

NOTES ON THE NEWS.
By E. L. Nelson.

THE POPE.

The Pontiff attributes the war to four causes, namely, lack of mutual and sincere love among men; contempt of authority; injustice on the part of one class of the people against another; and the consideration of material welfare as the sole object of human activity.

The first cause is undoubtedly true.

The second cause is false. It is respect and fear of authority that has caused the majority of the people to go to war. If the working men had had contempt for authority, they would have refused to kill each other when told to do so.

The third cause is true, if it is meant thereby that the capitalist class is doing injustice against the working class.

The fourth cause is one of the causes of this war if it is meant that the capitalists are out for more markets and profits. This must be it, for the workers have no material objects to gain through this war. It is true the capitalists have no higher object in life than to acquire wealth in every way possible, but we have yet to hear of the first banker, the first factory, mill, mine or land owner killed in battle. The workers, who are actually doing the fighting, bleeding and dying, gain nothing, but lose all through this rather inhuman than human activity.

An Outcast at the Christian Door

A lady reporter on the "San Francisco Bulletin," by name Miss Sophie Treadwell, was instructed by the editor, Mr. F. Older, to disguise herself as a prostitute, and thus find out if there were any people in the city who would assist her out of her assumed predicament. The pretenders were, of course, those who pose most as benefactors.

The Salvation Army Headquarters turned her away twice, in the most cold blooded and unfriendly manner, and yet these people have a standing advertisement in the daily papers, inviting girls who are in sorrow or perplexity to call on them for assistance.

The Y. W. C. A. would not under any circumstances take her in and give her board, but directed her to a cheap boarding house, not fit to live in. Some of the self-styled followers of Jesus and preachers of the gospel turned her away. They scorned her awful sins, and told her to get down and pray with them; she refused. There were but two or three who really showed their sincerity by giving her assistance and kind words.

Mr. Gray Had to Pay for His Life.

An Italian laborer of this city shot and killed a quarry owner by name Gray because he refused to pay him his wages. Lococo had long been waiting for his pay, \$17.50, and his wife and two children were starving. The last time he went to collect his money Mr. Gray told him to go to hell. Lococo, believing Gray was going to hit him, drew his revolver and shot him.

Lococo has the sympathy and support of everybody. Many have donated money, and lawyers have offered to defend him free of charge. It is very likely he will be set free.

UNLAWFUL.

To say that something is unlawful is not necessarily to say that it is wrong, but merely that it is contrary to the opinions of some modern, mediaeval or ancient law-making power. In order to discover whether an unlawful thing is also a wrong thing, we must analyze both it and the law it contravenes, in the light of common sense, modern desires and present conditions. Good old laws become bad as the conditions which demand them disappear. The reputation of lawmakers rests upon their ability to make good laws, and the number of good laws is never large enough to make such reputations any too secure. When one mingles with lawmakers, moreover, and listens to their hollow-sounding oratory, one marvels how they can be right as often as they are. When lawmakers become so feeble and so out of harmony with their time that only a small minority of their laws are right, thus giving righteousness to the large majority of unlawful acts, a revolution ensues, during which a new set of lawmakers is installed.—E. O. J. in Life.

We hope E. O. J. is mistaken about a new set of lawmakers in this present instance. The idea is too discouraging.

THE RULES.

By Peter Bell.

They gathered all in a marble hall
To see which one would rule;
To the masters they whispered a word or two,
Then they whispered to the fool.
"Justice!" he cried; and away he ran
To boast about his right.
But the masters jeered as the poor fool cheered,
For they knew that might was right.

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

The kindly (?) people of Stockton, determined not to be outdone by other charitable folks in aiding the starving masses of Belgium, are simply falling over themselves in an effort to get their names in the papers as philanthropists. Not satisfied with making asses of themselves in the struggle to bask in the light of publicity, they also bring their slushy sentiment into the public schools. There they have a fine field to work upon. Children you know don't understand much about wars (thanks to their teachers and the book trust) and it is a simple trick to work upon their sentiments.

Heretofore the teachers have never been disturbed in their ravings. They have been able to put it over on the little folks in many ways. There's not many children who understand economics and when teacher says their country is the best in the world, the guardian of liberty, the home of the brave, etc., she neglects to inform the young hopefuls that it is also the home of the hobo, the bull pen and misery. The children will learn all that in time as their future schools, the mills, mines and factories, teach many truths—to those willing to learn.

