

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

JULY, 1921

Can Labor Unions Function as
Revolutionary Organizations?

The Class War in West Virginia

The Lesson of the British Betrayal

“The Hoosierfied Can”

By RALPH WINSTEAD

PRICE 25 CENTS

Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

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

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

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

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

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

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown.

By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.





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WRITING HISTORY

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The Class War on the Railroads and in West Virginia

By Jan Rus

NO TWO industries in the United States are more replete with arguments for working class solidarity than transportation and coal mining. Could the workers in these two industries be so correlated as to act in unison on all questions involving the rights of each, there would be a speedy end to such tragedies as are enacted from time to time in the West Virginia coal fields—Labor's Valley Forge. America needs no Triple Alliance to tie up her industrial life. Practically self-sustaining and of vast inland distances, the dock workers do not hold the strategic position of the dock workers in, say, Great Britain.

The failure of unity between these powerful industries is nowhere better illustrated than in West Virginia. The miners strike. Scabs and thugs are imported. Coal, if only in small quantities, is produced, ready for hauling to the steel plants in Ohio and Pennsylvania. And union engineers and train crews haul scab coal for the simple reason that, did they refuse, their brotherhoods would penalize them, and did they still persist in acting on their belief that an injury to one is an injury to all, their places would be taken by other union men. That is the sorry state of affairs in which the workers in the United States find themselves. An obsolete form of organization holds back a coming day.

Even within the transportation industry itself there is that lack of harmony characteristic of the whole American labor movement and so welcome to the men whose

business it is to make one dollar do the work of twenty dollars, and to find at the end of a year that the twenty have swollen to a hundred. Schism and secession are the order of the day. Nor could it well be otherwise. Having no aim beyond a fair day's pay for a fair day's work, compromising with the enemy when any dual organization shows signs of activity, how is it to be expected that the American Federation of Labor can hold together over 2,000,000 railroad workers?

Events during the "outlaw" railroad shopmen's strike of last year showed how out of sympathy the heads of the Railway Employees' Department of the American Federation of Labor were with the rebels; showed, in fact, more than this. In Pittsburgh, for example, one of the brotherhoods invaded the city, camped there for several weeks, sent out organizers to discredit the striking yard and trainmen, and conferred daily with heads of the Pennsylvania, the Baltimore and Ohio, and the Lake Erie roads, to see what could be done to preserve the "morale" of the disgusted men. This sort of thing was going on everywhere, despite the quite phenomenal outburst of resentment all over the country among the rank and file, as was evidenced by the comparative unanimity of the strike.

It is yet too early to say what the action of the brotherhoods will be in regard to the reduction of wages, effective July 1st, as announced by the United States Railroad Labor Board last month. Ballots have been

the labor officials re-
subject of the 12½ per

abrogation of the National Agree-
bodes ill for the future. The lack of
safety the new local agreements offer
men is shown by the recent strike vote
Fullman employes after the company
refused to join in a conference with
view to arriving at suitable rules and
working arrangements. B. M. Jewel's or-
ganization, the Railway Employes' Depart-
ment, refused to authorize the strike ballot,
which was only halted by the appearance
of the scene in Chicago of a government
conciliator from the Federal Department
of Labor.

What is the exact meaning to the organ-
ized railroads of the canceling of these
National Agreements? In the first place,
the use of local agreements materially re-
duces the possibilities of a national strike,
the only kind of strike that really counts.
National strikes are not only combatted,
but a localized affair can be broken up
with the employment of thugs and strike-
breakers.

Local agreements undoubtedly will work
to the disadvantage of the men in that the
machinery for their enforcement will be so
cumbersome that by the time one grievance
is redressed others will have accumu-
lated to the extent of discouraging the men
to hope for anything like an approach to
industrial democracy, something to which
the American Federation of Labor is strong-
ly opposed. Local agreements, on the other
hand, might well mean the disintegration
of the brotherhoods and the setting up of
more militant organizations, possibly one
such organization, something which far-
sighted men in the labor movement see in
the future as the only hope of the Amer-
ican railroad workers. Local agreements
must signify a loss in dignity and power
of the brotherhoods, whilst they are, at the
same time, detrimental to the workers
themselves.

In considering the possibility of the
amalgamation into one powerful industrial
unit of the present craft forms of railroad
unions, it might be well to recall what

Foster says in his "The Railroaders' Next
step":

"The supreme advantage of the amalga-
mation of all the railroad unions into one
industrial union would be, of course, the
enormous increase in economic power com-
ing from the greater scope of activity, in-
tensified solidarity and clearer vision of the
large body."

A one big railroad workers' industrial
union would not only gain in fighting power
over the present craft organizations by the
elimination of internecine strife, it would
effect, as well, a saving both in time and
in organization expense. It is quite prob-
able that were such an amalgamation in
existence now there would have been no
talk of local agreements and reductions.
The 2,000,000 railroad workers standing
together as one body, not only would be
able to hold what little gains had been made
but would be within measurable distance
of industrial control, of operating trans-
portation effectively, of compelling recog-
nition of the right, not only to their own
necessities, but to the necessities of that
larger body of workers dependent under
our system of society, upon the continued
operation and development of the trans-
portation industry.

* * * * *

To understand events in West Virginia
it might be well to go back a few years.
Cabin Creek, Paint Creek, Matewan, Log-
an, Holly Grove, Tug River! These are
only a few of the names that rise up to
haunt us with their toll of miners' lives;
the days of anxiety in the hearts of their
women and children; the evictions, the
tent colonies, the Baldwin and Felts armed
detectives, and the whole paraphernalia
of the law, which the operators are so cap-
able of calling into being and dematerial-
izing, whichever best suits their purposes.

Of the fifty-five counties which comprise
the state, thirty-nine have coal areas ag-
gregating 9,500 square miles (6,080,000
acres). The estimated tonnage, 60,800,-
000,000, represents a latent wealth of \$60,-
000,000,000. The average pay of a union
miner in the Kanawa district varies, for
different kinds of work, from \$5 to \$7 a

day. Non-union men get anywhere from a half to a third less. The coal is of the highest quality and is easy to mine, there being but few shaft mines in the state; the increase in the productivity of West Virginia coal has been rapid. The insignificant output of 609,000 tons in 1870 now has increased to well over 60,000,000 tons yearly. Employed in and around the mines in West Virginia are approximately 92,000 persons; of these 55,000 are organized.

The reason for this disparity in numbers and union membership is not far to seek. The operators employ such repressive methods that it is a wonder the United Mine Workers are as strong as they are. Such measures as they find it convenient to adopt are too well-known to need repetition in detail.

Prior to 1902 the miners of West Virginia were fairly well organized, though their organization was not recognized by the operators, as they refused to meet the miners' representatives at a state convention held that year in Huntington. The miners determined to make a vigorous attempt to compel recognition. They prepared a scale of wages and called upon the operators to accept it or to meet the union in a joint conference to discuss a new wage scale. In accordance with their policy the operators ignored the demand, and a strike ensued. After some scrimages the men returned to work again, no better off than before.

Subsequent to 1902 there was no disturbance in the Kanawa district for two years. In the fall of 1904 a strike was called upon the refusal of the operators to take union dues from the men's pay envelopes and pay them into the U. M. W. It lasted ten days and resulted in the union losing all of its organization along Cabin Creek. Immediately thereafter the operators employed four men to act as mine-guards to preserve "order" and to prevent union organizers from coming into the district and mingling with the men. Conditions remained unchanged until the spring of 1912. (Since 1902 and the partial recognition of the union, wages in the district increased about seven per cent, except in

completely unorganized Cabin Creek, where smaller advances were doled out by the operators.) In that year serious disturbances again broke out.

The miners formulated their demands and presented them to the operators on April 8th, the opening day of the Kanawa joint conference. The demands included: (1) The Cleveland wage advance; (2) a uniform workday of eight hours; (3) pay every two weeks; and (4) an unlimited "check-off." These the operators refused to grant, but offered to renew the old scale and old conditions. Finding the coal-mine owners firm the men dropped all the demands except No. 1. This was also refused and a strike followed on April 19th, when all the mines in the district closed, excepting the non-union Cabin Creek. There was no violence.

On May 1st of that year a compromise settlement was arrived at, except in Paint Creek, where the miners resented the importation of mine-guards. It was after their arrival on May 7th that violence began.

In the middle of May the company posted eviction notes, which were enforced. Gathering together their few belongings the miners and their families started a tent colony in Holly Grove. Hostilities already had broken out, and the operators posted a machine gun and otherwise generally fortified themselves at Mucklow.

From that time on for fourteen months intermittent shots were fired that by July 29th, 1913, had ended the lives of thirteen persons. On that day, and effective until April 1st, a truce was called by which wages remained practically unaltered and conditions the same as before.

Operations continued in a state of volcanic quietude until May 19th, 1920, when eleven men were shot to death at Matewan in Mingo county. They were counted as follows: Seven detectives, three miners and one official.

At the beginning of May the miners formed local unions which brought in a membership of 2,000. As fast as the men joined, the company pushed them out of the company-owned houses. The coal companies in West Virginia own everything.

from religion, on which they maintain a lien, down to the canned peaches the miner's wife buys at the company-owned store.

Once again tent colonies were erected and in these the workers lived all through last winter, supported, in part, by union subscriptions. Hostilities were suspended for a year. On May 12th of this year began the assault on Blackberry City. President Frank Keeney, of District No. 17 of the U. M. W., and other union officials, told the labor committee of the Senate that the recent "trouble," which cost several lives, is the climax of the coal operators' attempt to crush unionism in that territory. He told them that this attempt is in line with the policy of the United States Steel Corporation in every other locality and industry under its control, to reduce the workers to industrial slavery by the use of violence.

Thus nearly twenty years of unionism in West Virginia finds conditions today much as they were at the beginning of the century. Nor are matters different in other parts of the country. This is by no means a localized question. Conditions in the Alabama coal mining fields are no whit better. During the strike there from September, 1920, to February, 1921, the whole power of the state government was thrown against the workers to crush their efforts to obtain decent conditions and the right of organization. The governor sent in eleven companies of state militia under command of the adjutant-general of the state, who dominated the district during the strike. He forbade public meetings and issued orders violating rights guaranteed by the constitution.

The strike was ended by an arbitrary and one-sided award on the part of Governor Kilby, who disregarded altogether the claims of the miners, and regardless of merit, rendered an award favorable to the operators. The decision settled no issue whatever, and the economic conflict remains unchanged. In the meantime 18,000 miners, their wives and children are homeless, having been evicted from the company-owned houses.

The mining-towns around Birmingham are for the most part company-owned. Workers cannot even own their own homes, even though they might be in position to buy them. Some of the villages are surrounded by high barbed-wire fences, and guards prevent persons from leaving or entering without permits. A spy-system is maintained by the employers to single out workers joining the miners' union, and a relentless anti-union blacklist has forced hundreds of men into idleness and pauperized thousands of women and children.

The coal miners of Oklahoma are starving because of the unprecedented number of mines that have been shut down. In the entire state of Texas only one coal mine is in operation. John Wilkinson, president of District 21, of the U. M. W., estimates the average total earnings of miners in his district at less than \$60 a month.

In West Virginia it is the same old story. Coal operators keep on their pay rolls public officials and pay directly to the sheriffs big sums of money for immunity from unionization. The companies also pay one cent a ton to the funds of the coal operators' association for all purposes. This, of course, includes financing "open shop" propaganda, and generally is used as a fighting fund against unionism. In Logan county, for instance, with its population of 60,000, there are 25 deputy sheriffs and three constables. It has been estimated that for the money paid thugs and such luxuries the coal consumer is taxed three cents a ton.

The value to the operators of keeping unionism out of West Virginia was demonstrated in the 1919 miners' strike, when Logan and McDowell counties worked at full blast and broke the back of the strike.

Absentee ownership, the sort that Ireland knows only too well and which is familiar to the workers of India, is not foreign to the miners of West Virginia. These absentee owners, concerned over nothing but dividends, are paid a tonnage royalty varying between eight and twelve per cent. The system only serves to emphasize the evils of an order of society that every-

where, except in America, is on the verge of ruin. So fastened into a community is this curse of private ownership that in places a county road constitutes the only public property. To this vicious phase of paternalistic management can be laid all the abuses heaped upon the heads of the workers, not only in coal mining but in all industries.

And investigations, gubernatorial reports and senatorial inquiries accomplish nothing of a lasting nature. A famous Y. M. C. A. leader made a searching report a few years ago into the West Virginia situation. What happened to it? It was filed away in the archives of the Department of Labor and there it reposes to this day, overlaid with dust. The senatorial investigation of the steel strike of 1919 is another notorious example of the futility of hoping for amelioration from that quarter. A Senate sub-committee will spend a few days along the meandering Tug River, ask a few questions maybe, and return to Washington, later to make a voluminous report that no doubt will make interesting reading for those who care to read that sort of thing. It will expose enough of the methods of the companies to crush unionism, and should make a vivid supplement to the Inter-church report on the steel strike. But who would be foolish enough to claim that it will be of any lasting benefit to the miners?

Yet, curiously enough, the miners are not

altogether despondent. Their faint belief that a Congressional investigation may remove at least a part of the thug army reigning in the Pocahontas-Thacker field is based upon two previous senatorial investigations, the first in Cabin Creek and Paint Creek in 1912, and the second following the Ludlow massacre in the Colorado Fuel and Iron strike of 1913-14. They look forward to such an investigation with a little more opportunistic spirit, but with no more illusions, than did Robert Smillie, who, during the British coal crisis in December, 1919, said:

"The miners were very reluctant to submit their claims to a commission, for their previous experience of such bodies had led them to believe that commissions were usually appointed to get rid, for the time being, of some ugly questions which it was not the intention of the government to deal with seriously."

The hope of political action, also, vanishes into thin air. According to the admission of the very Republican chiefs who saw the present governor, E. F. Morgan, into office, the miners' candidate, S. B. Montgomery, received 160,000 votes at last November's election, almost twice Morgan's poll.

Nothing short of amalgamated industrial unionism, with its concentrated power, will in any way rectify the iniquities that for years a machine-ridden civilization has fastened upon the workers.

Wesley Everest

By Ralph Chaplin

Torn and defiant as a wind-lashed reed,
Wounded, he faced you as he stood at bay;
You dared not lynch him in the light of day,
But on your dungeon stones you let him bleed;
Night came . . . and you black vigilants of Greed, . . .
Like human wolves, seized hard upon your prey,
Tortured and killed . . . and, silent, slunk away,
Without one qualm of horror at the deed.
Once . . . long ago . . . do you remember how
You hailed Him king for soldiers to deride—
You placed a scroll above His bleeding brow
And spat upon Him, scourged Him, crucified . . . ?
A rebel unto Caesar—then as now—
Alone, thorn-crowned, a spear wound in His side!

The Lesson of the British Betrayal

By Jack Tanner

THE FAILURE of the Triple Alliance to take action in support of the miners has been looked upon as a great setback to the British labor movement. The fact that a united blow was not struck was certainly a great disappointment. However, after carefully weighing the situation, it is safe to say that more has been gained than lost. The whole affair has been of great educational value to the mass of the workers and a spur to the class-conscious minority. The feeling of the rank and file, since the retreat was sounded by Thomas and Williams on April 5th, now known in labor history as Black Friday, has become more crystallized, and especially bitter against the leaders. This spirit of disgust and resentment is being transformed into action, particularly amongst the railwaymen.

Steps have been taken in various centers to create unofficial machinery which, as stated at one meeting, is for the purpose of "taking collective action in order to bring pressure to bear upon the Executive Council to pursue such a course as in our judgment is in the best interests of the organization, and in view of the overwhelming expression of support for the minority by the rank and file of the National Union of Railwaymen, we feel it our duty to set this machinery in motion immediately."

Black Friday has been a stimulant to the unofficial workers' committee movement. The revolutionary and industrial union ideas expressed by it will receive much greater attention since the hard lesson of the failure of the Triple Alliance, due to the treachery of its officials. To those who are acquainted with the character of the self-styled "leaders," their treachery came as no surprise, and even the most sceptical were unable to see a way by which they could crawl out of a proposition into which the rank and file had forced them. Hodges' desire to shine as a statesman at the meeting of the members of Par-

liament in the House of Commons furnished the necessary loop-hole, and Thomas was quick in taking advantage of it.

The days preceding April 15th were inspiring. Discussion was rife in the ranks of labor, as to the possibilities of a strike. Questions were asked: If the Alliance acts what will it mean? Where will it end? The possibilities were great and prophets there were who believed we were on the threshold of a revolution. Although Thomas and other leaders particularly stressed the point that it was purely an economic issue, a matter of wages, and that no political question was involved, yet had the strike taken place there is little doubt that these men, members of the Labor Party, would have fallen into line with Lloyd George and tried to take advantage of the situation and make it a political and parliamentary issue, and appeal to the country for political power—Labor versus Coalition. However, they were afraid of taking chances to bring that about, being doubtful as to whether once the strike began they would be able to control it.

Whatever the developments and results of the strike—and I am not one who prophesied revolution—it would have been of inestimable value to the labor movement not only in England but in the whole world. But the leaders of the Triple Alliance had not the slightest desire for a strike, and even if they had had there was no conception of its vast possibilities nor would any preparations have been made to carry it through so as to gain the fullest results. The Government, as is now the usual custom in labor disputes, had taken all possible steps for the securing of supplies and the distribution of foodstuffs, etc. All the resources of the state were called into operation. Military and naval forces were mobilized. Reserves were called out and the National Defense Corps was formed. Capitalist papers carried full page advertise-

ments setting forth the Government's and the coal owners' case. Bill-boards were decorated with twelve foot posters—appeals from Lloyd George to the nation, which aroused but little enthusiasm. The Government took no chances and was better prepared than labor to go into the fight, but Lloyd George was fully aware of the situation, as shown in a speech he made in March, 1920:

“Four-fifths of this country (Great Britain) is industrial and commercial; hardly one-fifth is agricultural. It is one of the things I have constantly in mind when I think of the dangers of the future here. In France the population is agricultural and you have, therefore, a solid body of opinion which does not move very readily and which is not easily excited by revolutionary movements. That is not the case here. This country is more top-heavy than any country in the world, and if it begins to topple, the crash here, for that reason, will be greater than in any other land.”

No one can say what would have happened if the Triple Alliance had taken action, but even if the edifice of capitalism had not crashed it is pretty certain that some of the top hampers would have got shifty. Capitalists and their flunkies, the labor leaders, have realized that and have succeeded in preventing it for the present.

On the eve of the time set for action the revolutionary elements were considering the position from the point of view of taking control of the industries, but no definite or concerted plans were adopted. Propaganda was made and leaflets issued urging the workers to set up workers' committees and to re-form their Councils of Action which, in many districts, have been dissolved since the Polish peace with Russia. A call was sent out by the Workers' Committee Movement, for the workers to prepare and take stock of the various industries, obtain information as to food supplies, means of transportation, etc. In England the workers have gained some little experience in the control of industry insofar as individual work shops and factories were concerned, but no real effort up to the present has been made on anything like

a big scale, to get the necessary facts and understanding regarding the relationship of one industry to another. No statistics or data have been compiled regarding the amount of raw material available, where located and where needed, and how it could be most economically distributed and used. This vital duty has not yet been tackled. No real effort has been made by a movement in Great Britain to obtain this knowledge. The trade union movement has not even considered the question.

Who could expect that? Its officials are not looking to the time when the control of industry will be a practical problem for organized labor to face and to handle, when this will be a real and perhaps a deciding factor. These matters have up to now been considered as belonging in the dim and distant future, but the mobilizing of the Triple Alliance and the likely developments, if action had been taken now, brings them into the realm of realities. These questions must not be left alone until a similar situation arises, as it surely will in the near future. The joint Executive Council did set up certain committees to deal with various phases of it, such as publicity and propaganda, the co-operative side of the movement, the granting of permits for special kinds of work, etc., but their organization would have been totally inadequate to deal with the situation. The all-important question of food was hardly considered at all. The Triple Alliance, which would have been forced to accept responsibility in this matter, left it entirely to the Government.

Great Britain is dependent upon other countries for its food, and upon the sailors and firemen to man and run the ships, in bringing it to its ports. At the present time the Sailors' Union is in the hands of the most reactionary labor leader, J. Havelock Wilson, M. P. It is true that his power is waning, but until it is broken little support can be expected from the Sailors' organization in the way of bringing food in a time of crisis. Much valuable experience would have been gained had the railway men and the transport workers joined the miners. There are a number of lessons

which must be learned even from their failure to do so.

It must be a duty of the revolutionary element to get down to the real hard work of preventing a similar debacle in the future. The very first essential is to remove the officials who have shown their weakness, incapacity and treachery to the workers—Thomas, Hodges and Williams. Thomas will be the most difficult. He, as General Secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, a centralized industrial union, has control of the machine and knows how to use it. Hodges, as has already been decided, shall leave as soon as the miners' strike is settled, and it is pretty certain that he shall do so. The attitude of Williams

has lost him all support in the active and revolutionary minority in the labor movement, and there will be no place for him, particularly as twelve of the thirty unions in the Transport Workers' Federation have recently amalgamated and he has not been appointed as secretary.

The next step logically follows: To change the structure and form of the transport workers' and miners' federations into real industrial unions. This has already been taking place to some extent and the process will be accelerated as the result of the failure of the Triple Alliance, which was largely due to looseness in the organization.

A Preacher's Solution

By Hal Brommels

An orthodox sage of this money-mad age
Was heated to white in a red-damning rage.
Nor God nor the devil could smother his ire,
His words were so hot that they flamed into fire.

He shouted and spouted: "The Reds must be caught!
They must be deported and driven and fought!
We'll lynch them and pinch them and clinch them by law;
We'll trip them and rip them and whip their backs raw!

"They're foreigners, heathens; ..and pagans and Jews—
But wait till we get them and give them their dues!
We'll take them and break them and send them to jail!
We'll keep them from friends and deny them to bail.

"O, God, why on Earth did you give us the Red?"
Moaned Reverend Right, as he raved in his bed.
No sleep could he get for the vision that loomed
Of Capital crushed and his leisure-life doomed.

He worried and wished till he weakened, all worn—
For ev'ry Red prisoned two others were born.
He looked for no reason nor dug for a cause,
But thought an effect could be blotted by laws.

The struggle is on like it always has been,
The goal has been set and the People will win.
Old Reverend Right must awake and must see
That slaves of all nations are bound to be free!

The British Miners Come Back

By Francis Davis

A GENERAL strike looms again in England. After being sold out by their leaders in April, and after accepting what appeared to be a defeat at the hands of Lloyd George, the rank and file of the Triple Alliance has come to the support of the British Miners and has forced the most serious tie-up of industry in British history.

The government has practically exhausted its resourcefulness in trying to settle the miners' strike by force and trickery. The last Lloyd George effort was a proposal to give a ten million pound government subsidy to the industry and a "commission to adjust" the wage differences. The vote on this proposal has just come in, and it is an overwhelming "Nay" on the part of the miners' rank and file. The final count shows nearly a five to one refusal to accept the government's terms.

The miners have had enough experience with "commissions to adjust". They have learned their lessons well since 1912 and they remember with a blush of shame the settlements they received at the hands of the Sankey Commission and, again, the Commission of last November. They are not in a mood to submit to further Commissions appointed by the masters and bound to make masters' decisions. If any Commission is appointed, they insist, that Commission will be a Workers' Commission, which will install the principle of the National Board and the National Pool and a guaranteed weekly wage.

Every proposal which the government has yet made has adroitly refused to concede the principle of the National Pool. The owners assert that they will be willing to fight to the last ditch rather than grant this principle, for they understand that it will be a first step to extending the workers' power over industrial affairs. The miners, on the other hand, will accept no other settlement and they declare that they will stay out ten weeks more, if necessary, to obtain that one demand.

The "commission to adjust" is only one of the several ruses to which Lloyd George and the owners have resorted in their attempt to break the back of the miners' solidarity. They have circulated every kind of vicious rumor in the press; they have spent thousands of dollars on attractive bill posters announcing the end of the strike and inviting the miners to go back to work while they still could; they have attempted secret conferences with the miners' executives in the hope of bringing them to reason behind the backs of the rank and file, and they have finally spent huge sums of money in attempting to import foreign coal with which to starve the miners into submission.

Every ruse has failed. The miners have maintained a morale and a discipline in their own ranks as effective as any discipline during the war. Through the London Daily Herald they have kept the membership fully informed of every development, have raised forty thousands pounds for the support of miners' wives and children, and have maintained a splendid courage and full confidence in their program.

The starvation policy has been very effectively checkmated by a thorough-going blockade against "scab" or "black-leg" coal. They have had the loyal support of the other crafts in this blockade—particularly of railway men, who are not only refusing to handle any foreign coal, but are refusing, further, to work with "scabs," and have declared that if any one of their members is victimized for supporting this position, a general railway strike will be called immediately. The railway men say that the miners' fight is their fight and that the importation of "black-leg" coal during this period is the same as importing "scab" miners. They refuse to betray their fellow workers.

Even the transport workers, whose leaders fell away when they had an opportunity in April to win the strike for the miners,

are supporting this blockade. On the Clyde, where dockers, members of the Transport Workers' Federation, have been given the choice of unloading foreign coal or quitting the job, several thousand workers have gone out. Strangely enough, this vigorous action on the part of the Transport Workers' rank and file has now the full sanction and support of the Transport Executives!

Word comes from Belgium that Belgian dockers are refusing to handle "tainted" coal bound for England, and that the Belgian miners will refuse to mine coal destined for England. The German and French miners have asked the British workers to call upon them also for any assistance they can give, and have agreed, if necessary, to go out on strike, to stop the importation of Continental coal into the British Isles.

This solidarity is not by any means confined to the "Big Three" in the Triple Alliance; even the workers in the gas and electric plants are refusing to unload or use "black-leg" coal of any character. It has been the hope of Lloyd George that he could keep the public utility industries operating with imported fuel and starve out the mine workers by merely sitting tight until their funds were exhausted. The action of the railway, transport, and utility workers not only defeats this starvation policy completely, but it leaves England facing a momentary shutting off of light, heat and power. It does not require a statesmanlike mind to understand what this event will mean.

