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SOLIDARITY

EMANCIPATION

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TEXTILE INDUSTRY IN THE SOUTHEAST

A Survey of the Georgia Cotton Mill District, With a View To Industrial Organization

(Special to Solidarity.)
Griffin, Ga., May 8

Though I have been too much on the move for some time to keep in perfect touch with Solidarity, by the courtesy of friends I have read the numbers containing the letters of your correspondent from the South Carolina cotton mills. The picture could not be made truer to life, except that your correspondent has not fully mastered the local vernacular. But this southern cotton mill industry extends far into the south. Augusta, Macon and Columbus, Ga., are considered as the extreme southern frontier of the district of greatest development. There is a large mill population at each of these Middle Georgia towns. In the rural districts surrounding them the negro population vastly predominates. But Chattanooga, Tenn., may be considered the gateway leading in to the lower southern mill district. The development begins in that city, and Rossville, its southern suburb, lying on both sides of the Georgia-Tennessee line has several cotton mills and one woolen mill. Every railroad leading south, southeast and southwest from Chattanooga is a thread linking together a succession of cotton mill towns. Probably the Central of Ga. R. R. reaches more mill towns or a greater mill population than any other road leading out of the city. Between Chattanooga and Griffin, Ga., a distance of 198 miles, this road passes through the following cotton mill towns: Rossville, Chicamauga, La Fayette, Trion, Summerville, Berryton, Rome, Lindale, Cedartown, Newman, Carrollton and Griffin. The mills at Chicamauga, Lindale and Trion are among the largest in the South. Several of these towns have a number of mills, and besides the mill towns directly on this line there are many others at points not far from the line and on both sides of it, all the way to Griffin. These people know nothing of the true principles of the class conflict. Just recently at Rome a union was organized and a strike conducted with disastrous results upon the Federation of Labor principles. The chief demand was recognition of the union and the company did recognize it by firing every member of the union it could locate. Unlike the rural districts surrounding Augusta, Macon and Columbus, a population of white farm workers and small white farm tenants and farm owners predominates as far south as Carrollton. As the present great expansion of the industry represents a recent growth, the mill workers have had to be recruited and are still being recruited from the farm population in the rural districts surrounding the mill towns. The closest relations exist between the mill workers and their friends and kinsmen on the farms. Every attempt to organize the mill workers must take into consideration the relations between the rural and mill workers. There is a vast gulf of difference between the technical development of the farming industries and mill industries, here facing each other, and this difference is confusing to the ideas of workers who pass and repass from one to the other. The small middle class farm owners, whose own children also furnish recruits for the armies of mill workers do not understand their own relation to the mill industry.

The mechanical unit of production on the farms in this section is still small. It consists of a mule, a set of one horse plow tools, a hoe, an axe and one horse wagon. With such an equipment the rural inhabitant ceases to be a member of the wage working class and is admitted to the immense class of southern farm tenants, who are just one step below, and always striving to climb into the ranks of the small landowners. The one horse outfit may be acquired by any worker who has fifty dollars and a little credit or even no money at all. Every wage worker on the farms with life enough in him to be of any worth to a labor union, considers himself as merely a temporary sojourner in the wage class, and if he thinks of emancipation, it is one no wider than himself, because as soon as he can buy his mule, etc., he hopes to be able to find docile and cheap labor, himself being the master. A labor union might be launched under such conditions by the sheer force of agitation, but it would have no foundation upon which it could stand. Labor unions need not expect to benefit by organizing the farm workers of this region, as long as animals furnish the motive power of farm machinery. But the farmers, the small farm tenants and small farm owners do not understand these things, and think that a labor union, full blown, militant and everlasting can be established any where that the whim of an agitator might turn. And these petty employers of labor, who only pay out wages for a few weeks in a year, perhaps, or may be only for a few days, fear labor unions worse than the devil. It is true that although labor unions can not operate directly on these small farms, yet if they raise wages and shorten hours of labor in the towns, they will drain from the farms the surplus of cheap labor there, and in that way, indirectly raise wages on the farms. But these farms really produce a surplus of children for the labor market. The children of the small farm owners and of the tenants go to the field and work, and still, a surplus stream of them is always flowing towards the towns. What the labor union really means to these small farmers, more than any other thing is: First, that it multiplies the buying power of the urban communities who buy produce from the farmers, and the multiplication is in proportion to the militancy of the union. Second, the labor union prepares a place and assures opportunity to the children of the farm owners and tenants, who are all the time migrating to the wage class of the mills and towns.

As for the mill population itself, leaving out the large class of professional daddies, who breed children and marry women for the labor market, and the class of petty patriots and petty politicians, is ready for the work of the organizer. The fire ought to be set out at as many different spots as possible at the same time. It terrifies and confuses the opposition, when it seems to be breaking out everywhere at once.

Hopefully,
C. D. COUTENAY.

Haywood At Philadelphia

Will Address Gathering of Longshoremen At Their Anniversary Celebration, May 16th

The first anniversary of the Longshoremen's branch of the National Industrial Union of Marine Transport Workers will be held on the 16th of May.

This will be a holiday of their own making. A parade will be one of the important features, followed by a picnic, at which a mass meeting will be held, which will be addressed by Big Bill Haywood, General Organizer of the I. W. W. Alonzo Richards, a colored fellow worker; a Polish speaker and the organizer of the National Union, J. J. McKelvey. The picnic will be held in Central Park 4400 N. 5th street. Fox Chase or Olney cars on 5th street will take you direct to the park. All members in Philadelphia are requested to attend. Admission is ten cents.

Remember the date, Saturday, May 16th. Dancing all day. Baseball and other sports.

K. C. FORWARD

(Special to Solidarity.)
Kansas City, Mo., May 9.

Local 61 staged a Giovannitti meeting last Sunday and made it a success both from a propaganda and financial standpoint. A crowd of 500 was present despite the counter attraction at the same hour by the A. F. of L. with Mother Jones as speaker. We are $30 to the good on the meeting after paying all expenses.

Giovannitti made a rousing rebel talk; just the kind needed to stir up enthusiasm. His eloquent tribute to the "Bummery" brought wild applause. The heroic fight for free speech by the I. W. W., when our defamers were away back in the woods, is fresh in the minds of the K. C. slaves.

Local 61 is not doing any crowing, but we are plugging away, with meetings every night, 8 or 10 new members every week, all bills paid and a few dollars to spare for Denver and Wheatland. A bunch of active rebels on the job does the trick. There is nothing "the matter with the I. W. W." in K. C.

PRESS COMMITTEE.

BOSSES' ORGAN CONGRATULATES "UNION" CARPENTERS

American labor is a part of American citizenship. It is bound up with all other classes in our mutual duties and rights as citizens of the United States. The flag that protects the capitalist and commands his allegiance is equally the flag of American labor. It exists for his benefit, claims his loyalty and is entitled to his respect and support.

The carpenters' union at Aberdeen, Wash., is to be congratulated on its clear and outspoken realization of these truths and to be honored for its uncompromising stand in loyalty to the flag of our nation. The central labor council of that city had mistakably and disloyalty condemned our government for sending American soldiers and sailors to Mexico. The Aberdeen Carpenters' union the very next day withdrew from membership in the council.

Deeds speak louder than words. Not all the resolutions of disapproval for the council that the carpenters might have passed would carry a tenth of the weight that their action carries. The carpenters' unions almost everywhere and always have shown themselves entitled to the respect of their fellow citizens. The course of the Aberdeen union increases that regard for them from the public.—Spokesman Review, May 5, 1914.

The above gob of slush is from the eastern Washington capitalist sheet that trains with H. G. Otis and D. M. Parry.

This Carpenters' "union" is the bunch that turned out the clubs that were used on our heads in Aberdeen two years ago, and then offered to assist the Citizens' Committee to use the clubs if necessary.

The ox knows his master's stall, perhaps, but it is equally true that the master knows (and praises) his own faithful ass.

STUMPY.

Local 202, Furniture Workers, I. W. W., has rented a permanent headquarters at 129 Lyon street N. W. in the heart of Grand Rapids. We have a fine large hall and a piano. All rebels are welcome in G. R. Mail should be addressed to 719 Hilton avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich. John Van Hoof, Sec'y; George Carey, Organizer.

All members and local unions of lumber workers, Western District, please communicate all matters pertaining to the national industrial union, to John M. Foss, G. E. B. member, at 5807 Fifth avenue, N. E., Seattle, Wash., or to General Headquarters, 164 W. Washington street, Chicago, Ill.

We have on hand 100,000 copies of "Union Scabs And Others" By Oscar Ameringer. This is a great leaflet for silencing craft psychologists. Order a quantity for distribution. Price 15c per 100; $1.25 per 1000, postpaid.

