Newcastle to McKee's Rocks and from McKee's Rocks back to Newcastle, intermittently. The strikers settled themselves down to a long guerilla fight. Dissatisfaction with the craft dividing policies of the Amalgamated, had been manifested from the beginning. The tin mill workers always remained unorganized and at work while the rolling mill workers were on strike. A splendid example of the I. W. W. tactics was displayed in Newcastle. An electrical engineer named McKeever, who was working in the mechanical department of the tin mill took the initiative in organizing the unskilled tin mill workers into the I. W. W. and calling them out on strike to assist the rolling mill workers. From this time, under the leadership of McKeever, the I. W. W. had a large measure of control in the Newcastle situation. Several hundred members were soon enrolled.

Although the Newcastle strikers were not rewarded with the same victorious result as McKee's Rocks had ended in, the strike led to one permanent acquisition for the I. W. W. in the establishment of the weekly paper, Solidarity. Founded on Nov. 4, during the heat of the strike, by C. H. McCarty, edited first by A. M. Stirton and later by B. H. Williams, Solidarity eventually became the official organ of the entire I. W. W. movement. The possession of a press at this crisis was a tower of strength to the I. W. W. in their organization work throughout the district.

Thus, by the year 1910, the revolutionary policy of the I. W. W. had vindicated itself by the two most spectacular victories that the organization had yet obtained. Any lingering doubt that the union had made no mistake in breaking with the political ele-

ment was now completely dispelled. Freed from internal controversies, the revolutionary tactics had proven their worth. St. John and Trautmann had piloted the I. W. W. into the path of its real destiny. The I. W. W. of 1910 was entering the most fortuit-

ous period of its career. Spokane had opened the door to all the migratory workers of the west. McKee's Rocks had enlisted the support of the unorganized foreigners of the east. The next three years were replete with growth.

THE OBJECTS OF THE I. W. W.

(Being an introductory to a chapter of "The I. W. W. handbook" now being written by Justus Ebert.)

LABOR was never as much alive to its own importance as it is today. Labor is in a state of discontent and unrest. It is struggling to realize a better society as it never struggled before. Like another Prometheus, it is trying to free itself from the rock of reaction to which it is bound.

The war has brought home to labor its significance in life. President Wilson in addressing the A. F. of L. convention, made plain that without labor wars cannot be won and governments survive. Kaiser Wilhelm, appealing to the Krupp workers at Essen, to stand by the Fatherland, demonstrated that without labor, there can be no Fatherland.

In brief, the war demonstrated that **Labor is the State. It is the foundation rock of modern society.** When that rock moves, as move the rocks of the earth in a quake, then there is an upheaval. **States fall; the society is destroyed; the face of modern life is transformed.**

The conditions that have prevailed since the war have only served to drive home to the workers the lessons of the war. They have given to labor movements such a size and importance as to cause governments to tremble. In England, the Triple Alliance of Labor, composed of the miners, railroad and transportation workers unions, rises to menace the lying government with a great strike in favor of the Russian Soviet Republic and the solution of English social problems without the use of the military against labor. In this country, President Wilson's advocacy of the League of Nations is interrupted by Labor's demands for either more wages or reduced prices.

Labor, giant Labor, awakened Labor, is becoming the governing power. It has only to organize so as to make that power effective. This is the object of the I. W. W.—to give labor a form of organization that will make it invincible.

To understand the objects of the I. W. W. one thing is necessary. That is, it must be recognized that the I. W. W. is not aiming to overthrow "constituted authority," or government. Government is being overthrown by world developments. It is these developments that compel Labor, including the I. W. W., to act in a spirit of self-preservation for all society.

Nor does the I. W. W. want to destroy the family or religion, and "promote anarchy." The family and religion are destroyed and anarchy is promoted, by the conflict of economic interests—both national

and international—over which the I. W. W. has no control. The I. W. W. seeks to end this conflict, to the advantage of all mankind.

In other words, always bear in mind, that the I. W. W. is not an organization that aims to fit mankind into a procrustean bed, regardless of its developments and tendencies. What the I. W. W. aims to do is to be abreast, if not ahead, of the actual trend of world society. The I. W. W. is itself an outgrowth of this trend.

This brings us to another moot question, namely: Does the I. W. W. believe in and advocate politics? Absolutely! The I. W. W. is neither anti-political nor non-political. The I. W. W. is ultra-political. That is, the I. W. W. recognizes that getting votes and winning offices is not politics of a fundamental kind. Politics is the control of government through industrial control. Politics is the control of society through control of the means of its livelihood. It is the change of politics from a territorial to an economic basis that constitutes the modern revolution, as reflected in the Russian Soviet Republic, the overshadowing supremacy of the trusts in the U. S., and the growing dominance of labor organizations in governmental matters in England and the United States. "Is the I. W. W. anti-political?" Please don't ask that question again. We need our time for other work.