One of the most trying problems for the miners has been the suppressing of English "scab" work. The land owners have encouraged the English unemployed to work out-cropping (surface) veins of coal by promising them the full proceeds of the sales. The miners now report that they have induced these workers in practically every field to abandon the veins and even to fill up the holes, so that today there is practically no English coal being mined even by "scabs."

The result of this workers' embargo may be observed in the financial column of al-

most any daily newspaper. The government estimates that nearly four million British workers are now unemployed, due to the shutting down of industry. Steel production today has fallen to six thousand tons for last month as against six hundred thousand tons for the same month of last year. Last month only fourteen thousand tons of cast iron were produced as against seven hundred thousand tons in the same month last year. Cotton mill owners are glad to continue the wage dispute with their workers and are not eager to resume operations. Industry after industry shows this same ruinous effect of the solidarity of the British workers.

The miners are not hypnotized by phrases. They are perfectly willing to accept a counter-proposal of settlement on any basis that will guarantee them the principle of the National Board and the National Pool and the weekly guaranteed wage. They are, however, disillusioned about the good intentions of the owners, the reformers and the politicians. They are through with charity and have concluded that firmness and solidarity is the only language which the government and the owners can understand.

In all this the miners know exactly where they stand. They know that owners' profits have increased from twenty one million pounds in 1913 to twenty seven million pounds in 1920. They know that fourteen companies, with a combined capital of twenty million pounds, paid an average of 134½% in cash dividends from 1913 to 1919, or twenty seven million pounds, and that some of these companies paid, in addition, 200 per cent or more in stock dividends. The miners feel that under these conditions they are entitled not only to the standard of living of 1914, below which the owners propose to reduce them, but to a material increase over this standard. They feel that if profits cannot come down and if the profit system can no longer guarantee them a living—there must no longer be any profits.

This deadlock between the miners and the owners is not likely to be broken by conferences. The British crisis hangs on

a slender thread of time and waits only for one side or the other to take the offensive. If the miners advance and try to operate the pits they know that they will be met by machine guns; if the owners become aggressive and try to break the lockout by importing "scabs," or the blockade by importing foreign coal, they may be met by

a general strike and, it is asserted in some quarters, by even more revolutionary action. The owners and their spokesman, Mr. Lloyd George, have exhausted their resourcefulness; the miners have almost exhausted their patience, and there hangs over England the dead silence of an approaching storm.



The Rebel Lads Who Won't Come Back Again

By Richard Brazier

NO MARTIAL music blares for them; no bunting decks the lane;
 No cheering crowds greet their return, to give ovations vain;
 For them no flags with stars of gold, in windows by the way;
 For them no Arch of Victory that blazons in the day;
 For them no woman's kiss, no children's clasping arms;
 For them just sleep, long sleep,—and peace without alarms.

For them no flaunting ribbons gay, no medals silver bright;
 No hero's name, no soldier's fame, won in some bloody fight.
 For they were only workers who manned the ships of grain
 That fed War's starving innocents,—sad orphans of the slain.
 They were the men that stood the watch through lanes of lurking death,
 And sailed the argosies of food across sea's trackless depth.

They were the men that kept the fifes in many and many a ship,
 And tore from the throats of babes wild hunger's strangling grip.
 They were the men who knew: when death stole through the night
 They would die like drowning cattle, die in the gray morn's light.
 They knew that terror waited in their speeding, foaming path
 And 'neath every wave might silent be a thing of horrid wrath.

And yet they sailed on many seas, these bravest of the brave—
 And knew full well that for them lay perhaps a sailor's grave.
 And thus it was, in dark of night, or some grey hour of dawn
 That Death came hurtling, swift and sure; and shattered, maimed and torn
 They sank beneath the reddened waves to rest forevermore
 Beyond the pale of din and strife. For them the fight was o'er.

For them the bugles will not call, nor solemn music play,
 No flowers will bloom upon their graves—they sleep far from the day.
 But joyful tears of babes and wives shall bless the food they brought,
 And they shall dwell in rebel hearts and live in rebel thoughts.
 And the moaning seas a rebel dirge shall sing for rebels slain
 For the sailor lads, the rebel lads, who won't come back again.

A Worker Looks at Reparations

By Hugo Schurtz

A YEAR ago there appeared in the London Nation a startling revelation of how the metallurgical kings of Germany and France had controlled the war operations on the western front. A great mass of documentary evidence was presented in which it appeared that a few families not only dominated the coal and iron supply upon which the several armies relied and had distributed this supply so that the war might be continued with profit to themselves, but that they had forced the immunity of a large territory in "No Man's Land" from fire. No shells fell in this territory, no mining property was destroyed and no casualties were reported. One of these families had a son in the Reichstag and another son (who was director of munitions for the French Government) in the French Chamber of Deputies. Armor plate made in Germany was distributed in France and coal and iron manufactured in France was distributed to the German armies. The firms concerned were allied in a great, French controlled, continental metallurgical trust, and dividends were accumulated on both sides of the battle line for distribution after the war. The articles were entitled "Where Iron Is There Is the Fatherland."

Today, while the press of the continent is worrying about what Germany will pay, these families are still directing and extending the metallurgical Fatherland. Basically the metallurgical kings are not concerned about what Germany will pay; they are concerned only about developing an iron-clad monopoly of their industry.

On May 1st the French armies were prepared to occupy the Ruhr basin and, except for the intervention of Lloyd George, who does not want a French industrial monopoly in any field which will threaten British interests, the French would now have full title to these most valuable properties.

The iron kings want another field—Silesia. Silesia today contributes a large part of the coal which feeds German, Polish, Austrian and Italian industry. If the French monopolists can control this field they know that they will have not only a sufficient supply of fuel for all their own purposes, but that they will have an unassailable control over the entire steel industry of the continent. They will be able to cripple their German rivals, particularly.

Blocked in their offensive on the Ruhr basin, the French have turned all their immediate attention to this Silesian field. They do not mean to abandon the Ruhr—they have only postponed that offensive. They know that if they can keep Germany engaged with military operations in Silesia, they will sap German resources to such a degree that the Germans cannot hope to meet the reparations payments. As soon as one payment is defaulted, they will have an irresistible excuse for seizing the Ruhr and possibly Silesia also as security.

Nobody expects Germany to pay and almost nobody cares. Even the lowest reparations figure is so high that to meet it the German owners would have to abandon all profits and the workers would be reduced to less than a subsistence wage.

Perhaps there are French politicians who want the Germans to make good on reparations in order that they may save face with the French people and hold their jobs, but the steel kings want profits, and a surplus in the French treasury means nothing to them. They want the Ruhr and they want Silesia, they want their competitors reduced to dependence and the German workers to such poverty that their mills will be fed with cheap labor. This situation means profits to the steel kings—huge profits—and as for the future, well, "After us the deluge." They have gambled on long stakes with revolution before and, somehow, the revolution has never come.

In the meantime, while the diplomats and the statisticians dash off reams of figures and the French armies prepare to advance, the German workers are taking a last hitch in their belts. They have been reduced from the best paid and the best fed workers in Europe to the rations of the poor-house. It is said that the German workers are immobile because they are overorganized, but they are only tired, exhausted and without hope. They have borne the heaviest privations of the war and are today at the mercy of the Allies' Hoover System, which feeds them, and they are not ready to fight. The Socialist organization has lost face with the German workers, the Trades Unions are disorganized and the Communists have split wide apart into warring factions. It is interesting that most of the revolutionary activity, however, has been conducted in the Ruhr region.

Undoubtedly the French offensive, on whatever excuse, at this time or within the next few months will be successful. The Germans are not a match for the French war machinery, and the French workers are still inoculated with revenge and still not enough awake to their class interests to refuse to conquer their German fellow workers for the French masters. The policy of the steel kings bids fair to succeed.

But this success will, at best, be temporary. The exploitation which the French masters will inflict upon the defeated and vassal German workers is bound to reduce them to even greater penury than they now endure. Time will knit the German organizations, and nationalistic as well as class hatred will bind them together in an unconquerable solidarity. Out of their privations they will emerge with a Plan of Action, and when the next uprising in the Ruhr basin occurs the German proletariat will be the victor. The steel kings are making a very valuable contribution to the cause of the Proletarian Revolution.

The Revolutionary Movement in India

THE political situation in India at the present moment is very revolutionary, and is becoming more so every day, says the Bombay correspondent of the London Communist. During the last two years the movement in India has been developing two distinct characters, viz., (1) the nationalist revolutionary movement of the educated middle class, and (2) the economic struggle of the workers in the big industrial centres. Lately the Indian Movement has developed another phase—the peasant revolt. All these three taken together embrace more than half of the entire population.

The bourgeois nationalist movement is divided into two main camps, viz., the Constitutional Democrats and the Extremists. The Constitutional Democrats belong to the upper middle class, including rich lawyers, doctors, a certain element of native capitalists, and the progressive landowners. Their program is rather modest; it advocates the continuation of the British rule, but agitates for constitutional and administrative reforms.

The Extremists or Nationalist Revolutionaries stand for the complete separation of India from the British Empire. The ranks of the Extremists are swelled by the lower middle class students, and declassed intelligentsia. These are undoubtedly the most numerous, powerful, and influential elements in the Indian bourgeois revolutionary movement. But the Extremists have two points of view in their ranks. One section thinks that Home Rule or Self-Government should be first secured in order to have a wider field of revolutionary activities; while the other maintains that Home Rule will never be granted to India and that there is only one remedy—the overthrow of the British Rule by an armed national uprising.

The Extremists constitute a great force as agitators but as organizers they have not been able to do much since they have not adopted a program. The anxiety to preserve the unity of front as against the British Government has prevented them from formulating a program. What they want is to inspire the whole country with anti-British feeling, and in that they have succeeded admirably. Except the rich, land-owning class, big capitalists and high government officials, the entire people of India, irrespective of class, is in a decidedly rebellious mood against British rule.

The real strength of the Indian movement is the growth of revolutionary spirit among the masses. This has been achieved not so much by the propaganda of the bourgeois revolutionaries as by the objective conditions. During the years of the European war, India has gone through a tremendous economic transformation. In the last four years,

capitalism has been developed with great rapidity. India today is no longer an exclusively agricultural country. Great industrial centres have sprung into existence, accumulating a growing proletarian class. The Indian proletariat on account of its short life has not been altogether separated from the villages wherefrom it originally came. A great number of the city workers still work partly in the city and partly in the villages. Thus they serve the purpose of transmitting the revolutionary spirit that they acquire in the industrial centres. In this way the revolutionary propaganda which, till a few years ago, was mainly confined to the cities, is penetrating to the villages and disturbing the passive resignation of the peasantry.

The growth of the Indian proletarian class is indeed phenomenal. Before the European war, the number of city workers in India hardly exceeded 2,000,000. In 1918, it came up to 5,000,000. Since then it has increased by fifty per cent. On the other hand, owing to the exorbitant rate of taxation and chronic indebtedness, the poor petty-peasants are being rapidly deprived of their lands, thus creating a huge army of agricultural workers, whose number has reached as high as 32,000,000. These millions of exploited workers, industrial and land-workers taken together, are being pushed into the revolutionary movement by force of economic necessity. And it is this background which has given such a powerful impetus to the revolutionary movement in general.

The revolutionary movement in India has developed a very strong press. There are more than fifty big daily papers, both in the English and native languages, published from the different cities. These papers are published legally, though they are often suppressed and their printing apparatus confiscated. Besides, there are a number of illegal presses which produce revolutionary literature, mostly of nationalist character.

The Workers' Challenge.

NOTICE TO READERS

In the June Pioneer announcement was made of a number of feature articles that would appear in future issues of the magazine. Owing to unforeseen circumstances we are not able to publish any of them in this number. However, some of them will be printed in the August and September issues of the Pioneer.

On account of lack of space, an installment of "The Story of the Story" did not appear in the June number. The publication of the serial is resumed in this issue and will be continued until completed.

Industrial Pioneer

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INDUSTRIAL DEPRESSION

IN DISCUSSING business readjustment in America, a writer in a recent issue of the *Economic World*, a manufacturers' journal, says:

"If the disturbing features in the general situation were of domestic origin and application alone, it would not be difficult to indicate the course of improvement. As things actually are, however, the entire world is involved in the problem. Any improvement, therefore, must involve the re-establishment of normal political and economic conditions abroad, as well as a dependable situation with respect to international credit and exchange. It is idle to think that we can prosper to the full extent of our capacity if deprived of the foreign markets; nor, it may be added, can we prosper if we rear up an insurmountable wall against the importations of the products of Europe, South America and the Far East. In other words, with the horizon thus obscured by all manner of difficult problems, there is little to indicate that the general readjustment of business in the United States will be other than a tediously slow process."

When the master class itself admits that "the readjustment will be a tediously slow process," the workers might as well make up their minds that there will not be any "readjustment"—in the sense of a let up in the unemployment situation. If business enterprises cannot find customers for their

products, it stands to reason that production, since it is carried on for profit only, will be stopped altogether or will continue on a part time basis.

Writes Edward G. La Bart in *Printer's Ink*: "There is enough wool in the United States to supply all demands for two years if not another sheep was clipped. There is enough cotton in the South to supply every want for the next two or three years."

A similar statement could be made about a great many other necessities of life. But that is only half of the truth. For is there a workingman who could not use another suit of clothes for himself, or another dress for his wife and sister—if he had the price? The surplus wool, cotton, leather, food, etc., is on hand largely because the working class has not the money with which to purchase the necessities and luxuries of life. And this brings us to the vicious circle:

Less consumption, less production, more unemployed, wage cuts, still less production and still more unemployed.

Men are now laying steel on the railroad tracks for 27½ cents an hour, while only a year ago they were getting 48½ cents. Advertisements are appearing in the Southern papers for men to work for their board. If a worker who formerly earned \$40.00 per week is at present getting only \$25.00, it is self-evident that the \$15.00 which he now does not have to purchase commodities with will throw some other worker out of a job.

What will this lead us to? If there are five millions out of work now, will not the number be doubled a year, or two years, from now? And then what?

A few possibilities are looming on the horizon which may, to a certain extent, give new life to our industries: Resumption of trade with Russia; war with Mexico; war with Japan. But at any rate, they would offer only temporary relief.

The future, as it unfolds itself for the working class in the United States, is this: Ever-increasing misery and eventual starvation, or—control of industry by the workers for use instead of profit.

Working men and women of America, take your choice!

Can Labor Unions Function as Revolutionary Organizations?

By H. Van Dorn

THERE appeared in "The Industrial Worker" a few weeks ago an article entitled "Can Unions Act?" written by Walker C. Smith, in which he contends that labor unions cannot function at the same time as revolutionary organizations. The point of view that he sets forth is that a mass organization of labor, which has for its immediate object the obtaining of shorter hours, bigger wages and better working conditions, cannot, in the nature of things, act as an instrument for the eventual overthrow of the capitalist system.

This article was reprinted in a number of radical newspapers and, in my opinion, must have created a good deal of confusion, owing especially to the circumstance that it was written by a well-known member of the I. W. W. It is for the purpose of clarifying the issue raised by Fellow Worker Smith that the present article is written.

It is worthy of note that in presenting his case Fellow Worker Smith does not mention a single instance in the history of the labor movement, nor does he quote any facts or figures to uphold his theory. The whole thing is a plausible piece of metaphysical reasoning, based on apparently logical premises, but bound to fall to pieces as soon as facts are brought into the argument. For instance, one of his paragraphs reads as follows:

"When members are recruited without distinction as to race, color, sex, age, creed or social views, as is proper and necessary in a labor-power combine, it follows that conservatism will dominate the union just as it does the mass of the workers. Despite this obvious fact, industrial unions as well as other unions continue to lay their greatest stress upon organization, assigning to education a minor place."

It would be interesting to know just what

it was that led Walker Smith to this brilliant piece of reasoning. If he were the least bit acquainted with the history and the present structure of the world labor movement, he would know how erroneous his declaration is. Instead of it being an "obvious fact" that conservatism always dominates labor unions, the very opposite is true in the case of unions counting millions of members.

Let us, therefore, in order to substantiate the above claim, consider the labor movement in some of the European countries:

In Italy about 80% of the industrial proletariat is organized into labor unions. The General Labor Confederation has a membership of two and a half millions. While in radical sentiment and mentality the workers belonging to this Confederation are far in advance of the members of our own A. F. of L. and other craft organizations, we will not, for purposes of argument, call them revolutionary or even radical; but besides the Confederation there are in Italy the Italian Syndicalist unions with a membership of 700,000, the Railway workers with a membership of about 130,000, and the Toilers of the Sea, numbering approximately 70,000. Thus we see that these three organizations contain some 900,000 workers—almost a million strong—and they are as revolutionary as the Communists, or the I. W. W. of the United States.

That such is the case has been demonstrated time and again by recent events in the Italian labor movement. In all their literature the three last named organizations come out squarely for the overthrow of capitalism and the establishment of industrial communism. In the near revolution last fall it was the syndicalists who played the leading role. The fury of the fascisti—the Italian white guards—is di-

as much against the syndicalists as against the Communists.

Perhaps had Fellow Worker Smith been informed of the above facts and figures he would not have made the statement that it is an "obvious fact that conservatism dominates the unions."

It is safe to say that in Spain, a country with a population of 20,000,000, by far the greater part of whom are agricultural workers, at least 75% of the industrial proletariat is organized. Of these organized workers, about 1,000,000 belong in the revolutionary *Confederacion Nacional del Trabajo*, while only some 250,000 belong in the conservative *Union General de Trabajadores*, which is dominated by the reactionary Socialist party. It would be curious to know how it will be possible for Fellow Worker Smith to square the above facts with his theory that a mass organization of labor cannot be revolutionary. The workers in this country have come to look upon the political Socialists as radicals, whereas over there they are considered as being so far behind the times as to belong legitimately on the side of the enemies of labor.

When we come to other countries, we find that again the facts refute Fellow Worker Smith's contentions that "labor unionism cannot be revolutionary," and that "labor unions are designed to perform an entirely different function than that of initiating a complete social change." Starting from these contentions, he advocates the formation of an educational body, entirely distinct from any labor union, whose function would be to spread general propaganda for doing away with the present system of capitalist exploitation.

When we look at the labor movement in France, we see that in the General Confederation of Labor, with a membership of 1,250,000, the revolutionary Syndicalist Committees count close to 300,000 members, comprised within about a thousand regional groups. These revolutionary Syndicalists act as the militant minority within the Confederation; in other words, they are an organization within an organization.

And yet at the same time they remain industrialists, instead of being members of a political party. We, therefore, see that, contrary to Fellow Worker Smith's contention, such a body can act as a militant minority to guide the masses, both within the unions and outside of them.

What has been said about France can, with a great amount of justice, be said about Great Britain as well. There the function of the French Syndicalist minority is performed by the National Workers' Committee movement, and by radical groups within the existing unions. In the case of some of these unions, where revolutionary sentiment is strong, they are entirely under the domination of this radical minority. This is especially true of the miners.

In Germany, where the workers are practically 100% organized the same as in Great Britain, the *Freie Arbeiter Union Syndicalisten* number some 200,000 members. The other unions, which have close to 9,000,000 members, are permeated with revolutionists.

It seems to the writer that the above figures ought to prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that labor unions can and naturally do function as revolutionary organizations. The only reason why revolutionary labor unions have not attained power or numerical strength in this country, up to the present time, is because conditions have not been favorable. Just as long as prosperity, of a kind, holds sway in any country, and living conditions are tolerable, just so long will unionism remain conservative. As conditions get worse, as unemployment grows, as actual misery and starvation begin to invade the homes of the workers, revolutionary unionism gradually replaces its conservative predecessor and grows strong in prestige and in numbers. Such conditions have been the order of the day in the European Latin countries for years past and, coupled with the naturally volatile and rebellious spirit of these peoples, have produced the strong revolutionary labor unions enumerated above.

Let us now consider the United States.

There are in the neighborhood of 20,000,000 wage earners in this country. Of these only about 5,000,000 are organized. We thus see that by far the great majority of the workers in this country form an unorganized mob. Therefore, whenever we compare our labor movement with that of other countries, we must keep in mind the unique condition that prevails here. Outside of the skilled trades, practically no organized labor movement exists in this country.

What, then, are we going to do with those 15,000,000 unorganized workers? Is anybody foolish enough to believe that changes of any consequence, which would tend to replace the present chaotic system of society with a sane and orderly system under the domination of the working class, can take place while these 15,000,000 remain unorganized? Walker Smith has this to say on the subject:

"The slow process of getting member after member in the manner used to build up labor unions, or even in enlisting them in groups during a strike is **less hopeful** from the viewpoint of social change than the idea of wide-spread educational propaganda to be followed by spontaneous uprising."

In other words, Fellow Worker Smith puts forth the idea that a mob of unorganized workers will be able to fight the army of strongly organized and disciplined bourgeoisie. Can anything be more ridiculous? In this modern age, when everything depends upon efficiency and organization, we see advocated, as a method of defense and offense, unorganized mass action. Such

tactics may have been alright at the time of the French Revolution, but today they are deplorably out of date. The only way to oppose the organized might of the capitalists is by the stronger and more efficiently organized might of the workers. "Spontaneous uprisings" can result in nothing but a futile slaughter of the innocent.

Fellow Worker Smith indicates the necessity of spreading educational propaganda of a revolutionary character. Has it not been the experience of the labor movement ever since the inception of capitalism, that the revolutionary character of the working class is best developed while the workers are engaged in actual struggle against the masters? A well-conducted strike will do more towards developing class-consciousness and radical sentiment than ten tons of revolutionary propaganda of a general nature. Will Fellow Worker Smith tell us how the working class can engage in actual struggle against the capitalists on the economic field except through labor unions?

This again brings us back to the 15,000,000 unorganized workers in this country. What are we going to do with them? Are we going to line them up in the boss-controlled A. F. of L.? Should we not rather have them join a radical labor organization such as the I. W. W.? No objection can be raised to revolutionists permeating the A. F. of L. and other labor bodies at present existing, but they are so weak numerically, in comparison with the whole of the American working class, that this should not be looked upon as the main problem. The main problem is the organizing of the now unorganized fifteen million workers.

Proclamation

We proclaim war! Don't be alarmed but be prepared. We, the workers, proclaim war now against the capitalist system in order that when the enslaving system is destroyed we may proclaim a real and universal peace. Unemployment, poverty and degradation must be wiped out.

Every little child must be born to a life of freedom and happiness. Workers, your emancipation is in your own hands, and you can make America a land fit to live in. What is your answer?

Are you content to be wage-slaves always? If not, then see you do your bit.

The Thirteenth Convention of the I. W. W.

THE Thirteenth Convention of the I. W. W. opened in Chicago on the 9th of May, 1921, and closed on the 27th of May. In the opinion of those who attended it, it was one of the most successful conventions held by the I. W. W.

Delegates were present from all parts of the country, representing about a dozen different industries. However, most of them were from the Northwest and Far West, and were representing those industries which play the greatest role in that part of the country, namely: the lumber, construction, mining and agricultural industries. This, of course, gave these delegates a preponderance of votes as well as made of them the determining influence thruout the Convention.

A spirit was manifested from the opening day of the Convention, to take a determined stand in favor of upholding those principles which have made of the I. W. W. the foremost exponent of revolutionary unionism in this country. It was evident from the beginning that the desire of all delegates was to emphasize, as much as possible, that clause in the Preamble which states that the working class and the employing class have nothing in common. This principle has worked out, in practice, in the I. W. W., through the adoption and the carrying out of the following tactics: The universal transfer system, which insures solidarity between workers in different industries; the low initiation fee and monthly dues, whereby all workers may gain admission to the organization; the refusal to sign contracts of any kind with an employer, which sets out vividly in bold relief the deep-seated conviction of the organization that the capitalists cannot be depended upon to keep their word; and the advocacy of taking the industries away from the capitalists and running them for the benefit of the whole working class for use instead of for profits.

In view of the spirit of the Convention, it was fitting that the first order of business

should have been the taking up of the Philadelphia controversy. The Philadelphia branch of the Marine Transport Workers of the I. W. W., which at one time numbered some seven thousand members, had adopted, presumably in order to maintain job control, an initiation fee of \$25.00, which was contrary to the I. W. W. Constitution. Several months ago this branch had been requested by the General Executive Board to reduce its initiation fee to \$2.00 in order to comply with the Constitution, but had refused to do so. As a consequence, that branch was suspended until the coming of the Convention. Since the decision of the controversy involved one of the vital principles of the organization, the discussion over it consumed three days, with the result that the Philadelphia branch was called upon either to comply with the \$2.00 initiation fee and \$1.00 monthly dues or, failing to do so, it would automatically expel itself from the organization. Like action was taken with an I. W. W. Local of Bakers in New York City, which had persisted in charging a \$15.00 initiation fee.

The next step of importance was the action taken to continue the \$2.00 initiation fee and the \$1.00 dues. A certain amount of agitation had been going on within the ranks of the organization, for a flexible initiation fee, up to at least \$15.00. In the thrashing out of this question it became evident that the consensus of opinion among the delegates favored the low initiation fee. As supporting arguments, the delegates pointed out the great amount of unemployment, industrial depression, the open shop drive, and other aspects of the present economic situation which makes well nigh impossible the maintenance of job control or of the closed shop. Under these circumstances, it is imperative that access into an organization such as the I. W. W. be made as easy and as cheap as possible.

Since the I. W. W. is an organization

whose ultimate aim is the doing away with the capitalist system of exploitation, it is willing to co-operate with and encourage any and all other movements which work for similar ends. Since capitalism is world-wide, the I. W. W. acknowledges that a system of working class supremacy can only be attained by waging war on the powers that be, on a world-wide scale. It was for this reason that, recognizing the valiant struggle that the Irish fighters for freedom are putting up against British oppression and militarism, the I. W. W. extended greetings of goodwill and encouragement to the battling working men and women in Ireland. The lengthy resolution embodying the above sentiments, passed by the I. W. W., should go a long way towards establishing a bond of sympathy between the battling proletarian minority in this country and in Ireland.

