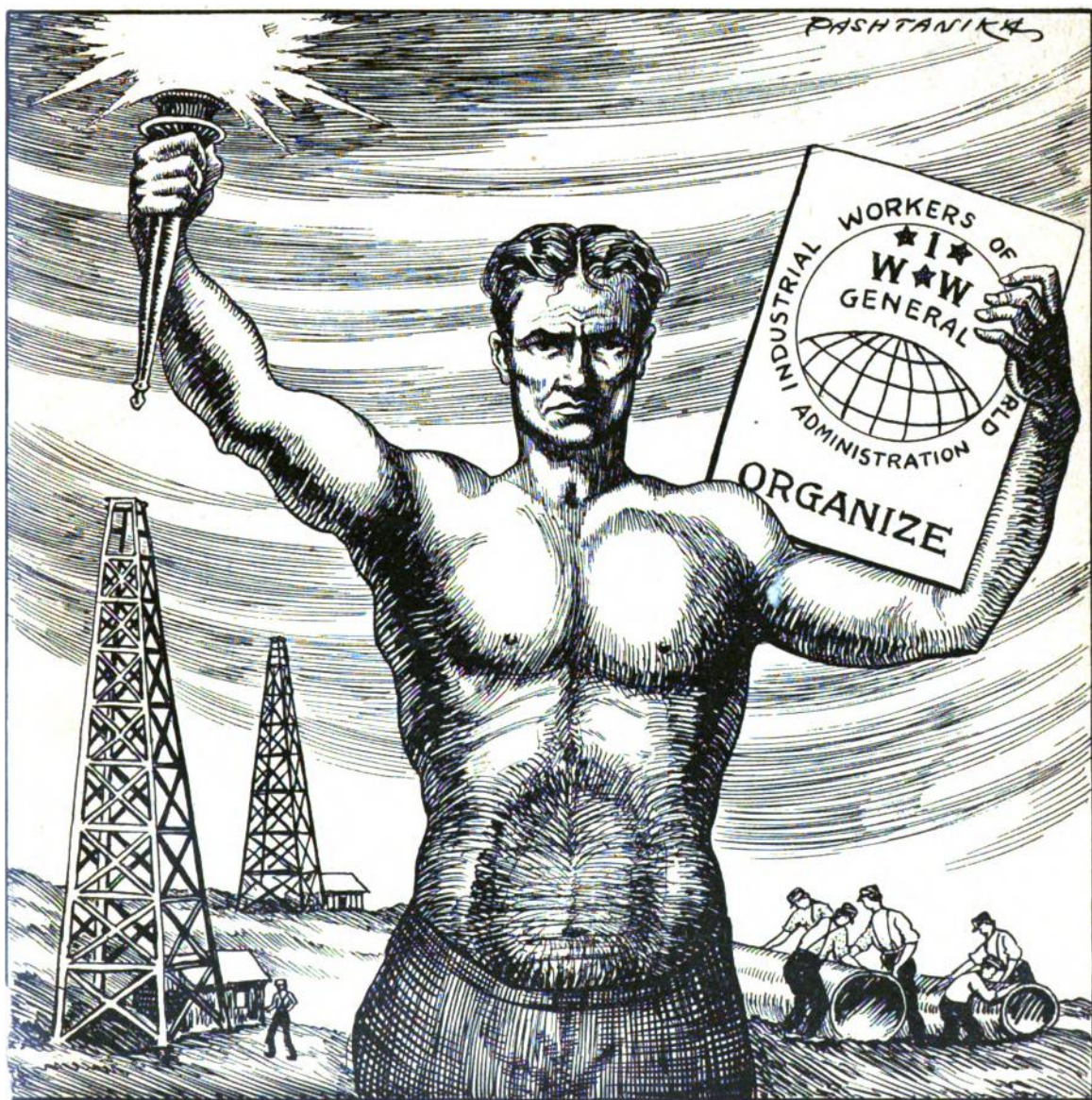


INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

JANUARY, 1922



THE OIL WORKER

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The Industrial Pioneer

A Journal of Revolutionary Industrial Unionism

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of the
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To Pioneer Readers

AT THE time when this issue of the *Industrial Pioneer* goes to press, the General Executive Board of the I. W. W. is considering the advisability of suspending its publication for a few months. The financial situation of the organization requires that the Board make sure that every penny expended for the official publications is placed where it will be most effective.

If the readers of the *Pioneer* wish to assure its continuance, they will have to contribute immediately a sufficient amount of money to its support to make it possible.

Our weekly organ, *Industrial Solidarity*, is commanding an increasing influence and popularity among the workers, and the lack of funds must not be permitted to prevent us from realizing our aspiration to make it, in every sense, the best revolutionary newspaper on the continent. There are great industrial struggles now raging, and others just ahead, and *Industrial Solidarity* must be enabled to get the latest and best information, interpreted from the I. W. W. viewpoint, on these epochal

events. This costs money, of course. In case it is decided to temporarily discontinue the magazine, most if not all of its best features will simply be transferred to *Industrial Solidarity*, which it is our aim to make an eight page paper every week.

Then the General Executive Board has assumed control of and responsibility for the *Industrial Unionist*. Unprecedented opportunities for the I. W. W. are presenting themselves now in the East, and in order to take advantage of them the New York organ is vitally necessary. In a short time, as things are going so splendidly our way, the *Industrial Unionist* will be self-supporting, but for awhile it has to depend upon financial assistance from Headquarters.

In case the *Pioneer* is temporarily suspended, subscribers will have the option of having their subscriptions extended for the length of time that the magazine does not appear; or the subscriptions will be transferred to *Industrial Solidarity*, unless some subscribers prefer one of the other official publications, in which case their requests will be complied with.

The Industrial Pioneer

Vol. 1, No. 12

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Serial No. 12

A Few Adventures in Steel

By Robt. Maddux

WE ALL know that iron ore is found up around Duluth, Two Harbors and Escanaba, close to the water transportation of the Great Lakes. Of course it is found in other places, such as Alabama and Colorado and Eastern Canada but the Iron Range of Minnesota and Michigan is the big source of iron ore for the American Steel Trust.

The miners are the first group to handle this product. They are the first group to come under the rule of the Iron Heel of the Steel Kings. They have had their fights and today the struggle for organization still goes on in the mines and mining camps.

Many Industries Involved

The ore is loaded into cars and hauled from the mines by the railroad men. They are the second group of slaves in the kindly care of Gary. They are slaves in a very strategic position and represent more economic power per man than could be found anywhere else for a long ways. Their pay checks don't show it, however.

The railmen dump the ore into the big mechanical bins at the ore docks where the boats on the Great Lakes take on cargoes of it. These carriers can load up a full cargo in a few hours and sometimes bust records by loading up in minutes. The water transportation men are also very important in the steel industry and also carry around unnoticed a lot of economic power that they don't get paid for—not using.

The Railroad Slaves

So you see it takes miners, railroad men, sailors and more railroad men, besides the actual steel workers of the mills to make steel. Of all these groups the railroad men are the most willing and docile slaves. They take the cake beyond a doubt.

They pay three dollars a month dues to a brotherhood, and the Grand Dukes sell out to the bosses over and over. Why! A railroad man would queer a bowl of free soup from the palmy days of Hinky Dink! He hauls scabs, scab herders, scab coal, scab steel, and then scabs on himself. Of course, the individual railroad man is not to blame. His form of organization compels him to these things.

I say this because I am a railroad man and know what I am talking about. Solidarity is an idle dream in the steel industry as long as craft unionism pits worker against worker and the workers fail to organize industrially.

Sailing Over the Waves

I used to be a sailor on the Great Lakes and I can point out a fact or two in this important part of steel production. A lot of things come to mind about these lakes.

Ed Weber and myself were standing on the corner of State and Van Buren streets one day in Chicago when a guy steps up to us and asks right out: "Are you boys hunting a job?" We had to admit it so he took us out to Hines lumber yard and put us on a lumber boat called the Ancona. She towed a barge named the A. T. Bliss. I heard afterwards that this tub was named after the governor of Michigan, which was nothing for either one to be proud of.

We went to Duluth for a cargo of lumber, and everything went all right until we got up alongside of the pile on the dock. My pardner and I sat down on deck, when up comes the captain and says that we would have to help the dock-wallopers load the cargo. This was new to us so we told him right off the reel to go to hell, but instead of going, he took us up to the forward end of the boat and paid us off.

We went up town and while walking down the street, my pardner stopped to read a sign which was full of pictures of good looking men. The sign read: "Why work in the woods all your life? Join the Army."

My pardner Ed says from this that he guessed most of the people of Duluth work in the woods. I told him, "No, that sign is for the likes of you and me, Ed." Maybe we were too long out of the woods, for anyway we didn't fight to join the army.

The Old Seamen's Union

Instead we went over to the Lake Seamen's Hall in Superior and joined the union, which cost us \$5.50 apiece. This entitled us to a black book showing that we were ordinary seamen. This same union had a blue book which was issued to able-bodied seamen, such as wheelmen and watchmen. Now, to be a blue-book man, you had to know how to box the compass, which is about like learning to tell time when still a kid. You have to learn all the points to steer by. And then like all the dry land sailors in the Hooligan schools you have to know how to tie all the different kinds of knots.

Us black-book men didn't have to know how to tie knots or box the compass. All we had to know

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was how to shovel coal and ashes, on the fly, and how to paint and scrub decks and cabins while in port. Well, while Ed and I were waiting in the union hall, the delegate came out of his office and called for two deck hands for the Steamer Eugene Zimmerman.

Shipping Out

Ed being curious asked what kind of a tub she was. The delegate told us she was a good boat, which proved that he was an unadorned liar. We didn't have the proof of this yet, so we took the boat.

She was loaded with iron ore for South Chicago and all they were waiting for was us two deck hands. When we got down to the dock the captain was waiting with one hand on the whistle cord and the other in his hair. As soon as we had a leg over the rail he blows one short blast of the whistle, which means, Let Go—or Get Out of Town. Then out comes the steward and rings the bell for supper and, believe me, us two birds put a good feed under our belts.

While annoying my last piece of pie I heard the first mate say that we would stop in Duluth, which is not far from Superior, for food and supplies. This remark was irrelevant to the course of my young life till after I went down in the stoke hole to size things up. Ed and I had been assigned to the coal passing job.

The first thing that met my gaze was the two smallish mountains of ashes. Then I learned that the Zimmerman was a stoker boat, in other words a floating hell. These boats have bum reputations on account of the ashes they make. After casting an eagle eye on the workhouse and the young moun-

tain of ashes I asked one of the firemen: "Who is going to shovel these ashes out?"

He says, "Why, you two deck hands. You can start in just as soon as you get outside the Duluth breakwater."

Jumping the Ship

I said to the fireman, "I understand this boat is going to South Chicago." He told me my understanding was good, so I didn't say anything more, but it accumulated in my nut that the Eugene Zimmerman was going to South Chicago without me.

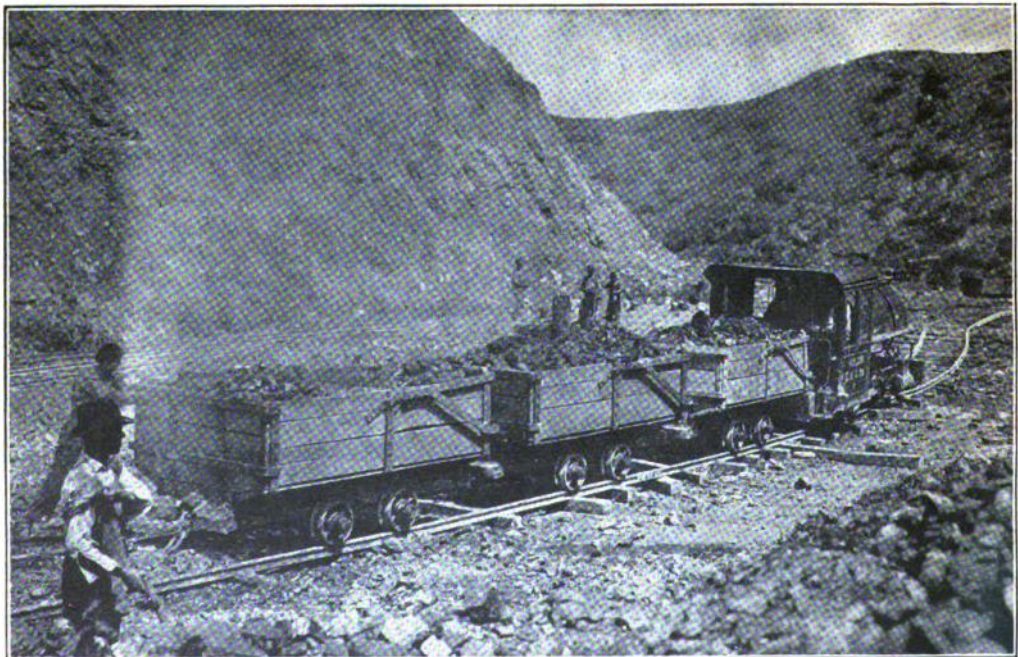
When she hit the Duluth dock Ed and I went over the side and disappeared in the dark. Next morning bright and early we landed back in the Union Hall in Superior and you should have seen that delegate and some of the deck hands give us the once over.

Auburn Red gave us the glad hand and exclaimed that he had an idea that we should be abreast of Whitefish Point at that hour. The delegate said he didn't think we wanted work very bad anyway.

