

DEATH TO "CITIZEN" LEAGUE VIGILANTES!

This is Number 53

Organization  Is Power

WATCH YOUR EXPIRATION.
IF No. 54 is opposite your name on address label, your subscription expires next week.

THE VOICE of the PEOPLE

VOL. III—No. 2.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1914

MIGHT IS RIGHT

TEXAS HUERTAISTAS DRUNK ON BLOOD.

San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 31st, 1913.—The whole force of the Texan plunderbund, the believed allies of the murderous bandit-herd of Huertaistas, and other exploiters and oppressors of the Mexican workers, are howling at the heels of the dauntless army of workers who are fighting to secure the release of the fourteen fellow-workers who are at present incarcerated in the poisonous dungeons of enlightened Texas because they were audacious enough to attempt to make a fight for their own manhood against the enemies of their class in Mexico. The hounds are already licking their chops at the prospects of the forthcoming feast of blood, if they are successful in sending Rangel, Cline and their associates to the gallows and to the penitentiary. They are sparing no effort to quash by any means all efforts that are being made to acquaint the working class of Texas of the summary meting out of capitalistic "justice" to these members of their class.

The night of Sunday the 28th, the obedient emissaries of the Texan bandits, under the leadership of Chief of Police Davidson, raided the hall where a meeting was being held addressed by Jose Angel Hernandez, on behalf of the Rangel-Cline Defense Fund, and dispersed the meeting. There were some three hundred present and the meeting was perfectly orderly.

In El Paso, Texas, a street meeting, addressed by Fellow-worker Tom Farrel Corder, was also broken up and Corder was escorted, by a score of official prostitutes, uniformed and otherwise, to the city jail, where he was held for three days and forced to work at shoveling dirt while fettered with heavy chains and iron ball.

It seems that the Fat and Grabful Plutocracy which holds Texas in the hollow of its hand, is becoming jealous of the noble efforts put forth by the enlightened citizens of San Diego, Fresno, Spokane and other beauty spots, to suppress free speech by the "unwashed rabble," and are now doing their best to emulate these worthy examples.

Despite however, the machinations of the subversive political machinery of Texas to repress them, manifestations of working class solidarity are coming in from all parts of the state. These are, however, almost wholly from Mexican or Mexican-Texan fellow-workers; to the everlasting shame of the Texan American workers, there has been practically no response from them; they seem to be content to lay down in the dirt and meekly to suffer any insult offered to their class. No doubt they are enjoying such a gratifying amount of prosperity that they have no kick coming. How long, O Lord, how long?

The trial of Rangel, Cline and their comrades begins on Monday, the 5th of January. The Grand Order of Grabbers are mustering all their strength to send the men to the gallows and to long terms of imprisonment in the unspeakable prisons of Texas. Money is required to put up and adequate defense for the men. *The time to act is Right Now.* The victory of the Kirby et al. ring means a crushing blow to the revolutionary movement in this part of the country. A victory for us means that a strong blow will have been dealt at capitalist domination in Texas, and the beginning of *working class solidarity and revolt there.* It's up to the workers in general which it shall be. Their victory is our victory.

Class-conscious Workers of the World, Warriors of the Army of Revolt, we have appealed to you many times before and you have responded nobly, *shall we appeal this time and fail?* All together now, ye toilers, and a breach shall be blown in the walls of the Citadel of Tyranny that never again shall be closed! Comrades of the Fighting Clan, shall we make the State of the Lone Star a *State of Three Stars?*

"MILITANT."

POLICE MURDER!

Under the shadow of the historic mission of Our Lady the Queen of Angels, the oldest building in Los Angeles, on whose walls are the tablets, telling of the message of peace on earth and good will, a crowd of several thousand militants, members of the forty thousand unemployed men, women and children were gathered in peaceful assemblage on Christmas to devise ways and means to avert the starvation which con-

fronts them. Speakers in various tongues addressed the people who represented all colors, races, nations and creeds, all driven together by the common whip hunger.

Suddenly a squadron of police charged into the gathering from the rear, with leaden billy in one hand and gun in the other, sapping right and left, sparing neither age nor sex. Even little children were manhandled by the brutes, scattering them in all directions. Recovering from their surprise the crowd rallied in front of the building which had been the headquarters of Gen. Fremont when he raised the American flag for the first time over Los Angeles, and seizing Cobblestones, charged the police. The minions of the law emptied their guns at the now thoroughly worked-up demonstrators and then fled towards Main Street, with trembling hands and blanched faces. In their haste to make a get-away many of them dropped their guns. One uniformed hero hid himself behind the counter of a cigar store, while thousands of people jeered at him. On account of the complex arrangement of streets around the Plaza the police were enabled to bring up reinforcements for another cowardly rear attack. Another charge on the part of the crowd, forced a retreat of the police; who left Lieut. Krieg: lying badly wounded on the ground.

A Mexican I. W. W., a working man, went to the assistance of a wounded comrade, who was shot through the stomach and was in his turn shot through the heart by a policeman who was hiding in a Japanese fruit store. By this time there were over 200 police on the scene firing in all directions, but, owing to their fear-crazed condition many of the shot took no effect. A drenching rain scattered the crowd. During the downpour the police went to the I. W. W. hall nearby, which was occupied only by the body of the murdered man Raphael Adam and the weeping members of his family, completely wrecking it. The authorities then made a systematic raid on the Latin quarters, arresting all Mexican and Italian radicals, many of whom were mercilessly beaten up while in custody.

Although the kept perverts of the press declare there are not over 1000 unemployed in the city The Los Angeles Times announced, in glaring letters on its bulletins all over town this Friday morning that "10,000 poor people were given a glorious Xmas by the generous well-to-do of Los Angeles," thus exposing their own lying infamy.

As a leading American periodical states commenting on the successful march of Villa and Zapata in Mexico: "The answer is not yet!"

BILL B. COOK.

TO THE PRESS.

Forty-four workingmen have been arrested and charged with rioting at the Plaza, Los Angeles, on Christmas day. The authorities are determined to send as many as possible to the penitentiary. Five men are under \$2000 bail, and 39 under \$500. All contributions for the defense of these men will be published in *Solidarity, Voice of The People and The Wooden Shoe*, until the required amount is secured. Send all funds to William Davenport, Box 265, Station C., Los Angeles, California. Trial takes place January 21st.

Yours for Industrial Freedom,
WORKINGMEN'S DEFENSE LEAGUE,
W. DAVENPORT, Secretary-Treasurer.
Committee:—A. Kinman, Wm. Stockinger, Herman Siegel, Josi B. Corona, James O'Neil, O. J. Sautter, Parker Hill, Wm. R. Sautter, D. D. Charuz, Ray Cabezut, Hugh Swindley

A War Message From Emerson.

Lebanon, Tennessee, Jan. 1st, 1914.—Fellow workers of the Southern district: I wish you a successful new year in your work against the timber thieves.

I hope you will be able to get more bread and meat this year than you did last.

