

# Workers of the World, Unite!

This is Number 69

Organization  Is Power

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# THE VOICE of the PEOPLE

Owned by the Rebel Lumberjacks of Dixie ✕ An Injury to One is an Injury to All.

VOL. III—No. 18.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, FRIDAY, MAY FIRST, 1914

MIGHT IS RIGHT

## THE UPWARD SURGE.

By Austin Lewis.

The first of May dawns this year with the brightest hopes for the militant proletariat. Everywhere we find that the advanced wing of the movement has gained headway, that the working class is beginning to take matters into its own hands and leave the politicians to their own devices.

In the United States the movement of the industrial proletariat is declaring itself. The migratory workers are showing a potentiality of organization hitherto unforeseen. If we take the Wheatland matter we find that a miscellaneous horde of the worst paid element of society was capable of disciplined and organized action when confronted with conditions calling for that action. Japanese and Americans, Syrians and Filipinos, colored and white, were all one on that fatal Sunday afternoon, when a brutal and criminally stupid sheriff's posse precipitated the trouble. That which they thought would put an end to the agitation of the migratory worker has been the greatest asset he has ever had. Today the barons of the hop-industry are looking with apprehension to the picking. Today the government of the State of California is staring wildly about for remedial measures to put a stop to the organization of the workers in the ranches and construction camps. Never was there such a demand for organizers. Never did the locals of California have such a number of camp delegates in the field.

Everywhere the movement of the proletariat is causing the authorities to abandon all pretense of law and to rely on brute force. The government is destroying faith in its laws more fully than all our years of agitation. In South Africa the government violates what have been considered eternal and inviolable constitutional rights, in California when confronted by the proletarian movement the government throws away all pretense of decency and becomes frankly illegal. In the Wheatland cases men accused of no crime were confined in jail for eighty days without being brought before a magistrate. When complaint was made we were cynically told that there was nothing unusual about the procedure. The Governor of the State of California openly stated his approval of the beating of unarmed and helpless unemployed by three dollar a day deputies armed with pick handles at Sacramento. The city fathers triumphantly declared that they had solved the unemployed problem. In Oakland the chief of police accompanied by two hundred and fifty policemen armed with rifles hustled the unemployed off a lot to their occupation of which the owner made no objection.

Everywhere we find the same thing. The governmental defense of the capitalistic master is beginning to sag under the strain. This is a tremendous gain and marks the beginning of the end of the capitalistic regime.

Never at any time in history has the outlook appeared so bright for the proletarian. The craft skill-property owners no longer have the movement in hand. They begin to get seats in congress, to have mayoralties and supervisoryships, to be placed on commissions by the ruling power. They are becoming respected and respectable. But inside even their own unions the murmur of discontent is heard. The rank and file are more and more ready to take up the cause of the proletarian. Even the hated letters I. W. W. have no longer the deterring effect of a few years ago. Wherever the proletarian is on the firing line, there he can be sure of the sympathy of the masses of organized labor. If they apparently fail it is not the fault of the man in the ranks, it is the fault either of his officers or of the unwise methods of those who seek his sympathy. That sympathy is positive except of course in rural places where the industrial process is not manifest.

So we face the future confidently with greater solidarity on the part of labor and greater confusion among our enemies.

## BLAZING THE WAY.

By Carl E. Person.

Industrial freedom is the Ideal the Rebel army is fighting for. The overthrow of wage slavery is our REVOLUTION. However, in order to WIN we must organize to WIN. We must organize into ONE MOVEMENT—ONE BIG UNION. As long as the workers are organized into Classes, and competing among themselves for the CRUMBS THAT FALL FROM THE MASTER'S TABLE, then crumbs are all they will get. If it is the full product of their labor they want. THEY MUST BE POWERFUL ENOUGH TO TAKE IT, and this vast undertaking demands FORCE of such quality as is only found in the consolidation of the workers into ONE BIG UNION.

It is not the overthrow of WAGE SLAVERY that is taking place at this time. BUT the building of a weapon that will be successful in this undertaking. THE MAKING OF THE ONE BIG UNION, the process of cementing the workers together into a movement that will be MIGHTY ENOUGH TO CONQUER over the prevalent system of WAGE SLAVERY.

