

## SEAMEN'S FIRST OF MAY.

The first of May is here once more, the sky is cleared from the dark winter clouds, and it has appeared with a new blue blanket to cheer us up from the long suffering endured during the long dreary winter. The fields have displayed their magnificent new green mantles, just as the last particle of departing snow evacuated their premises. The trees have just completed their new uniforms for the 1914 season. The birds have acquired new feathers and learned new songs to entertain us during the long summer days. The flowers have painted new colors, and manufactured new perfume for their 1914 buds. And the newly painted ships are ready once more to plow the seas to transport wealth to and from the ports of the world. Consequently, nature and the hands of labor, have bestowed everything useful and beautiful, to help make the inhabitants of this little old planet of our happier. (With apologies to John D. R.)

All things are either new, or have changed for the best, except our miserable conditions.

Why, hello Jack!—I see you are still wearing the same old clothes you had on last year. You must prize them very much. No Jim, I don't prize them very much, and in fact, not at all—I am tired of wearing them,—you see there's more than one patch on them,—but I can't afford to buy new ones. I haven't earned enough money in the last three years to buy me a suit of clothes. You see Jim, I have a wife and an old mother and three children depending upon me. I wish I hadn't got married,—you must not think that I don't love my wife and children, but I haven't been able to support them rightly Jim, on my little earnings, everything is so dear and the wages I get is so small that we are just within an inch of starvation line.

The first of May is here, we have lived a year longer to make improvements, but our social and economic conditions have remained the same, and in many cases they have become even worse. Now, if we haven't been able to learn something since the first of last May, we have lived one year in vain. Think! Think! Think!

Do we really want to continue in this manner?

Are we satisfied with our present conditions?

We know that we are not satisfied, but what have we done to change them? Most of us are ready to admit that we haven't done very much, outside of the usual wordy complaints, and some of us not even that much.

You Sailors, you Firemen, you Coal-passers, you Cooks and Stewards, you Longshoremen, you Teamsters, and the rest of you engaged in the Marine Transport Industry. How did you spend the months of November, December, January, February, March and up to the present time? Where did you spend them, and how did you like it?

## A Message To The Unorganized.

Do you know, that as individuals you are absolutely powerless, but when you are organized you are a power that no power on earth can be compared with? Do you care to go through another experience like you had last winter?

We know that organization is absolutely necessary to improve our conditions, organization is the only thing we must have, and organization is also the one thing which we can really rely upon to improve our every day conditions.

You say say, how can we improve conditions through organization, and that you are ready to be shown, how it is going to be done.

To begin with, you know that in every place where there is organization, the conditions of the workers therein are ninety-nine case out of a hundred better than where no organizations exist, and if that alone is not sufficient to convince any worker, we are compelled to say that you have lost the faculty to think.

If you are in earnest and want to do something to change conditions, we suggest to you the following plan: Organize as many men as possible on the job where you are working, as soon as you have organized the required number, you come together in a mass meeting to discuss what would be the best thing for you on that job, and if it is the opportune time to cut down the hours of labor, to increase your wages, or any other thing that you can do (with the organized power at your disposal) to improve conditions. When you have agreed on a plan of action, then go on the job and enforce them yourselves, knowing that nobody is going to enforce them for you. You that are working on the job know more about the improvements that should be made, than anybody else who is not directly connected with the job, and you can be sure, that no one is so well interested in your own welfare as you are yourselves. You know what you want, you know how you are going to get it, without being told by a saviour, and then you get it. There is no way of get-

ting out of it, it must be done, and YOU HAVE TO DO IT.

There may be men who think that they must have intellectuals, politicians and preachers to decide what is the best thing for you. We know differently, and we know also that our conditions will always remain the same until we ourselves change them. The fact of the whole matter is, that you have waited and waited for that somebody to do something for you, but that somebody has not appeared on the scene and nothing has been done for you. Now we are preaching the new gospel, i. e., if you want anything done, go and do it yourselves, and you can rest assured that you can do the trick if you want to. However, you must be organized with that end in view in order to accomplish it, and that is the reason why we appeal to you. Knowing at the same time, that just as long as you remain unorganized, neither you, nor we the organized, can change conditions to any extent. So let us organize our labor power into ONE BIG UNION, and then we shall go after the goods together.

