

The February, 1924

# Industrial Pioneer

An Illustrated Labor Magazine

In This Number:

A Migratory Diary

Present Business Slump

Europe: A New Interpretation

England's New Crusaders

Switchtender's Job

The Live Wire

*Purposeful Reading*

Let us read, relentlessly, resolutely, alertly, those things which will teach us how to take and hold that which is ours. Let us understand what we read and act upon it! As we act upon it we become men! =TR-1354.

---

# Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

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 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 defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

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

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

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

---



Vol. I.

# The Industrial Pioneer

No. 10

Edited by JUSTUS EBERT

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
The Present Business Slump.....	Justus Ebert..... 3
Three Letters, Full of War.....	Barajemes..... 5
The Imprisoned Cause.....	Archie Sinclair..... 7
Lumber Monopoly Exposed.....	..... 9
The Switchtender's Job.....	A Civil Engineer..... 11
Study in Modern Industrialism.....	..... 13
At the Art Institute.....	..... 17
Eugene Barnett, Cartoonist.....	..... 18
A Misplaced Award.....	Sam Higginson..... 19
Live Wire.....	Arthur Peel..... 21
Memorials and Mellons.....	Edward D. Lloyd..... 27
A Migratory Worker's Diary.....	James Foy..... 29
On With The Fight.....	M. De Ciampis..... 30
England's New Crusaders.....	Wilfred Braddock..... 31
Europe: A New Interpretation.....	Blair..... 33
Why "Red Communism" Failed.....	Neil Gordon..... 36
An Ex-Service Man's Views.....	..... 38
The Stoolpigeon, A Play.....	Phil Engle..... 41
The Deportation Mania, Review.....	Richard Brazier..... 43
Maurer Nails State Police Lie.....	..... 46

Published Monthly, \$2.00 a year; Canada, \$2.25; other countries, \$2.50.  
 Bundle Rate: 10 for \$1.20; 20 for \$2.40; 100 for \$12.00—non-returnable.  
 15 cents per copy—returnable.

Published by the General Executive Board of the  
**INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD**  
 1001 West Madison Street, Chicago, U. S. A.

Entered as second-class matter April 23, 1923, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois,  
 under the Act of March 3, 1879.





### *The Life Boats*

The Marine Transport Workers' Union of Stettin, Germany, 1,000 strong, has made official application, as a whole, to become part of the Marine Transport Workers' Industrial Union No. 510, Industrial Workers of the World.

Steps are being taken by 510, together with General Headquarters, to establish an administration there.

# THE INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

Vol. I.

FEBRUARY, 1924

No. 10

## The Present Business Slump Analyzed in a Lecture Before Chicago Open Forum By JUSTUS EBERT

**Y**OU are all familiar with the popular song, "Yes, we have no bananas." Everybody has been singing it. Just now the capitalists of the country are beginning to sing another song, with a similar refrain, one that will not be quite so popular, viz., "Yes, we have no employment." Its singing will be confined to them, exclusively.

In November, according to the Illinois State Employment bureau, there were 131 job hunters for every 100 jobs. The Chicago Tribune, of Sunday, December 16, told, in a brief news item, of the suicide of a Canadian machinist in the La Salle street railroad station. He was unable to secure employment. "Yes, we have no employment," the capitalists are singing—with tragic results to the workers.

Why this tragic refrain? Why have the capitalists no employment now, with the result that there are over 30 per cent more workers than jobs, and workers commit suicide because of lack of work? The newspapers tell us it is due to "the business recession." But what "the business recession" is they sayeth not. All that we workers know is that the Illinois situation is not an isolated one. In all the states, railroads are laying off men, shops are cutting down their working forces, mills are abolishing shifts, putting out blast furnaces, and otherwise slowing down production, so that there is no employment for those who want it and must have it, with the dire results, in some cases, already noted. A "business recession" means to many of us, no work, no wages, starvation and "hard times" generally.

### Recessions Periodic

A peculiarity of the "business recession" is its periodic recurrence; that is, it takes place at regular intervals, but with increasing frequency. It is known by various names, such as business depression, financial panic, economic crisis, and so on. We had one each in 1907, 1913-1914, 1921, and now again in 1923. Had it not been for the world war, there is no doubt that we would have been in the midst of a continuous panic from 1913 to the present time. As it was, the world war bestowed prosperity upon us. True, it was a ghastly, bloody, inhuman prosperity, involving the slaughter of tens of millions of human beings, and the near-destruction of human civilization. But then that seems to be about the only way to achieve prosperity in this highly Christianized capitalism, namely, by gigantic murder and territorial plunder.

But that is aside from the subject; let's go back to "the business recession" and the causes of its frequent re-appearance in modern times. Perhaps



CLUBBING LONDON UNEMPLOYED

in so doing we'll find out why prosperity and wholesale murder have become synonymous in modern times.

Now there are many reasons given for "business recession," all more or less superficial. We are told, for instance, that the business recession is due to overproduction, overexpansion and overextension. By this is meant that there is more produced than can be consumed; that industrial plants are expanded and extended beyond actual requirements, with the result that credit is like-

Three

wise expanded and extended; that is, to an over-necessary degree. Of course, there are limits to this sort of thing. As soon as they become apparent, the "recession" sets in, as it inevitably must.

#### Light on Subject

An article published in the "Magazine of Wall St.," by Dr. Julius Klein, director of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, throws considerable light on overproduction, overexpansion, etc. Therein he points out that the productive capacity of the country is so great that even an abnormal demand for articles of consumption can hardly remain long unsatisfied. He shows, for instance, that the makers of pig iron can turn out ten million tons per year in excess of the maximum consumption since 1916. The boot and shoe factories have a capacity of 400,000,000 pairs per annum, but the American people have never yet purchased more than 300,000,000 pairs. The automobile factories are now producing at the rate of 300,000 cars a month, but Dr. Klein doubts if anyone expects that the country will buy another three million cars in 1924.

It stands to reason that, with boot and shoe factories, for instance, producing per year 100,000,000 more pairs than can be consumed even in abnormal times, that boots and shoes are going to pile up, with the inevitable result that boot and shoe factories will have to shut down and "hard times" will be the lot of the boot and shoe workers in general. And what applies to boot and shoe workers applies also to pig iron, automobile, and all other workers. For as their excess products pile up, the furnaces, works, factories, mills, etc., in which they are employed, will also shut down and unemployment will be their lot, too. Thus the whole working class is hit and made to suffer because they have produced too much, i. e., because "overproduction" is rife throughout the land.

#### Overproduction View Superficial

As was said before, this view, while most likely in accord with the apparent facts, is nevertheless, a superficial view, because it fails to deal with the most important phase of the causes of the business recession, namely, underconsumption, for there would be no overproduction if all the products produced were or could be consumed.

Surely, no one will contend that there are too many boots and shoes produced, so long as there are millions of workers and their dependents in this country without boots and shoes. Nor will anyone contend that though auto-ownership is growing among workers, there are not still millions upon millions of workers with whom such ownership is impossible. Further, it is said that there is need for 8 billions more building in this country. Think of how much steel and iron products that would absorb and how many steel and iron mills it would keep agoing! And "our" railroads: how about their equipment and rebuilding; are they not both necessary, at this time?

Turn where we will, here in Chicago particularly,

we find a poverty-stricken, dirty, shabby civilization, especially in working class districts, that cries aloud for the products of industry, art and science—and yet we are told that what ails us is overproduction! What an absurdity!

Even Dr. Julius Klein, the director of Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce already quoted, finds the "overproduction" problem to be one of underconsumption; for he is intent on seeking more consumption. He believes that export trade must be developed, that is, that more markets and consumers must be found abroad, outside of the boundaries of this country—so that production will not run ahead of consumption. In his opinion, it's either more export trade or idle factories.

#### Another Angle

As the poet would say, let us stick a pin there. That is, let us abandon this argument in favor of foreign trade and take up another angle of overproduction, though, at the same time, keeping the need for exports well in mind. It's an important modern factor, as we shall later see.

According to figures prepared by the statistician of the National City Bank of New York, production in this country in 1919, amounted to \$62,500,000,000. Of this vast amount \$10,000,000,000 was paid in wages.

Ponder on the relative size of 10 billions as compared with 62½ billions. Then ask yourselves how can 62½ billions be bought and consumed by workers with only 10 billions in their possession? After you have done that perhaps you will realize that what causes the business recession is the robbery of labor, through which the workers are rendered unable to buy back all that they have produced. In other words, overproduction is due to underpayment of the workers. Unless the workers get all that they produce, production will continue to exceed consumption and the business recession, together with all that it implies, will be always with us. But let us pursue the subject a little further and more fully.

#### Hobson's Theories

Recently, an Englishman, John A. Hobson, has published a book entitled "The Economics of Unemployment," which throws considerable light on the cause of industrial depression and the lack of work that is its main characteristic. This book restates and develops the underconsumption or oversaving theory of crises. According to this theory "under a fairly equal distribution the growing pressure of wants would keep a balance between the immediate satisfaction of spending and the postponed satisfaction of saving." In plainer English, if wealth were more equally distributed, there would be more to spend and less necessity to save, resulting in more consumption, thus keeping production agoing better, because of the greater harmony between the two.

But with the workers getting in wages only 10 billions of dollars, and the owners of industry 52½ billions, no such harmony is possible. Do what they

(Continued on Page 47)

# Three Letters, Full of War

By BARAJEMES.



**O**I-L, oil. Just a little word of three letters; yet it is a word to conjure with. It is a word of magic potentialities for it is the name of a commodity, which perhaps above all others, is necessary to civilization as it is carried on today. And, the probability is that in the near future o-i-l will mean w-a-r.

The ability of oil to supplant coal in the industries of the world has been well proven in the last few years and the possibility that the next great war will be fought because of it is daily becoming more evident to those who make a study of world affairs.

The IWW holds no brief for those who own the oil resources of the world, whether they be American capitalists, British capitalists or those of other nations. On the other hand, the IWW is vitally interested in the working class of the world—those who drill the wells, lay the pipe-lines, toil in the grimy, sooty refineries to produce the "black gold" which is at present the predominating fuel in countless industries and which bids fair, unless some unlooked for discovery is made in the next few years, to supersede coal in all of the industries.

On this account this article is written—that the workers of the world may see the power behind the scenes and realize that when the clarion call to arms resounds within the next few years it is oil and not **democracy** that the masters have been struggling for and that they are but pawns in a game that is world-wide in its ramifications, and has profit possibilities beside which Midas with his "golden touch" would be a small town piker.

Most authorities on the subject, whether they be advanced thinkers who have accepted the materialist conception or those who still cling to the "great man" theory agree that a new war, world-wide in its scope, is very likely to be the result of the mad struggle for oil which is going on at present. And most of them will agree privately that that war will be fought between the U. S. and our late ally, Great Britain.

Ten years ago no one would have thought that Great Britain (or British capitalists) were at all likely to become the dominating figures in the oil markets of the world. At that time American capital had 60 per cent of the oil production of the world safely in hand and John D. and his other greasy associates seemed more than likely to continue to control the industry.

Events march apace, however, in this modern civilization of ours and today sees the American oil

barons as second fiddles in the industry which has come to play such an important part in world affairs. Facts are facts; American capital has lost out in the battle for oil mastery.

"Imperial self-sufficiency," to use a term of one of the best posted men, was no doubt the outstanding motive in British capital's move into the oil game. An-

other reason is that Great Britain, next to the U. S., is the greatest consumer of oil in the world. The greatest British export for years has been coal, but with a changing civilization it has become necessary for British capitalists to adapt themselves to the new order of things and maintain their commercial supremacy with a more up-to-date and wanted commodity.

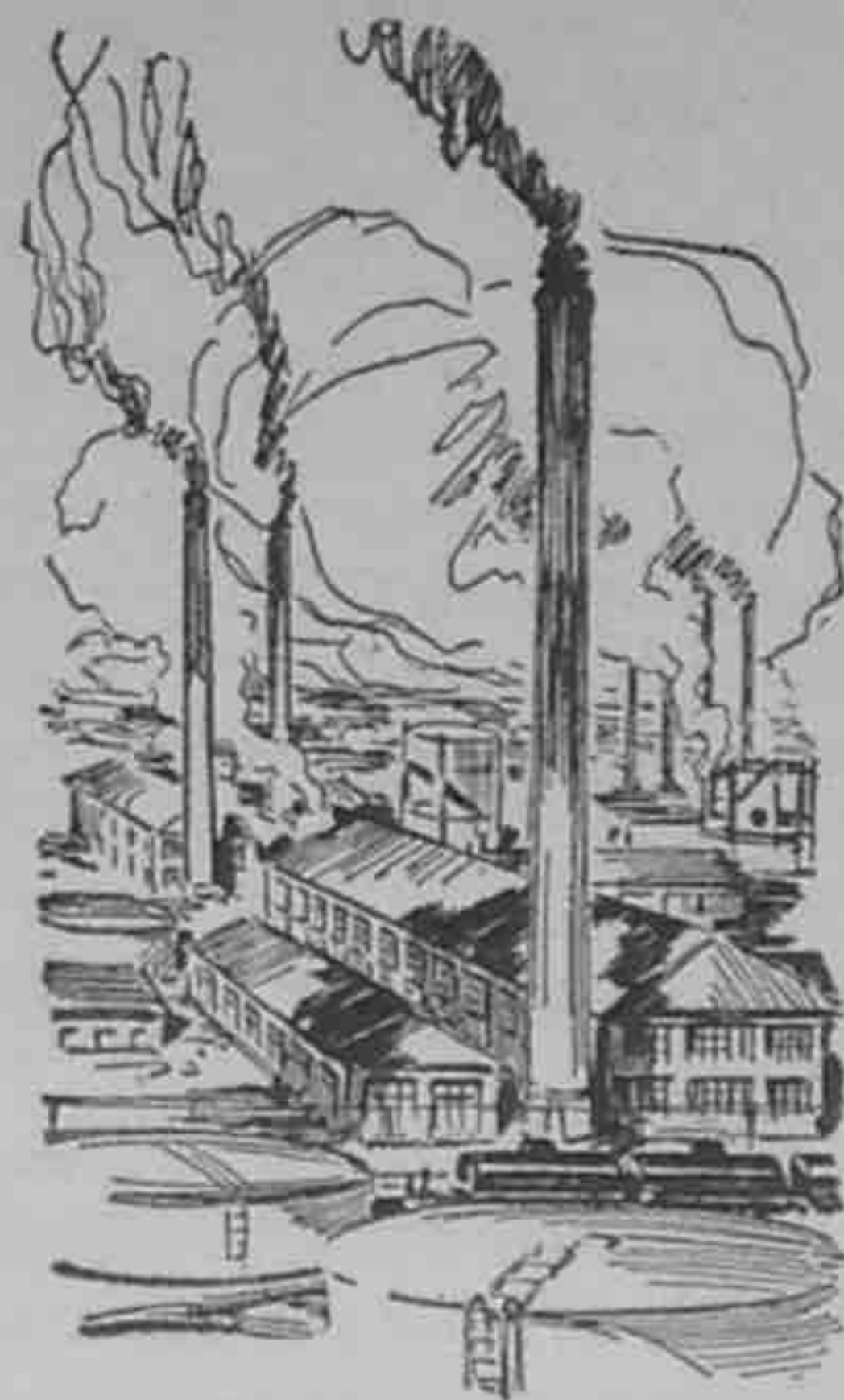
In their effort to accomplish this British capital has inaugurated an oil offensive which reaches into every quarter of the globe. Persia, India, Mexico, South America, Africa—every place which offers the slightest opportunity for oil discovery has been included and today British capital has reached a point that insures them of nearly the total product of 70 percent of the known petroleum fields on the globe. Who can say that such a situation does not augur ill for the working class?

Lacking petroleum reserves of their own—only about two percent of the world's production lies within the British empire—the British capitalists have carried the fight into other territories regardless of their nationality. This coupled with the fact that concessions have been so worded as to exclude capital of other nationalities has already made the oil barons of the U. S. very uneasy; so much so that they threatened to make the "closed door policy," formulated at San Remo, by British and French interests working together, an international issue.

The Anglo-Persian Oil company is the king-pin of the British companies. The British government has a share in it and closely watches over its welfare at all times. At the present time it has 60 subsidiary companies and operates in 27 different countries. Did I hear some one mention internationalism?

It controls the oil potentialities of Persia, with the exception of the five northern provinces and has control of about 500,000 square miles of country which is rich in oil prospects—this territory is about 600 miles long and constitutes the largest oil field in the world.

In the five northern provinces, also rich in oil potentialities, an interesting fight is on at present between the Anglo-Persian Co. on one side and the



Standard Oil Co. of N. J., and the Sinclair interests on the other. The Anglo-Persian will probably win out because of government influence. They already have a great number of producing wells, a pipe-line 145 miles long leading to tide-water on the Persian Gulf, and an immense refinery near the mouth of the Karun River.

This company profited largely by the war as it acquired control of several enemy companies under the British equivalent of our Alien Enemy Act and was also lucky enough to gain large holdings in Rumania which Germany formerly held but lost through reparations. They also added materially to their tanker fleet through the seizure of enemy vessels.

In France they have formed a company, in co-operation with French capitalists, for marketing oil both in France and French colonies. They are also constructing a large refinery in France. American capitalists thought they had the inside track in France but the San Remo conference proved otherwise.

Transylvania, formerly a part of Hungary, but now within the confines of Rumania, has added to their supply of oil. Greece, Spain, Norway, Denmark, Belgium, and Jugo-Slavia have also been included in this corporations' march for supremacy in the oil markets of the world. Only one European field of importance has escaped—the Galician one, which the French control.

Asia, however, is the bulwark of this octopus and all concessions are securely nailed down, with the exception of the five Persian provinces previously mentioned. The A. P. also controls the Mesopotamia potentialities, but American capital has succeeded in getting a small share there. The A. P., however, holds the whip hand there by reason of their absolute control of pipe-line and railroad building in this field. In India another British company, the Burma Oil Co. controls the entire output and in combination with the Shell Co. dominates the orient.

To sum up, British capital, through the A. P., the Burma Oil Co. and the Royal Dutch-Shell interests, has gained an almost total monopoly of potential oil-bearing territory all over the world. Industrial imperialism, the most fascinating and most dangerous game in the world has effectually sewed up the world's future oil market for British capital. The A. P. as a monopoly exceeds the wildest dreams of Standard Oil. S. O. never had an organization remotely approaching the scope, authority, and possibilities that the A. P. has after less than ten years' battle.

Figures prove that at the present rate of consumption American capital will be forced to import 500,000,000 barrels of oil a year, unless something like Henry Ford's scheme of "burning coal twice" displaces petroleum in American industry. With 70 percent of the world's known oil territory in the hands of the British it is easy to see where they will have to go for it. I wonder then will "blood prove thicker than water," or will the greasy fluid which means billions of dollars to those who con-

trol it tip the balance and throw the world into another carnage of murder for "patriotic" reasons.

When it comes to matters of profit, workers, thinking workers at least, can guess the answer. American capital only controls about 18 percent of the known oil fields of the world. About 16 percent in U. S. territory and about 2 percent in Mexico. Eighty percent of the world's oil bearing territory means wealth beyond the dreams of avarice and with American capital, the largest consumer of oil in the world on one side, and British capital in control of 70 percent of the known fields on the other, the probability is that something will happen—something of far-reaching consequences to the workers of the world—the ones who always slave and suffer, fight and die that capital may be glorified.

How many oil workers give a thought to the immensities of the grease game? Do the American "grease-cats" as they plow through the mud at Mexia or Burkeburnett, or freeze in the rigorous winter climate of the Wyoming and Montana fields, as they plod disconsolately from job to job in the Santa Maria or Santa Fe Springs fields out on the Pacific coast, or as they put in their shift under the eagle-eye of the "push" in the refineries at Whiting, Paulsboro, Wood River or Bayonne ever stop to look beyond the horizon—across seas, deserts and mountains and see the international nature of the game that only rewards their bitter toil with a pittance? Does anyone think that unorganized, individualistic workers have any place in such a proposition as the petroleum industry?

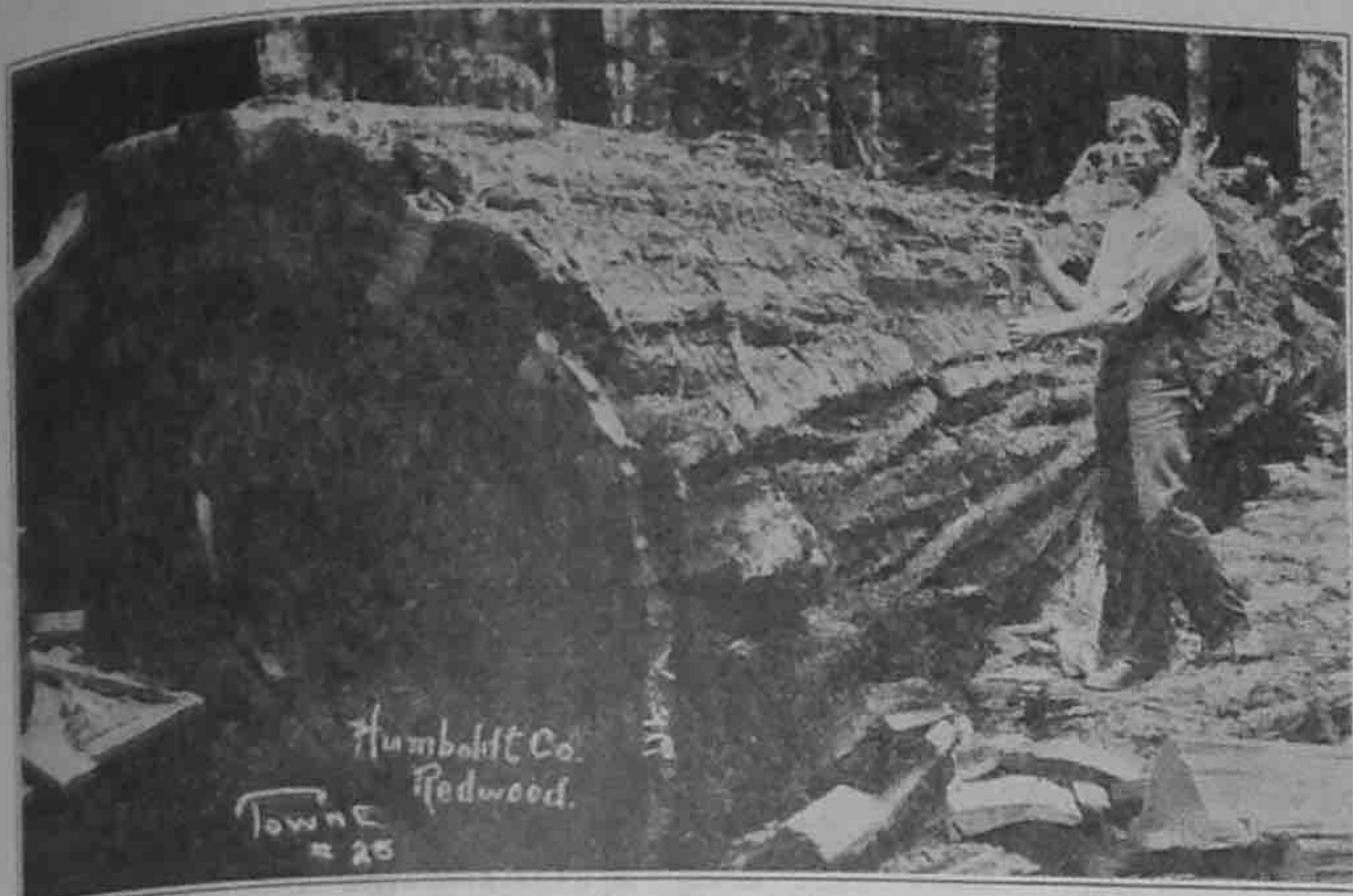
Wake up, Workers—Oil Workers particularly! Strike the scales from your eyes! Look around you and realize that to battle international masters an international union is absolutely necessary. Join the only union which recognizes the immensity of world affairs and their bearing on the lives of the workers. Organize to wipe out forever this unholy system of profit which is never content unless it is grabbing natural resources and sweating profit out of them through the blood of labor, and which is never above sending labor out to fight and die for these profits if there seems any danger of losing them.

Join the IWW and let us end forever "Industrial Supremacy," "Industrial Imperialism," "Imperial Self-Sufficiency," "Economic Penetration," and all the rest of the high-sounding excuses the masters use to explain the murder of the working class. Let us put another slogan into the mouths of the world's workers. Let's substitute "Industrial Unionism" for the catchwords of our masters, for as the masters have organized to grab and hold so must we of the working class. Industrial Unionism is the answer of the workers to those who have robbed and slaughtered them since the beginning of things.

≡  
**DON'T MISS COMING ISSUES OF  
INDUSTRIAL PIONEER  
GOOD STUFF!**

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER





## “Woe to the Cause that Hath Not Passed Through a Prison!”

By ARCHIE SINCLAIR

**C**ALIFORNIA is today making history of which it will some day be ashamed. Insane persecution is rampant in the Earthquake State. Blind Greed is striving to stifle the voice of protest. Intolerance and Arrogance are in the saddle. Liberty lies crushed. The once fair name of the Golden State is besmirched and befouled. Courts have become market places where the liberties of men are bartered. It can truly be said in this state that: “Justice is a harlot upon a throne of Gold Where Liberty is auctioned and Truth is bought and sold.”

The story of the persecution of the members of the IWW in California during the past four years is amazing. The cruel, inhuman treatment accorded men who were organizing the workers into the Industrial Workers of the World for the purpose of gaining better economic conditions, is almost unbelievable. The slavish submission of the courts to the financial and industrial interests of the state has made California a byword among the legal fraternity. In a country notorious for the prostitution of its courts to Big Business, California easily outranks her sister states. State and county officials, prosecuting attorneys and judges flaunt their scarlet shame in public. Brazenly they admit, by their every act, that they are the retainers of the Industrial Overlords. Shameless, perfidious California!