RURAL TORIES

We do not despair of seeing William Howard Taft, Nicholas Murray Butler, Willum Barnes, and many other notables who adhere to the safe and sound theory of sedentary locomotion, fleeing to the Socialist party as to a refuge from dangers which impend.

As a conservative prop of government the Socialist movement is just coming to appreciation. The I. W. W. is doing this service for it. Mr. Taft and many other statesmen have been accustomed to use the word "socialistic" as sufficiently condemnatory of any radicalism, a word which was a warning finger pointed towards the abyss and the chasm.

Thus it was a convenient word. No particulars were needed. If a thing were "socialistic" it smelled of brimstone. The I. W. W. leaders knew differently. They knew what a rural tory organization the Socialist party is; how close akin Victor Berger and John D. Rockefeller actually are. If Mr. Rockefeller has not sufficient imagination to see that Socialism would establish the tightest kind of government and has not confidence enough to know that no manner of laws can keep the stronger from getting the upper hand of the weaker, that's Mr. Rockefeller's fault. The I. W. W. leaders know it and they attack Socialists as they attack monopolists. The Socialists see their danger. They know the difference between logic and brickbats. As a non-revolutionary, calm, conservative, standpat, rural tory organization of men they present an alarmed front of defense to radicalism and rail upon the sober minded citizens of the republic for help.

Therefore, in the course of time, we expect to have an announcement of Mr. Taft's candidacy as head of the national Socialist ticket.—Chicago Tribune, May 6.

Various A. F. of L. central bodies throughout the country have passed resolutions pledging their "loyalty" to President Wilson in the possible event of a war with Mexico. The action is no doubt the usual concession of the labor leaders to what they regard as the prevailing sentiment. This must be the case, for as one of our correspondents remarks, in reporting such action by the Boston C. L. U.: "The writer has not seen any great rush from the C. L. U. to the recruiting office." This cowardly truckling to the jingo spirit seems wholly unnecessary, too, in view of the anti-war sentiment throughout the country. That sentiment extends even to the rural districts, if we are to believe the Hastings, Neb., "Democrat," which remarks in a recent issue, that "only one in ten hereabouts is in favor of war with Mexico, and that one wouldn't enlist." The A. F. of L. "leaders," as usual, are "leading" in the opposite direction.

Speaking of the craft union, an official thereof writes to the Macon, Ga., News: "The Federation of Labor bears the same relation to union labor that the Young Men's Christian Association does to evangelical churches. It is their clearing house. Every union organization in the state affiliates with it. The engineers, firemen, boilermakers, mechanics, brick masons, plumbers, cotton factory hands, miners, railroad agents, T. P. A., and all men who labor, and are united in the common cause of giving better service to employers, as well as getting first-class pay for first-class service, are interested." Well put! The craft union is a clearing house for furnishing first-class slaves to employers. It is a bulwark of capitalism, all right!

Local 179, I. W. W. of New York City, has established a pleasant roomy headquarters at 350 East 81st street. Open day and evening. All welcome. Branch 1 (English speaking) hold a business meeting every Tuesday evening.

Direct action becomes more effective through education. Help educate your fellow workers by circulating Solidarity and I. W. W. literature.

Hunger; Nightmare To All Tyrannies

HUNGER
(From Local I. W. W. Bulletin, Indianapolis.)

New York.—Time not noted. Rockefeller threatened. Woman arrested. Upton Sinclair in mourning for strikers—arrested. Colorado:—Miners still engaged in bloody conflict. California:—General strike threatened in hop-picking industry. The moment seems due. Fashion had better take care. Beggars can spit very venomously. Weird looking jumbles of bones in rags, are leering and grinning, jostling and hustling very defiantly. Men are blowing their noses on doorsteps and wearing their hats in church. Hunger is no more passive. Time comes, and with it the fulfilment of every destiny prophesied by a fact. Hunger is sickly till Frenzy quickens it. Hunger has no brain, and does not consider. It curses and swears, is blear-eyed and croaks. It sneers, mocks, jeers, coughs. It spits and throws filth on fine linen. It pours out from cesspool haunts and stinks out the most respectable of neighborhoods. Hunger has no morality—is devoid of all shame. In highest moods hungry knaves will hurl stones, smash windows, pinch, eat, drink, tear down altars, stretch the necks of the Respectable between the head and the shoulders, use guns, laugh, grin, joke, mock, stick grass in mouths of their victims, use pikes, uproot bastiles, and, without ceremony lop off heads with every consecutive second of the clock. Hunger startles the world from its slumber, with a shock. Beware, friends! Hunger is lynx-eyed, and sees behind every fact. It sniffs and can smell out anything suspicious. Hunger will hurt no man 'cept he smell or look a little of Tyranny. Does Tyranny wear a powdered wig, talk good French and say "Monsieur"... Hunger looks, sniffs, finds it, and sends its head rolling into a bushel basket. Does it look like a New York banker, have crease in pants, talk grammatical English, wear gold chain, wipe nose with clean handkerchief, wear feathered plume and fashionable gowns—Hunger noses it out and despatches it without delay. Respectability with its disdain; Education with its stupidity; Fashion with its vanity; Wealth with its luxury; all exhale the same odor to the sniffings of Hunger. When Hunger sniffs, it is time for Fashion to drape itself in rags and give to its body a smell of dung. If Hunger can not taste food, it will drink blood. There is only one passion stronger than Love—Hatred. Love will Sacrifice, but Hatred will live, though it torture the world with all the machinations of hell. Hatred and Hunger are dogs of the same kennel.... Hunger Hounds, starved, snarling, bloodshot eyes, fangs bared, straining at their chains. Friends, Beware!... Hunger—lean, bony, naked and grimy—with talons and claws. Hunger with fever and mad. Hunger goaded. Hunger grinning. Hunger in consort with Death. Hunger—hideous, impalpable. Hunger that can not die. Hunger, blood-smeared, ghastly and sallow, with rotting teeth. Hunger that spits and leers. Hunger—devilish nightmare to all Tyrannies. Hunger, the fiendish torment of all Fashions and Respectabilities. Hunger without Reason—mad and demoniac. Hunger! Hunger! Hunger! Hunger! Friends, Beware! New York. Colorado. California. The moment seems due. Time will fulfill the destiny of a Fact.

What Became of Org. Hallatt?

Rochester, N. Y., May 10.

In Solidarity of May 1st, we notified all rebels that the joint locals of Rochester had opened headquarters at 272 Joseph avenue, and started agitation for the summer. Fellow Worker Hallatt, known to all rebels as "Homo Bonus," was engaged as organizer for Rochester, and we started to waken this sleepy slave town from its peaceful slumber.

Our main efforts were centered on Baush & Lamb Optical Co., which employs about 5,000 workers and where conditions seemed most favorable for organization. We had been carrying on this agitation for two weeks and had not encountered any opposition. Last Thursday Fellow Worker Hallatt left my house for his usual noon meeting and HAS NOT BEEN HEARD FROM SINCE. We have been making every effort to unravel this mystery and we find that Fellow Worker Hallatt went down to Baush & Lamb and there was met by the police officer and a sergeant and stopped from speaking. That is the last heard from him. He did not return for dinner, nor have we received any message from him to date. Sunday afternoon. We have inquired at police headquarters and hospitals but were unable to locate him.

While it is possible that Fellow Worker Hallatt left town, all signs are to the contrary, as Hallatt left all his clothes behind and also had money coming to him from the organization, which he could have collected had he suddenly decided to leave town.

All signs point to foul play and we would like to hear from any rebels who have the courage to come to Rochester and test the resisting power of the master class in this town. We also want a live rebel to act as organizer in this city, and one who thinks he can deliver the goods, will be assured of a meal ticket at any rate.

We are anxious not to involve the organization in a free speech fight at this time, but the sentiment of the workers is now on our side and by stopping we would only brand ourselves as cowards, and therefore are forced to continue in this work. The writer of this report will go down to Baush & Lamb tomorrow noon and if any complications shall arise will wire at once.

In the meanwhile don't forget that we need live rebels in Rochester, so come and help us, as Rochester is the manufacturing center of Western New York and rotten ripe for organization.

Let all rebels east of Chicago make their slogan: "On to Rochester."

IRVING S. ABRAMS,
Secy. Agitation Committee Local No. 191.

Fellow Worker Whitehead asks us to announce that the Seattle locals will not issue any more song books and as their last edition is exhausted local secretaries are requested to take note and send no further orders and money to him for song books. He further states that the locals of Seattle recommend to locals and individuals to send to Cleveland their orders and money for song books that will be needed in advance so the Bureau can get same out at the earliest possible date.

