





OF THE WORKER

The Half Has Never Yet Been Told

BY OBSERVER.

(NOTE—By the author.)

Last some may think that the conditions described in these sketches are exaggerated, over the mark, to any such wish to stir, that since the appearance of the first chapter under the title, "Of the Miner? The Half Has Never Yet Been Told," the capitalist press of Pittsburgh has more than confirmed every detail, and added others that have developed as a part of the Westmoreland struggle.

The Moral Colored Gentleman in the Wood Pile.

Very frequently, when a strike occurs, there are causes and influences at work that are carefully kept in the background. Indeed, it frequently happens that the bosses' interests are best served by providing workers into a strike. This was the case in the great miners' strike in the anthracite region, and also in the great Homestead strike. And similarly, the interests of the professional craft union fair is made profitable by a strike also.

At present, in the Westmoreland field, a bitter contest is being waged. All that has been said of conditions in that field does not portray half the truth. No Roman Patrician, no African slave driver, no Spanish Inquisitor, no ancient barbarian ever exceeded these monstrous products of capitalism who own and control the coal industry of Westmoreland county. For cunning, cold blooded, unreasoning and unscrupulous, beastly cruelty, like has never been excelled in all the dark history of the wage system. The logic is plain. The conclusion is inevitable. So long as the wage system of slavery endures, it must in its very nature create a few enslaving masters on one hand and a host of hopeless slaves on the other. Masters who have lost all semblance of humanity in the depths of degradation, caused by cruelty inflicted, and slaves who have lost all hope, all happiness, all hope, in the depth of degradation caused by cruelty endured. Both masters and slaves are bound firmly in the fetters of a system that brings ruin and damns them both.

How the Capitalist Hates His Slaves.

Osborne Ward tells us how the ancient Patrician slave owner would have his slaves whipped in the evening after doing a day's work in order to spur them on to do a harder day's work on the morrow. Ward also tells us of the thousands of slaves of old Rome crucified at the orders of Cassius and Pompey. And we shudder and are sick with horror as we read of these crimes of a "ruling class." "Twas ever thus." What a curious frame of mind overcomes the enslaving exploiter in every age. All history simply brands the "master" as a beast of prey. And, like all beasts of prey, he is not alone content to deceive his victim, but he must needs, through sheer useless cruelty, rend and tear, and torture his victim as a matter of gratification. And this is true even until this hour. So much so that what is now transpiring in the Westmoreland field almost dares one, and we doubt our own senses and imagine we are again in the ages of barbarism listening to the wails of the beasts within the arena.

That which is now transpiring in Westmoreland county will leave a dark and bloody stain on the history of this Nation forever. Past all redemption, even now, the shame of it is burned into the history of the capitalist slave driver. Again history repeats itself. The nature of the enslaver never changes, and the results of slavery must ever be the same—cruelty! cruelty! cruelty!

I read Henry Ward Beecher speak with fierce eloquence in condemnation of chattel slavery. Said he, "The history of the black slave has never yet been written." I say to you, neither has the history of the white wage slave ever been written. Neither can pen and paper exaggerate the facts as they are now occurring. Amid all our "free" schools, free press, free libraries, free churches, free ballots, and all our other "free" institutions, the capitalist has made of his slave an outlaw whom he spurns to rot and torture, kill and destroy. And if you will go this Sunday morning to Westmoreland, you will see the church bells ring out their message of "peace," you will find that the capitalist enslaver has "decreed" that there is no place between heaven and hell for the "outlawed proletarian" has any part to play in it. And, dismissed, he and his

kin thrust forth like dogs, one would imagine that those feeble folk had committed every crime in the criminal calendar. Hate? No war, feud, vendetta or scheme of fierce vengeance ever exhibited a more fierce, vengeful, senseless hatred than these capitalist beasts of prey exhibit against these poor victims who have made them rich.