Out Again

Ed and I got out of Superior the next day on the Wm. S. Mack. She was loaded with iron ore for Cleveland and was equipped with running bunkers and elevators to take the ashes out. Ed and I stuck to this boat for four round trips and sized things up all along the route. We finally quit in Erie, Pa. This was way back in 1906, before the Steel Trust smashed the Seamen's Union on the Great Lakes. Most of these sailors were the best of fellows, good-hearted plugs every one, that would give you the shirt off his back if you needed it and were down and out.

Like the railroad men they had a fake union with a lot of separate crafts on the boats and along the



OPEN CUT MINING.

waterfront. They were duck soup for the steel trust to smash, once this outfit started in to use concerted action on the union lads.

More Adventures

One spring I went down to South Chicago and loafed around the Seamen's Hall for a rest. A telephone call came for six deck hands for the Orlando M. Poe, a steel trust boat. I thought something was wrong but volunteered for the job along with five others and went down to the docks to look her over. We found the six men who were just off and one of them, "Smithy" from Buffalo, N. Y., told us, "Lay off that boat if you don't want to die. She is a stoker and a regular man killer."

It was near noon time so we explained to "Smithy" that we would go aboard and get the wrinkles out, for these tubs were pretty heavy on the feed. He and his fellow workers thought that was a good idea and we left them up the dock while we went down and laid on a stock of chicken, ice cream and other delicacies too numerous to mention.

After dinner we hit the ladder for over the side, as we had no desire for an early grave. I don't think that any of our mothers would have approved of the language that the mate used when he saw us on the dock. But this was a trust boat and the mates, like the bosses in the mills, all know the fine art of profanity. This is also part of the process of making steel.

The Railroad End of Steel

I had a lot of adventures before I butted into the steel trust system again. But it wasn't long before I found myself helping in the process of its manufacture once more. I went over to Whiskey Island on the C. & P. docks with the intention of shipping on one of the ore boats discharging cargo there. I ran into a well dressed individual in the yards and I thought to myself: "Pinched again." I didn't have a guilty conscience either. A working man doesn't need a consciousness of guilt to fear a pinch. It is natural for a worker to get arrested.

I was mistaken this time. The well dressed stranger asked if I wanted work. I did, so he gave me a note to take up to an office building on Euclid Avenue. A doctor examined me and said that I was a slave in first class physical shape and turned me over to the question department. They wanted to know every place I had worked for the last five years, which was more than I could remember. However, I came out of the office a full-fledged shack in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and was one of Mr. Atterbury's loyal servants.

The yardmaster took me in tow. He wanted to know how long I had gone to school and why, my father's and mother's names in full and how many brothers and sisters I had dead or living. That yardmaster was the most curious fellow I ever saw. I can't begin to remember all the things he was curious about.

Then after going through this misery they loaned me the actual job on condition that all the references that I gave them were correct and satisfac-

tory. I hope that everything was O. K., for I never heard of most of the people that they wrote to and I doubt if they ever did, either. Atterbury has some system. I got more practice in consistent lying during that first day than ever before in my life. It comes in handy, too. I didn't stay long enough for a second session.

I went to work on the docks at Whiskey Island loading the ore from the lake steamers into cars for points in Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia, where it was fed into the furnaces.

Steel Trust Railroaders

Things are different on the job for the steel trust. We railroad men shift the coke, stone, ore, hot metal and slag around the mills. We get about ten per cent more wages than the regular switching crews on the roads. You see, on the big railroads they have a full crew of men consisting of engineer, fireman, two brakemen and a conductor. Five men are supposed to be with each engine, but the steel trust believes in efficiency.

They work four men to the engine and one of the jobs has three men to an engine—the engineer, fireman and conductor, who works on the ground. Being conductor is a regular position there. He is brakeman, switch tender, conductor and weighmaster, besides running a card index system of time used per unit of work.

Efficiency for the Boss

Efficiency methods are in vogue all over the mill and every time a new invention comes along that doesn't take a new plant to install, why, they slap it in and lay off a gang of men. In Bellaire they had a gang of thirty negroes unloading pig iron. Now one man with an electric magnet does all the work and gets less pay than any one of the negroes. This process is going on all the time, but the plugs that do the work never get any better conditions on account of the greater efficiency. Maybe they don't deserve better conditions until they organize and fight for them, but they sure won't get them until they do this.

The Complicated Processes

You see all the processes that go to the making of steel? There are the iron mines and the railroads that transport the ore to the docks and the seamen that load and transport the ore to the bunkers again and the railroaders that haul the ore to the mills. Then it takes coke to furnish the heat and so the coal miners dig coal in the coking veins of West Virginia and the Connellsville region of Pennsylvania and the coke oven men turn the coal into coke. The railroaders haul it to the mills and it goes into the furnaces under the care of the steel workers. Then the stone that is quarried by the quarry miners and is hauled by the railroaders is dumped in the tops of the furnaces from a skip car operated by the mill workers.

These processes are all dependent on each other. No organization can hope for success in battling the giant trust unless it has the active support of the workers of all the branches of this huge industry.

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Craft unionism certainly can never give such support when not even the railroads can agree to resist a cut in wages together. How can you expect organizations of this character to ever fight for the rights of miners, dock wallopers or seamen? One Big Union is the only solution so that the miners, the marine transport workers, the railroad transport workers and the steel workers of the metal industry can all act in unison with solidarity during times of strike and can force the trust to give in to demands. Once the workers have the power they will not need to strike—they can take over the industry and run it themselves.

Mechanical Methods

The mechanical processes of handling the raw materials and turning out all the many forms of steel rails, ingots and sheet metal are very interesting. After ore, coke and stone are dumped in a furnace, it takes about four hours to melt this into iron. They then open the hole, and cast. The hole is opened by an air drill and the iron runs out into big railroad ladles, the slag into a pit. Sometimes you get four ladles of iron out of a cast and sometimes seven.

A test boy takes a test of the iron from each ladle to the laboratory, where it is analyzed. If it is good iron it is poured into a mixer which holds about fifteen ladles. Each ladle holds about twenty-five tons, so you see the mixer is no plaything.

If the test proves that the iron is bad it is taken to the pig machine, where it is made into pig iron. The pig iron is taken to the steel works, where it is dumped into a cupola, where it is melted. The cupola is close to the mixer, so when they want a heat they use so much from the mixer and so much from the cupola. This is poured into the converters and then blown by air blast. After about fifteen minutes of this it is poured into moulds, which are emptied again automatically by a pusher. The prod-

uct is an ingot. The ingots are taken to the soaking pits, where they are heated again.

The ingots are taken out of the soaking pits when the heater gets them to the proper temperature, and they are placed on the rolls and rolled into billets. These billets are the basic material for all sorts of manufactured steel products. Sometimes they are shipped away and sometimes re-heated and rolled into sheets from which are made pipes, tubes and all sorts of sheet metal supplies.

The Many Products

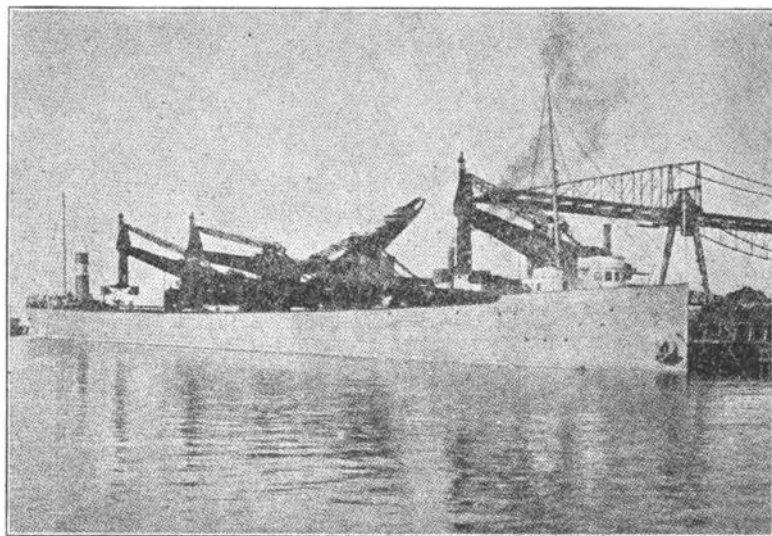
Pipes are the one great necessity for the oil industry. Here in the steel mills is where this product is made. The sheets are heated to a weld heat in the weld furnaces and are then cut into lengths by a circle saw and loaded on big trucks, taken to the threading floor, threaded, inspected and tagged. The sockets are put on and then they are ready for the shipping room and the market.

This is only one of the thousands of absolutely essential products of the steel industry. In Wheeling, Bellaire, Martins Ferry, Brach Bottom, Yorkville, Steubenville and Mingo, which are all mill towns close together, there are countless sorts of metal fabricating plants and tin, tube, bar and plate mills turning out every conceivable sort of fixture and metal part.

Without the products of these mill towns the industries of the country could not function. We would have to go back to the crooked stick and the hoe stage of civilization. The workers, however, do not seem to be much better off than the crooked stick stage right now. Most of us are not even occupied holding a stick.

Conditions and the Need for Education

When things are running, Saturday means a twenty-four hour shift for the change crew, and they don't see a bed. Every other day in the week brings twelve hours of toil. I have heard lots of



UNLOADING ORE.

these poor slaves remark that they would sooner work twelve than eight hours a day because it gave them four more hours' pay. Can you help but wonder at the gall of people claiming that they are reasoning animals when they pull such stuff as that?

Education is sure needed and needed badly by the workers in the steel mills and throughout the entire industry. Speakers and literature spread out so that every worker couldn't miss his brain food at all hours of the day or night is a big job and is one that the Industrial Workers of the World will have to tackle systematically if they ever intend to get action in the country of the steel trust. There is no use trying to grab off one small section. The

entire industry can be organized as a unit and this is the only way that the proper solidarity and power can be developed to put Gary and the other drivers on the tramp.

Organizing Industrially

A big concerted organization and educational drive that will take in every phase of steel production, from the mine to the finished product, is the need of the hour, and the Industrial Workers of the World is the only organization on the horizon that is able to tackle such a project. Planned action based on the facts of this most complicated and productive of the great world industries will get the goods. More power to the Wobblies!



DRAWING STEEL.

WOBBLES

From an obituary in the Brooklyn Eagle:—"Yesterday he was sitting on his porch, reading his Eagle. Today, he is dead."

That's what happened to one guy who supported a capitalist newspaper.

That goof in Zion City who said the earth was flat, made an incomplete statement. He should have added, "on its back."

It took one jury in Oakland over twenty-four hours to convict six Wobblies of criminal syndicalism.

What the devil is the matter with California, anyhow?

Frank Harris, America's leading English snob, rises to announce that he is through trying to do anything for the working "clawss."

Boy! Pass the onions! We are about to weep.

England sends us A. J. Balfour, her leading militarist, to discuss disarmament.

Who said John Bull had a defective sense of humor?

Lady Visitor.—"What brought you here, my poor man?"

Convict.—"I am a victim of the unlucky 13."

Lady Visitor.—"Dear me! How is that?"

Convict.—"Twelve jurors and one judge."

The Imperial Buzzard is strangely silent these days.

Maybe he Kant Kollect any more Kash out of the Konfounded Klowns, which is enough to drive him Ku Ku.

Max Eastman should keep quiet. His criticism of the self-styled American branch of the Russian Revolution might send some of the members back into the I. W. W., just when we were congratulating ourselves that we were finally rid of them.

William F. Dunn, former editor of the Butte Bulletin, says no labor union can be revolutionary, and in the same breath he advises the Wobblies to get into the A. F. of L. and revolutionize it.

We rise to ask if, after all, the A. F. of L. is a labor union. Also—is consistency a virtue?

Linn Gale's attorney states that his client, while in Mexico, was almost a government agent.

He is too complimentary! A government agent gets paid for his dirty work.

It begins to look like our boys in jail will be released when the workers of Europe demand their liberation.

No wonder Salvation Army lassies made such good doughnuts, during the war.

They are so "Holy."

Doctor.—"What you need to do, sir, is to relax. You are overworking yourself. Too much work and worry will send any man to his grave. Give your brain a rest. Now, just what is your occupation?"

Patient.—"I am a business agent for a packing house craft union."

Doctor.—"I must examine you again. There is a mistake some place."

The heights by great men, reached and kept,
Were not attained by "Work or Fight."

But they, while their companions sweat,
Were stealing everything in sight.

(With apologies to somebody)

An enterprising gink has discovered that a family of three can live on \$230.00 a year.

We are not surprised to hear that his yearly income is \$25,000.

What has become of the old fashioned North Dakota farmer who used to howl about "those pesky go-about's"?

Since the recall election in that state, he is moving off the farm and is joining the "pesky go-about's" union.

In trying to fix the blame for the sinking of the S. S. Alaska, the San Francisco newspapers triumphantly announce that there were I. W. W. members aboard the ill-fated vessel.

We wish to inform those newspapers that there were members of the I. W. W. in San Francisco at the time of the earthquake, but—

After acquitting an I. W. W. in California of criminal syndicalism, the Federated Press reports that two women jurors leaned over the rail and kissed him.

Ladies! You should be more careful! Kissing a Wobbly might inoculate you with the germs of revolution.

A Conference for War

By H. Van Dorn

THE CONFERENCE in Washington, which opened on November 12th, 1921, has been variously called a Disarmament, an Arms and a Limitation of Armaments Conference. In reality it is none of these things. It represents an effort of the capitalist powers to reach an agreement between themselves to mutually and amicably exploit China and the Far Eastern countries in general. Potentially, therefore, if such an agreement is not consummated, it is, as the Hearst papers put it, a conference for war.

Conference Called by U. S. A.