This suggestion is exactly what is needed, advance orders with cash. Without waiting for the actual cash on hand to meet the expense of getting out the new enlarged edition of songs we have gone ahead and taken the risk of getting same out before too late in season. The coverers are on the press and the body matter is in the hands of the compositor. The complete books will be rushed out in a short time. However, we will yet have the expense to meet in a few weeks, so send in your orders with the cash at once. If you are not able to use any song books send in a donation to the $1,000 Fund.

Enlarged 7th edition. Now 64 pages. 10c each, $5.00 per hundred. Carriage prepaid.

Chancellor Day, of Syracuse University, is mad once more. So he told the senior class of that college a few days ago. His anger arises this time as usual over the fact that the workers of the country, or at least some of them, are in rebellion against being mere beasts of burden contributing without murmur to the capitalist supporters of his university. Said Day to the students: "I wish to express the contempt I feel for the Industrial Workers of the World and for similar organizations, because they are seeking to smother industry and commerce and because they are seeking to destroy the government at any cost. They are responsible for the murder of women and children of the laboring class in strike wars and riots. They hate the government. The government is an institution of God. Therefore, they are flying in the face of God." Day winds up his spiel by saying that the only hope he can see is for the students to go forth and "all work for the redemption of the nation." Redemption, at the hands of God and the students consists, in Chancellor Day's estimation, in the freeing of "Big Business" from the attacks of labor organizations and demagogic politicians, "who do not know a headlight from a tail-light." Day is a day or two behind, as usual.

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B. H. WILLIAMS . . . . . Managing Editor

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Rockefeller and Economic Determinism

THE Colorado mine war has brought forth many expressions of opinion from the mouthpieces of the various social elements. Most of them seem to have followed the usual habit of losing sight of social and economic forces and of centering attention upon individuals only. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is, of course, the shining target for most of these verbal arrows. Notwithstanding demonstrations without number that no capitalist, however powerful, is a "free moral agent" in face of the larger controlling forces of the capitalist system itself, the younger John D. has been condemned, advised, cajoled, and threatened—all on the assumption that he alone is responsible for the Colorado war and its consequences, and that he alone could end the same, as his critics all think it should be ended.

Such criticism of the individual, on occasions of this sort, touches a "popular" chord, to be sure. It also helps capitalist writers in concealing the inner workings of the class war. "John D. might arbitrate." "As trustee of the greatest American fortune, John D. has it in his power to do a deed of humanity that will endear him to the people forever." "The stubbornness of the young millionaire tends to widen the gulf between capital and labor, and make future conciliation still harder." Such are some of the conclusions of astute capitalist writers, whose purpose is to lure the workers away from the real truth about the class struggle. The ease with which supposed exponents of the class struggle are also caught in that net, would be amusing were it not tragic in his consequences. Popular clamor besets the oil king, leaving the ruling class as a whole free-handed to carry on its depradations.

Now comes a statement from a bunch of officials of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Co.—mine owners, railroad magnates, and other capitalists of Colorado—announcing that John D. has little to say or do in the matter at all; and that they themselves are responsible for the methods used in the labor war in that state. The argument put up by these Colorado capitalists, in justification of their methods, is logical enough. First, their immediate interests are jeopardized, and they must fight to protect them. Second and more important, the growth of the powerful miners' organization, which seeks control of the entire industry, threatens society. ("Society" being synonymous with the collective interests of the capitalists as a class.) Which of course justifies any means to "save society." We need not deny that John D. concurs in this opinion and acts accordingly.

Here we have the issue squarely joined. The mine war is not merely an act of barbarity due to the inborn stubbornness and arrogance of one Rockefeller; IT IS A CONFLICT OF INTERESTS OF ELEMENTS BELONGING TO TWO ECONOMIC CLASSES. The miners are seeking a greater measure of control of working conditions in the mines; should the mine owners concede that control, they would thereby weaken their own hold upon the industry. Such a concession is a serious proposition in the viewpoint of the Standard Oil and allied interests. It might lead to innumerable movements of the workers in various parts of the country throughout the ramifications of the great trust. INDEED, IT MIGHT THREATEN "SOCIETY"—THAT IS, THE ECONOMIC SUPREMACY OF THE CAPITALIST CLASS. Why, then, shouldn't John D. say that he "would spend the last penny of his investment in Colorado mines rather than yield the closed shop principle." Not the Colorado Fuel & Iron Co. alone; but the Standard Oil is at stake; Capitalism itself may be at stake. Young Rockefeller is speaking for his fellow capitalists as well as for himself. The only other course he might take, would be to make a grand-stand play of "humanity," transfer his stock in the Colorado mines to some other capitalist, and wash his own hands of the bloody affair. Or he might possibly bring about the institution of a profit-sharing scheme a la Ford, and develop a bunch of willing and loyal slaves. In any case, ECONOMIC DETERMINISM will have its way. Any action the capitalist might take would have in view the promotion of their collective interests against those of the workers.

Most commentators on the Colorado situation overlook these basic principles. They convey the false idea that Rockefeller could save the miners. Fatal illusion, from the miners' standpoint. Salvation rests with the working class itself. The striking miners have admirably defended themselves with guns. They have shown courage and fighting spirit worthy of the admiration of any red-blooded rebel. But they have fought alone, as far as the strike is concerned. That is the shame of it. Instead of their fellow workers striking a collective blow at the Standard Oil interests generally through A GENERAL STRIKE, they have gazed upon an unequal combat, cheered the losers and thrown pennies at them, only. The working class must learn the lesson of COLLECTIVE or CLASS ACTION, such as their masters have learned and practiced. "Stubborn" John D. and his equally stubborn co-capitalists are helping teach that lesson. It is up to us of the I. W. W. especially, to keep the issue clear by pointing out these facts, and avoiding the "popular clamor" against individual capitalists.

The Worst Is Yet To Come

SOME months ago Solidarity quoted a "market letter" issued by the Wall Street brokerage firm of Erwin & Co., in which the present hard and troublous times that now beset us, were predicted. These letters are prepared by Bryon W. Holt, an authority on corporations and monopolies. They reflect a wide survey of conditions, as they affect modern capitalism. In his May 1st letter, Mr. Holt intimates that "the current unrest," as the Financial World calls it, is far from simmering down; that, in fact, the worst is yet to come. In view of the correctness of his previous predictions, it will be well to give attention to Mr. Holt once more. Here is what he says:

"There can be no all-around prosperity until great economic changes take place.

"Discontent has become widespread, not only amongst the peons of Mexico and the miners of Colorado but amongst the brain workers in our counting rooms, printing offices, schools and colleges. Everywhere the land and monopoly questions are discussed and more or less rational solutions of the great distribution problems are being reached.

"Possibly, though not probably, this evolutionary and revolutionary change has already gone so far that there can be no pause until we go over the precipice and begin with a new economic deal. At most, we look for one or two years of relatively good times before labor and industrial conditions become even more threatening than they now are in many leading countries. Just now, we are working under the assumption that, with good crops and relatively cheap money, we will have a 'breathing spell' in Wall Street, of from three to six months, before our troubles begin to multiply again."

It now remains for the I. W. W. to avail itself of these conditions. Now, more than ever before, must we push INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION as the means by which the working class may participate in the benefits of the great economic changes which are impending. Let us cut out demonstrations that contribute to the growth of anarchy and not to the upbuilding of our organization and the ideals to which it would attain. The past few months, in Colorado, and among the unemployed, have proven the soundness of our position and the need of our organization. We have a constructive goal not merely a revolt. In fact, no revolt of our creation is needed; it is ready-made to hand by capitalist factors. What is needed now, is working class organization for working class ends. To the upbuilding of such an organization, then, let us redouble our efforts. The times are with us. All else is folly, if not worse.

J. E.

"Hunger" By Ben Legere

"Hold the mirror up to Nature," advises the master-dramatist to the players in "Hamlet." A good precept, but practiced least by him who gave it voice. A romanticist, Shakespeare idealized the aristocracy and ridiculed the proletarian on whom they subsisted. This was due to the peculiar conditions of the time, when the workers had not yet arrived in the modern sense, the stage was dependent on royal patronage, and progress was supposed to descend from above. It was also reflective of the conceptions of the drama then prevailing. These treated tragedy, for instance, as an expression of the emotions and fateful endings of kings; and not those of a class beset by oppression, disaster and unrest. The drama only the cultured nobility could enjoy, never the "clowns" and "fools," alias the burghers and peasantry of the times, so ran also the prevalent notions.