### Brief Account of Persecution

The history of the IWW persecution can only be understood when details or separate battles are considered. It is impossible to recount all the struggles that the members have undergone, but we will give a brief account of the number of Criminal Syndicalism trials since the enactment of the Criminal Syndicalism law in 1919.

At the present time there are in the twin Hells of California—San Quentin and Folsom—ninety-seven men serving from one to fourteen, and in some cases from two to twenty-eight years, for violation of the criminal syndicalism law. All of these men in the two prisons are members of the IWW. And it might be well to say in passing that in all the trials under this barbarous law, no at-

tempt was made by the prosecution to prove an overt act against any of the defendants. They were not charged with murder, rape, arson, burglary or vandalism. No attempt was even made to prove that these men taught anything unlawful. Their only offense was that they were members and organizers of the IWW. Because they protested against the exploitation of the workers by the owners of industry they were hailed into court charged with Criminal Syndicalism. The only possible conclusion that one can arrive at is that these men who are in the twin hells are being persecuted because they preached a message of Industrial Solidarity to the workers of California.

### Magnitude of Campaign

The magnitude of this four-year campaign in the Class War, the sacrifices made by our fellow workers in California and the persistence with which the Masters egged on their minions can be seen in the number of arrests and convictions under this inhuman law. There have been seventy-nine trials involving 292 persons, all but three of whom were members of the IWW. Of these 97 are in prison at the present time, eight cases are being retried, twenty-four were dismissed without trial, eight during trial and ten after trial. At the present time six are awaiting retrial, twenty-six are awaiting trial and three are on trial.

This is a record of cruelty and ruthless persecution unrivaled by any state or country in modern history. Nowhere in the civilized world can we find such tyranny manifested by any ruling class. It is unparalleled. The masters of California are drunk with power and arrogance.

In exact proportion to the insensate cruelty practiced by the oppressors do we find in the ranks of the IWW in California the unquenchable spirit of Class Solidarity, that intangible something that distinguishes the rebel from the common herd. Man after man, in ones and twos, in groups of tens and twenties have they trod the road that leads to prison and others have taken their places in the vanguard of the battle. The beacon of Liberty has never been dimmed for want of someone to hold it aloft. Precursors of the New Day have gone into

Seven

the industries and told the workers of the way out of economic bondage. Scores have been sent to prison, but still others have stepped into the breach and carried the battle to the enemy.

### Labor-Baiting Los Angeles' Share

Liberty hating, labor baiting Los Angeles has sent forty-one of our militant members to San Quentin and Folsom. Sacramento, the Wall Street of California, is responsible for the incarceration of thirty valiant fighters in the cause of Freedom. Eight have gone from Quincy in the Sugar Pine region. Eureka, the Capital of the Redwoods, deprived seven fellow workers of their liberty because they would not pay homage to the Lumber Kings. Oakland tried to retard the advance of Labor's cause by imprisoning six of our fellow workers. Three were sent from Marysville, the Hate Town of California. Susanville and Woodland each are responsible for sending one member of the working class to prison because they loved truth better than personal liberty. All these men are in prison at the present time.

The fight in Darkest California still continues. Others will undoubtedly follow the men already in the prison camps. The masters are not beaten. But we can truthfully state that the persecution is abating. It is becoming increasingly hard for the ones in the pay of the industrial rulers to convict men under the Criminal Syndicalism law. The people of the various localities where persecution has been carried on are beginning to see that they have been the tools of the Oligarchy. The truth is at last being made known to all, with the result that Criminal Syndicalism prosecutions are becoming rare. But still there are ninety-seven victims of this atrocious law behind steel bars and walls of stone. They must be released. It is not enough that there will not be many more convictions under the Criminal Syndicalism law. It is not enough that persecution is abating. The men who went to prison in the interest of workers must have their freedom. We must compel the masters of industry who sent them to the penitentiaries to unlock the door and release these Soldiers of Freedom.

### Way of the World

It seems to be the way of the world that those who have a message of hope for humanity must be vilified, persecuted, imprisoned, crucified. In all ages it has been the same. The only answer that the rulers have ever given to those who voiced social protest was the jail and the gallows. "And I saw within the jail those deliverers who in each age have saved the world from itself and set it free, and gyves on their wrists and ankles." It is the only answer that rulers can give to those who question their right to exploit and plunder. And the only way that the lovers of justice and truth, the men who desire Industrial Freedom for the workers of the world can make their protest heard is through the criss cross bars of prison windows. "And I saw within the jail them that gave liberty to the slave, and them that unbounded the mind of man, and them that led onward to Freedom and Justice and Love.

Eight

Woe to the Cause that hath not passed through a prison!"

Ninety-seven victims of the Criminal Syndicalism law are in the prisons of California. While we do not protest against their imprisonment we are guilty of aiding and abetting the masters and their retainers in a crime that has made California notorious among the peoples of the world. This year must see the release of the last victim of this barbarous law. Let us give to this cause the same enthusiasm that they, our imprisoned fellow workers gave to the cause of Industrial Unionism.

---

## Organize

H. GEORGE WEISE

ON bread and water diet men are languishing today,

It aint no use to cuss the boss, it aint no use to pray,

It aint no use to trust too much to public sympathy  
And hope that guy "Opinion" will have strength to set them free.

YOU are the only hope they've got, YOU are their one best bet.

You've done your damndest? I say no! You haven't started yet.

When every ship upon the sea—you bet I'm quoting Hill—

When every train and factory wheel has quit, is standing still,

When this broad land of sweat and toil is solid coast to coast,

When "all for one and one for all" is more than empty boast,

When Money Captains trembling plead before the Workers' might,

When you have economic strength enough to win the fight,

When you can swing the dungeon doors, demolish prisons vast,

THEN only have you the right to say you've done your, best at last.

On bread and water diet men are languishing today,  
It aint no use to grit your teeth, it aint no use to pray

For God's sake, Fellow Workers, all the world before you lies,

Go out among the toilers—educate and organize!

---

## OLDER AND WISER

Father—"When I was a young man, I worked twelve hours a day."

Son—"I admire your youthful energy, dad, but I admire still more the mature wisdom which led you to stop it."

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

# The Lumber Monopoly Exposed

LaFollette Lays Bare the Conspiracy that Robbed the Government and the Workers.

SENATOR Robert M. LaFollette has rendered lumber workers a great service in describing the nature and ramifications of the lumber monopoly. He calls it a hydra-headed monster, with a body known as the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association, and with tentacles known as regional associations, of which there are eleven in number. They control all the principal sources of supply and, unitedly, form the powerful national association.

They are named as follows: (1) Southern Pine Association (manufacturers of southern yellow pine). (2) West Coast Lumbermen's Association (manufacturers of Douglas fir lumber). (3) Western Pine Manufacturers' Association (manufacturers of western white and yellow pine). (4) Northern Hemlock and Hardwood Manufacturers' Association (manufacturers of hemlock and hardwoods in Wisconsin and upper Michigan). (5) Michigan Hardwood Manufacturers' Association (manufacturers of hemlock and hardwoods in lower peninsula of Michigan). (6) Northern Pine Manufacturers' Association (manufacturers of Minnesota and Wisconsin northern pine). (7) North Carolina Pine Association (manufacturers of yellow pine lumber). (8) Georgia-Florida Sawmill Association (manufacturers of yellow pine lumber). (9) Southern Cypress Manufacturers' Association (manufacturers of cypress lumber). (10) California Sugar and White Pine Manufacturers' Association. (11) Redwood Manufacturers' Association (manufacturers of California redwood).

## Control Home Building

Senator LaFollette shows that these lumber associations comprise substantially all the manufacturers of lumber, large and small, in the United States, as well as those individuals and corporations that control nearly all the privately owned standing timber from which the homes of the American people must be built in the coming generation.

The national association, as well as the regional associations, is in turn controlled and dominated by the great lumber corporations, which have virtually a monopoly grip upon all branches of the industry. Ownership of standing timber insures the domination of every branch of the industry. The ownership of the standing timber and the large areas of land upon which it grows has long ago become concentrated in the hands of a relatively few powerful holders, who are in turn closely bound together by interlocking directorates, identical policies and general community of interest.

Senator LaFollette quotes Report of Bureau of Corporations—Lumber Industry, showing that "the concentration already existing is sufficiently impressive. Still more impressive are the possibilities of the future. In the past 40 years concentration has so proceeded that 195 holders, many inter-related, now have practically one-half of the privately owned



timber in the investigation area (which contains 80 per cent of the whole)."

As in the case of other monopolies, the railroads are in close and intimate relations with the lumber monopoly. The three greatest owners of standing timber in the United States are the Southern Pacific Company, the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company and the Northern Pacific Company (including their subsidiaries). Other railroads are also owners of immense tracts.

According to Senator LaFollette, the lumber monopoly was not founded upon superior ability, self-sacrifice, enterprise, or any other similar qualities, but upon bribery and theft; and, above all, upon corrupt corporate control of the machinery of government. Investigation by the Federal Trade Commission reveals enormities committed by this sinister monopoly which stagger even the most hardened student of corporate crime.

During the war, according to the statement of its own officers, it brazenly robbed the Federal Government of more than two hundred million dollars a year in taxes, and fraudulently arranged to write off between two and three billion dollars of its property in order to dodge taxes.

*Time to wake up—then Organize*



*In Union there is Strength.*  
Join L.W.I.U. No. 120 of the I.W.W.

It conspired to raise lumber prices to the government outrageously in the very midst of the war, conspiring to restrict the production of lumber at the very time when the President of the United States and every cabinet officer were declaring that victory depended upon maximum production of lumber and other basic raw material.

It, further, robbed its workers of wages which it had agreed with the government to pay as a condition of fixing high prices for its products.

It has used its great power and every artful device in order to prevent the government from reforesting the enormous tracts of land which have been made barren by the wasteful and unscientific methods which it practices in order to enhance the future value of the huge areas of standing timber which it still controls.

It engaged in petty theft by conspiring to rob every lumber user in the United States of half an inch on the width of every board by the barefaced theft known as "scant sawing."

It conspired to raise the price of every kind of lumber to such unconscionable heights that the more decent or timid lumbermen characterized the prices as "anarchistic" and "incredible," thus forcing the housing shortage which in 1919 and 1920 was responsible for the deaths of thousands of men, women and children, according to leading medical authorities.

These sensational charges are proved conclusively by documents taken from the files of these lumber associations and corporations and reproduced in the

reports of the Federal Trade Commission to the Congress of the United States.

Senator LaFollette, in further exposing the lumber monopoly, shows that it conspired to place one of its own stoolpigeons in the office of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue so that he might interpret the law for its benefit. The value of this stoolpigeon's service is given by Secretary Compton in a letter dated July 2, 1919, in which he stated that they had resulted in saving "certainly not less than several millions of dollars to the lumber industry and other owners of timber properties."

Senator LaFollette also pays much attention to Mr. Edward Hines, as one of the leading lumber men who repeatedly conspired to raise the prices of their products to the government. Hines has his offices in Chicago, the scene of the war trials against the members of the IWW, some of whom were lumber workers prominent in the lumber strikes of 1917.

The extortions of the lumber trust properties are also exposed by Senator LaFollette. He also shows how "Government by Private Monopoly" was pursued by the lumber interests in the investigations against them, in Texas, Missouri and Kansas. Furthermore he intimates that a member of their secret society, the "Concatenated Order of the Hoo Hoo" occupies the White House!

In view of Senator LaFollette's exposures it behooves the workers everywhere to back up the industrial organization of the lumberjacks and to aid in the movement to secure the release of the Centralia and all other victims of the lumber interests.

## The State Swayed by Lust

By JOHN McRAE

(Now in one of California's county jails)

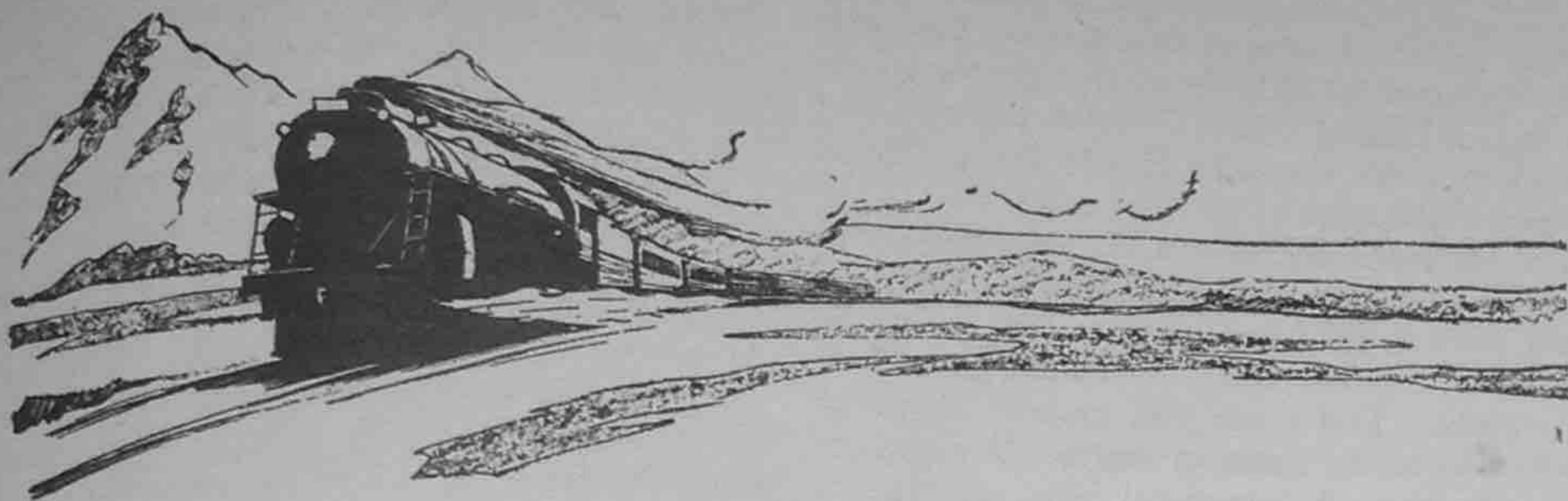
THE golden state that bounds Pacific's shore,  
With graft and greed and vice is festered o'er.  
Democracy and Justice are forgot,  
And laws but ever grind the ever starving poor.

A land of peace, for those beneath the dew;  
A land of plenty, for the chosen few  
Who LIVE by theft and subtle trickery,  
And RULE by force as employers used to do.

A land where gold will balance Justice' scales;  
Where men are taxed to build more spacious jails  
To lock themselves in, should they dare protest  
The masters' profits or the slaves' travail.

O! Shameful California! Ever swayed by lust  
For gold and power, you shall thrust  
Your poison sword through Labor's heart no more;  
Your Idols soon will fall and crumble into dust.

The workers now have started to unite  
In one strong band, they will not lose the fight  
For Freedom and Equality, they will break  
With ease the chains that bind them now so tight.



# The Switchtender and His Job

By A CIVIL ENGINEER

**H**IS name does not matter because there are many like him in all the large railroad yards of the country. On the company's payroll, he was put down as a switchtender and, as he walked by with his slow, regular gait, his tools carelessly resting on his shoulder, on his daily rounds from one switchstand to another, the first impression which a casual glance conveyed to the onlooker was a guess that he was a crank and pretty hard to get along with.

Upon closer acquaintance, the impression proved correct. He was exceedingly officious. Even the roadmaster and the superintendent, whose favor he was always courting, made fun of his good intentions and excused him on account of his age or the length of his service.

He had know better days. Once he had been rated a shop mechanic and he still kept that individualistic psychology which sticks to many former craftsmen, even after some mechanical invention has reduced them to the ranks of the industrial proletariat. During his heyday, he belonged to the machinists' union. Like many AFL-ites, it was not a sense of duty that made him join but merely a desire to defend his job against outsiders. The meaning of solidarity he could or would not grasp. At one time he excelled as a gear and diemaker and, in that capacity, he had practically sacrificed his life to the company. Some general superintendent once had written him an official letter of commendation and he had it framed and hung up in the sitting room of the clumsy little wooden box that he was trying to buy on the installment plan and never ceased to boast of as his home.

## Big Heartedness!

Of course, his hard and delicate work had prematurely impaired his eyesight and thus his skill had vanished. Then the big-hearted company had handed him a job as switchtender, cleaning lamps, lighting them at dusk, sweeping the snow away from between the switchpoints. Day in and day out, he paced from the east to the west end of the yard carrying with him at all times his bundle of tools and his everlasting grouch.

His pet aversion was the hobo. Voluntarily, he acted as a stoolpigeon for the yard bull and occasion-

ally he would get into a chewing match with a gang of box-car travelers and jobhunters waiting for an outbound freight at either end of the yard.

It was great fun to hear him glibly repeat the old capitalistic catchwords of individuality and loyalty and pride of craft and when someone reminded him of the new economic conditions brought about by the onward sweep of the machine process in industry, he would flare up and proudly walk off with the blatant retort:

"No machine process can ever hurt a good man."

\* \* \*

There are hundreds of thousands of switchlights on the railroads of this country and there was a time when all were oil lanterns, cleaned, filled, lighted and extinguished by switchtenders. Any one tender had so many lights under his care that he was compelled to light some after dark and see that some others did not get extinguished until long after sunrise. There was waste and waste cuts into dividends and, besides, not all switchtenders were conscientious or reliable. So, in this little narrow domain of the switchlights, the great force, economic necessity made its appearance.

When some power plant could be found nearby, electric light bulbs took the place of oil lamps and all could be lit up at the same time by throwing a switch at the power house. But switchlights are scattered and thousands of them could not be thus connected and therefore economic necessity took the shape of an engineering problem.

Edison offered a solution by inventing a primary battery to take the place of oil. However a man had to be employed to switch the light on and his wages ate up the profit of the batteries. If the man was dropped and the lights allowed to burn day and night, the wear and tear of the batteries was more expensive than the cost of oil lamps with the switchtender's wages thrown in.

## Introducing Dalen

Now, let me introduce a Swede, Nils Gustaf Dalen by name. A professional hundred-per-center who had been smart enough to pick the US as his birthplace, would, of course, call him an ignorant foreigner. He is a spare, shy man, whose eyes are hidden behind dark smoked glasses. And yet, that man is one of

Eleven

the most pathetic heroes of our epoch. That man has systematized the lighting of all the ocean highways and is himself today blind, as the result of an accident which overcame him in the course of his experimental work.

Dalen has indirectly written the next chapter in the evolution of railroad lights. He uses acetylene gas and, besides, his lamps begin to burn when the sun goes down. They switch themselves on and off automatically. This result was brought about by the invention of the Dalen sun-valve. The apparatus is composed of four metal rods enclosed in a strong plate-glass cylinder. Three of the rods are burnished and, for that reason, absorb little light but the fourth is of a large diameter and coated with lamp-black and absorbs so much light that it expands by daylight and the expansion lengthens the rod and closes a valve which controls the flow of acetylene gas. Heat does not affect the valve because the hottest fire will expand all the rods equally, while light only lengthens the black one.

The lights burn on the principle of the Welsbach gas mantle and Dalen even invented an automatic mantle-exchanger, so that lamps can be left to themselves and burn for a whole year without any care whatever.

The Dalen sun-valve was originally invented for beacons and coast lights but there has been placed on the market a smaller and cheaper type for use on railroad switchlights which requires about one inspection every three months.

\* \* \*

In tracing the course of technical progress, as regards switchlights, we have met three different stages in a progressive series:

First stage: Oil lamp—hand labor.

Second stage: Electric lamp—machine labor, hand controlled.

Third stage: Dalen sun-valve—Automatic machine labor.

#### Machine Process Unfolding

This instance presents to us the unfolding of the machine process at a glance. Each and every invention brings us nearer to automatism, a technical condition where the machine does the larger part of the work and the thinking and the machine-tender only appears in a secondary way to offer those minor functions which technology has not for the present been able to shift to the machine.

When the railroad type of Dalen's sun-valve comes into general use, and that will be very shortly, our switchtender—good man as he thinks himself—is going to lose his job and the machine process will be the cause.

What is he, what are we, going to do about it? Pick up pebble stones from the roadbed and shy them at the valves or act as intelligent men?

I am afraid that our individualistic switchtender and all those who share with him the frame of mind of the craftsman are going to throw a few rocks.

When our switchtender was let out of the shop, he refused to join the maintenance of way workers'

union. Did he not have a company pull and how could anyone imagine an ex-member of the machinists' union, a craftsman and skilled mechanic, joining a union of snipes and gandy-dancers?

I suppose other switchtenders will have more sense and less hollow pride and that they already belong to the maintenance of way laborers' outfit, but what good does it do them? That outfit is neither fish nor flesh, nor good red herring. It isolates section men and shop laborers away from the rest of the railway workers in a kind of organizational chop-suey made up out of the remnants of all that the brotherhoods and the shop-crafts did not want.

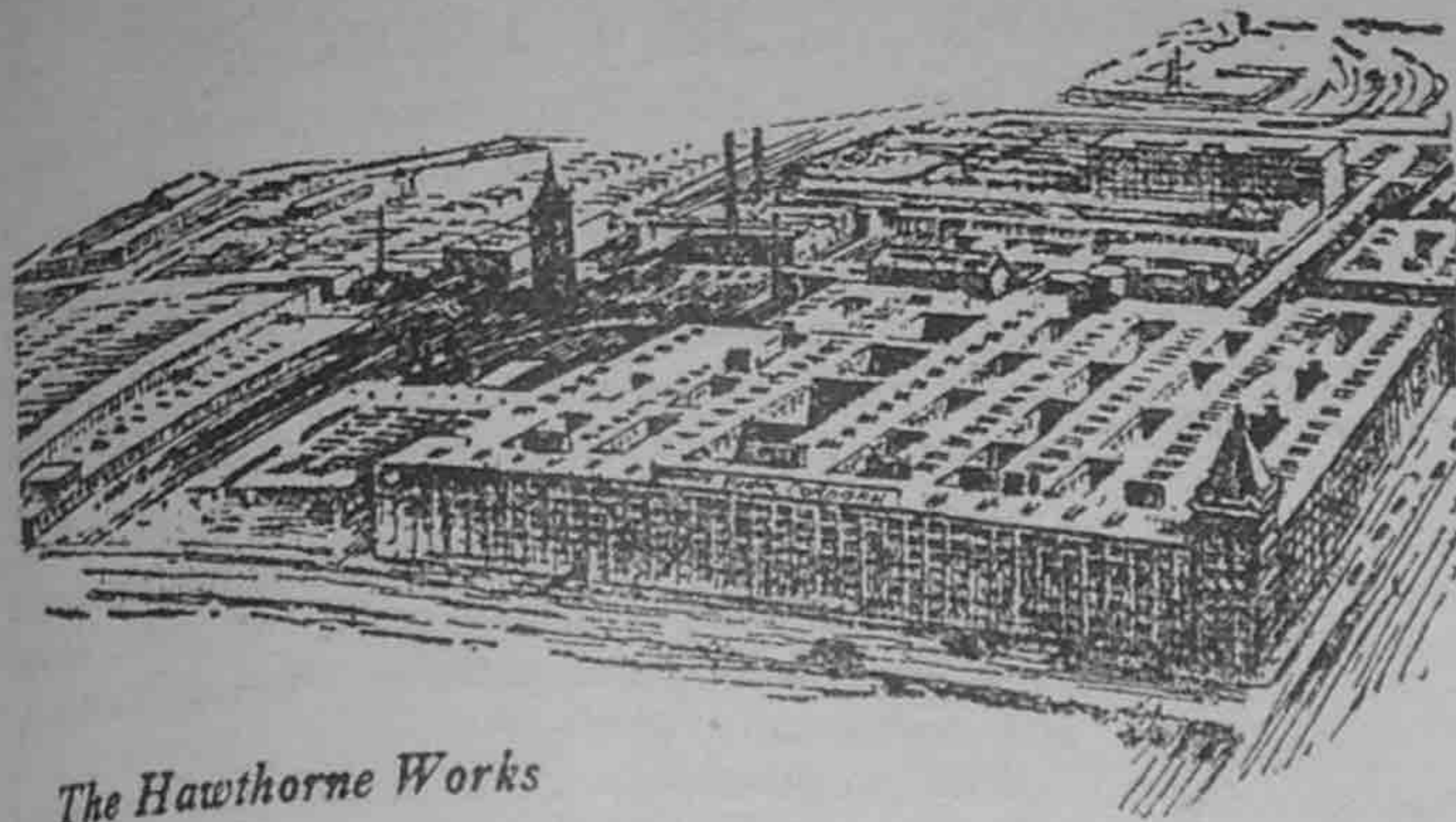
Such a union could not protect the switchtender's job if it wanted to. It is unable to cope with any kind of a technical improvement and its economic effects. Even a full-grown, narrowly specialized, jobtrusting craft union could not do it.

To handle a new invention, means from the workers' point of view, to take such a general social and economic stand that every invention is made to yield more leisure to labor and less dividends to the capitalists.

Only an efficient and scientific form of organization, like the IWW, can handle a new invention by the proper method. When it comes to face such a situation, craft unionism is powerless.



WOMEN AT WORK  
In An Oregon Salmon Cannery



*The Hawthorne Works*

—Chicago Tribune.

# A Study in Modern Industrialism

THE WESTERN  
ELECTRIC CO.

**T**HE study of modern industrialism is the study of big corporations growing bigger, and of the individual workman in them growing proportionately smaller.

One of these corporations is the Western Electric Company. Little is popularly known regarding this company. But recently it has embarked on a campaign of self-advertisement as a benefactor of labor and the community at large. As a result, it is becoming familiar to newspaper advertisement readers and therefore a little more widely discussed.

The Western Electric Company is, practically, the manufacturing arm of the Bell Telephone Co. As such it possesses a monopoly of the manufacture of telephone equipment, telephones and telephone supplies. It specializes in these commodities, just as the General Electric Co. specializes in the manufacture of electric light and power generating and transmitting machinery and locomotives.

