

STARTLING CONFESSION OF NOTED I. W. W. LEADER

It Has Been Too Revolutionary To Be A Success As A Union; It Has Been Too Conservative To Be A Success As A Revolution.

Harold Lord Varney, for a number of years a leader, the best writer, and one of the ablest lecturers in the ranks of the I. W. W., has finally become disillusioned. He has written a history of that radical movement, with which he was intimately identified through having risen to a position of national leadership from one of the enthusiastic members of the crew. Varney has forsaken the faith of the I. W. W. He knows them by heart, and his views regarding their principles and aims are set forth in a frank and direct manner from those of John Spargo, who, from the Socialist viewpoint, looks upon them with an obvious posture of sympathy and admiration.

The following taken from Mr. Varney's history, which has the advantage of being written by one of those who have long pointed out the absurdity of the movement:

I first met Bill Haywood some seven or eight years ago. I doubt whether Bill ever remembers the occasion but it was a decisive, unforgettable day.

It was in a little rather-walled two-room house in St. Louis—a flat finished off in the loft of a carpenter shop and belonging to a dim individual who was then secretary of the St. Louis Socialists. "Big Bill" had come to town to lecture for the I. W. W., and the secretary and I had fortified ourselves to arrange a supper to welcome the great man. Busy women "comrades" had filled the table with good things. And after the supper we pushed back our chairs and listened hungrily to the talk of the famous I. W. W. "chief."

I was then eighteen years old. A few months earlier I had read Marx and Kautsky and Spargo, and I had been washed into the Socialist Party in a hot tide of emotionalism. I had given up my former dreams of the bar. All the bright plans of my boyhood had suddenly slipped away. A lawyer's career became strangely detestable to me. I determined to become a Jean Jaurès—a Eugene V. Debs—a Bill Haywood, a glamorous leader of revolution.

There was another youth in St. Louis at that time, some two years older than myself—John Gabriel Soltis. Socialism had come to Soltis also in a law school. We met in the "Social" and the first night we formed an alliance. We burned with great plans and we shrieked at the staid old "comrades" in the party who seemed so hopelessly stupid and unimaginative.

I can see Soltis now—a shaggy-headed, boyish figure, mounted on a platform in the little Socialist hall, screaming at an audience of a dozen drowsy men, shaking his arms wildly as he entreated them "in the name of suffering humanity" to support the Socialist Tribune. For we had started a paper, "The Socialist Tribune" was the joint product of our working class—the Soltis in a restaurant and I in a machine shop. I can remember the soft, affectionate tone that used to creep into Soltis' voice when he mentioned the magic name of Socialist Tribune—and I suppose that my voice shivered too.

The coming of Bill Haywood was an event for both Soltis and me. For "Bill" was not only a new hope from the Lawrence strike. He was coming to us from spectacular, vivid scenes which we had followed breathlessly in the newspapers. Soltis was of the opinion that the revolutionary incident and the coming of Haywood was like a breath from hot, furious mill towns, from the battling mining camps—from polyglot steel towns—and from ocean docks, set with industrial revolt.

Soltis was very learned that evening as we sat in front of the attic feast and drew out the rich fund of tales which Haywood brought us. He assailed "Big Bill" with ponderous questions, couched in deadly polysyllables; but I was strangely silent. I was listening to the leader and his talk of the I. W. W. I sat in the background with a new thought stirring in my mind. The I. W. W. Should I join it? Should I leave the Socialist Party and its tedious dilettanteism? For months I had been howling for the "sterner chord and wider comrades" in my Socialist Tribune. I had been groping for something "redder." Should I abandon the political party and throw myself into the frankly revolutionary group?

After the gathering dispersed I got Haywood alone. Diddently I put the question, "Shall I join the I. W. W.?" And, peculiarly enough, Haywood answered, "No." I remember the amused light that came into his one eye as he heard me out.

The I. W. W. is composed of different kinds of fellows that you've explained to me. "You can help the I. W. W. a great deal from the outside but don't join it. You won't fit in."

But, nevertheless, I joined it. A few days later I climbed three dingy flights of stairs in an old warehouse building and found the St. Louis I. W. W. headquarters. I came out with a red card in my pocket.