Seeing that organization is the only fighting machine of the wage workers, it is necessary to organize ourselves in the most effective way possible, i. e., to do away with the existing craft pride (which has kept us separate to our own detriment) and realizing that no matter what kind of work the other fellow is doing, he is just as important in the running of the industry as anybody else connected with it. This is the agitation carried on by the INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD, and for which we are charged with every crime on the calendar by the employers and all the rest of the parasites, who live on the backs of the workers. But what about you? Are you going to pay attention to what your enemies say. Because, if you do, you are always going to remain in the very same circumstances, and that is the main reason for your existing miseries. You have listened to your enemies, and they have brought you to defeat every time. Organize in the ONE BIG UNION, and let your enemies tremble for once and for all.

## A Message To The Organized.

When we speak of organization we don't mean for you to carry a union book in your pocket and pay dues regularly, we know that by carrying a union book and paying dues is not going to change conditions any more than if you didn't have one at all. But we mean that you should be active, take an interest in the affairs of the organization, carry the message of unionism amongst the unorganized, as well as explain to them the necessity of organization.

It is necessary that the unorganized should be made acquainted with the existing conditions, what should be done to change them, and anything that's good enough for you, its good enough for your relatives and your best friends, and there is no reason why you should not agitate for your organization at every opportunity. You should know also, that not until we have enough men organized, we won't be able to ameliorate conditions, and that it is our interest as individuals, and our interest as a whole to organize the fellow-workers who labor side by side with us. There's nothing that you can tell which will be more powerful than the TRUTH, keep always in mind to stick to facts, and instill into the minds of the unorganized to depend entirely on their own power and resources.

Now let me ask you these questions: How many men did you get into the organization through your own efforts? And how many members you could have gotten if you had only tried? And how many members you are going to get from now on? These are the important questions and you must answer them in your own mind, and to your own satisfaction in order to get to the bottom of the existing evils, which we are all partly responsible for. However, what are we going to do from now on is far more important than what we have done, or what we did not do, and it is very imperative on our part to do all that we can to bring about a condition where men, women and children can live like human beings should live, instead of living the lives of the worst kind of slavery that was ever known.

Let us join hands in this work of organization, let us erase our ranks more than in the past, let us forget all past differences, let us form a real workers phalanx, and then, and then only, we shall be able to see the beginning of the end of our suffering, miseries, degradation and slavery.

This is my message to the Marine Transport Workers, on the First of May, nineteen hundred and fourteen. C. L. Filigno.

Don't be utterly discouraged because you have to do the same job over and over again. Nature has been staging sunsets and sunrises for some eons now—yet we notice no deterioration in their quality from year to year.

## THE TRIAL OF IDEAS.

By W. H. Lewis.

In their dungeons, in their prisons,  
Where our best and bravest lie;  
Where our Masters and their henchmen  
Keep their fiendish labor spy;  
Where the turnkey and the gunman  
Spit their venom at the Goal;  
There you'll find the trial of Ideas  
That are in the Rebel's soul!

In their court rooms and their pulpits,  
Where the Mind-destroyers stay;  
Where Masters keep their hirelings  
So that Justice will not pay;  
Where the Lawyer and the Preacher  
Chants the Masters' pagan creed;  
There you'll find the trial of Ideas,  
There you'll find the poisoned seed!

In all history of all ages,  
Their trade they've always plied,—  
They sought to murder Ideas  
When Christ was crucified;  
With their doctrine of reaction,  
Death to Freedom's sons they'd give;  
Tho the fiends may murder Thinkers,  
Thinkers' Ideas always live!

## INDUSTRIAL LIBERTY OR STATE SLAVERY.

By Charles Ashleigh.

"The case of the tramway (street car) men was far more difficult, they were under a committee of the municipal council and this committee proved more unyielding than the bodies of private employers." Extract from report of T. P. O'Connor, M. P., member of investigating committee on strike troubles in Liverpool, England.)

Some of us, who have at some time been orthodox Socialist Party members, will remember how, in those youthful Socialist days, we used to sneer at the Spencerian argument against State Ownership, as entitled in "The Coming Slavery" or "The Individual and the State," saying, in our callow omniscience, that: "Spencer may have been a great philosopher and psychologist, but he was no economist." In the light of late developments, I have been more and more inclined to kick myself for my former asininity.

The case which I have put at the head of this article is but one example of the countless cases in which the workers have been up against the national, state or municipal government, in its added function of employer, and found it a harder thing to buck than when the employing and governmental functions are separate.

