

## THOU SHALT NOT KILL—THYSELF

By Fred Freyr

This new commandment is as old as the world. It was, it is nature's first and most important law, equally valid for all of her children, including man. But the toiling slave was made to forget that primal law until he lived in his hell-existence—unconsciously—an endless violation of it.

To what depth of slavery the two-legged animal will sink—once only brute, physical force could chain the slave to his master imposed, self-murderous task—and now? Behold, thanks to age-long treatment of his brain with the educational morphine of theological, judicial and political medicine men—the vermin of the human race—he admires his chains and glories in voluntarily, loyally and patriotically committing suicide by hours and inches. Loathsome sight.

Who can deny, that the slave has persistently and voluntarily maimed, exhausted and killed himself (beginning with the time, when masterly trainers succeeded in domesticating the animal man by enwrapping his will and freedom and dignity with a blinding fog of theological fears and general mental darkness?

But enlightenment is spreading: To the toiler the tool; to the tiller the soil. This knowledge finds expression in the industrial union. We are on the upward climb to freedom. We gradually leave behind the shame of our ignorance and inherited craveness that speaks from "A fair day's work for a fair day's wage," or "the interests of master and slave, employer and employee are the same." Soon we shall wonder at ever having stayed for ever so short a time in that low most bottom of the low most pit of human debasement—slavery.

Fearful, but just is the punishment, life visits upon violators of her laws. Poverty, disease, beggarm, premature old age and damnation to an earthly hell unto extinction of the slavering breed is the atonement she exacts for the one unpardonable sin: weakness, lack of assertive, fighting manhood, lack of resistance to robbers, thieves and cannibals. In our age of organization this means collective resistance through the union, the One Big Union in class conscious working class solidarity. Have you joined?

They are helped who help themselves. Well and manly spoke old Jehova of Bible-fame to Moses, when with fierce indignation replying upon the latter's tearful tale of woe: "What, comest thou to me?" meaning thou hare-hearted coward, thou pestiferous, kneeling, praying weakling, art thou not a man with a will to find a way and travel it by thyself?

All through the ages of our "educational poison treatment" we slaves have been deceived, misled and honeyed, we are systematically bred, kept and educated into mental darkness by the master and his herders, who call themselves our friends and benefactors, our leaders, superiors and great men, our reformers and political saviours, but who in reality are our trainers to the yoke of industrial slavery. Never may the workers of the world expect from these highly skilled professionals in the well paid and honored trade of riveting mental slave chains to be taught aught of the truth that would make them free.

No—these our "friends and educators" want no straight backed, self-reliant men to fight authority but docile beasts of burden.

To deaden our sense of dignity, to cloud our reason, to make us insensible to the pain and danger to life caused by the chafing of the harness through filling our skypiece with their accursed educational poison—such is their life purpose—for that they are paid.

"Be an industrious, be a loyal, be an efficient—be an honest slave; work and pray; if you work for a master, for heaven's sake work for him not part of the time, but all of the time, these are samples of the ensnaring vaporings, in whose noise our "friends" seek to drown the serene voice of life as it speaks. "Thou shalt not kill thyself—least of all for a master."

Have any of our "educated friends," any of our benevolent friends with the charity-itch and the rest of our "superiors" ever told us such? Rabbi, priest, and preacher, evangelist, Y. M. C. A. and other drug dealers in salvation together with the remainder of the beggarly, but ever well-fed hypocrites in Christ,—have they ever come to where we produce the food they eat, the clothes they wear, to where we print the books they read their poison from or to where we make the beggarplates they swing and have us taught. Such wisdom?—that we should work less hard and less long, that we should wear better clothes and live in beautiful homes—that above all, if these things were not ours we should unite, organize in One Big Union, take possession of the earth and establish upon the bedrock of working class solidarity an order of society where all work? Have they told us, that their own God hates

the meek and answers the praying weak: "What comest thou to Me?" or, that the first commandment of life is: "Thou shalt not kill thyself—least of all for a master?"

They have not. But we all have heard the holy hirelings hurl at bread-clammoring workers: "Slaves, obey your masters." Ever stones for bread.

And when nature has become angered at someone limb on the tree of life, tears it off and casts it back into the crucible, then at the suicide we see them spit and slobber the venom, their bought and paid for livers manufactured from the wrath over having one sheep less to fleece, over having one animal with labor powerless to exploit. For the same reason they are silent on the fact, that nature sows a thousand seeds where 999 will perish and but one will grow—just to construe intelligent regulation of the birthrate a deadly sin, when applied by the human animal to himself instead of to cats, cows, wheat and corn.

Yes, it is a deadly sin to reduce the output of human cattle for exploitation. Does not that attack the source of wealth to the capitalist husbandman? Does not that make insecure his and his "learned" herder's seat at the table of life? Can there be a more deadly sin than to reduce the master's waist and think of ordering him to work through the One Big Union or let him starve! Can there be a more deadly sin for the slave, than taking direct action for becoming free?