Since Shakespeare's time there has come a change. The drama has evolved with society. To a reflection of the image of aristocracy in the looking glass of the playwright there has succeeded a reflection of the image of the bourgeoisie. Royal personages no longer make up the cast of characters. We have in their places a motley herd, including the Col. Sellers and the Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingfords, who have inspired no Shakespeare; for no Shakespeare can be inspired by them. They have earned at best what they deserve the most, the satire of the Shaws, who expose them with unerring precision, they are the "easy marks" of the dramatists of the day.

And now, finally, we have come to another stage of development, the day of those whose embryonic forerunners Shakespeare spurned, the men and women of the machine age, the proletariat. In them and their yearnings, with their volcanic eruptions, there is material for a new drama, at once intense and inspiring. Here the mass is in action; like another Prometheus bound it struggles for freedom, with tragic results. Hauptmann's "The Weavers," reflected the tendency. Others may also be mentioned. In Benj. Legere's "Hunger" we have the latest contribution to this new literature, this new drama. Legere's play has the distinction of being a play of proletarians by one of themselves. It holds the mirror up to the nature of the struggle in which they engage with great fidelity and interest. It is rich in the aspirations which actuate them and full of the language in which they think. It has an audience awaiting it, and competent to guage of its merits.

Caricature creates erroneous beliefs. It has long familiarized us with a working class that acts without cause and that is absolutely without justification for its conduct. They are heedless creatures, who reck not of consequences, but plunge headlong into enterprises which the thoughtful never enter. They are an ill-balanced crew, without rhyme or reason to raise a single plea in their defense. But not so the men and women with whom Benj. J. Legere peoples his play. They are impelled by evolution, of which they are at once the victims and the prophets. They suffer long, think much, and fly only to new evils in the long-felt belief constantly impressed upon them by everyday facts, that they can not be worse and are therefore more to be preferred than the old. And when they dare to do, they do in a manner that threatens the stability of society—that may cost the rich capitalists to do the [illegible]ing above everything else they loathe to do: get off the backs of the workers.

"Propagandistic"—will be the one criticism most cast at Legere's play. But that is no crime. Propaganda furnishes the content of many great plays and poems. Godwin, the English radical, finds expression in Shelley, Candor, and others of the post-revolutionary period in England; even Tennyson is not adverse to singing the same Internationalism as that of Socialism "the parliament of man and the federation of the world." Besides most of proletarian life is in itself propagandistic. It is a continual mouthing and repetition of phrases full of vast hopes and new ideals despite their threadworn appearance. Who has not heard a thousand and one times slogans that never lose their thrill; and whose meaning seems fuller with every utterance, like a far-flung rallying cry to the drooping spirit? Proletarian life is propagandistic; it is the propagation of a new society, whose ideals are foreshadowed in proletarian phrase and psychology. Your true proletarian playwright is holding the mirror up to nature when he reflects the condition.

"Ill-balanced" is another sneer Legere will have to bear. For that he is again blameless. Where is there well-rounded poise in Capitalism? In the capitalist who proclaims the divine right of ability to slaughter the workers for his profit? Or in the proletarian who struggles to make life something more than a shambles for capitalist enrichment; who, in brief, would give life balance by eliminating its disturbing factor, the capitalist class? We read in Legere's "ill-balance," an affirmative answer to the latter question. There is no balance in modern society outside of proletarian aspiration and realization.

Of Benj. J. Legere a few words: his "Hunger," like Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Cervante's "Don Quixote" and Giovannitti's "The Cage," was written in prison. It was written in a stifling atmosphere, meant to kill the very aspirations which it voices. Yet it reflects not the fact; for it gives no inkling of degradation; but rather expresses an exaltation that is significant of the convincing hold of working class idealism on its brave author. Fourteen months in capitalist bastiles have endangered Ben. Legere's life; but they have not destroyed his spirit—the spirit of the working class, intent on liberation via a new society.

"Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!
Arise, ye wretched of the earth!
For Justice thunders condemnation,
A better world's in birth."

To this birth, Benj. J. Legere and "Hunger" are both noble contributions.

J. E.

Send advance orders for the new Song Book. It will be a humme. Ten cents per copy; $5.00 for a hundred.

Gabriel Josephson has been elected secretary of Local No. 215, Pittsburg.

Watch For Your Number

EACH subscriber will find a number opposite his name on the paper or wrapper enclosing SOLIDARITY. For instance 226. That means your sub expired last week, and you should renew at once.
THIS IS NUMBER 227

Solidarity Beats Out La Follette

What's this, Senator La Follette shouting that the railroads are conspiring to intimidate and coerce the Interstate Commerce Commission with granting increased rates via President Wilson's influence? Say, Senator, when did you wake up? If you want to keep abreast of the times read Solidarity. It gave the same information weeks before you imitated Rip Van Winkle. Subscribe for Solidarity and keep posted.

The New York World is mad, because the progressives insist that President Wilson's new Regional bank appointments are "reactionaries." But what's the difference; it's true, isn't it? Paul Warborg, the exponent of a central bank, is the big man of the lot. He has trained with the Schiff-Harriman interests for years. Oh, yes; no doubt, this is a government of, for and by little capital. Like —— (you know). But what is a poor sandbagged president to do?

Hello, what's this? "1,000 farm mortgage investment bankers organize." Good night, nurse! Who said prosperity was piled mountain-high among the farmers? It looks as if the mortgages were beginning to pile that way instead, once more.

Say, don't fail to get "The Masses" for May. Good article, "The Tannenbaum Crime," by Max Eastman, is to be found therein. Also dive into the May "New Review." Joe Ettor gives Tom Mann something to chew on in "The I. W. W. versus the A. F. of L." Finally, our modest but able editor, Ben Williams, has "Class Unionism" in the May International Socialist Review.

Dr. Felix Adler is having pipe-dreams. Right in the midst of the Colorado civil war, he gets up before the Ethical Society of Brooklyn and says he believes "in establishing among the larger industries a parliament of delegates from the workers, with powers of self-regulation, on questions of bettering working conditions, the wage scale and education of apprentices."

This is the beginning of industrial democracy. The capitalists will oppose it as such; though it is significant that the doctor suggests it.

J. E.

How "Borers" Metamorphose

Recent events in the labor movement have proven that "boring from within," if done in the proper spirit, will bring gratifying results at least to the borers.

When a few years back the Syndicalist League of North America was launched and its high priest, W. Z. Foster, in his infinite wisdom, declared that the I. W. W. was a dual organization and that boring from within the A. F. of L. would get us quicker to the goal of emancipation, some of us common mortals in the I. W. W., who have had a little experience in the A. F. of L., regarded Foster's dope as a delusion.

Since then the "League" has been nurtured by a few expelled members of the I. W. W., and some anarchists, who found it a more convenient vehicle for their particular ideas. It has never exerted any appreciable influence within the A. F. of L., but has repeatedly tried and in a few instances succeeded in bring dissention in the ranks of the I. W. W. Regarding the promoters of the "league" it seems that they possess the characteristics of a chameleon. There is Jay Fox, for instance, erstwhile a bright star in the anarchistic firmament, and editor of the "Agitator"; he has now been rewarded for successful "boring" with the seventh vice-presidency by the International Union of Shingle Weavers, Saw Mill Workers and Woodsmen (A. F. of L.). W. F. Foster's craving for the official pie-counter has also been satisfied by an appointment as organizer for the same Union.

Of the somewhat lesser lights we find J. F. Spielman, of Minneapolis, also a revolutionist of the purest anarchistic water, whose "borings" have been duly recognized and appreciated by the A. F. of L. He is now organizer for the Trades & Labor Assembly, catching suckers among the teamsters, chauffeurs, and stable men. How wisely he is discriminating against men, who might do a little "boring" on their own part proves the case of a certain teamster, who applied for membership but was turned down by Spielman with this significant remark: "Nothing doing, Jack; you've got the psychology of a saboter."

"Boring from within" has become very profitable for some of the "Swindicalists." Verily the A. F. of L. knows its friends.

R. REESE.

The $1,000 Fund

Total May 6	$402.00
Mike Nickolich	5.00
W. J. Edgeworth	1.00
Harry Grines	1.00
Wenzel Franek	1.00
R. W. Mayo	1.00
Tom Halero	1.00
Justus Ebert	1.00
Clement G. Vincent	1.00
C. R. Griffin	1.00
Fred Schaefer	.58
Local Union No. 527	5.00
Total May 13	$421.18

In our statement of April 15th a donation of $1.00 was credited to Sos. Kobylak. This should have been to credit of fellow worker Jacob Rechner.

All rebels on the "war path" are invited to Eureka, Calif. Jobs are plentiful, and agitators are scarce. The time is ripe to organize the redwood slaves. Come and add your voice to the chorus; come and talk organization on the jobs. Come and straighten out the slaves. So urges the secretary of Local 431, I. W. W.