Through lights and shades of adventure that have eclipsed the maddest melodramas of fiction I have gloried in my I. W. W. card. Seven years of strike leading, seven years of delicious speechmaking, seven years of lecturing and of writing, and of tireless journeys through emotion-heated labor fights. I have lived since that first night.

I have come to the conclusion and now fully realize that Haywood was right. I shouldn't have joined the I. W. W. I didn't belong there. I came into the I. W. W. emotion-driven, and I have remained there through the years because the glamour of its battles gripped me like a magnetic spell. The I. W. W. is a boys' organization. It comes to youth as it came to me—of the jump and throb of idealism. But when the ideal cools into doubt, the glamour tarnishes away.

A few weeks ago I was holding one of the highest offices in the I. W. W. I had slowly mounted up in the movement until I was at last one of its national leaders, and I sat with Haywood in its national council. I had made a very definite place for myself in the I. W. W. I was the writer and interpreter of the movement. Two of my books were used as textbooks by the organization. I had written a history of the I. W. W. and I had delved out my material from every nook and cranny of I. W. W. incident. I was the foremost lecturer of the I. W. W., travelling constantly to fill ever-increasing dates. I got on the inside; I got to know the I. W. W. with all the intimacy that comes to the man who is as at the heart of the movement as I was. My life—crowded and gripped by I. W. W. duties—suddenly became flat and empty.

There were a few weeks of wavering—of desperate struggles to recover my I. W. W. self—and then, finally I found myself standing outside, an apostate from the I. W. W., a believer in the established order. And now I have seen the dream tarnished. The ideal flickered out. I had a sense of things falling; all the delicate balances of my beliefs seemed to shake. My life—crowded and gripped by I. W. W. duties—suddenly became flat and empty.

The I. W. W. mind is a vicious circle, and one goes round and round and never escapes until he frees himself from unreasoning sentimentality. But when one begins to think, the I. W. W. faith turns to ashes in his mind.

The I. W. W. is paralyzed by a contradiction which guts every limb of its organization. The contradiction lies in this: For propagandistic purposes the I. W. W. represents itself as a great flaming revolutionary program, instinct with an unquenched idealism, voicing the wishes of the entire working class. It scores the short-cuts of politics and political opportunism. It is generous with the phrases of Communism—it assumes the form of a labor union—because it is interested in every day demands, but because unionism gives it the most elastic form in which to penetrate industry and prepare for the final revolution.

But the actual I. W. W. realizes none of these aims. It is not revolutionary, and it is not an expression of the whole working class. The real I. W. W. has sunk into a paltering, hesitating mass union of laborers, confined to four industries and reflecting the spirit—not of labor, but of the lumberjack, the miner, the "gandy dancer" and the harvest "stiff." Outwardly the I. W. W. is a great barrage of revolutionary phrases to excite and attract the emotional. But in the inner circles the stress is laid, not upon destroying capitalism, but upon building a new union; not upon getting a job without but upon getting "job control."

The dress-parade of the I. W. W. which attracts the young—as it attracted me—every three thousands of idealists throw themselves into the I. W. W. to gain an advance on their dreams of a new society. It may delude them with glamorous, melodramatic adventures. But it gets them nowhere on the road to a better society.

I don't mean to suggest that the average I. W. W. man is aware of this truth. On the contrary, even the leaders of the I. W. W.—a few blue old-timers like Bill Haywood excepted—are religiously convinced that in building up the I. W. W. they are fighting a social revolution. "We are building the structure of a new society within the shell of the old," they quote glibly from their preamble. They feel that every increment to the I. W. W. means a weakening to capitalism. I believed it myself until I began to analyze the human material that they had in the I. W. W. I realized sickly that the faster we grew the farther we drifted from our revolutionary aim.