Judge then our "friends" in the light of truth. We have no more mortal enemies than they.

What say the doctors, the benefactors of mankind, they who possess knowledge, have they ever enlightened us on the primal law of health and long life?

Or don't we want to live as long a life in splendid health as the "higher-ups"?

When then and where have the physicians taught us aught of the killing effect of night work and overwork, of work continued to exhaustion or carried beyond that certain point which the professional and leisure class knows so well to avoid?

When has he made us despise the insufficient malnutritious and often poisonous food we feed on—when has he filled us with loathing at the unsanitary unhygienic way, we exist—when has he inflamed us with consuming hatred against breathing death with every breath in the dust and fume laden air of our work places?

Perhaps he thinks, such dirty work cattle as we are incapable of appreciating a good home, cleanliness and health?

Why has he not inspired us with a fervent zeal for the acquisition of knowledge on how to live a long life in perfect health? Why has he not roused us to passionate desire and love of perfect physical man, woman and childhood?

Lo—look at this other "educated" "friend" of ours—why has he not at least tried to go after and get these things?

He could have held up to us his thoroughly class-conscious union as a splendid example of what power lies in solidarity for "getting" the good things of life.

But he, like the rest of our "educated" friends, our avowedly useful friends—looks out for himself and his class.

So must the worker look out for himself and his class—each for all and all for each—strong through themselves—strong and powerful through organization at the point of production—fully aware and conscious, that the working class and the capitalist class have nothing in common.

The educated, professional herders, trainers, cajolers, deceivers, misleaders, amusers and veterinaries of capitalism, two types of whom are roughly relieved in this article, with whom have they anything in common? With the working class? With the working class? I think not. If you don't think so either, then I should judge your place is in the One Big Union, the I. W. W., the Union that fights for the abolition of slavery.

## ILL-TIMED HYPOTHESIZING

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman is usually the most careful of all the suffrage orators to preserve the proper sequence of cause and effect. It was all the more surprising, therefore, to hear her assert the other night at Cooped Union that we never should have had the war, or the near-war, in Mexico if women had been able to vote. At that very moment a war was at its height in Colorado, which has had woman suffrage for many years. As the suffragettes have been reminding us on every occasion of the wonderful things that they have accomplished in Colorado, Mrs. Gilman should have been quick to notice their failure to avert the Colorado war. So far as we have been able to observe, they hadn't even tried to avert it up to that time. Indeed, it looks, as if Colorado as a shining example of woman suffrage was lost to the cause forevermore.

## THUS SPAKE KING HUNGER

(By Nils H. Hansson)

Through all the past ages I have had the world at my command. For centuries the blood of the innocent has flown because of my strength, because of my almighty power.

All since the birth of Time, since the beginning of humanity, all since one animal raised itself above other animals, all since then I have swung my whip of terror and destruction.

I have built bells around the hearts of millions; I have destroyed the happiness in thousands and tens of thousands of homes; I have stifled genius; I have crushed little children, and with blood and tears I have drenched their mothers' love.

With my force I have taken the little ones from the schools and play grounds and sent them into the killing mills, those raking and torturing monsters that destroy the sweetest in life—the flower of the coming future, the morn and the hope of a new race.

I have shut them out from sunshine and joy, and inch by inch I have checked their growth; roses on their cheeks were never visible; their faces I have shrunken in, and their backs I have bent.

The tenderest ones of them I have forced OUT ON THE STREET, there to sell the highest, the sweetest they ever possessed—for the sake of a crust of bread.

The stronger ones I have sent out in hunger and want to face the wintry breezes, out over the snow-clad mountains, over the sandy deserts—where I, King Hunger, am reigning supreme—again in the search of a little piece of bread.

I have sent the MASS down underneath the surface; down to the burning hells; down where human lives are melting away in gas and heat; down there where the sweat and blood is continually dripping from the grimy figures who hastily are taking the earth's riches up to the light, and who give their lives for a crust of bread; down there where the flaming fire of hate is burning in the breasts of those beasts of burden.

With the mass of the world I have piled up the gold for the few; through all the ages I have put gold before life; gold has been my pass-word, my motto, and my soul.

With that little shining metal in my hand I have sent the greatest mass of humanity that ever lived into the deepness of sorrow, into starvation and breadlines.

See how they stretch out their bony hands after the crumbs of bread, which have been thrown out by their feasting masters; see how their eyes are glowing with awe and longing for an opportunity of stilling their age long hunger!

All through history they have built and built—for others to use; in suffering and hardship they have torn down the forests and raised the great monstrous cities; but, behold! for every minute spent in constructing this inhuman age of slavery, there have been lives lost—sacrificed on the altars of gold and greed.

I have used the pulpits, the courts and the laws as tools, when piling up all those things produced by the busy bees; I have used brutes with flashing swords to hold those toiling hands in subjection; I have denied their brains the training; with my lash of Hunger I have held them back to be trampled upon by their drivers,—my servants.