We have on hand 15,000 copies of "How to Overcome the High Cost of Living," by T. F. G. Dougherty, a 16-page pamphlet that covers the subject completely, from a revolutionary point of view. Locals and agitators should push the sale of this booklet to the limit at this opportune time. Price $1.00 per 100.

Remember The Sample Copy Fund.

The Live Ones

The following is a list of Local Unions receiving a Bundle Order of 100 copies or over of Solidarity each week. Locals whose account is not paid for current month will be discontinued from this list.

Isler, & Bailey, Cleveland	750
Kansas City, Local 61	500
Portland Locals	400
Seattle Locals	400
Spokane Locals	300
Sacramento, Cal., Local 71	200
Local 322, Vancouver, B. C.	200
Minneapolis Locals	200
Portland, Oreg., Locals	166
Local 341, Chicago	150
Butte Workingmens Union	100
Salt Lake City Locals	100
Paterson, N. J., Local 152	100
Philadelphia, Local 8, Br. I. N. I. U. M. T. W.	100
Los Angeles Locals	100
Local 512, Greenville, S. Car	100
Local 73, Stockton, Calif.	100
N. I. U. M. T. W., I. W. W. New York	100
Rochester, N. Y.	100

Those in charge of publicity in connection with defense cases, free speech fights, strikes, and other events in the I. W. W. world, should not fail to send weekly reports of what is done. Clippings from capitalist or labor papers are not a substitute. Write the story yourselves, from the standpoint of the organization. Persistent publicity is what counts.

Local 174, I. W. W., has moved to 500 Alice street, Oakland, Calif.

Due Stamps For I. W. W. Propaganda Leagues

Acting on several requests for a due stamp for the use of Propaganda Leagues we have got out the stamp shown here, printed on gummed paper in red ink, and a quantity of same will be carried in stock at all times to fill orders. This stamp allows the league to furnish the member paying dues a sure evidence that same have been paid. The price of these will be : :

50c Per Hundred

Order From
I. W. W. PUBLISHING BUREAU

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R. REESE.

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V., has moved to kland, Calif.

HUNGER

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS

By Benj. J. Legere

The First Act takes place in the parlor of Mrs. Morgan's boarding house in the late afternoon.

The Second Act takes place in the meeting-hall of a union on an evening two weeks later.

The Third Act takes place in the private office of Mr. Herbert Lanyon, Jr., the following morning.

The time is the present and the locale of the play may be a large industrial city of New England.

THE CHARACTERS

(In the order in which they appear.)

GERTRUDE MORGAN
MRS. WM. MORGAN
HENRY HAWLEY
DAVID MORGAN
FREDERICK MORGAN
MARION WILSON
ELIZABETH (BESSIE) MORGAN
PAT CAMERON
JAMES COLTRANS
JESSIE MANEVETZ
LOUISA FEROTTA
GILBERT WHITE
MARY KAZAN
MAUD TAYLOR
MRS. ANNE DAWSON
ARTHUR MASON
MR. CUTLER
MR. W.SEMAN
HERBERT LANYON, JR.

(Boarders at Mrs. Morgan's, factory workers and two building laborers.)

THE FIRST ACT

Scene. Mingling with the last notes of the orchestra is heard the sound of piano music behind the curtain.

The curtain rises quickly, the volume of sound increases and the audience looks into the parlor of Mrs. Morgan's boarding-house as though through the windows on the side.

The room is large and comfortably furnished, though plain.

At the left a bay window with cushioned window-seat looks out over the street. Through the window toward the back can be seen the upper steps of a high stoop leading to the front door of the house. The rear wall is broken by a wide curtained doorway through which a glimpse of the hall, with stairway leading up R., may be had.

In the R. wall is a door opening into other rooms. The floor is carpeted and rugs are before the doors.

In the center of the room is a table. Some chairs are placed near the table and a leather upholstered Morris chair and a rocker are before the bay window.

To the rear at L. a sofa and beside it a stand with some books.

There is a large easy chair to the front at R. to the rear at R., placed diagonally across the corner, is a piano and at one side a stand with piano lamp, at the other side a music rack. A chandelier hangs over the center table. There are lace curtains before the bay window. Family portraits and other pictures decorate the walls.

Discovered, A young girl is seated at the piano playing. She is small and slight with an attractive face and a dreamy, absorbed air. She is playing a selection from Grieg and as she plays she seems to lose herself entirely in the spirit of the music.

The light in the room is that of late afternoon.

A voice is heard calling from somewhere to the R. and below.

Gertrude! Gertrude!

(The girl continues playing without seeming to hear. After a pause the voice is heard again near and strident.)

Gertrude! Stop that hammering and come here a moment!

(Still she does not hear. Another pause and then a woman appears in the doorway at back.) She is grayhaired, thin and toil-worn, though showing signs of former ruggedness. She wears an apron and has a parcel in her hand. (She speaks sharply to the girl.)

Gertrude! Will you stop that noise for a minute? You're forever pounding on that thing until one can't hear to think. Have I got to chase upstairs every time I want you to do something for me? Do you hear?

Gertrude. (Starts and turns quickly from the piano.) Oh! Mother! Did you want me?

The Mother. Well, I called loud enough.

Gertrude. Really, mother, I didn't hear you. I was trying this beautiful thing by Grieg.

The Mother. Yes, you're forever trying something by somebody. It's a wonder we have a boarder left in the house.

Gertrude. But, mother, Grieg is wonderful. Just listen to this—

The Mother. I have no time to listen. They'll soon be coming in for supper. It's a wonder you wouldn't come down and help me instead of ruining your eyes trying to play in this light. *(She crosses to R. and turns on the piano lamp.)* Here. I want you take this up to the new boarder. It's an extension for her light. She wants it over the desk in the corner. She says she will want to do a lot of work evenings.

Gertrude (taking the package). Did she decide to take the second floor front?

The Mother. Yes. And you'd better ask her if your playing disturbs her.

Gertrude. Oh, I'm sure she won't mind my playing. You're always worrying for fear some of them will have some complaint to make. I do wish we could have a home of our own somewhere, where one could play and sing without thinking of boarders.

The Mother. Oh, you do? Well, if you had done as I wished two years ago and taken a course in business college, you could now be earning your ten dollars a week the same as Margaret Hanson and maybe we wouldn't have to keep boarders.

Gertrude. Yes. And spend the rest of my life in an office.

The Mother. What would you do, I should like to know, if you had to go into the factory like your sister? Oh, it's little credit I get after all the years I have worked and slaved for you. And all your brothers and sister have given up that you and Fred might have an education. I could stand on my feet in that kitchen all day and you'd never come down to see if I wanted any help— *(She sinks tired and disconsolate into the easy chair down R.)* (Plaintively) That's the reward we get for all our—

Gertrude (rising quickly). Now, mother, please don't—you know that I appreciate all that you and Bess and Dave are doing—so does Fred—and we'll both be able to make up for it some day.

The Mother. When, I should like to know? When I'm dead and gone, I suppose— *(A man can be seen entering the house from the stoop outside.)*

Gertrude. Oh, now, don't let's bother any more about it. I'll take this up to Miss Wilson and then I'll come and help you with the supper. *(She starts quickly through the doorway C and up the stairs to R. The outside door closes and a man's voice is heard in the hall.)*

The Voice. Hello, Gert.

Gertrude (from the stairs). Hello. *(A man looks in at the doorway C.)*

The Man. Good evening, Mrs. Morgan.

Mrs. Morgan (looking up from the chair). Oh, is that you, Mr. Hawley?

Hawley (entering C). You look all tired out, Mrs. Morgan. You work too hard.

Mrs Morgan. One has to work to live, Mr. Hawley. And if I don't do everything myself nothing will ever be done.

Hawley (hat in hand comes down C, straightening his necktie before a mirror, which is in the wall toward the audience. He is a large, good-looking man about thirty, dressed somewhat "loudly.") Oh, well now. You ought to be able to take things easy. You have Gertrude and Fred to help you, besides the hired girl.

Mrs. Morgan. Yes, and a lot of help they are to me. Here it is nearly six o'clock and Fred not home from school yet. And that's the way it is half the time. Doesn't come home to lunch. Stays away all afternoon.

Hawley. I think it's a waste of time, Mrs. Morgan, sending him to high school. He ought to take up some practical work. There are lots of chances for a bright young fellow like him to go into industry and work his way up.

Mrs. Morgan. Well, I've always thought, Mr. Hawley, ever since he recovered from that accidentsha t should make a priest of him. And I've worked and scraped to do that for so long. I shall not give up now when he is almost ready to enter college.