I also hope you will be able to earn less for the boss and get more for yourselves.

It has been quite a while since you heard from me.

I have just received word that many of you don't know where I am.

I am at present located at Lebanon, Tennessee, and will be until June, 1914.

I have plans of my own to work out and am at them now.

Each of you should have plans of YOUR own to work out and do as I am doing, work them out for yourselves, depending upon no one to work them out for you. Because as long as you depend upon some one else to work out the things that concern you, that long they will remain as they are now, *undone.*

I am sure you were told this hundreds of times by me when I was among you. I repeat it again. Leaders you should never have. Every Moses of the working class has led them into the camp of the capitalist, and there left them.

Each of you should be your own Moses, leader, and master. If you are not, something is wrong with you.

An organization built up by and dependent upon any one man, or any few men, is no organization at all. Because it can never be stronger than he or they are strong. *The workers on each job must be the masters of the job.* Now get busy, ask no questions as to what the other fellow is doing, but do your own duty by organizing the job you are on, and work for your own freedom, welfare and stomach, for awhile.

I understand conditions are rapidly getting worse in the lumber belt.

There is a reason for this. What is it? I can tell you. *You have gone to sleep again and the boss is wide awake to it.*

You are neglecting your duty to yourselves. You are again taking the boss' paregoric and dozing off into a stupor of inactivity.

You are neglecting your union. You are wasting your power by waiting and wondering what the other fellow is going to do.

The boss sees and knows all this and is gradually putting the screws to you. He will continue this too until you make him afraid to turn one more turn. The more you take the more you will have to take. It is up to you to do for yourselves. So my advice to you is get back into the Union and use your organized power against the organized power of the timber thieves, and force them to come across with more of the good things of life. Organization is power, and nothing else is to-day.

Get together and stay together.

Make a new start right now, as soon as you read this, by sending Covington Hall \$1.00 as a birthday present to that one year old rebel, THE VOICE.

Long live the UNION and THE VOICE!

Down with capitalism and oppression and up with freedom!

Yours for industrial freedom,
A. L. EMERSON.

In Arkansas' Lumber Hells

By W. H. LEWIS.

Crossett, Ark.—A few remarks on the conditions of the slaves of this hellhole might be of interest to the readers of *The Voice.* I arrived here on December 24th and started a series of investigations concerning the conditions under which the slaves toil and exist. I found meat selling at twenty cents per pound, flour 90 cents per 24 pound sack and all other food in proportion. I found the same old commissary, the same old doctor's fee, insurance and hospital. But they have actually got a hospital, but I have been told the slaves who are sent there must pay extra for the privilege of staying in it.

Possibly, though, the most pitiful sight I ever beheld was the slaves purchasing their Xmas presents. A little old 25 cents doll here, a 10 cents knife there, and some of them could not afford even these luxuries.

Poor little "kiddies," 'twill be a dull Christmas for you.

Of all the impositions that have been heaped upon the backs of an outraged working class, possibly the following is the worst:

The sum of fifty cents per month is taken out of the slaves' wages, for what? To up-keep one of the most useless specimens of the parasite class in existence, *the preacher,* I was told, though it was not compulsory.

Let's see. A friend of mine went to one of the camps and asked for a job. After asking the wages he was to receive, the board, hospital, doctor's bill, etc., he must pay, the boss told him that there was also fifty cents per month for the preacher, and, if he did not wish to pay it, he could look elsewhere for a job. So, after all it is compulsory.

Poor slaves! After having been hypnotized for thousands of years by these parasites, you MUST at last support them. What the hell next? But even here I found some rebellious spirits, and what little spreading of the gospel of economic freedom I had opportunity to do, did not fall on deaf ears. Everywhere I go I find the same spirit of restlessness, of rebellion, and don't give a damn, cropping up in the most unexpected manner. Hunger thou art indeed our friend! You are causing the slaves to *think for themselves,* and the time is not far distant when the preacher will cease to do their thinking for them. It was so in France two hundred years ago and 'twill be so in America in this, the twentieth century, the century of light!

Men of the South! Arise in your might, and show the world that the South has never been conquered. Workers of the world! The day of our emancipation will be hastened if we but clasp our hands in class solidarity, class loyalty, regardless of race, creed or color.

Men of the world! If you want to cease paying the preacher fifty cents per month, thus bringing your wives, mothers and daughters fifty cents per month nearer prostitution, if you want to be men and not slaves, join the ONE BIG UNION, of Forest and Lumber Workers, and join to-day. This union is out to abolish poverty and with your help we will do so. The I. W. W. is the only power on earth that will dress the boss up in a new suit of overalls and put the preacher to rocking old "Gappie."

The Union Man Came Back

By EDDIE BILL of Glenmora.

The saw mill man had trouble on the hill. He had a union man on the job who wouldn't leave the mill.

He sold him as a slave to a millionaire who was going away; he told the millionaire to keep the union man and told the union man to stay.—But the union man came back.

The union man was a terror so they thought it best to give him his money and send him out West. As the train went around the curve it struck a rotten rail. Not a scab was left to tell the tale.—But the union man came back.

A scab said he would kill the union man and received a thousand dollar note. He took the man out in the river in an open boat; he tied a chunk around his neck, a stone that weighed a hundred pounds. And now they are dragging the river for the scab that was drowned.—But the union man came back.

The saw mill owner said he would kill the union man that night. He loaded his old musket gun with nails and dynamite; he took his stand out in the woods for the union man to come around. A half a dozen pieces of the saw mill owner was all they found.—But the union man came back.

Defense Funds Notice.

WHEATLAND: Send all funds for the defense of the Wheatland Victims to, Andy Barber, Sec. I. W. W. Locals, 114 "I" Street, Sacramento, Cal.

TEXAS VICTIMS: Send all funds to Victor Cravello, Box 1891, Los Angeles, Cal., Secretary of the Rangel-Cline Defense Committee.

PORTLAND MEETINGS.

The Portland, Oregon, locals will hold regular propaganda meetings twice per week in the hall at 309 Davis St., during this winter. New stereopticon installed. Good speakers needed for meetings in hall and on the street. Everybody welcome.

B. E. NILSSON,
Sec'y Portland Locals, I. W. W.

Initiative and Referendum.

By RODERICK J. MACDONALD.

Let the I. W. W. membership rule themselves thru and by the initiative and referendum.

It is the only medium by and through which pure democracy can ever be obtained to give permanency to their personal and collective rights.

It gives every member an equal opportunity to deliberate on every measure proposed or initiated in order to render righteous judgment when voting or referring.

It enables every member to vote directly on all measures local, national and international.

It conserves all power inherent within the rank and file, political economic, social and sexual.

It is the reverse of delegates or politicians convened in convention as law makers and law givers, ruling from above.