The building of the ONE BIG UNION is the problem of to-day. To make it a success the attractive forces of WAGE EQUALITY MUST be employed, this is the very seed to success. A Union of inferiors and superiors, of labor slaves and aristocrats, will never be A BIG UNION—CANNOT GROW INTO A POWERFUL MOVEMENT. Where there is a difference in WAGES, there is WAR and working class competition. Where there is INEQUALITY OF WAGES there is classification of labor, and classification of LABOR is the cornerstone to MASTER CLASS SUCCESS.

If you are a worker, YOU are worth in WAGES just as much as any other worker, NO MORE AND NO LESS. If you are a slave in the MINES, MILLS, RAILROADS, LUMBER CAMPS, or the commercial houses, your work is as essential to civilization as any other one of the millions of workers. And if you can't understand that YOU ARE OVERESTIMATING YOUR IMPORTANCE—FLIRTING WITH YOURSELF.

WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE! This is a fundamental necessity if they are going to WIN. But what inducements have you for your fellow slaves to UNITE WITH YOU, if you won't divide the spoils of WAR with them? Do you expect them to unite with you against the master class, and that you shall receive the largest benefits from the encounter? This would be INEQUALITY, the very law that is keeping the workers in CLASSES, the very womb of working class competition, and Master Class success. If our Utopian Dreams of FREEDOM and the overthrow of wage slavery are ever to be realized, it will only be accomplished when we are MIGHTY ENOUGH TO TAKE IT, and we cannot build a movement of MIGHT AND POWER until we start to put ourselves on the WAGE EQUALITY BASIS and recognize the fact that regardless of SEX, COLOR, CREED OR NATIONALITY, we are entitled to the same compensation as any one else. Build your Union on this foundation, and there will develop a MASS ORGANIZATION instead of a multitude of CLASS ORGANIZATIONS.

The equality of Suffrage and Taxation, as well as the EQUAL RIGHTS to starve, are institutions that are somewhat fully developed. BUT the Equality of WAGES is the forgotten law that must be the cornerstone to ACCOMPLISHMENTS. The wage is the compensation for labor, it is the foundation to the working man's home and family, and with an EQUALITY of WAGES as the foundation for ONE BIG UNION there is a guarantee of EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL from a practical standpoint, and such inducements that will attract the workers INTO ONE MOVEMENT—A MASS ORGANIZATION! Wage equality is a practical guarantee of the full valuation of the labor production to all the workers after the death of wage

slavery. Wage equality is the foundation on which the workers can be attracted and cemented into a MASS organization of FORCE AND POWER, that can establish itself by the FORCE OF MIGHT.

Let us come to the realization that these jurisdictional disputes, and the WAR existing among the WORKERS, is but a natural stage of evolution in this HELL THAT THEY HAVE MADE FOR THEMSELVES, it cannot be otherwise in a government of INEQUALITY OF WAGES—IN A SOCIAL ORDER OF CLASSES—and if we are going to make any change FOR THE BETTER—TOWARDS INDUSTRIAL FREEDOM, we must recognize the fact that all the WORKERS ARE IMPORTANT and necessary in this UNDERTAKING, and when we can forget to OVERESTIMATE OURSELVES and place the VALUATION OF OUR IMPORTANCE on an equality with all the rest of the WORKING SLAVES there will be some inducement for your fellow slaves to UNITE WITH YOU in building a movement that WILL TAKE THE WORLD FOR THE WORKERS.

## IF YOU DARE!

By A. Levin.

We are rising, rising, rising—  
As hungry as we are.  
Strike us—jail us—club us—  
Do it if you dare!  
Weak and trembling from starvation,  
Yet with spirit fierce and brave,  
We unite to break the fetters  
And a dying race to save.

See them coming, hear them cheering,  
Aye, the dawn for them appears!  
Wives and mothers, sweethearts, children,  
Pray and weep in silent tears.  
From the mountains and the valleys,  
From the hills and fertile plains  
On they march in ceaseless warfare  
So long as Mammon rules and reigns.

Though the guns and ammunition  
Your enemy possess,  
And the powers of states and churches  
Are against you to oppress;  
Yet within your ranks, you workers,  
Are the true sinews of war—  
You did make them, you can break them!  
You have made them what they are.

Where from child to grandsire hoary,  
In field, in shop, and mine and mill,  
You like sheep are marked for slaughter,  
A master's coffers full to fill;  
Better far to face the cannon,  
Where you have a chance to win,  
Than the awful, endless torture  
Of the world's great battle din.