The Masters of the Bread are sticklers for economy in exploitation—so as to waste more on luxury—and for "efficiency" in robbery—so as to be able to wreck their own digestive and sexual apparatus the sooner, and to still further extend their profiteering operations, out of the proceeds of the said "efficiency." Therefore, it had inevitably to occur to them that, instead of maintaining a coercive governmental machinery apart from the industrial exploiting agency, it would make for economy, efficiency, and still firmer stability of their rule, if the two were combined.

Also, the proletariat, still immersed in middle class conceptions, has an idolatrous reverence for Government and all that proceeds from, or pertains to it. The "reformers" and the larger portion of the Socialist press and party (whether as knaves or fools we know not) have insistently pumped into the embryonic brain of the worker the idea that Government or municipal ownership is a panacea for all evils or, at least, a "step towards our goal."

Taking advantage of this State-worship, and profiting by the doubtless unconscious aid of the Socialists, the master class is now, in this and other countries, striving to entrench itself more securely by making the State its official hirer and firer, collector and general agent. Thus, the trouble of selecting superintendents, agents, and so forth, will be taken off the bosses' hands and will be undertaken by the appointed or elected "servants of the people," who, of course, must needs remain the devoted slaves of their economic task-masters.

In Australia and New Zealand, in the strikes of government railroad employes in France, and in innumerable other instances, the trend of things may easily be perceived by the clear-eyed working class observer.

We are traveling rapidly towards a new form of tyranny; the tyranny of State Capitalism, in which the little individuality and initiative left to the working class will be crushed and drilled out of them. Under such a dispensation, the organization of the workers will be fraught with still greater difficulty than at present.

The boss class is beginning to realize the convenience of such a system; and the middle class

—with economic failure continually haunting it, and the bait of petty officialdom dangling before it—will most likely follow, as soon as it has recognized the futility of the Democratic dream of reverting to the days of the smaller capitalism by dint of trust-busting and other legal air-thrashing.

Things move slowly, however, and the era of State Capitalism, full-blown, has not yet arrived. Nor need it ever arrive. It is a tendency which can be arrested by one body only and by only one method.

The body that can stop it is the working class, or an appreciable portion of that class, and the method is the building up of a homogeneous organism which shall be capable, not only of fighting the capitalist class, but of assuming the functions of the organized production and distribution of wealth on a communist basis.

The State is an instrument of oppression used by the master class to perpetuate its dominance. Hitherto, seduced by the chimera of political equality and "democracy," the working class approved the chimera and supported the state. The time is come for the workers to regard and treat the State in its true character: as their enemy; to refuse all support to the legislative, judicial and executive machinery and to actively or passively oppose it in every way.

This may be done in many minor ways, but the principal and essential way is by the building up of an organization that shall be to the workers the source and field of their revolutionary activities. An organization that shall grow, regardless of the Capitalist State, and that shall gradually, through the progress of the class struggle and increasing proletarian solidarity, take unto itself ever greater power until it not only rivals the State but outgrows it. And, then, finally, reaching the consummation of its growth, it shall burst through the husked and outworn shell of capitalism—leaving the State buried in the debris—emerging from its chrysalis of fighting class union into the resplendent form of the Free Society.

## REBIRTH OF LIFE.

By Fred. Freyr.

This thing they call civilization? Just look at the hordes of exploited, slavish starvelings; at the black-robed tribes of educated knaves and fools; at the rings of ruling money kings.

Then stand before the cathedrals of Rheims and Cologne and the Dome of St. Marcus in Venice, refresh yourself at the sight of the beautiful town halls of Bremen and Prague.

Can you grasp the hideous ugliness, the emptiness, the barbarism—yes—and the despicable cowardice of these boasting times?

Then was civilization—  
"The People were their Masters." Victor Hugo has so truly said of those builders.

The people. No heroes, no supermen, no divine-right Kings, but the people, living the democracy of the commune.

Not until manhood and freedom are reborn to us shall we authority ridden slaves fully comprehend the spirit of manhood, breathing from those monuments and works of art, works, that were built amid the sound of arms, made when swords flashed at an instant in defense of Liberty against individual and corporate tyranny.

They were no worshippers of rotting bones and mouldy parchments under the name of cunningly prepared, lying constitutions, they were no electors of thrice-cursed political masters—but men, fighting men—Direct Actionists—first, last and all the time.

And because of this, they had realized that amount of well being within their midst, that speaks to us from every piece of their handiwork for—beauty marries itself not to work to beget Art under the hunger lash of speed-up-profit-production. She needs leisure and personality—is conditioned by freedom from the tyranny of a master as well as from want. She abides with the freeman, the noble,—not with slave.

Damned into hell is the slave who does not join the ennobling battle for freedom.