The initiative and referendum proves conclusively that a representative form of government as now obtains under capitalism, world-wide, is capitalistic in name and nature. It is a medium that has outlived its usefulness; it cannot be used in a revolutionary and an absolute democratic working class organization like the I. W. W. it is an obsolete; its relation to democratic organization is much the same as the horse is to the automobile. Hence conservatives and reactionaries support and advocate it.

The great need of the I. W. W. is more democracy to give birth to new ideals, to broaden our vision, to stimulate thought, to encourage, to give or renew our hopes, aims, desires and ambitions.

The initiative and referendum point out to the delegate or politician, that his service is no longer required and from now on, all officers elected to serve in any and all positions, their duties must be absolutely non-political.

There is no more use for a convention than a deluge. Yes, fellow-workers, the initiative and referendum is the instrument we must use to simplify our work. It creates order, harmony, giving every member his inalienable right to a say or voice as to how the movement is to be managed in all its details, otherwise the I. W. W. will degenerate and finally die, and a more revolutionary movement will be born and take its place to overthrow capitalism, (The Political State) and emancipate the workers of the world from wage slavery.

The politician and the initiative and referendum have nothing in common. The former rules the members from above; in the latter the members govern themselves from below.

In California we have the initiative and referendum, but its present status is a huge joke. It is practically inoperative only through petitions to have certain amendments placed on the ballot. Why? We must petition the politicians, and will continue to do so as long as city and state legislatures are dominated by politicians, thus obstructing the voice of the people through the initiative and referendum. Those governing bodies must go. Politics and policies do not require politicians to juggle over them in legislative halls and, if the people of California want to function with the initiative and referendum with absolute freedom, they must abolish those political legislating bodies.

In 1906 our convention abolished the second clause in our Preamble; it was voiced with emphasis that we abolished the politicians, yet still keep on holding conventions and, mark you, electing delegates or politicians to make and amend, to be law makers and law givers. Also our referendum is a huge joke, as two thirds of the work of the convention is never placed before the membership for their final referendum. Hence the rule from above is final. If that is not political jugglery within the I. W. W. I make my bow and retire gracefully waiting to introduce the new method, viz: The initiative and referendum.

Two thirds of our Constitution is absolutely political, defining the duties of conventions, delegates, proportional representation, a Political General Executive Board, and so on all along political lines, mark you, within a democratic revolutionary organization like the I. W. W. I hold that the I. W. W. is identical with the A. F. of L. as far as its executive is concerned; our constitution was written and shaped to rule from above.

In this writing I am pointing out the truth and the dangers involved in allowing this state of affairs to exist much longer. I suggest we re-construct our constitution, abolish conventions and that all offices be made absolutely non-political, leaving the power solely within the membership, viz: By the initiative and referendum.

Everywhere "Citizen" League Vigilantes and gunmen are outraging working people and violating the Constitution of the United States. It is up to the working class to maintain the "unalienable rights."

It is reported to The Voice that Sears, Roebuck & Co., of Chicago is selling a fine rifle, the German Army Mauser for only \$6.75.

Fine Rifles Cheap.

"General" Chase of Colorado has deported Mother Jones and threatens to manhandle her should she return.

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Another One, And They Call It Justice.

Some six months ago, the men working on the lighter boats, running on the beautiful and historic Delaware river, around the port of Philadelphia, Pa., having become dissatisfied with existing conditions on the lighter boats, they organized themselves into a branch of Local 8 of the Marine Transport Workers of the I. W. W.

After three months of agitation amongst the lightermen, they succeeded in perfecting their organization. As soon as that was done the members got together to discuss their grievance.

Among the many things said, the principal one was the wages and the long hours of work. The men had been working for 10 to 12 dollars per week, which is insufficient to keep their families from want in the face of the evergrowing cost of living.

A scale of wages was decided upon, and it consisted of 15 dollars a week for the minimum. A committee was elected to draw up their demands and present the same to the bosses.

On presenting these demands, the bosses were very much astonished claiming that their profits would not allow them to make concessions. But on seeing the determination of the men, they all gave in except the Tucker and Oliver lines. On October 11th a strike was declared on the named two lines. The men having the knowledge of solidarity, they walked off the lighters to a man. On October 15th John I. Loux, Arthur Wilmot and organizer J. J. McKelvey were arrested for conspiracy, as the persecuting attorney CLAIMED that the three named individuals were seen together on the corner of Second and Walnut streets.

On November 30th at a regular business meeting of the lightermen branch, it was proven that a thing in the shape of a human, had scabbed it on the Tucker line, so the members voted to have his book and button taken away from him, as they could not associate with a traitor to the cause they represented.

On November 1st, it is claimed (by the persecuting attorney) that J. J. McKelvey said on the corner of Second and Walnut, "We will get Tucker and make him pay the wages." On this very same night the thing that had scabbed on the Tucker line was assaulted. On Tuesday, November 4th, John I. Loux was arrested on Otis wharf, charging him with having put salt in the assaulted scab's battery. The very same day Arthur Wilmot was arrested charged with having put salt in Jorgenson's battery, another scab.

Loux and Wilmot were given a hearing in the Kangaroo court and the bail fixed at \$800 for Loux and \$400 for Wilmot.

There is no use going into details to describe the mockery of the so-called justice as they wanted to connect Wilmot with the first dose of salt given to the first scab, but the evidence was so clear in his favor that even that good judge had to give up the attempt.

Two days after this hearing Wilmot was re-arrested on the same charge that they didn't make stick at the hearing, only that charge in the meantime had become another conspiracy (whatever that meant). Organizer McKelvey learning of Wilmot's arrest went to the police station to see what could be done for Wilmot. While waiting for the trial McKelvey was called aside and put under arrest, later Leoux was rearrested and the three were held under \$1000 bond each.

No use explaining any further as we all know that the bosses are trying their best to break up the organization formed by the lightermen.

The organized fellow-workers have received an increase in wages ranging from \$10 to \$15 a month, and the bosses are looking for revenge.

What kind of revenge do you think they want? The only kind of revenge we know of, is to put the most active members in jail, because they have proven very dangerous to their profits. Let us not forget the fact, that the bosses will not stop at any thing, to keep us in misery, degradation and submissiveness.

What are we going to do about it? We had better wake up to give them a dose of the same medicine, by keeping always in mind our war cry, "An injury to one is an injury to all."

C. L. FILIGNO.

PEACE AND REVOLUTION.

Peace on earth, good will to man.

We love peace, but not peace at any price.—There is a peace more destructive of the manhood of living man, than war is destructive of his body.—Chains are worse than bayonets.—Jerrald.

Revolutions are like most noxious dungheaps, which brings into life the noblest vegetables.—Napoleon.

LIFE IS STRIFE.

Life is strife for every man,
For every son of thunder;
Then be a lion, not a lamb,
And don't be trampled under.—Redbeard.

Voice Maintenance Fund.