The significant thing to note is that this conference was called by the United States. The other powers responded, reluctantly, as they can gain nothing through the negotiations but stand to lose a great deal. They answered the roll call because economically and financially the United States is today the most powerful nation on earth.

What are the reasons that have prompted the American capitalists to take such drastic steps to get a free hand in China, as that is what the "open door" policy and "integrity of China" doctrine would in practice really amount to? The answer is simple: In order that the capitalist system of production may continue to exist in America, in order that the industries should not completely break down, it is essential that an outlet be found for American surplus wealth in foreign countries. This surplus value, which represents wealth robbed from American labor by the master class, is accumulating at a rate so tremendously fast that it has to be reinvested in the developing of the natural resources of foreign soil—in the industrialization of other lands—or our industries will soon find themselves at a practical standstill. Also, the goods which to the value of hundreds of millions of dollars are accumulating in our warehouses, and which labor cannot buy back because of small wages, have to be sold elsewhere. That is the reason why our capitalists need foreign trade; why they want a free hand in China; why failure to obtain it will mean the still further demoralization of our industries and the break-down, in the not distant future, of the whole capitalist system; and why failure of the United States, Great Britain and Japan to reach a mutually satisfactory agreement for the gobbling up of Asia will almost certainly lead to war between these nations.

The Last Days of Capitalism

These are critical times—for capitalism. This is a "dangerous age" that we live in. The germs of destruction that Karl Marx spoke of as being contained within the capitalist system are beginning to get in their deadly work. Capitalism is on its "last legs," gasping hard for breath, and in its death agony is striking violently in all directions. And

it heeds not whom it strikes. During the last war it struck dead on the battlefields ten million men in the prime of life, and twenty million non-combatants. In the next war it will probably kill twice or thrice that many. As Trotzky pointed out in his "Bolsheviki and the World War," from now on capitalism can perpetuate itself only by imposing un-dreamed-of hardships and sufferings upon the working classes—by unemployment and starvation, by wars, revolutions and the White Terror.

United States the Richest Nation

In order to understand the more clearly the gravity of the international situation, and to apprehend the deeper significance of the events that have led up to the Washington Conference, let us consider a few figures.

The wealth of the United States has been estimated at 500 billion dollars, which is as much as the combined wealth of Great Britain, France, Russia, Italy, Japan and Germany. The United States is also the greatest creditor nation—the Allies owe America eleven billion dollars. And this wealth keeps growing apace because the machine process of production and the science of efficiency—"human engineering"—are more highly developed here than anywhere else. The American worker is the hardest and most efficient worker on earth. He produces three times as much wealth in a day as the average British worker. Consequently the mountain of surplus value robbed from labor keeps growing ever higher and higher. In 1914 the total monthly dividends and interest obtained from industrial enterprises amounted to \$149,000,000. But seven years later, in the early part of 1921, these profits had risen to \$289,000,000 per month. To make things worse, real wages—that is, wages in relation to the rise in the cost of living—are now only half of what they were in 1890.

American Export Trade

Up to a few years ago the greatest part of this surplus value was used up in developing the industries, in exploiting the natural resources of the land. But by now most of the mills, mines, shops, factories, cities, railroads, canals, highways, etc., that the country can profitably use, have been built. That field of investment has therefore been greatly narrowed.

Consequently, since the beginning of this century an increasingly greater attention has been paid to the development of foreign markets. In 1910 exports from the United States to foreign countries amounted to \$2,800,000,000, which was 9.9% of the total U. S. domestic trade. In 1919 the exports had risen to \$11,900,000,000, which was 19.3% of the domestic trade. Now, if our export trade had kept on increasing at this ratio, things might have gone along smoothly for a while longer. But Europe

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went bankrupt, or practically so, as a result of the World War, and American exports took a tumble from \$751,000,000 for October, 1920, to \$235,000,000 for September, 1921.

China—the Promised Land

Consider now, in the light of the above figures, the sorry plight of the American capitalist. He is in great danger of being suffocated under the sheer weight of the gold which the humble worker bees so industriously gather for him. The outlets of industrial development and foreign trade have been practically dammed up, but the river of gold keeps on flowing in an ever-widening stream. It threatens to engulf him and his mighty empire; it threatens to upset his throne of economic supremacy. Already six million men and women are out of work and the wheels of production in a thousand shops and factories are ominously silent. A murmur of dissatisfaction, of rebellion, is coming from the throats of countless wage slaves and is being reverberated over the length and breadth of the land. The very existence of capitalism has become endangered.

In desperation he casts his troubled and weary eyes over the four corners of the earth, and behold! he lets them rest upon China. China, the promised land! China, the future paradise of capitalism! More than four hundred million heathen Chinese to be civilized, christianized and educated to tread the paths of the white man! What a great market for shoes, petticoats, face powder, bibles, hootch, chairs, beds, liberty steak, plows and threshing machines, burglars' tools, pool tables, typewriters and Charlie Chaplin mustaches! What a fine place to build railroads, mines, steel mills, Sunday schools, jails, churches, moving picture shows, disorderly houses and Y. M. C. A.'s! In fact, here is a vast land eagerly waiting to have all the blessings of civilization bestowed upon it.

Japan Got There First

But soon the American capitalist found that the enterprising Jap had stolen a march on him. Japan got there first. The Japanese imperialists have a strangle-hold on China and the adjoining countries. No amount of soft words can persuade them to let go. It would take a lot of hard prying to jar them loose, and that would be a costly, tedious and unpleasant business. War is always an unpleasant business.

Japan is a country smaller in area than the state of California, with a population of almost sixty millions. Naturally, it has had to expand. In 1895, after the Chinese-Japanese war, it acquired Formosa and the Pescadores islands. The Russo-Japanese war of 1905 gave the Japanese Port Arthur and a foothold in Corea and the Liatung peninsula, as well as the lower half of the island of Sakhalin. In 1910 they absorbed Corea. In the late war they took Tsing Tao and followed it up with aggressions in Shantung. The northern half of Sakhalin island also fell to them as spoils of war. They are also

strongly entrenched in Manchuria, Mongolia and the maritime province of Siberia. They maintain an army of 75,000 men on their Asiatic continental possessions and in China, as well as an elaborate espionage system; they have succeeded in greatly weakening and in splitting the Chinese government in two, and may be said to practically "run" China.

The dilemma that confronted the American capitalists was how to either get the Japanese out of China or to conclude a working agreement with them.

The Washington Conference

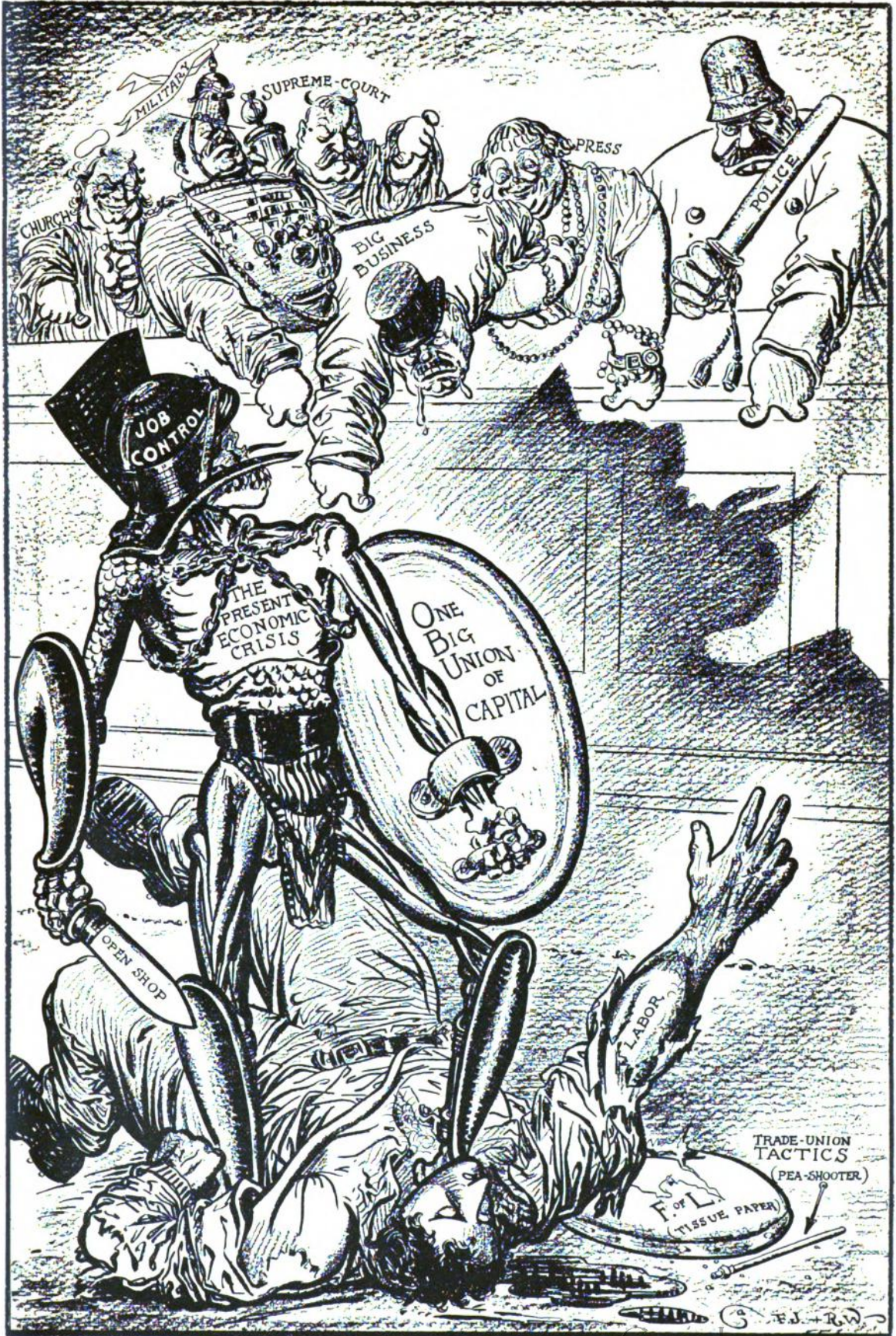
When the conference in Washington was called for the purpose of settling the controversy between the United States and Japan, it was only natural that representatives from other nations vitally interested in the Far Eastern tangle should be invited to attend. Great Britain has India with its seething, starving, rebellious millions. Holland has the Dutch East Indies, with a population of fifty millions; France, French Indo-China, with twenty million subjects; Portugal and Belgium, islands and colonies in Asia and Africa. That China should be represented goes without saying. But that Germany and Russia were not asked to participate indicates nothing but the stupidity and lack of vision of capitalist imperialists.

Let them disarm. The next war, if it comes, will not be fought by battleships; it will be fought by submarines, aeroplanes and poison gas. Nobody wants to do away with these last-named weapons of destruction. Not even Great Britain, although it is afraid that if its neighbors build too many giant submarines its dreadnoughts might just as well be sealed up and laid away as souvenirs for future generations to admire. As for land armaments, when Briand put down his foot and said that France needs an army of a million to dominate Europe, he effectively stopped any further discussion of that question.

As for other business transacted, President Harding has proposed an association of nations which will have nothing formal or written about it, but will be a sort of happy-go-lucky affair, and a few Chinese delegates have become peeved and quit the Conference in a flurry because the genial Japanese diplomats have manifested a firm disposition to adhere to the wisdom of the old rhyme "that they should take who have the power, and they should keep who can."

If the Washington Conference does not result in a tripartite agreement between the United States, Great Britain and Japan for the mutual exploitation of China, another world war is inevitable, unless . . .

Unless the workers of all countries organize and make their present masters understand in unmistakable terms that they will not again submit themselves to be turned into cannon-fodder in order to perpetuate the present unjust and decadent social system and to swell the profits of a band of piratical capitalist imperialists.



THE GLADIATOR DOOMED.

Light Exercise and Change

By Ralph Winstead

EDUCATION accordin' to my idea is a matter of grabbin' onto and arrangin' in the mind all sorts of new ideas and experiences. When a fellow just grabs onto ideas and never has any experiences, why, about all he is good for is to spread ideas. When it comes to action the idea guy is handin' out the absent treatment.

Coal minin' is not generally listed as one of the essentials to a finished education, but it is sure a form of experience that is liable to change one's ideas. My first mingling with the black diamonds happened after I had put in about seven months on the shelf with a busted leg. The Doc, in his last once over, had told me that all I needed was light exercise and change, and so I started out to find the change, intendin', of course, to take my exercise as lightly as possible.

After ramblin' around for a few crispy fall days and nights I landed without malice or forethought in a coal camp out of Tacoma some considerable ways. The two strings of whitewashed miners' shacks strung along a narrow canyon with the railroad, wagon road, promenade and kids' playground occupyin' the fifty feet of space between the rows of workingmen's places completed the residence section.

The mine buildings mostly lay up on the side hill and looked like the dingiest collection of hangman's scaffolds that ever happened. There is some things that all the doctorin' and fussin' in the world ain't goin' to make restful to sore eyes, and a coal mine is one of 'em. Everything, from the bunker chutes up to the hoist house, is usually covered with the dust of dirty years and the buildings are, as the British remittance man says of his squaw wife, "Built for use and not for display."

When I first ventured on the scene the night shift was just gatherin' toward the biggest scaffold of the whole bunch, so I wandered over that way myself. The big tower supported two bull wheels that ran in opposite directions, guiding cables which were pulling a trip of loaded coal cars up on one track while the other cable was sending down the empties on the other track.

The hole in the ground, into which these cables ran from the bull wheel, went straight in for about fifty feet and then seemed to jump off. Electric lights made the inside bright as day so that the well of inky blackness beyond the lights showed up strong. The cables roared and the ground shook to the rapid explosion of the steam hoist. This, I surmised, was a place for a cool head and a steady hand.