And woe to lords of crime and plunder,  
Should they dare to interfere  
While the toilers fight for freedom,  
And for all that man holds dear;  
For the torch that they have lighted,  
And the flag they have unfurled,  
On the day of such invasion  
Will go flaming 'round the world.

Take you hand from off the trolley,  
Leave the plow, the wheel, the mill,  
Stop producing, stop transporting,  
Let the looms of life be still;  
Till you gain the right to use them  
For the good of all the world,  
Till your flag of red, triumphant,  
In every land shall be unfurled.

Yes, this is the saddest chapter in the dark book of our slavery, this is what bleeds the Freeman's heart: That thousands of Workingmen will march to "avenge an insult to the flag" in Mexico or China, but will not march to protect their own, to avenge the Massacre of Ludlow.

## MOTHER IN WASHINGTON.

Washington, D. C.—Special to The Voice.

Mother Jones has returned to Washington. She arrived this morning and will go before the Congressional committee to-morrow morning and tell the story of murder and bloodshed in the darkest State of the Union.

Mother Jones is thinner than she was when last here and she is white, white with prison palar.

She held up a small card and said: "Not a scrap of letter or paper the size of that did I have all the time I was held prisoner." And every time the door was opened to hand in my food two bayonettes were there.

She is suffering with muscular rheumatism contracted while held prisoner in her cellar dungeon. Yes she said, when I spoke of her lameness, "it was cold and all the heat I had was a little oil stove that the boys brought in. I didn't have any exercise only from one end of the room to the other, which was about so big," and she pointed out a space of 10 feet. She said "I guess the reason I didn't get colder than I did, was because my blood was so near boiling."

The Governor of Colorado is in Washington also. Mother Jones said he knew of the trouble that was to take place in Colorado and that is why he is here. While the gunmen and militia were shooting down the women and children yesterday in Colorado, the Governor of that State was on the floor of the Senate listening to a lot of half-baked rascals talking of "Honoring the American flag, and uniform of Uncle Sam," which talk they kept up until four o'clock this morning.

The Governor of Colorado has come to Washington on a very important mission. His mission is to see that the trees of Colorado have protection. Protection of trees, fellow-workers! Protection of trees on the same day that women and children are shot down and laying dead and dying in the trenches that had been thrown up around their tents to protect them from the guns of the masters that put Governor Ammons in office!

Late last night the Governor of Colorado was still listening to the talk of the Mexican situation. He is an insignificant looking little animal, and when approached on the subject of the Colorado trouble insinuated that the newspapers were unable to tell the truth. He said, among other things, that he was "trying to do what was right." He said that he "didn't know what to do." He was told that the best thing that he could do was to resign. And he wasn't told that by a senator or a congressman, either.

Mother Jones talked at great length on the conditions in the trouble zone and told a great many instances of heroism on the part of her boys. Her praise of the heroism of the women in the tent colonies was unbounded.

When arrested Mother Jones was taking in \$500.00 worth of shoes to the families of the striking miners.

Lack of space forbids my dealing at length with the story of Mother Jones, the real heroine of all the strikes.

Her one lament was the lack of solidarity on the part of the working class, but that we are on the eve of a revolution, and a bitter, bloody one, a revolution to the finish of slavery, she is sure.

Nina Lane Mc Bride.

Stop the insane competition of workers against workers for the sole benefit of the bosses—the bosses who care nothing about our skill, creed, color or nationality; who hire us only because they make a profit from the labor we sell them, and not for their health or because they love us.

The aim of the industrial union is to enroll all the workers into ONE BIG UNION, so that in every industry the workers can control the job, cut down the hours of labor, abolish thereby the army of unemployed, and so take away from the boss the biggest club he now holds over the workers, for every unemployed and starving worker is a competitor for the job you are now venting from the boss.

## MASSACRE OF LUDLOW.

"I therefore come to ask your approval that I should use the armed forces of the United States in such ways and to such an extent as may be necessary to obtain from General Huerta and his advocates, the fullest recognition of the rights and dignity of the United States even against the distressing conditions now unhappily obtaining in Mexico.

"There can in what we do be no thought of aggression or of selfish aggrandizement. We seek to maintain the dignity and authority of the United States only because we wish always to keep our great influence unimpaired for the uses of liberty, both in the United States and wherever else it may be employed for the benefit of mankind."