DECEMBER DONATIONS:

Wm. Heafy	\$1.00
L. U. 396, Rosepine, La.	1.20
Denecke, of Vancouver	1.00
John H. Ratgen	1.50
E. J. S.	1.00
W. H. Lewis	1.00
A. L. Emerson	1.00
J. J. F.	1.50
L. U. 7, M. T. W.	1.25
Paul Noetzold	1.00
W. E. Hollingsworth	2.00
Jack Root	1.00
Louis DeSutter	1.50
C. H. Reynolds	1.00
Oscar Bourque	1.00
Jay Smith, Secty. F. L. W.	2.00
Chas. Ashleigh	.25
A. G. Allen	20.00
L. S. Willis	1.00

Total \$41.20

JANUARY DONATIONS:

R. VanBuskirk	.50
M. Lambright	1.00
F. R. Fulmer	1.00
E. J. S.	1.00

Total \$3.50

NOTE.—THE VOICE thanks you, Fellow Rebels. We will yet save the paper if we all pull together as we have been pulling the last few weeks. The next two months will be hard ones, tho. Any Local or Rebels can send in money now and draw bundles from it later if desired. We would like to see more subs, tho, as the circulation of THE VOICE among the workers is what counts for the building up of the ONE BIG UNION. Ask your partner on the job if he is a subscriber.

YOURS TO WIN,

C. H.

Sluggo Gilbert Hennigan Rewarded.

The New Orleans papers of December 31st give an account of the "heroic" deeds of one Gilbert Hennigan of Merryville, the same being an ex-B. T. W. and later one of the leaders of the nefarious "Citizens (?) League" that took part in the cowardly, infamous and inhuman assaults that were made on union men, women and children toward the end of the strike on the alleged American Lumber Co. Thug Hennigan had the gall to go to DeQuincy, La., on Sunday, December 21st, it seems, and to attempt to strut before the Lumberjacks and Railroad boys of that rebel burg, but pretty soon, from strutting he went weeping to a blind-tiger deputy for "protection." Here the hero stayed until his train was about due. Then he started for the depot followed by his guardian gunman, when a BOY stepped up to him and knocked him head-over-heels. The hero then grabbed the gunman, crying: "Protect, protect, O protect me, please!" This according to eye witnesses, which is some different from the way the kept press told it, as they had Gilbert and the blind-tiger holding off a "mob" of 75 to 100 men at the point of drawn revolvers until Gilbert backed up onto the train and got started once more into the great EX (?) HOG-RAISER'S hellhole, where we advise him to stay hereafter, as nobody but the scab-herding Santa Fe Railroad wants such cattle on their premises. You will note that when a body of workmen take some little vengeance for the grossest outrages heaped upon their class that they are always a "mob," but not so are the Gilbert Hennigans, Doctor Knights and their white-livered wrecking gangs. After the hero of Merryville got back to his own kind, Bullmeat Henry sent up and carried Fellow-worker Ed. McMickle down the bullpen in Lake Charles, Ed. being charged with being a "hoodlum," but turned him loose on his own bond to come up for a Calcasieu "trial" later on.

We are getting a little tired of Henry grabbing our men on all sorts of rotten charges made by rotten Burns Detectives and rottener "Citizen Leaguers," and we want it STOPT, especially his hoisty-toity talks to the boys after they are landed in his hotel where he gets 55 cents a day for feeding human beings a loaf of bread and a pound of stenchy bullmeat every 24 hours, which we consider high board, even if the bullmeat is served hair, hide and all on.

On With the Social General Strike.

VAST ARMY OF MEN FACING STARVATION ON PACIFIC COAST.

There are as many unemployed on the Pacific coast this winter as the entire standing army of the United States.

In California the number approximates 100,000. San Francisco's jobless are estimated at 20,000; those of Los Angeles at 35,000; Portland's 15,000, and Seattle's about 20,000.

And on the heels of this congestion of the destitute

in the larger cities, has followed the biggest crime wave in years.

Harassed by hunger and responsibility for distressed families, thousands of law-abiding men are on the brink of desperate measures.

In Portland they have already begun to "rush" the restaurants, demanding food.

The calling of a special session of the legislature to deal with the acute problem is being urged in California, local relief measures having proven entirely inadequate.

This is a part of the price the west coast is paying for the alluring but lying advertisements of big business to flood the man markets of California, Oregon and Washington—to bring down the price of muscle and sweat—as well as the enticements of big real estate corporations.

Hope of employment with the 1915 exposition has greatly stimulated the influx in San Francisco. Here certain railroad advertisements are blamed.

The futility of this hope is apparent in the announcement of the exposition comptroller that there are already over 22,000 applicants on the waiting list.

Take Los Angeles. Not an industrial city, the demand for labor is never large. BUT THOSE FIGHTING TO PRESERVE THE "OPEN SHOP" IN EVERY WAY TO ENCOURAGE A GLUT OF IDLE LABOR, TENDING TO LOWER WAGES.

Portland, normally the winter stamping ground of thousands of idle timber and construction workers, suspend at this season, has watched the problem grow even more acute this year.

Seattle finds itself in a similar situation, with hordes seeking a hand-to-mouth existence.

"The hardest winter in years"—everywhere this disquieting statement is being made.

The holidays brought out the sharp contrast between joyous opulence and abject distress in blunt fashion, the shoppers running the gauntlet of the army of destitute, existing on street doles.

In growing alarm, municipalities have passed emergency employment and charity measures, but—

NO STEPS HAVE BEEN TAKEN FOR A FUNDAMENTAL SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM OF UNEMPLOYMENT INCREASING EVERY YEAR.

COMMENT.

The above is from "The Seattle Star" of December 27, 1913. The last sentence of the above article, "No steps have been taken for a fundamental solution of the problem of unemployment, increasing every year," strikes us most and constrains us to remark that no such steps will EVER be taken until the unemployed take it for themselves and peaceably or forcibly, as the capitalist insist, overthrow the wage system. No politicians are going to heal this panic and no guns either, "Major General" Harrison Greywolf Otis and Company—nothing will or can stop worldwide starvation now but ONE BIG REVOLUTIONARY UNION OF THE WORKING CLASS. ON WITH THE SOCIAL GENERAL STRIKE!

THE PREYING PREACHERS.

THE VOICE has received the following letter: "I am now living where I was raised, am 45 years of age and have tried to live up to the "Golden Rule." In 1911 I joined the B. T. W. and have ever since been a rebel in the labor struggle. I was raised near a snaky preacher who I have often kept in case of actual need, and now he is trying to get me to turn down the I. W. W., as he says I am one of the ring-leaders of Local 275. But I want to tell the I. W. W. they can't cram enuf preachers in Prospect church house to jar me loose from the Union, for I am here to WIN.

H. L. WALKER "

COMMENT.

The great mistake made by this fellow-worker and many others was trying to live up to the "Golden Rule" in a system of society that is founded, State, Church and all, on the Rule of Gold. Quit it, you fool workers. Organize, like the preachers, priests, politicians and capitalists do, and GRAB all the good things you can HERE AND NOW, for you will be a long time dead.

