



THE VOICE OF THE MILITANT WORKER

VOL. 2, NO. 31.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., JANUARY 27, 1912.

WHOLE NO. 40

ARE WE SHEEP?

Devilish Social-Democrat Throws Cloud of Ink

Throwing out a cloud of ink in an effort to distract the attention of party members from the oft-denied but now clearly revealed purposes of Job Harriman and his crew to fuse the party with the wreck of the party controlled by the union labor "pollies" from P. H. McCarthy down (and up!), the Social-Democrat of January 20 spreads mendacious venom over its front page. Also it does other queer things in its desperation, noted below.

The front page screech of unholy joy is over the action of William McDevitt in accepting the appointment as election commissioner by Mayor Rolph, without the sanction of the Socialist Party. Keller knows, Harriman knows (he keeps in touch, and is one of the cleverest politicians in California) and probably Wolfe knows that the directors of REVOLT were the first to voice in public meeting their disapproval of McDevitt's course. For the information of those who do not know, be it known that every member of the REVOLT board of directors, before Keller, King et al. gleefully seized upon the incident as a possible means of discrediting REVOLT, protested against McDevitt's acceptance.

McDevitt has made his statement, which the writer believes: that, learning positively that Comrade Hogue, the party choice and candidate of the REVOLT forces against the fusionist candidate of the King-Wilson-Harriman group in San Francisco, would not be appointed, and called up at midnight, December 31, by Rolph and told he must accept or decline at once, he became bewildered and blundered into the course of accepting provisionally, subject to the party's approval. Many circumstances contributed to this end. It brought the instant and genuine disapproval of the REVOLT forces, and the gleeful and insincere reprobation of the fusionist gang.

The circumstances, too numerous and various to recount in full in these few columns which the devotion of comrades who fight for SOCIALISM in spite of all discouraging circumstances serves still to make possible, explain McDevitt's action, but do not excuse it. But the minds that would seize upon it, spitting venomous misstatements in joy-mad malice, to discredit The Voice of the Militant Worker in California—Faugh! Ugh! What men will do for a dirty job or the chance of getting one!

In the same issue of "our" State paper (the writer has been mulcted of many extra dimes, and his wife also, and never received a copy of the sheet except from other comrades) is set forth a most contemptible plan to flim-flam the party membership. The proposed constitution, designed to put the political ring of Los Angeles in absolute power, recently defeated by a healthy majority on referendum vote in California, is resubmitted with a mandate from Sancho Panza Meriam that it must be passed or we cannot select our delegates to the national convention.

In the same issue also is a call for nominations for delegates to that same national convention!

They're so damned stupid in their machinations!

Again and again, declaring we have no constitution because the star chamber gang could not use the one which has been in use, with some changes, for a dozen years, the executive board went ahead and did what they wanted to do, but now, when something which so obviously must be done arises, the election of delegates to the national convention, they say it can't be done unless the Socialists of California will swallow the drastic dose of the constitution which gagged at before! That would seem sufficiently imbecile, but the climax is capped by the call for nominations giving the lie to the contemptible bluff.

Meanwhile, after many conferences between Job Harriman and P. H. McCarthy (who has emasculated labor to forward his own political ambitions, dined with Felix Zehandelaar of the M. & M. Association in the Palace Hotel, walked arm in arm with Charles Schwab from the train, and done other things which even Harriman would be ashamed to do to further his political ambitions), the fusion deal is practically complete.

Once before, in 1907, in Los Angeles, Job Harriman tried to lead the Socialists into the camp of political union labor leaders (Arthur Hay, "Red" Fennessy, Francis Drake, John Murray, Fred J. Spring, and the rest of the tricksters who tried to lead the union labor rank and file by the nose), and the result was that he found himself well outside of the party—and alone! What is it to be now?

Are we sheep? CLOUDSLEY JOHNS.

Revolter Haywood Stirs the Pot

The evening of December 21, 1911, was an interesting one in little old New York. Wm. D. Haywood held forth at historic Cooper Union on "Socialism, the Hope of the Workers," under the auspices of the Socialist Party.

Haywood and his policy is just now the subject of a vigorous discussion within the Socialist Party. He has the hardihood to stand for a socialism that is industrial in character rather than political and that lives the class struggle more than it talks about and theorizes over it. In fact, Bill is an experienced workman; not a lawyer nor a clergyman asking to get office, power or an income, on the backs of the working class.