Hawley. Do you think he wants to be a priest?

Mrs. Morgan. He has never said anything about it. But he will do what I wish, I'm sure.

Hawley. Have you ever asked him?

Mrs. Morgan. No, but it has been sort of understood. Time enough to talk about it after he graduates in the spring.

Hawley. You may find he hasn't much use for it. He seems a lot interested in Dave lately and Dave isn't much on religion.

Mrs. Morgan. Oh, Fred and Gertrude will never be like Dave. Dave has knocked around so much that he doesn't care. And then he didn't have the chance for schooling they've had. Dave has been a good boy, though, and we never would have got along without him after his poor father died.

Hawley. He seems to have Bessie turned into a regular agitator. She'll be losing her job in the shop if she isn't careful.

Mrs. Morgan (quickly sitting up, frightened). What do you mean, Henry? Bessie? Lose her job!

Hawley. Oh, well, I wouldn't say anything about it. But I overheard Supt. Wiseman talking to Mr. Lanyon today. From what Wiseman said she seems to be talking a lot to the other girls.

Mrs. Morgan. Well, there it is now. Just when she has a good job and making more than nine dollars a week, she'll do something and lose it. Oh, I sometimes feel so discouraged—

Hawley. Perhaps it's because of her associations more than anything else. I've heard that she is going around with Tim Howard, and everybody knows what he is.

Mrs. Morgan. She is? Who said so? Well, I shall have to see about that. The Lord knows I've had trouble enough with my children, Mr. Hawley. Many a bitter hour they've given me.

Hawley. I think you're too easy with them, Mrs. Morgan. A girl like Bessie needs a mother with a strong will—or a husband.

Mrs. Morgan. I did think once, Henry, that you and she might make a match of it.

Hawley (laughing). Yes, when I first came Bess did seem to think I was all right. I suppose I've been around so long. I'm sort of stale. Anyway, she don't seem to have much use for me any more.

Mrs. Morgan. You haven't been here so long.

Hawley. More than two years.

Mrs. Morgan. Don't you ever think of getting married?

Hawley. I have. But I'm afraid it's a luxury I can't afford. A foreman in a corset factory can't think much about marriage these times.

Mrs. Morgan. On twenty-five dollars a week? That's as much as Bill had when we married.

Hawley. Well, you haven't had a very easy time of it—

Mrs. Morgan. No. You're right there. It's been a long, hard struggle, indeed. *(Rising as a man is seen ascending the stoop outside.)* Here comes Dave. It must be close to six. Bessie will soon be coming.

Hawley. Don't mention that I told you about she and Tom Howard. She'd only get sore at me.

Mrs. Morgan. Oh, I won't say anything. But I shall have to give her a talking to. *(David Morgan looks in from the hall.)*

Dave. Hello, mother. *(He enters slowly.)* *He is a well-built, strong-looking man whose face and bearing denote contact with toil and care* [illegible] *no older than Hawley. his hair is streaked with grey. He is dressed in plain working clothes, with flannel shirt. He has a newspaper in his coat pocket and removes a soft black Fedora hat as he enters. He has a quiet grave-toned voice.)*

Mrs. Morgan. Hello, David.

Hawley. Hello, Dave.

Dave (noticing him for the first time). Oh, hello, Hawley.

Hawley. How goes it?

Dave (putting his hat on the piano). Very much the same with you, Hawley. How's Lanyon using you?

Hawley. I haven't any kick coming.

Dave. Then you are surely fortunate. *(He is glancing over the music on the piano.)* I see Gertie has got her new music, mother.

Mrs. Morgan. Yes, I've only just been able to get her to stop playing for a minute. She'll drive everyone out of the house with it yet.

Dave. Oh, nonsense. It never bothers you, does it, Hawley? *(With out waiting for an answer, looking at the music.)* Grieg! Say, this must be fine. Where is she, mother?

Mrs. Morgan. I just sent her upstairs with an extension for the new boarder's light.

Hawley. So we have a new one? Who is he?

Mrs. Morgan. It's a young lady. A Miss Wilson. She is going to do some kind of investigating in Lanyon's, I believe.

Dave (turning, interested). Is that so? She must be from the Minimum Wage Commission.

Mrs. Morgan. Yes. It was some Commission she said.

Hawley. Well, she has picked out a good place to board.

Dave. You mean because she is going to investigate Lanyon's.

Hawley. Yes. She will probably get a lot of gratuitous assistance.

Dave. Undoubtedly. I presume you could tell her a good many things about Lanyon's yourself.

Hawley (going up C). Maybe I could. *(Turns in doorway.)* But I know which side my bread is buttered on.

Dave (as Hawley goes upstairs). I've never found very much on either side of mine. *(Hawley goes upstairs laughing unpleasantly.)*

Mrs. Morgan. Well, I must finish getting the supper ready. I suppose you're hungry. *(She goes out C to R.)*

Dave (smilingly, as she goes). That is a very common feeling, mother. *(He sets at the piano and is laboriously trying to pick out the notes of the Grieg selection with one finger, when Gertrude comes running down stairs, laughing as she enters C.)*

Gertrude (laughingly, pushing him off the stool). Oh, my goodness! That's awful! Get out!

Dave (laughing). Well, you'd be just as bad in a machine-shop. But I want to hear what that thing is like. It looks good.

Gertrude. Oh, it's beautiful, Dave. Listen. *(She sits at the piano and plays. He stands watching her a moment as she plays, then running his fingers through his hair, clasps his hands behind his head and stands looking up into space, listening, thinking.)*

(Outside a lame youth climbs the steps and enters the house. He appears in the doorway C and stops on seeing them. He is thin and small and bent with a deformity of the hip. He carries a strap of books.)

Dave (suddenly, with emotion). You love it. Don't you, Gertrude?

Gertrude (turning her head quickly to look at him). What, Dave?

Dave (turning to her). Music.

Gertrude (turning again to the piano). Oh, I could live on it, Dave.

Dave (gently putting his hands on her shoulders). Well, we'll give you a chance to let the song flow from your soul, little sister. *(The youth in the doorway, smiling, limps down beside Dave and punching him in the ribs, looks up at him).*

Dave (turning quickly, sees him and laughs, catching him by the arm.) Oh, hello, Fred. I didn't see you come in.

Gertrude (stops playing and turns quickly). Fred! For heaven's sake! You just getting home? Mother'll have a fit.

Fred. Did she say anything, Gert.

Gertrude. Of course she did. Where were you?

Fred. I went over to Dr. Simon's laboratory. We're trying a new experiment.

Dave (passing an arm about his shoulders). We! What do you know about that, Gertie? Him and the doctor.

Fred. Well, I helped him. And he says that if I get a chance to go through college, I should do some big things in science.

(A young lady runs quietly downstairs and looks in the doorway C.)

Dave (his arms around their shoulders, lifts his head with resolution). And you shall have your chance, old man. You both shall have your chance.

The Young Lady (in the doorway). I beg your pardon.

Will you tell me which is the door to the dining-room, Gertrude?

Gertrude (turning quickly, jumps up from the seat). Oh, Miss Wilson! It's right across the hall. But won't you come in? Supper's not quite ready yet.

Miss Wilson (entering). *(She is a sweet-faced, graceful, young woman of twenty-eight, with a serious, kindly air. She is simply and tastefully dressed.)* If I'm not intruding.

Gertrude. Not at all. These are my brothers *(introducing them)*, David and Fred, Miss Wilson.

Miss Wilson (holding out her hand to Dave). I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Morgan.

Dave (taking her hand). And I, you, Miss Wilson.

Miss Wilson (shaking hands with Fred). You are school-boys, I see.

Fred. Yes. High School. Senior year. *(Noticing a fraternity pin on her blouse.)* That's a college "frat," isn't it?

Miss Wilson. Wellesley. I took a course in economics there. Do you expect to go to college?

Fred. Dave just said I will, but I'm afraid he's too much of an optimist.

Dave. If I were not that, Buddy, I guess I would have given up long ago.

Miss Wilson (looking at him). I think we all should be optimists. We who work, especially.

Fred. Are you going to work in Lanyon's, Miss Wilson?

Miss Wilson. Not exactly. I'm in charge of the investigation being conducted by the State Minimum Wage Commission. I suppose so much about Lanyon's that I thought I would begin there.

Fred. I guess Dave and Bessie can give you some facts about that place. Well, I think I'd better let mother know I'm home. *(He goes out C to R.)*

Gertrude. If you don't mind, Miss Wilson, I'll let David entertain you for a while. I really ought to be helping mother with the supper.

Miss Wilson. Yes, indeed, do *(smiling)*. I'm sure your brother will eat me.