"CHRISTIAN BENEFACTORS," MAKE GOOD!

We are not living in the great primitive age of individual agricultural production. The evolution of Capitalism has drawn from the cultivation of the soil the millions who now congest our industrial centers. The prominent christians, of each great community, the pillars of the church, are the ones who profit by this congestion in that they would be unable to employ sufficient labor in their factories and mills unless there was an army of wage earners ready at hand. They themselves are parasites performing no useful functions in society.

That they are not benefactors will be vividly impressed upon the unemployed during the next few months. Benefactors can only be properly so considered when they make some actual sacrifice. Employing men, women and children to make a profit out of their labor is not benefaction. It is good business.

The test of a benefactor comes when he employs wage earners at a loss. The time is now here in the industrial world when the Christian employer can play such a part.—"Justice."

\$\$ His Master's Voice. \$\$

"AIR, THROW OUT THE LIFELINE."
(By MEEK SO-CALLED.)

Throw out the bullock, ye henchmen of mine,
Snare many suckers with promises fine;
Poverty's victims with burdens are bent,
Bullock and soplets will keep them content.

CHORUS.

Hail bogus liferope, perverting mind dope,
Misleading promises fine;
Tell to the workers, friends are the shirkers,
Hearken ye lackeys of mine.

Issue out falsehood, the truth will not do,
Ye Editors, Parsons and "Honest Men" too;
Why hesitate ye, my hirelings, to-day?
Humble the workers or nix is your pay.

Bribe them with promises, parson so sly,
Promise them beautiful mansions on high;
Gladly they'll stand for oppression to reign,
For greater rewards in Heaven to gain.

Henchmen, attention, your memory train,
Parson bout-face till I locate your brain;
Your head I'll examine a reason to seek
Why you're only working one day a week.

Stand to attention; continue the search,
Why are the toilers deserting your church?
If you desire hereafter to shirk,
Shackel the slaves else lie thee to work.

As to the coal mines, God made them for me;
The oil fields created for Good Johnnie D;
Likewise the steel mills for Carnegie built;
Therefore the workers shall toil till they wilt.

Send out the patriots, ye Governors Blest;
Shoot down the toilers who dare to protest;
If they continue to clamor for Bread,
Give them bayonets and bullets instead.

DeQuincy Fights for Voice

DeQuincy, La., Dec. 28th, 1913.—Regular business meeting of Local 390, I. W. W. Resolution, moved and seconded:

"Be it resolved, That beginning January 1st and to continue for three months, that every fellow-worker paying dues of one month or more and every new member joining be given a 13-week sub. to The Voice of the People."—Carried.

Resolution moved and seconded:

"That every local of the I. W. W. in the Southern District be asked to take like action."—Carried.

Resolution moved and seconded:

"That DeQuincy local goes on record as being vitally interested in the work of The Voice of The People, and calls on every person interested in seeing the slave's condition improved to rally to the support of our own paper."—Carried.

Resolution moved and seconded:

"That a copy of these resolutions be sent to The Voice for publication and that Organizer Rockwell be instructed to write a letter for publication of the misfit court of justice in DeQuincy."—Carried

E. P. McMICKLE, Fin'l Secty.

CHAS. ADAMS, Chairman;

A. W. ROCKWELL,

Org. and Rec. Secty.

Note. Article on "Hero" Hennigan, already set up when above letter was received.—C. H.

Great War On!

Unions Unite!

Fellow-worker Covington Hall:

Enclosed find money order for bundle order of The Voice.

Industrial conditions on the coast are certainly bad, a great many think they are far worse than the panic of 1907, and the Bosses are taking advantage of conditions to force the open shop as usual. It is stated that after January 1st no one known to have a Union card and button will get employment, and if now employed will be discharged to make a place for a non-union man, well let them go to it, the result will be more Rebels added to the Rebel forces.

Can you run me a notice for several issues asking Chas. LaRose to write me, as I wish to get in touch with him on an important matter.

Trusting "The Voice" will be able to tide over the next three months, when I feel sure, when Spring work opens up, we will be able to increase the bundle order again.

Yours for Industrial Solidarity.

THOS. WHITEHEAD,
Secty C. C. C. Seattle, I. W. W.

LET US THINK.

By FRED. FREYR.

Workers!

Let us think a few moments about ourselves. Here we are, ground under or chained to the wheel of capitalism; some of us more, some less. We are vast in numbers, the masters of the break are few. They hold the power to enslave us, while we have none. Why? Because they are organized right—we are not organized at all or not right.

We must unite industrially in ONE BIG UNION. Think, *side by side* we break our backs in forest or plod in fields, and *together* we strain in factories, man the boats and run the railroads. Always *together*, in *unison* we toil, in large numbers.

Why do we slave? What for?

We work no longer singly as of old, when each produced independently of the other. Our place is that of a cog or a wheel in a big machine, we can no longer work alone, we could no longer live alone—our workday life forces us to *unite*. This fact is so firmly ingrained in our being, that when we think of work, we think of men or women working by hundreds and thousands at one common task. Our work *unites* us; it makes us toil in harmony; and *shoulder to shoulder* we battle with the forces of a hostile nature and pay the blood tax of industrial work.

But *what* do we work for so *unitedly* and for whom do we get maimed and killed? For whom?

Is it for ourselves that we strain our muscles and deform the body, said to be shaped in God's image?

Why then, are we clad in rags and shoddy and accept the undergrade or downright refuse of all we need, instead of taking and wearing and living on the best of what we raise and weave by our *united* labor?

Or is it for our women and children, for all our loved ones young and old, that we sell our strength, vitality, our whole existence piecemeal to strain and rot away our man and womanhood down to our early grave as little more than beasts of burden?

Why then do our loved ones starve and freeze and scrimp in disease breeding hovels, instead of living in healthful, sanitary homes? Why must they deny themselves or go without aught of what our *united* effort produces for this civilization? Why, tell me, then can we not provide for them the means to get an education with the charm and grace of manner, speech, refinement, which through our united toil we squander on the leisure class?

Or is it solely for the idlers, for the parasites, that we slave, to fill *their* table full of breaking with life's good things; and then—stand from afar, hungry and freezing, our children's wail for bread and knowledge and for life, adding agony to the rage of seeing them waste and misuse the product of our common bloods toil?

That is exactly what we do.

Despised and driven and stolen from, because we are not also organized for taking and keeping, the same as we work organized for producing. The master class have organized for taking and keeping, what by right and reason should belong to and be enjoyed by us.

The working class must do likewise. All the masters are in the One Big Union of Labor Robbers. They are class-conscious, they do not allow themselves to be disunited by differences in race, sex and creed, they stand each for all and all for each in One Big Stealing Union under the flag of Gold.