Haywood, at the very outset, made it plain that it is his opponents and not himself who have the wrong end in this controversy. He said that to read some of the definitions in the current discussions in the Socialist press one would think that Socialism was a chop suey clothed in a mysticism that would baffle the brains of a Chinese mandarin to understand.

He cautioned his hearers against thinking of Socialism as something having to do entirely with halls of legislature, congress and political office. He advised them to think of it as having to do with the shop. He said: "Turn your mind inward and think of the machine where you are employed, every day." He also urged his hearers to think of their individual, group and social relations, defining each in their turn. Then Haywood proceeded to define Socialism. He said he had no doubt that it would be so clear that the intellectuals would ask him to define his definition. But he said the definition would be clear to the working class.

Under Socialism the workers will need no passports, nor citizen papers. They would pass from industry to industry, regardless of territorial and political boundaries, and would enjoy rights because of their industrial value to society. Socialism is industrial democracy, and industrial democracy is Socialism.

It is only on the industrial basis that every worker can organize, man, woman or child, regardless of race, color or creed, be he or she Anarchist, Socialist, Democrat or Republican. Industrialism means complete working class unity.

"Under Socialism," said Bill, "the worker will not be the subject of a State, but a free man in the industry where he is employed."

"We do not," he said further, "have to go out of the shop to inaugurate Socialism. We do not need to climb the heights of Utopia, where you will receive \$4 a week pension after you are 60 years of age. Socialism is in a measure with us now in the shop, and there's the place to inaugurate it."

"With the success of Socialism," contended Haywood, "practically all the political offices of the present day will be put out of business."

While he was not opposed to political action, he considered it decidedly better for the workers to elect a superintendent in some branch of modern industry than to elect a Socialist to Congress.

Under Socialism we shall not have Congress. Our Congress will not be filled by aspiring lawyers without practice and ministers without congregations. It will be a gathering of expert workers, whose duty it will be to administer industry in the interests of all.

The Class Struggle.

Following the foregoing presentation of Socialism, Haywood next took up the class struggle—the war between the capitalist class and the working class—is to Haywood the key to correct tactics and victory. He said: "There never was a time in all the history of the world when the working class was not dominated by tyrants. There never was a time so tyrannical as now."

The workers have been slaves, serfs, chattel slaves, and wage slaves. They are now being devoured by the Frankenstein of their own creation; the machinery which their own inventive and constructive genius has given to the world. This machinery creates a thousand fold more wealth than 50 years ago. The army of the unemployed increases in all branches of industry, due to the marvelous machines which they have created for their own oppressors, who control them.

The class struggle is the basis of Socialism. There is a necessity for emphasizing the class struggle. When the workers understand the class struggle victory will be theirs. He would make the class struggle so clear that even a lawyer could understand it. "You can not see the class struggle through the stained window glass of a cathedral, or through the law books of the capitalist class."

"To understand the class struggle you have

to go into the shop, ride on the top of a box car or under it; you must go with me into the iron mills or into the bowels of the earth, 2,700 feet or more below the surface, and with only the flicker of a miner's lamp to light up the surrounding darkness.

"The class struggle is the effort of the working class to wrest from the capitalist class the product of its toil.

"The class struggle will continue so long as a privileged few exist at the sacrifice of the many."

Stands by the McNamaras.

Haywood declared that the men that were in the Los Angeles jail knew what the class struggle is—the 120 arrested picket law violators and the McNamaras.

"While the capitalist class," declared Haywood, "is writing the record of the crimes of the Structural Iron Workers, it is not a part of the duty of the Socialists to assist them. It is their duty to pile up high the record of the infamies of the capitalist class."

(Long continued applause and cries of "That is impossible.")

"For my part," shouted Haywood, "I shall always be a defender of the working class, no matter how accused. Knowing, as I do, the infamies of capitalism, my heart is with the McNamaras in jail."

(Great applause.)

"Let the capitalists bury their own dead. Let them bury the 21 killed in Los Angeles. We will bury our dead; the 250 miners killed in Briceville, Tenn."

(More vigorous applause.)

Haywood contrasted the haste with which Federal juries seek to bring indictments against the Structural Iron Workers and the official indifference manifested in the Briceville horror. He then drew a picture of the 700,000 workers who are annually killed and injured in preventable accidents, because it would interfere with profits, and human life is cheaper than safeguards; a slaughter that is permitted to go on without any attempt at legal interference.