Gertrude (going up C). He knows all about Minimum Wages and such things. *(She goes out C to R)*

Miss Wilson. Then we surely ought to get along.

Dave. Oh, Gertrude always exaggerates. I daresay I've a lot to learn yet. Won't you sit down? *(He places a chair for her to L of C table.)*

Miss Wilson (sitting). Thank you. You have a very little sister, Mr. Morgan. Is it she who plays?

Dave. Yes. Have you heard her?

Miss Wilson. A little. I opened my door to listen. She plays beautifully.

Dave. I think she is a real genius, myself. She has already composed some fine little things. And she longs for a chance to do greater work.

Miss Wilson. Is that so? She must be given a chance to develop her talent.

Dave. Ah, there you come to the big problem. If she were old Dr. Lanyon's daughter—

Miss Wilson. You mean the head of the Lanyon Corset Company? I suppose he is very wealthy.

Dave. I don't believe he knows how many automobiles he owns. When he feels a bit jaded and fagged out from trying to calculate his increasing income, he hires a whole opera company to come up here from New York and entertain him privately. His taste usually runs more to vaudeville and burlesque, though.

Miss Wilson. I've heard him spoken of as a very benevolent gentleman.

Dave (taking the newspaper from his pocket and handing it to her). Oh, yes, he's that, all right. You'll find a full-page story in this evening's paper lauding him as a great public benefactor because he has just given the city a tract of land for a park.

Miss Wilson (taking paper). Is that so?

Dave. Yes. Of course he owns the paper but you are supposed to overlook that.

Miss Wilson (looking through the paper). But he really is a public benefactor, don't you think?

Dave. I suppose so. If we overlook some of the minor details that are not mentioned in the paper.

Miss Wilson. What are they?

Dave. For instance, the land is on the outskirts of the city and is practically worthless as the population is not spreading in that direction. But after the city has spent a lot of money making a park of it the adjoining section, most of which Lanyon owns, will become popular as a residential section. Lanyon will then reap a rich harvest selling his building lots. Besides, there will be extensive light and water contracts. That will stimulate business for the Electric Light and the Hydraulic companies. Lanyon is a director in both. Then the street car line will be extended out that way, which will mean increased profits for the Consolidated, in which Lanyon is also a director.

Miss Wilson (laughing). Well, there's a very practical side to his benevolence, isn't there?

Dave. And then we musn't forget the fine public spirited praise he has. Thousands of good citizens will now exalt Lanyon's virtues and close their ears when you investigators come along and tell them he is wringing his wealth from the toil of children in his factory. They will readily accept his argument that your Minimum Wage is an infringement upon the natural right of the employer to make terms with the employee.

Miss Wilson. But I've been told Dr. Lanyon favors a minimum wage for women and minors.

Dave. He has certainly always paid the minimum wage in his industry. But then the old man can favor almost anything now since he is not actively connected with the ousiness. Wait until you hear what Mr. Herbert Lanyon, Jr., thinks about your Minimum Wage. He is Treasurer and General Manager of the company, you know.

Miss Wilson. I expect to meet him soon. I intend first, however, to learn the workers' side. I've heard conditions are particularly bad among the Lanyon Co. employees.

Dave. Bessie will be able to help you greatly in that. She's my other sister.

Miss Wilson. Does she work in Lanyon's?

Dave. She has been there for eight years. Ever since she was fifteen.

Miss Wilson. Why did she have to go to work so young?

Dave. Bessie and I were exceptionally fortunate, Miss Wilson. We both were kept in school until we were fifteen. Bill had to go into the mill at twelve. That was before we came here.

Miss Wilson. Then you have not always lived here?

Dave. No. We moved here after father died. We lived in New Bedford before. Father was an iron molder. He was only forty-five when he died. A sacrifice to the merciless god of industry, Miss Wilson. His life was one ceaseless grind of toil. Although he had all the virtues which are preached to the workers, thrift, industry, abstemiousness, still he could not compete with the all-conquering machine. He worked harder and got less for it each succeeding year until the end.

Miss Wilson. Where is your older brother now?

Dave. I don't know. You see, Bill and Mildred, my older sister, had to go into cotton mill at twelve. Bill stood it for three years and then he ran away. I met him once since then. A few years ago I was working in a machine-shop in Detroit. We went on strike for a nine hour day. Among the strike breakers the company brought in was my brother. Out of work in Chicago and pressed by hunger, strikebreaking was his only alternative. I gave him what money I had and he left for the coast. I have not heard of him since.

Miss Wilson. And Mildred?

Dave. Mildred? She is in Boston. She endured the mill until father died, then she went to Boston to seek something better. That left mother with six of us to care for.

Miss Wilson. Six?

Dave. Yes. Edna and Tommy have given their young lives to the profit system, like father. When he died they went into the mill at eleven and twelve years of age. I began to learn the machinist trade. They lasted only three years when tuberculosis took them. They died within a year of each other. By that time I had learned my trade but there were few opportunities in New Bedford and we wanted to save Bessie from the mill, so we came here. But you don't want to hear these family struggles.

Miss Wilson (quickly). Yes, indeed, go on. It is very impor-

Continued On Page Four.

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HUNGER

Continued From Page 3

tant. Those are just the things I do want to know.

Dave. Well, it's the story of millions of workers, Miss Wilson. Grinding toil and struggle against hunger, disease and death. My mother knows nothing of life except labor and pain and bitter disappointments. We tried to keep Bessie, Fred and Gertrude in school. Mother kept boarders and struggled against the rising prices. For three years after we came here things seemed to brighten. Then the panic came and I was thrown out of work, while Bess was thrown into Lanyon's. I went job hunting with the army of migrating workers. I worked all over the country at anything I could get. Bess and mother managed to keep Fred and Gertrude in school with a little help from me when I could give it. About three years ago I came home, struck my present job and mother was able to start this place. It is better than anything we've ever had before but the struggle is as keen and bitter as it ever was.

Miss Wilson. You have certainly seen enough of the darker side of life, Mr. Morgan.

Dave. Yet our lot has been a fortunate one compared to that of most workers, Miss Wilson. I daresay that right here in this city you can find ten thousand working class families whose life history has been one of unspeakable misery compared to ours.

Miss Wilson. I don't doubt it. Although I have not had to endure any real hardship myself I have seen much of it. My father is a practicing physician in a small mill town, so I have had a chance to observe much of what you have experienced. It was the wretchedness and poverty I had seen in my home town that impelled me to take up this work. But I believe we are rapidly approaching a better day. The movement for social justice is already making itself felt. Don't you think so?

Dave. It must be felt, Miss Wilson. Because it has the great dynamic force of hunger behind it. That is the primal instinct of the race and those who fail to reckon with it may sometimes find themselves facing the terror which it will inevitable create.

Miss Wilson. I believe many of our best people are beginning to realize that and are earnestly striving for reform—

Dave. I haven't any faith in the reforms that may be furthered by our "best people," Miss Wilson. I have my hope for the better day on hunger and the crowd. *(The sound of numerous factory whistles blowing in different parts of the city, some near, some far, is heard. He moves to stand in the direction of the whistles.)* Your hear those whistles? Announcing to the slaves of the mills and factories that they may cease creating profits for their masters until tomorrow morning. Some day, Miss Wilson, we'll blow those whistles to announce the dawn of the larger freedom and after that they will remain forever silent.

Miss Wilson. I think I know what you mean. And it is a beautiful thought. But it seems a bit Utopian, don't you think?

Dave. To one whose vision is obstructed by the psychology of the ruling class it might seem so.

Miss Wilson. You think I have such a psychology?

Dave. I think it very likely that you don't realize actually saw the bitter class war that rumbles under the crust of our present social system. I don't think you would be asking for yourself a Minimum Wage for women and minors.

Miss Wilson. I will admit that there does seem to be a bitter conflict going on between the forces of Capital and Labor but the great general public which stands between those forces is going to interfere and put an end to the strife. And the Minimum Wage will be a long step in that direction.

Dave. Ah, you do not understand the real situation, Miss Wilson. It is not what you call Capital and Labor, merely. And your "Great Public" is a myth. It is all the workers of the world against those who live off the workers' toil. A powerful, privileged clique, entrenched behind the institutions of this social system, exploiting the great producing masses. Your Minimum Wage agitation, your movement for "social justice" are but straws indicating the direction of the wind. Behind them is the hunger of millions who are slowly awakening to a consciousness of their power. Listen— *(The murmur of a multitude of voices and the shuffling feet upon the sidewalk outside can be faintly heard.)* Come here and let me show you something. *(He crosses to the bay window.)* Most of Lanyon's workers pass by here. It is an interesting sight. *(He holds back the curtains as she joins him at the window.)* You can see them pouring out of the gateway there in a stream. What do you think of that?