## Second Largest Industrial Unit

Its largest plant is situated at Hawthorne, a suburb of Chicago, Ill. According to the "Hawthorne Microphone," the company organ, December 7, 1923, "Hawthorne is now the second largest industrial unit in the United States, being eclipsed by Henry Ford's Detroit plant. . . . During the four weeks in November, the number of employes on the Hawthorne payroll has been increased to 38,358. This includes about 690 employes reporting to Hawthorne, not actually in the works."

The employes in Henry Ford's Detroit plant are estimated at 45,000.

Most of the 38,000 employes at the Hawthorne works toil in solid blocks of factories, many stories high, all connected by bridges. Large numbers of women are employed in the assembling, armature winding and clerical departments; men, in the production department. Apprentices are quite numerous in the mechanical department. They are required to work not only at machines, but also to attend school three afternoons a week. Piece-work prevails to a great extent. Considerable automatic machinery is in use.

The Western Electric Company has all the paternalistic features of a modern industrial corpo-

ration, with its company newspapers, hospital, welfare, employment, restaurant, club, band and other departments that aim to control and direct all employes' activities in the interests of the company primarily. These companies are small communities within themselves, with similar departmental and social institutions and administrations.

Employes are all subject to company regulation. Labor unionism is practically non-existent among them. Union members are employed only when absolutely necessary, and are discharged upon displaying signs of union activity. Factory regimentation is very much in evidence. According to employes, applicants for employment must fill a very minute and voluminous application. And when employes announce their intention to leave they are interviewed as to their reasons at great length by a corps of interviewers.

## Output Increases, But Wages?

The Hawthorne Works of the Western Electric Company are expanding, not only in personnel, but output also. In eleven months the number of employes jumped from 27,000 to more than 38,000. At the same time, output increased by nearly 50 per cent. That is, with considerably less than one-third increase in the number of employes the company's output jumped almost one-half. The company, when making this announcement, says nothing as to a corresponding increase in wages, or decrease in hours. It appears there was neither. The company's employes, in other words, get proportionately less wages the more they produce. This is typical of all the big corporations. The more they grow, the smaller, judging from the pay received, become, relatively, the individuals who constitute its working forces and contribute to that increase.

However, the Western Electric Company's advertisement in the Chicago Tribune of December 27, 1923, tells how one of its employes also plays the trumpet at night in the pit of the Chicago grand opera orchestra. Here's the interesting information in full:

### "Doubles in Brass

"Shop mechanic by day; opera trumpet player by night! Such is the unique daily career fol-

Thirteen

lowed by Joseph Gini, a member of Hawthorne's working force. Mr. Gini, who is an expert with the trumpet, has just begun his third season with the Chicago Opera Company orchestra. Hundreds of opera fans at the Works got their first glimpse of Mr. Gini in the orchestra pit recently when they attended the presentation of 'The Jewess'."

It is to be hoped that Mr. Gini doesn't have to have two jobs in order to earn enough to live decently. Apparently, he is an ambitious worker who finds employment with a big corporation detrimental to the artistic temperament, and is, accordingly, trying to get away from it.

The Chicago Tribune advertisement referred to above, has much information of another character, that will also interest the student of modern industrialism. It tells how the expansion in the manufacturing personnel has made it necessary for C. G. Stoll, the Works' Manager, to appoint two assistant Works' Managers, C. L. Rice and S. S. Holmes, respectively. And it goes on to say: "Mr. Rice, who was formerly Superintendent of Production, will be in charge of the Clerical, Production and Inspection branches, with 9,000 employes, and Mr. Holmes, who was General Superintendent of Installation, will direct the Operating and Technical branches, with 14,000 operatives.

"Mr. Rice has been with the Western Electric since 1902, while Mr. Holmes started with the company in 1900."

#### Promotions Extraordinary

The latter is an unconscious bit of humor. While it is meant to spur the workers on with the hope of promotion, it shows that every 20 years, 37,000 employes have two chances of getting jobs as assistant Works' Managers. It also shows that regimentation is really a fact. These officials have more power than a major general in charge of an army corps. Their subordinates have no ownership or voice in the means or methods of their livelihood. They are ruled from above by an industrial hierarchy. Nevertheless, to hear Hoover tell it, we live in a land of individualism and democracy; and the big and growing corporation is its epitome.

The Western Electric Company advertises the fact that its company newspaper, The Western Electric World, is published for "the information of OUR employes and their families in Chicago—a group as large as the population of Aurora and Peoria combined"—or 120,000 persons all told.

This is further evidence of the new industrial reign inherent in modern industrialism.

The Western Electric Company's plants are not all located in Chicago. There are two in New York City, one on Hudson street at Houston, being comparatively new and among the very largest in the metropolis. A new \$20,000,000 plant is being built at Kearney, N. J., and will eventually employ 30,000 workers.

Take another look at the Western Electric Company. It is, indeed, an interesting study in modern industrialism.

## Labor Turnover

THE fact that more than 9,000,000 workers change their jobs each year, is displeasing to the American Management Association. It costs the capitalists of the country \$100 for each change, according to the association. And, of course, the workers are to blame; they are restless and are only happy when changing jobs frequently.

Why should they be otherwise? With work conditions bad and labor organization barred, what can the millions of workers do, but shift about from place to place as often as necessity demands and opportunity allows?

With work becoming more and more seasonal and spotty, workers have to hunt around for more than one job a year in which to make a good year's pay. And with no means of remedying evils what can they do but fly from them to others that they know not of—only to repeat the same performance over and over again?

Why complain of labor turnover? Why not consider the evils of bad management and union oppression?



## Where Big Industry Reigns

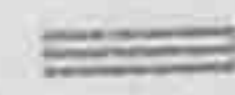
INDUSTRIAL unionism, in order to be successful, must enter the big industrial centers. To think it possible to emancipate the working class without an entrance into this field is to indulge in empty dreams.

With the farmers being driven into the cities and industrialism extending ever westward into growing communities, the necessity for industrial union agitation and organization where the big industries are, grows ever more imperative.

The advocates of industrial unionism, if they are ever to succeed, must follow the lines of big industry. They must recognize that where it lies there are also the battlegrounds of labor and the working class hosts that are to make industrial democracy a success. Hence it is there the greatest work must be done.

It will not do to say that industrial unionism has not succeeded there and to opine that the industrial workers are either dull or cowardly. It would be better still to examine into the defects of industrial unionism and, having found them, to revise it accordingly.

The workers in the big industries are practically unorganized. It's up to industrial unionism to organize them!



## CAUSE FOR MERRIMENT

Koretz was no "cheap skate." He went after and swindled "the brains of the community." And now the proletarians chortle out loud, for never did a mountebank, or three card man, take them in as easily as Koretz did these wise men,—these men of "unerring judgment and intuition," appointed by Divine Providence to lead and rob the working class.





## I Sing the Song of the Big City

A RHAPSODY, A LA WALT WHITMAN

I SING the song of the big city, with its Wrigley Tower and Woolworth Building, raising its Gothic beauty high amid the clouds and illuminated at night by another radiance than that of the stars—the radiance of the electrical genius of Franklin, Edison and Steinmetz—of Man!—making a grandeur that, seen from afar, is an inspiration to things lofty and sublime; and is also a light that beckons not only the seamen on the great lake and great bay, but all other mortals to higher achievements still.

I sing the song of the big city, with its great dynamic throb and its great white way, its busy marts and streets, its temples of art, music and learning, its awakening reminders of the cavemen and lake dwellers with whom it first started on its journey of realization; its social life, wherein man congregates to labor, think, accomplish and enjoy; where boss' associations and labor unions thrive and the God of Property and Profit is most vile; and its colonies, wherein the variegated races of the world assemble and though diverging, tend ever to become as one; a big family, with all of its frailties and weaknesses, its conflicts and disputes and also its loves and possibilities of greatness.

I sing the song of the big city, with its railroads and subways, its darkening clouds of smoke and sparkling-white steam; its blue-electric sputtering and glare on the horizon in the ebony night; its clatter, rattle, bang and roar; its honk, honk! and auto speed maniacs and killings; its contrasts of

progress and poverty, its luxury and destitution right next door and continuing to quite a few more doors beyond; its Bowerys and Madison streets; its mission bums, moochers, panhandlers, greaseballs, bootleggers and booze hounds; its gangsters, prostitutes, crooks and crime industry, not to mention its corrupt municipality and the big business that causes it; its myriads of workers, its producers of wealth, its industrious toilers, the salt of the earth, the cream of civilization, streaming from factories, and department stores, and office buildings, and plant yards, like giant ants coming from countless mole holes, overrunning the streets, cluttering up traffic, overloading the trolleys with crowds, sulphuric language and the need of ventilation; making of life one hell of a hustle and jostle, in which only the brawny and brutal get the seats and the women and children stand up, or hang on the straps, giving birth to a new race, as distinguished from the primates who hung by their tails in the primeval jungles.

I sing the song of the big city, where not only the congestion of population is big, but life itself is tremendous. Where man lives not in fear of nature's quakes, but the bombing plane that will wipe out his myriad greatness and make of his miles of blocks mounds of charred ruins and morgues of millions. Where terror is rampant, joy is piled high, and sorrow and suicide run deep. Where Capital is colossal and Labor more colossal still as, like another Atlas, it carries the burdens of both. Where the mettle of man is tried and

Fifteen

annealed in a roaring furnace of conflicting interests and only the weak and cowardly run away from its bewildering complexities and problems. Where the sun shines on shore roads and boulevards long and lovely, where, in parks, the verdure of the grass is often blotted out by the tired forms of homeless men; and the river's lapping, the lake's azure, and the bay's sweep, is music to the ears and a delight to sore eyes and sorer lives. Where the bridges tower, colossus-like, astride boroughs and suspend in geometrical symmetry, or open up like great giants yawning; while the passing boats below emit steam and energy that infuses one with a desire to do or be damned.

I sing the song of the big city, place of my birth, that often drives me, like a son disowned, from it; only to yearn to return to its devouring spaciousness. The idiocy of the country knows it not; it is the apotheosis of mental virility and intelligent restlessness. Monument to men descendant from the great Pyramid builders, it houses the master-constructors of the new society. Like a mammoth she-Pantagruel, it is pregnant with big problems pressing for solution. Its bosom rages with the conflict of classes; of the plutocrats against the masses; of the machine gun against the mind of the new era coming. Its brain divines the need for labor's realignment on industrial lines instead of political boundaries. And in its imagination there arises a vision of greater grandeur still—of a city truly beautiful, as beautiful as the poet's song and the innocence of childish laughter. A city in which man shall not only do and dare, but divine, without outraging his own noble mission and his own innermost happiness.

I sing the song of the big city, with all of its harsh realities and inspiring promises. It is a big song, as big as the city of which it sings.

J. E.

## A CITY INSTITUTION



I. W. W. Headquarters in Minneapolis, Minn. On Nicollett Ave., one of the most prominent thoroughfares, it is conspicuous for its white enameled front and big literature display.

Sixteen

## Two New Steel Branches

The steel drive of the IWW is still going on with unabated vigor! Two new branches, at Canton, O. and Gary, Ind., respectively, have been recently chartered. The 440 delegates behind the drive are renewing their credentials and getting lined up for 1924 organization work in a way that is encouraging.

Though the business slump has hit the steel industry, the work of agitation and education goes steadily forward, as it is believed that, with resumption, organization will be further effected.

Organizing the steel industry is no child's play. It is a gigantic industry with gigantic resources. But after all it depends on its workers. And when they organize, no force can stop them.

The steel drive has had a good effect on metal and machinery organization generally. Machine centers as far east as Massachusetts have been affected and branches of 440 have been organized in that state also.

One of the most encouraging features of the steel drive is the spirit of co-operation which it has developed between the metal workers' industrial union and the marine transport workers' industrial union. This is especially the case in the cities on the Great Lakes, where most of the transportation is controlled by the Pittsburgh Steamship Co., a subsidiary of the U. S. Steel Corporation, Harry Coulby, president; and better known as "Harry Coulby's "tin stack navy."

Another encouraging development is seen in the awakened interest in Eastern organization. The East is the location of big industry; and the steel drive is the wedge the IWW is driving into the latter. With Pennsylvania possessing more population than the eleven states west of Nebraska and Wyoming, with Ohio and Illinois pushing Pennsylvania a close second as the seat of big industry, the importance of the steel drive to industrial unionism cannot be overrated.

It will have a good stimulating effect on textile organization in the Keystone state, that's sure; for the textilers there have already got the organization fever, as well as the metal workers and the marine transport workers have. They declare their intention to organize the textile industry, no matter what obstacles are thrown in their way.

That's the spirit that counts; and it's that spirit that the steel drive has stimulated some; and that its success will help to stimulate some more.

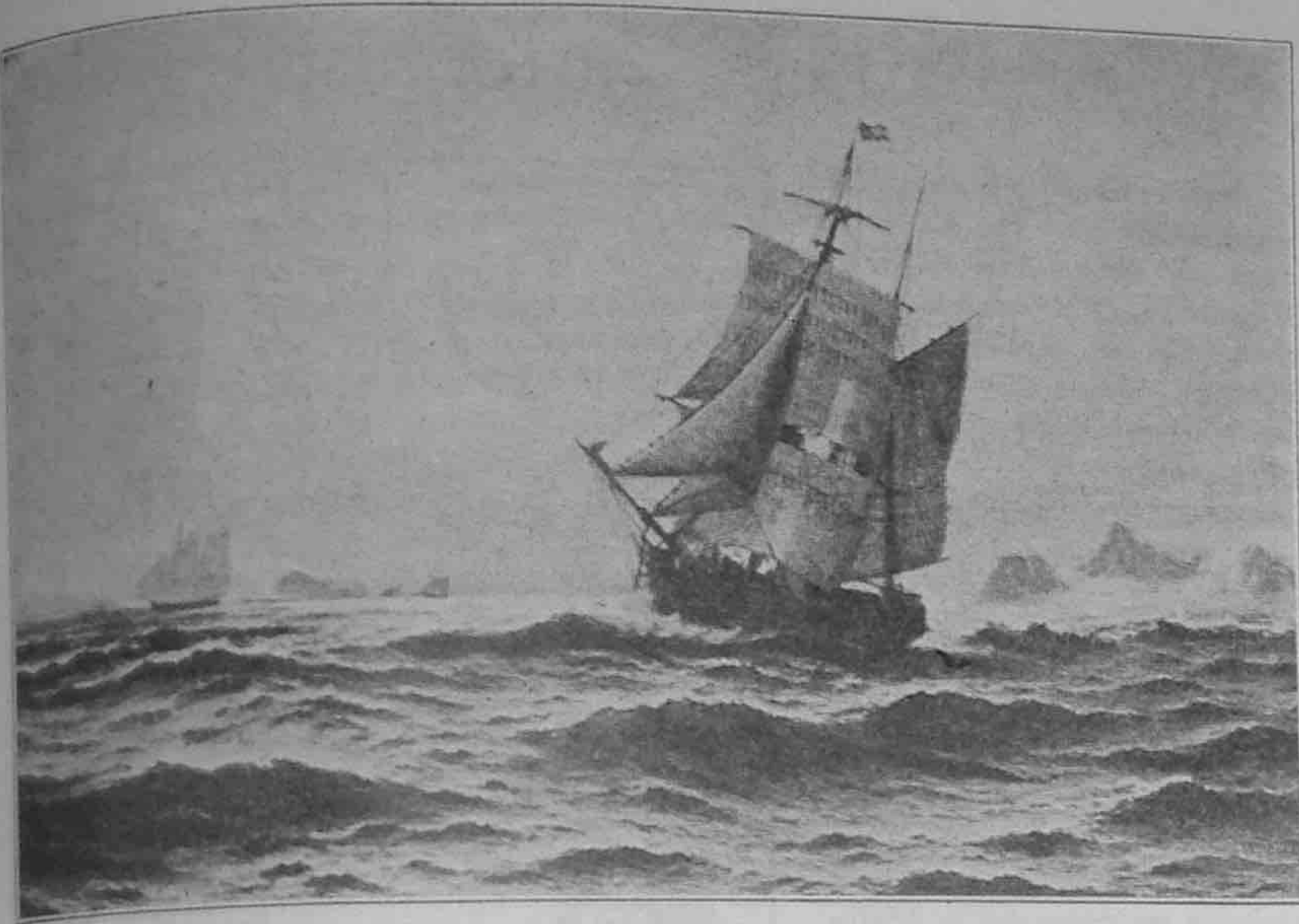
The last general convention of the IWW distinguished itself by endorsing and getting behind the steel drive. It was a very wise move, as it shows that the convention recognizes a key industry and its importance when it sees one.

Forward with the steel drive! Let the whole East get behind, co-operate with, and make the most of, it.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE PIONEER

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

At the  
Art  
Institute



ARCTIC WHALERS HOMEWARD BOUND—Wm. Bradford, Painter.



VOLTAIRE—BY HOUDON  
From Marble Statue In Paris, France.



STEEL WORKER—By MUNIER  
Belgian Master In Proletarian Sculpture.



# Eugene Barnett, Cartoonist

**T**HIS cartoon was drawn by Eugene Barnett. He is one of the eight victims of the Centralia conspiracy now serving from 25 to 40 years in Walla Walla penitentiary, Washington. This conspiracy was concocted by the lumber interests of that state. It consists in raiding the IWW hall with a mob, headed by American Legionnaires, and then fastening the deaths that occurred in defense of that hall and its occupants on the defenders.

The story of the trial at Montesano is one of the blackest pages in American judicial history. Armed men filled the courtroom daily and threatened the jurors. The General Defense has affidavits from six jurors saying that they were frightened into convicting men they knew had acted within their legal rights. Three other jurors have made statements to the same effect.

In addition to Eugene Barnett, the other victims of the Centralia conspiracy incarcerated in Walla Walla, are James McNerny, Britt Smith, O. E. Bland, Ray Becker, John Lamb, Bert Bland and Loren Roberts.

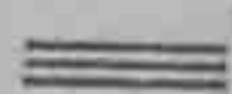
Among the IWW members who were killed by the mob that attacked the IWW hall, was Wesley Everest, an overseas veteran. He was mistaken for the secretary in charge of the hall, Britt Smith, and so was subjected to a series of intermittent and savagely vindictive assaults. He was kicked and beaten, dragged behind an auto, UNSEXED, and then lynched from a bridge of the Chehalis River.

Amid it all, Wesley Everest defied his defilers, and though suffering a thousand bodily agonies, never permitted a groan to escape his tortured lips. A man of great nerve, courage and fortitude. Wesley Everest died as dies a hero, staunchly asserting, despite savage opposition, his cause and personality to the very end.

Loren Roberts, his fellow worker, has immortalized Wesley Everest's death in a song, "The Tragedy of The Sunset Trail." Workers are beginning to sing it wherever they meet to advance their class interests.

All honor to Wesley Everest!

The above cartoon and incidents reflect the humor, intelligence and heroism of these eight lumber trust victims. Will you permit them to remain in durance vile without striving for their release, with all the energy that you can command?



An American inventor predicts that in twenty years television will be in common use. Instead of seeing motion pictures some time afterward we shall be able to sit in a theater and actually see, as if on the spot, instead of many miles away, and at the same time hear.



## A Smoke Screen

**T**HE war between the fundamentalists and the modernists in the denominational churches will not serve as a smoke screen to hide the fact that, no matter how much they may divide on dogma, both factions stand, nevertheless, for capitalism, with its exploitation of labor, wars, and menace to so-called civilization generally.

Man may have been divinely and spontaneously created, or he may have been evolved from the gorilla or the ape; that is a matter for churchmen to settle to their own satisfaction; with others it is no longer a mooted question. Nevertheless, capitalism is offensive to labor and to mankind generally, and until all churches get "hip" to that fact, and withdraw all support from the monstrosity, intelligent workmen and women will continue to regard them as being arrayed on the side of the worst forces in human life, and as such to be opposed as inimical to the progress and development of the race.

Intelligent workers do not care about the dogmatic basis of theology; they are interested in its capitalism, pure and simple. Until the churches call capitalism heretical and atheistic, they will find intelligent labor regarding them as a foe to labor and an enemy to the race. If they would cease to be suspect, the churches must cast out capitalism and the private property on which it is based.

# A Misplaced Award

By SAM HIGGINSON



hazardous and exposed positions.

At the outskirts of nearly all western cities can be seen a group of rough appearing men, including in their number boys still in their teens as well as gray-haired men and crippled adults. This is a conglomerate mass of human derelicts and from them many tales of hardship and exposure can be heard when time hangs heavy on their hands. Old refuse gathered from behind stores and along the tracks constitutes the fuel for their camp-fires, which many times are never unattended for weeks and weeks.

## A Movable Social Stratum

This human drift could be termed a movable social stratum for there is present certain ethics and morals as well as castes. Many pride themselves on their records for globe-trotting,—others on their successful evasion of capture by officials of the law and still others boast in a modest way of their seemingly sacrificing acts of philanthropy.

Of one thing these men are the very best informed along industrial and geographical lines of any group the writer has ever met. Instantly a question is asked regarding either a job or the location of a city and many ready answers are forthcoming. Authentic in every detail. Some going so far as to name the dividends paid by certain corporations and amounts invested and extent of projects.

Had the good fortune to listen in on a discussion between two members of a "Jungle gang" on the merits of awards for heroism. One of these men was able to offer an experience of his own for proof that awards for heroism are sometimes misplaced and his story follows:

"One windy night on Market Street in San Francisco I found myself in possession of a ravenous appetite and no means to appease it. A portly looking, well dressed man smoking a large cigar was looking in a jeweler's display window and when I approached him and related my plight he turned back the lapel of his top coat and displayed a badge and informed me that he would take me where I could have a regular boarding house. This was a

disappointment to me but I had no redress. Along with many others I was sentenced the next morning to six months in prison.

## The Tobacco Smugglers

"This was for committing no crime and my company for the next six months was to be with hardened criminals. However, I watched my chances and became a model prisoner. This gave me a few liberties not accorded to the others; such as sleeping on a cot in the corridor and not being locked in a cell, as well as the occasional liberty to the freedom of the grounds.

"In this institution the use of tobacco was prohibited. That is, you were not allowed to have any tobacco in your possession. This is really a severe punishment to one who has become accustomed to its use. Many measures are used to smuggle both tobacco as well as the material for kindling fire into prisons. Attached to this prison was a rock-pile. Jocularly the activity of breaking rock is known as 'making little ones out of big ones.'

"This was one of the means of obtaining material for making fire. The flint-like rock was selected and pieces small enough to conceal about one's clothing were smuggled into our cells. By gathering lint from blankets, caps or other cloth and placing it in a partly open magazine we were ready to strike the flint together and thus generate a coal which, when blown upon by the mouth would glow and light the balance of the lint.

"This magazine would find its way from cell to cell with its warm message. It is presumed that some prisoner was surprised in the act of smoking and suddenly deposited his cigarette or lit pipe in the wooden ventilators that were a part of each cell. This prison was a firetrap to begin with, having been built a number of years ago and of wooden material.

"I was at this time allowed to sleep in the corridor of the north wing on a cot. Was awakened about ten o'clock on a Sunday night by a cry of fire in the corridor where I slept. I hastily spread the alarm to the main office for the warden to hurry and release these prisoners from their cells into the main corridors. In the meantime the place had become a madhouse of enraged humans. Imagine being locked in a cell in a burning building.

"At night each cell is given an iron cup with about a quart of water and some of the men in their fear and excitement had reached through the bars of their cells and hurled these iron cups at the windows; thus letting in a draft of air which only added to the intensity of the flames. When the warden arrived on the scene he commenced to unlock cells



# Open Shop's Cloven Hoofs

**T**HE Open Shop advocates in Chicago are showing their cloven hoofs. While pretending to be the only protectors of American standards, they are really their underminers and destroyers. They deny the rights of organization to their employees, while organized themselves. They plan to subject the individual workers thus placed at their mercy to increased hours and lower scales of wages, accordingly, than are granted by closed shop employers in agreement with labor unions. And they call this Americanism, illustrating once more what crimes are committed in the name of liberty.

The proof of the foregoing is to be found in "Open Shop News," published by the Open Shop Employing Printers Association of Chicago in the interests of those in the Printing and Allied Trades in the Chicago Industrial Area who operate their shops on the American Plan. In its October issue this sheet contains the following:

## **"Get Twelve Months Out of 1924.**

"Did it ever occur to you that some shops are only working eleven months of the year?"

"Figure it out for yourself."

"Take a shop running on the 44-hour a week basis and another on the 48-hour basis."

"Compare them."

"44 is to 48 as 11 is to 12."

"It doesn't seem much when you think of the difference in terms of weeks."

"But cut one whole month off your production (and that is exactly what the 44-hour week does) and see just how much you lose."

---

right away but where there was no one suffering from the heat and where there was the least danger to him.

"I told him in as forcible terms as I could command that he should unlock the cells at the farther end of the corridor where the men were really suffering from the smoke and heat. I accompanied him to the other end of the corridor and after he had unlocked one cell he bolted.

"He was too slow. I had grabbed him by the shoulders in no gentle manner and in stern tone declared that if he did not unlock every cell there and then that he and I would burn with the prisoners. Under the threat of my ultimatum he did unlock every cell although we both suffered from the intense heat and smoke. This entire wing was destroyed before the fire department came on to the scene. The main building was saved.

"Now I was only a prisoner and no longer a human. The man I forced to act heroically was given a great deal of praise by the newspapers and the state later on decorated him with a medal. He wears this decoration to this day, but how he can feel proud of it is what beats me. I think you cannot help but agree that this was a misplaced award."

"Is it really fair to yourself to throw away a whole month of production time?"

"If you have a 44-hour shop—and consequently lose a month a year—can you compete with the fellow who produces during that extra month?"

"Not much!"

"You lose—and lose plenty."