"Until we have attained a condition whereby we can protect ourselves," declared Haywood, "I can not find it in my heart to condemn the McNamaras."

Haywood showed that the class struggle is not only domestic, but world-wide in character. He drew a panoramic sketch of it all over the world: "Bloody Sunday," in Russia; the Finnish struggle against the autocracy of the czar; the Swedish general strike; the Spanish general strike; the miners' strike in Wales, and the recent English general strikes. Each and every episode yielded a lesson for the working class.

A Constructive Program.

Haywood again returned to the constructive program of Socialism, as he conceives it; which is the organization of the workers within industry to own and control industry.

He took up and demolished the futility of the remedies suggested by the non-industrial and pro-political Socialists, viz: Confiscation, competition, compensation, conversion and coercion. Of confiscation he said:

"I like that word; it suggests stripping the capitalists of their holdings. But it needs power. Back of the capitalists are the State, militia, police, etc. Only the power of an industrially united working class can overcome them."

Competition he regarded as impossible. "It may be likely to build competing shops against capitalists. But it is impossible to build another Niagara Falls to generate power to run them. Or to create another coal bed, to get fuel for the same purpose. In other words, the capitalists control the essentials of competition, without which it is bound to be a failure."

Compensation was out of the question. It would relieve the capitalists of responsibility and, at the same time, make an interest-bearing bond-holding aristocracy of them.

Conversion was a joke. "The Christian Socialists (who propose it) are, said Haywood, "drunk on religious fanaticism and trying to sober up on economic truth."

Coercion met with Haywood's favor. "I like that," said he. "I believe in the strike; in the boycott; in coercion." Then he proceeded to show how coercion is made impossible by craft organization. He used his hand as an illustration, showing how each of his fingers and his thumb were independent members that could be brought and made to act together in his closed fist. "Now," said he, "imagine myself tying this big finger up tight with a rag called contract. Why, it would stand erect and prevent me from closing my fist. It would decay and become useless. So with craft unionism."

"Industrialism," Haywood contended, "was

SUCKERS CRAWL

The Sugary "Call" Blows Neither Hot Nor Cold

A brain saturated by wealth squeezed out of sugar workers brings forth a product that smacks very much of insanity.

A day after Rolph's Mad "Bulls" ran amuck and attacked the I. W. W. speakers, "The Call," owned by John D. Spreckels, emitted the following in an editorial:

Call the Police When I. W. W. Makes Trouble.

Industrial Workers of the World are anarchists, pure and simple. They rarely work except on compulsion. They never want to work. They are simply dangerous parasites and enemies of society to the extent of their small capacity. They will be taken care of. The police can attend to them and will apply the only argument they are capable of understanding.

These I. W. W. folk, mostly hoboes and tramps, travel about from one city to another with the single purpose of creating trouble. They have been the cause of riotous disturbances in a dozen cities on the Pacific Coast and they are always pleased and proud to go to jail in the pose of martyrs, prating about the rights of free speech. This city has been more than commonly tolerant of street speaking, but when the intention of speakers is manifestly to provoke riot the practice will be stopped in a very summary manner. They are at liberty to preach any doctrine they please so long as they do not inconvenience peaceful citizens or incite riotous disturbances.

We are a patient people in San Francisco and tolerant, but there are limits to even our tolerance and patience. When the street speakers of this or any other organization take to reviling the city's womanhood, to counseling lawlessness and to defying the ordinances that others unquestionably obey, then it is time to call the police.

This squeal does not merit an answer but to show how dreadful are the gyrations of a "sugary" brain we reprint the following, published in "The Call" April 27th, 1898, under the title of

Emma Goldman, Anarchist.

But this little Russian woman, with her thickened speech, her good rolling r's, her disdain of rhetorical rules, her vehemence of expression, her potent, unstudied postures, is the most interesting woman I ever met. She has life, she has courage, she has brains. She is fiercely consistent, unwaveringly true, and, though I can't agree with her, I believe her to be absolutely sincere.

You should hear her talk. It doesn't matter whether you're Socialist or anarchist, or are endowed with a blessed indifference of isms in general. You can better afford to miss hearing Melba or even Bernhardt than listening to this genuine creature. She is San Francisco's sensation, as she was that of New York and Chicago; and, next to the departure of the soldiers who marched off to Cuba, there is nothing so thrilling as listening to Emma Goldman.