They are but few and we are many. We have but to join our hands and our will in the One Big Union and drive them out of the possession of the means of life. Then we will be free. We shall get the fruit of our labor, without dividing with a parasite capitalist. There will be no more masters and no more slaves. Man and womanhood will be restored. Misery and crime and most disease will be dead. You and I and the other fellow organized in the One Big Union will bring this to pass. Now is the time to join and help overthrow capitalist rule. Waiting for George won't abolish wage-slavery. You are the man. I am the One Big Union. It is your turn next. Help yourself by helping us. The way is through the One Big Union. It is honored with a deathly hate by the master class, that alone proves its worth and value for the working class. The One Big Union is no job-trust, it has no barriers of sex, age, color, creed. It has low initiation fees and low dues; it has universal transfer costing nothing. By joining the One Big Union you stand by your class and your class stands by you. An injury to one is an injury to all. Each for all and all for each. That is solidarity. Solidarity is the biggest word in the workingman's vocabulary. The next important is: That solidarity is power. Power will crush the parasite and throw him out into utter darkness where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth, if he doesn't choose to tackle a job. I guess you'd like to see him starve to death or work. So would I. Join the One Big Union and let us make it come true.

Industrial Unionism once understood by a toiler there is something wrong with him if he does not jump to get his red card. History speaks not well of the men who stood at the fence, while others were doing and fighting, also for them. But whatever the ver-

dict of the coming generations, our judges, for the One Big Union it will *not* read: "Lo, there was the time to strike the blow for freedom, theirs was the privilege of wrenching the neck off human slavery,—but lo, they were weakenings, they did not dare, they were a pack of cowards."

No, that verdict for the workers in the One Big Union will read: "They were men!"

"Men," a great word; from the slavery to manhood. I am a slave. I cannot even love myself for what I am, nor you, but for what we may become together when fighting side by side in the One Big Union for freedom, self-respect and dignity, in short for man and womanhood.

A slave is but half a man; his noblest thoughts and deeds are striving, struggling, fighting for freedom. Fighting makes men. To fight alone is folly. Organized fighting alone can win. Therefore join the One Big Union and think well of yourself in knowing that you are doing something worth while for yourself, for your loved ones, for your class, for all mankind. Others think no more of us, than we think of ourselves. We shall get what we are worth and we are worth no more than the value we place upon ourselves. What are we worth? Slavery or freedom? How much are we worth? The whole fruit of our labor or but a measly slice called wages?

This is for us to decide fellow-toilers, now, not to-morrow or later. I have decided for freedom and the full product of my work and so have my fellow-workers in the One Big Union. It's up to you! We are waiting for you to act the man; your women and children are waiting and looking upon you, to give them more of life; the capitalist, your master is wishing you would act the slave. He fears to go to work.

Let me tell you again what the great Nazarene, the carpenter fellow-worker revolutionist spoke to the working class two thousand years ago: "Ye are the salt of the earth, if now the salt lose its savour it is henceforth good for nothing but to be trampled under the feet."

Trampled under the feet, that's where the masters like you to stay, spineless and spiritless beasts of burden. The masters want no upright standing men, therefrom their fear of the One Big Union. In One Big Union is your Union, is a Union of men. There's a red card lying ready for you. It is not too late yet to take it out. Join now!

For further particulars, address Vincent St. John, General Secretary, 164 W. Washington Street, Chicago, Ill., or Jay Smith, Secretary, Southern District, 1194 Gould Avenue, Alexandria, La.

Modern Mythology

By ERNEST GRIFFEATH.

In the City of Chicago, in nineteen hundred and five, A child was born, a giant, who was very much alive; His dam was Anarchia, 'tis said, his father Politico-party—

He began to nibble on Master Class and soon grew strong and hearty.

He grew to be a lusty child, and, one evening while out late,

He caused a little earthquake in The City of Golden Gate;

As he continued to gain in strength, he got a rambling notion,

And, in search of pleasure, the stepped across the ocean

He stubbed his toe on the northern corner of a place called Sicily,

And (though perhaps by accident) pushed Messina in the sea;

One day a little after that, while feeling rather nippy,

The scraped the levee away from the edge of the River Mississippi.

And, although this boyish trick was done in playful mood,

The farmers on their floating farms considered it quite rude;

'Tis said that he just laughed at them when they bemoaned their cotton—

And pushed an iceberg in front of, a ship and sent her to the bottom.*

Historians will have it that the pastime he loved best,

Was to pick the gates of power dams and flood the Middle West;

One day, while in a pensive mood, he strove to lift to gloam,

Took a handful of water from Bering Sea and almost drowned Nome.

And as he daily grew and grew, this lad of wondrous birth,

Became so strong that nothing could control him on the Earth;

And, it is reported, that sometimes, just for fun,

This happy urchin would take the World and roll it round the Sun.

But as all things must have an end, this giant, too, must pass—

But with his dying struggles he killed the Capitalist Class.

(Some chroniclers consider this a remarkable feat of bravery.)

However truthful that may be, he put an end to slavery.

*The ship referred to was the "Titanic," an unsinkable vessel which was sunk in 1912 or 1913. It is not generally believed now that I. W. W. the giant spoken of, was responsible for that catastrophe; although at that time a Mr. Block, a eminent scientist and investigator and the acknowledged head of the Society of Suckers and Scissorbills (believers in Pikeology, which was closely related to Coldfeetism, a doctrine founded by the Herr Ean Backoutaky), stated in a manuscript published under the name of "The Chair Dove," that the I. W. W. could safely be blamed for everything that happened of an untoward nature. The I. W. W. was severely criticised for this conduct by the Gomerian School of Rights and Wrongs, which set up an excellent standard of morals and ethics based on Identity of Interests.

Free Speech and Police Brutality in K. C.

Due to activities of Local 61 on the streets we have been met with repressive measures by city authorities. The arrest of 65 men was carried on in a peaceful manner wherein the workhouse became overcrowded. Orders were then given to club us from the streets. Not given with the nature of gaining something in six days and losing it on the seventh. Our meetings were held in a more elite district under the public eye.

At present 85 men are in jail and that authority might wreak its venom on defenseless men) they have been placed in an old building to sleep on concrete floors, each given a single blanket. Windows have long been missing and repeated calls for a doctor receives no response.

Several fellow-workers have been beaten up and others are on bread and water.

This beautiful city, the gateway to the golden west, has a treasury hovering close to zero. A little more ripping of their money bags: A falling array of ripping of their money bags: A falling away of their golden stream, and the local fight is ours.

On to Kansas City all you foot-loose rebels! Direct action theorists, now is a chance to *prove* the worth of your words by your actions.

Men and money is needed, men to fight, money for men coming in off the road.

Should this fight fail, it means a set-back in the Middle West. On to a speedy victory, then to the industries.

Send all communications to James P. Cannon, 1022 Garfield Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

PRESS COMMITTEE,

Frank Watts, G. J. Bourq, F. H. Little.

To All Members of the N. I. U. of F. and L. W., I. W. W.

Fellow-workers:—The best paper in the working class revolution is in danger of being discontinued. Lack of funds is the cause.