While I was watchin', a coal smeared lad about of a size to be studyin' fractions moseyed out to the jumpin' off place. The roar of the cables increased, then was drowned in a growin' mightier

noise. The lad crouched as for a spring. The mighty roar achieved a climax. A hurtling black shape come pushing over the brink. The boy leaped in the air and landed square on the end of the moving mass.

He stooped, grasped the couplin' that fastened the hoistin' cable to the end of the car and, jerkin' it loose, threw clevis and gear clear of the track. He leaped to the ground and gave scarcely a glance at the swift movin' train of loaded one ton cars which went chargin' through a muddle of switches out onto a trestle, where another and smaller boy took them in charge.

I was all excited by these maneuvers. I felt just like the time when the high climber accidentally cut his life rope with the axe and climbed down hangin' onto the bark of the spar tree with his hands. Nobody else seemed to be much excited and the kid that had gone through the performance least of all. He hustled some empties into the tunnel, hooked 'em up and fastened the cable on and soon another trip was hurryin' up from the guts of the earth while the empties were goin' down.

On all sides there was a bunch of little shavers scurryin' around amongst the cars spraggin', oilin', shovin' and pushin'. There was a whole raft of 'em. Kids and coal minin' seem to work together. I grew a lot of respect for coal miners in a few minutes. "If the kids were set at this sort of a job," thinks I, "what was expected of the men?" I turned and sized up the group that was hangin' round.

I saw right away where I was goin' to horn in on some light exercise, for each one of these grimy slow movin' plugs was exercisin' some sort of a light. Some wore 'em on their caps like a posie on a summer bonnet, while another sort was carried in the hand like a little lantern.

I felt a big desire to have a shining light hung on me, so I approached one of the nearest light bearers and probed him as to how to get a job in the outfit.

Did you ever notice the hostility of some slaves toward the strangers that are rustlin' a job from their masters? Well, this strange-cow-in-the-pasture attitude was noticeable for its absence here. I got all the information wanted cheerfully, and then went over and tackled the shifter, who looked just like the rest of the gang except that he carried two lights and a little more dry black mud.

He seemed almost human. Instead of askin' about my lurid past or family connections, he seemed interested in the jobs to be filled and my ability to fill 'em. He went into the lamp house to see how the gang was lined up and came out with the haulage boss, who sized me up and said a few words about trips and number seven motor

while I looked wise. I hooked a job ridin' trip and was told to report the next day for afternoon shift.

After enterin' my name and number in the office I went down to look for the boardin' house. This affair was in one of the bigger white-washed shacks and the boardin' boss was a big fat woman with a cockney accent and a warm and generous smile.

Accommodations was not exactly luxurious. I got a little single cot in a room with two other fellows. I was informed that the union had a big bath house by the mine so that all washin' up would be done there.

While I was sittin' in the main room on one of the luxurious kitchen chairs, the missus came in for a chat. She asked me about my clothes and finances as if she was an old pal. Finding that I was goin' to work on the haulage crew she told me right off that I would need a miner's cap and some shoe grease. Then she wrote out a slip that made my face good at the company store and I went up to this institution and got the goods.

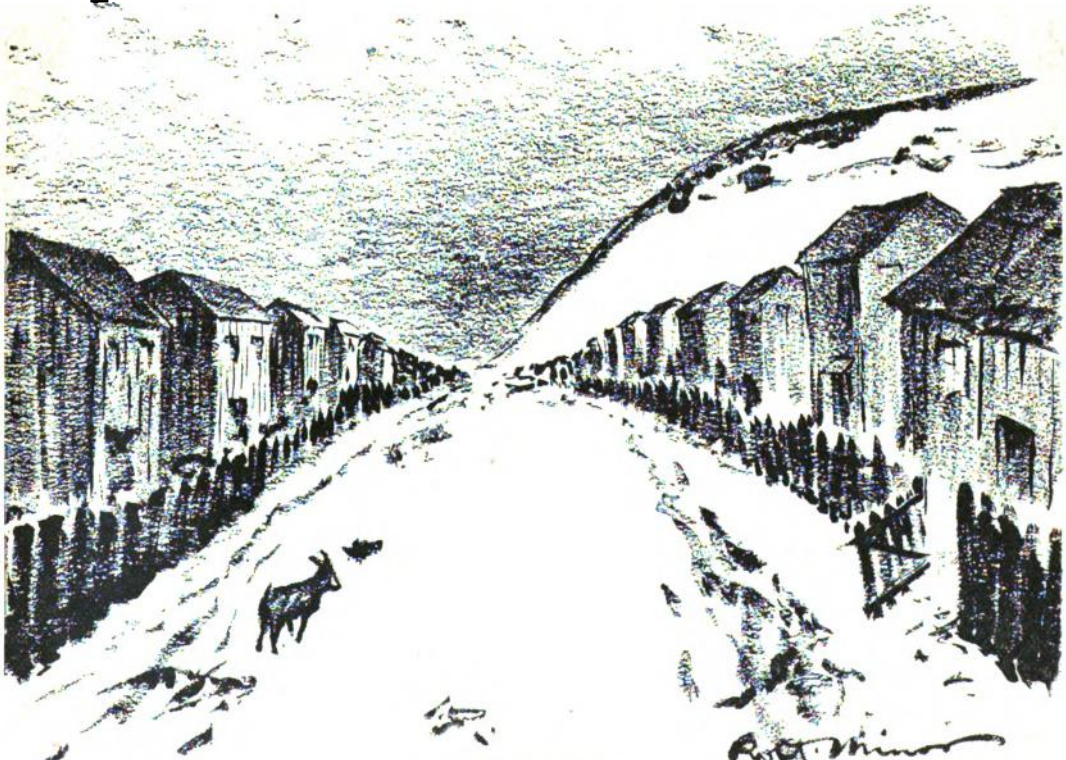
The company store is a sort of clearing house. The bookkeeper is the postmaster, the timekeeper and paymaster all rolled into one by hand. He was a busy plug. A miner would put in so much time in the mine and would be given credit on the books for so much. His store bill, union dues and doctor's fees were deducted from his credit balance and what was over he could get in cash every two weeks or so.

What struck me most was the spirit of friendliness that everyone showed. There was little of the backbitin' and hate that is found in so many small towns and camps. A tolerant spirit was floatin' around in the air and one seemed to grab onto it right away. Yet it was a rough and critical tolerance and not of the smooth, oily sort that one finds among the so-called cultured people.

I mentioned the fact to the boardin' missus. She told me that there was jealousies and hates all right, but the general ideas of the miners discouraged 'em. She rattled off a few phrases like solidarity and direct action and the like, tryin' to describe the past battles and conditions and I sat up and took notice. The boardin' missus was no slouch to my mind. She explained how conditions were fought for.

Durin' the evenin' I had a good time listenin' to the rag chewin' that was carried on in the sittin' room and out on the porch. Some of the boys had good ideas and I sat there as pleased as a bald headed man in the front row.

Next afternoon at three o'clock I reached the pit mouth and after gettin' my lamp and brass check number I hung around with the rest of the bunch and watched the top cager go through his gymnastics with the gallopin' cars. One of the miners came over and told me in a friendly way that I should be sure not to take any matches down with me, as that would raise hell if I did. I searched every pocket and got rid of all that I had. Later on I found that this gentle-voiced old Finn was chairman of the safety committee.



MINERS' ROW.

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

They rolled out the man cars. They was queer lookin' rigs, just big open topless boxes on wheels with boards for seats, nailed crossways and slanting up in the air at an angle like the cow guards on a railroad crossing. When the car was runnin' down the slope the seats was about horizontal.

As one car went down with a load of night shift men the other car came up from the bottom with a load of the day shift. The plugs comin' off sure didn't impress one with bein' specimens of manly beauty. Smear'd with coal dust and mud, with their clothes sticky and black with scrapin's from chute and wall they was sure a hard lookin' bunch.

Finally I got into the car with a big Italian that had taken me under his wing. We moved out slowly to the jump off and then picked up speed goin' down the steep slope.

Everything was dark except for the light in our caps and these made the timbers that capped the slope and the posts and walls on the sides, quite plain. Half way down we passed the other car comin' up. All that we could see was a blur of lights as they whizzed by.

In order to make me feel good Tony alongside told about mines where the cable had broken while they were pullin' the men out. He told about the runaways with such happy satisfaction that I figured that he was kiddin' me. Later I found that he was only happy because it was the truth. You know a fellow always gets a sort of kick out of doin' dangerous things cheerfully. The coal owners sure used short sightedness when they plastered the pit buildings full of safety first posters with the old bunk that it never pays to take a chance. If the miners really acted on that idea there would be a lot of perfectly good machinery and coal burnin' stoves bein' lugged up to the pawn shop, right away. Coal would be an interestin' specimen.

At last we rolled out on the bottom of the eighteen hundred foot slope and we scrambled out on one side of the car while a gang of fierce eyed, muddy and sweaty miners piled in on the other side. There was no confusion however as the first men down were the first ones up and there was strict enforcement of the rule. The car climbed up and disappeared and I looked around me at this electric lighted gallery so deep under ground. The first thing that took my eyes was some petrified clam shells on the hangin' wall just as natural as if they were ready to furnish the makin's of a Coney Island chowder. Many a thing had happened in this highly important world of ours since they had played their last squirt in the sunshine on the beach.

We checked in, to a man with a book, and a big pencil, who kept track of the trip loads comin' down and goin' up. As I was walking on past groups of miners waitin' their turn to go up a little hard lookin' Scot jumped out at me with a pad and pencil.

"Hi Laddie — sign this paper!" he commanded. "What is it", I asked thinkin' maybe it was a contribution list for indignant Armenians or some-thin' like it.

"It's the union check off, laddie," he said seriously, "and you'll have to sign it if you work wi' us." So I signed up and was a miners' union man, except for the sacred oath with the right hand on the left breast in front of the Imperial Lizard.

Then I came to a little Italian who was the haulage boss on my shift. He was an excitable high ball artist but was ashamed of it and tried to cover it up with a forced good nature. He kept his mind fixed on the tonnage at all times. Otherwise he seemed a hell of a fine fellow. He had a hard case of producers' mental cramp.

This boss took me over to a squat fat Austrian who was tinkerin' with a low, wicked lookin' motor, that looked like an armored car more than anything else. They told me to sit down and wait till the rest of the trips had pulled in to the different veins and chutes to load up and then we would start.

The night shift trooped by to their places in the interior and trip by trip the crowd of men on the bottom lessened. When the watch said four o'clock the trips commenced to roll out of the bottom with their ten and fifteen cars into the dark narrowness of the miles of tunneled gangways each foot of which had its danger to the trip rider and haulage man.

At last we too hooked onto a string of cars and went rolling into the mysterious inside.



OLD TIME HAULAGE.

The big blue sparks from the trolley snapped and flamed while faster and faster the trip moved into the darkness with Johnny the boss, and myself draped over the end of the last car.

In places the roof was low and timbers had to be dodged or they would brush a plug off like he was a fly. Then the trolley hung low and there was a constant danger of touchin' it and gettin' electrocuted about half way.

A thousand dangers was on every hand. The little light on my cap was all that enabled me to see the overhead things that was ready to cave in my dome at any time I grew careless.

Johnny explained that I would get to know these dangers and would safeguard myself without thinkin' about it. "It's like a guy walkin'," he said. "He's takin' a chance every minute dat he might fall down and bust his neck but he gets so used to it dat he protects himself widout any worryin' at all. Besides dis it nuttin'. You'd ought to see what de miners is up against, up de pitch."

We turned off of one tunnel into another and passed yawning black gangways to right and left but kept on goin'. These miles of track down here that took so many hours and days of workin' together to build, these thousands of timbers each set of which took plannin' and figurin' of whole gangs workin' for one impersonal end, the dozens of miles of galleries, gangways, chutes, counter air courses, and escapeways, all of these played up by the flickin' light of my head lamp and emphasized by the pitchy blackness that was only relieved by the station lamps shinin' so far away, these things sure made a guy feel like he was only a small part of somethin' and not the whole cheese.

Mines I decided was no place for individual freedom. The more I saw of my job that day the more I figured that this was correct. We loaded trip after trip of cars full to overflowing, from the chutes. The miners up the pitch depended on us to use our heads at all times so that they would not be cut off in the black damp and gas that was sure to gather when the air courses were diverted.

Every thing you did had to be done just so, on account of the peculiar desire that a lot of the rest of us have, to remain all in one piece that can move around some. And that is what coal mining amounts to. It is a wild struggle to get the wages that can be had by diggin' coal, diggin' the coal and stayin' in such a shape so that the wife will recognize you when you come home. This complication naturally needs unionism and real helpful understanding of the local problems.

Unionism is my long suit and you can bet I was interested in the one that I had just joined. A lot of us has heard about the United Mine Workers and the funny thing is that the news is mostly in two classes, that is the sort of news

that we can rely on. One sort of material is like the facts of the Ludlow Massacre and the West Virginia battles of the last twenty years.

Then there is the other sort. The facts that Mitchell, one time official of the Mine Workers, died with an estate of hundreds of thousands of dollars, and the way that the officials often have of letting the rank and file carry on the battles of the organization when they get in a tight place while they sit back and issue public interviews discouraging the members.

Naturally I was interested in the whys and wherefores of such an organization and you can bet I was on hand to take in anything that had a bearin' on the subject.

At the very next union meeting I got my first earful. After bein' solemnly swore in I took a seat and looked at the maze of faces that looked out from the seats arranged, like the Russian bond holders, with the backs to the wall.