In the opinion of "The Call" Emma is almost as "thrilling" as soldiers departing to war.

The "enemies of society" are not the I. W. W.'s, nor the Emma Goldmans, the real enemies are the foul and unspeakable Mike de Youngs, the John D. Spreckels, the Willie Hearsts and the brood in general that by stealth and device spread pestilence in their foul "newspapers."

GERMANIA HALL LECTURES.

Fifteenth and Mission Streets.

Under Auspices of Industrial Socialist League. Sunday, Jan. 28th—A. F. Welin, University of California; subject, The Evolution of Democracy.

constructive and defensive organization at one and the same time. Laws can not be made quick enough to cover the changes made by the machine. The workers must organize to administer industry as conditions arise. The working class had better not be organized at all as to be organized as it is at present.

"The scab of the future," says Haywood, "will be the man who will leave the job; not him who takes it."

In conclusion, Haywood shouted: "Our purpose is to overthrow capitalism; by peaceful means if possible; by forcible means if necessary."—J. E., in Solidarity.

Revolt's Meeting, 1876 Mission St., Sunday, February 4th, at 2 P. M.--BE THERE

REVOLT

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GIVEN VOTE OF CONFIDENCE.

Directors and Officers of Charles H. Kerr & Co. Unanimously Elected for Ensuing Year.

At the annual stockholders' meeting held at the offices of Charles H. Kerr & Co., 118 W. Kinzie Street, Chicago, on January 15, 1912, those present, representing holders of 2,507 shares of stock, unanimously passed a vote of confidence in the present board of directors, officers and managers of the house of Charles H. Kerr & Company.

The following were elected directors of the company for the ensuing year without a dissenting vote: Marcus Hitch, Walter Huggins, Leslie H. Marcy, Dr. J. H. Greer, Charles H. Kerr, Charles Roux and Mary E. Marcy.

It was voted that it was the sense of the stockholders and directors that the officers of Charles H. Kerr & Company welcome the Investigating Committee composed of members of the National Committee of the Socialist Party and give them all the assistance possible in their investigation.

At the directors' meeting following the stockholders' meeting the following officers were re-elected, without a dissenting vote, to serve for the ensuing year: Charles H. Kerr, president; Marcus Hitch, vice-president; Mary E. Marcy, secretary.

It was unanimously voted by the assembled stockholders and directors that the above information should be given to the Socialist Party press with a request that it be published.

MARY E. MARCY, Secretary.

23rd DISTRICT.

The 23rd Assembly District Socialist Club has now organized and will meet at 468 Madrid Street, between Brazil and Persia Streets, every Monday night, until further notice.

MARTIN D. HANSON, Secretary, 55 Holly Park Ave.

SOCIALIST PARTY TICKET FOR 1912.

By JOHN D.

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For Vice-President—W. J. Ghent, New York.

Platform.

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Secretary of Agriculture—Bertha M. Fraser, New York. (Mother Earth).

Secretary of Commerce and Labor—Algernon Lee.

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REVOLT

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Prick and prod and trumpet to the abject slaves who nod To the yoke of the gory master, mail-fisted, iron-shod,

Scourge-whip to the "saviors" pleading in the name of the Christians' God.

Thorn to the sleek, false leaders who prey on the damned and blind,

Deaf to the groans from the slave-pit, dead to the chains that bind;

Revolt of the true man, trampled, defy of the unwhipped mind.

ONE OF LABOR'S MISLEADERS.

It is reported in the capitalist press, through the "labor" news columns, that John Kean, president of the Pacific district organization of the International Longshoremen's Union, in a letter has denounced the I. W. W. as being an enemy of organized labor. He says that it is a union made up of "floating conglomerations that wants to terrorize not only the man of wealth, but the man who wants to build a home for his family."

This head (?) of the Longshoremen's Union must either be densely stupid or deliberately wants to cater to cheap respectability in our modern society. "The I. W. W. organization is composed of a floating conglomeration." Isn't that an insult to his own union? Isn't the Longshoremen in the eyes of our respectable element supposed to be made up of the lowest class of workers? I have myself more than once been told that a longshoreman is always a tough, by people who think as they are told to think. And here we have John Kean, their head, denouncing the I. W. W.'s because they are composed of a floating conglomeration that wants to terrorize the man of wealth, as well as the respectable worker who is grinding away to get a home for his family. This disgusting pinhead labor leader evidently wants to impress upon the mind of the capitalists that he stands for the man of wealth that is threatened with a labor organization that stands for one union of all the workers, whether floating or anchored. This is all the more cowardly at this particular moment when the police are smashing up the heads on the streets of the I. W. W. boys. In fact it is the most cowardly thing that the writer has ever come across in her wandering over the world studying the labor movement.