At the very moment when the above high-sounding and soul-empty sentences were falling from the lips of President Wilson in the halls of Congress, where he had gone with that traitor to the World's Libertarian movement, William Jennings Bryan, to ask that this stalling Nation pour out millions in money and thousands of lives to "avenge an insult to the flag" by a government, this government does not recognize as a government, and which "insult" had already been apologized for, as savage an insult to the flag was being committed in the State of Colorado as was possible for fiends in human form to be guilty of. I speak of the beastial Massacre of Ludlow, of the MURDER of women and little children by sword and fire by the unspeakably inhuman militia of Colorado. And this savage insult to the flag goes unnoticed and unavenged, for this insult was insult to human life and not to PROPERTY.

Hedious beyond belief are the atrocities committed in this Massacre at Ludlow, yet I am but giving you the version sent in Sup-Press dispatches to the New Orleans "Daily States" and "Times-Picayune." Says the "Times Picayune":

"Trinidad to-night (April 21) was horror stricken by reports of the number of women, children and noncombatants who lost their lives in the fight and in the fire that followed."

The dispatch further quotes John McLennon as saying: "It is horrible. They were trapped without a chance of escape."

Says "The States":

"All night armed strikers marched through the streets of Trinidad on their way to Ludlow. They had heard of the disaster that had overtaken the women and children of the Ludlow colony Monday where, even to-day bodies of possibly more than a score lie burned and suffocated in the rifle pits and trenches which had been dug secretly beneath the crude flooring of the tents. They knew that twenty-six of their dead had been recovered and identified and also that the final count of dead was not yet made."

In all the atrocities laid at the door of Huerta and Vilja there is none that exceeds this cold-blooded villany, yet the "States" "dispatch states that the "Citizens (?) of Trinidad have volunteered their services to Sheriff Grisham, and upon an order from him will march to Ludlow in an attempt to quell the disturbances in that section of the strike zone." If there is any crime the "Citizens" will not commit in the name of "law and order" after this, then it is some nameless deed that has not yet even been dreamed of in the farthest depths of Hell. Yes, this is the saddest chapter in their black book, is the crowning infamy in the record of the United States Militia. The saddest is yet to come. It is this: That thousands of workingmen will shoulder rifles and march side by side with these degenerate militiamen to invade Mexico to "avenge an insult to the flag;" there to murder their fellow-workers back into slavery to the self-same Mammonites who have stripped the Workers of the United States of "Life Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness;" there to be killed and to kill men, women and children who have never harmed them or theirs.

If this is "Civilization," then treason is to day the supreme duty of every MAN.



# The Voice of the People.

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## US THE HOBOES.

By Covington Hall.

(Republished by request.)

We shall laugh to scorn your power that now holds the world in awe.  
We shall trample on your customs and shall spit upon your law;  
We shall come up from life's desert to your burdened banquet hall.  
We shall turn your wine to wormwood, your honey into gall.

We shall go where wail the children, where, from your race-killing mills,  
Flows a bloody stream of profit to your cursed, insatiate tills;  
We shall tear them from your drivers, in our shamed and angered pride,  
With the fury and the fierceness of a fatherhood denied.

We shall set our sisters on you, those you trap into your hells  
Where the mother instinct's stifled and no earthly beauty dwells;  
We shall call them from the living death, the death in life you gave,  
To sing our class' triumph o'er your cruel system's grave.

We shall strip them of their epaulets, the panderers who fight  
Your wars against the workers for a bone on which to bite;  
We shall batter down your prisons, we shall set your chaingangs free,  
We shall drive you from the mountainside, the valley, plain and sea.

We shall hunt around the fences where your ox-men sweat and gape  
Till they stampede down your stockades in their panic to escape;  
We shall steal up thru the darkness, we shall prowl the wood and town,  
Till they waken to their power and arise and ride you down.

We shall send the message to them, on a whisper down the night,  
We shall make the warrior women drive the ox-men to the fight;  
We shall use your guile against you, all the cunning you have taught,  
All the wisdom of the serpent to attain the ending sought.

We shall come as comes the cyclone, in the stillness we shall form—  
From the calm your terror fashioned we shall hurl on you the storm;  
We shall strike when least expected, when you deem toil's rout complete,  
And crush you and your hessians 'neath our brogan-shodded feet.

We shall laugh to scorn your power that now holds the world in awe,  
We shall trample on your customs, we shall spit upon your law;  
We shall outrage all your temples, we shall blaspheme all your gods—  
We shall turn the old world over as the plowman turns the clods!