"Another thing: the open shops could afford to close down entirely for one whole month and still be ahead of the game as compared to the closed shops which are restricted in their output by the unions."

"Make 1924 a TWELVE instead of an eleven-month year."

"Be fair to yourself and get the returns from your shop that are rightfully yours."

It will be noticed that nothing is said here about what is rightfully the individual worker's who must toil under these conditions.

He has no rights, except to be exploited as the interests of the open shop employers demand. That is, he is one lone individual, pitted against a combine formed to exploit him to the limit and to get 12 months' labor out of him, where other employers who permit him to combine ask only eleven.

And this pitting of the individual worker against a combination intent on increasing his hours of toil is called Americanism!

If this is Americanism, what has become of the American sense of fair play and decency? Of pitting men against one another on a basis of fairness?

But enough of this. What is necessary is for individual workers to realize what the open shop means and to revolt against it by organizing industrially. The open shop is a means of exploitation of the worst kind that uses Americanism as a disguise to hide its despicable purposes. Organize against it. Join the IWW Printers' and Publishers' Industrial Union and overthrow it.



## Reversing Farm History

**T**HE industro-financial policy of sacrificing agriculture to industry is reversing the trend of agricultural shipments. For the first time in history, the imports of agricultural products into the United States exceeded the exports during the year ending June 30, 1923, the department of agriculture announced recently.

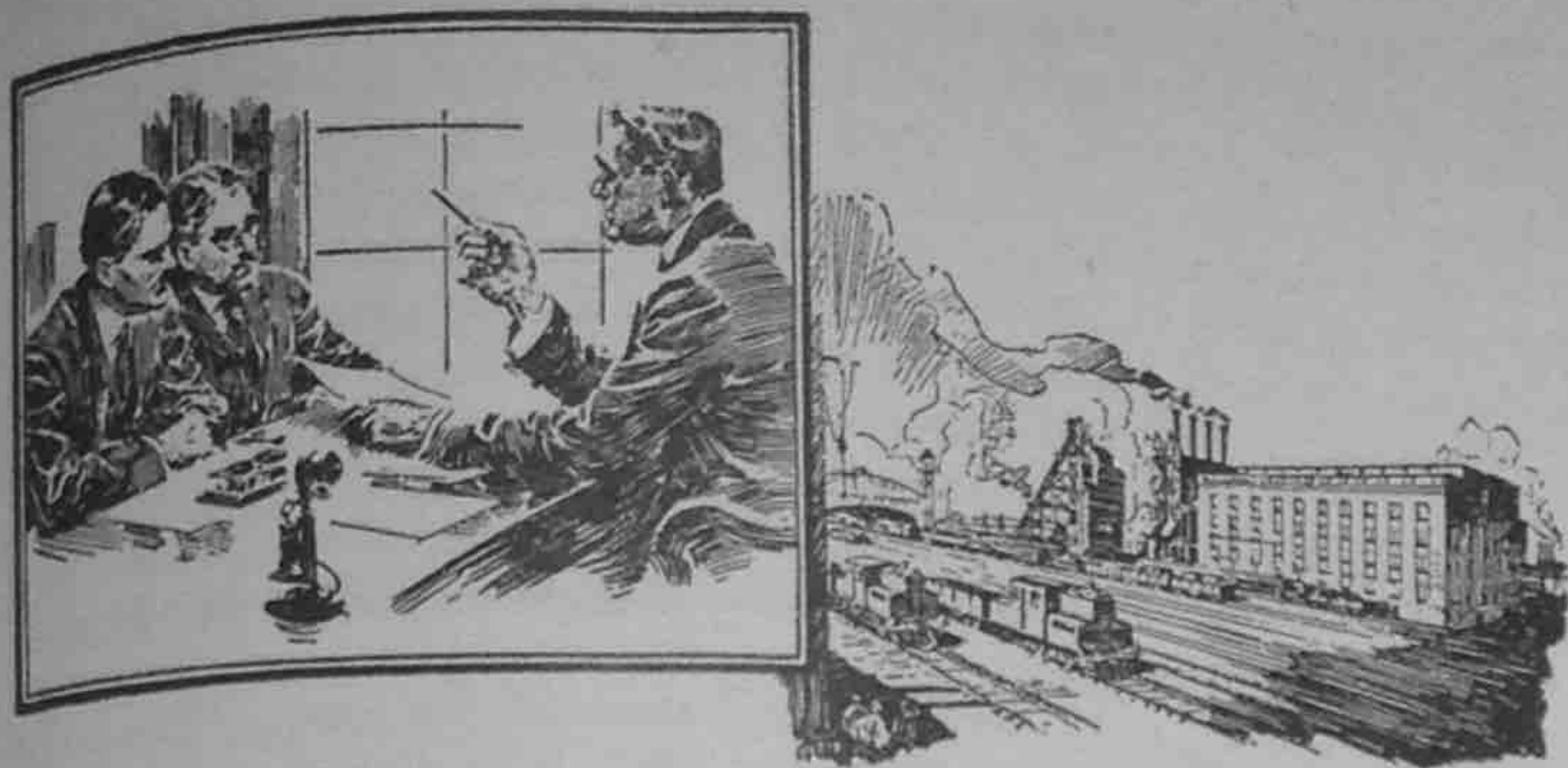
This result was reached by a large increase in imports and a slight decrease in exports.

Imports, including forest products, for the year ending June 30, were valued at \$2,315,000,000, while corresponding exports were set at \$1,927,000,000.

Excluding forest products the imports were \$1,903,000,000 and the exports \$1,799,000,000.

# Live Wire

By ARTHUR PEEL



**T**HIS story is more fact than fiction. It is original and published here for the first time. Some will claim that it more properly belongs in a magazine of success, or a management magazine. But it is printed here instead, as it affords an interesting insight into the real nature of management.

According to current capitalist economics, management is something apart and separate from labor—a quality and function peculiar to capitalists only, and, therefore, entitling them to the greater share of production stolen from labor.

“Live Wire” explodes this fallacy. It makes vivid the fact that capitalist management is dependent on and inseparable from hired labor. True, this labor is high-salaried. It commands social respect on account of its responsibilities. That, however, does not alter its wage-exploited character. Managerial labor is hired and, what is more degrading, fired as is all other labor, just the same—that is, according to the degree of exploitation demanded by dividends and profit. And it is this labor that constitutes “Management” of the real capitalist variety.

Technicians of all kinds are beginning to recognize their real status under capitalism. And the day is coming when more of them will be arrayed, together with the Steinmetzs, Polakovs, Woodruffs, et. al., on the side of the great working class, where they belong. Even accountants are leaning our way; hence the appearance of this story here, instead of elsewhere.

**G**EORGE ROBINS was no Conan Doyle, Carolyn Wells, or O. Henry; he was only a hard-boiled prosy accountant, with about as much imagination as a setting hen who has no idea of what she will hatch from the bunch of eggs she is sitting on—it may be ducks! When Robins extracted figures from his ledgers, journals and cash-books and mechanically made up statements every month, semi-annually, and annually, he never allowed his imagination an airing, no, not even to the extent of even wondering what the ingredients of his omelet would be. But for once in his life, he had managed to produce a story, which, though expressed only in figures and stereotyped phraseology, was of such absorbing interest that the cigar which Mr. Calvin Chilcott, the president of the Chilcott Wire and Cable Company, Incorporated, had tightly clipped between his teeth, had gone out. Now if there was one thing Calvin Chilcott abominated it was a burnt out cigar, therefore

we are justified in assuming that there was something in Robins' statement which had hit him hard. But the strange thing was that Robins saw nothing unusual in the balance sheet which he had just presented to his chief.

Calvin Chilcott had just returned from an extended tour through Europe, where he had been seeking new markets for high grade wires and cables, such as are used by electric lighting and traction corporations. During his absence from the States, the general manager of the Chilcott Wire and Cable Company had died suddenly. When advised of this, Chilcott had cabled Harvey Simpson, the vice-president, to superintend things until his return. Harvey Simpson, an easy-going, sport-loving man, with an ample private income, took immediate steps to rid himself of the responsibility thus thrust upon him. He called a meeting of the chief executives of the Company and from their number he appointed a committee of five

Twenty-one

to manage the affairs of the plant, pending the return of the president. Now, in this, he showed considerable wisdom, though we can hardly put this to his credit, for, hating responsibility of any description, Harvey Simpson had taken the easiest way out and it was not from any quality of keen foresight, or insight, that he had placed the conduct of the business in the hands of better men than himself.

This committee consisted of Barwick Evans, the sales manager; Henry Floyd, purchasing agent; Warren Stokes, production manager; Alfred Burs-tall, secretary-treasurer; and George Robins, chief accountant. Their administration was now on trial, and had they been witnesses of the storm clouds gathering on the face of the chief, they would not have felt easy.

Calvin Chilcott was frankly puzzled. Out of the mass of figures there loomed one item which eclipsed everything else in the statement—"Inventory . . . . \$1,550,948.80." There was a sharp "buzz" in the chief accountant's office, and Robins, who had learned to interpret the moods of the Chief by the length of his "buzz," knew, before he reached the president's office, that the temperature was rising.

When Robins entered the private office he found Mr. Chilcott violently chewing the end of the still dead cigar, while his eyes were burning holes in the sheet before him.

"Robins," he said, looking up sharply, "what the devil does this mean?"

"What does what mean?" replied the unperturbed accountant with the familiarity of an old and privileged servant of the Company.

"Why, this million and half dollars, of course! There's nothing else of interest to me on this balance sheet compared with **that!**" the chief answered impatiently.

The accountant shrugged his shoulders, as he said, "It means that we have that much money tied up in raw material, work in process, and finished product."

"Don't be a d—— fool, Robins," the irritated man replied. "Though I am no accountant, I know **that** much, I hope. What I want to know is, have we overbought on raw material? Has there been over-production in the factory? Or, is the stock not moving? Now then, which is it?"

Now George Robins was an accountant—a good accountant, we may add, but, he was only an accountant in the most limited meaning of the word. Had he been a bigger man, he would have considered it his business to make himself acquainted with many things, which, though not strictly in his province as accountant, were nevertheless vitally related to his records. In other words, instead of being a keeper of records and a figure juggler, only, he might have been an advisor and consultant—a sort of human barometer, we might say. By relating his knowledge of what was reflected on the books of the company, to a knowl-

edge which he might have gained of conditions in the factory, and in the stores, he would have been the one man in the factory to issue a note of warning at the right moment. As it was, he was unable to give a direct reply to the president's inquiry. He knew that he could dig it out from the books, but Jackson was the factory ledger keeper, and Robins had never considered it necessary to make himself familiar with the details of Jackson's ledger, especially as Jackson's trial balance was always in order. This he explained to Mr. Chilcott.

"Then get it!" snapped the chief. "Break the darned thing up! Pull it to pieces! I must know what it means! Between the bunch of you, you are going to ruin the concern!"

With that utter disregard for detail which is characteristic of so many big executives, Calvin Chilcott had little idea, if any, of the system by which the accounts of the company were being kept. Had he possessed this knowledge it is just probable that George Robins would not have been filling the position of chief accountant of the Chilcott Wire and Cable Company.

Robins left the president's office and went at once to Jackson's desk.

"Give me a copy of your last trial balance, Joe. The chief's all up in the air over the amount of inventory we are showing."

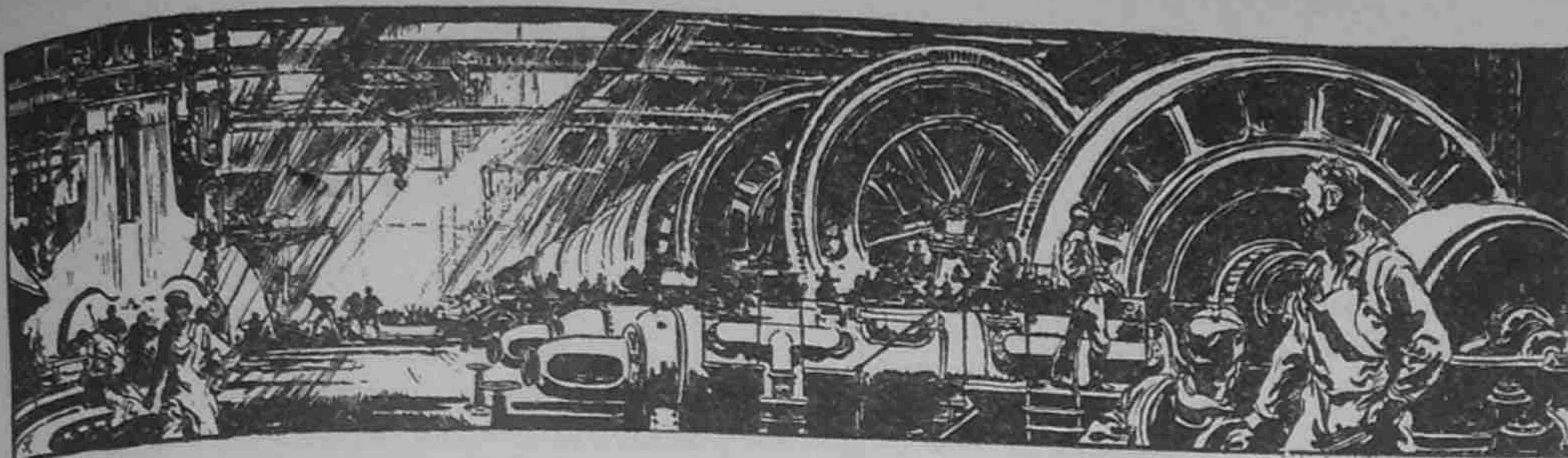
Jackson took a private file from a drawer in his desk and took off a copy of his last trial balance.

"I'll get the girl to type you a copy," he said, as he handed it over to his stenographer.

"Alright, send it in to my office as soon as possible," answered Robins.

Joe Jackson was a young man of some imagination, and, moreover, he had obtained his experience in a different school to that in which Robins, his chief, was trained. Robins had been with the firm for thirty years, and saw things only from one angle, which happened to be the slant which was very common to bookkeepers of a generation ago, but which modern accountants have discarded as being too limited, thereby raising their vocation to the dignity of a profession, and vastly increasing their efficiency and value. It was not surprising therefore that Jackson was entirely out of sympathy with his chief's ideas and ideals, which had created an artificial barrier between the accounting department and other departments. Unostentatiously, and without a sacrifice of loyalty to the chief accountant, Jackson had determined that he would do his part towards breaking down this wall of division, which, while it excluded the interests of other branches, prevented those on the inner side from obtaining an intelligent view of the operations of those branches which, with the accounting department, made an industrial whole. Because he had adopted this policy, Jackson knew a whole lot more about his work and the operations of the factory than his chief had any idea of; but





he was too wise a man to give his knowledge away in a quarter where he knew it would not be appreciated. He was just waiting patiently for an opportunity of capitalizing his information.

When Robins had asked for his trial balance, he knew that something interesting was going to happen, and he had a shrewd suspicion as to the principals who would be involved.

\* \* \*

Five men in addition to the president, sat around the handsome board table in Mr Chilcott's office. These were the men appointed by Harvey Simpson to conduct the affairs of the business during the absence of the president.

Calvin Chilcott lit another cigar, tilted himself back in his chair, then started a rapid fire of questions, addressing each man in turn. Jackson's trial balance was before him, showing the inventory under three captions: "Raw material," "Work in Process," and "Finished product." This was supported by schedules in which the detailed values were shown in support of the main statement.

While the chief was putting his executives through a kind of "third degree" examination, there was a tap on the door. His secretary answered it and returned a second later with a neatly bound set of charts, graphs and curves, which she laid on the table before the president.

"What's this?" he asked sharply.

"Mr. Jackson, the cost accountant, asked me to give it to you. I thought probably you had asked for it."

"Don't know anything about it!" and he pushed the charts aside impatiently, but in so doing he inadvertently pulled back the top cover, and a neatly printed title caught his eye—"Comparative chart of Sales and Production for the twelve months ending September 30th, 1921." He was interested and studied the chart for several seconds, then turning to Robins, he said, "Why haven't you shown me these before?"

Robins looked blankly at his chief. "First time I've seen them."

"Humph!" grunted Chilcott, "the boy's got ideas."

"Now," he continued, "I see from this chart, Evans, that sales have been steadily decreasing for the past six months. Of course, we knew that, but somehow I was not able to visualize it in the

manner in which it is shown here. I notice that the ratio of decrease has increased every month since May. Worse than I thought!"

No comment was offered to this.

Turning to another chart, he looked up suddenly and again addressing the sales manager, said:

"How do expenses in your department this month, compare with April's expense?"

Evans hesitated, then replied:

"I can't give you actual figures, sir, but we have two men less on the road than we had in April: that would mean a saving of approximately \$1,800 a month."

The president looked again at the chart before him which was titled "Comparative departmental expenditure for twelve months ending September 30th, 1921," then said:

"I can give you some information which may interest you Mr. Evans; your expenditure has actually increased. By that I mean that it cost you \$7,000 to sell \$100,000, as against \$9,000 to sell \$160,000 in April. Now don't think that I am criticizing your administration, there may be a legitimate reason for this, but what I want to point out is that you men should have this information at your finger tips."

"We never knew it was available," answered the sales manager.

"Then you should have asked for it!" was the laconic reply.

Calvin Chilcott turned to another sheet, then his face became grave. Looking up from the chart, he said:

"It appears, Mr. Stokes, that notwithstanding the unsatisfactory state of the market, you have not cut down production, with the result that we are seriously overstocked. The market is still falling and the Lord only knows where it will end."

There was a painful silence in the room. Evans and Floyd looked relieved, while Robins was as unperturbed as ever. Whatever happened, it wasn't his funeral!

Then the president added, "Of course, Stokes, I can't judge you on this chart alone, it may be all wrong. What do you think about it yourself?"

"There is no mistake, Mr. Chilcott, the chart is quite correct. I saw it a few days ago and told Jackson that his figures agreed with mine."

The chief rose, saying as he did so, "Thank you, gentlemen. I will not detain you longer, except Mr. Stokes who must have a lot to explain."

Twenty-three

After a lapse of half-an-hour, Warren Stokes, the production manager came out of the president's office, looking serious, but showing no evidence of nervousness or fear.

\* \* \*

That night two young men sat in the office of the production manager, busily engaged on various statements and books. A junior was pounding away on an adding machine while yards of paper ticked off the roller as he worked.

"Joe," said Warren Stokes (for it was he and Jackson who were holding a night session), "our great chance has come, and we have got to show the old man that we are bigger than our jobs. I could not defend myself this afternoon because the decision of the union is not known yet; and as to the other matter about which I spoke to you, I am still without confirmation. In these circumstances I just had to make the best of a bad job and asked him to defer taking any action until tomorrow night. But say, boy, it's a marvel he didn't fire me on the spot."

"Well, as you know, Mr. Stokes, I'm with you, but I'm darned if I know how you get in on all this dope. Our competitors would give thousands to know what you know."

Warren laughed, as he said, "Because, I'm like you, Joe; I go after it and don't wait till it comes to me—too late!"

Jackson looked at Stokes admiringly; he was almost a boy in appearance, though five years Joe's senior, which would make him thirty-one. His genial disposition and consideration had won for him the goodwill and respect of all his colleagues, but one, though he was a newcomer in the firm.

"You took some risk in keeping up production when the market was dead, but by Jove! I believe you'll make the grade," Joe said with enthusiasm.

The next morning at seven o'clock, a sinister figure appeared at the factory gates; it was that of the "walking boss." At nine o'clock, a committee headed by the walking boss presented itself at the office of the president. After waiting for a quarter of an hour, they were ushered into the office of "the old man."

Half an hour later the door opened and the committee emerged; some serious, others visibly angered. Inside the office Chilcott strode up and down chewing viciously his unlit cigar. Then stopping suddenly he pressed a button at the side of his desk. A few seconds passed and then a tap at the door.

"Come in!"

It was the factory manager, John Everett.

"Close down at noon, today, John, and have your payrolls made up at once."

John Everett looked at his chief, at first too dazed to make a remark, then finally said: "Is it a lock-out, sir?!"

"Yes!" answered Chilcott, shortly. Then, as if realizing that some further explanation was necessary, he added:

"If we wait, the men themselves will call a strike

by the end of the week. I am going to beat them at their own game, that's all."

As soon as Everett had left the office, the president picked up the inter-departmental phone on his desk and connected with Robins.

"Everett will have the payrolls ready by noon. Get the money and pay off today."

Without waiting for any reply or comment, he hung up the phone, only to pick it up almost immediately and connect with the factory manager.

"Forgot to tell you to tell Tom to bank the fires at noon. We'll teach 'em a lesson and will close down for several days."

Quickly the news spread that the old man was going to fight. Among the executives the general opinion was that the advantage was all on the side of the Company, since they were carrying such large stocks of finished wire and cable which they had very little chance of unloading under the existing state of the market. But two men were silent . . . and watchful. One was busy checking statements which his stenographer was turning over to him every few minutes, her fingers flying over the keyboard in her race with time. The other was sitting at his desk waiting . . . waiting anxiously for the telephone bell to ring.

There it was! Eagerly Warren Stokes picked up the receiver:

"Hello! . . . Good! . . . Thanks, old man. Good-bye!"

That was all, but the clouds which had flitted across his usually bright face, were effectually dispersed by the message he had just taken.

He picked up the phone again and connected with the sales manager's office.

"Hello, Evans! Are you alone? . . . No? Well, I must see you alone, at once. I wonder if you would mind coming over to my office? . . . Thanks."

The feeling between Stokes and Evans had never been cordial. There existed between them that peculiar mental antagonism which is often to be found with men of strong personality. When Evans walked into the office of the production manager, it was evident that he was not in the best of humor.

Stokes motioned him to a chair, and producing from his desk a box of cigars, he offered it to Barwick Evans, then without any preliminary skirmishing he launched immediately into the matter which had made it necessary for him to arrange the interview.

"Evans, you and I have not been what one might call, a sympathetic team. Perhaps the fault is as much mine as yours, but somehow we haven't hit it off together as well as might have been desired in the interests of the business. However, we have now arrived at a sort of crisis in the old firm and I want to turn over to you some information which I have every hope and reason for believing, will save the situation. There is no particular reason why I should give this information to you except this, that you are sales manager, while I am production manager, but I have been rooting round picking up some dope which should come to you, only you

weren't alive to it. I don't want to hurt your feelings, but that's the plain truth.

"You know what happened yesterday in the old man's room," he continued; "you other fellows slipped from under while I had to take all that was coming. Now I could probably square myself at once with the old man, by going to him with the news which I am about to give to you, but this would be against my principle, and moreover would not be sufficient justification for my alleged bad judgment in not cutting down production when things were looking bad: I have other strings to my bow."

He was silent for a few seconds, while Evans drew hard at his cigar, ill at ease.

Warren Stokes was about to continue when the door softly opened and Jackson stood on the threshold.

"I'm sorry, I thought you were alone, Mr. Stokes."

"It's alright, Joe. Excuse me a minute, Mr. Evans."

Jackson gave him a sheaf of neatly typed statements and some more graphs and curves, remarking as he did so, "I'll swear by these, if necessary." He then left the two men alone.

\* \* \*

Calvin Chilcott was dictating rapidly to his stenographer when someone knocked at the door of his private office.

"Hello! Come in!" he shouted.

The door opened and Warren Stokes and Warwick Evans walked in.

"Can't see you now, gentlemen, too busy. See you in an hour . . . I'll ring for you."

Evans made a move as if to leave, but the production manager checked him, as he said:

"Mr. Chilcott, I'm afraid you **must** see us now. What we have to say is of greater importance than anything else you may have on hand at this moment."

The president looked up and stared at Stokes in amazement. "What the devil . . . !" he commenced but Warren interrupted him.

"Chief, we're responsible officials of the Company, and we wouldn't be here now if it wasn't for the fact that we have some information which vitally concerns the business, and therefore—you."

Calvin Chilcott was struggling with himself; he hated to be bearded in this way, yet something in the young man's attitude impressed him.

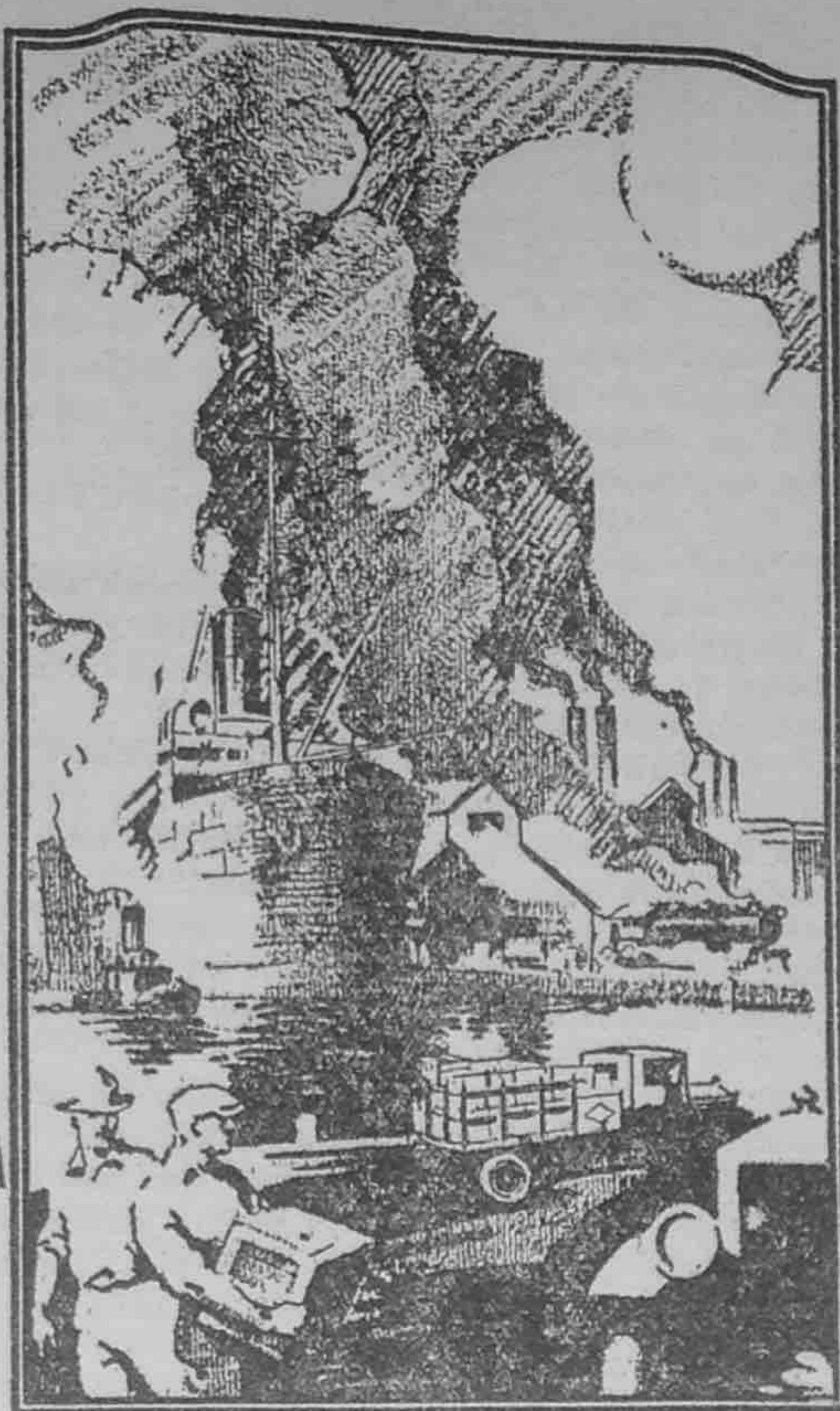
"Get it out, then, and be quick about it!"