An incident took place on the second day of the Convention which, perhaps better than anything else, illustrates the present spirit of the I. W. W. One of the delegates suggested that a telegram of goodwill be sent to the fellow workers incarcerated in Leavenworth and other penitentiaries. Thereupon, another delegate jumped up and exclaimed: "What's the use of burning up good money on capitalist wires? They can't eat it and we can't organize with it." A suggestion was made, that instead of sending the telegram, a collection be taken up, which was done and which netted \$53.00. The above incident shows how much sentiment is out of place in the I. W. W.

One of the big features of the Convention was George Hardy's report, covering thirty typewritten pages. George Hardy was the I. W. W. delegate to the Berlin Syndicalist Conference held in December, 1920. After the Conference he proceeded to Moscow, for the purpose of clarifying the position of the I. W. W. on the international field. This trip also served to counteract the evil effects and misconceptions concerning the organization, which had become broadspread in Europe as the result of Sandgren's policy in the One Big

Union Monthly, of attacking the Communists, and, to a lesser extent, the Russian Soviet Government. We are glad to say that the position of the I. W. W. in reference to the other movements has again been set right and that the organization commands, at present, as much respect in the European countries as it ever did.

While in Soviet Russia, Hardy found that the I. W. W. is looked upon as the revolutionary labor movement on the American continent. A number of highly important resolutions were passed which will tend to direct the future policy of the I. W. W. into the right channels. We might mention, among others, the following two:

"Resolved, that we preach the general strike as the only means of the liberation of class war prisoners," and

"Resolved, that all I. W. W. agitation must be towards the control of industries, more so during periods of unemployment, as at present."

The stand that the I. W. W. has taken, is that of urging upon the workers, especially the unemployed, that the only solution for their deplorable conditions of existence is to be found in the workers taking the industries away from the capitalists and running them for their own benefit. It is becoming more apparent day by day that, as unemployment grows and as wages are being cut everywhere, no remedial half-measures are going to help the working class. Recent labor history has demonstrated, beyond doubt, that the present American craft unions are bankrupt and not capable of putting up a united front against capitalist aggression. Even the blind can see that these unions are everywhere accepting wage cuts and the imposition of almost unbearable working conditions, and that they are otherwise complying with the ever-increasing encroachments of capitalist piracy upon the rights of labor. In the face of all this, with 5,000,000 men and women in America walking the streets, looking for a job, what solution of its troubles can be offered to the working class? Clearly, nothing but a complete industrial overturn will do. Nothing but the workers' control

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

of industry will terminate economic chaos, hunger and misery.

The conditions in America are getting rotten-ripe for a revolutionary labor union. Parliamentarism on the political field will no longer do as a weapon for the working class with which to fight its battles; craft unionism, with its antiquated tactics and its incubus of reactionary officialdom, has become equally impotent on the industrial field. The sooner the American workers learn this truth, the better off they will be. They must ever bear in mind the truth which has been advocated by the I. W. W. for the last 16 years, by word and by deed:

That the working class and the employing class have nothing in common. Time and again, during the last few years, have the workers been sold out by their bourgeois-minded leaders. Is it not high time that they at last wake up and take a firm, uncompromising stand as class-conscious members of the proletariat who will, under no conditions, engage in any half-way, sentimental bickerings with the master class but, fully realizing the present mission of the working class as the savior of humanity, will get together and build up an organization which all the combined powers of capital will not be able to destroy.



PREJUDICES OF RACE AND NATIONALITY BENEFIT ONLY THE MASTER CLASS.

Run - Away Slaves

By Mary E. Marcy

FOURTEEN hundred years ago there lived in the hills and woods and caverns of what is now known as France, the Gallic slaves who had escaped from their Germanic conquerors, and who were determined to remain free at no matter what cost.

They had to move from place to place with the utmost caution, for when the soldiers (or leudes) of their own masters discovered them upon the road, they were dragged back to torture, heavy labor, and often death. And should the soldiers of a strange lord find them on the highways, they were seized and enslaved by new masters.

The counts and bishops called these run-away slaves *vagrants* or "*Vagres*," and the *Vagres* were proud of the name. By stealth they gathered together and formed bands for the purpose of attacking the strongholds of the *seigneurs*, taking back the wealth the counts had stolen from them, killing the lords and freeing the slaves.

Before the earlier invasion of the Romans, the Gauls had been a thriving, happy, and very prosperous people. They tilled the land in common, wove beautiful cloth, and made the finest hand tools in the world. All over France (then called Gaul) the people enjoyed freedom, equality and happy industry; for there was neither exploiter nor exploited to cause dissension or civil war.

After years of warfare, however, during which the Gauls suffered great losses, the Roman invaders were able to thrust the Gauls into a condition of the most miserable slavery. The Gauls were not whipped, but held down by every means of force known to the Romans. Notwithstanding the odds against them, day after day, in cellars, fields and shops, the Gauls labored to organize the revolutionary "*Order of the Mistletoe*." Their watchwords were "*Liberty*" and "*Death to the Roman Oppressors*."

Soon all over Gaul there sprang up sharp revolts on the part of the slaves, during which the Roman masters were often slain and their castles destroyed. The guerilla warfare of the slaves increased until, after a few years, the Romans discovered it cost them more to hold the Gauls in slavery than they were able to collect out of them, and the slaves once more recovered their lands and nearly the whole of their former freedom.

The Gauls again became a peace-loving, industrious, happy people. The people to the east of them, in Germania, were, however, marauding, fighting, looting, barbarians, who scorned to labor and who despised the Gauls.

Accordingly it became the sport and the profit of these Franks (from Germania) to dash down upon the happy villages of the Gauls on horseback,

seize their wealth, destroy their crops and houses, and carry off as many Gauls as possible, to be sold later at the slave market in Germania.

And by and by the Frankish counts from Germania began to hold the lands they had formerly destroyed, and to remain upon them. After long and weary struggles the Gauls were again subjugated and enslaved by the new conquerors.

But always there were fearless and independent slaves who risked torture and death in the hope of escape, and often there were loyal *Vagres* who remained within the castle walls to inform their *Vagre* comrades of the opportune time for the rebel bands to attack.

Then the *Vagres* dashed upon the castles, killed the lords and bishops, seized the wealth that had been stolen from them, and within twenty-four hours distributed it to the last ham among the freed slaves and the poor.

Here is one of the old songs sung fourteen hundred years ago by a *Vagre* band before a successful attack upon the castle of one of the most brutal of the Frankish counts:

"Death unto oppressors! Freedom to the slave!
Let us take from the *seigneurs*! Let us give unto the poor!

What! A hundred kegs of wine in the master's cellar, and only the water of the stream for the worn-out slave?

What! A hundred cloaks in the wardrobe, and only rags for the toiling slave?

Who was it planted the vine? Who harvested the grape and pressed it into wine? The slave! Who should drink the wine? The slave!

Who was it that tended and sheared the sheep and wove the cloth and made the cloak? The slave!

Who should wear the cloak? The slave!
Up, ye poor and oppressed! Up! Revolt!
Here are your good friends the *Vagres*!
They approach! Death to the *seigneurs* and the bishops!

Six men united are stronger than a hundred divided: Let us unite! Each for all and all for each! Long live the *Vagres* and Old Gaul!"

The old song always thrills me. It is so much like some of the Wobbly songs of today, this ancient song of the Gauls, who would not remain slaves.

It was this spirit that finally broke the grip of the oppressors from the throats of the Gallic people, and abolished slavery, and later, feudalism, in what is now France.

It is this same spirit in every land, passed down from one generation to another, that will soon make this a real world of the workers, when the motto of all men will be:

EACH FOR ALL AND ALL FOR EACH

The International Relations of the I. W. W.

IT IS an axiom in sociology that the ideas and social movements of the human race are only a reflex of the existing conditions. It is therefore no mere coincidence that with the launching of the I. W. W. in 1905 we witness the first planned effort at world-unionism and that such a project should have had its origin in the American workers' movement. This event is merely the inevitable consequence of the economic fact that capitalism in the United States has reached further towards operations on a world-wide scale than elsewhere. The spectacle of the U. S. Steel Corporation and the Standard Oil Company with their plants and agencies spread over the four quarters of the globe only lead to the development of a similar plan of organization amongst the advanced thinking minority of the American working class. The I. W. W., therefore, was purposely and consciously christened the Industrial Workers of the World. The original purpose was evidently to spread the organization into all countries of the world and develop in the face of all opposition a new union on a centralized world scale. In fact, before the war broke out, some semblance of organization on a world-scale did exist. Administrations of the I. W. W. were functioning in Australia, Mexico, Chile, South Africa, England, Sweden and elsewhere. The vastness of this plan has had such an influence on the imagination of the I. W. W. members that there is a tendency towards extreme exclusivism, and to disregard existing movements of similar character to the I. W. W. in Europe and elsewhere. The attempt to form an International of Red Trade and Industrial Unions, which will be made at the Moscow Congress set for July 15, 1921, and the recent conference held in Berlin, give this subject practical and immediate importance.

The original plan of the I. W. W. for a world-union may be realized in Moscow in a more natural way than it was originally conceived. Plans in the abstract may have a great deal of perfection and even have their indirect influence on the development of the thinking workers' notions of class-organization, but the evolution of the working-class movement towards world-unity has followed a natural course based on the needs of existing labor units rather than on the improvised plans of theorists. While the I. W. W. was being launched, and even years before, there was growing up in Europe, with a steady and impressive growth, an analogous movement, similar to the I. W. W. in all the essential features and differing only in those points in which a different economic and political environment rendered other tactics more efficient. This movement is generally known as Syndicalism. There is no hope for any co-operation in the proper spirit with efforts towards world-unity which are being made in Europe, unless the I. W. W. recognizes its

relationship to this movement in Europe, and gets a picture of its world-position through a more inclusive perspective. All impartial observers, such as Brissenden, Tridon, etc., have recognized in the I. W. W. all the essential features of the syndicalist program (economic direct action, no political alliances, militant tactics, self-reliance of the workers as a class) plus a special emphasis on the structural advantages of centralized industrial unionism. This emphasis is natural when we consider the fact that the I. W. W. is mainly a reaction in tactics to the A. F. of L., with its antiquated baggage of absurd craft-divisions, time-limit contracts, narrow trade spirit and absolute disregard of class-action. In Europe, syndicalism is mainly a reaction to the socialist party domination of the trade unions and their conversion into emasculated electioneering agencies. Capitalism there is not so centralized in its structure as in America; the spirit of class-solidarity and the general idea of revolt is much more diffuse than in this country; the whole emphasis of syndicalist propaganda is consequently directed at undermining the influence of the socialist parties in order to develop a movement on the economic field which shall be self-sufficient to overthrow capitalism and install the new society of the producers. Industrial unionism has been adopted in many of the syndicalist unions of Europe; in 1906 the Confédération Générale du Travail of France decided to admit into its ranks only federations along industrial lines; the Italian Syndicalist Union adopted the National Industrial Syndicat structure in 1909, but nowhere have these changes been regarded as anything but a natural move in the right direction. To the syndicalist, the important point is the conservation of the revolutionary outlook and the militant tactics on the economic field.

The first effort to gather into one world-organization the already considerable forces of world-syndicalism was made through the London Congress held in September, 1913. Delegates were present from Germany, Holland, France, Belgium, Spain, Italy, Argentina, Brazil, Cuba, Norway and Sweden. The I. W. W. was not represented. The results of this conference were nullified by the outbreak of the World War, which threw the entire social structure into a fiery melting-pot, from which new and unforeseen problems are coming forth.

The Berlin Conference of December, 1920, represents the resumption of the international relations between the syndicalist bodies of workers which the World War had interrupted. Several significant points need to be brought out in connection with this important Conference. For the first time, we see the I. W. W. appear at a world-congress of revolutionary labor, where it is duly recognized as the representative of advanced labor in the United States. This fact is a symptom of a more logical

and realistic attitude on the part of the I. W. W. than the original plan to organize the workers of the entire world within its ranks. On this occasion the I. W. W. appears definitely as the representative of the American workers and is face to face with the organized strength of European syndicalism. All differences are easily smoothed over and the I. W. W. becomes aware of the fact that the dream of a world-army of revolutionary labor, which it started out to realize in 1905, has gone further towards becoming a concrete fact in the several nations of Europe than it has in the United States. An examination of the figures on organized syndicalist strength the world over is highly significant and instructive to the American worker. The statistics on this matter are as follows:

Population in Millions.	Syndicalist Membership.
Spain20.....	1,000,000
Italy40.....	700,000
France40.....	300,000
England40.....	200,000
Argentina7.....	200,000
Holland7.....	40,000
Sweden6.....	32,000
Germany60.....	150,000
United States105.....	100,000

Considerable syndicalist organizations exist in the smaller nations of Europe and South America not listed here, and the fact must be borne in mind that the syndicalist committees of France and England are organizations of the advanced elements exclusively, and not syndicalist dual unions like the I. W. W. and the Italian Syndicalist Union. From these figures it is evident that, in relation to the population, the I. W. W. is the smallest of the syndicalist organizations, and any policy towards the European syndicalist unions must keep this fact always in view. There is evidently only one road open to the I. W. W. consistent with its revolutionary past, and that is to work in complete harmony with the European syndicalist forces in the efforts being made to weld the advanced elements of labor into one mighty world unit. While the decrepit American Federation of Labor is withdrawing from the yellow Amsterdam International because it is too revolutionary (???) for Gompers and brethren, it is up to the I. W. W. to break the isolation of American labor from the renovating forces at work in the Old World by establishing ever closer relations with our working class allies across the oceans.

One aspect of the coming International Congress of Red Trade and Industrial Unions in Moscow needs to be emphasized. While the Third Interna-

tional on the political field has been able to marshal its forces even at the cost of splitting the old socialist parties into warring fragments, the effort to form an Industrial International has brought the Communists face to face with the hard fact that most of the "Red" unions are syndicalist unions, that they have a definite program of their own which does not coincide in all points with the Communist doctrine, and that these unions are powerful enough in themselves to exact from the political international complete autonomy and non-interference. There will be co-operation where such is desirable, but the syndicalist forces will insist on, and carry, the point that there shall be no dictation by the Communist parties over the workers' organized in the Syndicalist Unions. This matter is of the utmost importance; the syndicalist organizations, representing as they do directly the interests of the workers, and animated by their traditional and well-founded distrust of all political bodies, will act as a controlling force determining directly or indirectly through the exercise of economic power the vital policies during the revolutionary period.

The utmost unity, material and moral, between the syndicalist forces of the world is necessary to accomplish this important function; the I. W. W. must unhesitatingly take its place in the ranks and play its role as the representative of the American revolutionary workers in the advancing Red International of Labor.

G. C.

To a Factory Whistle

O grim-voiced Demon, soulless Monster, why
 Must I your summons heed, nor fail to come,
 When you would call me back to toil, while some
 Loiter along the way? Is your hoarse cry
 For me alone? May these stand idle by,
 Yet take the loaf and leave to me the crumb?
 Surely! Justice is dead, or else turned dumb:
 Why does my brother loiter and not I?
 Or why, with bended back and pain-wracked frame,
 Must I, for these long, weary hours each day,
 Stifle both sense and soul? Is it that he
 May live and labor not? Justice? A name!
 I toil that both may live and he may play.
 Why are things so? Grim Monster, answer me!
 S. P.

Conference of the Unemployed in Great Britain

By H. Van Dorn

GREAT Britain is, at present, perhaps as hard hit by unemployment as any country on the European continent. Two months ago, the official figures of the unemployed were set at 2,000,000, which does not include those who worked part time only. At present, what with the coal miners' and the cotton workers' strike, and the stagnation in other industries caused thereby, it is safe to say that at least 4,000,000 find themselves without work, and thereby without the necessities of life.

How is the British working class handling this unprecedented amount of unemployed? What effect has it had on the mental outlook of the average British workman? What lessons can the American worker learn by studying the way the unemployment crisis is handled over there?

We can answer these questions in no better way than by considering what took place at the National Conference of Unemployed Organizations held in London in the month of April, at which were present 81 delegates representing 50 Unemployed Committees. That such Committees exist, in the first place, is in itself significant. In America, which also harbors some 5,000,000 unemployed, no committees or organizations of any importance have as yet been created to look after the demands and requirements of this vast out-of-work army.

In looking over the minutes of that Conference, the first thing that attracts our attention is the "Aims and Objects:"

"The aims and objects shall be to organize the whole of the unemployed for the removal of the cause of unemployment, i. e., the capitalist system, and the substitution of a system of workers' ownership and control of industry."

That sounds pretty good, does it not? The unemployed in Great Britain are not organizing for the purpose of patching up capitalism here and there, in order to be able to drag out a miserable existence on "coffee and—", but for the purpose of doing away with the whole despicable system of capitalist exploitation. The workers in Great Britain are coming to realize, and not as slowly as some of us may be inclined to believe, that there is no way for them out of the morass of their misery and degradation except by erection of a proletarian commonwealth. Is it not high time that the unemployed in this country were coming around to adopting the same healthy point of view?

Now let us see what are the immediate demands that these out-of-work Britishers are making upon their responsible and respectable government. The following "National Demands" are put forth:

"(1) Work or full maintenance for the unemployed and the partially employed workers at the trade-union rate of wages.

"(2) As the means of finding employment for the unemployed in the trades with which they are associated, the immediate putting into operation of trade agreement with Russia and the recognition of the Soviet Government."

These demands do not sound at all like as if the British unemployed were asking for mission hand-outs, do they? These unemployed workers have advanced far beyond the mentality of the habitually unemployed in this country who are willing to get "saved" and to inherit the golden key to Heaven three times a day in order to obtain a bowl of soup and a place to flop when night comes. They have fully recognized that they are out of work on account of no fault of their own, but owing to the breakdown of the capitalist system of production and the incompetence of the captains of industry, and that they are entitled to as much consideration and to as big wages as the men and women who are lucky enough to continue to work steadily at their trades.

Next the question arises: How are these demands going to be put into effect? To that end the following "Methods" are suggested:

"(1) All unemployed organizations shall, where financial resources allow, carry on an intensive propaganda by meetings, distribution of literature, etc.

"(2) All unemployed committees shall make the fullest demands of the local authorities and Government Boards, such as will insure full maintenance of all unemployed and their dependents.

"(3) That wherever possible, unemployed committees shall work in conjunction with the local workers' committees."

These methods certainly sound sensible to us. Nothing hazy or indefinite about them at all. The British out-of-works know what they want and they are going after it by the use of meetings, propaganda, demands upon the authorities, and co-operation with the men still on the job. They know that unless they themselves take action to extricate themselves from the terrible conditions that confront them, nobody else will; that the day of waiting for a Messiah to lead the blundering and suffering children of men into the promised land of happiness for all is gone. The gospel of a savior from above has robbed the working class of initiative for ages past, and has kept it down in a condition of abject slavery. At last the workers are liberating themselves from the shackles of this deadening tradition; may

the day soon arrive when it will be thrown into the scrap pile with a hundred other superstitions which have turned the earth into hell!

After discussion of the various strikes in progress at that time throughout the British Isles, the following resolution was passed:

"That this national conference of unemployed organizations calls upon the unemployed of Britain to abstain from accepting any work from any source during the present industrial crisis, and further urges them to do all in their power to assist the workers involved, by refusing to black-leg them in their fight for a decent standard of living."

The resolution was carried unanimously and sent to the Executive Committee of the Triple Alliance.

The above action indicates that the best way to keep the unemployed from scabbing on their fellow workers is to organize them.

In the report of the organizer for the city of London it was brought out that the London District Council consists of thirty Committees. If the intelligence of the American working class is what it is cracked up to be, the time should not be far off when cities like New York and Chicago would also have unemployed councils consisting of scores of committees.

Another resolution of great importance was passed which reads as follows:

"In view of the criminal inaction of labor leaders and the imperfections of trade union organizations, this National Conference instructs all Unemployed Committees throughout the country to visit all the factories, workshops, trade union branches, etc., in their respective areas, hold joint meetings with those at work and explain to them the gravity of the situation and the necessity for action; pointing out that the only solution is for the workers, in every factory, etc., to organize themselves into Workers' Committees and elect a central committee to include the unorganized unemployed for the purpose of establishing workers' ownership and control of industry at the first opportunity.

The above resolution contains a much needed lesson for the American workers. During industrial crises it is imperative that some way be found for the men at work to co-operate with the men out of a job. This can only be done through committees in which both are represented. The principle of Workers' Committees is at present emphasized in Great Britain more and more. When we understand that a Workers' Committee is a Soviet in embryo, we will realize that history is being made in Great Britain.

That the spirit of the unemployed is more

revolutionary than the spirit that motivates the official labor bodies was brought out by the following resolution about Ireland:

"Resolved, that this Conference, knowing that war on Ireland is the cause of that country's economic ruin and is responsible for much unemployment in England, calls upon the government to withdraw the military forces from Ireland forthwith."

In our opinion, there is nothing that could indicate how much more advanced are the British workers than the American than the following resolution:

"Moved by Hannington, seconded by Cogan: That the objective of the organization shall be the overthrow of capitalism and the setting up of a workers' dictatorship, under the protection of which a system of workers' control and management of industries shall be developed." Carried with two dissensions.

What better indication than the above resolution could we have that the powers-that-be in Great Britain are sitting at the present time on the top of a smouldering volcano? How utterly have those people, who talk about establishing amity between the two opposing camps of labor and capital through the medium of parliament, agreements, partnerships, and such other paraphernalia of a bygone age, failed to grasp the present spirit of the European workers.

The Conference wound up with the singing of the "Internationale" and "The Red Flag." The last paragraph of the report reads as follows:

"The delegates to the Conference are in a position to congratulate themselves on the fact that they participated in the first National Conference of the Unemployed that has ever been held, and it is indeed a sign of the times that the workers are realizing their true position in society and will remain no longer content with conditions which allow those who produce all to be thrown on the scrap heap at the dictates of the master class."





"THEIR SCHEMING HEADS SHALL AVAIL THEM NAUGHT, FOR LABOR IS INVINCIBLE."

"The Hoosierfied Can"

By Ralph Winstead

I.

DISCOVERY BAY has an awful rep. As a sanatorium for those with weak minds and strong backs it is supposed to stand ace high. Havin' heard loose talk about the piece workers' paradise, I was anxious to have a look, so I didn't hesitate when the yard engineer got chalked on the boards. I bought the job and shipped up to camp.

Now, I've hit worse camps. I got to say that much. But there was a lot of room for improvement. For instance, they hadn't heard yet that man had come down out of the trees to roost, so they was still usin' the double-decked bunks. A sound sleeper that don't roll and has got lots of spring in his legs is O. K. stuck up in one of them toppers, provided that he gets near a window so as to sort of get a sprinkling of oxygen occasionally.

There was twelve men to the bunk house and the company had so far remembered the identity of interest between the workers and the boss as to stick up a wash-house and bath-house. This outfit sure has a good memory on that identity subject. They don't never forget that you should be interested in the company's welfare.

The thing that causes real humans to make a big circle around this section is the low intellectual level insisted on by the main driver. Real literature is carefully extracted from the mails and the sight of such liberal sheets as the "Nation" has been known to throw the entire office force into acute hysteria. As a training place for future postmaster generals and corporals this said office is one hundred per cent efficient.

Naturally the sight of an "Industrial Worker" or a "Liberator" just automatically rings the alarm and calls out the reserves. After that there is nothing seen but dust. So the only literature that can percolate into camp comes in by personal delivery. I was prepared good and plenty and planted the whole stock in a stump out of camp.

Now all this literary dictatorship wasn't enforced on account of pure artistic standards. The Main Stem and all his winders had to keep the slates clean of real reading in order to encourage the boys to become millionaires by the bushel route. The buckers and fallers were working by the million, the hooktender and the engineers was getting a bonus and the cook-house was run on the budget plan. Naturally anything that resembled reasoning was liable to upset, overthrow and trample under such a brainless program, even though the Frenchman says, "Man is not a reasoning animal." But sometimes he believes in reason if he reads about it.

So here was me billed as chief fog-buster for a bonus-hungry hooktender, and with a stock of liter-

ature to make Carnegie get out the blue prints. The horizon didn't look very peaceful no matter which way I looked. Peace ain't no long point in this world at that, so far as I can see. These guys that is always so afraid of their precious selves ain't got no need to worry much—their lives ain't worth livin' anyway.

II.

After nosin' round a few of the wire worms on the night that I hit camp I found that my esteemed predecessor had made his stake and had gone to town and failed to return. Said failure being caused by extreme paralysis due to poor judgment as to how much moonshine can be consumed at one sitting.

Out on the job next morning I din't have to do much investigating to surmise that this bird might have been wise to stay in town away from such a wreck as he had made the old Washington Yarder into.

I opened up the throttle and was rewarded with the knowledge that the brasses were all loose on the throttle side. Yeah! That speed artist that had been high-balling the logs out to get a lousy bonus and make a few extra dollars for the boss had sure ruined one good piece of machinery. Aside from the fact that the main drum bearings needed new babit and the friction blocks was wore to a frazzle and—well, to tell the truth, the whole crock was just naturally rim-racked till what it needed was a good doctor and a month in the hospital.

As I said, me and the hooker was the only ones in on the bonus. The rest of the rigin' crew just had the glory of seein' us get a few nickels extra while they did the work. This hooker was one of the loud-mouthed high-ball variety. The quiet, efficient specimens of this animal I often respect because usually they just can't help doing things the easy, quick way, but I got no use for the belly-aching kind.

This hooker wasn't slow on lettin' me know that he expected me to keep an eye peeled on him and hit the grit. He was full of figures about how many thousand we ought to pull, etc.