But the lines of hungry wretches are growing every day in length and in strength. I am trembling at the sight of it! I am afraid that the end of my reign is near. My power is disappearing. As I am making the hungry armies stronger and greater, I am slipping down to my own grave.

How dare those good-for-nothing starving human beasts throw me down? How dare they oppose my terrorism? Haven't I been their ruler? Haven't I been their Redeemer and their Savior? Haven't I saved their souls? But now, now they laugh at me and my churches, synagogues and soul-saving institutions.

Erect they stand and refuse to kneel down before something they cannot see, and which—they say—has only destroyed their lives in the past and kept them in darkness and slavery.

No more can I tell them from the pulpit: "Be Christian and contented!"

All gods are falling, and my dark deeds go with them.

The churches are getting empty; the pulpits are shaking—and my throne is near to be overthrown. It is going down, down into the deepness of the Pit, down into the darkness of the human race.

Those hungry wretches in the breadlines shall throw me down. No more shall they believe in hunger and want. No more shall they cringe and yelp at the feet of their masters; no more shall they there, in the Slave-Pens, give their sweat and blood, and the best, the broadest and the dearest they ever had in their possession.

No more shall they stretch out their bony

hands, grabbing for the crumbs of bread that are falling from their masters' joyful banquet tables.

I, with my almighty power shall force those wretches to turn their heads and see all the beauty they have made in the past; to see all the handiworks that have been done by them; to see all the greatness which shall be theirs as soon as they become conscious of what they are—the builders of the whole world.

Those builders with iron and wood shall reap what they, and their forebears have sown, because, as I, King Hunger, am disappearing, something a thousand times greater is taking my place—it is called, SOLIDARITY.

By the force of THAT the whole world shall be changed; a new era shall begin, and I and my like shall never come back to oppress humanity.

As I gaze at THIS I am powerless before the greatness of it, before the Uplifting of Mankind that lies before THIS,—SOLIDARITY! Already I see the hungry men join hands against me. No more are they willing to obey me. No more will they stand in the market place, stamping with empty bellies.

I hear their cries for bread! I hear their cries for more happiness! I see how they are leaving the Slave-Pens, how they are leaving their drivers, churches and hypocrites behind them; how they, with a happy smile, hand in hand, are looking forward to the time when in mines and mills and factories blood and sweat and tears shall be no more, a time when there shall be no more destroying of children and of mother love! To the time when I, Hunger, shall be dead forever!

## ALL LABOR UNIONS, ATTENTION!

(Continued on from page 1)

Canada to extend to them. The case is urgent.

Requit all funds to J. G. Gaveel, I. W. W. Hall, 47 Fraser Avenue, Edmonton.

Signed: R. Bradshaw, J. H. Graul, G. G. Gaveel, Committee.

## FEMINISM IN GERMANY

Germany has a standing army of tremendous size, a navy that is second only to that of Great Britain, and an industrial establishment the growth of which has been one of the surprising developments in European history of the last century. This whole structure rests on the shoulders of the humblest women of the empire, and would collapse if they should revolt from the heavy burdens which have been imposed upon them.

Generally speaking, Americans do not consider Germany an agricultural nation, yet the fact is that the Germans have brought agriculture up to higher plane than any other people on the globe, and Germany is the only European country which relies solely upon itself for its food supply.

The backbone of Germany today is its farm women. Labor is scarce. Far more women work in the fields than men. If the German farm woman should strike, Germany would face the greatest crisis it ever has had to meet. Agriculture would be ruined, industry would fail, and the empire would become bankrupt.

It is a good thing for Kaiser Wilhelm that the farm woman of the Fatherland is a solid, patient creature, who gives little heed to the preachings of her militant sisters of England, and who has no sympathy with the spirit or the acts of those radicals in the ranks of the socialists who practice what is known as syndicalism.

—Popular Magazine

Almost everybody admits that all institutions create their own moral and ethic. Yet there are some who will not see the need of Industrial Unionism. Capitalism is a system of robbery and exploitation and it is as a result of Industrial Exploitation and slavery that Capital maintains its position. The moral that Capitalism has created is, that all is fair in war. We are thus justified in any and all attacks on Capitalism. Sabotage, Direct Action and the General Strike are the things most dreaded by the Capitalist. Why don't you fight with the weapons most deadly to your enemy? The situation today is war between Capital and Labor.

One of the objections urged against chattel slavery was that it parted children from their parents and wives from their husbands. The present system of INDUSTRIAL SLAVERY is a thousand times worse in that respect than the old system of slavery. It sends the wives and daughters to the streets; the children to the mills; the father on the "road" as a floater, or to jail as a striker; the labor leader to the M. & M., or CIVIC FEDERATION; the politician to the SENATE and the Capitalist to Europe that his daughters might be debauched by a syphilitic degenerate with a title, whose principal concern in life is to spend what our children are DRIVEN to earn in the way of profits at the expense of their childhood, health, intellect and sometimes their limbs.