"Thank you, sir, Mr. Evans will tell you what it is."

"Mr. Chilcott, I have just heard that China is in the market for large quantities of copper wire and cable and is getting bids in this country. The terms are for immediate shipment and we are the only people in the States with the stock on hand."

"How much will they take?" inquired the president.

"More than seventy-five per cent of our stock," replied the sales manager.



Chilcott looked at him keenly, then said:

"Where did you get this information?"

Evans hesitated, but only for a second, then said:

"Mr. Stokes has been following the thing for some time. He made a valuable connection with the Chinese Trade commissioner in Washington, and from what he tells me, the order is practically ours. He took me into his confidence this morning. If we can put through this deal, Mr. Chilcott, here is the man to whom the firm will be indebted."

Calvin Chilcott looked from one to the other—there was something about the whole business that puzzled him—then addressing Stokes, he said:

"Is this why you have been accumulating a large stock?"

"It is one reason, sir, but there is another. I knew three months ago that a strike would be called; I knew also that the cost of production was as low now as it would ever be, and with an increase in labor cost and the prevailing market price of wire it would just mean that we should be out of luck. I assumed therefore (and my assumption, sir, was correct) that you would refuse the demands of the union. Relating this to information which, as Mr. Evans has told you, I secured on the China proposition, I thought it worth while to take the risk and increase the stock while I could, especially when I discovered that all our serious competitors

were reducing their stock as rapidly as possible."

The president stared at Warren Stokes, who returned his gaze unflinchingly. After a long pause Mr. Chilcott said:

"Mr. Stokes, we need a general manager. The job is yours."

Warren flushed slightly for this was beyond his expectations. For several seconds he didn't know that the president was standing before him with an outstretched hand; as soon as he noticed this, he grasped it, but could say nothing.

"Well, what do you say, my boy?" Chilcott's tone was kindly and fatherly.

"Pardon me, sir, but this took my breath away. I deeply appreciate the confidence which you are placing in me and do not think you will have any cause to regret it."

"That's alright, I nearly fired you yesterday!"

"By the way," continued the chief, "this young man Jackson seems particularly on to his job; do you think we ought to encourage him?"

"We owe a good deal to him, sir, already, and I hope you will recognize his value in some way which will enable him to still further increase his scope of activity here."

When Evans and Stokes were outside, the sales manager extended his hand to Warren and said:

"Stokes, no congratulations which you will receive will be more sincere than mine. You have taught me a great lesson and I thank you. From now on you may count on me as your most loyal supporter."

\* \* \*

Mr. Chilcott picked up the phone and connected with the chief accountants' office. "Come to my office, Robins. I want to have a chat with you."

George Robins sat opposite his chief, and for once he was really perturbed. Mr. Chilcott was talking quietly, calmly, and sympathetically!

"Yes, we older men have got to recognize that there are some things that we don't know; the younger generation are ahead of us in many ways. Now there's Stokes, a young man, who has saved the firm at a crucial time—saved it by what you and I would say was the most foolhardy risk any man in his position could take. But the boy was right, and he had nerve and common-sense. Then there's your man Jackson; he has the faculty of being so darned intelligently inquisitive that he goes ahead and visualizes everything that is going on in the factory in a manner which has proved of considerable value. I am going to appoint him chief accountant in your place."

Robins' face went ashen gray, and in a moment, he had aged ten years.

"After thirty years!" he said weakly.

Mr. Chilcott smiled.

"Yes, after thirty years' good faithful service, Robins, you are entitled to a soft job, so I am going to give you Burstall's job. He is resigning next month. I think you will make a good secretary-treasurer."

The cloud passed from the face of Robins. He was a philosopher in his way and notwithstanding the veiled impeachment in the decision of the president, he accepted it with good grace.

That evening two young men accompanied by their young wives, dined at the most exclusive hotel in the city. It was their celebration of another step up the ladder of success.

Stokes was standing with an uplifted glass of ginger-ale.

"To our wives!" he said, "who have never begrudged us the hours we have spent preparing for this day!"

Solemnly the two young men drained their glasses.

Evelyn Stokes filled her glass and that of her companion, Kate Jackson, then lifting her glass, she said:

"To our husbands! the best husbands in the world. God bless them!"

## The "Newsie" Critic

By JEAN WADSWORTH BROWN

**B**EAUTIFULL Snow?" Who doped out dat bunk?

Some misguided "coke" "nut"? Or jist a plain drunk?

Or mebbly de coal man, went Ravin (like Poe),  
When he saw de first signs, of de "beatifull" snow.  
"Beautiful" snow? Why de mut what sprung dat,  
Had a tankfull of doodlebugs under his hat,  
For if he wasnt "dippy" he surely would know,  
There aint no such ting, as "beautiful" snow.

Dye spose dat chap ever bunked in a box—  
Wit de "b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l-l" snow sneaking in thro  
his socks,

Or snoozed on de gratin around de bake shops,  
With de "beautiful" snow frappay on his chops?  
Oh it may be allright for the upholstered jay,  
What rides in his Limoseen, on de White Way,  
But take it from me Bill, its us kids dat know,  
And its hell, to be shiverin, out in de snow!

"Beautiful" snow? Well take it from me,  
Dere aint nuthin to it, as what I kin see,  
An it aint de fifth avenoo stiffis as should know,  
But us kids—what are shiverin—out in de snow!  
From early each mornin till way late at night,  
We peddle our papes, and yell wit our might,  
While de wind from de Battery's fifteen below,  
An de holes in our "kicks" welcome—"b-e-a-u-t-i-  
f-u-l-l" snow.

Oh it may be allright for de upholstered jay,  
What loafs in his Limoseen, up on Broadway,  
But take it from me Bill, its us kids dat know,  
An dere aint no such ting, as "beautiful" snow!



## Memorials and Mellons

By EDWARD D. LLOYD.

ARTHUR Brisbane declares, "Moving picture people, among other qualities include speed and generosity." The occasion which caused the remark was a paragraph in his daily column dealing with the Harding Memorial Fund.

Chas. M. Schwab, who is so considerate of the working class that labor in his steel mills is paid forty-one cents per hour, was the guest at a luncheon engineered by Mrs. Zukor for the purpose of getting the moving picture magnates together so "Charlie" could beg them, or to quote Mr. Brisbane again, "To ask about a little contribution for the Harding Memorial Fund."

He was very modest about the "little contribution" all he asked for was ten thousand dollars. (\$10,000.00). He stated he wanted another ten thousand dollars from the New York newspapers. W. R. Hearst had already contributed \$1,500.00, which left \$8,500.00 to be raised by the other papers.

Schwab was very careful to inform them that Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, the late President's friend, was deeply interested in the Harding memorial, and added that American business men should be glad to oblige Mr. Mellon.

Ten thousand dollars was subscribed while Mr. Schwab was talking.

Let us see. Who is this Charles M. Schwab. Is he a worker in the employ of the steel corporation, or is he part of it? And who is this Mrs. Zukor person who organized this "come across" luncheon, is she one of the "supes" or maids at Hollywood, or is she some kin to Adolph Zukor, the millionaire "movie" magnate?

And W. R. Hearst, that name sounds familiar. Can it be Wm. Randolph, the millionaire publisher?

And just why was Charlie so careful to inform these film magnates that "business men should be glad to oblige Mr. Mellon." Who, what, how, when and why is Mellon and what can he do for them?

**Mr. Mellon is father of the Mellon-Bill or so-called Taxation-Plan.**

Remember that little song of a few years ago, "Every little movement has a meaning all its own?"

Senator Simeon D. Fess has also made public extracts from a letter sent out by Malcolm Jennings of Columbus, Ohio. Mr. Jennings is the executive secretary of the Ohio Manufacturers' Association. This letter was sent out to the members of his organization on January 1st, 1924, "instructing members what must be done."

Jennings reminded the Ohio Manufacturers that in the event of the Buckeye Congressmen not complying with the wishes of the manufacturers that "we have a chance to displace all of them but the Senators this year if they are not amendable to reason."

In his instructions to the members of the Association as to what must be done, Jennings suggests "Whatever your views are upon the need of retrenchment and tax-revision downward, your Congressman is entitled to them. But he will pay no attention to you unless you make him understand you are in earnest about it, and will hold him to account and get others to help you do it. He pays no attention to stereotyped letters. Put your thoughts in your own words, see him personally if possible, and also write him and get others to do so."

A rumor was current in Cleveland, O., that the Fisher Body Co. had their employees sign a petition to Congress urging the passage of this bill. It was a case of the employees signing this petition or losing their jobs. The job losing part was denied by the Fisher Co. through the columns of the Cleveland Press, and they stated that their employees signed it voluntarily. "Nuff said."

The Mellon-Bill would be a nice little "Melon" for "Big Business" to cut. Mr. B. C. Forbes in his Finance and Business Column tells us that nothing would help business as the adoption of the Mellon plan for lowering taxes. It would increase the demand for labor, and not less important, this country's ability to compete in the markets of the world with reviving European nations would be fortified."

Yet, after howling for lower taxation for the capitalists, (you will notice labor is not mentioned) he goes on to say: "Judging by the increases in dividend payments, the gain in railroad profits, the security markets condition, the general wage standard in this country is not ruinously high."

Mr. Forbes does not state what the "general wage standard" is. Perhaps if he omits the "salaries" of the ex-dollar-per-year men, and strikes an average from the ordinary workers wages, (for instance, the forty-one cents per hour that the Otis Steel Co. pays its "common" labor in Cleveland) he will be of the opinion that the "general wage standard" is, of a truth, "not dangerously high" but "damned low."

Genial Charlie in his address to the film magnates

Twenty-seven

never once mentioned the working class, oh no, it was the "business men" who should be glad to "oblige" Mr. Mellon.

Business will oblige Mr. Mellon. Big business, like the Pennsylvania Railroad, which recently gave their "loyal" employees a ten-day lay-off at Altoona, Pa., and at the same time placed on the pay-roll nineteen mechanics from England on the pretence that there was some "delicate" work to do, which the "loyalists" were incapable of doing.

These imported men were working while the loyalists—I have heard them called scabs—were walking the streets just at the time they were figuring on a full pay envelope for Christmas.

Let us now sing the second spasm of, "Every Little Movement, Etc."

Yes! Big business especially, will be glad to "oblige Mr. Mellon." Every effort will be put forth to turn more money into the coffers of the money kings, but no effort will be made to relieve the sufferings of the poor slaves who are slowly pouring out their hearts' blood that these "business men" may accumulate millions.

No, nothing is done for them by "business" but let a worker try to improve the conditions of his class, and what happens? Those union men just released from the penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kan., have a story to tell, a story that chills your heart's blood. Men who were brutally assaulted for no other reason except that they were members of the Industrial Workers of the World. Men beaten by Negro convicts at the command of the Warden. Men were confined in isolation without underclothing and contracted T. B., and were then denied medical attention. **And Fellow Worker Magon who died in his cell at Leavenworth, he was a worker, not a member of "Big Business."**

C. W. Morse of Chicago, The Fisher Bros. of Peoria, Ill., Judge McGannon of Cleveland, O., they represent "Business". Did they die in prison? Well, you read "your" papers, so it is unnecessary for me to make any further comment.

The Harding memorial will be built, the business men will see to that.

The Schwabs, Hearsts, Zukors, Rockefellers and a few others will "oblige" Mr. Mellon, but in the memory of the workers, Mr. Harding will not require any monument, as "we never forget."

## The Hall of Dreams

A Fable

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

**I**N the Hall of Dreams mused a maiden with a brow of alabaster and eyes of unswerving blue. Her raiment was of fire and her hair of unravelled rope; her feet curiously small, yet shod with brass. She had in one hand a scroll and in the other a scourge.

And after the maiden had mused a while, she

Twenty-eight

came before the throne of the Master of Dreams and spoke thus:

"The time is on me for expression. Long have I pondered and now must I speak. Open for me the door of life; let me go."

But the Master who is beyond description reasoned with her, saying:

"Thy hair is rope and thy feet are brass; thine eyes without mercy and thy brow without seam; in either hand carriest thou the Book of Doom and the Scourge of Shame. Daughter, hast thou pondered well?"

And the maiden answered:

"My hair is rope to bind and hang; my feet brass to crush and bruise; mine eyes blue with the blue of the eternal skies. I point to perfection—wherefore should there be seams on my brow? Is my book the doom of the many? or my scourge aught save the spur of the rider? Therefore, Master, let me go."

So the Indescribable One opened for her the door of life and she went forth.

In a great city dwelt a young man. He was not a working man. His hands were soft and white and his linen of the finest, his clothes of the best. All the days of his life he had lived by the sweat of others in luxury and idleness.

Then one day fell on him an unrest.

Something was tugging at his brain, asking him questions.

He sought to overcome this strange malady with much eating, drinking and dancing, but it would not be banished. Always he thought, "Why should I be beyond want with millions starving? What have I done to deserve all this?" He spoke to his friends on the subject, and they tapped their heads one to another, voting him queer.

Finally the man gave up his old friends and took to walking much among the people who, because of his past life, regarded him with suspicion. He became a champion of the poor, poorly received by the masses and execrated by his old friends who wondered what axe he had to grind.

Years passed. The man lost his wealth. His social position went. Often he asked himself why he was such a fool, but the something in him drove him on. He was hounded and harried, driven from the land of his birth. Prejudices were ropes to bind him; lies were brass feet to bruise and to shatter him. Doomed to exile and scourged as a menace he died in poverty. But the book to which he gave his life did not die. It carried his name as a symbol of hope to down-trodden millions. The philosophy which it breathed became the standard of truth around which liberty rallied. The despised outcast became the intellectual light of the world.

Then in the Hall of Dreams knelt a maiden before the Master.

"Is it well, O Lord?" she asked.

And the Indescribable One, looking with unfathomable eyes into the future, replied:

"It is well."

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

# A Migratory Worker's Diary

By JAMES FOY

THE following is a year's diary which I have kept and which I believe is typical of the average migratory worker. It is absolutely truthful. I give reasons for leaving jobs, together with location and names of employers.

1—Prosser, Farmer, Blackwell, Okla.—Thirteen days, \$1 per day and board and room. Quit; wages too low.

2—Bates & Rogers, Contractors; excavating for new railroad at Matfield Green, Kansas.—Four and a half days at \$3.25 for 10 hours; \$1.05 per day for board and room. Fired for not working on Sunday. Balance, \$9.37.

3—Roberts Brothers, Contractors laying steel at Eldorado, Kansas. Eight days at \$3.25 for 10 hours; 10 days board and room at \$1.05 per day. Fired; worked too slow. Balance, \$15.50.

4—Powers & Jergens, Contractors. Mucking, team outfit, 10 1-2 days; \$4 for 10 hours; 11 days board and room at \$1.05 per day. Cassidy, Kans. Laid off. Balance, \$26.25.

5—Oklahoma Pipe Line Co., Newkirk, Oklahoma. Twenty-eight days, \$4 per 9 hours; 33 days bed and board at \$1.50 per day. Finished the job. Balance, \$62.50.

6—Roberts Bros., Contractors; track work. Lake Mills, Iowa. Eleven and one-half days; \$4.25 per 10 hours; 16 days board and bed at \$1.20 per days. Strike; black-balled. Balance, \$22.25.

7—Robert Bros., Contractors. Custer, Mont. Relaying steel. \$4 per 10 hours; 6 days board and bed. Strike for shorter hours and more pay. Balance, \$13.60.

8—Thomas Donlan Lumber Co., Paradise, Mont. One day. \$3.80 per 8 hours. Board and bed, \$1.25 per day. Quit to keep them from taking \$4 for tax.

9—Campbell & McGrines. Ostrander, Wash. Labor, building new logging road. Three days, \$4.50 per 8 hours. Four days bed and board at \$1.20 per day. Fired for being IWW. Balance, \$7.50.

10—C. Lind, Auburn, Wash. Farmer and state senator. Pitching hay. Four and a half days, \$4.50 per 9 hours. Board and bed in town. \$1.50 per day. Got through. Balance, \$12.75.

11—Clarence Dirks, Walla Walla, Wash. Farmer, making hay. Four dollars and board per 10 hours. Three and a half days work. Done. Balance, \$13.00.

12—Mose Burgman, Walla Walla, Wash. Stacking hay. Five days work; \$4 per 10 hours, board and bed. Done. Balance, \$20.00.

13—R. E. Burrows, Rulo, Wash. Hauling sacked wheat; \$5 per 10 hours and board and bed. Quit. Wanted me to work more hours per day. 12 days work. Balance, \$60.00.

14—John Turnbrow, Palouse, Wash. Threshing two and three-quarter days. \$4 sun to sun. Quit. Bad conditions and long hours. Balance, \$11.00.

15—John Vic, Harrington, Wash. Working with combination harvester. Nine and one-half days, \$6 per 10 hours and board and bed. Finished job. Balance, \$57.00.

16—Henry Wetter, Rocklyn, Wash. Harvest field. \$5 per 10 hours. Job done. 14 days work. Balance, \$70.00.

17—Bonnell and Savage Paving Co., Longview, Wash., five and one-half days, \$4.50 per 8 hours. \$1.20 board and bed. Insanitary living conditions. Balance, \$15.25.

18—Morrison and Knutsen. Contractors. Wetherby, Ore. Labor 3 days \$3.82 1-2 per 9 hours; \$1.20 board and bed. Quit; rotten camp, low pay. Balance \$5.47.

19—Ranquist, farmer, Blackfoot, Idaho. Picking spuds, some by sack and by day. This man is in the habit of beating his labor bills. Did not know this until I asked for some cash. Had a hard time getting this money. Balance, \$17.55.

20—Leroy Bevard, Idaho Falls, Idaho. Working at the spuds, picking and grading; 17 days Amount, \$54.78 and bed and board. Balance, \$54.78.

21—Calipatria, Calif. Cushing, Contractor, Paving streets, driving Fresno 17 days. \$4.50 per 8 hours. It costs \$1.50 per day to eat in restaurant, poor food at that. \$3.50 per week for room, so that makes \$2 per day board and bed. 18 days. Balance, \$40.00.

I will not get more than 4 days more work at the most this year so you will have a complete diary for this year. I have these jobs all itemized in my day book. I thought it will be sufficient for information.

I have talked with a good many fellow workers and all seem to think this would interest Pioneer readers.

It is raining today and so monotonous here, so to have something to do, got busy on this. I have never written for a paper or magazine in my life so, of course, I did not try to write a story but if I could express myself with the pencil I could, I believe, write a very interesting and truthful story about this.

These figures amount to \$549.82. There has been a good deal of argument about what a stiff makes going through the country, so here you have the facts.

I have been of the migratory clan for twenty years and believe a good many fellow workers make moves similar to these.

Calipatria, Calif.

Twenty-nine

# Chinese Seamen Rally to I. W. W.

## Threaten Economic Action In Resentment Against California Persecutions.

**T**HE Chinese Seamen's Union is a powerful organization. In 1922 it won a three months' strike that tied up the ports of China, abolished the 14-hour day and obtained large wage increases.

The Chinese Seamen's Union has sent the following letter to American capitalists and newspapers, especially in San Francisco, where its publication has created a sensation:

Sir:—The members of the Chinese Seamen's Union have learned with no little astonishment and dismay that nearly one hundred American workingmen are in prison on account of the California Criminal Syndicalist Law and that the only evidence presented against them was membership in an organization known as the "Industrial Workers of the World." We of the Chinese Seamen's Union have always looked upon the United States as a free and desirable country, and we are very sorry to hear

it alleged that our fellow workingmen in the United States are being subjected to such persecution, unparalleled even in the history of China.

If there is reason or justice in this state of affairs, please let us know so that we can present the case to our members. Unless a reply is received from you in a reasonable length of time, the membership of the Chinese Seamen's Union will understand that American workingmen are the subjects of a brutal and unjust persecution, and it is certain that our members will then demand that some economical action be taken which will bring your attention and also the attention of all American capitalists to the fact that the Working Class of the World will no longer permit without protest the persecution and imprisonment of workingmen anywhere.

Yours for a Better World,

CHAK HON KEE,

Sec'y for the Chinese Seamen's Union.

## On With the Fight

The So-Called "Criminal Syndicalism" Laws Must Go

By M. De CIAMPIS

**T**HE recent Christmas release of all our fellow workers from the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas, ought not to allow anybody, who in the past ten or fifteen years has fought the battles of Labor, to give up the fight to force the further release of all others, national and state class war prisoners, IWW or not. None should rest upon the laurels that have crowned the long and energetic amnesty campaign of the General Defense Committee.

Many more are behind the prison bars of various capitalist bastilles. Members of the IWW have shamefully been arrested and persecuted in many sections of the country under the notorious "criminal syndicalism" laws. On the Pacific coast, notably in the golden state of California, our fellow workers have relentlessly been sentenced to jail with long years to serve on the mere pretext of holding true to their hearts a "red" union card. In so doing, the authorities in power in the judicial and state offices have abused their high position and have set aside all rules of fair dealing with their fellow beings; and, in order to serve the capitalist predatory interests, have denied the citizens of the republic the constitutional guarantees of freedom of speech, of assembly and of association.

Think of that—in California it is a crime to be a member of the IWW! Surely our god-blessed bourgeois rulers have lost or are beginning to lose their nerve. They cannot conceive that human progress has been forever endeavoring to better

this world of ours for the brotherhood of man, because their thoughts are at a standstill!

Notwithstanding the unquestionable lessons of history—especially those that in such a great number flow from every human upheaval that has come forth to right the wrongs of tyrants and exploiters, American plutocracy has seen proper to persecute the rebels who dared and dare now, just as they will in the future, to challenge the soundness of capitalism to arrange and govern human affairs.

The Land of the Free should beware of things reactionary. The present day's rulers should bear in mind that at no time have their likes in the past ruled the people unchallenged. From times long gone by the battering rams of the proletarian class struggle have steadfastly pierced through the strongholds of the powers that be. We have witnessed the slow but sure advancing of the "low brows"—of those precious beings that toil and produce, while the greedy masters squander the riches and die, content to the core, in a profusion of undeserved wealth.

Reaction, be it whatever it may, should never make the mistake to believe that it can forever keep down the hardy fighters that have pledged themselves to the struggle for the emancipation of the working class. The Ancient Regime fell before the blows of the advance guard of the French revolution; the Czar, we may say only the other day, crumpled ignominiously likewise; truly the compelling hand of historical justice, at least, can-



# England's New Crusaders

By WILFRED BRADDOCK

**W**ELL, well, readers, look who's here! The world's greatest aggregation of ministerial performers—of transplanted Billy Sundays—ever got together under one circus tent—beg pardon—one tabernacle. Now appearing in the world's soul-stirring, thrilling acrobatic stunt, entitled, "Religion, the opium of the proletariat and the protector of the plutocrat." Now doing the grand circuit in England and billed for engagements in this country at an early date. Step right inside and get good seats from which to behold this wonderful consolidation of the world's greatest ministerial morality horizontal bar performers ever engaged at an enormous expenditure to their promoters. None like this circus to be seen anywhere else. Come early and be prepared to pull a solemn, sanctimonious face at the greatest moral twaddle ever performed under the lowly and well-paid patronage of the pious plutocrats.

Step inside! Step inside!! The performance is just beginning!!!

**H**AVE you ever thought, fellow worker, of the effect of a brilliant searchlight? Directed away from you, how vividly it discloses all the dirt and squalor, the ugliness and drabness of the sector it illuminates. Directed at you, how it blinds, nay, paralyzes and though enveloped in its brilliant glare, yet you are in the midst of darkness.

Such is the weapon the master class is at present using in the potteries. The searchlight is, to give it its full title, "The Industrial Christian Fellowship Crusade." Its operator is a well-known comedian in this section of the globe, by name, the Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, better known as "Woodbine Willy." He is ably assisted at his gymnastic and oratorical displays by two other gentlemen of the reversed collar order known as Spring Heel Ted and Jumping Billy. Woodbine, let it be said, was supposed to have earned his pseudonym by proving his democratic sentiments to the soldiers during the war by smoking the famous Woodbine cigarette (beloved by the proletarian masses).