There was a safety committee report to listen to and I heard myself bein' issued instructions from the body assembled not to leave any ties or rails layin' alongside the track in the gangways and was impressed with the need to handle things with an eye to the welfare of my fellow workers. These fellows was lookin' after the bosses' business in order to keep out of the little plot of holyground up on the hill.

Then they discussed methods of pullin' pillars and seemed to take exception to the technique of one of the bosses in this respect. The said boss was called in and made his statement in regards to the matter and was issued instructions to pull his pillars in the way that provided some chance of escape in at least nine out of ten times if your lucky.

I commenced to wonder what was the need of the confounded Super that had held down the office chair anyway. With a management committee and the office force organized I had a notion that this mine would run some considerable more coal per shift under a workers' society.

Still it seemed we was just startin'. The Pit committee made a report and it was announced that the Grand Kleagle up in the office had been forced to change his mind about the amount of time supposed to be put in at cleanin' the slope. Full pay was given for three quarters of a shift for all in this class. Other little matters of discussion had been talked over with The Most Noble One and been settled, it was reported.

I commenced to think I had landed right down in a camp where the wobbliers' dream had come true. But after a while I changed my mind some. The Royal dignitaries from the district office took the floor under good and welfare and proceeded to solemnly warn us about the nefarious influences that was at work to bust up our glorious solidarity. Them infernal wobbliers in one of the sister locals had kicked over the traces through utter

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

ignorance and had voted out a lot of real funds from the local treasury for the benefit of some of those criminals that the wobs called class war prisoners. It was very painful to relate, we was told, but the special session of the executive board had passed a motion that no funds should be spent from local treasuries for purposes of this kind. That in the future any such expenditure would have to be made by means of a special assessment levied per capita on the members of the local.

It was a grand speech. It overflowed with respect for a few individuals that had been taken in by the insidious propaganda of these violent reds, but no member of this great union was goin' to stand by and see the great American flag insulted by this ignorant gang of scabs and dual unionists if the district officers and loyal members could help it. There was about an hour of this first by one indignant pie card and then another.

As soon as the oratorical debauch was over somebody with a sweet talking voice in the body made a motion that we go back to new business. It was slid across the floor without a squeak. Then something banged. Somebody in the back of the hall got the floor and said "Mr Prayzident! I moof dat we donate wan hunderd dollars to the Northwest Districk Defense Committee." Somebody shouted a second. Then there was a lot of racket. It was evident that the well oiled machinery had slipped a cog.

But the riders of the tricky office chairs was not to be fell so easy. Long practice had made 'em sticky. When quiet was restored there was a point of order made. The motion was out of order because the executive board had already ruled that no such action could be taken. The chairman, the honorable president, declared the motion out of order.

Then came the intended motion to endorse the action of the executive board. The fattest and most oratorical of the Royal dignitaries secured the floor. We listened for three quarters of an hour to his bunk. We heard about the history of the I. W. W. from the day that the first of these degenerates ever got together right down the descent they had made till the present day. Then somebody else got the floor. He said that he had different ideas about the I. W. W. He said the I. W. W. had some of the finest principles in the world but they was the worst managed organization under the sun. He was a grand friend of the I. W. W., he was. He managed to throw more slams and venom than any enemy I ever heard. And so it was. Even I commenced to wonder if the I. W. W. had been foolin' me all these years. And then the motion was put to a vote on a call of the previous question. It was put fast too.

Amongst the members of the local there was seven for the motion and eight against. Ninety five not votin'. Motion lost and meetin' adjourned.

Now my idea is that most mines is just lik this one. Just as most loggin' camps and crew is a lot alike. If the minority has the pep an guts to put things across on the boss by gettin' their fellow workers to act then the conditions is liable to improve and the boss is liable to receive a set back in his pocketbook. But if not—not.

I found by lookin' round that there was enoug plugs with real workin' class ideas on hand to swing the union meetings any way they wanted to providin' they was organized to do it. That is where you run into pitch. They wasn't organized.

They never laid plans on how to get the real stuff across in meetings. The militant workers went up to buck the fine machine of the officials with no system at all. It was like a Siwash tryin' to compete with an express train. There wasn't a chance.

Now I ain't no steady miner because I like the looks of the tall timber best but what I seen of this camp showed me that the only way to clean out the bunch of parasites that is betrayin' the miners' cause, is to build up a nifty little workers' machine in every local.

A little honest study over the best ways and means to get action in the coal camps will show this to be a fact. We got to organize the thinkin' workers that are already there into small groups that hold special meetings. We got to line up the boys that understand. These special meetings on the side should work out plans for action. They can easy enough spread literature to the rest of the miners and arrange for educational meetings.

These here miners got the stuff in 'em. We need to use the same tactics that the officials are usin', and learn that the only way to compete with a smooth runnin' machine is to use a better one.

With every wobbly member that is workin' in the coal mines organized into a job committee based on developin' the miners' union into a real fighting force instead of Johnny Lewis' plaything there would soon be a fighting spirit among the miners that would make the world sit up and take notice. The wobs could do it too along with the other boys that savvy if they would just form their own little group and tell the reactionaries to slid down some other cellar door.

Maybe this sounds like a lot of free advice. Maybe at this minute I—Tightline Johnson—ought to be jugglin' the black diamonds myself as a formin' one of these little committees. Maybe so but the reasons that I ain't is another story, as a feller's wife generally calls his excuse:



Does President Harding wear Red, White and Blue suspenders and if so, why? R. S. M.

The modesty of the present editor forbids us to claim the close intimacy with the great ones of the earth that would be necessary to answer the first part of this question. We respectfully refer our questioner to the greatest living authority on super personages, living and dead—our noted contemporary Frank Harris. Without doubt he will be able to give a complete answer in his usual anecdotal style, free from the blemishes of the crude English which would mar the subject were it dwelt on by us.

But the "if so, why" is another matter. This question has often intruded itself within the circle of our attention. It is of tremendous import.

Aside from the commonplace fact that men ostensibly wear suspenders to keep up their trousers there are other reasons that lie deep in the nature of the mind of man that are contributing factors to this practice. Men wear suspenders to keep up trousers, from habit and custom. They in fact even wear trousers from motives of the same sort. Custom? Habit? These things are but matters of opinion—public opinion.

Whence comes this opinion which sanctions even such a small matter as the wearing of suspenders? Is it God given, like the coal in mines about which one enterprising advertiser mentioned: "Nature stores the coal for us. We store it for you"? Or is this opinion a manufactured article subject to all the changes of varying technical inventions and improvements?

Ye editor respectfully submits that opinion is a machine and factory made product in these days of mechanical wizardry. The "if so why" of the matter then lies within the control of those manufacturers of opinion, the newspapers, the church, the movies, the corner grocer,—and because Dad does it. It is well known that our modern activities are sensible business ones. We don't go to work to manufacture opinion, not even fantastic opinion of the Ku Klux variety without there being good business profits behind it.

Now we come to the crux of the matter. Suspenders, whether red, white and blue or any other color, are manufactured and sold, not because of charitable or esthetic considerations for the uplift of trousers but in order to get the cash. Opinion

is then molded to keep people buying this, that or the other sort of suspenders, or something else, and we are subjected to the agony of having our opinions worked over constantly for the greater honor, glory and profit of the makers of all sorts of red, white or blue things both useful and useless.

This fact that we are urged to buy this or that is not of prime significance. Marx himself says so. The worker, it is true, is robbed at the point of production but the ambitious advertising men with suspenders, etc., to sell are the boys that control the avenues of molding our ideas. Therefore we hazard a guess that if Harding wears red, white and blue suspenders it is because his opinion has been molded that way because of the profit that accrues to the maker. Let those who will, take issue with us.

What is the function of a revolutionary organization and what tactics should it use?—S. M.

The function of a revolutionary organization is determined by the conditions that prevail in the country and section in which it is operating. In North America this function is exemplified by the slogan of the Industrial Workers of the World—Education, Organization, Emancipation.

The tactics to be used also depend on the economic and social conditions which the workers live under. In the highly industrial countries the most important factors in society are the big interlocking basic industries.

The assuming of organized power in these industries should then be the aim of revolutionary organizations and tactics toward that end should be the ones to use.

In countries having different economic conditions to deal with then it becomes necessary to aim at social control through other means. In a handicraft society the political power is of much more importance and in special instances would perhaps be the goal towards which revolutionary organizations should aim. They should naturally use tactics for the purpose.

The one tactic that is necessary for any sort of revolutionary attempt is the one of building the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

Solidarity in America

By Jacob Margolis

SOLIDARITY is the voluntary combination and co-operation of workers for socially useful purposes.

Based upon this definition this discussion is an examination of the present status of working class solidarity, with a view of ascertaining what may be expected in the near future from the workers in this country regarding the solution of the economic and social problems confronting them. For, it is my opinion that in the United States the question of solidarity presents a problem essentially different from that of any European country, inasmuch as we have had a unique economic and social history.

Early American History

In order to properly understand the problem it is necessary to restate some of the commonplaces of American history.

The earliest permanent settlements in the United States were made about three centuries ago by men who came from England, France, Holland and Germany, a hard, vigorous, pioneering, religious, dissenting people. These settlers found a country very sparsely settled, with a primitive culture and industries confined to hunting, fishing, and some of the domestic arts.

In short, it was a virgin country, rich in every natural resource, fertile, well timbered, with broad rivers, lakes and splendid harbors, a country ready for exploitation. And these men and women with courage and a willingness and ability for hard work changed the country so that within a short time after their arrival New England, New York and Pennsylvania resembled to a considerable extent the countries from which these people had come.

Although the monarchs of Europe had given large tracts of land to favorites, yet it remained for the sturdy pioneer to build up the country. At the close of the Revolutionary War we found in the states along the Atlantic seaboard a population of three million. The cities of Philadelphia, New York, Boston and Charleston had already become large centers of population, trade and industry. The country attracted men of strong, individual stamp, courageous and resourceful, and as the seaboard areas became congested those seeking opportunities moved westward, southwestward, northwestward, always retaining the spirit of the pioneer.

The Ideals of Individual Freedom

With the separation of the colonists from England all hereditary class distinctions, based on the theory of kingship and nobility, were abolished. Every man according to the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution was created free and equal, with the inalienable right to life and

liberty and the pursuit of happiness. This was a country of workers and each individual was the architect of his own fortune.

This picture did not apply to all the colonists, for the Southern states, based upon the labor of slaves forcibly brought here from Africa, had created a land holding and slave holding aristocracy and left the country practically immune from the pioneer spirit. The South has given no impulse of pioneer spirit responsible for the growth, expansion and development of this country.

The first settlers naturally became the propertied and ruling groups, but new immigrant workers continued to arrive, and the same pioneer spirit which compelled them to come to this country drove them to the new and numerous opportunities and fortunes, which the vast unsettled country offered. And it became an accepted fact that any person with courage, patience, thrift and hard work could become a "somebody" in this land of opportunity.

Our ruling and propertied classes have been but a few generations removed from the worker, and there is no doubt much truth in the oft repeated saying of "Three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves." Up to the present time the pioneer ideology has been the dominant one and consequently the eighteenth century notion that all men are created free and equal and that each individual is self sufficient is easily maintained.

The Old Notions Fostered

All these agencies of the successful classes and more especially the kept press and school preach incontinently that success and achievement is within the grasp of every one, and point to the innumerable cases of distinction gained in business, industry and politics, by men and women who had the most lowly beginnings and thus is the fiction that each can achieve success kept alive.

On the other hand, despite the pioneer individualism our extraordinary mechanical inventions, coupled with the vast natural resources have produced such tremendous industrial growth that combination, trustification, monopoly and trade unionism become an imperative need in American industrial and economic life.

"Business" Unions

We may, for our present purpose, exclude all combinations among capitalists and turn our attention to trade unionism which is the dominant form of co-operation and combination among workers. Trade unions have been purely protective and have functioned only as such. They recognize the whole current ideology, the contract, the wages system and private property.

The most recent illuminating example of the actual character of the trade union movement was the declaration of Mr. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, at their last convention at Indianapolis. He is reported to have said that the United Mine Workers of America was a business concern and it was his business as president of the concern to make the most profitable contracts for his organization. This same recognition of the contract by the trade union has manifested itself in all the controversies between capital and labor, in recent years especially, where attempts were made by publicists and radicals to encourage one organization to assist another organization on strike. The organization approached, uniformly replied that they must live up to their contracts. This attitude leads to some rather difficult situations such as the case of Howat and the Kansas miners. The president of the United Mine Workers of America insists that the miners live up to their contract and because of their refusal Mr. Lewis finds himself supporting the mine operators against the members of his own organization.

It must, however, be borne in mind that American labor organizations came into existence not because of any plan on the part of the workers to make fundamental economic changes, but because the development of industry and the combination of employers compelled the workers to form these protective and bargaining organizations.

Individualistic Workers

The individual pioneer spirit is as prevalent among the workers as the other groups, and although compelled to organize they have tried to maintain themselves in separate and distinct organizations and as a consequence there are more than one hundred international unions forming a very loose federation, not at all mutually helpful, more often mutually antagonistic, instanced by the innumerable jurisdictional disputes and the expulsion of whole organizations from the American Federation of Labor, with each craft organization endeavoring to create the impression that it needs no assistance from the other organizations. Every person acquainted with the American Federation of Labor has heard from time to time some business agent of an old established union announce in the Central Labor Union that a strike was on in his particular craft. He wanted it known that such and such a firm was unfair to organized labor, his union desired the moral support of the other crafts, rarely did they want financial support and practically never industrial strike support. His union was strong enough to go it alone, usually, however, to the serious loss and often to the destruction of the union. To date no general strike of all the organized workers in America has been seriously considered, let alone attempted. The disastrous steel, coal and railroad strikes are still fresh enough in the memory of all as illustrative of the fact that American

labor refuses to think in terms of the general strike, or of united action.