There is an old saying, "Charity begins at home." Most of us have heard it at one time or another but like most sayings or proverbs it is placed upon the shelf of oblivion only in such cases as suits the capitalistic press, then it is brought to the front.

Moses is credited with saying, "a little child shall lead them," and it so happens that old Moses was right in one instance at least. The teacher in one of the public schools at Stockton, after a fit of sentimental ravings, told the children that they should bring something to school for the relief of the suffering Belgians. Anything "good" would do but it must be something good.

"Teacher," said a little fellow, "There's a lady in town whose husband has been sent to the penitentiary because he tried to better the conditions of the working class. Her name is Mrs. Suhr and if I get anything good to give away, I shall give it to her."

Now ye highbrow mental prostitutes, let's hear from you. This is a lovely little story for you to theorize upon. Go ahead and tell 'em how the teachings of "anarchists" upon our city streets have even permeated our institutions of learning.

There is one you, the teacher can't make a patriotic out of, and where there is one there's a hundred others spring up.

More power to the little fellow. Let the good work go on. PETER BELL.

ON THE ROAD.

YONCALLA, Or., Nov. 16.—(Special.)—A wonderful brand of solidarity was demonstrated here the other day by a small but steadfast and rebellious bunch of unemployed slaves. We boarded a train, 35 strong, at Drain, but no sooner did we get on when Mr. Shack, unscrupulously locked the door on us. Ten minutes later a hole was cut in the door and the latter was opened. The next stop was Yoncalla, and when the bunch found out that the car was to be left here they unloaded, to the great surprise of the train crew. We were unable to make the train again to Roseburg, so we decided to camp over night at Yoncalla.

A meeting, or as some of the boys pleased to term it, "a counsel of war," was held. At the suggestion of one of the men a committee was sent to interview the town Mayor about some supper for the hungry unemployed men. Half an hour afterward the men returned with a big supply of food; about 5 large packages of biscuits, 6 pounds of butter, half a sack of spuds, a few loaves of bread, onions and a great quantity of coffee was the stuff received.

Some of the men were members of the I. W. W., but the rumor circulated around town and the reports sent by the station agent to Oakland were that the I. W. W. invaded the village and that the latter intends to carry out some ill-gotten plans.

The above episode goes to prove what concerted action, on the part of the unemployed men can do. Let this serve as a gentle hint to the rest of the unemployed armies the country over.

A few of the stiffs, possessed by yellow streaks, deserted the bunch, but this is so much the better as there is no room for the coward and weak-kneed individual here. All the boys are determined to eat by any and all means and are manifesting wonderful solidarity, worth emulating by all hungry slaves. Come what will, but eat we must!

Direct action on the part of the unemployed—vigorously applied—is the only effective and efficient weapon wherewith we shall get the goods, and ultimately free ourselves from social parasitism.

WM. MORRIS,
CAM MILES,
C. H. JOHNSON,
Jungle Committee.

PARSON LONG'S PRAYER.

"Our Father, who art in Heaven, I beseech thee, for I am in despair and need thy help, for evil has befallen me, and I don't see no way out. You know I have built as fine a house of God in Kansas City as there is anywhere, you know I have given many a dollar to charity (the hell with how I got the dollars); you know I praise thy name in public places, (it don't pay when there is no one to see me) and I am doing all I can to get people to believe in you. Now Lord, I am going to implore you for help for my working men in the Southern timber belt are getting unruly. They first organized in what they called the Brotherhood of Timber Workers and caused me lots of trouble and money. But then, oh Lord, good Lord, along came an anarchistic thing called the I. W. W. Why, it started to preaching 'All the workers in one big union,' 'the working class and the employing class have nothing in common,' 'solidarity' and lawlessness (sabotage) and I don't know what all, and the workers joined it. Now, good Lord, Almighty Lord, nice Lord, and all other nice things I can call you, don't let the workers become class-conscious. Oh Lord, do not let them realize that their power lies in organization. (Paul Kirby in the corner: "Amen, amen, amen.") Oh Lord, do not let the board of health remove the garbage or else my workers will have nothing to eat. Oh Lord"—just then some worker turned the sabbat loose on the prayer's pocketbook. So he pulled his hair out, stamped with his feet, made a face worse than a monkey on a grind rock, cursed by note and lost all his religion.