That the rank and file of the Longshoremen are willing to deal their fellow workers, the I. W. W.'s a stunning blow to please the man of wealth, as well as the befuddled capitalistic minded worker I do not believe. It is evident that John Kean is a lickspittle of the capitalist class, and deserves the scorn of the workers he pretends to lead. As long as the workers select such a leader so long will they be led round and round the ring of poverty to be plucked by their masters just like so many geese.

In this same letter he intimates that the I. W. W.'s are strike-breakers. If they are strike-breakers they cannot be a menace to the man of wealth. John knows perfectly well they are not strike-breakers, and that if they were he could not appeal to his masters not to employ them, and to sermonize about I. W. W. terror. Strike-breakers are not terrorists to the man of wealth, on the contrary they are his best friends; nor is there any interest in common between the man of wealth and the worker

who tries to get a home for his family. Consequently John's logic and appeal to respectability falls flat, on that point, for the organization that is a terror to the man of wealth, socially and economically cannot at the same time be a terror to the worker who produces that wealth but is robbed of it.

How the capitalists must chuckle in their sleeves over this public letter by a labor leader. While every workingman and workingwoman with a grain of common sense and half-way decency must hang their heads in shame and disgrace for having such a coward and traitor among them put up as the head of an organization composed of men that more than any other workers in our rotten civilization must bear the brunt of suffering and toil, and therefore should be the most militant. Shame on this misleader of labor that helps our masters to put their iron heel on the I. W. W.'s.

The real crime of the I. W. W. organization in the eye of this Johnny is that it is an industrial organization that repudiated the organized scabbery of the A. F. of L. Talk about strike-breaking, why the A. F. of L. contains within itself the most efficient strike-breaking machine in the world. If the waiters go on strike, for instance, the milkmen, the butchers, the bakers, the cooks, the grocery men in the same organization all serve the boss with the wherewithal to defeat the strikers. They all scab on the striker and defeat him; while they resolute him their sympathy, they furnish the boss with the real sinews of war against his strikers. That is the organization that this Johnny appeals to the masters to uphold against the I. W. W. who fight the boss as one man. And, of course, his appeal should go to the "heart and soul" and undoubtedly will, of our masters. But what about us workers? We should do all in our power to build up and sustain ourselves by united industrial actions, and relegate our cowards and lickspittles to back seats.

CAROLINE NELSON,

(John Kean is Chief Deputy to the Labor Commission of California, and as a deputy in the employ of the State as well as a labor official does his master's dirty work.—Ed. Note.)

LOS ANGELES ECHOES.

Men and women of labor, we have battled with the inundation of sky pilots, ex-sky pilots, unattached females, and wandering philosophers who each in his or her clear way came with her (?) healing ointments to save our industrial wounds. Some had "graft on the aqueduct," some had bond scandal, and all had municipal ownership in large doses. The tom-toms of the Christian fellowship likewise swelled the general din.

Yet everything is silent now, except that here and there in the city, the voice of some member of the working class rises and falls on the night air as he speaks to his brothers of toil in the language of their class. No automobiles or fine coats crowd the centers of labor now. All is left to the toiler himself, and it is well.

'Tis very like after the mob scene in "Julius Caesar," the stage supe now comes on to clean up the mess (i. e., party debts) and begin again his daily grind.

All our fine friends and exhorters have left us; the balloon is down on earth again and we are grappling anew with the industrial forces for a foothold, a base to reason from.

So, we strikers are struggling under the surface of the system to again find toil and wages, meeting the subtle black list, struggling with the rest of the unemployed to live.

We commence again to build new walls of resistance, and let us learn by experience, and we the room behind them must fill it up with workers.

But hark! we hear again afar off the rising notes of Moses' "Thy right the economic, the left the political" (and in both the change). Alexander's rag time band leads the procession, and we hear the minister delegates in our Central Council here are going to the coming joint convention to see us through. God bless 'em! "Darby, bring aft the rum."

E. D. NOLAN,

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