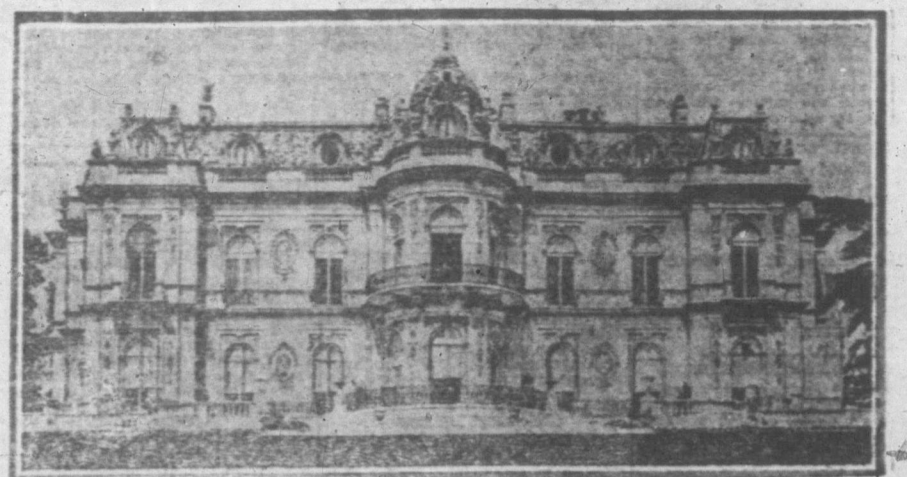
The mountain of American labor did not come to the Mahomet of I. W. W. when the Haywoods and the St. Johns launched their One Big Union. And so the I. W. W.—has gone to the mountains. The I. W. W. couldn't make Labor revolutionary. But Labor has made the mountain of I. W. W. a contradiction. The masses are interested in more to eat; therefore the "wobblies" and get the right to shorter workdays; so the I. W. W. adopted the slogan that the A. F. of L. itself had launched in 1917: an eight-hour day! The masses want sanitary conditions of labor; so the I. W. W. began to agitate for sanitation.

In fact, none of the big battles of the I. W. W. has ever remotely suggested any revolutionary aim. They have all been economic wars, and unionism. The I. W. W. fought in Lawrence—not for revolution, but for a 19 per cent increase in pay. The I. W. W. in Paterson merely voiced an eight-hour-day spirit. The I. W. W. at Everett fought and died in order to make speeches on the streets. The I. W. W. at Westland struck for more lavatories. The Butte, the Bisbee, the Mesaba Range struggles were battles over wages. The I. W. W. union got 75,000 lumberjacks in 1917 by howling against the system of carrying blankets.

Wherever the I. W. W. has grown it has grown by taboing the talk of revolution. Wherever the I. W. W. has gained members it has done so by methods which the A. F. of L. itself might have used. But wherever the I. W. W. has attempted to advocate a program of a new society, there its very roots have been exterminated by the hostility of the workers whom it seeks to organize.

And so the recruits to the I. W. W. are, in the main, conservative workmen. Some of them become imprudent with the I. W. W. principles but very few. For the most part they come in solely to build up the labor union, and they turn indifferently from the talk of revolution. And they, in turn, gradually leave the I. W. W. toward attitudes yet more conservative. To gain these members in the first place the I. W. W. must assume a conservative pose. And to hold these members after they have been gained the pose must be kept.

Palatial Chateau Overlooking Lake Geneva Which Baron Rothschild Has Presented to League of Nations for Use as Offices.



Baron Rothschild has presented his palatial residence in Geneva, known as the Chateau de Rithochid, to the League of Nations for use as offices. The chateau occupies the finest and most commanding situation on the shores of Lake Geneva. Adjoining the Chateau de Rothschild are two smaller chateaux which have been purchased by the League of Nations. Official confirmation of the acceptance of the chateau will be made after the referendum in Switzerland on joining the League.

has a grandiloquent and impressive program to achieve a new society, but in the actual I. W. W. this program has faded, and all the energies of its branches are turned into trifling tasks of routine and desperate efforts to gain immediate demands. And its leadership drifts more and more into the hands of uninspired "job delegates."

Now this may all seem paradoxical and contradictory. And that is just the point. The actual I. W. W. is contradictory. That is the fatal thing which makes all I. W. W. efforts aimed into futility when we analyze them.

It is the dress-parade of I. W. W. which attracts the young—as it attracted me—every three thousands of idealists throw themselves into the I. W. W. to gain an advance on their dreams of a new society. And the I. W. W. either disillusion them or else it leads them down with tasks, as in my case, and thus keeps them bound to it by the momentum of routine. It may delude them with glamorous, melodramatic adventures. But it gets them nowhere on the road to a better society.

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More and more, then, as it thrives, the I. W. W. drifts into opportunism and falls in its original ideal. More and more these policies react upon the I. W. W. leaders themselves and pale their dreams.