We worked along for a while and was gettin' used to the engine's various knocks, squeaks and rattles, when we choked a big one. After reefin' on her a couple of times I heard symptoms of a new complaint over on the off-side. While the crew was giving the big one a roll to start it, I wandered around and tried to see what the new complaint was all about. Steam was low, anyway.

While I was away from the throttle the whistle says go ahead. I continued investigatin' the new malady. The whistle blew again, real ambitious this

time, so I wandered around to the throttle side and lent an ear to the wild ravings of the Hopeful Hooker out in the brush. I could catch such samples as "Damned Monkey Wrench Mechanic" and "Haywire Twister" mixed up with a lot of lurid language that never came out of any ladies' sewing circle.

I opened up until we stuck again and by that time the hooker was within sight, battin' it through the brush and bawling like a lost calf. He came up still spittin' sulphur and the landin' crew was all strainin' their listeners to get the upshot. When the blatherer got within a few feet I says to him, "Too bad, old timer! We must a lost all of a nickle bonus by not jerkin' that log in on the thick of the whistle. I'll just owe you a nickle."

"Damn it!" he says, sort of calmin' down some. "We want to get out logs here. When that signal says go, why, go and don't go monkey wrenchin' around. If I had my way I'd take every darn wrench and throw 'em in the bay. Show a little pep now and let's get some action on this big one."

This last was in a sort of whinin' tone that I suppose he thought was good-natured. Then he turned around and raced back to the chokermen again.

I watched him out of sight and then went over to the landing crew. I told 'em to keep clear of the riggin' as something was liable to loosen up as we had a big one on. Then I went back and gave the safety valve about fifty pounds more poop.

That crazy loon got his roll all set and started her off with a high ball. I gave her the limit, too, believe me, and the lines came tight with a whip. Now as a sensible engineer I knew better, but as a dub takin' the orders of a speed maniac I wasn't supposed to have any brains anyway. So I just kept the throttle wide open and that old spar tree came swishing over with a whistling of the guy-lines and a cracking of the grain that don't sound pleasant when one is underneath.

I kept the throttle open till a loose line gave the spark catcher a wallop and sent it flying out into the brush, then I shut things off. I released the extra pressure on the safety valve and sat down to wait for the storm. The landin' crew came out and looked at the wreckage. No one was hurt.

The hooker came over and he was so mad he was white in the face. All he could say was, "You're fired," and then he choked. I looked at him and smiled. He was sure a sorrowful lookin' sight to smile at. I bet he lost a year of his life through worry over the loss of that spar-tree.

"Son," says I, "you don't look like the man that hired me. I'll just wait till the good-looking guy fires me."

Well, I didn't have long to wait. The hooker beat it off down the track so as to give the Super an earful and the head loader started to straighten up the lines. I pulled the throttle for him till the train came up with a squeeze. The Super had it

all made out. He gave me a slip and never even stopped to figure-up the bonus at all.

He says, "You can leave camp as soon as you get ready," and accented the you so as to make it sound real hard.

I went down to camp and washed up. I got my literature out of the stump and spread some leaflets so as the boys would find them. Then I lay down to read. The train went down in the morning and I figured on riding out just as I had ridden in.

The crew came in for dinner and went out again. Supper rolled around and the timekeeper followed me out of the cook-shack with one of the leaflets crumpled up in his hands. He was so mad he was poisonous.

"You damned wobbly," he almost cried, "if you don't get out of camp right away quick you are liable to get carried out."

"Son," I told him, "never try to carry a live man any place. He's awful squirmy."

After the boys got settled down I went the rounds with the literature pile. I got rid of most of it, too. Every sucker in camp bought some and then ran to tell the boss and show the evidence. They was going to keep on the right side of both parties, those birds.

After having eased my mind on the educational question I stamped up a few of the members that could be found in such a lay-out. Most of them were track men, though some of the riggin' crew were lined up, and a pumpman. Then I rolled in.

III.

My snooze was just getting interesting when I got a jab in the ribs. A flashlight that had been playin' on my face was turned onto a big, shiny star. "Hell," says I, "pinched again!" and rolled over to go to sleep.

"Johnson!" spoke up a not unpleasant voice. "I guess you will have to dress and come along. I have a warrant for you."

This sure caused me to sit up and take notice. "Warrant?" says I, "I never been pinched with a warrant yet, let's see what it says." And do you know the owner of that good-natured voice pulled out a roll of paper all covered with signatures and seals and things and read it all off from beginning to end. Everything was done so legal and all the bows was so correctly tied in the red tape that I could almost believe in the institutions of justice myself. The complainant and the said complainant and the aforesaid complainant was the gentle Super of the outfit, and me—I was the bad bird that was guilty of criminal syndicalism blacker than shadows. Now, as I said, none of my other complainants had ever taken the trouble to comply with the necessity of getting out all this warrant stuff. They just naturally had surrounded me and hoisted me aboard a "lizzie" and away we had went. Nothing balled up nor legal about it. I was just grabbed because the boss wanted it done and that was all there was to it. This "fol de rol" business was confusing. So

blamed hoosierfied and old fashioned! It was like havin' your wife run to the door to kiss you after you had been married for five years. I couldn't get over it.

While I was getting dressed John Law gathered up some of the evidence from my suitcase and took all my supplies, credentials, etc., into his own pocket. The literature he stuffed back into the suitcase and we pulled out. We rode down the track on the speeder and the timekeeper chaffered the thing. Then we transferred to auto and away we went—another bird doing the driving stunt.

The Law and me sat in the back seat and he started the soft soap stuff, at least I put it down as that. He says: "Why didn't you get out of camp right away and then this wouldn't have happened?"

Once when I was young and foolish I listened to this sort of talk and poured out my innocent insides into the sympathetic listening ears of the tender-hearted fink. After havin' had him get on the witness stand—at three dollars per testimony—and twist every phrase and sentence into some dark, dangerous threat and admission on my part, I had just naturally set down any confidences to the dicks as among the things done only by the mentally deficient.

"Why, John," said I, "I have heard so much about the good grub that you have in your hooze gow that I didn't want to miss any opportunity to pay you a visit. I heard, for instance, that you used real condensed milk with only three times its weight in water for the mush. Other things in proportion."

Conversation didn't get very chummy on such beginnings, so we both started to thinkin' our own thoughts. Somehow a feller never gets used to this pinchin' stuff. Early education, perhaps, but no matter how often it comes there seems to be a kick in it that sets the heart to wallop in and occasionally skippin' a beat. Its like pay-day: we know that nothing much will come out of it, yet somehow or other we get exited at it just the same.

At last we pulled up to the side-door of a squat little building near the centre of a regulation "county seat" town and disembarked. Lights were turned on and keys jingled and grated and I was introduced into the office.

It was different from any jail office I had ever seen. It was clean. The spittoon had been cleaned out within a week. The old steel locker that stood in the corner to relieve the bird of his valuables did not have the usual dust. Even the electric light globe was without a fly speck. I commenced to suspect that something different was going to happen to me.

"Nice little can you have here," says I. "It must cost something to keep such a cozy little place running."

"Yes," says the Law. "It takes money. Money and time."

"Fair enough," I agreed. "The taxpayers put up

the money and I put up the time. Everybody happy?"

After my list of distinguished features had been entered in the book and my cash and listed valuables deposited in the steel locker with the dustless top I was led to my cell. I had a whole four cell tank all to myself. There was a table and chair in the tank corridor. A wall bunk was already made up for me. The electric light switch could be reached from inside the tank. The tank toilet was always accessible. Never in my life had I suspected anything like this. It made me wonder if perhaps I had recently murdered someone. I couldn't remember having done so.

I pulled down the blankets and was further mystified by the fact that they were clean. Then I got the shock of my life. I found a hairpin! It was one of these kind made of the same stuff that they make pipe stems out of. Right there it lay, not six inches from the roll that served as a pillow. That was too much for one time. I turned in and finished my sleep.

At seven-thirty in the morning the sheriff rapped on the bars of the cell. "Breakfast at eight, Johnson," he said in answer to the inquisitive look in my sleepy eyes.

Washed and combed, I examined the different cells and peered out of the windows at the wooden wall of the building across the alley. Then I heard voices in the office and heard a woman laugh. The keys jingled and the office door creaked open. Then the sheriff came in with the breakfast—on a tray! There was mush that had been really boiled and milk made up from my prescription of the previous night. Fried potatoes and bread, sugar and coffee. I ate and was consumed with curiosity to know the how and the why of such freakish jail procedure. There was a screw loose somewhere. Jail was never like this.

During the day I got a look at the papers and read the squib that told how I had made a complete wreck of the Discovery Bay Logging Company before getting found out, and that I was now awaiting trial for my misdeeds.

IV.

So I settled down for a long wait. These things is easy after you get used to 'em. Three meals a day I had and grub that wasn't ever seen in the can before, by me.

I sent down to Seattle to one of my stationary friends and he sent me up a whole bale of books. Good stuff, a lot of it, and some of it rather clever bunk that needed lookin' into to see the place where the muddle happened. My idea is that a stiff ought to read all the best stuff put out by the opposition in order to be able to see some of the flaws in his own ranks, and to be able to put up a real argument when one of these bright college students comes along. Don't never get the idea that some of these said students don't know nothing. 'Cause a few of them do. Not all the university plugs is football nuts and longshore scabs. Once in a w' "

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one thinks. Anyway, knowin' a few extra things don't cost nothin' to carry around.

I was deep in the bale when along come a letter from the defense committee stating that legal brains had been hired and would try and be on the job when the social carbuncle comes to a head. I ain't never been lost in admiration for these lawyer plugs, but since here was one already hired by the boys I couldn't very well do otherwise than write and thank them. Tryin' to buy your way out of the can don't seem plausible unless you got lots of money, and even Harry Thaw went broke at it. Money is just what we workin' stiffs ain't got, so I figure that this law business has got to be beat some other way.

However, I made up my mind that I would have to stand for all the "fakealoo" that goes on in a court, and then I dismissed the matter from my mind. I was a lot more interested in figuring out the why and the wherefore of the jail conditions that I was enjoyin'.

One day along about dinner time I was doin' the lion swing up and down the tank, and tryin' to digest and translate into English some junk about the state of the industrial arts, vicarious and conspicuous waste, white collars, nifty figures, etc., by a plug called Veblen. It must have been an awful job tying the meaning up in all that language, but it was worth untying, at that. Like some of this high-priced candy.

Anyway, I was mopin' back and forth doin' the jail house grind when I heard the keys rattle and the door open for dinner. Now, I have never been able to get chummy with a jailer. I got a habit of treatin' them sort of cool. Habits is not a thing to be broke easy, which can be proved by the plug who hooked on as a mule skinner in a dirt movin' camp down on the Columbia. This guy used to conduct one of Ole Hanson's prime street cars about Seattle. He nearly caused a riot on the job by yelling at the mules: "Step forward, please!"

When a pleasant little lady came up and opened the tank and put in my tray I decided that there was such a thing as carryin' a grouch too far. I busted the silence of years in this respect with some bright remark about the weather. It was explained to me that the weather was nice all right (as if it mattered to me) and that Mr. Sheriff had been called away so she had brought my dinner in. Mrs. Sheriff it was.

I got into a real lively discussion with her on the relative hospitality of jails, and soon found out that she didn't know much about such things. In the few minutes that I was eatin' my grub I solved the mystery of all this unusual bunk that had started out with gettin' pinched with a warrant. These people actually believed in the law! Can you feature that? A real sheriff who thought that the law was what it said it was? I never heard of anything like it!

This plug was one of these backwood settlers that pulled some kids out of a river and had got

noticed for it. Of course, he had only been in office a short time and perhaps couldn't be blamed for not knowin' better.

After this start the Missus used to bring in my meals every once in a while. She even sometimes brought along her little girl, perhaps to make me ashamed of my wasted life, maybe to scare the kid. The class struggle with her was just plain ornerliness and I had got what was coming to me.

However, I had better sense than to come straight out with such things to her. She sometimes let drop a few remarks that give full explanation of just how she thought on all questions. Her mind was molded on the Woman's Home Companion and Ladies' Home Journal plan. Style and fashion was what people should be ruled by, and my ideas were sure in discard.

It's funny how unimportant little things that have no bearing on the main events will distract us. Here was I, slated for big time in the big house and more of my idle thoughts was devoted to figurin' out the mental habits of this sheriff's wife than to worryin' about my probable retirement. She was sure just the type to lend emphasis to Veblen's point of view. I sure got a lot out of that summer's study.

Days multiplied like rabbits and I kept on collectin' my college education. Three months in the callaboose is like a term in a prep school. Six months equal a college course and a year sizes up to a university degree. If it wasn't for jails and hospitals and the like a lot of us stiffs would be as ignorant as our masters.

So far as real action was concerned I was slightly hemmed in. Yet there was a lot of excitement in livin', just as on the outside. But all the excitement was just sort of mental excitement. You know what I mean. A feller will get all pepped up on the outside over successfully pullin' something off. Don't matter whether he is a bookkeeper that has just chased down a missing cent in the ledger or a whistle punk that has just learned to splice a line a new way. Life seems to be worth while because we just naturally do things and so kind of put ourselves into them. In the can it don't look like there is much that a guy can put himself into except the bunk and the bath tub.

Me—I put myself into studyin' and honest, I got just as many thrills out of tracin' down and grabbin' onto ideas and facts as I would if I had been out correctin' scizzorbills. Every time I got hold of a new point that I had been chasin' I felt just like Mr. Block does when he puts his tobacco money in the bank; only more so. You bet! I was as busy and excited as a hop-headed dip at a country fair.

V.

About the only break in my scholarly pursuits was caused by some of this here "due process of law" that had started with the warrant that pinched me. I got solemnly interviewed by the prosecutor, who didn't seem to have the same respect for the tailor-made rules and the letter of the law, as the sheriff.

However, a short answer turns them birds away, and all their dignified and formal spluttering didn't cause no flurry in my quiet life.

Everything travels along in this here world in spite of such fellers as Judge Gary and Sam Gompers. My little period of hermetical calm came to an end likewise. I got tried.

Nothing is quite so disgusting in this world as to see a bunch of grown men carry through a lot of incantations and ritualized hocus pocus as if they really believed in it. A guy can have a lot of queer cracks in his nut and still act almost sensible, but when one of these freaks puts on a woman's mother hubbard and has everybody around standing up and sitting down, and can't even come into a room without havin' the news broke beforehand by some hanger-on hollerin' "Hereyee, Hereyee, Hereyee" and a lot of other balderdash, then I say that some work by the fool-killer has been badly saboed.

Courts wouldn't be so bad to look at and suffer through if things was run sensible like. When everything is made as buggy as possible like the thirteenth degree of the Royal Order of Sacred White Elephants then I claims that insult as well as the big stick gets handed out to the workin' plug.

The courts was for the purpose of sayin' to me: "Johnson, you're too damn fresh! We ain't goin' to have our good loyal block-headed slaves monkeyed with by you at all. Because you have been tryin' to make some of 'em think it's yours for the cooler till you learn who's who."

Instead of sayin' this to me, why, they go and pull off this fair and impartial stuff. If they had even then given the proceedin's a sort of wink and not pretended to believe what I knew and they knew was the silliest bunko stuff ever pulled off, why, I would have sort of enjoyed it. But as it was, they played the whole fake through with the greatest pains not to let anyone know what everyone knew and thought, except, of course, those poor scizzors that make up about ninety per cent of the population and don't count anyway.

Playin' the game like that allows a stiff to slip through once in a while sort of by accident. It's like playin' against the Chinaman. He lets you win to keep you encouraged, but he has it fixed so that he don't drag down his Jew percentage too raw. When the simp makes his winnin' he never guesses that the Chinaman had figured out long before that a few games would have to be lost in such a way as to appear like the sucker had won on his merits. In fact, the courts don't figure on grabbin' every labor case that comes up. They are so built that one gets by once in a while, and the workin' stiff's point with pride to this evidence of justice and don't seem to know that the game is run that way on purpose to keep him playin'.

However, it is gettin' so even this early, that puttin' out this sort of bait don't appeal to the plutes as much as it used to. They are framin' it

so that in the future they will walk away with every agitator that they take a notion to. I believe it's a good idea from our point of view and if we should just fix it so that a few more of the real peppy boys would slip through their legal fingers they would shut down on the legal stuff altogether and we wouldn't have to monkey with it anymore.

I went through the first part of the proceedings with my mind on a lot of no account things that I mostly forgot about afterwards. I was real interested in the way that my defender would rub his legal brow with the thick part of the palm of his hand. The clerk had an awful nervous way of drawin' out the names from the jury box. He jerked his hand out as if he had been used to running a spud planter and was afraid of gettin' his fingers pinched.

Things rolled on. The prospective juror was asked a lot of questions by the defense, who tried by comparin' the answers one with the other to try and discover about how much lyin' the prospects was doing. The other side had made a real good survey of all the names on the jury list and knew everything that could be found out about each candidate's leanings and mental bias. The defense would have done the same thing if they had had the money.

As it was, the lawyer just had to test the amount of consistent lyin' that a feller will do to help one of these alleged wobs get his. As far as my guess went I had it that I was out of luck till number nine came up. Then I woke up and took a real interest. This party had a real twinkle in his eye. He behaved towards the solemn oath and the rest of the initiation with that amount of interested surprise that would naturally show on a man who had not checked his brains at his grandpa's.

He was a druggist. Occasionally employed some help. He guessed that he could give me a fair trial, etc., etc. Not a hair's difference between his answers and the one ahead, but somehow they hit you different. I was for him. Somehow he got in the box.

In cases like this the law don't matter none. It don't cut any ice anywheres, as far as that goes. But the law don't convict a guy and send him over.

This stunt is done by the peerless jury. This is the little arrangement which old "money bags" figures will let through a black sheep once in a while and so keep the rest of the herd comin' on to the slaughter. One man on the jury sometimes gums up the works, the way the game is played. Number nine was the guy that was goin' to ball things up, was what I claimed in my mind. At any rate I figured that he would be just the right sort of a plug to go fishin' or hikin' with, and so I centered my hopes on him.

The twelve good men and true was all selected to come to the aid of "justice," and the trial opened. As far as I could make out whenever one of the opposin' lawyers asked a question that might have

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Some bearing on the case, the other one would hop up and object. Then the judge would get real solemn and decide whether the jury was strong enough to stand the shock of hearin' the terrible answer. If "my" lawyer objected, why, mostly he thought they was a pretty husky jury, but if my old college visitor objected, why, they was sure sufferin' a re-apse.

The two stories sort of conflicted with each other. According to the "Law and Order" bunch I was a lead egg and the organization was just like me, only more so. It preached destruction of property and practiced it. After listenin' to the many disasters that had befallen the Discovery Bay Logging Co. through my short stay I was amazed at my destructive capacity. I figured that I could have won the World War for either side in less than ninety days.

On the other hand, proof was submitted that the I. W. W. was a strictly legal affair that didn't mean no harm to nobody. Of course, we advocated a few slight reforms such as the expropriation of industry, etc. But then this was nothing much. The Democratic party had expropriated certain worthy saloon keepers, the Republicans had expropriated the owners of the blacks, and all along they had been taking away the property of delinquent taxpayers. Expropriation was quite legal and proper. So on down the line. I almost commenced to think that maybe we were respectable, as I listened to our ardent virtues.

However, neither side mentioned that expropriation had always been a class affair, carried on in the interest of the class in power and that we only were after the power to put our program into effect. You see, the legal mind don't take no notice of classes. With it, it's like what the poet says about the Ginko tree and the Wallaby bird:

There's no such thing as the Ginko Tree.

There never was, though there ought to be.

And it's also true, though most absurd,

There's no such thing as a Wallaby Bird.

But the peerless ones didn't need to be told that expropriation is a matter of class power and not a question of legality. They just seemed to know that by instinct and they didn't have no respect for the other class that intended to expropriate them. Not much!

Witnesses was a scarce article but there was a few and they all seemed to suffer more than I did. I was sorry for all of 'em. Especially the iron-headed Super. I was so sorry for him that I just hoped that he would get mosquito bit or something, on his way to camp.

At last the bull-biting came to an end and Hizzoner stood up to watch the jury file into the jury room. After listening to his instructions I figured that it would take several hours to get them straight provided they paid any attention to 'em.

Me? I was chased back into my dubious domicile and left to my fate.

I read some and slept and ate when necessary.

It was next afternoon when I was jacked up to the court room again. The jury had disagreed. My ace in the whole had stuck out for acquittal. Some day I'm going to look that druggist up and go out ramblin' with him. I bet it would be fun.

VI

However, my presence had nothing to do with the jury. They had been canned by the judge. But the prosecutor had a proposition. He had been offering the lawyer to turn me loose on my own hook if I would promise to get out of town and stay out.

The judge, it seems, was in on the deal, too, as a sort of adviser or butinsky major. He started to give me instructions that I should do this and not do that, something like the ten commandments. He got about five off his chest when I interrupted the seance.

I told 'em that as for getting out of town I had never had any aspiration towards settling in this burg anyway. They need not worry about that. But that all talk about turnin' me loose was popped-off steam unless they gave me back all the supplies, etc., that I had on me when I was pinched. As to promises to be good I would make as many as they wanted. In fact, I told them that I could make promises faster than a sixteen-year old chicken at a kissing game party.

Unless they came through with all my supplies, report sheets, due stamps, and the whole shebang, why, all mention of throwing me out was off. I liked other places better than this, but then this wasn't so worse.

Learned counsel quit in disgust. He thought I was too hard altogether. Prosecutor says: "Take him back to the lock up." And back I went.

Next mornin' early the sheriff came in and unlocked my cell. Out in the office he forked over all my supplies down to the last empty report blank. Then he told me that a boat pulled out for Seattle in one hour and I had better be movin'. So I moved. I spotted the one drug store in town that I was lookin' for while on my way.

In Seattle I took my report up to the District Office and turned it in. The secretary never opened his bazoo about the thing bein' several months late, either. I checked in my supplies and applied for a clearance. And then, as I was mopin' out towards Hamburger Flats, who should I meet but my old side kicker up in the Chin-Whiskered Country! It was Pearly, McCann, happy as ever!

After we got done pawin' each other over we got into a quiet coffee joint and I give him my yarn.

Pearly, you know, made all that peninsula country on his famous pearl divin' tour in 1918. When I give him my high opinion about the brains of sand-dune druggists he give me a little history that explains the whole mystery of why juror number nine had sure stuck to the rails. Pearly, it seems, had sanded those metaphorical rails in the regular day's work of just livin' with everybody he come across.

While up in this burg with the hospitable jail he had felt in need of a stick of shavin' soap. Blowin' into a drug store he had got interested in some nifty advertising posters that this druggist was displayin' and so had started to chewin' the rag on the dominant factors in art. Now Pearly ain't no mealy-mouthed high-brow, but still he can give some straight sensible talks on a lot of stuff that don't seem like there was any sense in it. His ideas about art is that they reflect the dominant states of mind of the people of any country and this state of mind is molded by the industries. At any rate, the subject is just full of the class struggle, although you would never think it to hear some of the long-haired boys talk about it.

This druggist lends Pearly the attentive ear and before long he is readin' some real literature, such as the "Advancing Proletariat" and a couple of other pamphlets that Pearly was specializin' in at the time.

So here was me a free man because Pearly needed a shave. Don't never tell me that whiskers is a good-for-nothing nuisance. Whiskers has always been shunned by me, but this was one time where they was all that saved me.

My ideas ain't changed much on the subject of this here legal stuff. As far as I can detect my

lawyer friend had about as much influence on that jury as a talkin' machine. The ideas of the jury is made out in the open where they live. That is, so far as they have any ideas. Most of them ain't got any, and are ready to swing whichever way seems the easiest at the time.

I ain't asayin' that maybe one or two jurors haven't been educated in the jury box, but I am bettin' that even these couple or so had been worked on a whole lot that wasn't noticed before they ever stuck foot in a court. Legal defense—as long as there is such an institution kept up—can be useful mostly by educatin' the jurors before there is any immediate call for "civic duty." Payin' money to lawyers is like feedin' the sharks that follow a ship so that they will all be fat when somebody drops overboard.

Maybe I got excited and one-sided after the way old number nine pulled me through, but I sure have got an awful likin' for distributin' ideas and literature these days. Especially since I can't distribute any labor power even by givin' it away.

No need to worry, however. When times get too bad I am goin' to blow into one of these little towns with a nice hoosierfied can and commit a nuisance right on the court-house steps. Me for the Jay hooze gows every time!

Everett, November Fifth

By Charles Ashleigh

("... and then the Fellow Worker died, singing 'Hold the Fort'..."—From the report of a witness.)

Song on his lips, he came;
 Song on his lips, he went;—
 This be the token we bear of him,—
 Soldier of Discontent!