Miss Wilson (looking, fascinated). What a crowd there is! And the children— Good Heavens! Look at them! Surely those little things don't work all day in there!

Dave. Look at these nearer here. Are they children?

Miss Wilson. No, no, they're—what are they—such faces—they're not grown people—see how small—but such old faces—how tired they look—look at those girls holding hands—they're babies—but their faces—and their forms—like little old women—no, they're like like nothing at all. Are they children?

Dave. No. They are just workers. Profit machines for Lanyon. Their childhood has been stolen. That is toil stamped on their faces. But these are the prayer ones. They still have life enough left in them to hurry along. And chatter. And sometimes laugh. Wait awhile and we'll see the older ones. Isn't it an interesting stream? I've seen it pouring in every morning and out every night for years.

Miss Wilson. What a lot of them there are. They never seem to stop coming out.

Dave. I suppose Lanyon's employs nearly ten thousand now and nearly all girls.

Miss Wilson. What clothes they wear—and what a babel they make. What nationality are they?

Dave (smiling). Most of them are Americans. There are Italians, Russian-Jews, Poles, Slavonians, Germans, Greeks, Hungarians and Irish in that stream but toil has stamped them all with the same mark. Yes, their clothes are made over from mother's or from sister's who went in that stream before them.

Miss Wilson. See how terribly some are deformed—those crooked limbs—those short bodies and long arms—those heads on bodies scarcely big enough to support them—

Dave. Yes—that's hunger. Malnutrition. They know what starvation is. They've been starving since the day they were born. They were starved even before. In their mother's wombs. Their mothers were starved before those were ever conceived.

Miss Wilson. How worn and old they look—and these just drag themselves along—

Dave. Yes. The stream is thinning out now. These are the older girls. Think of it, Miss Wilson. There is the future motherhood of the race. The Lanyon corset slaves. Can you look at them and imagine what the children of such motherhood will be like?

Miss Wilson. It is a horrible thing. Will they ever be mothers?

Dave. They are your sisters. And mine. Bessie walks in that line every day. Every one of them is a potential mother. But will they be? Ah! Perhaps it is best that one out of every three in that line will die before they have a chance.

Miss Wilson. Die?

Dave. Yes. That is the rate. About every fourth girl you see in that line will be a tuberculosis victim. They go into the factory at twelve to fourteen, sometimes even younger. After a few years of Lanyon's "scientific management" they fall out of line and their places are taken by fresh younger sisters.

Miss Wilson. But the child-labor laws—why are they not enforced—

Dave. Can you tell how old these girls are? It is hunger drives them out of the schools into the factory. Your law-makers are not acquainted with hunger. Their parents, the bosses and even the school authorities all connive to evade the laws. Some of these start working during vacation—when they are but ten years old and they never go back to school.

Miss Wilson. But their parents? Their fathers and mothers—surely they can keep them in school—

Dave. Their parents? Come with me some night out to the steel plant and I'll show you the fathers of the Lanyon slaves. It is just as interesting a stream as this one passing out of Lanyon's more upscale. Heavier. More leaden. More hopeless looking. The fathers make steel rails and automobiles, machinery and guns to massacre workers in war with. The mothers work in cow-rooms of foundries, in mills, here in Lanyon's or are slave in the places these people call home. But the cycle of living keeps going up and wages going down, so these children are fed to Lanyon, for the profit of Lanyon's class—

Miss Wilson (looking out at the workers passing). Yes, that terrible, ill-nourished, enervated stream of life is surely a challenge to our country and our social system *(turning to Dave).* But there are a host of forward-looking people who even now are striving to meet this problem, Mr. Morgan. Can't you see what a difference the Minimum-Wage would make in that stream?

Dave. I'm afraid it would make but little difference, Miss Wilson. It is slavery that makes that stream the leaden, lifeless thing it is. Their wants are too great to be satisfied by a Minimum-Wage. They never will gain any real benefit from anything which they don't take themselves.

Miss Wilson. You're a pessimist.

Dave. No. No. I can see that stream animated by a consciousness of its economic power. Then it will indeed, be different *(pointing out of the window).* Ah, there's Bessie. If they were all like her. Then you would see what I see.

(To be continued)

Governor O'Neal, of Alabama, has discovered that the present child labor law of that state is no good. It cannot be enforced because it contains the usual "joker" to be found in so-called "labor laws." The law in question fixes the age limit at 12 years, and provides that "any person, firm or corporation who KNOWINGLY permits any child under the statutory age, to work in their mills, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor." The governor finds that this word "knowingly" makes it impossible to convict any employer charged with violation of the child labor law. Isn't it strange that no one made this remarkable discovery at the time the law was passed in 1909? But what's the odds? "Labor laws" either turn out to have "jokers" in them, or if beneficial to the slaves in their provisions, their "enforcement" becomes a joke. Statute laws are made by the masters; strange if the bosses should make laws against their own interests.

From Rockford, Ill., a correspondent writes to Solidarity: "The A. F. of L. refused point blank to take part in the May day parade or meeting, although funds were to be raised for the Colorado strikers, because the I. W. W. was to take part. As a consequence the A. F. of L. is wearing one beautiful black eye in this man's town and the stock of the One Big Union has been boosted 1000 per cent. Local 480 has been holding its own all winter with 200 members in good standing, and the summer campaign starts this week. Prospects for a strong organization are good. Rockford is the largest furniture town in the country, and the conditions in the factories make for discontent. All footloose rebels who understand job agitation and can talk revolutionary industrial unionism are welcome and will be given an opportunity to exercise their talents. Local 480's headquarters are at 405 Seventh street."

The Hungarian branch of Local 179, New York, has opened commodious new headquarters at 350 E. 81st street, with seating capacity of 400. All those who want to work in the interest of one big union are welcome. Chair warmers and pot-boon philosophers are requested to keep away. Open from 9 a. m. to 11:30 p. m. Papers in all languages—House Committee.

An Eight Page Paper?

ALL LOCALS TAKE NOTICE

The Wheatland Hop Pickers' Defense Committee have had two thousand voluntary assessment stamps printed to sell at each, the money to go to the defense of Ford and Suhr in securing them a new trial. All locals are requested to get some of these stamps and help in the fight for freedom of these two fellow workers. Address, Don D. Scott, Box 1087, Sacramento, Calif., Sec'y Wheatland Hop Pickers Defense Committee.

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During four years of the publication of Solidarity we have received many inquiries regarding complete files and of late these have become so numerous that we have decided to allow our readers and locals to secure a complete file at a nominal cost.

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The times are propitious for results, discontent is rife on every side. Industrial and civil revolution yawns. Let us have a revival of education and organization that will make this a banner year for the advancement of revolutionary industrial unionism.

Flemish Monthly I. W. W. Paper

To All Members of I. W. W. Locals, and to All Flemish-speaking Workers—Belgians, Dutch and French:

Fellow Workers: On June 1 will appear the first issue of the Flemish paper, "De Licht." This copy will be free of charge. There are Flemish and Dutch slaves in every state and in almost every town of Illinois and Michigan. Nearly all the Flemish workers of Lawrence and Lowell are members of the I. W. W. We hope that what we have been able to do they can and will do elsewhere. It is the duty of every revolutionary worker to approach these slaves and enlighten them on the principles of economic slavery and the one big union. Now is your chance to show what you are willing to do. You don't need to do any talking; the paper will do it for you. Bring this up before your local, ask yourself, do your share, we will do ours. So don't forget to get subs. Subscription price is 50 cents per year. Address Manager, "Het Licht," Franco-Belgian Hall, 9 Mason St., Lawrence, Mass.

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HOP PICKERS GENERAL STRIKE COMMITTEE.

Local 90, I. W. W., of Newark, N. J., has moved to a more suitable headquarters at 192 S. Orange avenue. Headquarters open every evening. All rebels coming this way are welcome. Address communications to Jacob Israel, 363 Bergen street, Newark, N. J.

Local 52, I. W. W., Indianapolis, has moved to new quarters, Room 12, Union Building, 119 West Maryland St. Secretary W. O. Simmons announces that the local is getting in shape for a big time agitating this coming summer.

The few cloth copies of "Syndicalism and the Co-operative Commonwealth," which we had in stock are also exhausted. We yet have quite a number of copies of this book in paper binding at 75c.

Local 313 wants to hear from George McCue, whose duplicate card No. 83,274, is held by the local. McCue will do well to get in touch at once.—J. B. Benson, Sec'y, Box 219, Redding, Cal.

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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, may cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

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