I have a plan, that if put into operation would keep the paper in the field and at the same time increase the membership of the organization, thus "killing two birds with one stone."

It is this: Let every member pick out 25 wage slaves, then let him order 25 copies of The Voice for four consecutive weeks; giving a copy to each of these slaves, and at the end of the four weeks, in nine cases out of ten, each rebel ordering these bundles could charter a local, and could also obtain the names of at least one-half of the slaves as permanent subscribers.

The Voice will publish articles during these four weeks that will appeal to the lumber workers exclusively, thus concentrating our efforts on one industry.

If but one hundred rebels would do this it would save the paper and also increase the membership.

Let's hear from you.

Yours for the I. W. W. and the emancipation of the working class. W. H. LEWIS.

N. B.—For papers to be used as Lewis suggests above, we will make a price of ONE CENT a copy, but no order to run over four weeks at that rate. C. H.

F. & L. W. Notice.

Forrest Edwards will take hold of the office of Secretary-Treasurer of the N. I. U. of F. L. W., West District, and of Local 432 after the first of the year 1914. Yours for Industrial Freedom,

FRANK A. SCHLEIS.

Advertise in The Voice

The Voice of the People

(Formerly "The Lumberjack.")

Entered as Second-class Matter, July 5, 1913, at the Post Office at New Orleans, La., under the Act of August 24, 1912.

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District Headquarters Alexandria, La.
Jay Smith Secretary

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION:
520 POYDRAS STREET, NEW ORLEANS, LA.
COVINGTON HALL Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

UNITED STATES: 52 weeks, \$1.00; 26 weeks, 50 cents; 13 weeks, 25 cents.
CANADA: 40 weeks, \$1.00; 10 weeks, 25 cents
FOREIGN: One Year \$1.50
SINGLE COPIES: 5 cents

BUNDLE RATES:

To all Locals and Rebels ordering 10 or more copies and paying 10 weeks, or 50 or more copies and paying five weeks, or 200 or more copies and paying bi-weekly or monthly, or 500 or more copies paying weekly, IN ADVANCE, we will make a rate of, in United States, 1 1-2c per copy, in Canada, 2c per copy. Charged accounts 1-2c per copy extra. No account carried over 30 days without a remittance.

In lots of 1,000 copies or over, United States, 1c per copy; in Canada, 1 1-2c.
UNITED STATES: 5 copies, 13 weeks \$1.00
CANADA, 4 copies, 13 weeks \$1.00

PREPAID SUBCARDS.

Send for a supply of Prepaid Six Months Sub cards to THE VOICE. In U. S., FOUR for \$1.50; TEN for \$3.75.

CLUB RATES:

IN CLUBS of FOUR or more subscribers we will make THE VOICE 75c a year in U. S.; in Canada, all going to SAME Postoffice, \$1.00 a year.

CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS.



SEND A DIME

To THE VOICE for a copy of B. E. Nilsson's fine pamphlet, **POLITICAL SOCIALISM CAPTURING THE GOVERNMENT.**—Something Every Worker Should Read.

"Larroque's House"

Cafe and Restaurant

MEALS AT ALL HOURS
Furnished Rooms

307 N. PETERS STREET NEW ORLEANS, LA.
UNDER MARINE TRANSPORT WORKERS' HALL

Billington's Lightning Liniment.

BEST on the MARKET for ALL ACHEs and PAINs FOR MEN AND STOCK
10c., 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 a Bottle
Your Merchant or Druggist ought to keep it but, if he doesn't, send your order direct to
BILLINGTON'S LINIMENT CO., LTD.
919 ROBERT STREET, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Red Cross Drug Store

Tenth and Jackson Streets—Opposite Union Depot
PHONE, NUMBER 212 ALEXANDRIA, LA.

Complete Stock of
Drugs, Medicines, Drug Sundries and Toilet Articles

Our Prescription Department is in Charge of Skilled Registered Pharmacists, and only Highest Grade Materials are Used.

Mail Orders Filled Immediately on Receipt.

Safe Delivery by Parcels Post Guaranteed.

No Order Too Small for Our Best Attention and Service.

Southern District Demands

Wage Scale for Loggers and Saw Mill Workers.
Join the One Big Union.

Initiation Fee, \$1.00; Dues 50c Per Month.

National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers, Southern District.

Demands:

We demand an eight-hour day.
We demand that eight hours be the working day from calling out in the morning until return at night.

We demand abolition of discount system.
We demand that all men shall be hired from Union Hall.

We demand that \$2.50 per day, or \$50.00 per month and board, shall be the minimum wage for all employes in the logging or railroad camps.

We demand 75 cents per thousand, or \$4.00 per day per man, 11,000 feet to constitute a day's work, for log cutting, stumps 36 inches high.

We demand a 50 per cent. increase in the pay of Tie Makers, Stave Mill, Turpentine, Rosin and all other workers in the Lumber Industry and its by-product industries.

We demand that overtime and Sunday work shall be paid for at the rate of time and a half.

We demand that injured workmen be given immediate attention.

We demand that pure, wholesome food be served at company boarding houses.

Cooks and other employes shall not be allowed to work on a percentage basis.

There shall be one waiter or waiters for every 30 men at the table.

We demand that maximum price of \$5.00 per week for board shall prevail.

We demand that the double deck bunks be taken out of all the bunk houses and that beds with springs and mattress be installed in their places.

We demand that dry rooms and bath rooms be installed in each camp.

We demand that the pig pens be kept 300 feet away from the cook houses or bunk houses, and that up-to-date sanitary systems be immediately established in all lumber towns and camps.

We demand that the hospital fee be paid to the Union and that the Union shall take care of all the sick and injured through this fund, or that the men be allowed to elect the doctor and have a voice in the management of the hospital and insurance fund.

We demand that all settlements for injuries shall be conducted in the presence of a committee from the Union.

We demand that all delegates or organizers shall be allowed to visit camps and mills.

GET BUSY!

Begin Organizing NOW and make a report each month of members in good standing at each Local and the vote of all UNION and NON-UNION workers, white and colored, native born or foreign in favor of these demands, and a GENERAL STRIKE to enforce them. DOWN WITH PEONAGE!

For further and full particulars, address:
All local Secretaries, get busy at once. Show the demands to all UNION and NON-UNION workers in the Lumber Industry. Talk the PHILOSOPHY and the POWER of the ONE BIG UNION OF FOREST AND LUMBER WORKERS. Get to work at once on the job where you work. Organize the unorganized and begin agitating on the EIGHT HOUR WORK DAY and the above WAGE SCALE. The question is a GENERAL QUESTION: NO LOCAL STRIKE WANTED.

HOW TO ORGANIZE.

Twenty members joining at any given place can get charter and supplies for a Local Union. You who read this where there is no Local Union where you are working, be the FIRST to begin agitating among the workers and get twenty or more wage workers to make application for charter and supplies for a Local Union.

JAY SMITH, Secretary,
Alexandria, La.