Oh, yes; we almost forgot that most palpitating of questions? Does the I. W. W. organize the brain workers? As we know of no workers who work without brains, we are compelled to answer, "Yes." It would be ridiculous for the I. W. W. to go into dissecting rooms and organize only the brainless skulls that the students operate on there! The I. W. W. organizes all wage workers—all of them, no matter how employed or exploited by employers. A college professor who is exploited at a salary by an educational corporation is eligible to form, together with his fellow employees, an educational industrial union of the I. W. W. An electrical genius employed by an electrical trust at a big salary, like Steinmetz of the General Electric Co. at Schenectady, N. Y., for instance, may become a member of the Electrical Workers Industrial Union of the I. W. W., if he wants to. In short, the I. W. W. organizes all who work for wages or salary, regardless of classification, which is considered no bar to membership. Only stockholders, owners, employers—all non-wage workers—are barred. **The I. W. W. is an organization of wage workers just as they work, without trade, sex, color, religions, or**

any other distinctions, styles or shirts and collars included.

"What," we hear somebody shout, (somebody from the South with southern prejudices, most likely), "you don't mean to say that you organize the negro; and that you make him the equal of the white man in your I. W. W. industrial union?" That's just right, Mr. Questioner. As the employer compels us to work in the shop on an equality of wage slavery with the negro, we fail to see why we shouldn't meet him on the basis of that same equality of our union. The negro is exploited precisely as we are. Why then shouldn't we organize him precisely as we organize ourselves — "we whites?" The claim that he may have a different skull, is achilid-likesavage, can never be educated above manual employment, has a peculiar odor, is lustful, dishonest, treacherous, except when mastered like a colt, and all that other "bull," never worries the employer. He hires the negro to take

our places when we strike. He educates him to run machines, and develops his brain in ways untold. Why, then, should we bar the negro? We don't and we will not, any more than we would bar the Jew who, according to some wonderful yarns, can give the negro cards and spades in the matter of biological, chanological, malodorological and other shortcomings.

Yes, sir. We I. W. W. aim to organize every man, woman and child that is in the leaking, rotten boat of capitalism, so that we can all pull together to the shore of social safety and freedom just over yonder. From the brain worker and the negro—from the stunted kiddie and robust woman—from all in wage slavery — the I. W. W. draws its strength. It is embraced by them all, because it embraces them all.

How do we aim to do this, more specifically? Read on, and we shall attempt to tell.

Lumber Workers Taking Control of Their Industry

By D. S. Dietz, of L. W. I. U. No. 500.

We being at the point of collapse of the Lumber Trust. That day is inevitable. It may be nearer than many of us suspect. The Lumber Trust will collapse at the same time as Wall Street faces its next panic. It's next panic will be real so far as Capital is concerned.

Such an event will be the most monumental, wholesome and clarifying of human history and will occur when Europe repudiates its national debts.

This forecast is based on Labor's action thruout the World, and also assuming, American Labor will not falter in its hastening Industrial Unionizing, as outlined by the I. W. W.

Organizing the Administrative Forces.

The workers will call a meeting on all jobs, saw mills and logging camps and elect instructed delegates to the District Industrial Council of I. U. No. 500. At the same time elect their directors or the Job Committee to take the place of the masters' superintendents and foremen. As to who is most fitted will be decided by the Workers of the particular Job in all cases.

Most modern lumber plants have four distinct departments: Logging operation, saw mills, planing mills and yards. The shipping department is interwoven with the three latter. There are some variations, especially between districts.

The workers will no doubt elect their best, one from each department, who will constitute an executive committee to co-ordinate the plant and to take the place of the masters' general superintendent or manager.

They will also, at these meetings decide hours of work per day and conditions under which to labor.

It will, at this time, be necessary to appropriate the amount of stock to produce. Records of stock on hand and produced will be kept and reported to the District office; no doubt weekly. District offices will report to the General Union Headquarters month-

ly, which in turn will forward a complete statement of stock to General Headquarters, let us say quarterly.

When General Headquarters has become properly organized, having its various Technical Boards, the Committee on supply and demand will report back to the Industrial Union Headquarters the necessary amount of stock to produce each year, in advance. Whereupon the workers will re-adjust the hours of work to meet the requirements.

The writer, after 35 years work in the Industry, with time divided between the various departments, is positively sure that it is not necessary to use space to instruct how to handle the unit or job. The workers know that themselves. They are doing it for the masters' One Big Union and will do it 100 per cent better for their own One Big Union.

All who are elected to any part of the administrative forces will be so elected by reason of their expert knowledge of the industry or unit-job and their organizing ability.

This will be true in every case from the job to Continental Headquarters, thus forming the North American Lumber Workers Industrial Union.

Readjustments.

No doubt many of the small and ramshackle plants will be dismantled. Only the modern and semi-modern will be operated. All will be improved from the viewpoint of saving labor-energy. "Greatest possible product with the least possible energy." The workers will demand improved machinery.

Shortly, at their Industrial Union Councils the workers will elect skilled graders, representing every district of the continent, who will constitute a Committee to inaugurate universal grades. Grading lumber is highly important to the industry. The masters' system of grades is laughable from the viewpoint of use and convenience. Their system evolved from a system of lockeying each other. Grades should be known by the timber to which they apply, as: Hard-