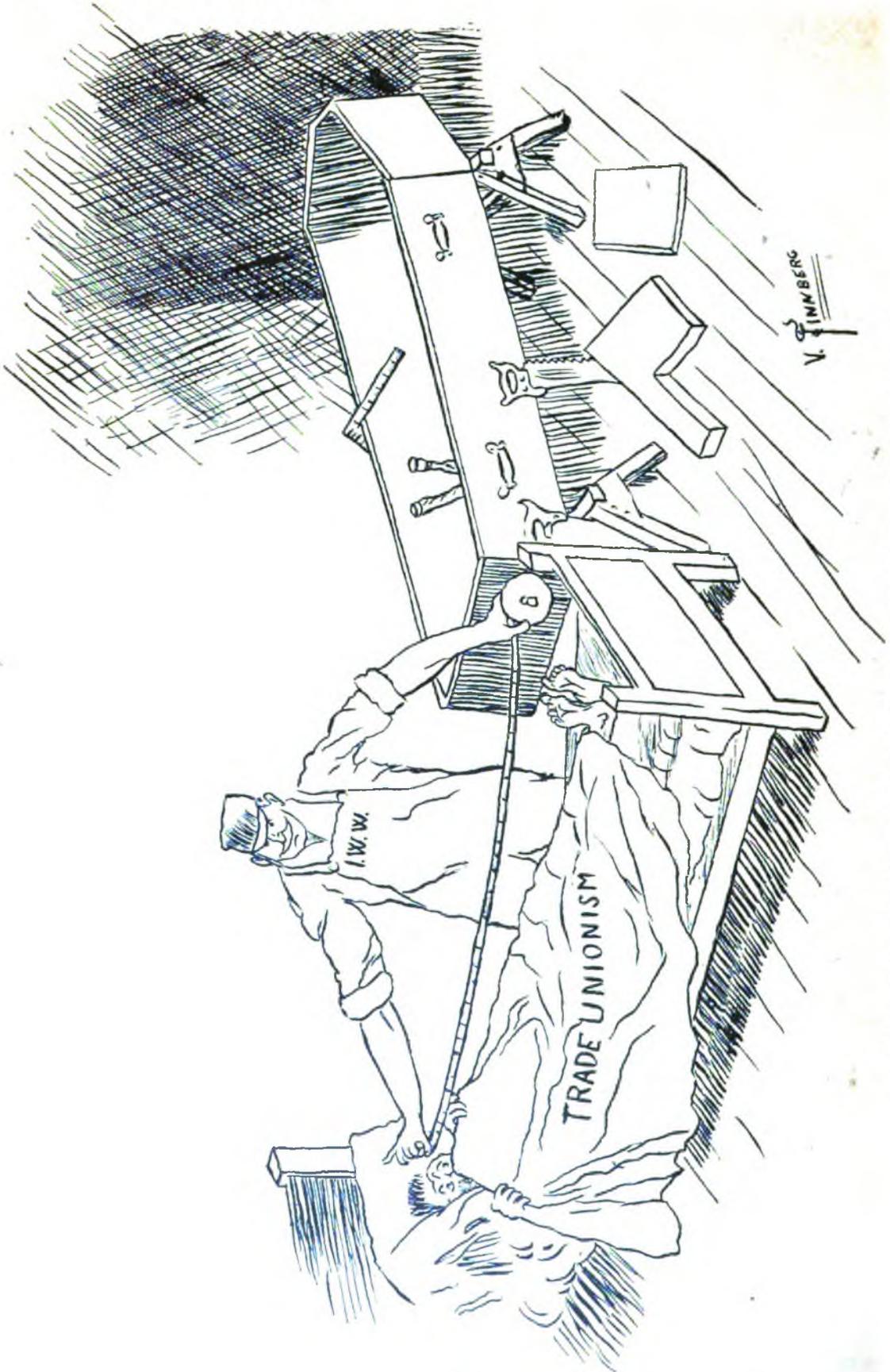
Out of the dark they came; out of the night
 Of poverty and injury and woe—
 With flaming hope, their vision thrilled to light,—
 Song on their lips, and every heart aglow;

They came, that none should trample Labor's right
 To speak, and voice her centuries of pain.
 Bare hands against the masters' armored might!—
 A dream to match the tolls of sordid gain!

And then the decks went red; and the grey sea
 Was written crimsonly with ebbing life.
 The barricade spewed shots and mockery
 And curses, and the drunken lust of strife.

Yet, the mad chorus from that devil's host,—
 Yea, all the tumult of that butcher throng,—
 Compound of bullets, booze and coward boast,—
 Could not out-shriek one dying worker's song!

Song on his lips, he came;
 Song on his lips, he went;—
 This be the token we bear of him,—
 Soldier of Discontent!



"AS HE CAME INTO THE WORLD SO SHALL HE PASS OUT AGAIN. AND HIS VERY EXISTENCE SHALL BE FORGOTTEN BY THE CHILDREN OF MEN."

For Unity in the Metal Industry

By Glenn B. Fortney

CONDITIONS as they are today call for unity of action on the part of all wage workers. This unity must take place on the economic field—in the mines, fields and factories. Solidarity must be our watchword. Therein lies our power. It is at the point of production that the master wields his club, robbing us of that which rightfully belongs to us.

If we are ever to stop working under dictated conditions, we must prepare to do some dictating ourselves.

Economic power is the basis of all power, military and otherwise. Organization is the keynote of progress, and it is organization that will "deliver the goods" for the workers. The days of craft unionism are over. We are living in an age of social production, the period of handicraft production having passed long ago. Therefore, we can no longer organize according to the tool used, in order to get results. In organizing we must comply with the present make-up of industry which utilizes and coordinates many trades for the purpose of turning out a specific product. Industrial Unionism is the worker's hope, and with his industrial union he will pave the way to Industrial Freedom for all mankind.

The metal industry is one of the most basic and essential industries in America. Its importance to the master class manifested itself during the world war, when the "Work or Fight" rule was rigidly enforced upon all metal workers. We are living in a machine age—the Iron Age it has been called—when we depend upon metal products and machinery to satisfy almost all human wants. Yes, it is a great industry and will mean much in the hands of the workers, once they become organized.

In this industry we find hundreds of thousands of workers—men, women and even children, of every race, creed and color, slaving away producing machinery and metal products for their masters. Most of these workers are veritable prisoners in the mills and factories, working anywhere from eight to twelve hours per day, and in some cases seven days a week. Like all other workers, they get a wage in return just large enough to keep body and soul together, to enable them to answer the whistle each morning and to ring the clock on time.

The work is highly specialized, each worker performing some operation necessary to produce a finished article. The craftsman's skill is gone forever,

and he has degenerated into a mere machine-tender. Piece-work is the order of the day, while the speed-up system and other helps to efficiency are strictly enforced. Most of the men and women employed in the metal industry are stationary or "home-guard" workers, not migratory, and many of them work in one shop year after year, sometimes for a whole lifetime. Only a small percentage of them are organized—in the craft unions, the small, so-called independent industrial unions, and in the Metal and Machinery Workers' Industrial Union No. 440 of the I. W. W.

About two years ago the A. F. of L. organized the workers in the steel mills, but, being divided into a score or more unions, it was a useless fight that they put up against the United States Steel Corporation; today no organization of any consequence is left among the steel workers. There are a number of unions in other branches of the industry—the International Association of Machinists, the Moulders', Polishers' and Sheet Metal Workers' Unions, the Amalgamated Metal Workers, etc. A large part of the membership in the L. A. of M. are railroad shop-workers, and do not properly belong in the metal industry. The Amalgamated Metal Workers is an independent union, a so-called industrial union, many of its members having become discontented with the I. A. of M. and having broken away. This organization is very small and is not meeting with much success.

In order that the workers in the industry may be able to put up a united front against the employers, the progressive elements in these unions must be united.

The Metal and Machinery Workers' Industrial Union No. 440 of the I. W. W., being the only genuine industrial union in the industry, appeals to the membership of these unions to read our literature, to become acquainted with our program of industrial unionism and to line up with us in the struggle. We make this appeal to all metal and steel workers, organized or unorganized. Write today for some of our new leaflets, which set forth the position of the metal worker and explain our plan of Shop Organization. For all information address:

Secretary-Treasurer of I. U. No. 440,
1001 W. Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois.

"High Spots" of the Thirteenth I. W. W. Convention

Compiled by Roy Brown
(Concluded from Last Month)

THE MORNING SESSION of the 10th day was taken up in debate over the changing of the universal initiation fee and dues. By a vote of 534 to 298, the present universal initiation fee of \$2.00 and \$1.00 a month dues still stands.

The afternoon session was taken up by the report of the Auditing Committee, who brought in a statement that they had found all accounts correct and in good shape.

Defense Resolutions

During the morning session of the 11th day the following resolutions were adopted:

"Resolved, that all Branch Defense Committees shall become a part of the General Defense Committee and shall render monthly financial reports to the main office with expense vouchers attached." Committee concurs.

"Resolved, that all stamps, bail and bond receipt books, donation lists, or any other method of raising money shall be issued by the General Defense through the branches and districts." Committee concurs.

"Resolved, that all credentials used for the purpose of raising funds shall bear the seal of the General Defense Committee and the signature of the secretary." Committee concurs.

"Resolved, that all lawyers shall be paid through the General Defense Office only." Committee concurs.

"Resolved, that all defense and relief stamps, donation lists, and bail and bond receipt books now in circulation be declared void and called in." Committee concurs.

"Resolved, that a Rehabilitation Fund be started to insure to those who have served sentences enough money to enable them to recuperate. These funds to be derived from donations and the residue of uncalled for money in the present bail and bond fund." Committee concurs.

"Resolved, that all those who go property bonds on any member of the I. W. W. be notified that the I. W. W. will not be responsible unless agreement is reached between those placing the property bond and the General Defense Committee." Committee concurs.

"Resolved, that the rules regulating the relationship of the branches of the General Defense Committee with the head office be left to the G. E. B. and the General Defense Committee acting as a joint body." Committee concurs.

On the afternoon of the 11th day, the following was concurred in:

"Resolved, that we go on record of leaving the matter of dues and initiations in foreign countries where the I. W. W. are organizing, to their own familiar conditions." Committee concurs.

A resolution was passed that the G. E. B. be instructed to change the design and color of due stamps, general defense stamps and organization stamps once a year. Design of each stamp to contain the year in which stamp is to be used.

A Pan-American Industrial Conference

"Resolved, that we go on record as being in favor of the General Secretary-Treasurer and the G. E. B. of the I. W. W. calling a conference as soon as conditions will allow, of all revolutionary industrial organizations on the American continent, and especially those which are inclined to break away from the old craft form of organization. The fact that an economic conference is being held somewhere in Europe is no reason why we on the American continent should not hold an economic conference to try and outline a program of organization in which all the workers shall come together with one aim, one principle and one object for the abolition of wage slavery." The committee concurs.

"Resolved, that the G. E. B. must relieve at once editors of our papers and magazines who do not uphold the revolutionary principles of the I. W. W." Committee concurs.

During the morning of the 12th it was decided to hold one of the G. E. B. members over for a period of 30 days to function with the new G. E. B. The following resolutions were also adopted:

Next Convention

"Resolved, that the next general convention be held on the second Monday of November, 1922, a special convention to be called if necessary."

"Resolved, that the G. E. B. be requested to get out the minutes of the 1919 and 1920 general conventions in book form at once, also be requested to have minutes of 1921 convention put in book form and circulated among the membership. Committee recommends that 1919 and 1920 general convention minutes be printed just as soon as finances will permit."

"On calling in and destroying the Finnish translation of the pamphlet 'The I. W. W., Its Principles, Objects and Methods,' by John Sandgren. Committee recommends that this resolution be turned over to the G. E. B. for immediate action, and that they make the necessary corrections, etc., to cover same."

The afternoon session was taken up after the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, that we insert in Art. 2, Sec. 4, under the duties of the Secretary-Treasurer: 'Except in case he shall resign or be removed, if he does vacate office longer than a period of two weeks, except in case of sickness or being in jail, his place shall be filled by the chairman of the G. E. B.'" Committee does not concur.

In the discussion of the proposition of accepting records of paid-up union cards and outside unions in lieu of initiation fee of the I. W. W., it was finally decided that the records are not to be taken unless authorized by the G. E. B., or Industrial Union G. O. C.'s.

Convention Favors the Six-Hour Day

During the morning session of the 13th day there was a lengthy discussion about getting out literature advocating the 6-hour day as a means to fight unemployment. The Convention passed a resolution as being in favor of it.

It was also resolved that continuation cards be issued only by the headquarters of the industrial unions.

The following resolution was rejected:

"Resolved, that in the future a description of the delegate be placed on the credentials, thus enabling a member to see at a glance that the person carrying credentials is a duly authorized delegate. This description should include some distinguishing mark."

A General Propaganda Bureau

During the afternoon session the following resolutions were adopted:

"Resolved, that our delegates to the Convention will impress the urgent need of organization among the construction workers in the East; that we must get organizers as soon as possible."

"Resolved, that the G. E. B. shall establish a General Propaganda Bureau, which shall consist of the editors of the organization publications, who shall be appointed by and be responsible to the G. E. B. The General Propaganda Bureau shall convene at least semi-monthly to discuss and act upon the maintenance and promotion of the various publications, pamphlets, and literature in general. At these meetings different issues of a conflicting nature shall be decided upon, and not in the columns of our press. The General Propaganda Bureau shall be assisted in its work by a propaganda committee of each paper, but said committee shall not interfere with the regular functions of the industrial unions, such as handling of initiations, dues, assessments, delegate reports, routing of organizers, etc. The General Propaganda Bureau shall be responsible for the management of the organization publishing plant. The G. E. B. shall appoint a general propaganda secretary, who shall have supervision over the affairs that come under the jurisdiction of the General Propaganda Bureau."

"Resolved, that the Convention of Lumber Work-

ers' Industrial Union No. 120 submit to the annual Convention of the I. W. W. for them to consider the indorsing of the Work People's College as an institution of learning, and to determine more specifically to what extent the I. W. W. as an organization can finance, control and make public the Work People's College, which is now maintained by a small group of I. W. W.'s." Committee concurs, and recommends that we give publicity through our I. W. W. publications for the Work People's College of Duluth, Minnesota.

"Resolved, that as all literature got out by the I. W. W. is for the purpose of education and not for profit, it be sold at as near cost as possible."

Preamble to Be Translated Into Japanese

The morning session of the 14th day was taken up in devising ways and means to produce new literature and to discontinue some of the old. It was recommended that the Preamble and Constitution, and an explanation of them, be translated into the Japanese language, and that new literature dealing with the general construction, railroad, and coal mining industries be put out.

Some of the old literature on hand was ordered to be given away free.

Industrial Departments Voted Down

The afternoon session was taken up in discussing the changing of the constitution in regard to the departments.

The following resolution caused much discussion, but was rejected:

"Resolved, that an Industrial Department shall consist of Industrial Unions of closely kindred industries appropriate for representation in the Departmental Administration. As soon as two or more Industrial Unions in closely related industries see fit, they shall proceed to call a convention of those Industrial Unions and organize themselves as an Industrial Department of the Industrial Workers of the World, as hereinafter outlined. A Departmental Administration may be formed in any part of the I. W. W., providing it is ordered done by the membership of such Department, as hereinafter provided.

"Any two or more Industrial Unions may form a Departmental Administration regardless of size of membership; when such action is desired by a group of members in one existing Industrial Union, they shall meet and draw up resolutions and send out call for seconds to the membership of their respective Industrial Unions in their Department. Upon receiving sufficient seconds the General Office of the I. W. W. shall submit a referendum to the members of the Department calling for such, the referendum to be voted on only by the members of said Department.

"If the members of the Department decide by referendum upon a Departmental Administration, the Chairman of the G. E. B. of the I. W. W. shall immediately call a convention of said Department.

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"The delegates to such convention shall, after agreeing upon all fundamental points, proceed to draw up such by-laws and rules as may be deemed necessary and practical in their particular Department, they shall nominate the officials of the Departmental Administration, which same shall consist of one Secretary-Treasurer, one Chairman, and Department Organization Committee. The size of the Committee, its duties and salary, as well as basis of representation of the Industrial Unions on Committee, shall be determined by the Department Convention, all subject to a referendum vote of the entire membership of the Department.

"Said Departmental Convention and Administration shall pass no legislation contrary to the General Constitution of the I. W. W., and shall at all times be subordinate to the G. E. B. and the General Convention of the I. W. W.

"Sections 3 and 5 in Article 1 to be stricken out concurringly."

The following resolutions were adopted:

"Resolved, that the committee recommends that all delegates representing the I. W. W. in foreign countries shall be credentialed by the G. E. B. and the credentials must bear the signature of the General Secretary-Treasurer and the Chairman of the G. E. B."

Philadelphia Branch Given 90 Days' Grace

"Resolved, that we instruct the G. E. B. to give the Philadelphia Branch of M. T. W. I. U. No. 510, Local 8, ninety days to comply with terms laid down by the Convention, and thereafter start a branch of I. U. 510 in Philadelphia, and transfer all members of the old branch who agree to abide by the constitution."

On the morning of the 15th day the following motions were carried:

"Resolved, that all seamen taken in by Philadelphia Branch No. 510, Local 8, under the universal initiation fee of \$2.00 and monthly dues of \$1.00, before the expiration of the 90 days allowed Philadelphia Branch No. 510, Local 8, to conform to constitution, be eligible to transfer into the I. W. W."

"Resolved, that no more supplies be furnished Philadelphia Branch No. 510, Local 8, while they stand suspended. Any Secretary, G. O. C. member, or other member of the I. W. W. furnishing them any supplies to be expelled." Carried.

"The Industrial Pioneer" Put on a Returnable Basis

"Resolved, that the price of the magazine (Industrial Pioneer) remain at 25c., and the magazine to be furnished the news dealers on returnable basis."

"Resolved, that we substitute for Art. 6, Sec. 4, in the general constitution: 'Industrial Union Secretaries shall give a statement on their monthly financial report of their indebtedness to all industrial unions, general headquarters, general defense committee and all subordinate parts of the I. W. W., and remit all indebtedness at the end of each month. Any unit of the I. W. W. who fails to do so at the

end of ninety days (three months) is hereby declared delinquent and the G. E. B. must regulate the financial affairs of the delinquent unit until their accounts are paid.'

Moved by Bare, seconded by White, that we concur with the resolution.

Moved by Craig, seconded by Murray, that we amend the last sentence to read, 'Any unit of the I. W. W. who fails to do so at the end of ninety days (three months) is hereby declared on an unsound basis and the G. E. B. must regulate the financial affairs of the unit until the accounts are paid.' Amendment carried.

Next, the following resolutions were passed:

"Resolved, that the G. E. B. be instructed to install a budget system in General Headquarters."

"Resolved, that this body go on record in favor of the sustaining fund for the Industrial Research Bureau."

Moved by Sigal, seconded by Archibald, that we concur with the resolution.

Moved by Craig, seconded by Monoek, that the resolution be amended to read that all money expended on a Bureau of Research must come from voluntary contributions and not from the funds of the organization." Amendment carried.

Bond Forfeitures

After the above resolutions were adopted the Convention adjourned early to allow the Trial Committee to investigate the bonds of those bond holders who had forfeited them on account of some I. W. W. class war prisoners not returning back to the penitentiary.

During the morning session of the 16th day the Trial Committee brought in the following report with recommendations, that were concurred in by the Convention:

"On bonds forfeited by Haywood and Rothfisher: The Committee wishes to report that we went to lawyer Otto Christensen's office at 8:30 P. M. and interviewed him in regards to the property that was put up as bail on Leavenworth prisoners. We found that certain individuals had signed a writ of indemnity (dated April 23rd, 1919), to guarantee any loss which might be sustained by William Bross Lloyd in furnishing bail for Haywood and 37 other prisoners, including Rothfisher.

"The names of those who signed the writ were as follows:

George F. Vanderveer	\$10,000.00
Otto Christensen	5,000.00
C. E. Payne	1,000.00
John Burke	5,000.00
John Korpi	500.00
Tom Doyle	1,200.00
James Scott	1,000.00
Arthur Proctor	1,000.00
Roscoe Tobias	1,000.00
T. V. Cooper.....	1,000.00

"We found that William Bross Lloyd together with Mary E. Marcy furnished property bonds to

secure \$4,500.00 on Haywood, also that Lloyd furnished property bonds to the amount of \$5,000.00 on Chas. Rothfisher.

"On further inquiring we found that Otto Christensen and friends had deposited \$3,500.00 in Liberty Bonds on Haywood, and that Chas. Kerr and Co. furnished property bonds to cover \$2,000.00, making a grand total loss of \$15,000.00 on Haywood and Rothfisher.

"We find that Howe, who is Secretary to Lloyd, is of the opinion that those who signed this writ of indemnity were representing the organization in doing so, also that Christensen holds this opinion.

"The Committee recommends, inasmuch as these bondsmen consider the organization as being responsible for any loss to them, that Bross Lloyd, Mary E. Marcy and Otto Christensen and friends be compensated as soon as finances permit.

"Signed:

Walter Smith,	Tom Connors,
E. W. Latchem,	Joe Monoek,
Charles Craig,	Charles J. Miller."

In the afternoon session the following resolution was adopted:

"Whereas, the convention of the M. M. W. I. U. No. 440 has gone on record for the Department Administration, followed by a like action in the conventions of F. W. I. U. No. 460 and P. & P. W. I. U. No. 450, be it hereby resolved, that the G. E. B. be instructed to issue a referendum to the Department of Manufacturing and General Production No. 400 on the question of a departmental administration for department No. 400. The department administration to function as outlined in Solidarity No. 116, issue of January 22nd, 1921."

Greetings from the Workers' Committee Movement of Great Britain

A letter from the Workers' Committee Movement of Great Britain was read and accepted by a unanimous vote. The letter follows:

"To the I. W. W. Convention from the Workers' Committees of Great Britain. May the 6th, 1921.

"To the revolutionary proletarian fighters of the I. W. W. in Congress we convey our revolutionary greetings:

"Fellow Workers, you are met in Congress in an age of remarkable revolutionary activities, when the working masses of the world are being forced to a world-wide struggle and when our class enemies are becoming increasingly savage in their attacks upon the workers. This intensification of savagery is no longer confined to particular countries. It is now extensive and general. A few years ago the I. W. W. was almost an isolated body, suffering terrific onslaughts from the class-conscious employers, who did not hesitate to attack you with every conceivable weapon.

"With the advent of the Russian Revolution and the triumph of the Russian Proletariat, your isolation is forever gone. We have entered the epoch of the World Revolution. With the crash of a cap-

italist peace the workers of every country west of Russia are thrust into the economic mess from which the capitalists can find no way out. In this situation we revolutionary workers have special functions to perform and a special role to fulfill. We are the advance guard of the industrial organization and must accordingly accept the full responsibility of such a position.

"We believe that the Workers' Committee Movement of Britain has accepted its full responsibilities, both nationally and internationally. In the present industrial struggles in this country we are working with might and main to extend the strike of the miners, believing by these means we intensify the growth of class solidarity and bring our fellow workers to face, through experience, the class challenge to the capitalist state. In this struggle we do not hesitate to co-operate with the Communist Party or other revolutionary bodies which are waging revolutionary struggle. Internationally we have declared ourselves with the Russian Proletariat, and have unhesitatingly allied to the Russian Trade Unions in the Red Industrial International. We have responded to their call for an International Congress of revolutionary industrial organizations and are sending delegates to the Congress.

"Fellow Workers, we believe we have much in common with the I. W. W. We believe that every industrial organization responding to the call of the Red International has much in common with you and us. We are confident that to fail in response to the call of the Red International would be to fail in our loyalty to the Russian workers. We, therefore, in sending our delegate to your Congress, appeal to you to rally with us to the Congress of July 1st, 1921, and help to fashion an industrial international weapon capable of carrying the workers' international struggle to victory.

"Yours, on behalf of the National Workers' Committee Movement,

J. R. Campbell."

Fraternal delegate Jack Tanner made a report, the import of which appeared in the previous issue of this magazine.

A discussion took place on establishing a clearing house for the organization, which resulted in the following action being taken:

"Resolved, that the General Headquarters be the clearing house for all supplies, and that sub-stations be set up where necessary, and numbered as branches, and to issue supplies to all industrial unions in that given locality and the same to be under the jurisdiction of Joint Organization Committees, and as supplies are issued to branches of the different industrial unions, said supplies as issued will be charged to same. And that expense of same be paid on the pro-rata basis of actual receipts for organization."

"Resolved, that when an industrial union notifies Clearing House to cut off supplies from any sub-

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ordinate part of the industrial union, and such supplies are not cut off, the industrial union shall not have to pay for them."

Letter to Workers' Committee Movement

The following communication was drawn up and sent to the Workers' Committee:

"To the National Workers' Committee Movement of Great Britain:

Fellow Workers:

Greetings:

"Your communication conveying revolutionary greetings to the 13th Convention of the Industrial Workers of the World was received by a unanimous vote.

"We are agreed with you that our common enemy is 'World Capitalism.' We therefore extend the hand of International Solidarity for the purpose of eliminating the parasite class and establishing an Industrial International of the World's Workers for the benefit of the working class.

"Yours for Industrial Freedom,

Signed: **Industrial Workers of the World.**
Walter Smith, Chairman of Convention.
Tom Wallace, Recording Secretary."

The rest of the forenoon was taken up in going through resolutions and suggestions that had been previously acted upon.

During the afternoon session a motion was made and carried that monthly educational features covering different industrial unions be run in the official bulletin, parallel with the structure of the I. W. W., technical routine work, etc.

Educational Workers' Industrial Union No. 630

The following resolutions were also concurred in:

"Whereas, it has been the policy of the members of the different industrial unions to line up their mothers and wives into the industrial union in which the members themselves are organized, regardless of whether their mothers and wives work in that industry or not, and

"Whereas, by doing this we are misdirecting a

lot of useful energy, due to the fact that these mothers and wives of wage workers have no function to perform in the industry in which they do not work and consequently cannot understand how to best function in the affairs pertaining to that industry, and

"Whereas, primarily the mothers and wives are now functioning through the schools' bi-monthly mother meetings, which are being conducted as regular business meetings, and

"Whereas, the mothers and wives of members have a function to perform in the I. W. W., and can perform that function more effectively when they are placed in proper industrial unions, and

"Whereas, the function of the Educational Workers' Industrial Union No. 630 is the physical and mental development of children,

"Therefore be it resolved, that the I. W. W. place this important energy of the mothers and wives of I. W. W. members into the Educational Workers' Industrial Union No. 630, so they can function under their natural environment, the same as other industrial workers."

Other Important Resolutions

"Resolved, that we recommend to the G. E. B. that a committee be formed of I. U. Secretary-Treasurers and G. O. C. Chairmen to work as an advisory committee to the G. E. B."

"Resolved, that we instruct the G. E. B. to take steps to find ways and means of establishing an I. W. W. school for the promotion of the educational training of job delegates, organizers and speakers for the General Organization."

Nomination of Officers

The next order of business was the nomination of officers. Roy Brown was nominated and elected to function for a period of 30 days after the expiration of his term with the newly elected members of the General Executive Board.