It was the realization of this impossibility in the I. W. W. programme which destroyed my original faith. For years I had stormed up and down the platforms of the revolutionary unionism, and when I talked of immediate demands did the workers seem to answer.

The average I. W. W. advocate has become a victim of extreme self-deception. He believes what he wants to believe. He thinks the workers are shouting for revolution when they are only cheering for "work chaps." He watches for straw, and every discontent of Labor is distorted into the first rumble of revolution.

And so for seven years I fancied that I was forming a faithful revolutionary union. For seven years I felt revolutionary vibrations which had their source nowhere but in myself. For seven years all my mornings were revolutionary "dawns" but their sun has always set in disillusioning capitalist night. I wallowed in my emotions until my reason recoiled me. And now that I have come to realize the temper of the American workingman I know that the I. W. W. can not win him. All the stage spectacularities of the I. W. W. but get the I. W. W. goal.

THE PAPER FAMINE AND BOLSHEVIST PROPAGANDA.

The official Bolshevik Investya is bewailing the decrease of Bolshevik propaganda due to the lack of paper. It says: "We need hundreds of new technical textbooks and pamphlets in order to improve our agriculture and our manufactures. Our paper production is decreasing enormously. Our printing offices are at a standstill. The composers and printers must be mobilized. Our journalists are doing anything but write for papers." So Investya goes on to say that "the printing industry must be militarized. Our printers must be mobilized and compelled to return from the villages. All journalists, as well as pressmen generally, must also be mobilized, provided with supplementary rations, and attached to papers. An iron discipline must be introduced among them."

CHILD LABOR.

The views of Franklin K. Lane, former United States Secretary of the Interior, on child labor are briefly set forth in the following statement made through the National Child Labor Committee:

Child labor will soon be a thing unknown. The child will be given his chance to grow. But work by children on things that are not drudgery and do not impair health or spirits will more and more come to be recognized as educational. "We know only what we do," is at least more than half true. And the child that trains hand and eye and brain to work together is being educated. Experience has shown that a fixed limit must be set by law, else the exploiters will take advantage of the necessities of the parent who does that we are coming to a minimum wage, the necessity will grow less. I can not say "Let no child work," for I believe in the idea of work being put into the heads of the young, and I believe in the value of work to the young—but not when the necessities of the parent do not tend to make a more complete citizen in the long run.

YOUR FRIEND.

I am your friend. Come to me when emergency calls though you have a thousand friends for I am certain. I am a resource. I encourage efforts—fortify ambitions—protect possessions. I develop safe judgments by disclosing the value of conservative thought, the rewards of conservative action. I teach thrift and thereby enrich. Through habits of thrift I cultivate other careful habits and discourage careless ones. Thus do I mould character and among your fellows improve your estimate and standing. When your mind has secured its

Tenders for Auto Truck Scale. Sealed tenders, addressed to "The Chairman and Members Board of Control" will be received up to 11 o'clock noon on Monday, May 17th, by the Board's Secretary, for a twenty ton auto truck scale for the Wellington Ward Market. Specifications: Three bar weighing beam weighing down to one pound; platform, 8 ft. x 30 ft. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Notice to Contractors. The clause of the Franchise Act which would prohibit any donations being made to election funds was severely criticized and the Government will be asked to reconsider the decision arrived at on this matter.

The work of the commission on the unification of labor laws was generally approved, but regret expressed that the Federal and Provincial Governments had not seen fit to commit themselves to adopt its findings as the signatory countries to the League of Nations do in the case of the findings of the International Labor Body.

As a revolutionary body the I. W. W. has been a ludicrous, epochal failure. What the I. W. W. really has done has been to organize several thousand workers in each of four industries: a shorter working day, agriculture, and camp construction. It hasn't gained job control in any of them. It has been too revolutionary to be a success as a union; it has been too conservative to be a success as a revolution. The A. F. of L. even, could have organized these industries much better.

And to gain this pitiful result fifteen years of fighting of self-immolation, of lavish personal sacrifices that are almost unparalleled in labor history, have been the price. The I. W. W. has poured into its battles lives, the vitality and the infinite idealism of thousands of nameless young devotees, who have been sacrificed to fill the ranks of this fated cause. And the result of it all is—four minor unions! It is superb—but it is silly.