American labor is fundamentally opposed to such action inasmuch as the general strike may result in something revolutionary and may eventuate in the abolition of private property and the wages system. For, as yet the workers are not prepared to abandon the belief that they may some day be the owners of property, captains of industry, or high government officials. They still hope that they or their children will achieve the proverbial American success. The pioneer spirit is still strong within them, and why destroy the things you hope some day to possess? They are still thoroughgoing upholders of the concept of the sacredness of private property. And so, despite their everyday experience, their propertyless condition, their actual want, they listen to the reactionary advice of their own labor officials, politicians and the capitalistic press.

Growing Industrialism

The economic and industrial growth has, however, had its influence upon some sections of the workers and experience has erased the eighteenth century ideology in the minds of some. These workers have recognized that individual success is mythical, and that capital is combining and monopolizing the earth. These thinking workers have found it necessary to abandon the pioneer ideology and trade unionism. These men have organized the industrial union movement based upon an entirely new ideology. They conceive a society without a wages system, contracts or private property. The pioneer concept is cast out for they realize that in the highly complex society of today, with its co-operative production, the individual is merely a co-operating unit, dependent upon the millions of other co-operating units, and that no man is the architect of his own fortune. That while one man may achieve success and does get out of his class the nine hundred ninety-nine fail and must remain in the working class. These workers have learned that they cannot individually own the machinery of production, that by reason of the immensity of the machinery of production they become more and more propertyless and must therefore solve the problem, not individually and by escape from their class but rather collectively and through the instrumentality of their class solidarity.

New Terms of Thinking and Action

They have abandoned the ideology of possession and property and think in terms of production and creation. They propose to carry on the usual struggle but primarily they insist upon building a new society "in the shell of the old." They realize the necessity of voluntary combination and co-operation for socially useful purposes and for every day protective purposes they organize industrially. They know that the protective organization is not of itself revolutionary, but that the ideology of a new society without wages, property and contract

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is the revolutionary concept, and in order to achieve this new society solidarity is the keystone. The old concept that industrial organization would immediately follow the creation of industry has not been borne out by the facts of American industrial life. These concepts were based upon conditions entirely different from those prevailing in the United States. But, when one understands the history and traditional backgrounds of America, and when we know the character and ideals of her people it does not surprise us that America has so little solidarity.

The European who has religiously followed certain formulae and has preconceived notions finds American labor impossible because he has not taken time to examine the history of the economic and industria' development of this country.

The New Solidarity

There is no cause for pessimism for it seems that our days of pioneering and individual opportunity are over. All the agencies of the governing

and possessing classes can hardly counteract the daily experience of the worker. The contradictions which have inevitably arisen by reason of the unexampled growth of industry are compelling the worker to realize that capital insists upon combination, amalgamation in their Chambers of Commerce and Manufacturers' Associations, that the Federal and State governments are being used against him and that if he is to survive at all he must organize to meet these attacks and that he must create something new to solve the problem born from the contradictions in capitalistic production.

Out of all this there will spring within a few years a dominant industrial revolutionary labor movement based upon conscious voluntary co-operation, a movement capable of solving our many domestic and international problems in concert with the other workers of the world. This solidarity will serve not only individual but socially useful ends.

Industrial Unionism Speaks to Toilers of the Sea

By Hal Brommels

Tune: "Stung Right."

"You men who toil upon the ships—
The ships of every sea—
Come bear to me your grievances,
Your tales of misery:
For I am strong and good and great,
The trusts must bow to me;
For I shall take all workers in
And bring them victory."

CHORUS

Seamen! Come all—join the O. B. U.!
Fearless fighters, every one, and true!
For, when we all are lined-up in the industry
Labor will be master over every sea!

"You've weathered storms upon the deck,
O, Toilers of the Sea;
You've fallen in the fire-holes
In days that used to be:
But now the times must change about,
A New Day must appear
When all you Toilers of the Sea
Begin to see and hear."

"I speak to you, O workingmen,
O, Toilers of the Sea,
Come, organize one union great—
The shipping industry.
When you are thusly organized,
With others like your own,
The One Big Union of the World
Shall rule the earth ALONE!"

That Gentling Art

By Johu Hammer

TO THE young and inexperienced, life is a handsome instrument on which to play a tune. Never does youthful exuberance contemplate that youth itself but dances to the tune that others play. Should such youngsters but glance at the shoddy pages of history and be wise, they will aim to fiddle lullabies through life. No Wagnerian outbursts for them. The wise ones will say—"Hush."

For history shows a record of rough dealing for those that seek to stir up the people. The gentle art of hush-a-byeing has ever been a work that took the finest tact and the greatest skill. It takes no great effort to bludgeon a victim into insensibility and separate him from his roll. Ah! But to make him keep quiet about it—to even make him like it. That is a triumph of finesse.

With the statement of our famous entertainer we cannot agree, wholly. The bald issue that there is a sucker born every minute has not been backed up with appropriate statistics. But we do know this, that every year of its senile existence old privilege seeks new ways to have lullabies sung to the workers.

Craft Unions

In some of the latest efforts to maintain the gentle sleep of the clumsy giant we find a hysterical note that unintentionally might cause the fluttering of an eyelid not to say the filtering of an idea. The company union plan was the inspiration of genius but some of the variations of that plan have strayed far from the program of gentleness that marked the original outlines of the soothing system.

Craft unions, it must be admitted, have in some degree served a very useful function for the boss. When one called up the blacksmiths' union and demanded a certified paid up blacksmith, why the chances were that the man sent down by the union would be somewhere near as efficient as the average of the trade.

To get a blacksmith's card according to the rules of the union one had to have qualifications. One had to be able to lay down the work. Now this saved the bosses a lot of trouble in mobilizing skilled workers. It saved them a lot of trouble in maintaining a set of records and books as to special qualifications of workers. This fact is one of the reasons that the skilled trades have been able to get their unions recognized in the past when no evil dream of economic power disturbed their productive slumber.

Now, however, the craft unions have been sentenced to be executed. The boss is through. Not because of craft tactics on the part of the workers, but because there was a tendency to discard those craft tactics and sometimes act, although in a

disjointed way, still in a body. The boss will have to list his own workers and keep his own records. He will have to do his own hushing.

Now this situation occurred in some of the industries a few years ago and plans were put across by the boss at that time to keep the books on the workers. Some would call it a blacklist system, for expert workmen were not wanted when they had a habit of keeping open eyed. The steel and copper trust has dabbled in forms of company unionism for many years.

Copper Trust's Company Unions

In the Guggenheim smelter in Tacoma a sort of benevolent society was "maintained" by the men and run by the company. Each man was forced to pay a monthly fee to this society—it was extracted from his pay—and every so many months the names of two or three bosses would be submitted to the workers for the purpose of voting for a board of trustees to look after the funds.

A doctor was hired from the fund and looked after the health of the employes. Also if misfortune overtook one and he had a good friend or lodge member on the board he could get a gift of cash to alleviate his cruel fate. It worked smoothly and was rather accepted by the workers who would sometimes use the doctor but seldom bothered with the ballots as it was never known for any proposition to go on the ballot and carry that did not have the sanction of the company. Still it was a powerful sedative.

After the strike of 1913-14 the company bestirred themselves and by New Year's day in 1918 they had built a club house for employes. The earlier attempts to create interest in an endowed Y. M. C. A. had fallen through. The club house, because it had a good dancing floor, was a little more popular but its influence was of a negative sort. No great amount of loyalty was generated for the arsenic and acids of the smelter and refinery.

The Pacific Coast has shown us three different types of company unions. The Guggenheim type which is rather sleepy and never under any circumstances allows matters of wages, hours or conditions, etc., to be discussed in connection with the employes' associations, is the oldest sort.

The Four L's

A new kind, however, was invented by a notable stupefier, Col. Disque of the Spruce Division. This brain child known as the Four L's had a real job on its hands. Unlike the Guggenheim's outfit which only sought to prolong a sleep that was emphatically overpowering, the Four L's had the

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unprecedented job of trying to put back to sleep a section of the working class that was doing some tall stirring.

The lumber jacks of the Northwest were organizing into the Lumber Workers' Industrial Union of the I. W. W. They were out on strike and had gone back to the job carrying the strike with them. By the simple expedient of pulling the whistle when eight hours had been put in they were winning the eight hour day in a walk.

So the Four L's had some job. Shortly after its formation by the employers the eight hour day was granted to the Four L's. The Wobblies had already won it. The Four L's attempted to hog all the glory and started out to "organize" the lumber workers solidly.

Industrial Structure

So strong was the agitation for the industrial form of unionism that the Legion (its full name was the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen) claimed to be an industrial union and took in everybody that worked in the industry. They first took in the owners, superintendents, bosses and straw bosses.

They held job meetings in direct emulation of the I. W. W. They elected job committees also in flattery. They discussed at length hours, wages, conditions and workmanship. It was the greatest get together scheme that had happened for a long time. Army officers were the paid organizers. To refuse to join was not only to lose your job but often enough your liberty and chance of army exemption. The Legion was out to combat the forceful methods of the I. W. W. They stopped at nothing.

Now on the face of it, it looks like any group of workers organized into the very structure of the industry and in their everyday operations controlling all the many processes that go to make up the operations of the lumber industry and its by-products factories would be able to exert some pressure for the betterment of conditions provided that they were allowed to discuss them.

Stripping Away the Power

The cardinal principle of the Legion was that there should be no strikes. In emulation of a real union they set up a complicated system of committees taking representation from men directly on the job all right enough. But they cut away from the workers all power to run this machinery when they cut out the right to interfere with or divert production.

Then the boss easily maintained control of the committees. When a meeting was held and some active borer from within would make a speech calling for action in the clearing up of some grievances, that man was promptly fired for his "poor workmanship."

The nominees were hand picked and if the men didn't elect the bosses' nominees but ganged up

on their own choice the ring leaders of the caucus were ferreted out and discharged. It was a walk away. Hours and conditions were discussed but the only thing allowed said was what the boss wanted said.

The Speed Up System

The Legion functioned for the employers entirely. Sometimes the plans of the bosses were so poor that under Legion management production actually dropped off. In Danaher's camps the Wobs had had complete job organization and control. They had assigned each workman to work that he could do and allowed no one to be fired. On account of proper labor allocation the Wobs increased production to twenty-eight carloads a day.

The army of Col. Disque stopped this scheme. They put their men in control and tried their plan of organization after running most of the Wobs either out of camp or into prison. Their average production for the first six months was six cars daily. The Spruce boys were failures here.

On the whole, however, the Legion operated to speed up production. They used every sort of means to do this from fear of imprisonment, to hope of reward. Especially in the mills was this true, as here the workers were not of the militant type that are found in the woods.

The Legion was a factor in putting back to sleep a lot of workers that were commencing to wake up. It was a factor in weakening the power of the I. W. W. in the Northwest. But in no case did the operation of the company union solve any of the problems of the workers.

Today the whole scheme is scorned by the workers of that country. In Everett the Legion agreed to accept wage reductions through the committees. The workers went out on strike in spite of the no strike clause in the constitution. In Schwager-Nettleton's big mill in Seattle the workers voted to refuse a cut that the Legion had ordered and the management abolished the organization because it could not control its members.

In a time when militant organization could win hands down this form of company union helped to hold back the workers. When the policy of the boss becomes so oppressive that even the Legion can not deliver the goods it goes out of existence. The Four L's fake cost the workers of the woods and mills dearly. It is not liable to succeed again.

The Fink Longshoremen

Another form of company unionism was installed on the docks of Seattle in 1920 after the I. L. A. strike failed to win owing to the craft tactics employed. The International Longshoremen were not recognized and a fink union was organized to handle the jobs on the docks. A fee of one dollar was extracted and an oath that the worker was the member of no union. A regular clearing house for

jobs was set up and the dollar a month paid the wages of the gunmen and secretaries that kept the members in line.

The wages were set by the association and any terms that they wished were posted on the bulletin board. The "union" made no attempt to discuss hours or wages but as the strike was not called off till some time later a regular scale was paid.

There was no attempt at democracy. Even the forms of the "Legion" were not attempted. The secretary was imposed by divine right and any question of his authority was repudiated by the gunmen that ran the material things of the organization under orders from the employers.

The Decree of the Chamber of Commerce

These three forms are samples of the kind of unionism that has been fostered by our American planners. Especially while the Four L's was still maintaining the semblance of democratic success, under the reign of terror, these ideas were becoming popular amongst the employers of the east.

The experiences of all sorts of these company unions were discussed and thrashed out by the subcommittee of the United States Chamber of Commerce that had charge of the American plan. The Rockefeller plan that was installed in Colorado after the bloody battle of Ludlow and which failed to function during war time was dragged out and examined. The Steel Trust system of "welfare" work was talked over most of all and the American plan has included recommendations for all sorts of company unions.

John's Little Joke

John D. has a very flourishing sort of company unionism that fails to keep the workers altogether quiet in the refining plants at Bayonne, Rahway, Elizabethport and Jersey City. This is called the Republic of Labor and functions similarly to the Four L's except that the wages, etc., are discussed when changes are made on the bulletin board. The only discussion, however, it should be stated, is a murmurous "what the hell?"

Each shop in the plant elects a representative but these shop delegates are hand picked and have about as much of a workers' viewpoint as has a parasite crab in the shell of a horse clam.