NOTICE TO I. W. W. LOCALS.

Some time ago the National Industrial Union of Marine Transport Workers sent out to all I. W. W. Locals a circular, which on account of their location, can get in touch with the Marine Transport Workers. A circular entitled:

"An Inquiry into the conditions of the Marine Transport Workers of the United States and Canada, instituted by the N. I. U. of M. T. W., I. W. W."

Up to date a large number of these circulars have not been filled in and sent to our office as requested.

The material we have obtained through this inquiry proves exceedingly valuable to the I. W. W. propaganda in our industry, but it is imperative that the material should be as complete as possible.

For this reason we urge the locals who have not yet responded to do so immediately. We must have the information, especially for use in a pamphlet we are about to issue.

Locals take notice and please attend to the matter immediately.

C. L. FILIGNO,
Nat. Sec'y-Treas., M. T. W.
214 West St., New York, N. Y.

THE PREAMBLE.

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

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

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid in employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

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

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

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

Remittance Notice

ALL ORGANIZATIONS PLEASE REMEMBER THAT REMITTANCES FOR THE PAST MONTH MUST REACH "THE VOICE" NOT LATER THAN THE FIFTH OF THE SUCCEEDING MONTH. PLEASE ACT ACCORDINGLY.

WOODSMEN, ATTENTION.

Fellow-workers and all slaves, stay away from Sweet-Home, La., Front. Local 275 on strike. The strike was called to keep one of the Company's old tricks off, trying to break the Solidarity and driving the workers.

But, as always, the I. W. W. got wise and beat them to it. The job is tied up right, not a man working. So all workers help keep it so by staying away until we drive the boss into submission, and make another step toward the GOLD.

Yours for victory,
PRESS COMMITTEE, L. U. 275

DITTO DIANTODONIA WANTED.

Information regarding the whereabouts of Fellow-worker Ditto Diantodonia, who was imprisoned in Salem, Ore., some time in 1910 or 1911. The inquiry, comes, in an indirect way, from his parents in Italy. Please send any information you may have to Secretary of No. 90, I. W. W., 363 Bergen St., Newark, N. J., or to Secretary of No. 92, I. W. W., 309 Davis St., Portland, Oregon.

Yours for Industrial Freedom,
B. E. NILSSON,
Sec'y Portland Locals, I. W. W.

J. STEINER, NOTICE.

Please communicate with Sectary of Local 45, Vancouver, B. C., at once.

THE POLLIES.

Some are men of moment,
Some are howling bloods,
Some are big potatoes,
But most are merely spuds.

TRUTH.

B ible of the Resolution.
A ppeal from Pollies drunk to Pollies drunker.
L igion of the loceod.
L egalized illegality.
O nology on the science of lawful lawlessness.
T estament of the Apostles Twedledee and Twedledum.
B ook o' the Bergobugs.
O xified bulleon.
X planation of the lost art of transforming.
I mperialized.
T erroristic States into
I ndustrial Democracies by the miraculous process of
S tuffing tin cans with paper wads.

Weihing Printing Co.

(INCORPORATED)
FINE PRINTING OF ALL KINDS
UNION WORK A SPECIALTY



City and Country Trade Solicited.
Prompt Delivery and Satisfaction Guaranteed.
520 POYDRAS STREET. NEW ORLEANS, LA.

"MIGHT IS RIGHT."

Have you read that great book "MIGHT IS RIGHT" by Ragnar Redbeard? You will not agree with all he speaks, but, he will make you THINK—think outside the beaten sheep-paths. You will, probably, gag at this: "He fed the hungry"—but to what end, I say? Why should a famishing multitude be fed by a god? And that, too, in a land said to be flowing with milk and money! Would not such a mob be far better dead? Would not Napoleon with his cosmic "whiff of grape-shot" be just the right man for such an occasion? From the harmonious nature of things, it is clear that men were intended to feed themselves by their own personal exertions or perish like dogs. He therefore who "feeds the hungry" is really encouraging poltroonry (which includeth all other crimes) FOR MEN WHO QUIETLY STARVE WITHIN REACH OF ABOUNDING PLENTY ARE—ALL POLTROONS. * * * * * They waste their lives pursuing shadows; and for hire build their own tombs. Their minds are below freezing point, nay! below zero! Crippled souls are they.

Courage, I say! Courage that goes its way ALONE, as undauntedly as when it marches to "victory or death" amid the menacing stride of armed and bannered legions. Courage, that never falters—never retreats! That is the kind of courage the world lacks to-day. * * * * * That is the kind of courage that has never turned a master's mill. That is the kind of courage that never will turn it. That is the kind of courage that will DIE, rather than turn it."

If you want to read this tremendous Epic of the Strong, send us a DOLLAR and we will send you a copy of "MIGHT IS RIGHT" and THE VOICE for 30 weeks; or we will send you the book alone for FIFTY CENTS. Address THE VOICE, 520 Poydras Street, New Orleans, La.

"THOUGHTS OF A FOOL."

This is another great book I bet YOU have not read. Saith the Fool: "There were swords and bludgeons. Caps and gowns and books. Reformers, Social Settlements. Successful Business Men, Christian Scientists, and prostitutes. Virtuous women (no woman, virtuous or otherwise, ort to read this book) corsets, clubs, law and order, Bibles, and crucifixes. And all these made up the monster, Prejudice. I realized that I was now alone. I heard as from a thousand raucous throats a great cry, addressed, I knew, to me: 'Thou fool: thou art ostracized.'" Laugh with this wise Fool at all the sacred things of Bourgeoisdom. Send us ONE DOLLAR and we will send you a copy of the book and THE VOICE for 20 weeks. You will never regret it, neither will your girl if you make her a present of a copy.

HELP GUST LARSON.

Fellow-workers: We desire to call the attention of the membership at large to the condition of Fellow-worker Gust Larson. This fellow-worker has taken a very active part in building up the organization in Western Canada. He has given all he had for the cause of Freedom in time, strength and money. Now he is broken down and dying in the last stages of consumption.

He spent his last remaining energies in trying to start a local at Ft. George, B. C. The local was a failure and Larson is now at Fort George, spending his few remaining days in abject poverty, among strangers. He is unable to leave Ft. George as the railroad is not within fifty miles of there, and in his weak state he could never walk that distance. Larson has never received any help outside of this local. We have done what we could for him but our financial condition is such that we are unable to give him the care and attention which would make his last days at least bearable. We cannot allow him to remain in his present condition; he must be taken out of Ft. George and brought to some place where he can at least end his days like a human being. In order to do this we are compelled to call upon the assistance of all other locals.

There is no man in the organization who is more deserving of support than Fellow-worker Larson. He was always to be found doing his part among the active rebels on the firing line.

Now that he is about to fall from the ranks we must not desert him.

Send all contributions to James Rowan, Sec. Local 339, 47 Frazer Ave., Edmonton, Alta, Can. James Rowan, Albert B. Prashner, Press Committee, Local 339.

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