WINNIPEG LABOR LEADER'S SOUND ADVICE TO

Continued From Page One. It seems a tragedy that the years of patient effort and noble sacrifice put up by the men who have built up this organization, should be threatened by a calamitous secession movement. This means that the fruits of victory are to be short lived, should a serious breach in the ranks take place. You will no longer be able to enforce the working card on the job, this will be taken advantage of by men both within and without the union. Your power, your prestige, as an efficient organization, is gone. You are the easy prey of the boss who will lose no time in driving in the wedges of farm carters, your established wage is lost, and in its place you will have a classified schedule dictated by the boss and accepted by the men. You will then be in the same position as the painter, the sheet metal worker and those other crafts that have been shipwrecked on the treacherous sands of O. B. U. "What has this movement done for the railway shodmen during the life of 12 months? It has been reduced from being an efficient, well organized aggregation of workers enjoying the most advanced system of collective bargaining, able to take up grievances with the management and have them rectified, to an organization shorn of its power to be a real factor in the economic life of the men in the industry. It looks now that even this industry might yet be saved as the international unions are rapidly building up their membership again, and at the present rate of progress it will only be a short time before they will be in the position they were prior to the unfortunate split. That is the position as I see it today. Any organization that is not a reflex to the intelligence of the workers within that organization.

If the constitution or the policies adopted are not what we desire, then it is our duty to fight within the organization for that which we think is right and when we have a majority with us it will then become law. This is the only road to success. The other road lies by the way of the secession movement, and can only lead to chaos and failure."

WORKERS' PROGRESS WILL NOT BE IMPAIRED BY

Continued From Page One. Maintenance of Way Employees, Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen, Sheet Metal Workers, Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, United Mine Workers, Molders, Painters, Decorators and Paperhangers, Pattern Makers, Printers, Compositors, Plumbers, Metal Polishers, Oper-

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JEWELS FOR A GIRL. "Doris is a charming girl, but it is a pity that her habit of wearing jewels like a grown-up person makes her look so much older." "Yes, Jennie, you're right. It gives her something artificial about her looks. Especially, she would be much more fresh-looking and attractive without ear-rings. Only a certain style of foreign face can carry ear-rings, and like you, I think the American girl's face is better without them. I have suggested it to her, but your niece thinks a good deal of your judgment and would more readily accept advice from you." "I shall speak of it, you may be sure. Since she is going to stay with me for a month, she will learn by and by how to wear jewels and will soon find out that good taste requires a young girl's hand to be without rings. Observation of really nice people will teach her the charm and value of simplicity."

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Ontario Jockey Club TORONTO May 22nd to 29th The sixty-first running of the King's Plate of Fifty Guineas with \$7,500 added—The oldest fixture run continuously on this continent. Saturday May 22nd, 4 p.m. The Toronto Cup, \$10,000 added, Wednesday May 26th. FLAT RACING STEEPLECHASING General admission \$1.50 and war tax COL. W. HENDRIE W. P. FRASER President Sec'y. Treasurer

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SILVER Over 30,000,000,000 dollars worth of silver and gold metal "must be found," says the American Chamber of Commerce in London, to back up the Thirty billion dollars worth of paper money issues floating in Europe today, in addition to America's increasing volume of trade with China and India creating an almost unlimited demand for the precious metal. Pre-war price of silver was 45 cents per ounce; the last price recorded is \$1.55 with premium. You can make no mistake. Buy QUEBEC MINING CORPORATION stock at 50 cents a share. A very limited amount will be sold before a considerable advance in prices is announced. Fill in without delay the following application form. Remember that the amount of stock now offered is limited to 100,000 shares. Make sure that your application reaches our office before the amount of stock we offer you in this special offer is over subscribed. Cut this application form when properly filled and send it with your accepted check to the— Quebec Mining Corporation, NORTH TEMISKAMING, P. Q. Having first read over the prospectus of Quebec Mining Corporation, I hereby subscribe for Shares of "QUEBEC MINING CORPORATION," at par value \$1.00 fully paid and non-assessable (50 Cents per share) amounting in all to Dollars, for which I enclose you herewith my check in full payment. Please issue my Shares Certificate, and send it to my name and address. WE ACCEPT VICTORY BONDS AT VALUE IN PAYMENT OF OUR SHARES.