Some Others

The recently "opened shops" of the Beef Trust in Chicago also have a company union. The system of dominion is similar to all the rest of the bosses' organizations. The militant workers are afforded no protection because they are not organized and the boss uses his control of the job to force the workers to elect the delegates that are wanted by him. These delegates urge the electors to accede to the bosses' demands.

And the last word in company unions is the one in the plant of the Nordyke Marmon Co., at Indianapolis, Ind., where the Marmon Autos are

made. Below is an exact copy of the terms of contract that the workers are expected to sign. This is far from even being a company union and is so raw that even a 100 per cent member of the Ku Klux and American Legion can see the bloody idea. Just look at it.

Employee's Individual Contract

In consideration of the Employment obtained, and the mutual desire of the parties (hereinafter designated as the Company and the Employee) to enter into a contract which will state the conditions governing employment, and will serve to promote and maintain a proper and harmonious relationship, and for other purposes that may hereinafter appear, it is hereby mutually agreed by and between the Company and the Employee as follows:

1. The Employee agrees that the standard method for the payment of wages shall be the group wage payment plan, provided, however, that the Company shall have the right to designate whether the Employee shall be paid by means of the group wage payment plan, or the hourly rate plan, or the weekly salary plan, or by whatever other means that the Company shall elect.

2. The Employee agrees that should the Company assign him to work under the group wage payment plan he will be governed by the following:

(a) The group's earnings are calculated by multiplying the number of accepted good pieces produced, by the established rate per piece, plus any credits that the Company may allow, and minus any charges that the Company may make against the group.

(b) The remuneration of the individual worker is a pro-rata share of the group's earnings based on his nominal hourly rate and number of hours worked.

(c) The hourly rate is not guaranteed to any group worker as a minimum wage.

(d) The Company may at its option grant a new Employee a period of time in which to get acquainted with the job to which he is assigned. During this time he is paid on the hourly rate basis for the number of hours worked.

(e) No extra compensation is paid group workers for overtime.

(f) The group prices are established by the Company and include in addition to the regular work performed, personal and general contingencies so that no concessions of any kind in addition thereto, are granted to the group.

(g) The company may at any time change the price, when, in its judgment alone, conditions warrant.

(h) The Company shall have the right from time to time to issue or publish further rules and regulations governing the operation of the group wage payment plan.

3. The Company agrees that should the Employee be assigned to work on the hourly rate plan he shall be paid his hourly rate for each hour worked, subject, however, to the rules governing payment for overtime.

4. The Company agrees that should the Employee be assigned to work on the salary plan he shall be paid a stipulated amount for each week's work; the Company reserves the right, however, to deduct from his pay, pro-rata, for all time lost.

5. It is mutually agreed that any exception to the three above methods of remuneration shall be made the subject of special agreement.

6. The Company agrees to promptly investigate and readjust, on a basis of fairness and justice to both of the parties, any complaint or suggestion from an Employee concerning his employment or working conditions, provided, however, that said complaint or suggestions be submitted individually by the Employee to the Company.

7. The Employee agrees not to strike, stop work, or engage in any activity that in any way interferes with other Employees while they are engaged at their work, on their way to and from work, or on or near the premises of the Company. The Employee further agrees that he will not refuse to work or co-operate with any other Employee of the Company for the reason that said Employee is or is not a member of any organization, union or society.

8. The Employee agrees that at no time shall he participate in any individual or collective effort which has as its purpose or effect a breach of this contract or any contract between the company and any other Employee, or of the rules of the Company, or the organization or the unionization of the Company's Employees as a closed union shop. The Employee expressly understands that the Company operates an open shop and agrees to abide and be bound by the rules and regulations of the Company as now or hereafter posted in the factory which are hereby made part of this agreement, and that in case the Employee leaves the employment of the Company for any reason whatsoever, he hereby agrees that he will not engage in any unfriendly activity or annoy or molest or hinder in any way the Employees, customers or business of the Company.

9. The Employee hereby specifically agrees that the Company does not and shall not be asked to recognize any organization or society to which the Employee may belong nor to treat with anyone concerning said organization or society and that the Company will not admit of any interference with the management of its business.

10. The Employee agrees to keep this contract relation entirely free from interference or intervention, in every respect, by any officer, member, or sympathizer, of any labor union or other organization or society.

11. The Company may terminate the employment herein provided for at any time.

In witness hereof the parties hereto have placed their signatures this . . . day of . . . 192 Nordyke & Marmon Co. (The Company).

By _____

_____ Employee

If there is any enslaving factor that is not mentioned in this contract which cements the union between the worker and the employer will take a clever lawyer to find it out.

It is up to the I. W. W. to face the facts of this situation. Craft unionism is to be downed and the American plan. In its place is to be reared a company unionistic slavery that will attempt to fasten the shackles on us forever.

Our Tactics

This is the situation. We cannot pretend that it is not here. We must outline a definite policy and lay down the tactics to meet the situation in each particular industry. We know that there was a general policy pursued during the first days of the creation of the Four L's. We know that the lack of a policy backed up by united effort, did more damage to the I. W. W. than anything that the Legion ever could do.

How are we going to act in regards to the formation of new company unions in industries where we are already organized? How are we going to act in industries where the company unions are organized first? With the new policy that the I. W. W. is pursuing of mapping out a plan for an industrial drive the facts of the particular sort of company unionism to be bucked against in each instance will have to be included as one of the factors to be considered.

Above everything else a definite policy will have to be enunciated as to what tactics are to be used. In cases like the Marmon Co. it may be necessary to put our delegates into the shops and have them sign up with the bosses' contract. On the other hand it is generally conceded that the loggers made a grave mistake when they allowed any of their members to join the Four L's.

The use of knowledge of the facts of the industry, planned action based on that knowledge and militant class conscious action in conformity with the plan and the I. W. W. need have no fear of the bogey of company unionism. The I. W. W. has a real union to offer to the workers. When we get down to business and devise ways and means to get our form of unionism actual on the jobs then we will laugh at John's Republic of Labor for we will have a real republic built right into the functioning tissues of the industry and the awakening of the workers will proceed with ever greater acceleration.

The Longshore Strike

By Jaze

THEY say there is a longshore strike on in New York. It is not a strike. It is a revolt against the crookedness and betrayal of the International Longshoremen's Association. There is no evidence to prove that the I. L. A. officials sold out, and none to the contrary. The only known fact is that the international president, Anthony J. Chlopek, contrary to orders from the International Convention, made an agreement with the shipping companies which practically puts the men in industrial peonage. The men do not like it. Several thousand struck, on the Hoboken and Chelsea piers, and are still fighting, not alone against the marine bosses, but also against Chlopek and his gang.

The I. L. A. convention went on record as upholding the former wage scales and conditions. But Chlopek has a taste for bartering. He made a 10-90 contract in Galveston last July, and tried to slip the same scale over in Philadelphia later. But the Philadelphia beach still flies the colors of M. T. W. I. U. No. 510, and Chlopek must swallow his defeat. The New York I. L. A. locals held a wage conference in September. At the conference Chlopek told the delegates to think of the organization, so weak and puny, and make concessions to the companies. Most of the delegates drew from \$50 to \$75 per week from the organization as wages. Chlopek forced through a proffer of a ten per cent reduction.

The companies planned a much larger reduction, and planned to wipe out all concessions made during the war. At first they refused to receive the delegates at all, then they changed their minds and the mischief began. The conference lasted twenty-three days, well along into October. All the gang was there, Chlopek, the International president, T. V. O'Connor of the Shipping Board, with oily tongue and sugary advice for the workers, the bosses and a few local officials.

They came out with a contract and put the wage scale to a vote. According to custom the wage scale only is voted upon after it is ratified by the locals, the contract is announced as signed of a certain date and the working conditions are made public. The conditions till this time are private to the officials who made the contract. In the present instance not even a third of the local officials knew what the working conditions were.

The scale was put to a vote. The men claim to have voted it down, and judging from the number of men who have repudiated it and the I. L. A. together, it seems they did. But the I. L. A. had notified them to accept the scale, or strike and be replaced by I. L. A. men. They struck. The shipping companies stood by the I. L. A. They accepted I. L. A. men on the docks as strike breakers, and when the workers on strike broke away from

the I. L. A. and started a war on the old union the companies even put men on the docks to inspect cards, that none but I. L. A. men should work.

New Organization Formed

The strikers withdrew from the I. L. A. and organized a new union, the United Cargo Workers. They had much difficulty in getting a charter. Large sums of money were used, according to reports as high as \$25,000, to prevent the grant.

The new organization is a great mistake, according to some of its members. They say it is based on a mixture of religious sentiment, and fear of the three letters I. W. W. They think it was a mistake to organize a new union when the Industrial Workers of the World stood ready to hand with an organization strong already. Most of the members of the United Cargo Workers are also members of the I. W. W. now, having joined since the new organization proved to be weak and unsuccessful as a combatant against the I. L. A. Instead of coming out squarely on the industrial class war basis, the new union came out with a motto of peace, brotherhood, and a square deal. And it made the fatal mistake of getting incorporated, which leaves it open to all kinds of difficulties through legal responsibility. "The I. W. W. is the logical union to supplant the I. L. A.," said one old timer, "and the men know it."

The men do know it! They are joining the I. W. W. in large numbers. Three halls in the port are kept busy lining up men and carrying on educational propaganda. The revolt against the I. L. A. is not complete, but it is growing, and as the doubtful regularity of officialdom comes out more and more the men are flocking into the I. W. W.

The I. L. A. men want to know why they were signed away to the companies. They want to know why Chlopek runs up hotel and transportation bills around two hundred dollars every month, whether he travels much or little. They want to know why extra organization money should be paid his fifty dollars a week stenographer to buy suitcases and bags, and why she should be paid extra for convention work, and draw her salary too. They want to know why organization money was used to buy T. V. O'Connor a \$5,000 automobile, and why the I. L. A. paid his fare to Washington when he went to take a government job. In fact they charge wholesale graft against the officials.

Longshore conditions have been growing steadily worse the last two years. By taking advantage of the number of idle men, and the economic pressure on the workers due to the slump in the shipping business, the companies have forced the longshoremen back to the conditions of ten years ago.

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Larger truck loads, heavier drafts into and out of the hold make less men necessary to load and discharge cargo. Cargo is being handled for less labor cost today than ever before. The men are driven at top speed by stevedores and foremen from their own union. All disputes are settled in favor of the boss by the union officials, and the combined inroads on pocketbooks by delegates, organizers, short work and heavy dues make life bitter for the longshore workers, and the I. L. A. worse than worthless.

The present contract O. K.'s all the bad features of the waterfront. It reduces pay almost twenty-five per cent. It signs away the Saturday half holiday, allows the discharge of men at any time, forces them to work overtime at the bosses' discretion, and generally binds them by providing expulsion from the union for violation of any clause of the contract. Every clause in it is against the workers. Chlopek himself said: "No sane man would agree to it, but it is the best we could do. Some day we may be strong enough to overpower the bosses." To the first part of this all the men agree. To the latter part the men answer, "Not till Chlopek and the I. L. A. go overboard and down."

Everything is framed for a wage cut on March first. The wage clause can be opened up on that date on demand of the steamship conference only. If opened the question comes before a board of four men, two for the companies, two for the union. If a fifth is needed, the companies alone have voice in choosing him.

The main supporter of the I. L. A. in this fight is the Anglo-American combine, a notorious labor fighting organization and wage slasher. A well known waterfront worker asked pertinently, why T. V. O'Connor, a member of the U. S. Shipping Board, should show so much interest in harmonizing affairs between the I. L. A. and this organization, which is fighting the Shipping Board.

The longshore strike attracted much attention for a time, so much so that the mayor of New York was called on to settle it. He could not—politicians never can. The companies informed him that when they could not get I. L. A. men they would take any workers handy. But with six hundred men of the rebelling unions at the gate, the bosses sent to another part of the city and got green, unskilled workers to handle cargo. Similar incidents occur regularly. The companies are backing the move to force the longshoremen into the I. L. A. This the men say is curious, since there is an open shop drive on all over the country. In fact, they regard it as all the more reason for fighting the present revolt out to a successful conclusion.

The strike has lasted two months, and the ranks of the strikers are getting stronger. Many of them prefer an open shop on the beach to being mere pawns in a friendly game between the companies and the union officials. All of them are fighting to drive the I. L. A. out of this port.

The I. W. W. is working hard among employments shoremen and the seamen as well. They look to the workers that the division into deep sea coastwise and longshore unions is and always will be fatal to the strength of the workers. They are holding meetings, spreading propaganda and getting members with great success.

The I. W. W. is making an especial effort to line up the workers in the marine transport industry, as a part of the program of organization drives in the key industries. The workers must be ready to operate, in case of emergency, those industries most essential to life, the foodstuffs, fuel and transportation industries. They must be organized to operate these industries for without them organization elsewhere is weakened. From some points comes the suggestion that a few western I. W. W.s, seeking fields of usefulness in the class war, might well come to this port, where almost 50 per cent of the country's export and import business is done, and carry on an active campaign to get into a position of power in the industry. The need of the hour is for a concerted organization drive here and at all other important coast points.

The Castaway

Warmed by the noonday sun,
Her chin upon her grimy hand,
She drowns.
Her work is done;
Her prize is won;
And none will kiss her starved body,
Nor love it like the sun.

The summer went too soon;
The fall is going;
When winter comes
To sear the saddened earth,
Will someone take her hand
And looking into faded eyes
Their meaning understand?

All hurry by—
For life is calling—
And none would know
This wasted wretch who bore
The burdens of a lover, mother, whore—
Whose breasts are dry,
Whose lips men kiss no more.