The objects of the Crusade are, as stated, "to state the case for the practical application of Christianity to industrial and business life." Evidently the bosses are accepted as God's chosen for the crusade is limited to the working class.

not fail to absolve those that have fallen for their ideals and socially to undo the wrongs of capitalist plutocracy.

In the jails and prisons of California and other states of the American Union scores of our fellow workers are rotting in filthy, lightless, unendurable cells. It is the duty of every lover of mankind, of every friend of Labor, of all those progressive and forward-looking souls to see to it that justice be given these men by freeing them all.

To forget them in prison is equivalent to condoning a crime against civilization. While resolving to carry on the struggle for the release of all the rest of the class war prisoners with more and more energy, it may be well to insist on the repeal of the infamous "criminal syndicalism" law.

All together, Fellow Workers! Shoulder to the wheel and let's go!

Only rude guffaws are heard when it is mentioned in the select circles of conservative clubs, Chambers of Commerce, etc.

Peculiarly enough, the searchlight is directed at the working class and not at their conditions. Perhaps the mechanism has gone wrong for even the blindest of workers will agree that Christianity in the mines is impossible so long as the death rate of 1922 in the mines is as follows: Killed 1,114, injured 186,368. The ICF will have to work hard to wipe that off the slate.

## Ministers Conscious

The Crusade and the ICF mark a definite step in the awakening classconsciousness of the ministers of orthodox Christianity. It marks the development of the parsons from the role of "psalm singer" and "mother's friend" to conscious and active assistants of the Industrial Barons. The diminishing congregations, the apathy of the masses to the howls of the parsons, have had the effect of impoverishing the aforesaid purveyors of Christianity because the Boss will not tolerate any maligners in his cause. (You ask the nearest trades union leader if you don't believe me). The masses refuse to go to either churches, institutes or semi-church social clubs, and so the parsons have gone to the place where the slaves can't get away from them—the industries.

The great industrial struggles which are pending (500 strikes in 1923,) and the unemployment crises are the signs of the quickening spin of the vortex of the class struggle and so new tactics are adopted to meet and crush the rising opposition. The ICF is one of them.

Miners, with the coal dust obliterating their features, straight from the mine; potters, as white as Jesus' soul, straight from the "potbanks" as the pottery factories are called, black and white, all are urged by the low comedians to bring Christianity to bear in the industries, to bring love (which the Carpenter of Nazareth gave to them) into force and forever banish the devil's weapon of "strike." The broad red cross of the Crusaders is splashed across the fetid and smoke begrimed streets, it mocks the white drawn cheeks of the waifs; the underfed and the underclothed are

Thirty-one

dazzled by its blatant vitality and its sole aim is to turn the searchlight into the faces of the workers in order that they may not see the squalor and misery of their daily lives.

In the opening of the Crusade (jointly under the auspices of the Crusade Committee and the British Pottery Manufacturers' Association) Mr. Bullock, President, BPMA, said he "had no faith in theories put forward by supermen or intellectuals." Oh, ye of little faith, what of "directive ability!" Further he points out that our common law was built up by "decent ordinary people" and "no one man can lay claim to it." He carefully avoids the same theory with regard to his pottery industry. But then, he makes no profit out of common law. Of course these hard headed men of business merely give the lead, the direction, to the comedians and then leave the actual doping to them. The celebrated trio, viz., Woodbine Willy, Spring Heel Ted and Jumping Billy (America has not the monopoly) are the main squeeze, and Woodbine is the star turn. Quoth Woodbine, speaking at a private session of bosses: "I propose to talk to you as I would to any of your working people (laughter). It is the most honest thing to do," and presumably the first he has done. Willy points out clearly "he is no Socialist; he is a Christian" and takes pains to assure the honorable gathering that only two men out of fifty think, and of course, those two are either captains of industry or NCO's. Afterwards, while speaking to the slaves he told them that all progress depended on those two extraordinary men. He was out to abolish class hatred, although he would say that this difference in mental capacity was the root of class and it was ridiculous to think it could be abolished; God has made it so.

There we have the reason for the Crusade, the workers are beginning to disbelieve this extraordinary ability stuff and Woodbine has convinced the bosses that he can convince the workers of the immutable inviolability of the Boss class. Even the trades union leaders are bitten with the craze and wish to hearken to the Crusade of Woodbine. The local labor leaders are crusading even as the ancient ones of the twelfth century.

The secretary of the Pottery Workers' Ass'n. and other officials have given their blessing, for they recognize that they also have fallen by the wayside. No more strikes, no more lockouts; nothing to do but draw the dues and grow fat. As the immortal Shakespeare put it

"'Ban 'Ban Cacaliban

"Has a new master, get a new man

"Freedom heydey, heydey Freedom."

Woodbine has composed a ditty or a hymn as he calls it, it runs "When through the whirl of wheels and engines humming" and he yells it forth with a great gusto, but without a doubt the engines hum a different tune to him.

To the workers they screech the song of Faster! Faster! Faster! but to Woodbine they sweetly murmur Fatter! Fatter! Fatter!

### New Allies to Fake Leaders

One can picture the sigh of contentment that the trades union leaders will heave at the news of this new ally for the outlaw strikes are fast placing them in the category of "has-beens" so far as the boss is concerned

Special meetings for the youth, both male and female, special meetings for men only, for women only, all go to show the frantic endeavors being made to keep the working class in sections by sex and age barriers. The loud-mouthed support of the trades union leaders gives this sectionalization another trend, but all the upholders of the Crusade are united, regardless of their sex, age, industry or social position.

The Crusade will not have the success that Woodbine expects, for already the workers are beginning to understand that Christianity in industry means industrial serfdom. The love that is preached does not counteract low wages, high prices and bad conditions. Neither does it cure "potter's asthma," lead poisoning, miner's nystagmus, the accidents from water, fire damp and roof falls in the pits. The aim of the Crusade is to blind the workers from seeing these things. The workers are growing restless under the high cost of living for in this district the prewar wage and the cost of living have risen so that, as the following table will show, the workers are almost 30 per cent worse off.

		Wages	C. of L.
Miners	1914	100	100
	1923	146	175
Potters	1914	100	100
	1923	150	175

It will take more than the inane witticisms and the droll antics of Woodbine Willy, Spring Heel Ted and Jumping Billy to dope the slaves into quietude this winter. The flaming red cross will not feed or clothe the impoverished workers, altho Willy and his satellites grow fat and unctuous under its influence. The crucial moment is fast arriving when the workers will move out of the paralyzing glare of the searchlight and see for themselves the ignominy and shame that is the reward of our class for servitude. Then will the shackles of the Labor Leader Crusaders be thrown off and the workers will march on to emancipation united and strong in the Revolutionary Industrial Union.

### MICHIGAN BOULEVARD: CHICAGO

By Jun Fujita

The drizzly night silhouettes the buildings  
 Into a row of black tombs.  
 With vacant stare the boulevard lamps in rain  
 Amuse the green gleams they cast.  
 Beyond the lamps, among the tombs,  
 Drip, and drip,  
 The hollow sound rises.

# Europe: Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow

By BLAIR

A LARGE section of Europe's bourgeois writers and philosophers are reacting to the world war and its aftermath like so many weeping Rachels. Running through most of the writings and public utterances of these self-constituted cultural leaders is a note of tragic pessimism and gloomy foreboding. These middle-class intelligentsia would have us believe that the sun of civilization had set and that we are now in a twilight zone separating the glorious sunlight of ante-bellum days from the darkness of a recrudescent dark age into which the world is recklessly plunging. They view post-war Europe as in a state of chronic chaos bordering on what they are pleased to term anarchy. A few lonely notes of optimism are occasionally heard but they are mostly drowned out in the general wail. The reactions of these emotional representatives of modern Europe culture reflect the general reaction of the European middle-class (using the term in the American sense), a large section of which is being liquidated by the ruthless and inexorable readjustments of European capitalism. These swan-songs and misereres are of no value to the world's proletariat in interpreting post-war Europe and adapting its class-war tactics and strategy to the new problems growing out of the realignments and readjustments of world industry. A true interpretation of the Europe of yesterday and today must be based on materialist concepts, and the world's middle-class is too perturbed to bring forth another Karl Marx. They would push back the hands of the evolutionary clock; they can never conceive of the world-war as a factor in setting these hands forward. The workers must henceforth provide from their own ranks the economists with visions clear enough to glimpse realities in the flux of changing world industry.

## The Recapitulation Theory

To interpret Europe in the turmoil of the great war and its aftermath we must first be conversant with her historical background. Radical writers and speakers have formed the habit of depicting social evolution in terms of a series of economic epochs or social systems. We usually think of evolutionary social change as beginning with a system of savagery slightly removed from animalism and passing through barbarism, chattel-slavery, feudalism and capitalism—each social system leaving off where the succeeding one began and apportioned a certain sharply defined period of time in the immeasurable lapse of time from ape-man with his primal economy to modern man with his mechanistic mode of production. But man has not progressed from monkey to Mr. Bryan in that way. In his economic and social evolution he has always carried forward into the present very much of the past. In all his slow changes from social system to social system he has retained all of the old that was of use to the rising dominant classes of the new. Man has in his own



thinking economy many survivals of past ages and in his modern, social institutions—which we customarily conceive as social growths all sprung from the soil of present-day modes of production—he has survivals handed on from social systems that preceded capitalism. By closely observing man's psychology and his social institutions we are enabled to trace a certain rough recapitulation of his descent from the animal.

## Relics of Past Ages

Owing to certain causes which limitations of space preclude our going into, Europe presents the world's most classical examples of these sociological and ideological survivals. And it was these relics of past ages carried forward into the present that made Europe so ripe for war when a prince of the House of Hapsburg was slain in Serbia and unwittingly provided the match that started the conflagration. Much of pre-war Europe had reached a point in her economic development where it was vitally necessary to liquidate some of the old that the new might make further progress. To accomplish this purge of survivals no longer useful to the onward sweep of machine-driven industry the high gods of social evolution unleashed the dogs of international war.

Among the many survivals carried forward from the old into the new when European economy strove to change from feudal to capitalistic, the most important were: The political state with its psychological concomitants of patriotism and racial prejudices

Thirty-three

—a social institution that had its economic genesis far back in the mists of antiquity; royal ruling dynasties and landed aristocracies with their ancient psychological concomitants; and ancient superstition tangibly expressed in cowed monk, veiled nun, towering cathedral and princes of the church with their hosts of communicants among the serfs, wage-slaves, peasants, commoners and lords. Into this complex maze of the old and the new, man introduced modern, power-driven machinery of production and it was like the charge of the proverbial bull into the china-shop.

#### Classical Feudalism

The most classical forms of European feudalism always tended to expand over new agricultural territories in order to recoup the drained coffers of the spendthrift ruling classes; and modern machine-driven industry constantly tends toward centralization of ownership into the hands of the few and the expansion of its dominions out over all international boundary lines to embrace within its mighty grasp all sources of raw materials, means of production and distribution and the world's markets. Nearly all the nations of western Europe before the war showed both tendencies; with the industrial decidedly in the ascendancy. In Russia the feudal economy was more dominant.

In its constant trend toward trustification European basic industry always found itself hampered when it was not actually checked by the interposition of the many national frontiers which separated many raw materials of production as well as the European markets for finished products. While one country might have an abundance of iron and a dearth of coal for smelting, another would possess the coal and lack the iron, and so on through the list of basic raw materials; and always the frontiers of the political states and the many psychological barriers to trustification and socialization stood between. Industrial trustification strove to form with a geographical continuity as it had formed in America where there are no national boundary lines and national patriotism to prevent the wedding of most basic raw materials and where only the demagogic fulminations of trust-busting Teddies and the swansongs of liquidated, independent producers marked the transition from primitive individual to corporate, trustified and socialized production. But such an integration of industry with its wide geographical continuity as America presents was impossible in Europe without some force to blast away the ancient barriers.

#### Exceptions Pre-War Economy

There are two important exceptions to these general statements describing the pre-war economy of European nations. Russia, as we have noted, stood somewhat apart from the balance of Europe as regards her economic status. The prevailing Russian mode of production was what we should probably term pseudo-feudal instead of capitalistic. In the onward march of capitalist development of Europe, Russia was out of step and lagging behind. It required the blasting effects of the war and the rev-

olution it brought on to change her backward economy and enable her to push forward more rapidly. With her great territory and wealth of raw materials Russia now stands economically about where America stood after the American revolution had liquidated English feudalism in the thirteen colonies with the very important difference that her agriculture and urban industry has the advantage of starting off in a world equipped with power-driven machinery of production. She should now travel through her capitalist evolution very rapidly and develop trusts similar to those of America. In the matter of juxtaposition we must also except England with her insular position.

#### Maritime Commerce

Another important factor in the development of European industry, and one which had within it the germs of international war, was the growth of maritime commerce. With basic raw materials and continental markets separated by the many barriers we have been noting, and with the development of the machinery of production constantly tending to cause a saturation of the home markets of the respective countries, capitalist Europe was forced to leave home and travel across the seven seas seeking these very necessary concomitants of industrial expansion. While this sea-borne commerce tended to relieve the pressure of expanding industrialism for a time it finally developed such wide proportions that the commercial quarrels of Europe were made world-wide in scope and further complicated by the European maritime nations coming in contact with America and Japan in the general scramble for world markets, spheres of investment for export capital and sources of raw materials for home production. There was also some evidence of a world-expansion of the old feudal tendency to fight for new dominions to enrich imperial dynasties. The drive of Germany through the "Bagdad corridor" with the Berlin to Bagdad railway headed toward India, which had been made the treasure house of the British crown, was no doubt inspired more by Germany's royal caste than by the overlords of German industry. There was also the constant tendency of the Russian Romanoffs to reach out and grasp more contiguous territory to add to their far-flung dominions. It was this pressure of Russian feudalism deflected by English diplomacy away from the Indian border and toward Japan that was one of the chief causes of the Russo-Japanese war of earlier times. And it was these feudal tendencies toward world-expansion coupled with the world-wide competitive quarrels of world-capitalism which added quite materially to the causative factors of the war. Indeed it may be that the Berlin to Bagdad railway was one of the chief causes of the war.

#### Liquidating the Old

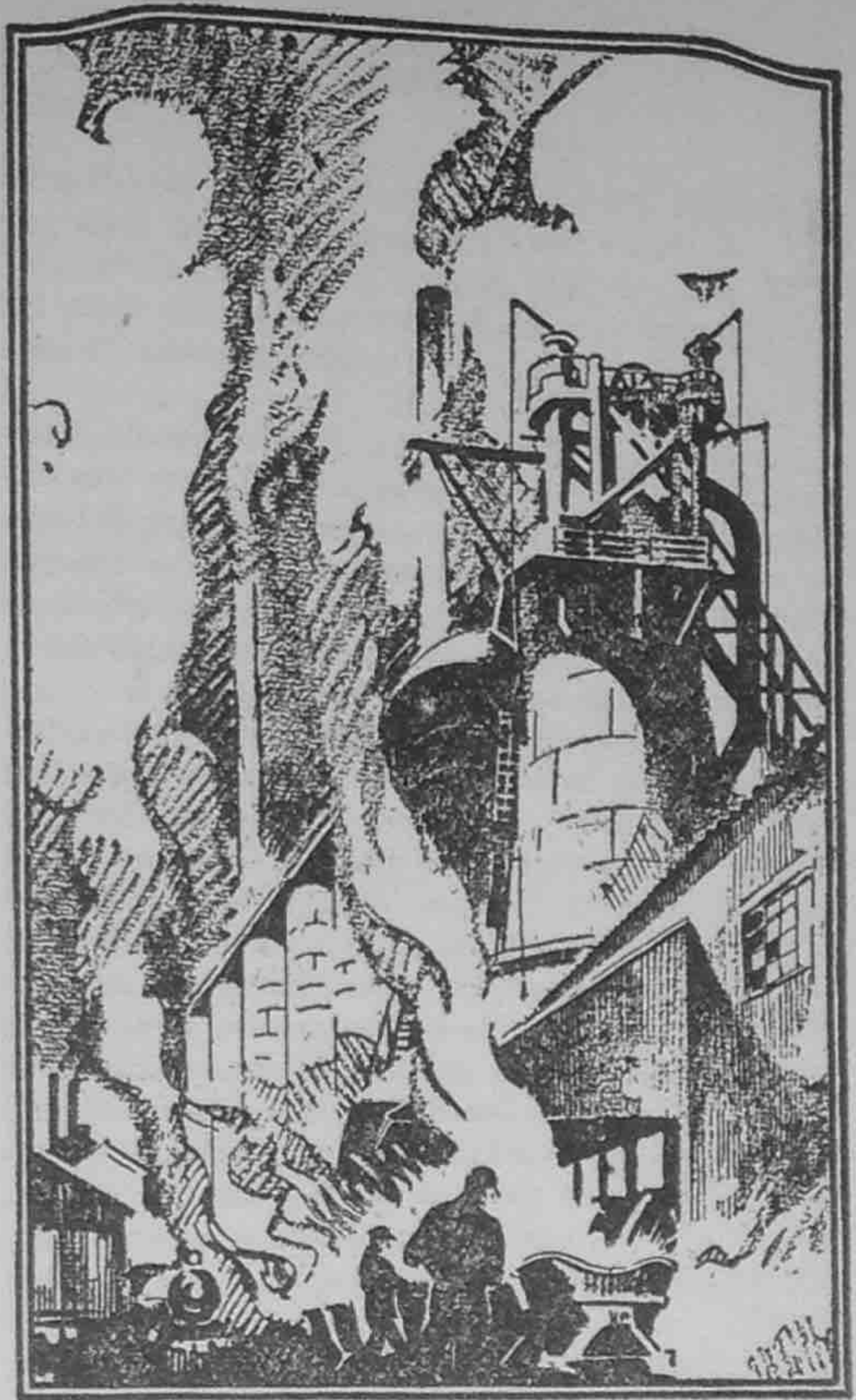
During the war and through its aftermath we have been witnessing a liquidation of much of the old. The onward sweep of the revolutionary proletariat and peasantry has resulted in the throwing off of the feudal dynasties of Russia, Germany, Austro-Hungary and some of the smaller groups and the

liquidation of large sections of the landed aristocracy. Ancient boundary lines have been blotted out and newer forms of national political entities have been carved out of old empires. The straight-jacket of feudal and other ancient social and psychological survivals which retarded the free expansion and socialization of industry has somewhat loosened and industrial readjustment is the order of the day. France is rapidly shifting from an agrarian to an industrial basis and her expanding metallurgical industry is setting up puppet republics over central Europe while carving out the heart of German industry with her drive through the Ruhr valley. With the eclipse of the German political state and its resultant depreciation of the medium of exchange, German and French industrialists are enabled to crush out great sections of the German middle-class. Stinnes, Krupp and the Thyssens, overlords of German industry, are entering into "conversations" with the puppet political spokesmen of French industrialists and plans for the trustification of a large section of Europe's metallurgical and related industries take form, as the English lion stands impotently growling and the Spanish ruling class rushes in panic fear into a coalition with Italy. Thus the integration of powerful groups of European industrialists goes slowly forward and every day witnesses some new political alignment reflecting some under-cover readjustment of industry. Co-incident with these industrial tendencies toward international trustification there goes slowly forward a reflected movement of the workers to cast aside old forms of unionism and organize industrially. The workers of Germany in particular show marked tendencies in this direction and the workers of other countries are falling in line.

#### Purge of Survivals

But the purge of survivals is a long way from being complete. Europe is like a man who had taken a mild laxative when he really needed castor oil. The day when the European section of the Industrial Workers of the World will stand in solid array challenging the industrial overlords to the final conflict on the industrial field seems a long way off. The international overlords of integrating industry are striving to retain all of the old that will be of service to the new alignments and competitive struggles of the new groups. The puppet political state with its patriotic devotees and frontier barriers; the church with its ancient superstitions; the many racial barriers—all are being bolstered up and conserved in both fictitious and authentic form to prevent or retard the development of solidarity in the ranks of the European proletariat and in preparation for the next war.

The European war and its revolutionary aftermath present many phases of great import and significance to the workers of America. For those with vision clear enough to see there is a wealth of evidence to justify and vindicate the direct action program of the Industrial Workers of the World. A whole volume could be written on the instinctive actions of the revolutionary peasants and workers



IN THE RUHR

in seizing land and industry in the many revolutionary crises. There is also much of interest for American workers in the European development of aircraft and air transportation and its very obvious potentiality as a factor in the revolutionizing of the masters' technique of international and class wars. These bird-robots of the air which fly over all frontiers and laugh at all tariff barriers and provincialisms would also seem to possess great potentialities for the final integration and socialization of world capitalist production and distribution. The disinherited proletariat of the world may yet come into its own through the instrumentality of this new means of transportation and intercommunication.

The American section of the Industrial Workers of the World must overlook no opportunity for forming fraternal and organic bonds with the rising new industrial unionism of Europe. It should assist these struggling workers of Europe with every encouragement and material assistance that can be afforded. The IWW press, published in the language of the respective countries, should circulate in every corner of Europe and the European job-delegate should be a swarming reality of the near future. Proletarian "hands across the sea" clasped in the bonds of a common interest should be one of the chief aims of the IWW.

# Why "Red Communism" Failed

By NEIL GORDON

LOUIS Fischer, writing on "What Mr. Hughes Should Know," (regarding Russian state policy), in "The Nation," tells many things that workingmen should also know, especially when the very friendly attitude of The Nation toward Russia is taken into consideration.

According to Fischer, Mr. Hughes should know that the Soviet Government is no longer internationalistic and, as a consequence, no longer believes in nor foments a world revolution, as he charges. Instead, it has become nationalistic and intent on the preservation and development of Russia; therefore Mr. Hughes has nothing to fear from it.

Fischer shows that it was this change from internationalism to nationalism that made the spread of "red communism" throughout Europe via Germany impossible. He says: "An upset in Germany would at least temporarily have paralyzed its industrial life and thus interfered with the importation into Russia of large quantities of machinery and supplies which are indispensable to the process of economic rehabilitation to which the Soviets are bending their every effort . . . A word from the Kremlin would have started the revolt; but that word was not forthcoming. The only word to the German communists came from the Communist International's headquarters just outside the Kremlin, but that was not sufficient."

This change from internationalism to nationalism, with its non-world-revolutionary results, is the cause of friction in the Russian communist movement. Fischer assures us that "between these two points of view—the national and the international—there is a constant struggle in the Communist party." Thus far, apparently, the internationalists are on the losing side.

From other sources, not as friendly as those of The Nation, we learn that the communists of Russia are divided into many contending factions and that Bolshevism is facing its most serious crisis since it won control of Russia. Evidently, Russia is undergoing another phase of development nationalist and capitalist-ward.

This is inevitable. Russia, a country of extremely backward development, cannot be expected to do anything but rush through a period of quick capitalist growth, thanks to the world conditions which surround it. Apparently, not in bolshevism, but in the fruition of ultra-capitalism, can communism have any chance to triumph there.

---

## MUDDLED COMMUNISM

IN Industrial Pioneer No. 8, Neil Gordon has an article on Russia as the saviour of capitalistic Europe. All his argument is based on the fact that Russia is concluding an alliance with France and by doing so she is winning the full confidence

of the capitalistic class of the world. He also says that the communism that was red died when NEP was introduced.

I sincerely think that Russia will never have the confidence of any capitalistic nation. They do not conclude peace because they love Russia, but because they are trying to gain something which they think will benefit them. But that is to be seen in the future, who will be the gainer; and I think the workers the world over will benefit by it.

As far as red communism dying and the capitalists having no more fear of it, that is out of the question. There were never more communists in Russia at any time than at present; and the international solidarity of the working class was never taught before in schools as at the present time. Nor were there as many theaters in which worker's plays are produced.

Red communism is nothing to wish for; at least the kind that was in Russia. It was necessary at that time. At least I do not want to see it return.

Russia signed peace with Kaiser when it was the reddest, and a lot of people shouted that that was treachery to the revolution. But we all know the results and that the Bolsheviki were right.

Russia signed peace with about six or seven nations before NEP was introduced. So I don't think that there is any fear that Russia has become the poodle dog of capitalist Europe. It still remains a mighty factor in the minds of revolutionary masses and the master class of Europe fear communism as California fears the IWW. Therefore, I would like to see less criticism of Russia but more organization in America.

San Pedro, Cal.

ALFRED MARTIN

---

## SOUND POLITICAL ESTIMATES

During the Bryan campaign, years ago, Clancy, the mortar mixer, was asked by one of the Taft speakers what he thought of Mr. Taft.

Clancy ceased stirring the mortar for a moment and spat thoughtfully.

"Well, Mr. Taft is a moighty foine man—a mighty foine man. I heard him speak wance. He'd make a good prident!"

The Taft adherent was pleased. Continuing:

"Mr. Clancy, and now what do you think of Mr. Bryan?"

"Mr. Bryan? Well, Mr. Bryan is a foine man—a mighty foine man. I wance heard him speak and he made a gud talk. He'd make a good prident."

Such impartiality on the part of Clancy wasn't very satisfying to the Taft boomer. He persisted:

"And, Mr. Clancy, who do you think has the best show?"

"Begorra, I think," replied Clancy, "that Ringling Brothers has the best show."

# Scientific Unionism in England

By WILFRED BRADDOCK

**M**AYBE you "Wobs" think you have the world guessing in Unionism. Maybe you have, but take a glimpse at the way we do it in the "old country." I've been looking up a few figures, I'm a whale on figures. Anyway, the idea of the New Unionism is one union of the working class. Here in Great Britain we stand by the old flag and trades unionism. M'yes, even the horrible bolshies.

In 1922 we divided ourselves into no fewer than 1,190 unions, with a total membership of 5,579,739. And the slaves are proud of it—also the bolshies. Just imagine the vast throng of general secretaries, assistant secretaries, district secretaries, presidents, organizers, etc. It almost solves the unemployed problem. Yet with it all the workers don't seem satisfied—lot of grumblers. Everybody of importance assures them it's the best thing in unionism, from J. H. Thomas to Comrade Palme-Dutte, editor of the Communist organ. Still they grumble. Just imagine, disbelieving Palme—Dutte!