Mars speaks with simple eloquence of the "bloody discipline that has created a race of outlawed proletarians." And never man spoke a more bitter truth. Here are men, women and children (and surely the women and children can be guilty of no crime) all corralled like prisoners of savage tribal war; surrounded by hired professional murderers, recruited from the bar room loafers, election repeaters, pimps, ex-convicts, yegg men, in a word, the scum of the earth, collected from the stinking spots of the great cities. These are the men who are delegated to preserve "law and order." God save the mark. The last man on earth who ought to be trusted in any critical position. And yet they are herded together like packs of wolves, that they are. Arms are thrust into their hands, and they are given discretionary power to beat, shoot, maim, ravish, kill at their own sweet will. The Cosack, the deputy sheriff, is the living embodiment of fierce, brutal hatred of the twentieth century slave driver as against his slaves. Oh, the bitter burning shame of it all.

Arbitrated Arbitration Arbitrated!

Truly, indeed, wherever all this clamorous bellying for arbitration? What does it all mean? Is it possible, indeed, in these "fair, well spoken days" of the capitalist system of production, that some genius, discoverer, prophet or philosopher, has at last discovered in arbitration an universal panacea for all the troubles between "capital and labor."

In this instance, as in former similar cases, arbitration means many things to many men.

The "business man" clamors for arbitration.

In this instance the "business man" happens to be the petty little middle class profit monger of Westmoreland county, and the strike somewhat interferes with the profit-making. They belong to the class that swindles the workers out of two hundred million dollars per year by the simple little device of short weights and measures alone. They care nothing for the workers only as they can skim them for profits. Of course they are for arbitration, or anything else that will restore their profits.

Teas, Parsons, Politicians and Arbitration.

All through this neck of the woods everybody appears to be willing to give the striking miners everything except the things they need worst. And what they really need is full industrial freedom and the full product of their labor; in a word, justice. This would put an end forever to the Capitalist Boss, the screen, the swindling scales, the check-off, the craft union, the labor fair, the wage system, the Cosack, the deputy murderer, the mean shack, the political state, and all else that makes life a hell for the workers.

However, as it is, the lady reporters, the parsons, the female chubbists, the politicians of every shade, are all clamoring for arbitration. And the lady reporters write touching accounts of the sufferings of the strikers and their families, supplemented by editors demanding arbitration.

And yet these same papers were all scab shops until George T. DeLoe became a candidate for U. S. Senator. Then he was able to line them all up as union shops to help secure his election. Now they are all good union papers whose columns are filled with ads for strikebreakers and "guards" to be employed in the Westmoreland strike district. And such is craft unionism—and arbitration.

The lady clubbists have visited the miners' camps, indignantly, shed tears, had themselves interviewed, etc., and are now engaged in collecting old clothes for the strikers. These they richly bleed with their tears and ship them to Westmoreland county. Bless their innocent hearts; capitalism has thus left them with some traces of humanity. But what they do not know about the class struggle would fill volumes.

The parsons are simply the editors of the female-chubbists, following the same line of proceedings: They also are for arbitration; and they clinch their argument by quoting Theodore Roosevelt, saying: "A refusal to arbitrate is a confession of guilt." But some of their perihonians have a particular and personal interest in the Westmoreland strike—and thereby hangs a tale.

And the politicians' political careers crown of every school, theory and belief. They, too, are all for arbitration. Why, of course. Politicians are for everything in general, and themselves in particular. They are for the strikers for political reasons. They are for the bosses for political reasons. They are for everybody and everything for political reasons. Just now they travel with the wind to catch votes. Some of them run open shops themselves, and not one of them is a bona-fide worker. Their logic all means—Vote for me. Nothing more; nothing less. Rats.

The Hidden Hand—The Pittsburg Operators and the Craft Union Fakirs.

Heretofore there has been a well defined belief that the Pittsburg operators had a hand in bringing about the present strike in the Westmoreland district. In fact, this assertion appeared in the Pittsburg newspapers since this strike has grown strenuous, but was straightway suppressed by "the interests." However, it is a fact that the Westmoreland field has for twenty years been a thorn in the flesh of the Pittsburg coal operators, and also a thorn in the U. M. W. of A.