John Grady, Tom Doyle and George Bradley were nominated as candidates to go on the ballot for General Secretary-Treasurer. After this the Convention adjourned, singing "Hold the Fort."

Book Review

RUSSIA AND THE ART OF REPORTING.

The Crisis in Russia: By Arthur Ransome: New York: B. W. Huebsch: 1921: \$1.60.

OF THE making of books about Russia there would seem to be, veritably, no end.

Many of the reports that come to us from the land of the soviets are horribly garbled. One does not need ever to have been there to sense that. True reporting is a fine art and requires, like any other art, in addition to a certain natural aptitude, an intensive apprenticeship. Persons who would never think of attempting to paint a picture, play the piano, or carve a statue, feel that they are quite qualified to practice the reportorial art. "Why," they reason, "it's so simple—just putting down what one sees." What they do not realize is that observation is itself an art and requires a specialized training, while the proper recording of one's observations is still another matter.

And so, every one who has ever set foot in Russian territory seems to feel that he is forever fitted thereafter to pose as an authority, not merely on Russia, but on the whole theory and practice of communism. Some "authorities," indeed, do not even take the trouble to go to Russia. Take, for example, Mr. Frank Comerford, whose latest means of breaking into print is the "discovery" that the I. W. W. is mobilizing a red army. Mr. Comerford got at least as far as talking to Kerensky in a London drawing room, and so, of course, he knows all about Lenin and Trotzky and their little job.

It is to be doubted, however, if most of those who bring us back these conflicting reports are, consciously, dishonest. Freud and other psychologists of the modern schools have much to teach us with regard to the essential nature of honesty. We are all, more or less, creatures of the subconscious. Deep down below the surface of our consciousness is a bias, in accordance with which we—most of us unconsciously—act, and for which no better ultimate justification has been found, perhaps, than Prof. James' "will to believe."

"An open mind, like an open mouth, is a sign of weakness."

Chesterton, exponent of the facile and futile trick of paradox, has said many foolish things in his time; the above is one of the few wise ones. The truth is, the fabled "open mind" is, among properly cerebrating individuals, a practically non-existent phenomenon. And it is just as well. Otherwise, this wozzey old world of ours would scarcely wobble along as well as it does. For, again the modern pragmatist teaches us, the important thing is to believe in something that will get us somewhere, to know where we are going and to be convinced that we are moving in the right direction.

What is needed to make the world go round is intellectual certitude of some sort. This philosophy, it is true, may be used to justify anything from Catholicism to Communism. Cardinal Newman required one sort of certitude; Lenin requires another sort; but some sort of certitude was and is indispensable to each.

The point is, every one who goes to Russia goes there, consciously or unconsciously, with a bias. Before he has crossed the frontier, he is already pro or con the system which he knows he will find in Russia. The convinced communist goes there, expecting, if he is honest with himself, to find confirmations for his communism. The convinced bourgeois expects to find proofs that communism is and must be a failure. Sincerity, it seems to us, is oftener to be found in the radical than in the adherent to the established order, but it may be found in both. The dangerous reporter is the one who is not honest enough with himself and his readers to frankly recognize and admit his inevitable bias. Such a one was H. G. Wells, whose recent reportorial fiasco is still fresh in mind. Mr. Wells went to Russia, expecting to demolish communism because it did not jibe with his own little yellow-socialist-pseudo-scientific world; and yet, without taking the trouble to ascertain the facts, which any conscientious reporter would have taken, he poses as an impartial observer and recorder.

All this leads us to one of the latest books on Russia, Mr. Arthur Ransome's second on the subject: "The Crisis in Russia." Mr. Ransome's previous volume, "Russia in 1919," will be recalled.

As correspondent for the Manchester Guardian, one of the best and most honest organs of bourgeois journalism, the writer's opportunities for accurate observation were excellent. He seems to have had the entrée to communist circles, which is so essential, and which Mr. Wells either did not have, or of which he was too timid or too indolent to avail himself. Our present author has the journalistic flair, the much abused "nose for news." Witness his chapters on Saturdayings, propaganda trains, industrial conscription, non-partyism, the trade unions, etc., all topics of timely interest to those of us outside Russia, in addition to sections on his more general thesis, the shortage of men and things, the communist dictatorship, etc., and a final chapter, of interest to would-be prophets, on "Possibilities." Such chapters as "A Conference at Jaroslavl" and "Rykov on Economic Plans and on the Transformation of the Communist Party" are interesting journalistic features.

Mr. Ransome is a trained reporter and a good one. And he is far more honest than many. In the Introduction, he takes us into his confidence by telling us his reason for writing the book. He was

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not eager to write it at this time, he hints; there were other things he would have preferred to do; but he felt it was imperative. The crisis which Mr. Ransome sees in Russia today is nothing less than the peak of the struggle between what he calls "civilization" on the one hand and chaos, the complete collapse of civilization, on the other. He sees this merely as part of a general European crisis and one which other countries must face sooner or later. He tells us quite frankly, in the concluding lines of his book, that he believes the only thing which can save civilization in Russia is, if not communism, at least the communist dictatorship. And he tells us, furthermore, that he believes this dictatorship cannot be overthrown. So far, he is sincere.

In the Introduction, he says:

"It has been said that when two armies face each other across a battle front and engage in mutual slaughter, they may be regarded as a single army engaged in suicide. Now it seems to me that when countries, each one severally doing its best to arrest its private economic ruin, do the utmost to accelerate economic ruin of each other, we are witnessing something very like the suicide of civilization itself. There are people in both camps who believe that armed and economic conflict between revolutionary and non-revolutionary Europe, or if you like between Capitalism and Communism, is inevitable. These people, in both camps, are doing their best to make it inevitable. Sturdy pessimists, in Moscow, no less than in London and Paris, they go so far as to say "the sooner the better," and by all means in their power try to precipitate a conflict. Now the main effort in Russia today, the struggle which absorbs the chief attention of all but the few Communist Churchills and Communist Millerands who, blind to all else, demand an immediate pitched battle over the prostrate body of civilization, is directed to finding a way for Russia herself out of the crisis, the severity of which can hardly be realized by people who have not visited the country again and again, and to bringing her as quickly as possible into a state in which she can export her raw materials and import the manufactured goods of which she stands in need. I believe that this struggle is ours as well as Russia's, though we to whom the threat is less imminent, are less desperately engaged. Victory or defeat in this struggle in Russia, or anywhere else on the world's surface, is victory or defeat for every one. The purpose of my book is to make that clear. For, bearing that in mind, I cannot but think that every honest man, of whatever party, who cares more for humanity than for politics, must do his utmost to postpone the conflict which a few extremists on either side of the barricades so fanatically desire. If that conflict is indeed inevitable, its consequences will be less devastating to a Europe cured of her wounds than to a Europe scarcely, even to the most hopeful, to be described as convalescent. But the con-

flikt may not be inevitable, after all. No man not purblind but sees that Communist Europe is changing no less than Capitalist Europe. If we succeed in postponing the struggle long enough, we may well succeed in postponing it until the warlike on both sides look in vain for the reasons for their bellicosity."

Here, it seems to us, the author's essential honesty—with no accord of his own, perhaps—fails him somewhat. His failure is to be quite honest with himself.

What is this thing which he calls "civilization," the saving of which is of so tremendous importance, and for the saving of which Communists and Capitalists must postpone their conflict and join hands? What is this "civilization" but the product of capitalism, or the capitalistic order itself? And yet, we, who do not believe in that order or the desirability of its preservation, are asked to join with its supporters in saving it; we are asked to wait until we have saved it before we set about the work of destroying it. Is this honest logic, even for one who sincerely believes in capitalistic "civilization"?

The real revolutionist knows that, before he can begin to build up aright, he must first tear down; construction must inevitably be preceded by a certain amount of destruction. He knows that, in the transitory period, at least, there must be a certain amount of confusion and "economic ruin," bordering even on "chaos," perhaps. His evolutionary philosophy of revolution, the philosophy of the materialist conception of history, has taught him to expect this in connection with the breakdown of the capitalistic system.

Personally, we are of those "sturdy pessimists" who believe that present-day civilization is a disease which must be cured by radical remedies. We do not believe it is worth saving. What, after all, is this "economic ruin" of which so much is heard? Is it not merely the "ruin" of the exploiting and parasitic classes? We hardly believe that the condition of the worker could be much worse in any state of society than it is under this same "civilization," which the working class is asked to save. And if it is merely the welfare and comfort of the master class, why should we be interested in saving it?

As to postponing the conflict, we can see no advantage, save to the other side. "Wait," says the Capitalist, "until we are stronger, wait until we have recovered from the near-suicidal results of our own imperialistic folly, wait until Capitalism is safe again, and then we will fight it out, if you still feel like fighting." This is nothing more nor less than an insult to working class intelligence.

If there is one thing that could possibly justify the world war with its terrible toll in human life and happiness, it is that, as an aftermath of the war, may come the collapse of the system which makes war possible. If that result is attained, the war, even with its fearful cost, was not altogether

in vain. If, on the other hand, we go back to the old pre-war system, which can only mean war and more war, then it was a loss, indeed.

The author's belief that "If we succeed in postponing the struggle long enough, we may well succeed in postponing it until the warlike on both sides look in vain for the reasons for their belligerency" seems to us to be a flagrant example of dishonesty. Why cry peace, when there is no peace?

The author, in the last words of his book, makes an interesting point. In speaking of the likelihood of an economic upheaval in England, he says:

"There is a strange irony in the fact that the Communists desire that upheaval, and, at the same time, desire a re-birth of the Russian market which would tend to make that upheaval unlikely, while those who most fear upheaval are precisely those who urge us, by making recovery in Russia impossible, to improve the chances of collapse at home. The peasants of Russia are not alone in wanting incompatible things."

In conclusion, we may predict that you will find "The Crisis in Russia" interesting reading. The author, if not a John Reed or a Louise Bryant, is at least not a Russell or a Wells.

TAKING TEA WITH TROTSKY, OR LIGHT READING FOR RADICALS.

From *Mayfair to Moscow*: By Clare Sheridan. New York: Boni & Liveright: 1921.

IF YOU are a Tired Revolutionist, in need of a late-spring tonic in the form of a good laugh, or if you find yourself with a bad case of blues on a rainy day, let us be your doctor and prescribe the volume listed above. If your sense of humor is keen enough, you will find it excruciatingly funny.

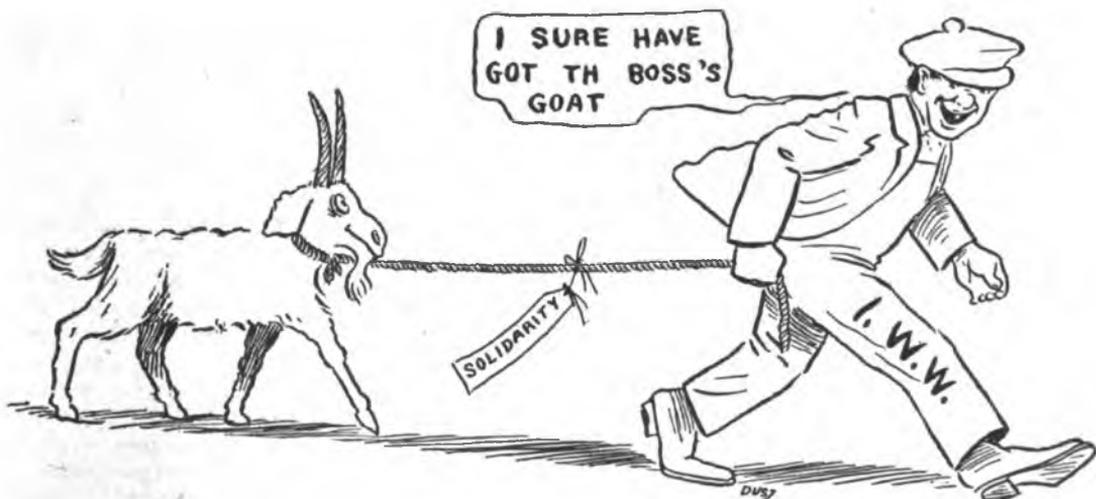
Here is a feminine sprig of British aristocracy, a niece of Winston Churchill, who, becoming suddenly bored, takes it into her head to run over and "do" Lenin, Trotsky, et al. Through the political and social wires she is enabled to pull, she succeeds in her enterprise. She makes her way to Russia via Stockholm and a Soviet representative who appears to have fallen under her spell.

Her purpose is going to Russia, she tells us, was to "sculpt", i. e., make busts of the bearded *enfants terribles* of the revolution. Her success is somewhat surprising. True, when she manifests a desire to go to the front for the purpose of "doing" the leaders of the Red army, she almost gets herself pinched as a spy, but, on the whole, she gets along very well. And she has such interesting experiences! My dear! You should see the table manners of those Bolsheviks! And they have no sense of class distinction—absolutely none! Why, on one state occasion, when the supply of waiters runs short, a prime minister or something of the sort actually pins an apron on and helps out. Can you imagine!

But, of course—and here the perfectly delicious humor of the book comes in—one mustn't say anything against one's hosts. Having accepted their hospitality, it wouldn't be good form. One scarcely can help wondering just what the writer would have said, if she hadn't been quite so well bred.

There are some really interesting passages in the book, as, for example, when the society sculptress describes her efforts to make an appointment with Tchitcherin for a sitting. The latter, it seems, like many Russians, has the habit of turning day into night. Time means nothing to him. He tells our lady that he will telephone her when he finds time to sit for her. She is finally awakened at 3 o'clock one morning by the ringing of the telephone. It is Tchitcherin, ready to pose.

S. P.



Is Personal Gain a True Incentive?

By Jane A. Lee

ON ALL HANDS the rebel worker is met with the seemingly puzzling query: who will labor, invent, do creative work of any kind if the incentive to endeavor, namely, personal gain, is eliminated?

The assumption is prevalent that human effort is brought into play through fear of physical discomfort, as is seen in the case of a vast number of manual workers, or that the artist's, or scientist's, energies are set in motion because of financial aggrandizements, prestige, social distinction.

The superficial observer, unaccustomed to see beneath the surface, may be led to entertain such a view by virtue of the fact that it holds good of a large majority of toilers in factories, mills, and mines.

A brief analysis, however, will prove to the most sceptical that this is due not to the nature of the workers in those industries, but rather to the nature of the work performed by them.

Decline of Interest in Labor

Modern large scale production has done away with the interest, the pride the artisan of old took in his handicraft. To call out interest in and love for any given pursuit, co-ordination in such manner that the worker understands the connection between the constituent parts and the whole, is absolutely essential.

The worker today is denied this potent motive power. Capitalist production carried on on the basis of profit instead of use has introduced such minute division of labor that the operative in a modern plant has not the slightest conception of the relation of his part of the work to that of the fellow worker next to him. He is confined to the performance of a most monotonous task under the most unwholesome, disagreeable surroundings. Last but not least there is the consideration of compensation, the so-called incentive translated in terms of an equivalent for labor power, i. e., wages.

It is common knowledge that the producer today receives in wages one-eighth of the value of the product of his labor. The difference in value between his wages and product is appropriated by the owners of the plant in the form of interest and profit.

Under these circumstances is it surprising that the manual worker today works out of fear of actual starvation merely? What other interest is held out to him over and above the pittance he receives and which barely suffices to maintain his existence and reproduce his kind (the latter a sort of deferred asset of the employing class).

With regard to the artist, scientist, etc., the hypothesis of external motive power, i. e., remuneration of one kind or another, is even more fallacious.

No less an opponent of Communism than Herbert Spencer contends that exercise of one's faculty yields the greatest amount of pleasure, and that human conduct responds to but two fundamental instincts, namely, seeking of pleasure and avoiding of pain (the former, in our opinion, being the more potent).

The Higher Motivation to Labor

We see, then, that human effort has its own intrinsic value, i. e., the pleasure and gratification accruing to one in the exercise of one's faculties.

That this is true is demonstrated daily by examples of the most painstaking labor in laboratories, clinics, etc., carried on not for consideration of financial gain, but in the interest of science and human welfare. The biographies of great minds of all ages furnish many instances of hardship, beginning with physical privation, contemporary hostility and ending in persecution, jail, etc., but these things, instead of checking ardor, zeal, tend to augment the flow of spirit.

And why? Because of the value of the work itself contained in (1) the exercise of one's faculty, and (2) in the service rendered to one's fellow beings.

The individualist, Herbert Spencer, could not appreciate the tremendous role this specific factor plays in the work of those who try to further the interests of humanity instead of serving those of their own.

These are facts which no impartial student of history will undertake to contradict. Whence then this widespread idea of incentive as extrinsic, as something outside of the worker, which must be urged on, as it were, by external influence? To answer this question one must go back to its origin.

The Ideology of Capitalism

With each social system there is developed a corresponding ideology, concepts, standards of right and wrong, etc.

A social order based on the greatest good to the smallest number and the greatest harm to the largest number must be accompanied by ideas and ideals justifying that arrangement.

Capitalism is fundamentally individualistic, it is based on the principle and practice of "each for himself and the devil take the hindmost." This cutthroat system could not endure were it not reinforced by a philosophy which lends a semblance of justice to it. The justice, we are told by its apologists, lies in the fact that nature itself has not been equally lavish with all of us; has endowed some with a large amount of brain power, others with but a small quantity of that precious gray matter, and still others nature has seen fit to forego altogether.

This so-called natural differentiation is turned to the account of the minority ruling class. Men of the first group become captains of industry; men of the third their industrial serfs or wage slaves; men of the second a sort of intermediary between the first and third, or the modern middle class.

This ingenious division of men into classes is meant to explain and justify a social order which foredooms millions of workers to the part of mere cogs in the social structure, making their work a veritable curse to be shunned were it not for the lash of hunger constantly falling upon their bent backs. In order to continue this brutal social inequality some must be deluded, some blindfolded, and, above all, the wage slaves themselves must be made to believe that nature, rather than man, made them into slaves.

There is another great advantage in this individualistic outlook; it puts the blame on the individual instead of the social aggregate. It points its finger to personal limitations as the cause of failure. And by the same token, it hypnotizes men into the mythical

belief that success is the result of individual effort. It creates the paradoxical psychology of the proletarian-bourgeois standards and aims. In fine, the individualistic theory serves the capitalist end admirably in that it explains, sanctions, and holds out the mirage of success for some few isolated persons out of the large mass of workers who must remain in the mire all their lives.

To rise to the "top," to a financial pedestal, is the ideal stressed by capitalism as the most worthy of human aspirations. The decay of capitalism as evidenced in Europe, the industrial conditions of the U. S., the land of fabulous riches in the hands of a few industrial pirates, and unemployment, crime, suicide, the lot of millions who create all the wealth, all these are but eloquent proofs of the lie contained in the conception of human effort for individual gain instead of service for the common good which is simultaneously also an individual pleasure of the highest character.

The essence of this ideal is expressed in the I. W. W. conception of right human associations: "An injury to one is an injury to all."

The Roar

From "Factory Echoes." By R. M. Fox.

"This is the Machine Age. We are the Machines."

AS YOU enter the factories you can hear us roar—a hungry, menacing, threatening, exultant roar. We demand food. We must be fed. We live on the bodies, blood, bones, and sinews of men, women, and children. They come into the factories in eager shoals. They pass through and go out crushed and broken. Ever they come, flowing in like the waves of the sea, to dash themselves to pieces upon the rocks and breakwaters. We like the young men best. They are so strong. They think that they can dominate us. They hurl themselves upon us. They pull our levers, push, twist, and turn our cogs, clutches, and gears. They are brimful of energy, running over with vitality, and they empty themselves.

We laugh! We know who are the masters.

They never stop to think who worked the machines before they came, or who will work us when they are gone. Some of those who are gone before are in their graves; others are the starving and shivering flotsam and jetsam of the great cities. Others, again, are in the workhouse. They do not know. They are filled with the pride of youth. Sometimes, when they get too proud, we turn and rend them. We blind them and tear their limbs, mangle and break them. But we

prefer to work slowly, to suck their blood daily, to keep them bound to us and crush them gradually.

We are iron and steel. We are heartless, brainless, nerveless, compassionless. We bite into metal. We bite into humanity. None can withstand us. We love the delicate human organisms who offer themselves for sacrifice. They have no chance against us, these things of blood and bone and nerve and tissue. We love the frail, bloodless girls who faint by our side; we can see the life oozing out of them as they tend us.

We chuckle with harsh, recurring iron chuckles.

We love the boys from school who walk innocently into our maw. They come in bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, and full of ambition. Within a year they are dull-eyed, grey-complexioned, and low-spirited. Their feet sag and their shoulders droop. And they stop with us. They cannot escape. We have every ounce of strength till we use them up. Then we cast them off. You can hear us exult in a high crescendo, which rises above our dull, monotonous roar. Men are our slaves, our fodder. They are chained to us; we use them up. And they think they are our masters! What a jest for the gods!

They come and they go. They live and they die; but we go on, we endure.

We roar on exultingly. This is the Machine Age. We are the Machines.

Address to the Convention of the All-Russian Union of Transport Workers, Moscow

By Tom Barker.

FELLOW WORKERS:

ON BEHALF of the Marine Transport Workers' Union in South America and the *Federacion Obrera Regional Argentina*, I greet you and wish you every success in the great task that lies before you. These workers, 8,000 miles away in another continent, that I represent, are familiar with the great triumph of the Russian working class over its oppressors. They are with you for the world revolution and the establishment of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat. During the past three years I have been in Australia, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, Norway, Great Britain and Germany. In all those countries the transport workers are, with the miners, the vanguard of the industrial workers.

As you are probably aware I have come to Russia in company with Fellow Worker Mühlberg for the purpose of interesting the marine and water section of your union in the necessity of creating one union for all the workers of the seas, rivers and harbors. All nationalities meet upon the sea. The present form of organization of the workers of the sea in all countries is purely upon a nationalist basis. We have the marine workers of one country strike-breaking upon the workers of other countries. We have the workers of the sea misled into the yellow International Seafarer's Federation, which promotes national hatred, and sets one section of the working class against the other. I feel sure that the transport workers of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic will welcome the creation of a world form of organization that can protect their class brothers in all the ports of the world, regardless of the nationality or the flag of the ship on which they may work.

In the month of August, 1921, in the city of Red Petrograd, a world congress will be held of delegates from all parts of the marine transport industry of the world. They will come from the very farthest parts of the world. This congress, we hope, will lay firm and solid foundations for a Brotherhood of the Sea that will continue to grow until the masters of the ocean are stripped of their power. As you may be aware today, there are millions of tons of shipping standing idle in all the ports of the world. Tens of thousands of our class and occupation are starving in the streets of the great cities of the capitalist world, hungry, homeless and ragged.

There is no other future for them as long as they tolerate capitalism. It will be their lot to go hungry in the midst of plenty, and to be cast aside the moment they are no longer needed by the idle and dissolute class, who control the destinies of every country in the world, except in the Workers' and

Peasants' Republic of Red Russia. The foreign enemies and the Russian bourgeoisie are attempting to stir up trouble in Russia at this moment, taking advantage of the lack of foodstuffs, due to the dislocation of transport, and the efforts on the various fronts which have occupied the attention and enthusiasm of the most devoted comrades from your ranks. Where the Allies have failed with their white-guard mercenaries, they are now attempting to succeed with their blood-stained gold and their hired agents.

At this day it is the workers in the transport and mining industries who must save Russia. It was the Red Army yesterday, it is the Army of Labor today. Without enterprise, enthusiasm and fire in these two vital industries the whole fruit of the Revolution will be lost. With the coming of the spring every available engine has to be used, every river-boat has to be kept in commission. Every tug has to work night and day, for every hour will count. The fellow workers have to apply themselves to speedy loading and unloading, for there are millions of poods of all kinds of goods to be transferred from one part of Russia to another. Food, petroleum, fuel and clothing—all depend this summer on transport. Carried through successfully, these efforts will guarantee Russia against another hard and bitter winter, with little food and scanty clothing. The greatest friend that the bourgeoisie can hope for is another year of famine. It will be the great task of the Union of Russian Transport Workers to defeat all their efforts, and to consolidate the Revolution.

Fellow workers of the All-Russian Union of Transport Workers, I can assure you that your efforts will be anxiously watched by the workers in the capitalist states. They all wish you success—for they feel that your accomplishment of a great task will be proof that they, with much more modern industries, and a higher grade of skill, will be able to emulate you. I feel sure that many fellow workers with technical knowledge will come to Russia to aid you in the re-establishing of Russian industry on a Communist basis.

Every additional trip you make will be a nail in the coffin of capitalism and the counter-revolution; every additional pood you transport will be a blow against the system of greed and robbery which reaches out its itching, blood-stained fingers to stifle the Workers' and Peasants' Republic. Let the great rivers of Russia stream with busy tugs and loaded barges, fellow workers!

Long life to the Russian working class and to members of the All-Russian Union of Transport Workers, and long life to the World Revolution!

WOBBLES

WE DON'T want "pie in the sky"—we want the earth and everything that's in and on it. They say we've got a lot of crust—well, maybe we have, and maybe we got that way from eating pie that was made for profit. Sometimes this is called "affection pie," because the upper and lower crusts are in constant embrace and there is no animosity between them.

The fellow who wrote the following street car ad. knows that the best place for "sentiment" is in the dictionary:

"Men and women, don't fool yourselves! If you won't die tomorrow, you will next year, or the year after. Drop in and let us have a heart to heart talk about your future prospects. We have buried hundreds of our customers to their entire satisfaction, why not you?"

—The Golden Gate Undertaker."

A priest buttons his collar in the back because it is symbolic of his mode of reasoning.

Oscar Willyum Dugul McQune, who thinks he is a poet, has informed us that he has written a very remarkable poem on the old red barn. We take pleasure in giving this sensational information to our readers. Next time you happen to be in the vicinity of the old red barn, why,—take a look at it!

The reason budding artists paint in the nude is because they haven't money enough to buy clothes with.