Matilda Robbins.

Justice - Hell!

THE State of California—principally noted for its mental degenerates, sexual perverts and judicial stool pigeons—still continues its persecution against members of the I. W. W.

And as a consequence of the latest frame-up in the California courts of alleged justice, nine more fellow workers will soon be leaving for San Quentin prison, to serve sentences the length of which will be determined by a "judge" whose mental caliber is approximated by the following incident:

One of the defendants in this case regularly and in due form addressed "Hizzoner," requesting to know the charge against him. "Stick around, kid, and you will soon find out," was the courteous response of this particular judicial faker.

And another of the defendants—Fellow Worker Fruit, who was on bail during "trial" of this case—was sentenced to five days in jail, for "contempt of court," because he had the temerity to inquire of Ole Hanson, the mentally defective ex-mayor of Seattle, how much money he had received for his lecturing against radicalism.

Thoroughly discouraged and disillusioned as to the value of attempted legal defense, faced with this entirely illegal practice, ten fellow workers in Los Angeles decided to handle their own defense against the charge of criminal syndicalism. But at no time were they given a fair opportunity to protect themselves against the framed-up evidence of the lying witnesses brought into court to convict them. The prosecution intimidated the defense witnesses, at every point. Prospective wit-

nesses were arrested, and held incommunicado until after the trial. Those who had already testified were afterward arrested as a warning to other potential witnesses.

One fellow worker who attended the trial writes as follows:

"The atmosphere of the court-room is one of extreme prejudice. Should the prosecution learn that we have a witness for the defense, they immediately arrest him and get him out of our reach. This occurred in the case of Dan Stephens, who was to have been a witness for the defense, but at the instance of the prosecutors he was arrested and is now being held on a charge of criminal syndicalism. Throughout the trial the prosecutor intimidated the defense witnesses, and if one of the defendants offers a protest he is fined for 'contempt of court.' The unfairness of the judge's decisions is almost beyond belief, and the whole proceeding is just one damnable perversion of justice after another. There seems to be no limit to the bias of the judge on the bench, and no illegal practice to which he will not permit the prosecutors to resort. The utter folly of attempting to obtain justice through the procedure of such courts, is glaringly apparent to all unprejudiced spectators—if any there be. Beyond all question, there is no justice for the working class in the courts which are ruled and must function in the interest of the master class. The defendants are convicted before they are tried."

"Justice"—hell!



JUSTICE A LA CALIFORNIA.

Whitey Benson

By Fred Mann

the long
vint ou

A RAGGED looking man perhaps forty years of age, emerged from behind a string of box cars, and made his way towards the street. Upon close examination one noticed that he had not shaven in the last four or five days. His shoes were anything but good, and his overalls and jumper were all that separated him from the breeze.

Slowly he made his way towards the street car, each step more lively, as he was just limbering up from the ride on the bumpers all night.

This man was Whitey Benson. Not over ninety days before, Whitey, financially busted, had shipped out to a dirt outfit for Goatee Harkin. After a strenuous stretch of three months of hard work Whitey had come back with a stake that would choke an ox. He had all of a hundred and fifty dollars.

Whitey was an all around man. He was a plow skinner, a dump-man and would not even back down from a mormon. He sure could hold his end on a dump. In camp the boss considered him a "good man." He would always stop once or twice a day to chew the fat with him. They would talk of the old timers that they knew, and of the different good contractors they had worked for. In the bunk house or tent our veteran donkey-spanker always took the lead when it came to swapping lies.

He would tell of the different bar-tenders and fat landladies that he had known. He would discuss loudly of the thousands of yards of dirt he had moved for this or that contractor. He would gloat over his luck the time that, five years before, he broke Lee Wong's chuck-a-luck game.

On Sundays when all the hands would be boiling up their shirts, he would vehemently condemn the Jews, Polacks, Austrians and other foreigners whose presence he claimed was responsible for the deplorable conditions that often exist in construction camps. Nothing could be mentioned, that Whitey Benson could not belittle and beat with one of his own yarns.

Here was this old veteran who had helped to build the railroads, boulevards, power-dams, bridges, etc., of many states come to town with his stake for a big time. When his street car arrived at the section of the city where he hung out he got off and walked up the street. He was very much at home. The man-catchers in front of the different employment offices greeted him with the glad hand. He felt like someone.

His first thought was to get ragged up, then for the high time. He made his way to a two-handed joint where he purchased a suit of clothes, a pair of shoes, and a hat. The shrewd old Hebrew was considered a cheat but Whitey walked in boldly to be cheated. It was his habit.

His clothes, about ten sizes too big for him and five sizes too small, made little difference to the old timer. He was in the throes of excitement. After ninety days in camp he was about to burst from his chrysalis and be a real butterfly. The little trimmings didn't catch his notice.

After having a shave and hair cut in Moller's Free Shop he walked up the line. He was aquire with expectancy and each little emotion was intensified in him. Luck came his way and he met a fellow dirt mover bound for excitement. They both decided that a few shots of "moon" would put an edge on already competent appetites.

They proceeded to find a certain good old scout that they knew handled the stuff, from a hard looking flop joint. The good scout was on hand with a hearty hand shake and a generous appetiser. They all had one, and then each had one on the others. By this time Benson had his mind on other things besides a primer for supper. His bootlegger friend seemed the jolliest sort of companion. You bet he could understand the worth of a good man like Whitey.

With six or seven shots in him Benson began to feel mighty drowsy. He felt his limbs stiffen, his thinking apparatus commenced to slew up. Whitey was drunk. Old Father Barley Corn would hardly recognize the stuff that Whitey had been drinking Gasoline, Dehorn, Skull and Cross-bones, in fact most anything had gone into the good "moon" that had started the good time of Whitey Benson.

"Have another drink, old timer—this time or me" the genial host offered in his pleasant, easy voice. The visitor tried to respond to the occasion. He struggled with his limbs, tried to get up from his chair, slipped, and leaned back loosely—he was gone—dead drunk.

The good scout and Benson's friend were not slow to act. With splendid unanimity they rifled Whitey's pockets and rolled him for every penny that he had. They split the proceeds fifty-fifty without an argument and carried the sleeping visitor down on the street, leaving him leaning up against the side of a building till he should start to slip and so attract a copper.

The next morning found our mule skinner in police court facing a charge of being drunk and disorderly. The stern old judge dismissed the charge and gave him a twenty-four hour floater out of town. Sick at his stomach and disgusted with life Whitey, like many times before in his career, faced the familiar world without a cent in his pockets nor a friend to stand by him.

His tramping of the streets in search of some old timer who would be good for a loan came to nothing. Finally he descended to the idea of going back to the job he had just left.

new that contractors and employment sharks had together. He knew that he could not go to work unless he was shipped out from the employment office. He knew that he would have to give the price of his job and besides would have to have at least a pair of sougans.

Whitey's antipathy for the Jews vanished. He made for a second hand store and the bustling proprietor was glad to give him a set of relievers—an old coat and a pair of pants—with thin blankets extra, all for the tailored masterpiece that Whitey had somewhat twisted out of shape.

The visit over to the employment shark, and Whitey was once more fixed up. At ten o'clock that night he was a member of Goatee Harkin's team outfit, again. During the nights following and the peaceful Sundays Whitey related to his fellow workers a tale of swell times and bright nights which he already longed for again.

Whitey Benson's good time is the same sort of good time that thousands of migratory workers live for and look forward to. Their environment, their hunger for the normal things of life that has been twisted and perverted, yet still manifests itself, makes them easy victims for the oily parasites of the underworld.

There are social forces at work amongst these workers that bring to them the message of solidarity and make clear to them the meaning of life. The Industrial Workers of the World organizing in the job and maintaining halls and social centers

in the towns and cities furnishes a place where the pimp, the bootlegger and the knave are not tolerated. This organization battles against all parasites and by organizing the workers on the job so that they can improve the job conditions makes possible the improvement of the lives of all workers that have the courage to organize and fight.

Whitey's idea of a good time is rapidly being replaced. Now when the worker who is organized and has come to understand his position in society hits town with a stake he usually has a definite object in view. He reports to the hall of the organization, gives the job news from his camp and buys up a pile of the latest literature. Then, if he has enough cash, he polishes himself up a bit, takes in a few of the working class entertainments, gives the theatres the once over, and reads the latest books on the shelves of the hall library. He may take a ramble through Andy Carnegie's place and if he does he usually knows what books he wants and why.

Then when he goes back on the job he has the memory of pleasurable companionship with his fellow workers. He has knowledge of definite things accomplished and learned. He is in a stronger position to carry on the struggle for better conditions in the camps. He is the enemy of all parasites but he is not the weak victim of any. In organization there is strength—and other beneficial things.



MAKING STEEL BY-PRODUCTS.

Christmas at a Price

By John Gabriel Soltis

On the fourth floor of an old tenement house, in a room filled with the fumes of a multitude of kitchens, oil lamps and refuse, sat Mrs. Darth with her three children at a small table, on which a kerosene lamp emitted a flickering yellow flame.

Her soul was torn with the agonies of desperation, as she gazed at her hungry children, the oldest of whom was just four years old, little Mary, who already assumed responsibilities towards the youngest, a boy just passed his first year.

It was now seven o'clock and the children had had nothing to eat. Mrs. Darth had just returned from a long day's search for a job. Through the bitter December cold her ill luck had followed her and seemed unchangeable. She had returned to her room exactly as she had done all week—without a job.

Everywhere she had encountered hundreds looking for work like herself. There seemed no end to the jobless. At many of the garment factories where she went in her quest, police were on hand to drive the unemployed away. It seemed to her that the world was in a conspiracy to starve her and her loved ones.

The big city appeared to Mrs. Darth, as some hideous, black monster, bent upon the destruction of her very life. During the entire week, upon her failure to find work, she would report to the different charitable societies, and beg for food. However, she had now made the rounds and was told by the business like clerk of one of these organizations, that she need not call any more. He was of the opinion that she was stalling. There was work somewhere to do, he told her, and she ought to be ashamed of herself to seek charity.

"Go to work. Don't bother us any more," the gentleman had said before turning his attention to the next "case."

Now as Mrs. Darth stared at her hungry children, these words kept revolving in her mind. If only her dead husband had been present, she wished, to help her out of her trouble.

Her husband had been killed while at work in the mammoth car shops. While standing at his work bench, an overhead shaft breaking loose had fallen and crushed the worker underneath. He died instantly. All this had happened six months ago.

A claim agent had immediately visited Mrs. Darth, representing the regrets of the company. He impressed her with the fact that her husband was a very careless worker. As a direct result of his own negligence he had lost his life.

However, the company was a Christian concern, the agent said, and would do the right thing by the widow. It would pay the funeral expenses and compensate the widow to the extent of fifty dol-

lars. Considering the circumstances, the agent explained, this was a really generous act on the part of the employers because they were not compelled to do anything if they had a mind not to.

The agent took special pains to convince the grief stricken widow that the obligation of the company stopped at its own offer. Mrs. Darth was helpless in the situation. She accepted the proposition and signed a paper, the contents of which were unknown to her.

* * *

"Mamma," said Mary, "Don't cry."

For the large blue eyes of the mother were streaming tears. It hurt the little girl to see her mother so. Full of childish sympathy she walked over and placed her tiny arms about her mother's neck and said with heroic confidence, "Maybe we can find a job, Mamma!"

Mrs. Darth pressed the little girl to her breast and kissed her ardently. "Yes, some day, you'll be a real help to your mother," she assured the little daughter.

Then she arose from her chair, and stepped into the dingy closet. Her wedding dress was hanging there, a blue satin affair with frills at the hem and about the neck. It was only on rare occasions that she wore it. It was treasured as a sacred relic in remembrance of happy days.

She slowly put the dress on, posing before the cracked mirror. Her eyes became dry, and a vague shadow of contentment flitted over her pale beauty. Her sorrow enhanced those womanly attractions highly prized of men.

She touched up her long, black hair, in a manner that would appear attractive. When she had finished, she turned to her little Mary and said:

"Mary, you keep the house for a little while. I shall be back soon. Then we shall eat."

Mrs. Darth hurried down Tenth Street to Olive. A light snow was falling, like little feathers. The cold air and the exercise brought a flush to her cheeks. Soon she found herself on the corner of Olive street, the rendezvous of woman hunters.

The streets were ablaze with floods of white light. A continuous stream of humanity walked back and forth looking at the pretty things in the windows put there to attract the eyes of Christmas shoppers. Mrs. Darth stopped before the large windows of a great store, to look at the beautiful toys displayed there. "What a fairyland," she thought to herself.

This world appeared as a fairyland to her. She could see the limousines glide by in which beautiful women reclined showing off their clothes, the silks from China, furs from the Northland, and jewels from the far corners of the world.

She was sure of their happiness. She could hear

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he music that was played in their enchanted land and she could imagine the joys that were the right of those who belonged here. But she could not enter the golden gates that opened to the fairy-land of life. It was forbidden for she had not the golden key.

Presently a man's attention was arrested by the nice things in the window into which she was gazing. He soon became interested in the fascinating features of Mrs. Darth. He opened up a conversation with her. She responded and they moved off together—

Two hours later Mrs. Darth was hurrying back to her wretched room. Her arms were full of good things to eat. She walked fast for the hunger of her children was unbearable to think of. How hungry they must be by now! She hurried on.

Finally she arrived at the tenement. The children were quiet. She tapped on the door. Mary opened at once.

"Oh Mamma," she cried, dancing about with excitement, "where did you get all that?"

"God, my child, never forgets his people!" Mrs. Darth answered.

THE PREAMBLE

OF THE

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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 management of the 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."

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