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CHARLES WEBB

Church, the candy man, is the
only place to get the pure and
delicious sweets.

HAIL TO THEE, HATE, THOU BRINGER OF SOCIAL HEALTH

(By Fred Freyr.)

Did you ever witness or find
yourself amid the blindly raging
fury of a storm? One of those
powerful, with irresistible force,
sweeping storms, that do not
only cleanse the air and bring
new elements of health, but
leave behind a trail of devastation
until they die from self-ex-
haustion?

Some time ago I heard a work-
er unroll to his hearers in emo-
tion-vibrating voice, his face
aglow, his eyes ablaze with noble
passion, the story of a mine dis-
aster, where 500 of his fellow-
workers were murdered for profit,
their wives made widows and
their children made orphans
through the usual neglect of the
capitalist system, that places
gold above the safety of man.
He told of the boss, living in his
luxurious, clean, roomy villa,
amid trees and shrubs and flower
gardens on the beautiful and
breezy side hill at safe distance
from the ugly-looking mine-yard
and his auto garage contrasting
strangely with the ill-smelling,
unsanitary hovels, in which huddled
the slaves, that rotted away
their lives as moles for a measly
one-fifth slice of the fruit of
their united labor.

His last words were spit out
like lava from the mouth of a
volcano, his eyes were shooting
currents of passion, willing and
powerful enough to burn to crisp
cinder the fleshly cause of his
hate; they were: "I hate that
man!"

Then and there dawned upon
me the likeness between the two
storm-brothers, the social storm
we call revolution and the storm
in nature. Both are an endeavor
of life to restore equilibrium and
peace. They are members of the
same tree, the one fulfilling its
mission by blindly sweeping
along and destroying what
stands in the way until it has
run its course; then comes the
temporary rest from self-ex-
haustion, to rage anew when in-
vited by causes beyond its own
control. The other is capable of
becoming controlled and led into
constructive channels in propor-
tion to the number of intellects
at work to understand the causes
which bring the social storm about.

When the worship of gold has
torn to shreds the social ties
among men, when gaunt poverty
has been allowed to stalk un-
ashamed where there should and
could be wealth and happiness
for all, when suffering from
want or from affluence has devit-
alized or completely wiped out
the basic truth, "I am my brother's
keeper," when misery has
made man vile, extinguished the
generous spark of social selfish-
ness within his breast and in-
stead fanned the still glowing
embers of primitive selfishness
into red flame, then "Life" sends
us "Hate."

Self-preservation teaches the
miserable slave of economic tyr-
anny and wagedom to think; he
learns to know through gradual
enlightenment that his status as
slave is neither God-ordained nor
necessary, but on the contrary, a
burning shame to civilization,
and this is kindled and nourished
in him by life, by God Him-
self, the beneficial flame of Hate
against oppression and wage-
slavery as well as against him-
self for having so meekly and
spinelessly taken the blows
where he should have dealt
them.

Awaking from a two-thousand
year long narcotic slumber, the
slave brushes aside the doctors
of divine morphine and himself
follows the Great Nazarene, the
greatest revolutionist of all
times, to exterminate the cause
of his hate.

There never lived a man who
could not love as well as hate, for
hate is as natural a force as love,
its other pole. Hate stands be-
yond both good and bad. It is
firmly ingrained in the scheme
of life, slumbering in the inscrut-
able recesses of life so long as
health and happiness reigns,
from whence it hastens upon the
call of social war and disease to
produce in the patient the revolu-
tionary fever, which either
must restore health through
elimination of the hideous germ
of dronedom and parasitism or
end in the death of one more civ-
ilization. Hate comes not with-
out cause and it comes only to
men, never two-legged creatures.
He whom life fills with burning
hate against social disease may
influence this killing guest's in-
tensity and volume, he may and
should control its power for ef-
fectively removing the cause,

but no man alive has command
over the coming of Hate into so-
cial life individually. It comes
by the law of cause and effect.
Therefore, all preaching that we
should love and not hate, is pit-
iable rot and all teaching, to put
hate out of our lives, is either
the bribe-savoring talk of a hire-
ling prostitute or the empty va-
poring of a selfish cowardly fool,
so long as one of the number-
less pools in the miasma-breeding
swamps of private property
remains undrained.

What one hates less, another
must hate more, for neither can
any organ of the human body re-
fuse to partake in the fever battle
against the measles or typhoid
invader without endangering the
life of the whole body.

The law of compensation never
rests and many, at some not
very distant day, will yet have to
pay the price for shutting their
eyes, ostrich-like or selfishly, to
the unpleasant facts and hurtful
truths of this abounding social
rottenness. When things get too
bad, they cure themselves, but
woe unto him who guarded him-
self against the smile-killing in-
fluence of hate upon his life by a
wall of self-righteousness and
self complacency or self-willed
social ignorance and exclusiv-
ness for fear of up-setting his ar-
tificial, criminal, hot-house peace
of mind. To them as well as to
those, who think, having fulfill-
ed all their social duties by keep-
ing their family from starvation
and earning the label "law-abid-
ing citizen," it will be said,
"Thou fool, this night thy soul
shall be required of thee!"

If this civilization is to live,
we must have more hate, not less
hate—hate that will burn, hate
that will consume all vileness
growing like an evil fruit from
the evil tree of private property.
Throw this tree into the flame of
hate, but first let us fan the
flame with a draft drawn from
air that is vocal with the an-
guish and wail of murdered inno-
cents and with the corroding
grief of mothers degraded to
slave-breeding machines. Pour
on the oil of solidarity of inter-
national suffering under the
hungerlash of gold and stir it
with the sacred memory of
countless martyrs to the cause
of social peace.

Then organize this hate into
one big union and make it effec-
tive for the purpose of burning
up the cause. Through the union
hate becomes the impulse to cold
reasoning, purposeful, calculat-
ing, determined, powerful action
which no longer fights men, but
causes.

Only through the union am I
protected against the disinte-
grating effect of hate upon my-
self, for hate is a killing force
of nature, impartially striking alike
him who issues as well as him
who receives the current.

Woe to him in whom the cur-
rent of hate becomes of stronger
voltage than he was built to car-
ry, or who does not make proper
use of the intellect-transformer,
life gave him as a device of self-
protection, for preventing the
blind passion of hate to burn out
the fuse within himself or turn
the current of life away.

Through organization only,
hate can find adequate expres-
sion and only in the one big union
it can get that granitic tex-
ture, that iron fiber, which is
able to say with the Master-revo-
lutionist of Nazareth to the
mammon-worshippers: "Thou
fool, this very night thy soul
shall be taken from thee," or
that without the least sentiment-
al tremble in voice or hand can
condemn them to an everlasting
hell, mitigated not even by so
much as the dip of a finger into
water or again with unmoved
voice, stern and serene as life it-
self, knowing nothing but cause
and effect, can say, "I know not
whence ye are, depart from me,
yeworkers of iniquity."

Then tremble, ye masters of
bread and body, and ye cunning
masters of thought and mind.
Life is writing death sentence to
your rule in words of flaming
hate, now, with the pen of
human misery and shame you
yourselves have been the tools of
making. But pronounced and ex-
ecuted it shall be through the
hosts of labor organizing in one
big union and whose hate is
changed through the union from
blind, passionate self-destructive
sentiment to purposeful, intelli-
gent force for the might which
alone is right and which can do
what the moment calls for with
no more commotion or reason-
clouding passion than the driver

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H. E. Brown

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now is less slush about love and
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