It is said that exponents of the Einstein theory are capable of explaining what would happen if an irresistible force were to meet an immovable body. Will they please tell us what effect the approaching revolution will have on the man who still thinks that this country is governed according to the wishes of the people?

Fanny, the little daughter of a clergyman, pranced into her father's study one evening while the reverend gentleman was preparing a lengthy sermon for the following Sunday. She looked curiously at the manuscript for a moment, and then turned to her father. "Papa," she began seriously, "does God tell you what to write?"

"Certainly, dearie," replied the clergyman.

"Then why do you scratch so much of it out?" asked Fanny.

Helen Keller, the woman who has won fame in spite of her physical defects, was asked which mortal affliction is the worst—blindness, deafness or dumbness. She replied: "Neither; it's bone-headedness."

Since love failed to redeem the world, why not try hate for a change?

Is there anything more inconsistent than the working man who says that in a collectivist society such as the I. W. W. would establish there would be no incentive to work? Yet, if you observe this bird closely, you will note that rarely a day goes by but what he will comment somewhat in this manner: "Gee, this is a long day—wish it was quitting time." This is equivalent to wishing one's life away, and yet this hick has got the brass to speak of incentives!

A young woman teacher was talking to the children about God's omnipresence.

The teacher: Now, after the hour is up and you children are running about down on the playground and I cannot see you, who is with you then?

Chorus: The Lord!

The teacher: Yes, and when I, in the meantime, am up here in the class room, who is with me then?

Chorus: Teacher Jensen.

"Solidaritet," Copenhagen.



The Story of the Sea

By Tom Barker

CHAPTER 8 THE DOCK WORKERS

WHEN I left Buenos Aires, in February, 1920, the Federacion Portuaria had perfected a scheme to enforce two shifts a day on the docks and to abolish night work. The men on the first shift would begin work at 6 A. M. and, with a half-hour spell for breakfast, would work till 12 noon. They then would quit for the day. The second shift would be from 12 noon till 6 P. M., with another half-hour for "smoke-oh." No more work would then be done until the following day, when the men would go on the alternative shifts. The work for one day's pay would therefore amount to five and one-half hours. The men were to be engaged at the Union "stand" by rotation. It was considered better for everyone to have some work than for the "royals" to do it all and keep other men out of job.

There were at that time many unemployed in Buenos Aires and, as it does no good to ask for unemployment doles in that country, the marine workers had to solve their own difficulties. They put an end to the career of the work-hog who used to work the day shift on one ship and would then scoot away to another dock to work the night shift on a different ship. They set themselves the task of seeing that every man had a job. In Buenos Aires no docker is now allowed to hang around the boss's coat-tails or to buy him a drink. If it were proven that a docker had committed the above crime, he would very likely be kicked off the wharves. A man can do such a thing only once.

Labor-Saving Machinery

In Buenos Aires, as in London and other parts of the world, the shipping and stevedoring companies have been introducing labor-saving devices. Wheat is now loaded in Rosario by elevators and unloaded in Liverpool by suction pipes. Electric cranes and winches reduce the number of days now spent in port by ships, and fewer dockers are necessary to work them. The slings get larger, and the contractors attempt to get six men to do the work of eight. The introduction of oil as fuel is displacing thousands of workers formerly engaged in bunkering ships. The oil-lines are laid on the ship, and in a couple of hours her bunker tanks are full. As the number of oil-burners will increase, less ships will be engaged in the carrying of coal, and more and more port workers will find themselves out of work. The big oil tankers that bring oil from Mexico unload their huge cargoes in a few hours and then depart. They can make three voyages while coal-carrying ships can make only two. This reduces the number of men on ships as well as on shore.

Speedier loading means more profits for the ship-owners; also, more misery and poverty for the dockers and coal-dumpers. The "unemployment dole" will not solve this problem. The "dole" would be feasible if the world were poorer than formerly, but such is not the case. The ruling class is, as a matter of fact, richer than ever before, and when our class starves it starves in the midst of plenty. Hence, there can be no solution of our troubles short of the abolition of the private ownership of shipping and the inauguration of control of industry by the workers.

The Links in the World Chain

The introduction of labor-saving machinery is throwing men out of work in other industries as well. Many of these unemployed drift to the wharves where skill is not essential, thus making bad conditions still worse. It is much the same in every country. The Hindoos who load rice, the Spaniards who load iron-ore, the men who fill the holds with guano on Christmas Island, and the New York or London dockers who unload the cargoes, are all suffering from the same disadvantages. The man who is at work fears the man who is not, and vice versa. Wages fall and more and more workers are driven into the slums. These conditions drive good men to jail and weak men to begging. Others steal, and some go to the lunatic asylum. Capitalism is devoid of a logical reason for its existence. It is inhuman, impersonal, and relentless. It is decadent and inefficient, and it must therefore be destroyed.

The driving power of hunger makes men do things that their manhood revolts against. When munitions of war are to be loaded, the sympathies of the docker are divided between his hungry children and his class brothers overseas. His children are before his eyes daily, the down-trodden workers overseas he does not see. Therefore, when we see such a shining example of working class solidarity as was displayed by the men who refused to load munitions aboard the "Jolly George," in the port of London, to kill their brothers in Russia, we must give due credit to such action. It is a demonstration of power. Power does not come in a sudden outburst, it requires a growth which must develop its technical and administrative sides. It is constant work and application that wins in the end.

I have attempted in this book to convey a slight idea of the power of our masters, and of the present disorganized condition of the marine transport workers. We see the dockers in New York divided into a dozen warring factions. We see them in the British Isles led by men who are living on their past reputations. We see organizations without power, and officials who have no knowledge of how

power can be attained. Day by day our future becomes blacker; and, adding insult to injury, our union officials humbly request from our masters but a few crumbs from the enormous hoard that we have created and placed at their feet.

It is the duty of industrial unionists to explain to the marine transport workers how they can obtain power. The national and sectional unions are almost useless, for even within their zones they act independently, fighting among themselves like Kilkenny cats. The dockers of Buenos Aires, on the other hand, are making an effort to solve their own difficulties. They are holding themselves responsible for their own unemployed. They are attempting to counter the boss's labor-saving appliances with shorter hours and no night work. And yet, unlike the "superior" Anglo-Saxon, fifty per cent of these dockers cannot read.

Under the present forms of sectional organization, we can hope to do very little; the only road to power is the creation of one organization for all the workers on the ships and wharves. We have to be so organized that all the men handling, loading, transporting and unloading cargo goods, regardless of their nationality, must be in one union. One union on all ships and in all ports. This will put an end to long distance scabbery, and create an organization which, as it grows, will throw the gauntlet to the shipping octopus and drive it from the seas. This organization will be the link connecting the industries of different countries; it will be the cornerstone of the International Labor Movement.

Fellow workers of the docks, you are the homeguards of the Marine Industry. The men on ships are your fellow workers. Together you are a mighty force, an unbreakable power. Separated you are so many straws in the wind. Get the class idea, fight for it, live for it and, if need be, die for it. —

There is no slavery except ignorance. The other class is powerful because we are ignorant. Let us spread the gospel of class interest, develop our spirit of self-reliance, and remember that we shall be enslaved only until we gain the power to break our chains.

There is only one working class. Let there be only One Big Union!

CHAPTER 9 THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERMEN

Scattered in out-of-the-way corners of Mother Earth are to be found the deep-sea fishermen. Up in the vicinity of Alaska and the Behring Straits you will find them engaged in the whaling and sealing industries. Down in the Southern Ocean, on the edge of the Antarctic Seas, two thousand miles from the amenities of civilization, they carry on a mighty war against the denizens of the deep. The men of the Northern Seas, in and around the port of Seattle, are semi-organized, while many of the men who work on the inhospitable, treeless shores

of South Georgia and Shetland are members of the M. T. W. of Argentina.

These fishermen are mostly Scandinavians and Russians. They are vilely paid, when you take into consideration the loneliness and excessive cold of the desolate isles on which they live. Their employers, who never visit these isles, make enormous profits from oil and guano. The men generally sign, under stress of starvation, very one-sided agreements; on occasion the companies violate these contracts—they have been known to rob their men of every cent that they had earned over periods running sometimes into years.

South Georgia

During January, 1920, there was a strike on the Grytwiken Station in the Island of South Georgia. The strike was against vile conditions, rotten food and low wages. It was won, but shortly afterwards the British cruiser "Dartmouth" came into port. The new agreement was promptly nullified by the manager when he found he had force to back him up. The men struck again to enforce the new agreement. They were then brought, between a file of armed navy-men, before the manager and the Resident Magistrate, and told that if they would not work under the old conditions, they would be deported. Two whaling steamers were packed with men and they were thrown ashore in Buenos Aires. Several of the men were penalized to the extent of their full wages, running into several thousands of Norwegian crowns—because "they had instigated a strike." The remainder of the men were grossly insulted in the company office.

These conditions will prevail until the fishermen will become organized into the Marine Transport Workers. Once the companies get their men away into these isolated islands they treat them like dogs. For instance, the men who were "deported from South Georgia"—for this was inscribed across their passports by the Resident Magistrate in order to prevent the men getting work again—were working for a company registered in Argentine, on an agreement printed in Norwegian on a British island. This excellent contrivance on the part of the companies deprived the men of getting legal redress in any of the capitalist courts.

Colonial Office Geography

When the matter was brought before the British House of Commons by Neil MacLean, M.P., the Colonial Office informed him that it was unaware that there was such a place in the British Empire as South Georgia. The office holders do not seem to be as interested in whale oil as in the oil that flows from the wells in Persia and Baku. The smart young men in the Colonial Office may easily mislay some part of the Empire if they do not wake up. A few years in the foc's'le of a ship would teach them more about the Empire than they are likely to learn from the school books for Standard 6, whence they evidently derive their vast knowledge.

Unionism for the Fishermen

Most of the men who follow these dangerous occupations belong in the marine transport industry. Therefore we have to make provision for them—both to protect them and to organize the places where they work. It will facilitate their return to the industry. They will be an accession of strength to the Marine International; owing to the scattered and isolated nature of their work, it cannot be adequately covered by any existing national organization.

South Georgia and the Falkland group can be organized from Buenos Aires, the islands of Inaccessible and Tristan D'Acunha from Cape Town or Durban, and the Northern Pacific from Seattle

or Nome. The roaming whaling ships should be organized in their home ports. Care should be exercised that all contracts, if there are to be any, shall be written in plain language, and that food, clothing and accommodation shall be of the best. The "payment by results" system should be done away with, as it causes recklessness and loss of life, especially when fighting whales.

If the companies do not agree to these things, then the World Organization must blockade the islands and refuse to move the oil or guano therefrom. Reliable men should be chosen as delegates, and plenty of literature in various languages should be devoted to educating the fishermen in these desolate, out-of-the-way corners of the earth.

(To be continued)

Defense News

AT THE time this article is being written the nineteen Wichita defendants who were to be released by the ruling of the court which threw out the first count of the indictment in that case are still in the penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas, awaiting the pleasure of District Attorney Robertson, who has made a motion for a new trial in order to keep the men in prison. We may receive some definite information regarding the outlook for their release in a few days.

However, C. W. Anderson has recently been released on \$9,000.00 bonds, which leaves three more men for whom we must raise bail. The bail for two of them has been set at \$7,500.00 each, and for the other at \$8,000.00, making a total of \$23,000.00. So far we have been unable to raise any part of this amount on account of every one being hard up and asking us to return the cash and Liberty bonds which were loaned us for the defendants in the Chicago case. All those having Liberty bonds which they do not need for a while, and willing to let us use them for these boys, are requested to communicate with the General Defense Committee as soon as possible.

Refunding Loans

It could help the Defense considerably if the people who loaned cash for bail purposes would agree to let it stay with us for a while longer, since we have to meet many obligations incurred by those who jumped their bonds. We are endeavoring to pay off all those who are very much in need of their money at the rate of 60 cents on the dollar and are giving them credit for the remaining 40%, which will be returned to them as soon as we will raise the funds. We have a Special Voluntary Assessment Stamp of \$1.00 in the field, and

we have called upon all members of the organization and also sympathizers to purchase as many of these stamps as they possibly can.

Relief for Class War Prisoners

We are very much in need of funds for relief of the families of the men now in prison, and the prisoners themselves are in need of little comforts, such as fruit, tobacco, clothing, etc. We hope that the workers everywhere will not forget the class war prisoners and will continue to send in relief money for them and their dependents.

We have been advised that Fellow Worker Charles H. Smith was arrested on a deportation charge and is being held in the Tarrant County Jail, Fort Worth, Texas. Word also reaches us to the effect that Tom O'Hara is being held in the County jail at Pocatello, Idaho, on a state charge. We would suggest to any fellow workers who happen to be near these places that they call on these men and bring them some little comforts, such as tobacco or fruit.

In order to curtail expenses, the General Organization, through the G. E. B. and Secretary-Treasurer, is handling the Defense, which saves employing a Defense Secretary and having a separate office. The former secretary, Geo. Williams, has been chosen by the Convention Committee to represent the I. W. W. at the Industrial International to be held in Moscow in July.

There are a number of cases pending which require the services of attorneys, and this takes funds. Those who believe in the defense of these class war fighters, and who have any funds to spare, are urgently requested to send in all they can afford for this purpose, and make their remittances payable to the General Defense Committee, or to Geo. Hardy, 1001 W. Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

GENERAL DEFENSE COMMITTEE

Wastes in the Coal Industry

By the I. W. W. Bureau of Industrial Research.

Introduction by the Editor

INDUSTRY in America has developed to a stage where it should be considered in the light of a national concern, and not as the concern of individuals or groups of individuals. One of the gravest charges against capitalism is the tremendous waste of natural resources incident upon private ownership, as well as its wasteful methods of manufacturing commodities. Where the primary object of industry is profit, nothing else could be expected. The forests of this country are being rapidly depleted, the oil wells are getting exhausted, the soil is losing its fertility, and no thought is being taken by the masters of America of the years to come. What do they care whether the children of the people living today will have gasoline for their automobiles and bread for their cupboards, so long as they can make millions of dollars by wasteful methods of extracting and manufacturing our natural resources.

In the following article is shown the tremendous waste caused by the present-day unscientific and inefficient methods of mining and marketing coal. Special emphasis is laid on the almost inconceivable volume of energy-giving by-products of coal which are at present wasted. We hear and read a great deal about industrial technique and efficiency, but as a matter of fact very little of it is seen in actual life. The technique of industry is only in its infancy, and it will remain in its infancy until such time as industry is taken out of the hands of individuals and turned over to the nation as a whole to be run in the most efficient and sensible manner possible for the benefit of the whole population. For industry to be administered in such a manner requires a centralized form of administration which can co-ordinate activities in each industry all over the country with the end in view of eliminating waste and inefficiency. In

privately owned enterprises this, of course, is not possible.

In the coal mining industry, the first step in the right direction would be the taking over of all of the coal mines by the workers themselves. This, however, does not mean the nationalization of the mines as it is being advocated at the present time in some of the capitalist countries. Such nationalization would only mean that from the ownership of the coal trust the mines would be transferred into the ownership of much more extensive combinations of capital. This would not do away with capitalist control of the coal industry. Only when the coal miners themselves will take this industry over, put out the present owners of the mines and claim the full direction and control of this industry will the problem be solved. From the consumers' point of view this, of course, would be a great blessing, as coal could then be sold at cost price after deducting the costs of production, which would mean that the selling price of coal would be cut in half, or even less.

Engineers concerned with the technique of industry on a large scale should especially be interested in having the private ownership of industry done away with and workers' control substituted in its place. At present many highly beneficial engineering projects are not being carried out for the simple reason that by doing so the profits of influential and powerful financial interests would be greatly reduced. There is no better illustration of this than the failure of our captains of industry to take advantage of the power-generating facilities presented by water-falls and rivers. It is possible to generate power from water-falls and other streams of water much cheaper than by the utilization of coal, oil and other products which are at present used. This would, of course, put many of our present power companies out of busi-

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ness, and for that reason this great perpetual source of power is not taken advantage of. The same reason holds good for not taking advantage of the transportation facilities of our rivers. It is much cheaper to transport goods down the rivers than it is by train, which would cut into the business of the railroads. In order that the profits of the railroads should not be interfered with practically nothing is being done to encourage transportation by water.

Wherever we may turn we see striking waste and inefficiency caused by the desire of the master class to maintain their profits—waste of natural resources, waste of labor, waste of human life. Thousands upon thousands of dollars worth of oranges, apples, potatoes, bananas, are every year left to rot on the ground or else dumped into the ocean, in order to maintain high prices. Corn is being burned for fuel because the farmers find that it is cheaper to raise corn than to buy coal. Millions upon millions of dollars worth of by-products of oil and coal go up into air every year for the simple reason that it is not to the interests of the capitalists to utilize them. Labor and energy saving inventions by the hundreds are being turned down and thrown into the scrap pile because their application to the processes of manufacturing would interfere with the profits of some business men and would altogether ruin others. And in the face of all this appalling waste our industrial masters have the supreme nerve to talk about their "good common sense" and their "efficiency."

* * *

WHAT IS COAL

COAL IS the chief source of light, heat and power in the industrial structure of today. Without it the industrial revolution of the past one hundred years would never have occurred. Its importance to modern society and to the society of the future is incalculable. Upon its proper utilization depends the welfare of a large and increasing percentage of the earth's population. To mine it or use it improperly or wastefully is a social calamity.

Coal is the vegetation of past ages, decomposed, compressed, carbonized and deposited at depths ranging from the surface to more than 6,000 feet under the earth, by the geological changes of millions of years. The energy of the sun found in

the great trees which grew in past geological ages, has been retained and stored in the coal deposits of today.

In the natural formation of coal, peat may be regarded as the most recent decomposition of immense layers of vegetable matter. Peat is often used as a fuel, particularly in European countries. Moscow at the present time derives its electric power from peat burned under steam boilers. The world's production of peat is about 10,000,000 tons a year, of which only about 50,000 tons is extracted in the United States. In Alaska there are, however, vast peat deposits.

In lignite coal, the process of decomposition has proceeded much farther than in the case of peat. Traces of fibrous structure are often found in lignites, but never in true coal. It is an open question whether lignite would in time turn into true coal, or whether it has not been first formed from a different kind of vegetable matter. Before it can be used as a fuel, lignite must be dried, and when burned its heat value per ton is only about a third of that of bituminous coal. There are immense deposits of lignite in the United States, particularly in North Dakota and Texas, but very little is mined. Germany and Austria mine and use large quantities of lignite.

Bituminous or soft coal is by far the most important of all coals at the present time. It is mined all over the world. The chief producing countries are Belgium, France, Russia, Germany, England and the United States. It is not only valuable as a fuel but when heated in retorts and distilled, can be broken down into a great number of important industrial products of which the principal ones are: Coke, ammonium, coal tar, benzol, toluol, and crude oils—both light and heavy. These in turn form the basis for steel making, the dye industry, pharmaceutical products, chemicals, explosives, paints and preservatives, gasoline substitutes, and numberless other products.

Anthracite or hard coal represents the oldest coal formation. The theory is that anthracite was once bituminous coal, but at some period was subjected to great pressure and heat which drove off its volatile or gaseous properties, leaving only pure carbon (97%). In these volatile properties are found those tars and oils which render bituminous coal so valuable apart from its use as a fuel. Accordingly anthracite is of use as a fuel only, and in the coal industry of the future its importance will steadily decline.

EXTENT OF COAL DEPOSITS

In the bunkers of the good ship earth, an enormous amount of coal is stored. In certain areas, these stores are running low however, necessitating far-reaching changes in industrial organization in the years to come. The coal mines of England are in sight of exhaustion, as is the anthracite and "smokeless" bituminous supply of the United States. Furthermore, the bituminous coal east of the Mississippi in the United States, is beginning to

run low in certain sections, meaning that some day we must rely on the west for our chief sources of supply.

The original quantity of coal in the ground in the United States has been estimated by the Geological Survey as follows:

Bituminous	1,442,917,000,000 tons
Semi-bituminous	49,863,000,000
Sub-bituminous	987,614,000,000

Total bituminous2,480,294,000,000 tons

Anthracite	22,053,000,000 tons
Lignite	1,051,290,000,000

Grand total3,553,637,000,000 tons

Three and one-half trillion tons! A vast amount. But it is not the gross quantity which is as important as the location, the accessibility and the quality of that which can be mined to advantage. Up to 1921 there had been mined in the United States about 13 billion tons, of which roughly 3 billions was anthracite, and 10 billions bituminous. In a hundred years or so at present rates of mining, anthracite will be exhausted, but there is no national shortage ahead so far as bituminous in total is concerned. The future danger lies rather in the rapid exhaustion of the best grades of coal. The Geological Survey estimates that "within 50 years much of the high-rank coal will be exhausted". There is sound reason then for a policy of conservation in respect to coal, in spite of what appear to be limitless deposits. And it must be remembered that when coal is gone, it is gone forever. It cannot be grown again or nursed back to life like forests of fisheries or herds or other natural resources. It takes several million years to lay down a new bed of coal.

According to the latest estimates, the coal reserves of the world are as follows:

Americas (North & South).....	5,628,000,000,000 tons
Asia	1,410,000,000,000
Europe	864,000,000,000
Oceania	188,000,000,000
Africa	64,000,000,000

Total.....8,154,000,000,000 tons

PRODUCTION AND REQUIREMENTS OF COAL

It is impossible to calculate how much coal the population of the United States needs, without first specifying on what basis coal is to be utilized. If it is to be burned wastefully under boilers after long railroad haulage as at present, wastefully coked in beehive ovens as at present, converted into illuminating gas as at present, it is probable that the population needs much more coal than is now being mined. Not everybody has had coal enough for light, heat, and power by a large margin in the past decade.

If, on the other hand, new engineering methods were introduced into the coal and power industry, by which some of the great wastes in coal utilization

could be eliminated, we would probably need to mine only a fraction of the present output in order to provide all the light, heat and power which the population needs. If water power were extensively substituted for coal, there would need to be mined a still smaller fraction.

The actual production of coal for the past ten years in the United States is shown in the following table:

Year	Bituminous	Anthracite	Total
1911	372,421,000	90,464,000	462,885,000 tons
1912	362,417,000	84,362,000	446,779,000
1913	401,879,000	91,525,000	493,404,000
1914	427,174,000	90,822,000	517,996,000
1915	377,414,000	88,995,000	466,409,000
1916	395,200,000	87,578,000	482,778,000
1917	448,678,000	78,195,000	526,873,000
1918	492,670,000	88,939,000	581,609,000
1919	517,309,000	88,238,000	605,547,000

The present use to which this coal is put, is roughly as follows:

For railroad locomotives	170,000,000 tons	28%
" coke ovens	85,000,000	14
" house heating	100,000,000	17
" exports	22,000,000	4
" all other uses		
(manufacturing plants, etc.)	223,000,000	37
Total—1919.....	600,000,000	100%

Thus the railroads use 28% of all coal produced, but as about 33% of all railroad freight consists in the moving of coal cars, it is seen that 57,000,000 tons of coal are burned in moving coal to be burned. 57,000,000 tons is nearly 10% of the total coal output.

Practically all the anthracite is used in house heating, tho a few roads like the Lackawanna, burn anthracite in their engines.

WASTE OF COAL: MINING OPERATIONS

We have now reached the point in our general survey of the coal industry where a specific review of the present wasteful methods of mining and utilizing coal is in order. First, let us consider mining operations.

There are too many coal mines in the country. As coal is not produced on the basis of public service and human requirements, but solely on the basis of maximum profit to be gained, it has been found that more quick profit can be got by 1) buying coal lands cheap from the Government or an unsuspecting private owner; and 2) working the cream off mine after mine, without making decent provision for getting all the available coal out of the ground in any one mine. As a result, the discarded mine from which the cream has been skimmed, is practically useless for further operations without going to a new and costly development expense. It is all of a piece with a boy taking only one bite out of the rosy side of an apple and throwing the rest of the apple away, because he has lots of other apples in his bag.

Again market conditions with a high price of coal brought about by financial manipulation as like as not, will cause the opening of a lot of new

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"snow bird" mines, simply that the operator may get in on the price. When the market drops, these "snow birds" collapse, after wrecking an orderly plan for coal development.

It is an established fact that nearly 50% of coal mined is wasted under present methods of extraction. That is, for every two tons lifted above the ground, one ton is rendered useless by reason of operating mismanagement. Thus in working a mine, it is customary to take the coal from the wide seams only, leaving the thin seams untouched. Again, when the market in smokeless bituminous is high, or is being mined under contract, it is often customary not to mine other kinds of coal—such as high volatile—at all. The operator will dig out only what the market calls for at that particular time. As a result, great quantities of coal are passed over in the operation, coal which is largely lost forever, for the cost of reclamation has now become prohibitive in many cases.

Another item of waste is found in the practice of denuding the forest around coal mines for furnishing mine props.

From the standpoint of administration, the physical operation of the average coal mine is exceedingly inefficient. There are no means of communication provided within the mines, no transportation schedules, no co-ordinated control. The mine manager has nothing to do with the productivity per man. He pays the miner so much per ton brought to the surface, and each miner works blindly for himself with no regard for the development of the whole operation. Such a method would bankrupt a machine shop in a week.

IDLE TIME.

One of the most disastrous wastes is found in the low percentage of time given to the actual winning of the coal.

The Department of the Interior has estimated the number of days worked in the mines as follows:

1913.....	232
1914.....	195
1915.....	203
1916.....	230
1917.....	243

In other words, out of a possible 304 working days per year, productive work was carried on at a loss varying from 61 days in 1917 to 109 days in 1914, or a waste of from 20 to 36 percent.

The reasons for this idleness were analyzed with the following results. Almost one-fifth of the productive time was lost on account, of lack of work—the miners were not permitted to work by the management because cars to move coal or storage to hold it were not available. More time was lost because of the necessity of making repairs. In some cases it was found that men were not available. Another 6% was accounted for by inefficient managerial causes.