In a competitive market the Westmoreland operators have always had considerable advantages over the Pittsburg operators, and more than once the latter have demanded that the U. M. W. of A. should unionize the Westmoreland field, thus hoping to place themselves on more equal terms with the Westmoreland operators in the competitive markets. These facts are so well understood hereabouts; that the capitalist press of Pittsburg published them a few weeks ago, together with the additional information that the Pittsburg operators had instigated the Westmoreland strike and had financed it up to date. But, as I have previously stated, all this information was instantly suppressed. But that there is a very substantial amount of truth behind it, there is no doubt. So again, just as it has happened many times before, the life and death struggles of the workers are also made to serve the interests of the slave drivers.

As for the fakirs, they, too, are willing to arbitrate. And why not? What do they stand to gain by arbitration? Just this: To arbitrate the Westmoreland strike means recognition of the U. M. W. of A. Recognition of the union implies the installation of the check-off; and the Westmoreland operators would also become the forcible collectors of the fakirs' meal tickets. Now, what would "union conditions" mean in the Westmoreland district? The screen? They have that now. So has the union. The nimble doeking boss? They have that now. So has the union. The pluck-me store? The mean shack? The company doctor? The Cosack? The deputy assassin? All these things they have now. So has the union. What, then, does the Westmoreland miner stand to gain by a recognition of the union? First, possibly an eight-hour day. And second, but not least, the enforcement of the check-off as a part of "union conditions." Conditions that will be riveted upon them by "infamous" contracts. But, as far as any substantial gains are concerned, their conditions will not improve at all. And, continuing along the logical course of wage slavery, they will inevitably continue to grow worse until another revolt takes place, followed by the same dismal history that is now being enacted under our eyes—arbitration included. Arbitration that does not arbitrate, but acts as knockout drops for the time being.

Three Gangs of Buzards.

Summing up the situation in the Westmoreland field, it all comes to this: The unfortunate striker is beset by three separate bunches of buzzards. First, the Pittsburg operators, who want him to strike; second, the Westmoreland operators, who do not want him to strike, but want him to continue as their slave under their own peculiar rules; third, the craft union fakirs, who, hand in glove with the Pittsburg operators, also are anxious to become hand in glove with the Westmoreland operators, and thus extend the check-off; only this and nothing more.

The Only Principle Involved

Is the RIGHT to organize. This is so fundamental. It is not a debatable question at all. It has never been conceded by the workers. It never will be. The slave driver has a line of history, we find the workers have always organized, and they will continue to organize, and the more they are oppressed the more surely will they organize.

It is not alone a question of organizing on a sound basis, a sound principle—or

L. W. W. PREAMBLE. The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life. Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system. We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trades unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class. The trades unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trades unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers. These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all. Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wages 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 capitalists shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old. Knowing, therefore, that such an organization is absolutely necessary for our emancipation we unite under the following constitution.

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otherwise. The point at issue is the right to organize at all upon any basis whatever. If the workers organize unwittingly that is their loss. If they organize wisely it is their gain; but wisely or otherwise, they will never concede the RIGHT to organize. The eight-hour day, the six-hour day or the three-hour day is a secondary detail that remains to be worked out by the organization. The way to organize is to organize. We don't need the bosses' consent. We don't need "recognition." We don't need "arbitration." Organize as a class upon industrial lines. Not as a craft; not as a trade; not as a unit, a mine or a factory, nor even as a district or a State. Organize as a class against a class. Then the issue will be fairly joined, and not until then. Then the workers can say: "There is nothing to arbitrate." Get the class together, filled with the spirit of class solidarity, inspired by the spirit of revolt. Then we will not cringe and beg for contracts to enslave ourselves, but we will come dictating what we will do and what we will not do. One big industrial union can with one mind's notice paralyze the entire industries of a State or even a nation. And some fat sentimental lily on his soft hands in holy horror at such an "injustice." Injustice, indeed! And pray, tell us what do you consider justice? Do the conditions described in these rough sketches spell justice or injustice? Do strikes in general, and the Westmoreland