## Chinese Puzzle Unionism

Let us examine the reason as to why they grumble and how far this Chinese puzzle unionism has solved their problem.

In 1922 with regard to their bread and butter problem, the wages question, we find on investigation that the total increase of wages from January to September amounted to £11500 and that amount was divided and duly delivered at stated intervals to the palpitating slaves. But not all of them, only 75000 shared that little amount, which was, perhaps 4 shillings a week each. Then let us look at the other side of the picture. The decrease in wages amounted to £3,900,000, a little difference as one might say. However, the bosses, in order to offset their good nature over the increase, distributed the decrease with a lavish hand and so no less than 7,500,000 slaves shared it. "Everybody's doing it." That little item amounted to 10 shillings a week decrease. The work that the jigsaw puzzle did was to negotiate the **decrease**. Now, I ask you, in all fairness, could the IWW have negotiated a decrease of such a stupendous amount and got it? That's the rub, that's why you Wobs are jealous of us, we are so successful in our negotiations, don't you know. Wonderful, isn't it?

However, they did one good thing: they saw to it that the thousands of trades union officials didn't get a decrease, so that's something to be thankful for.

## A Little Enlightenment

It works out still better in individual industries. The clothing industry, for instance, in 1922 shows as an increase in the weekly wages of 1,000 of its workers, the munificent sum of £30. About ten cents a week each. All the rest of the workers—491,000—got a decrease amounting to £80,300

which works out at a dollar apiece. All that from knowing how to organize.

Now you IWWs can't understand the process properly, that is, as it's done in the **best** circles. Let me enlighten you a little. Take the textile industry for instance. We have cotton, woolen and worsted, linen and jute, hosiery, bleaching, dyeing and few other departments. Now you would say, "Good, one industry, one union." No, no, fellow workers, wrong entirely. Where will the good orators go to, where will the advanced real revolutionaries get their pie-cards then? Now we organize the textile industry into 285 (don't mistake the figures, Mr. Editor) separate unions, and the cotton trade alone has 168 of these. So, you see, we have created 285 good jobs for general secretaries, 285 for presidents and Lenine knows how many red organizers. In these 285 unions we have organized the stupendous mass of 299,083 slaves. Almost as many members as officials. That means an average membership of 1043 per union. Quite enough too! That's what I call the "go slow" policy. No more production there. Not too much work, plenty of time to do it in, and just enough slaves to keep the pie-card in a nice, juicy condition.

Did I hear Wm. Z. murmur "Dual Unionism?" Methinks Wm. Z. is living in the wrong quarter of the globe; he should hit the pike for Lancashire.

This is the kind of thing that the Red ones, the Red Realists tell us is our haven of refuge (if only we would give **them** the pie-card). They frankly admit that more unions would be a trifle monotonous, and anyway, there are enough unions already to promise jobs for the best Reds, so why more unions? No siree, the old ones are good enough for us. "Back to the Unions and down with Dual Unionism." Talk about drops of blood, it's mountains of graft and shoals of pie-cards here.

Could anyone who is endeavoring to uproot this social system even venture to suggest that the British Textile industry is sanely organized? It is logical to assume that those who bolster up this form of organization, be they white, yellow or red, have a definite interest in keeping the working class in subjection and thus are anti-communist. There are no more bitter anti-communists than these same Red Realists who cry "Back to the Unions." Fascism is at least open in its declaration while these unctuous hypocrites drag the name of Communist in the slime of their treachery. However, the upholders of this jigsaw unionism are rapidly showing themselves as anti-working class by their opposition of unofficial strikes and the workers themselves are realizing the quagmire that they are floundering in. May they soon reach the clean, safe foothold of the One Big Revolutionary Union.

Thirty-seven

## An Ex-Service Man Views

THE Industrial Pioneer is in receipt of the following letter from an ex-service man, teacher in a vocational training school, whose name and place of residence are, for obvious reasons, not given. His estimates of the IWW, conservatism, war, and kindred subjects will prove interesting to our readers, and are, accordingly, herewith published:—

The December number of the Pioneer was unusually attractive and interesting. The class of material and the evident intelligence of some of the writers who are members of your organization, are somewhat surprising. From occasional references in the papers and magazines I had formed the impression that the Industrial Workers of the World were a band of men, discontented, shiftless, and of low intelligence, determined to take by brawn and force what they cannot command by brain and ability. Of course there may be a few of that class associated with you, ignorant and selfish men who have failed to understand the significance of the radical movement and who have not yet caught its vision; but for this the whole organization cannot be condemned.

Selfishness and ignorance cannot be confined entirely to the radical movement. The more I talk with those of the so-called conservative element the more I realize that lethargy, inertia, comfortable respectability and selfishness, rather than conviction, are responsible for the stand many take on economic questions of the day. I am reminded of what Lecky said in his "History of England in the 18th Century," speaking of radicals and conservatives: "Each party draws its strength from some of the noblest and some of the basest of human qualities." I am convinced that you are trying to raise the level of the mass of workmen through education and thus eradicate the ignorant, violent, and selfish element from your organization. Your program necessitates unselfishness, high intelligence, education, and skill. It is plain to see that you are conscious of these requirements.

You see although I am an ex-service man, I am not one of those super-patriots you find in the American Legion. Personally, I hate war and have no sympathy with the man or group of men who say we cannot avoid it. No doubt they are right, we cannot avoid it so long as we have those two inhuman and obsolete institutions—Capitalism and Nationalism. But why reverence and maintain these? Abolish them. Establish group ownership and control in the development of resources and internationalism as a new link between the workers of the world. When this is accomplished I have an absolute faith that war will be eliminated. Politicians and statesmen have failed. Let's show them the workers of the world can succeed.

What is war? Well, Sherman has defined it as Hell and Scott Nearing calls it Organized Destruction. I have always thought of it as a dirty mess stirred up by diplomats and rulers. The soldier is the scavenger called out to clean it up. The

workers do not want war. Their desire is to create and enjoy, not to fight and destroy. But so long as mankind is divided into national units, each with its traditional patriotism to its own group, so long as these units are governed by the political state composed of men steeped in that patriotism; and so long as the resources of the earth are exploited by private ownership by individuals who have the sympathy and backing of the political state; just so long, then, shall we have war. I can conceive of no possible way to prevent it. Certainly the League of Nations cannot. Make it less frequent, perhaps; abolish it, never.

I have written more than I had intended. In addition to an explanation for my seeming indifference I have given you a declaration of my faith. Though not a member of your movement, I can see your grievance and sympathize with your efforts. Through a thorough understanding of your principles, objects and methods, I can clarify confused and cloudy opinions when I come up against them and in this way help to break down existing prejudices against the IWW.

---

### CRIME IN THE U. S. A.

According to a committee of the American Bar Association, in the twelve years from 1910 to 1922 the general population of the United States increased 14.9 per cent; the criminal population 16.6 per cent.

The largest proportion of crime increase was in crimes of violence. These are worse than in any other civilized country.

The committee of the American Bar Association believes law enforcement to be the remedy. This is like closing the stable door after the horse has been stolen.

It would be better still to shut down the private strike-breaking agencies, with their agents provocateur; the Ku Klux Klan, the Chicago Tribune, with its advocacy of Fascism and war preparedness; and all the other media for the promotion of lawlessness and violence.

Look not for crime among criminals; but in the high places of capitalism that find the criminal elements necessary to capitalist preservation.

---

### ROOM FOR GROWTH!

Craft organizations of labor are too small and restricted to organize the entire working class. They remind one of two old darkies, Uncle Luke and Uncle Mark.

Uncle Luke and Uncle Mark observed a little darky apparently in great pain. By the side of him were the gnawed rinds of a large watermelon eaten to the green. It had been a very large watermelon.

"Look at dat chile," said Luke, "He's had too much watermelon."

"Go 'long, man," answered Mark, "dey can't be too much watermelon; dey's too little nigger."



# WOBBLES

## UNDERWEIGHT UNDERPAID

It happened during a hard winter not so long ago. A large mail-order house advertised for men in their wall paper department and Jimmy answered the ad. Just ahead of him, in the line of applicants, was a young fellow who looked like a "white hope;" and the following conversation ensued between him and the employment director:

Director—"Have you ever had any experience in handling wall paper?"

White Hope—"No; but I'm willing to learn."

Director—"Do you weigh 175 pounds?"

White Hope—"Oh yes, I weigh two hundred."

Director—"I see—Now, would you be willing to start at eight dollars a week?"

White Hope—(After pause in which he was evidently thinking how hard it was to get work)—  
"Ye-es, I guess so."

The director then handed the new slave over to the application manager and turned to Jimmy with a huge smile.

Jimmy is one of those vest pocket editions of humanity and only weighs about 125 pounds with his "heavies" on, and the director thought he was going to let him down easy, so he said, rubbing his hands together, "You don't weigh quite 175 pounds, do you?"

"No," barked our hero, "and I'll tell you something else: "I wouldn't work for eight dollars a week if I DID weigh that much."

## SOME SEARCH!

Old King Cole was an optimistic soul,

An optimistic soul was he.

He called for a light in the middle of the night  
To search for the W. P.

## VANISHING ANCESTOR

"How far do they trace their ancestry?"

"The grandfather, a City Bank Director, was traced as far as China; there all traces were lost."

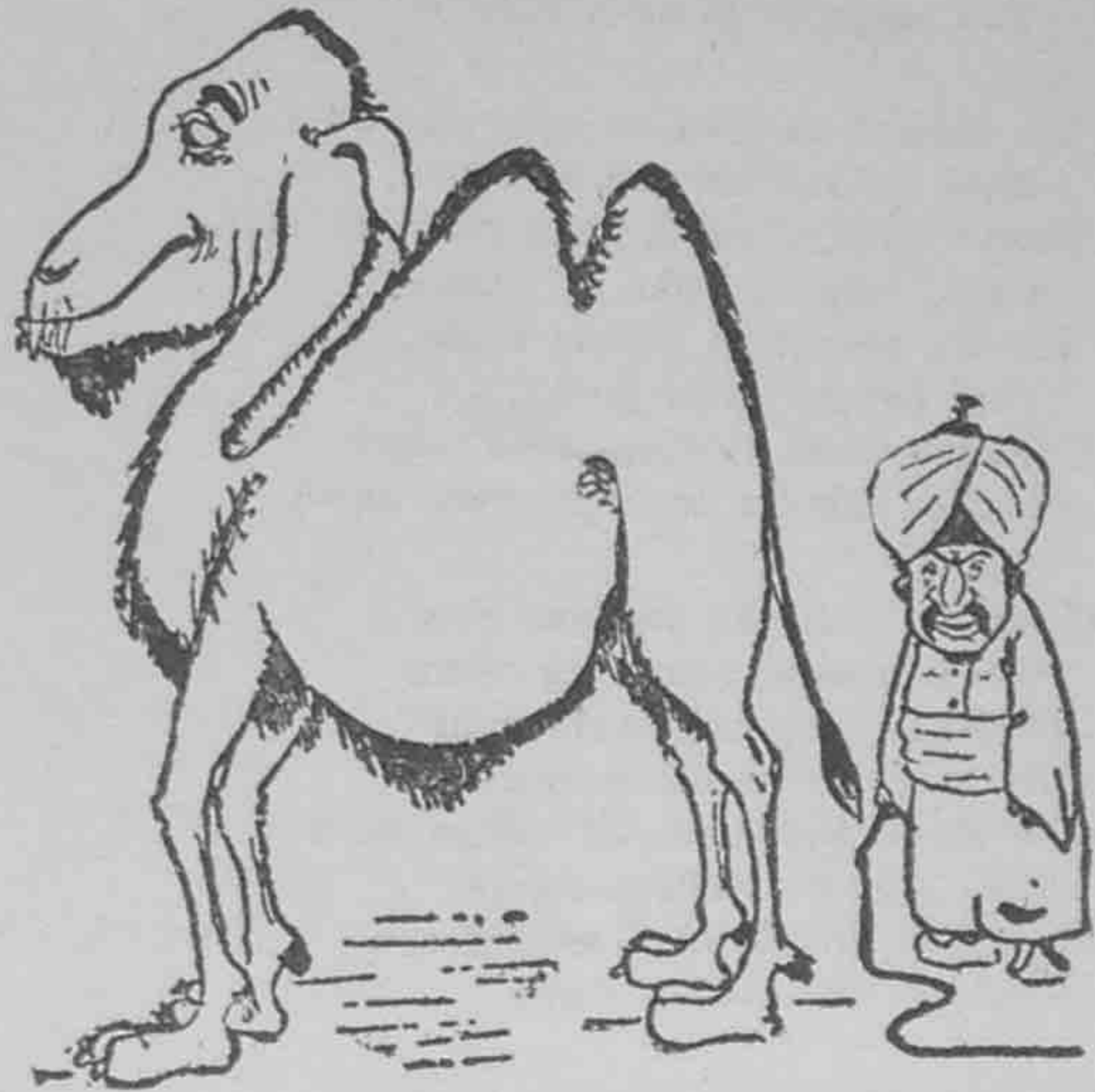
## LAWLESS PROCEEDING

The teacher was giving the class a lecture on "gravity."

"Now children," she said, "it is the law of gravity that keeps us on this earth."

"But, please, teacher," inquired one small child, "how did we stick on before the law was passed?"

## A CHEERFUL BIRD!



The Dromedary is a cheerful bird,  
Bearing burdens without a protesting word.  
He's not the only grinnin' idiot in the Zoo,  
For there's many a workingman like him, too.

## ANCIENT HISTORY

An Irishman and an Englishman, while digging a ditch, were discussing various phases of unionism. An old Hebrew passed during the argument.

"There, Pat," said the Englishman, whose non-unionism was being routed, "do you see that old fellow?"

"Indeed, I do," replied Pat.

"Well," said the Englishman, "he's one of them guys that killed Christ, the union carpenter of Nazareth."

"I'll remember him," said Pat. So the next day when Pat saw the old Hebrew again he knocked him down without any ado whatever. The old man protested.

"Never mind," said Pat, "you can't fool me. You are one of them fellows that killed Jesus Christ, the union carpenter."

"Why, my friend," replied the old Hebrew, "that happened two thousand years ago."

"Well, I can't help that," said Pat. "I only heard of it yesterday."

Moral: When discussing unionism don't be sidetracked by ancient history. Stick to the point; or innocent parties will get hurt.

Thirty-nine

## Winter in Prison

By RICHARD BRAZIER

THE storm broke in the dead of night,  
And when we rose at dawn,  
We saw by the morning's light,  
A snowy Christmas morn.  
The snow had cast a sheltering fleece,  
O'er the cold, silent yard,  
Had touched with hands that brought surcease  
The earth so bleak and hard.

The ground we trod, so black and bare,  
That bruised us foot and soul,  
Where nothing grew, that sweet or fair,  
Could help to make us whole,  
Now lay beneath a mantle white,  
That hid its bitter frown,  
Even the walls, so drear with might,  
Looked kind as the sun shone down.

Upon the wall the topmost height  
Was one sheer, sparkling crown  
Of crystals glittering in the light  
As tho with jewels strown.  
Like silver and gold, all things shone,  
The earth, the walls and bars.  
On untrodden snow, gleams of sun  
Dazzled like golden stars.

Oh, but I knew it would not last!  
And when the rain began to fall,  
Earth once more would gape in the blast;  
And lightning flash and thunder roll,  
And wild storm beating overhead,  
Will keep demoniac patrol,  
When winter's beauty shall have fled.

---

### HELP REAP THE HARVEST!

ADDRESSED TO THE "EX-WOBBLIES"

A WAKE! Ye slumbering rebels, from your  
gloomy dreams,  
And throw your mournful garments in the  
fire.

Beyond the hills and crags, a new sun gleams,  
And sheds its light above the muck and mire.  
What though your former battles brought you  
naught but pain,

And left you broken on the wheel of Life?  
You've sown the seed upon a fertile plain,  
Now help us reap the Harvest of your Strife.

—Anonymous, (Buffalo, N. Y.)

---

WATCH FUTURE INDUSTRIAL PIONEERS!  
MANY GOOD ARTICLES COMING  
SUBSCRIBE NOW  
\$2 PER YEAR; \$1 SIX MONTHS

---

## Proletarian Insomnia

HEAVY eyelids, but sleepless eyes. Slowly from  
a distant clock four strokes are heard. Several  
cheery voices passing: homeward bound from  
some carouse. Doleful, forboding clangs from a far  
off fire truck, in rapid succession, and the bare  
trees in the little park across the road whisper  
mournfully "bad time for a fire; little children  
may be in danger, old persons,—may be sick  
persons."

Sudden, breathless quiet, the only noise, that  
of the heart beat, the only sound, that of the clock.  
All's still. Heavy darkness descends.

A farmer's wagon is slowly scratching along the  
asphalt, a stray auto sends off its gas in slow, un-  
even combustions. Day is breaking, a fine mist  
spreads over the little park across the road and  
the tiny brook has a frosty look; a fine day is on  
the horizon.

Heavy eyelids and sleepy eyes. Gone is the sleep-  
less, useless night. The workaday has begun

J. D. C.

---

### ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKEN IN THE LOGGING WOODS

While working on the "Gut and Liver" Line in  
Minnesota, "Big Jim" Sullivan met with a severe  
accident. Sullivan was a toploader and a French  
Canadian whom the foreman had hired that morn-  
ing was sending up the logs. A huge white pine  
butt log was on the skids and Sullivan told the  
"Canuck" to cut his end of the log back, instead  
of which he pushed it ahead. The result was that  
the log swung around, hit Sullivan's feet, knocking  
him violently on top of the skidway and breaking  
four ribs. When Sullivan woke up he was in the  
hospital.

He was taken to St. Mary's hospital in West Su-  
perior, Wisconsin for treatment.

A few days after his arrival and after he had  
somewhat recovered from the smash-up Sullivan  
was visited by the Sister Superior of the hospital.  
After a few preliminary remarks regarding the state  
of his health, the Sister said:

"Mr. Sullivan, please tell me how the accident  
happened."

"Well, you see, it was dis way, Sister," said Sul-  
livan. "I'm a skypiece, meself. We were short of  
a grounder one morning, and the push sees a ground-  
mole danglin' down the main stem and he glooms  
him.

"We were sendin' up a big blue butt and I told  
him to give her a Sag and he gave her a St. Croix  
and she gunned on him and knocked me steps from  
in under me and broke four slats. The next thing  
I knew I was in the butcher shop. Dat's all I know  
about it."

"Dear, dear," said the Sister, "I don't understand  
it."

"Neither do I," replied the logger, "the son-of-a-  
gun must have been bughouse."

# The Stool Pigeon

A Drama in Two Acts

By PHIL ENGLE

## CHARACTERS

Secretary of the Branch  
The Marxian Philosopher  
The "Friendly" Drunk  
Jack Ward  
Tom Little  
Mrs. Weston  
Mrs. Towser  
Dick Towser, A Stoolpigeon  
Dugan, of the "Bomb" Squad  
Policemen, Wobblies, etc., etc.

Members of the IWW

TIME: During the "Red" raids of 1920  
PLACE: A large city in the Middlewest

(Just before the curtain rises an IWW song is sung off stage. Just as the curtain rises the singing ceases. Curtain rises on

### Scene: An IWW Hall

(Discovered. The Secretary is seated at his desk writing. The Marxian Philosopher is seated at a table with three open books in front of him, which he seems to be studying.)

\*\*\*

Secretary: Well, I'm glad the songbirds are gone. Now, I will have a chance to make out my financial report and work in peace.

The Marxian: Yes, and now I will be able to study this second volume of Karl Marx's Capital. I want to clear you up, Fellow Worker, on the question of the Transformation of Surplus Value into Working Capital, and I want to say before I start that for a branch secretary of the IWW you are very ignorant on Marxian Economics. Why, you don't even know why the economic factor predominates; do you? No, you don't!—No you don't!

Secretary: Well, I might not know much about economics, but I know I must make out this financial report or there will be a kick from . . .

The Marxian: I know you must make out your financial report, but it will only take me a half-hour to clear you up and it is more important that I get you clear on this question . . .

Secretary: You will get me "clear nutty" if you won't let me make out this report. After I am through, I will be ready to listen to your lecture on the "Sacred Whiskers of Karl Marx."

The Marxian: You dare poke fun at Karl Marx's whiskers? You, a secretary of a militant revolutionary union! You dare crack jokes about Karl Marx's whiskers. Why, when I was a member of the old SLP we expelled men for less than that.

Secretary: I am not poking fun at Karl Marx, God forbid, but I do wish you would let me make out this report. I ask this favor of you in the name of Karl Marx!

The Marxian: Go to the devil! I have tried to do my duty to you as a fellow worker. Now, if you wish to remain an ignoramus do so. (Begins to study over his books.)

(Enter The "Friendly" Drunk)

(The drunk is rather poorly dressed and walks very unsteadily.)

The Friendly Drunk: How do, everybody! (hic!) I am a strong sympathizer! I want to shake hands with everybody.

Secretary (annoyed): Well, look what Santa Claus brought us! What can I do for you?

The Friendly Drunk (hic!): I am a strong sympathizer. A very strong sympathizer. And when I (hic!) think of the poor (hic!) boys in the (hic!) jail—I almost cry. It (hic!) makes me want to shed (hic!) tears.

The Secretary: Yes, and if it depended on the likes of you the poor boys would stay in jail forever. Now take yourself and your jag and your sympathy to the headquarters of the Bootleggers' union.

The Friendly Drunk: (hic!) Now, why do you bawl me out, brother. I love (hic!) you. (Bursts into tears.)

Secretary to Marxian: Give me a hand and let us lead Mr. Volstead out so he can get some fresh air. (They both take the drunk between them and lead him slowly towards the door.)

Drunk begins to sing:

It's a horrible death to die,

It's a horrible death to die,

It's a horrible death, to be worked to death,

It's a horrible death to die.

The Marxian and Secretary together: We will take your word for it. This way out, please. This way out. (Exit Drunk.)

(The Secretary goes back to his desk. The Marxian goes back to his books.)

Enter from street: Jack Ward, Tom Little and several other members of the IWW. They break up into different groups, some reading papers, others playing checkers. Jack Ward and Tom Little sit down alongside of each other.)

Jack Ward: Well, there is no longer any doubt. We got the goods on the rat, but I'm sorry for his mother. If there ever was a rebel woman, she is one.

Tom Little: You said it. I think she would rather a thousand times have him dead than to have him turn out to be a rat. But there is no room for doubt any more, for when we asked him to come down to the branch and face the charges against him, he pulled a gun on us and ordered us out.

Jack Ward: He has not the nerve to use a gun, but just now he is full of dope and the dope in him may give him false courage. So I think the best thing we did was to beat it.

Forty-one

Tom Little: What else could we do? Well the next thing to do is to call a meeting and expel him.

Jack Ward: His mother just got back from a trip to Moline. She went up there trying to organize a branch of the Foodstuff Workers' Union. Got back just in time . . . .

Tom Little: To see her only son expelled from the IWW for being a stoolpigeon. Funny though, that she never seemed to notice the fact that he was a dope fiend. Everybody else knew it.

Jack Ward: Maybe she knew it all the time. She told me she was afraid he had lung trouble because he was so pale and had such a bad cough. (Enter Dick Towser.)

Dick Towser (tall, slim, wild-eyed and pale): Well, here I am! You boobs thought I was afraid of you, eh! Afraid of a lot of ignorant bohunks!

Secretary: Glad to see you have the courage to come down to face the charges against you.

Dick Towser: Face the charges? Oh, hell! I came down to find my old lady. I heard she had just left the house to come down here. As for the charges against me that you talk about, I am guilty and proud of it.

(Cries from all the IWW members present): You dirty stoolpigeon!!

Dick Towser: I am no stoolpigeon, damn you! I am a U. S. federal agent.

Jack Ward: What's the difference? You're a rat!

Dick Towser (drawing a revolver from his hip pocket): Be careful, you dirty anarchists, or I will let daylight through some of you.

Jack Ward: You rat, I will make you eat that gun! (Jack Ward is about to make a leap at Dick Towser when Mrs. Towser and Mrs. Weston enter from street.)

Mrs. Weston: What's the matter? What's wrong here?

Mrs. Towser: Dick! Dick, what are you doing with a gun in your hands in broad daylight in an I. W. W. hall?

(There are a few moments of absolute silence. Everyone seems to be waiting for someone to speak.)

Secretary: Well, Mrs. Towser—I mean—I mean—Fellow Worker Towser, it means this: We suspected your son Dick and—

Mrs. Towser: Suspected my son Dick! Suspected him of what?

Secretary: We had reason to suspect him of being a stoolpigeon. So we—

Mrs. Towser: How dare you! How dare you talk that way of my son! Why I have a mind to—

J. Ward: Mrs. Towser, it is the truth. Six fellow workers signed the charges against him. I was one of them, and when three of us were sent as a committee to see him he drew a gun on us. Just before you came in he admitted he was a Federal dick.—Ask him yourself.

(During all this time Dick Towser stands with the revolver in his hand. There is a cunning leer on his face.)

Mrs. Towser (Turns to Dick): Is that true? Why don't you answer? Give that revolver to me.

I said give that revolver!

Dick: Give you that gun, mother, and let this gang of dirty anarchists beat me to death? Not me.

Mrs. Towser: Who are you calling dirty anarchists? What sort of words are these I hear from the lips of a son of mine. Tell me, my son, that this is some horrible joke you are playing on the boys. Tell me that—

Dick: It is no joke, mother. They got the goods on me. I got nothing to be ashamed of. I have been working for the U. S. Department of Justice for three years. I am an American to the core and I hate these damn foreigners who are trying to destroy our government. I—

Mrs. Towser: Stop! You have said enough. Give me that gun!

Dick: No, mother, I will not! They will kill me.

J. Ward: No, you rat, they won't do anything of the kind and you know it. You are full of dope and afraid of your own shadow.