If the mines had been in operation 304 days in the year, another 200,000,000 tons of coal could have been produced on the average. But no serious objections are made to this condition for the obvious reason that the country was not using any more coal than was actually mined. It satisfied the demands of the market. The miners' demand of five working days per week represents—with the omission of two weeks for holidays and vacations—250 working days during the year. Government statistics show there never was a call for so large a number of working days in the history of American mining. The highest number recorded is in the war year of 1918 when 242 days were worked in the central competitive district. The average for six preceding years in that district was 206 days, and for the whole country 221 days. There are about 760,000 miners in the country in both the bituminous and anthracite fields, and if as the above figures tend to show, a third of their time is wasted due to reasons over which they have no control, an efficient administration could produce the same amount of coal in 8 months which is now produced in a year. Or to put it in another way, 500,000 miners could produce the same amount in a year if they were permitted to work full time. Present operating methods therefore waste the annual labor of a quarter of a million men.

Another factor chargeable to administration is that on those days when the miners are permitted to work, the actual time, spent on the coal face often averages no more than two hours because of the shortage of cars, the infiltration of water and other administrative causes. Even when electric cars are installed underground, it has been found that often they are not operated as efficiently as the old mule hauled trains.

Finally, it should be pointed out that present mining methods give rise to a great number of preventable accidents. The lives of men are needlessly wasted, because it is not men but profit which is the first consideration of the operators. The figures of fatalities for 1915—1918 are as follows:

Fatalities in and about Coal Mines

	1915	1916	1917	1918
Killed underground	2,069	2,027	2,379	2,280
" in shaft	40	49	52	53
" on surface	160	150	265	247
Total killed	2,269	2,226	2,696	2,579

TRANSPORTATION WASTES

Coal cars are loaded at the mine, move to their destination, dump their load, and return, in most cases, empty to the mine. Consider what this means in waste of hauling empty cars. Could power be generated near the mine and delivered over transmission wires, this hauling of empties and hauling of loaded cars as well, would be eliminated. Of

the total freight traffic in the United States, coal is responsible for at least a third. In 1917, the figures show:

Tons of coal carried.....	526,873,000	34%
Tons of all other freight carried	1,495,072,000	66%
<hr/>		
Total tons of freight carried	2,270,085,000	100%
Coal cars	916,219	40%
All other freight cars	1,385,728	60%
<hr/>		
Total freight cars	2,301,947	100%

This means that a third of all freight locomotives, freight crews, freight line upkeep, freight equipment is devoted to carrying coal. If this burden could be removed, the capacity of the railroads to handle other freight would be increased 50 percent.

Finally, it appears that much coal is hauled by railroads which could more expeditiously be hauled by water. It is notorious that the railroads deliberately ruined the anthracite canals in order to increase their profits by securing extra tonnage over their lines. In the same way much bituminous coal along the Ohio, Tennessee and Kanawa rivers, is diverted from its natural traffic by water, to boost the freight receipts of the railroads.

WASTES IN THE UTILIZATION OF COAL

The foregoing wastes in mining and transportation sink into insignificance before the failure of the present industrial system to utilize coal scientifically. Coal is not only a fuel and a basis for making steel thru the medium of coke; it is also a source of a vast variety of valuable by-products. Under prevailing methods most coal is used simply as a fuel to burn under steam boilers which utilize only 3% of its thermal energy in locomotives, and only 10% in steam turbines. Some coal is used to make coke, the balance of its properties going up into the air in beehive coking ovens. A little coal is scientifically distilled and all the valuable properties are saved. If distillation were applied to all bituminous coal mined, the social saving is staggering in its immensity.

Today, of 500,000,000 tons of bituminous coal mined in the United States in a year, (anthracite is not suitable for distillation), about 80,000,000 tons is converted into coke, the balance, 420,000,000 tons being used as fuel. Of the 80,000,000 tons converted into coke, only 40,000,000 tons are subjected to a by-product process. The other 40,000,000 tons are burned in beehive ovens which waste everything except the coke. Thus of 500,000,000 tons mined, only 40,000,000 tons or 8% is subjected to by-product treatment at the present time.

A ton of coal put thru a beehive oven results in 1200 pounds of coke and nothing else.

A ton of coal put thru a by-product coking plant yields as follows:

Coke	1400.—	pounds
Ammonium sulphate	25.—	"
Tar	9.—	gallons
Pure benzol	2.3	"
Pure toluol57	"
Crude light solvent (oil)22	"
Crude heavy solvent (oil)11	"
Crude napholene10	pounds
Surplus gas	6000 cubic feet	(at 550 B.T.U. per cu. ft.)

A ton of coal put thru a Mond gasification process, where coke is not an objective, yields:

Ammonium sulphate	100.—	pounds
Gas	140,000 cu. ft.	(at 150 B.T.U. per cu. ft.)

This process is applicable to furnishing power thru the utilization of the gas distilled, plus a large quantity of ammonium sulphate suitable particularly for the manufacture of fertilizers and explosives.

If now, the 40,000,000 tons of coal burned in beehive ovens, were subjected to the by-product, there would be recovered:

Ammonium sulphate	500,000	tons
Tar	360,000,000	gallons
Benzol	92,000,000	"
Toluol	22,800,000	"
Light solvent (oil)	8,800,000	"
Heavy solvent (oil)	4,400,000	"
Napholene	4,000,000	"
Gas 240,000,000,000 cu. ft.		(at 550 B. T. U.)

All above, under present methods is utterly wasted and lost.

The next step in our computation is to estimate how all bituminous coal mined might be subjected to a by-product process and the gas thrown off converted into electrical energy, thru the utilization of gas engines. The energy so gained could be sent by transmission lines into the cities and into manufacturing centers, and used in the electrification of the railroads, thus largely displacing at great social saving, the wasteful utilization of coal as a fuel in steam engines, house furnaces and stoves, etc. It would mean the electrification of industry—an era of cheap and plentiful electric power.

How much coal would be required for this transformation? It would still be necessary to mine 80,000,000 tons for coke, tho it would be subjected to distillation and not half wasted as at present.

The present power requirements of the country are approximately 40 million horse power per year. To generate 40 million horse power would require 28,000,000,000,000 cubic feet of gas obtained from coal by the Mond process. This in turn would demand an annual production of 187,000,000 of bituminous coal.

In other words, to develop all the power now used, to produce all the coke now used and in ad-

dition, to recover great quantities of valuable by-products now thrown away, would require the mining of only 267,000,000 tons of coal, a saving of 233,000,000 tons over the amount now mined—500,000,000 tons.

For each additional 100,000,000 tons of coal mined, 21,000,000 horse power, and 5,000,000 tons of ammonium sulphate would be made available. If all the coal now mined for non-coking purposes were subjected to the Mond process, there would result 88,000,000 horse power from the gas, and 21,000,000 tons of ammonium sulphate—enough to drive every wheel in the country, heat every house, with a large surplus of power remaining, to say nothing of the immense value as fertilizer gained from the ammonium sulphate. It has been estimated that 5,000,000 tons of ammonium sulphate will release enough nitrogen to increase wheat production by 453,000,000 bushels, based on 115 pounds of nitrogen to fertilize one acre.

To sum up:

1) Under the present method of making coke, one half the by-products are wasted.

2) Under the present method of using coal as a fuel under boilers and in furnaces, by-products are wasted, and only a small fraction of the thermal energy of the coal is utilized.

3) If coal were turned into electrical power near the mines by the use of gas engines, less than half the present amount of coal now mined, would supply all the present horse power requirements

of the country, and produce immense quantities of valuable fertilizer at the same time.

4) Such a transformation would take a third of the present traffic off the railroads and save a third of the freight operating expenses.

In dealing with estimates of this character, great caution is necessary. The potentiality of transformation is as stated. But actually to make the transformation would require the scrapping of vast quantities of present plant and equipment, and the erection of new generating plants, transmission lines, etc. All this would take time and the withdrawing of much labor from production and distribution to new construction. This must be taken into consideration when dealing with such estimates as are outlined above.

Finally the coming development of water power as a source of electrical energy, will undoubtedly prove more economical in many cases, than the gassification of coal, and thus tend to displace coal as a source of power to a large extent. That is, however, another story. We know that 600,000,000 tons of coal are now mined every year, that most of the thermal energy contained therein, is wasted, and vast quantities of valuable by-products thrown away. We know that 300,000,000 tons of coal properly used would do all the work that the 600,000,000 tons is now doing, do it cleaner, better, more efficiently and provide us with materials for fertilizers, dyes, oils, paints and other products at the same time.

Debs the Dreamer

By Ellis B. Harris

A dreamer? Yes, a dreamer, but
His dreams are all for you;
He dreams the dreams that nations dream,
And nations' dreams come true;
He dreams the dreams that sowers dream
When sun and rain assure
A field of silken-tasseled corn
From seed that must mature.
His ship sails on a sunlit sea—
A tide that never ebbs—
For country, home and liberty,
Come voyage on with Debs.

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Hunting a Job in the Clouds

By W.J. McSweeney

THE LAST DAY that Con Sullivan worked in the mill, which was owned by the Harvester Trust, was the saddest day of his life. In the first place, when he got out of bed at six o'clock on that memorable morning, his wife Kate, with tears in her eyes, told him that they were both in danger of being arrested and that the disgrace of being locked up would surely break her heart. Con clapped his hands and threw his tired body into an old chair and said: "Kate, you must be losing your senses or troubled with a bad case of what they call nightmare when you talk of either me or yourself being arrested, for an honest couple than ourselves could not be found in a day's walk. I worked with the Harvester Plant for the last thirteen years and during that time I never lost an hour or a day. I worked Sundays and holidays and made my thirteen cents an hour and was allowed to work fourteen hours a day. Now you tell me I am going to be arrested like a common thief or vagabond. As for you, Kate," said Con, "there's no decanter or more respectable woman in town than yourself. You tend strictly to your home and your family. You go to your duties regular and I never heard you say a hard word about a neighbor either to their face or behind their back. Now, for the love of God, woman, tell me what we are going to be arrested for."

"Well," said Kate, "a policeman who called yesterday said he was sent by the Board of Education to find out why Johnnie didn't go to school. Of course, I told him we were very anxious to send the boy to school, but at the present time he had no shoes and his clothes were not fit to be seen on the street, and that we would take a little from the table during the coming month so as to get him a pair of shoes when you get your next pay. I told him that we found it so hard to buy food and pay rent with your wages; that we had little or nothing left for shoes and clothes. He asked me where you worked and I told him you had a position in the plant. He asked me what pay you got. I told him your salary was thirteen cents an hour. He said we had to send the boy to school as there was no charitable society which would give him shoes and clothes while he had an able-bodied father who had steady work. He said that if the boy's father was dead or ran away, that the Ladies' Aid Society would give him a pair of second-hand shoes so that he could go to school, but he said that if Johnnie was not sent to school right away we would both be arrested. Now, there is but one thing to do," said Kate, "and that is, cut out milk and butter entirely during this month and increase our income so that we can buy Johnnie a pair of shoes next pay day."

Con said, looking at Kate admiringly, "You are a natural born business woman and I know you can't put you behind the counter in a store. But another idea just struck me," he said, "if you approve of it you can send Johnnie to school before pay day, as well as drink a glass of beer in a while, and that is for myself and the kid good-bye this very night and you and the boy will get milk and a pair of hand shoes from the Ladies' Aid Society somewhere during the day and drop in on the mill night once in a while when the Ladies' Aid Society is in bed and see how you are getting on in business."

"Nonsense, Con," said Kate, "if you do that you will bring shame and disgrace on you and I will lose your position in the plant which is my life entirely. Be a man—go to your work. Next time you draw your salary we will buy you a pair of shoes and send him to school."

With a tired body, aching limbs and a heavy heart, Con started for the plant, getting there at six in the morning. The day wore on and the afternoon he noticed great excitement among the workers; they ran around and gathered in groups all over the plant. Con noticed a notice posted on the wall. He walked up and read it with a horror it stated that after that date the plant was not only shut down indefinitely, but was to be moved to Germany. This was the hardest and most shocking news which Con had ever read in his life. He thought what Kate would say that evening when she heard the news. How could Johnnie get shoes and clothes and avoid being arrested? But when he got home that evening he braced himself up as well as he could and broke the horrible news to Kate when she came to him at the door. He said he had bad news and she asked if some friend had been killed at the plant today.

"Well," said Con, "two men got killed at the plant, my news is worse than that; it is that the plant is going to be shut down for good and moved to Germany."

"Con," said Kate, "you have almost broken my poor heart! What in the world are we going to do now? Are they going to take any of our children with them?"

Con said "no," that the foreman told him that afternoon that only superintendents would be kept but that they would need some men for a few days to tear the buildings down and pack the goods ready for shipping, and that he had already hired some men for that work.

Kate said: "Con, you are tired, worn out, sick at heart, and if you will lie down and

will be in better shape to talk over our troubles tomorrow."

"All right," said Con, "I'll wash and eat a bite after I get up but don't wake me, Kate, as I need a rest,—for the first time in thirteen years."

In a few minutes Con was fast asleep and during the twenty-three hours which he slept, Kate walked on her tip-toes for fear she would wake him. At different times she saw him roll round and swing his arms, shouting, raving and muttering different things which she could not understand. She heard him mention a job. "I worked in the plant"; "Johnnie's shoes"; "being arrested"; "purgatory"; "Pierpont Mortan"; "angels and saints" and other things which she could not find head nor tail to, came from him. But when he awoke from his troubled sleep, he told Kate of his wanderings near and far in search of a job, which he said he was determined to find before he returned. He searched underground; he sailed the seas and he penetrated the clouds. During his first night in the clouds, a furious storm overtook him and he traveled, he knew not where. Finally, he saw a light in the distance and he made for it and the nearer he got to it the more dazzling it became to his eyes, when he reached a great golden gate, the like of which he had never seen before, and read a sign in large letters, which said, "The Throne of God."

Con rapped on a big massive door which was opened by a man in the garb of a saint, who asked him what he wanted. "I want a job," said Con. "Well," said the Saint, whom he found out afterwards was the much-talked-of and memorable Peter, "you are the first man who has ever asked for a job here while in the flesh. You can step inside and take a seat, as no doubt you need a rest."

"Thank you, sir," said Con.

Peter showed him a chair and sat in front of him and said: "What is your name?" and Con said: "Con Sullivan, your Honor."

"Now, Con," said Peter, "which of the planets did you come from?"

"I came from the Harvester Plant, sir," said Con, "and I lost my job when the owner shut it down and took it off to Germany."

"I never heard of the Harvester Planet," said Peter, looking over a chart, "and there must be some mistake, as those planets are revolving on their axes at the rate of several thousand miles a minute and no man could move one an inch out of its course."

"That's right, your Honor," said Con, "the plant I came from did revolve and spin around very lively,—so much so that when we got close to it it would tear our arms from their sockets and kill three or four of us every once in a while."

"Now, Con," said Peter, "did you ever hear of the River Jordan?"

"Yes sir," said Con, "I read all about it in the prayer book."

"I know the planet you came from now," said Peter, "in fact, I was on it myself a short time ago.

I worked as a fisherman down there and caught many a mess of pickerel in the Jordan."

"I tried to catch fish in the Galway River, your Honor," said Con, "but I never could get them to bite."

"We have a man here from your planet, who arrived today. His name is Pierpont Mortan," said Peter.

"Why, my God, sir," said Con, "that's the very man I worked for; your Honor."

"Well," said Peter, "I am very glad you wandered up here, as we are going to give him a hearing in a day or so, and you may be a valuable witness in the case. You can remain until his hearing is over, and, of course, there will be some change coming to you in the way of witness fees, which you can send to your family. In the meantime, I will see if it is possible to find you a job."

Con thanked him, took off his coat and shoes, and went to bed. The next morning Peter called and asked him how he felt.

"I feel all right, your Honor," said Con, "but I am troubled about Kate and the child for fear they would want me for anything and get in trouble."

"Yes, there's all kinds of trouble on that old planet you came from," said Peter, "and I had a little trouble on my hands during the short time I was there. In fact, they did pinch a chum of mine, and spiked him to death with tenpenny nails, and I was accused of being a pal of his but I denied it and said I never laid eyes on him before. They let me go and in a short time I came up and I've held this present job down ever since."

"My God, sir," said Con, "you should thank your stars that yourself and wife wasn't arrested, which would bring disgrace on your family forever. You were a lucky duck, sir, to land a steady job like this, and you will be all right if they don't shut down and move the plant to Germany."

Peter, with a smile, said: "No, Con, there is no danger of this plant going to Germany. Now, Sullivan," he said, "as this Mortan case is on the call for tomorrow morning at nine o'clock, we will expect you to appear in the temple at that time."

"On my soul, sir," said Con, "I'll be there if there's life in my body."

Left alone once more Con became very much interested in the surroundings. He saw the angels and saints enjoying themselves in every conceivable way. They played harps, flutes and fiddles which filled the air with strains of the most delightful music he had ever heard. The next morning a venerable looking old saint escorted Con to a beautiful auditorium, which was splendidly decorated with palms, ferns and flowers of all kinds. The room was comfortably filled with angels and saints and a venerable looking old gentleman sat on a golden throne. Mortan sat there, his brow furrowed with sharp lines of anxiety, forlorn and dejected in appearance. Peter, who stood in front of the judge with a paper in his hand, said in a loud voice:

"Will Con Sullivan please take the stand?" Con

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

did, and without further ceremony Peter asked: "What is your name?" Con said, "I was born and baptized Con Sullivan, your Honor, and used that name until thirteen years ago, when I was given the name of Number Nine in the plant. All the hands were known by numbers and most of them forgot their names after awhile. Of course, I used my baptism name when I got married and got Johnny christened a short time ago."

Peter: "How old are you?"

"I'll tell you that exactly, sir," said Con, "to a day. My brother, Mike, left Ireland eighteen years ago and came to America. He worked in Pittsburgh for seven years and a half. He went from there to the wheat fields of Dakota, where he worked for eleven years. He left there and got a job in a coal mine in Pennsylvania, where he is working ever since. He was five years older than me, so that leaves me forty-three years to a day, your Honor."

Giggling and suppressed laughter was heard among the angels and saints at this answer, and even Mortan smiled, but Peter rapped for order and threatened to clear the room if it happened again. Peter asked:

"What wages did you get and how did you live during the thirteen years which you worked in the Harvester Plant?"

"My salary was thirteen cents an hour, sir," said Con, "I worked fourteen hours a day and seven days a week and I never lost an hour or a minute until I came here to look for work. Until lately we were able to make ends meet all right, but now, your Honor, prices are so high that we are compelled to regulate and control our stomachs according to our income, and, of course, while we ate no high seasoned pastry, which would give a man the gout or dyspepsia, our meals were plain and substantial and we, most of the time, had three of them every day. For breakfast I generally had skim milk and cold cabbage; for dinner I had bread and sausage, which I carried in a can. After I got through with my work I had a hot supper of coffee, beans and fresh dandelions, which Kate picked on the hills through the day, but now, that the plant is shut down and moved to Germany, your Honor, we will have to economize and live on cheaper diet until I get a job. But the hardest and saddest blow of all is now struck us, as myself and my wife Kate—as decent a woman as ever walked in shoe leather—are going to be arrested because we can't buy Johnnie a pair of shoes and send him to school. The police say that our only avenue of escape is for me to be willing to either die or run away and that while I am at home and able-bodied, that the Ladies' Aid Society could do nothing for the boy."

"That's all," said Peter, and in a loud voice called: "J. Pierpont Mortan!" When Mortan got on the stand, Peter said:

"What is your name?" and he said, "Pierpont Mortan."

"Were you ever known by number?" said Peter.

"No, sir, I never had a number," said Mortan.

"How old are you?" said Peter.

"If I lived until the third day of next March I would be sixty-three years old," said Mortan, "and I generally celebrated all my birthdays with a banquet."

"What did you work at, when alive?"

"I dealt in stocks and bonds and promoted trusts."

"What do you mean by the word 'trust'?"

"A trust is a combination of all the strongest corporations of a given industry."

"What was the purpose and object of the trust?"

"To eliminate wastes of production and distribution and, thus greatly increase profits."

"What do you mean by stocks and bonds?"

"By stocks I mean that we sold in advance a right to a portion of the future earnings of the trust. Sometimes we gave the holders extra dividends, but not often; in most cases we squeezed them out; some of the more candid economists said that bonds were a mortgage on the labor of generations unborn."

Peter, with a smile: "Then your business was to make profits by discounting future production. You were connected with the Harvester Trust, were you not?"

"Yes, sir, I was chairman of the Board of Directors."

"Why did you decide to shut that plant down and move to Germany?"

"We were vitally interested in the labor question, labor being a commodity which we were buying and using every day, we had to have it or get out of business entirely. We looked over the labor situation in different countries and we found that the workers were dissatisfied and full of unrest in America; that they were joining a revolutionary union in large numbers, which declared for direct action and the general strike as their only remedy, and they even talked sabotage, which would cripple us entirely. We tried all means to get them into political parties and vote for what they wanted, but it was no use. One of our millionaire friends, whose name was Robert Hunter of New York, wrote letters every day showing the danger of direct action and the general strike, but they just would not listen to him. Instead, they told him to go back and sit down, or something like that. We looked over the labor situation generally, and in that little country we found four million and a half workers entirely controlled by socialist politicians who, at all times, told them of the danger of a general strike and direct action, and that they should go to the ballot box and ask for what they wanted. We decided that such workers were contented and easily handled and that's why we moved the plant to Germany."

Peter: "You being a man that at all times declared from the house-tops that you were a patriot who loved your flag and your country, must have known that you were going to injure America by taking such an extensive plant, which employed an army of men, away from it, and move to a foreign country?"

Mortan: "Love of country is a beautiful sentiment and we encouraged it on all occasions, but we never allowed any foolishness of that kind to interfere with our business."

"Peter: "Where did you die?"

Mortan, in an attempt to become friendly with Peter, said: "I had the honor of dying where you did, sir, in the City of Rome."

Peter: "I never saw Rome, and I neither lived or died in it. Rome became a religious headquarters long after my time. I heard of it as a clearing house for the money lords and speculators, and as I had no training along their lines, naturally I attended strictly to fishing and mending my net far away from Rome. Who was with you when you died?"

Mortan: "My lawyer and doctor."

Peter, with a smile, said: "Well, sir, if you didn't have the honor of dying where I did, you did have the satisfaction of dying between two thieves. That's all," said Peter, and Mortan left the stand in charge of a Purgatory bailiff.

"Now, your Honor," said Peter, addressing the judge, "you will probably agree with me that this man, Mortan, is the smoothest and slickest proposition we have ever had to deal with since the famous Judas came. You heard him admit being a money changer or one of the gang who slugged myself and your oldest son so shamefully that our bones are aching yet. Just think of an industrial system holding mortgages on the labor of generations unborn! It has been admitted here that the business of those great combinations was organizing heartless monsters without body or soul which robbed Con Sullivan of his name and made Number Nine of him. What would our workers in Purgatory think if they had to get along on old cabbage as Sullivan did while working for this man. Our workers complain from time to time of conditions in Purgatory, but they should thank their stars that they are not working for Mortan and his trust, as they at least have the consolation of knowing that they are working for angels and saints. Therefore I recommend, your Honor, that the Mortan case be continued for fifty years, as we want that much time to prepare the evidence in his case, and I would further recommend that he be sent to work in one of the shops in Purgatory until his case is called."

The judge decided as Peter had suggested and Mortan was taken to Purgatory by a bailiff, who was once a stockholder in Wall Street. Peter then asked Con if he felt like eating a bite, and they left the court room together and soon reached a beautiful cafe. When Peter sat down he said: "Sullivan, you were fortunate to escape from that man Mortan with a whole hide."

"Oh, my God, sir," said Con, "it was a miracle he did not rob me completely and strip me to the bone, as he is the slickest hold-up man since the

days of Brannon, who robbed every mother's son he met on the Wicklow Mountains."

"Now, Con," said Peter, "as there is an eagle and a half coming to you as witness fees, you had better remit it at once to your wife, as she may need it," and he handed Con the money. "And in regard to giving you a steady job,—we looked over the whole field and discussed the matter thoroughly, and have decided to place you as superintendent of Purgatory, as the man who filled that position for the last thousand years had a final hearing last week, when he was acquitted and allowed to wear saintly robes in future, so we think you are just the man for the job. Your duty will be to take charge of the office force, and see that their accounts are all straight and balance at the end of each month before you send your official report to me. The men and women we will send there from time to time will be assigned to the different departments by you, and you must be careful that they are put at work which they are best fitted for. Your salary will be ten eagles a month and board. Your meals and room you will get here with us, and your washing will be done free in the Purgatory laundry. You will probably find it difficult to find a job for that man Mortan tomorrow morning, as he has never done much of anything in his life, but no doubt you will find some place for him; but I want you, Sullivan," said Peter, "to keep your eye on that man. He has been accustomed to the fat of the land below and is liable to make trouble up here. Of course, you will have troubles, grievances and complaints made to you from time to time by the workers over there, and you will find them a dissatisfied lot enough. They are most all organized in unions and are paid from a Calvary crown and a half to two crowns a day. You must hear most of their grievances and tell them you will take the matter under consideration. Sometimes we grant some slight demands, but most of their so-called complaints and grievances we refuse. So that you will understand the true character of the men and women you are going to take charge of, let me say to you, Sullivan, that you will be the only innocent person in Purgatory. All the rest are undergoing sentence or waiting for trial. Get along with them as best you can, as we don't want any trouble. The angels and saints and all people on the golden shore are getting their supplies from Purgatory, and we don't want any inconvenience. Describe the horrors of the lower regions to them from time to time, when they kick or make any trouble, and the everlasting happiness awaiting them here if they are faithful and tend to their work. Now, Sullivan, that is about all I can tell you in regard to your new duty, and I will have one of the saints call for you tomorrow morning and drive you to the office."

"I want to ask you, sir," said Con, "how much is an eagle in Harvester money?"

(To be continued.)

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