ED LEHMAN.

P. S. Would love to hear from some of the rebels from everywhere. Especially from those I spent four months in Lake Charles jail with, as I have been sick for eight months and my life is on the scales, one way or the other, by spring.

ED LEHMAN,

R. No. 4, Box 23, New Braunfels, Texas.

PREAMBLE

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the 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 the employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interests 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 wherever a strike or lockout is on, in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

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

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every day struggle with the capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

CHEER UP

It is one of the tragedies of the I. W. W. that the members seldom think of writing to the paper unless someone is in jail, or dead, or near dead. The result is that, to one who occasionally reads one of our papers, or listens to one of our soap-boxers, our whole agitation seems like one long and loud wail of defeat. You might as well go out on the street corner and say: "Come and join the I. W. W., and we will help you to get in jail, or get your head caved in, or something equally cheerful.

We should not deceive the workers. But we do deceive them by making them think that a man can not belong to the I. W. W. without having the police boring a continuous tattoo on his head.

Please be more cheerful once in a while—and send cheerful news to the paper sometimes for a change.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

It is said that 25,000 to 45,000 men are out of work here. There are eight automobile works here, three closed down, the others are working not over one-third of force. Other shops about same condition. Norman Automobile Works has laid off 1000 men in the last two months, and cut wages 10 per cent. The only places doing much are the packing houses. Socialists had lots of speaking before election. They said, "We are going to fool them this time." But when the votes were counted they were the ones that were fooled. The Socialist vote fell off 1500 in this county.

NOW AND THEN.

By Peter Bell.

In the primitive jungle dark as night
The cruel beasts roared in their terrible might
And the weakest died in a hopeless fight,
For there in the jungle might was right.

Now in the jungle of laws and men
The same is proven time and again,
And the slaughter feasts on a battlefield
Only proves that justice to might must yield.

The Twentieth Century with its law
Takes the place of the wild beasts jaw,
And the facts of life are hidden from sight
So the workers won't learn that might is right.

MY CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS.

Martial law is lifted, and once more I guess I'm free
To exercise the right the Constitution gives me,
So I'll endeavor to compose a line or two for fun,
To let you know my feelings towards the man behind the gun.
Discretion is the better part of valor, so they say,
That's the reason that I waited till the patriots went away.

I was at the depot early to inspect the motley crew
Of so-called patriotic sons of Major Donohue,
And I wondered what would happen if the Kaiser had a chance
To lease the patriotic guys who wear the khaki pants.
'T would be curtains for old England,
France and Russia'd have to scoot,
If the Emperor made a dicker
With his honor, Jesse Root.

The West Side bunch were out in force
With Conley in the lead,
To see the scissorbills away
And wish them all good speed.
Sheriff Berkin and his deputies
Were also there I swan,
If you did not bear a martial mien
You were told to move along.
The train pulled out midst great applause,
And the highbrows did disperse,
So I hied me to my little shack
And there composed this verse.
—Dublin Dan Liston.

ATTENTION.

All good rebels will be welcomed to Oakland locals. We have moved to a new up-to-date hall. Electric lights, hot and cold water and baggage room. All rebels coming this way stop over and help us put Oakland on the I. W. W. map. Address, 338 5th St., cor. Webster St., Oakland, Cal. BEN KLEIN,
Sec'y Joint Locals.

We are not "under socialism," neither do we have an Industrial Republic, but "Comrade" Carnegie has generously "donated" to most cities a magnificent library building, a good assortment of books, a well heated and lighted room, etc. Now if words are merely the clothes for ideas, the medium by which one animal of the human species conveys his ideas to another, it strikes me that more time spent in the libraries, acquiring the necessary knowledge of words and HOW to express our ideas, and less time spent in plain loafing would better fit us to be of help in fighting the battles of the class war.

A corner lot at Martin street and Broadway, owned by the city and valued at \$40,000, is being rented to the Standard Gas Station Company reported to be a branch of the Standard Oil Company, for \$31.35 per month, about equal to the rent of the half of a duplex flat.—Milwaukee Leader.

"Ask and it shall be given unto you." The Standard Oil Company never asks in vain for charity.

An American mechanic is already in the field with a supply of artificial limbs for maimed warriors. He is floating a company, and expects to make a huge profit after the war.