Mrs. Towser: I said give me that gun! (She makes a grab at his hand and secures the revolver.) Now, Dick Towser, answer me, for God's sake, answer me, is it true?

(Dick remains silent but nods his head.)

Mrs. Towser: So, the son of Richard Towser, the grand old fighter of the Knights of Labor days is a stoolpigeon. The boy I loved more than life is a dirty traitor to his class. (Turns to Mrs. Weston.) Oh, Mrs. Weston, you who lost your only son at the battle of Everett, Washington, you can go to the grave of your boy and weep there. You can have the pride of being a mother who gave her son's life for the cause of human emancipation. But I—I am the mother of a stoolpigeon!

(Dick starts for the door leading to the street.)

Mrs. Towser: Wait! Wait you traitor! Before you go listen to me. You are no longer a son of mine. Go, and never let me see your face again—and take with you a mother's bitter curse. (Exit Dick.) (Breaks into wild hysterical laughter) Ha, ha, ha, the son of Richard Towser, the grand old rebel, is a stoolpigeon. Ha, ha, what a joke! (She gives a loud scream and falls senseless to the floor.)

(Curtain Falls)

\*\*\*

## ACT II.

TIME—About a month later.

SCENE—Same as ACT I.

(Discovered—The secretary sits writing at his desk. The Marxian philosopher is studying a book. Several IWW members reading papers and a few are at the table playing checkers.)

Secretary: I am lucky this week. Got my financial report finished and mailed to headquarters on time. Now, I will read this pamphlet in peace.

The Marxian: An IWW branch secretary should be ashamed to be reading a pamphlet written for the A-B-C class. You should know Karl Marx's Capital by heart.

(Continued on Page 44)

# The Amazing Deportation Mania

A REVIEW By RICHARD BRAZIER

A READING of the book by Louis Post on "The Deportations Delirium of Nineteen-Twenty" must move all those fortunate enough to read this timely and interesting narrative of official tyranny to amazement.

One's first impression is: that for a long period of time one of the most important departments of the American government was in the hands of a lunatic, a man who was crazed with fear, and so hag-ridden by a phobia against all schools of radical thought that, in order to suppress them, he encouraged and permitted acts against them that would have shamed an Ivan the Terrible.

The nation-wide raids of 1919-20 against all those suspected of harboring thoughts repugnant to the frightened mind of this "Thought Censor," Att'y-General Palmer, have never been paralleled in the history of the American nation, and never duplicated elsewhere. For wanton disregard of all elementary rights; for shameless abandon of all semblance of justice and for sheer inhumanity towards a harmless and unoffending citizenry, these attacks by Palmer's "plug uglies" upon homes and liberties, rank high in the long list of outrages perpetrated against their suppliant subjects by autocratic rulers.

## Degenerate Recruits

Mr. Post makes it clear beyond all peradventure of doubt that the Department of Justice under Mr. Palmer's administration was simply an adjunct of the Burns Detective Agency, and that its secret agents were the dregs of that most despicable of all groups in society: the finks, stoolpigeons, gunmen and degenerates from which private detective agencies recruit their evil armies of crime.

Not content with capturing the Department of Justice, by playing the "Red" bogey to the credulous and frightened Mr. Palmer, and running it to suit themselves and serve their nefarious ends, this horde of detectives, defectives and ineffectives sought to control other government departments, and did, for a while, control the Department of Labor and its machinery for deporting aliens. It was during the control of these thugs that scores of members of the IWW were rushed across the continent from Seattle to Ellis Island and hurried out of the country to their respective fatherlands, without any formality of trial at all.

## Medieval Reminders

Some of the incidents of the "Red" raids, mentioned by Mr. Post in his book, make one hark back to medieval times for an adequate comparison. We read of secret prisons and dungeons on top floors of towering sky-scrapers; of some poor victims of official terrorism hurtling to death from dizzy heights—either driven insane by the tortures of his persecutors or else deliberately hurled into oblivion to hide some especially hideous act of injustice—and many people suspect the latter.

We find homes and halls of public assembly being broken into and despoiled; of families being separated, husbands from wives, mothers from children and girls from their sweethearts. We read with horror of the indignities heaped upon these innocent victims of a brutal despotism caught in what Mr. Palmer called his "rat-trap." Men by the thousands were held incommunicado for weeks and months, tortured, beaten and "third degreed" by atavistic savages masquerading as officials of the law, and were placed in jeopardy of disease and death by being crowded together like cattle in defiance of all the laws of health and sanitation.

To advertise their infamy still further, these Goths and Vandals dragged their captives, loaded with chains, through crowded city streets to furnish amusement and sport for pure 100 percenters, for all the world like a conquering army staging a triumph—a modern Roman holiday, all in the name of Democracy. Could hypocrisy be more hypocritical than this?

## Blazoning Palmer's Misdeeds

Mr. Post has done well to blazon to the world the misdeeds of the infamous Palmer and his cut-throat crew of dastards; he has rendered a great service in exposing the usurpation of powers not vested in them by Palmer and his hirelings, but there is danger that his book will lull into false security the liberty loving ones of America who are apt to conclude from a reading of Post's book that the whole disgraceful business of deporting innocent aliens is over and done with when, as a matter of fact, the aftermath of Palmer's "Red" crusade is still with us.

## Mania Still Survives

There is, for instance, the cases of the 15 IWW members—all of them political prisoners—who are being held for deportation under the amendment to the Immigration Act of 1920. This amendment, which makes all aliens convicted of violating the wartime laws subject to deportation, is a direct outcome of Palmer's "Red" crusade. These men are to be deported—if the government has its way—for violating laws that no longer exist, since most of the wartime laws have been repealed and the rest are in abeyance until a state of war exists again. Then again this amendment to the Immigration Act is an ex post facto law, passed while the political prisoners were still in prison and two years after their conviction, yet the government which admitted its wrong in jailing the political prisoners by releasing them all before their sentences were served, due to the pressure of public opinion, still seeks to punish these men by deporting them to countries where some of them are in danger of facing a firing squad.

Mr. Post will not have done his duty until he has helped to arouse the American people to realize the fate that may await these men if they are

Forty-three

deported. He once had it within in his power to cancel the warrants against these men, as the original warrants were in his possession up till 1920. It would, perhaps, only have been a gesture of fairness, as his successors would, no doubt, have issued new warrants against these men, but it would have shown that his attitude of fairness towards aliens held for deportation, which he stresses in his book, was something more than a mere pose.

#### **Last Vestige Remains to Be Removed**

The last vestige of Palmerism will not be removed from the statutes of this country until the amendment to the Immigration Act of 1920 is repealed, and it behooves Mr. Post and all those who, like him, burn with indignation at the deportation outrages of Mr. Palmer to see to it that no one who was sent to prison for his opinions, or for mere membership in the IWW shall be deported. We wait to see if Mr. Post has the courage of his convictions, and if he will raise his voice as loudly in protest against the attempt to deport these IWW political prisoners as he raised it for the earlier victims of Palmer's "Red" crusade. Unless he does so protest, his book will remain a work of insincerity; unless he defends to the last ditch every victim of the war hysteria who faces deportation his task remains half done, and he will have assisted, instead of prevented the "Deportations Delirium" to continue.

(The Deportations Delirium of Nineteen-Twenty, Louis F. Post. Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, Ill.)



## **THE STOOLPIGEON**

(Continued from Page 42)

Secretary: I know nothing of Marx's Capital, but I have the marks of capital all over me.

The Marxian: So, you are repeating Bill Haywood's old joke. Well, if you want to remain an ignoramus that's your business. As for me, I just got through with Marx and am starting on Engel's.

Secretary: I hope you get the best of him.

(Enter, a Friendly Drunk.)

Drunk: I am a strong sympathizer. (Hic) I thought I would come (hic) and tell you—

Secretary: Why, here's Mr. Volstead again. I suppose you brought your usual jag with you.

Friendly Drunk: Yes, I got my jag (hic) with me. I am a strong sympathizer (hic) just the same. I am drunk, but I will be sober some day.

Secretary: Let us hope so. This way out please.

Friendly Drunk: Just a (hic) minute. I want to leave five dollars with you and when I (hic) sober up I am coming back to (hic) get a (hic) red card. Because I am a (hic) strong sympathizer. (Gives money to secretary and staggers out into the street.)

Secretary: Can you beat it. He did not even wait for a receipt. Chase him up and get his name.

(The Marxian rushes out, Secretary resumes his

reading and Marxian returns after absence of a few moments.)

The Marxian: I think our friendly drunk is pinched. Just saw a bull leading him to the patrol box. I am sorry for the poor stiff.

(The secretary is about to reply when loud cries are heard from street (off stage.)

The Marxian: What's that!

(Everybody jumps to their feet as J. Ward and Tom Little enter. They are both visibly excited.)

J. Ward and T. Little: Dick Towser has been killed!

A Wobbly: How did that happen?

All: Yes, how did it happen?

J. Ward: A mob of drunken hoodlums had just wrecked the Socialist hall and were on their way here when one of the mob who recognized Dick Towser and had heard Towser speak on the street for the IWW, cried out: "There's one of the agitators. Lynch him!"—and before the stoolpigeon had a chance to explain what he had been doing while a member of the organization, they kicked him to death.

T. Little: Yes, and his poor mother asked me to take this message to you all from her. She said, "Fellow Workers, I want to forget how he lived. I only want to remember how he died."

Secretary: Spoken like a real rebel woman.

(Loud cries from without (off stage.)

The Marxian: The bulls are coming. A raid! a raid!

(Enter Dugan of the Bomb Squad and several policemen in uniform.)

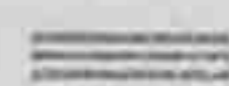
Dugan: Line up you fellows. You are all under arrest!

Secretary: Have you a warrant?

Dugan: We don't need any warrant for you fellows. Come on! damn you, line up. Line up everybody! You fellows are lucky to be pinched. There is a mob on their way here now, ready to string you up. Come on! Get a move on you! Forward march! (The police surround the members present and they all march from the hall.)

(For a few moment the stage is deserted, then suddenly a large crowd of drunken hoodlums rush into the hall. They smash the book case, break the windows, upset the table and chairs. One of them takes a match and sets the hall on fire. The flames shoot up. The mob dances around the fire and sings Yankee Doodle as curtain falls. Curtain rises again and the hall is seen in flames, while from the distance comes the sound (off stage) of the workers singing the transport workers' song "Hold the Fort," and as they finish the chorus of the song

The Curtain Falls.)



**TO ENJOY LIFE MORE, SUBSCRIBE  
FOR THE INDUSTRIAL PIONEER  
\$2.00 A YEAR**

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

## Pioneer Praise Continues

THE Industrial Pioneer continues to receive many letters of praise and many favorable notices.

The Marine Worker, organ of the MTW, in its issue of December 15, declares, in big type,

"The Industrial Pioneer.—The December issue is a corker. One of the best Labor magazines printed."

The Branch Secretary, Construction Workers' Industrial Union No. 810, Portland, Oregon, writes:

"The Pioneer is getting to be a magazine of which the IWW as well as anybody else can be proud. At least everybody around Portland feels that way about it."

"We are going to push the Pioneer in every respect, so as to raise the sale beyond all limits. It is no trouble at all to sell the magazine."

Harold Allinger, writes from Manhattan, Nevada, on Christmas day:

"Just received the Amnesty number of the Pioneer, and very nearly missed turkey dinner as a consequence. I lost all track of time and could hardly lay the magazine down before I finished it."

"I hardly know which of the fellow workers are to be congratulated most, the authors, the artists, or the editorial staff."

"I have waited for years for a magazine to appear by, and for the workers. Once I thought I had found the things I sought in the 'Liberator,' but soon discovered that a group of 'parlor intellectuals' could not possibly furnish the mental food a class-conscious worker needs, while the Pioneer fills the bill to a nicety."

"Congratulations!"

Frank Rosenblatt, Rochester, N. Y., declares:

"I have read a few numbers of the Industrial Pioneer and like it very much."

"The magazine has a wide field of usefulness, and I do my part in selling as many as I can. Send me subscription blanks."

"I have sold working class papers before and wont stop to do my share until we gain our freedom."

Card Number X26019 writes from Butte, Montana:

"Each month I have been thinking that this Pioneer is better than the last until now I have ceased to speculate on where it could be improved. I do say, however, that as it stands today it should be and is the world's best Labor magazine."

"One of our friends from Casper, Wyoming, although not a card member, but a fellow worker just the same, writes that he misses the Pioneer newsboy and encloses ten dollars for Christmas. Enclosed you will find what the newsboy thought was a suitable present for such a friend."

"Our New Year's wish for the Pioneer is, that it will be an absolute success and in the end will reach the four corners of the globe."

(Enclosure)

"Fellow Worker:

"I am six years old and am paying my way to school with money I made selling Pioneers at Casper."

"Please tell Santa Claus to send my friend Mr. Mote, the Pioneer for one year. I think this is a good present to give a friend."

"We have the Pioneer in the top of our tree this Christmas."

"Let's boost the Pioneer."

"Jack Garner."

B. Osuchowsky, New York City, N. Y., sends \$2.73, his profit on the sale of the Pioneer, as a donation towards its development. It will be used to give subscriptions to workers whose names he has been requested to send in.

P. J. Welinder, Seattle, Wash., sends this bouquet:

"I have a complaint to make in regards to the January issue of the Industrial Pioneer. It reached me last Thursday, but not before last evening, rather late, had I the time to look it over. And here is where my complaint enters; it stole three hours of sleep away from me."

"Being a Swede, and born close to the waters that separate Sweden from Denmark, I started out with Fellow Worker Anderson's article on Scandinavia. Only intended to glance it over, but I would like to see the Swede who could start on that article and quit before finishing. Say, that is great! . . ."

"Then there is Vern Smith's article. I don't know which I most admire, the masterly handling of the subject or the almost extravagant brilliancy in style. Perhaps it is so fascinating to me because I have a particular fancy for that kind of subtle satire which runs through the article. It is something like Strindberg, or Ibsen,—and Strindberg and Ibsen are my literary gods."

"Although I hesitate a lot in attempting to write after reading such splendid works, I had to slip a few lines to the Industrial Worker urging its readers to secure a copy, particularly the Scandinavians. And also I felt it my duty to send you a line of thanks for a real, good issue of the Industrial Pioneer. They have all been great, but I can't help thinking that this is the greatest."

"I hope you will be able to keep the magazine up to the same high standard. I know what it means to work with limited resources and limited support. But if my effort can help any I promise you, Fellow Worker, that I will do my best. I will soon be in the field again and I will not fail to carry that sub book and to boost the Pioneer as well as our other publications."

Forty-five

# Maurer Nails State Police Lie

**L**AST month the Industrial Pioneer published the following item, which was sent in by a friend in Louisiana:

## "Union Labor, Is This True?"

"In 1917 the sheriffs of Pennsylvania appeared as a body before the legislature of Pennsylvania to ask for a large numerical increase of the force, and for a raise in pay for every man on it—and a strong union labor vote, backing this appeal, triumphantly carried the measure. Union labor at that time had the IWWs fresh in mind, from whose assaults the ever-ready state police had, at their call, come times without number to save them."—Farm and Fireside, December, 1923.

Following the item's publication, the below letter was sent to James H. Maurer, President State Federation of Labor, Pennsylvania:—

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 26. 1923.

James H. Maurer, President,  
State Federation of Labor,  
Harrisburg, Pa.

Fellow Worker:

Under separate cover we are mailing to your address a marked copy of the Industrial Pioneer for January. On page thirty-three appears the item marked: "Union Labor, is this true?" We hope it is not.

Shall be pleased to print your denial or statement in the next issue of Industrial Pioneer. We go to press about the 10th.

Thanking you for your co-operation and trusting to receive your reply, we are yours with best wishes for industrial freedom,

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER,  
Per Justus Ebert, Editor.

## Maurer's Statement

To all of the above, James Maurer, President Pennsylvania Federation of Labor, makes the following reply:

Mr. Justus Ebert,  
1001 West Madison St.,  
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Brother Ebert:

In reply to your favor of recent date, relative to article in Farm and Fireside Magazine, as copied in The Industrial Pioneer, on State Police, will say there is not a word of truth in it.

It is generally well known that I have, personally fought the Department of State Police ever since its creation and the same is true of the State Federation of Labor, of Pennsylvania, of which I have the honor to be president. As a matter of fact, I wrote many pamphlets and a book, "The American Cossack," describing the activities of the State Police and proving them to be nothing more than a legalized band of strike-breakers.

As to the legislature session of 1917. The very opposite of Labor's attitude is true. We fought the State Police bill every inch of the way in both houses but, due to the war hysteria which, at that time, gripped the People, the bill was passed, with every labor member in the legislature voting **against** it. I was a member of the legislature at the time. The legislative record for the past fifteen years will show that the only active opposition to the State Police, in Pennsylvania, was Organized Labor and "dirt" farmers. As to our fear of the IWW. The only time that I ever heard of anyone even throwing out a hint along this line before, was when we fought against the passage of the Governor's anti-secession bill. Governor Sproul's spokesman, Attorney-General Shaffer, in his appeal for the bill, said it would protect organized labor against the terrible IWW. My answer to him, on this point, was that Organized Labor was not asking the Governor, nor anyone else, to protect it against the IWWs or any other group of workers; that whatever difference there might be between the two organizations, we could and would settle between ourselves, and that both groups resented interference by Labor baiters or legislators.

Thanking you for bringing this matter to my attention, I am,

Sincerely yours,

(Signed)

JAMES H. MAURER.

## Amnesty Only Half Won

**O**N page nine of the January number of The Industrial Pioneer it is said: "The war prisoners having been granted unconditional amnesty, the thanks of the IWW are due to all who helped to achieve this end."

Permit me to call attention to the fact that "unconditional amnesty" has NOT been granted—far from it. As a matter of fact the fight for amnesty is only about half won.

We should not overlook, nor permit others to, the fact that release from prison, whether by expiration of sentence, parole or commutation of sentence is not amnesty in any sense of the word.

Amnesty is what we have been fighting for and what we must continue to fight for until we win. Amnesty is a general grant of pardon for political offense against the government and restores civil and political rights.

Until amnesty is granted political prisoners are felons still and considered morally unfit to exercise the civil and political rights which go with American citizenship.

Yours for Freedom,

Seattle, Washington.

EMIL HERMAN,  
Card No. X6869.

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER



# The Present Business Slump

(Continued from Page 4)

will, the owners of industry cannot spend their income and thus keep the necessary balance between production and distribution. They may build sumptuous residences and estates, give extravagant dog parties, buy opera companies for their second or third wife, patronize the rising gland transplanting industry, endow public, religious and educational institutions, have a variety of "love nests" throughout the country—they may, in brief, dissipate, debauch and squander with a prodigality that causes that of the prodigal son to pale into insignificance indeed, and yet have tens of billions left, untouched.

Therefore they automatically, in the language of Hobson, "apply to the production of capital-goods a proportion of the aggregate productive power that exceeds the proportion needed in accordance with existing arts of industry to supply the consumption goods which are purchased and consumed."

## Piling Up Useless Capital

This means that they invest their surplus plunder in more capital where too much capital already exists; and where production already exceeds consumption. This, it will be recalled, is substantiated in the figures of Dr. Klein, already quoted. He shows us that boot and shoe factories are 25 per cent overbuilt. That is, they are required to produce only 75 per cent of their capacity. The same is substantially true of the pig iron industry, with a capacity 10 millions of tons in excess of industrial requirements.

Nevertheless, such is the need for investment on the part of the capitalists, that they add to this excess capital, with its excess capacity. They continue to overcapitalize and overbuild the industrial equipment, especially under the stimulus of so-called prosperity, when they expand their plants abnormally, only to find, when normal times return, that they are useless. This was the case during the war, when productivity was increased out of all proportion to subsequent needs.

Aside from the destructive competition and waste involved, many other bad results flow from this course.

## The Results

First, there is the periodic piling up of unsalable commodities or "goods," followed by a crash in prices, shutting down of factories, unemployment, failures, and all the well-known phenomena of the "business crisis," such as we are now partly confronted with and discussing.

Second, the ceaseless struggle for markets, here, there and everywhere. As Dr. Klein shows, the need for developing export trade becomes imperative. The natives of tropical climes must be induced, cajoled or forced, if necessary, into wearing woolen underwear and putting in steam heating apparatus; while the Eskimos must be coerced



UNEMPLOYED!

into buying electric fans and other machines for reducing the temperature! Where export trade is already secured by rival capitalists they must be driven from the field and their markets captured by any means, either fair or foul, peaceful or warlike. Thus we have come to have "economic penetration," "imperialism," etc.

Third, we also have come to possess, for the same reason, i. e., the struggle for markets, the abnormal development of retailing and its adjuncts, such as advertising. This gives rise to the extensive systems of chain and department stores, big, bulky newspapers, special advertising organs, bill-boards, and other wasteful monopolies.

## War Ensues

On the other hand, the piling up of goods thru excessive capitalization and production, results in attempts to limit both markets and output. Tariffs, for instance, exclude outside competition, that is, the commodities produced in other countries. This leads to friction and demands for international free trade. Again, there is the custom of slowing down and otherwise attempting the restriction of industry, followed by all classes alike. We see it in the reduced acreage of the farmers, the cannily policy of the trade unionists, and the restrictive regulations of the trust magnates—all try to control production in order to insure prices, wages and profits.

Forty-seven

Finally, from economic penetration, imperialism and protection come international friction and war, with their murderous prosperity and destructive, uncivilized aftermaths. Thus we find the basic cause of the business recession, so-called, together with all other modern evils, in the robbery of labor. The so-called evils of underconsumption and oversaving of the capitalist class grow out of that robbery and that robbery alone. As ex-Senator Pettigrew well says, "Capital is stolen labor. Its function is to steal more labor." We might add, its function is also to create war, reaction and all the other horrors of so-called civilization.

### The Remedy

Now how shall we end these so-called business recessions and all that thereby hangs? Some argue that hours should be reduced so as to give jobs to all. Instead of working 12 or 10 hours, we should work either 8 or six, thus increasing the labor forces required from 20 to 50 per cent. This may allieviate conditions, but it is logically no solution of the problem or problems involved. Plainly, the only solution is to give labor all that it produces. It will then be in a position to buy and consume all the commodities or "goods" produced. There will thus be no piles of unsalable goods in the face of existing poverty and shabbiness. There will thus be no urgent need for imperialism, protection, war and all that they have come to imply.

With labor getting all it produces, the cause of modern social ills will be removed, and social safety will be assured where now the destruction of the race looms up ahead of us, thanks to the diabolical thoroughness of modern scientific warfare.

John Hobson recognizes this necessity in two ways: he would absorb the income of the capitalists by giving the workers and the state greater shares in production. In both these ways, there'd be more consumption and, consequently, less dangers of either underconsumption or oversaving by the capitalists. Of course, both of these methods would have a certain degree of effectiveness. They would mitigate the evils complained of. Besides, the promise of more wages and increased employment embodied in the Hobsonian methods are not to be lightly regarded, or "sneezed at," as we moderns would say.

But with the capitalist's control of the state, and with his power to increase productivity out of all proportions to the wages paid, the final success of both of these methods looks doubtful. Apparently, nothing but the complete abolition of the capitalist exploitation of labor will do. And to this end, naught else but the industrial organization of the working class will do. With such an industrial organization perfected, labor will be in a position to regulate production during all times and give to society a social basis that will make the "business recession" and all that thereby hangs, impossible.



## Chicago

By John Drury

CITY,

Flaunting the iron of your strength  
 Across the prairies,  
 You have been cruel to me—  
 You have twisted my being  
 Into unreal shapes and attitudes.  
 But yet, O my city,  
 I have loved you  
 For all your masculine brutality.  
 I have watched a thin curve of moon  
 Lying in the smoky red behind your factories  
 And have seen the white reach of your skyscrapers  
 Out of mist mornings.  
 My heart has been torn in your rude hands  
 But you have had me in a strange wonder,  
 O flaunting city.



## What Is Co-operation?

THE London Daily Herald prints the following item:

### "CO-OPERATIVE WAGES

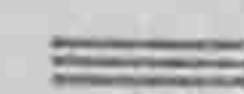
#### "Scottish Negotiations for Increase

"Good progress is being made in the negotiation between the Scottish Co-operative Societies and the Shop Assistants' Union and the Distributive Workers' Union regarding the claim for increased wages as from January 1.

"Certain offers have been made which will be considered at an early conference of the unions.

"About 20,000 employes are concerned."

Co-operation is said to be an abolition of capitalism and wage slavery. Is it?



SUBSCRIBE FOR THE PIONEER

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

---

---

Many Letters of Praise are Sent from Many  
Sections to

# The Industrial Pioneer

Puts Working Class Problems In A Way That's Read By The  
Workers Everywhere

Its Field of Usefulness is Growing

So Is Its Circulation From Month To Month. It Has Gained  
One-Third Recently. It Wants More. And  
Then Some More Still!

## Join the Pioneer Army

Subscribe Now. Get Others To Do The Same. Send For  
Subscription Books. Order a Bundle If You Don't Subscribe.  
Interest Newsboys and Dealers. Give Us More Readers  
And Then Some More Still

---

---

THE INDUSTRIAL PIONEER, 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed please find \$1.00 for which send PIONEER for six months to

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

RATES: \$2 a Year; 6 months, \$1. Foreign Postage Extra.

---

## Boycott California Movies

---

Many States Are Barring Certain California Movies Because of the Recent Los Angeles Shooting Involving Leading Female Stars and a Male Oil Millionaire. It Is Feared That They Will Demoralize The Beholders, Should The Latter Be Permitted to See Them.



Workers Everywhere Should Bar All California's Movies. But For Another and More Vital and Less Hypocritical Reason; Namely, California's Jails Are Full of Union Men Who Insist On The Right To Organize, And An Additional Blow At Its Leading Industry Will Help To Effect Their Release.

---

## Boycott California Movies

---