Those masterpieces of architects, filled with priceless treasures of art—as then were in every home—"the people made them."

What creative genius, what co-operative capacity, what intense social feeling and life, what genuineness of manhood and womanhood and justice. What initiative and ability and power of individual and union to execute, to realize a visioned ideal.

And who were the builders? What was the foundation for such civilization?

The Unions! The unions of producers made that glorious epoch. Through the unions they had reached what is yet mission and ideal to us—had solved the problems of human parasitism, or truer, cannibalism.

Knowing nothing of state bondage and leecherous officialdom, despising and fighting alike king and delegated authority, they federated and

leagued as individuals and unions freely and spontaneously in accordance with the hourly needs of social, industrial life—sovereign in their every move, administering directly to production and distribution, to sanitation and schools, to justice and health, jealous upon their liberty, ever ready to write anew their declaration of independence with swords, and in blood upon the bodies of the enemies of freedom.

They were direct actionists—living the natural philosophy of Might is Right. Power was their word for peace, power to live their own life, power to crush, trample upon and destroy him who dared interfere, power to build, construct and have and live as freemen. They succeeded. They showed us that in Union there is Strength for health and wealth and happiness, for life.

They lived Solidarity. Did they vote? Indeed, they did, but not like educated fools, or cunning knaves. Their ballot marks were spears, shot through the hearts of tyrants, their ballot box was the field of battle—for—they were men.

Then was the hand-tool union of the craft. Now is the machine-tool union of Industrial Unionism.

Without Industrial Unionism, Freedom will die amid a horde of slaves. With it, she will live and grow into a race of Freemen.

But the fight is the same as of old! tyrant against slave, slave against tyrant. The immediate battle ground has changed to the shop, the factory, the place of toil. The weapons are named under the heading of Direct Action. Might is still Right, as it ever and eternally will be. Power alone, still insures peace.

Th price of freedom and manhood is still life and blood, though shed in different way.

On then with the fight over the road of shorter hours and more pay, more pork chops and more leisure to the goal of Land and Liberty to Life.

Through the Industrial Union we must win, we shall win, we will win. Are not we a power in directing the evolution of Man; makers of human history in proportion to our Will?

On, ye rebels—spread our message with the wisdom of the serpent and the smile of strength. On, ye artists of the "Shoe, you destroyers" and you builders charge the hideous, lifeblood sucking monster. Do not wait until it dies. Kill it! and let us have the—Rebirth of Life!

## NEVADA NEWS.

The flying column arrived in Reno, Nev. Saturday, April 14th:

The Chief of Police would not let us speak on the streets, but we got a few old friends and a Socialist lawyer to back us up and went out and held a meeting.

The honorable chief did not interfere, so we are holding meetings right along and spreading the propaganda of the O. B. U., Held two meetings in Sparks, Nev., where there are a few thousands of Hariman's slaves working in the Southern Pacific shops.

We are trying to start a Local here, and if we succeed we will try and start one at Tonopah, Nev., where there are good opportunities for the O. B. U.

This is a good field for organization work as the old craft unions that came in here during the Goldfield days and scabbed the I. W. W. out of existence have fallen to pieces.

The time is now ripe for the I. W. W. to build up a concrete organization in this State.

We intend to do all we can to start the ball rolling, but as our time is limited we cannot stay long.

We are making a cross-country trip to New York, spreading the story of the Wheatland Riot, and the propaganda of the O. B. U.

So, if there's any fellow-workers coming through Nevada, stop off at Reno and give the boys a lift.

And, in the near future, we will see an I. W. W. Local in this town. H. E. McGuckin.

## CONVICTS ASSASSINATED.

A Sup-Press dispatch from Sacramento, Cal., of April 4th, describes the killing of three and mortally wounding of two other convicts at Folsom prison, as follows: "Thirteen prisoners were in a plot to escape but not one escaped. Prison officials were prepared for the break, for guards had learned of the convicts' plan. At the first sound of breaking cell doors the guards began shooting. Several of the convicts were unable to get out of their cells at the first rush, and when their fellow-prisoners began to fall from the hail of bullets from the corridor they made no further effort to escape." If that is not "laying in wait with intent to assassinate," then the English language has lost all meaning. We have italicized the sentences in which this dastardly deed is admitted, not the Sup-Press Says Luke North:

"The State 'death's garments' on its victims fit.

Doomed souls in judgment of their judges sit. The hangman and the convict doom the State—Irrevocable in blood the verdict's writ."