## Demand the Freedom of Cline, Rangel and Their Companions.

### THE LOGIC OF TO-DAY.

Ragnar Redbeard, in "Might is Right."

Might was Right when Caesar bled upon the stones of Rome,  
Might was Right when Joshua led his hordes o'er Jordan's foam.  
And Might was Right when German troops poured down thru Paris gay—  
It's the Gospel of the Ancient World and the Logic of To-day.

Behind all Kings and Presidents, all Government and Law,  
Are army corps and cannoneers to hold the world in awe;  
And sword-strong races own the earth and ride the Conqueror's Car—  
And Liberty has ne'er been won, except by deeds of war.

What are the lords of hoarded gold—the silent Semite rings?  
What are the plunder-patriots—high-pontiffs, priests and kings?  
What are they but bold master-minds, best fitted for the fray,  
Who comprehend and vanquish by—the Logic of To-day?

Cain's knotted club is scepter still—the "Rights of Man" is fraud:  
Christ's Ethics are for creeping things—true manhood smiles at God;  
For Might is Right when empires sink in storms of steel and flame,  
And it is right when weakling breeds are hunted down like game.

Then what's the use of dreaming dreams that "each shall get his own"  
By forceless votes of meek-eyed thralls, who blindly sweat and moan?  
No! a curse is on their cankered brains, their very bones decay:  
Go! trace your fate in the Iron Game, is the Logic of To-day.

The Strong must ever rule the Weak, is grim Primordial Law—  
On earth's broad racial threshing floor, the Meek are beaten straw—  
Then ride to Power o'er foremen's necks let nothing bar your way:  
IF you are FIT you'll rule and reign, is the Logic of To-day.

You must prove your Right by deeds of Might, of splendor and renown;  
If need-be march thru flames of hell, to dash opponents down—  
If need-be die on scaffold high, in the morning's misty gray:  
For "LIERTY OR DEATH" is still the Logic of To-day.

Might was Right when Gideon led the "chosen" tribes of old,  
And it was right when Titus burnt their Temple roofed with gold;  
And Might was Right from Bunker Hill to far Manilla Bay;  
By land and flood it's wrote in blood—the Gospel of To-day.

"Put no trust in Princes," is a saying old and true,  
"Put no hope in Governments," translateth it anew;  
All "Books of Law" and "Golden Rules" are fashioned to betray—  
"The Survival of the Strongest" is the Gospel of To-day.

Might was Right when Carthage flames lit up the Punic foam—  
And—when the naked steel of Gaul weighed down the spoil of Rome;  
And Might was Right when Richmond fell—and at Thermopylae—  
It's the Logic of the Ancient World and the Gospel of To-day.

Where pendant suns in millions swing around this whirling earth,  
It's Might, it's Force that holds the brakes, and steers thru life and death:  
Force governs all organic life, inspires all Right and Wrong—  
It's Nature's plan to weed-out man, and TEST who are the Strong.

## THE TIMBER WOLVES.

By J. S. Biscay.

It is well known that men who live in wild surroundings are naturally influenced by their environment. In fact the environment, if relatively fixed actually determines the actions, thought and habits of the individual. This fact becomes more noticeable when we survey the forest worker and note how proud he is to be called a "wolf." There is a greater similarity between the primeval wolf of the forest and the human "wolf" who toils there, than many persons suppose. It is need's to go into lengthy argument on that point, the "timber wolves" understand what I mean, and this is intended primarily for them.

This human wolf, like the animal, is prone to act alone, but once he is a part of the "pack," then there is something stirring. The migratory worker is the one who won most of the free speech fights, where mass action was the only weapon that could be used. So long as the "pack" remained together, even though depleted in numbers, the fight went on. Either the result was a victory, or the battle ended through sheer exhaustion. This quality of fighting along mass lines, is not due to any so-called psychology, so much overworked, but to the wolfish tendency and habits of the migratory workers. When this fact is understood, methods of organizing the migratory workers becomes very plain. Since I have already dealt with the difference of job organization in the city on migratory work, there is no need to repeat them.

To organize the forest workers on any migratory worker, tactics should be used which will fit in with the habits of the ones who are to be organized. Therefore, to organize the "timber wolves" we must use the methods of the wolf. Nothing else will answer. Until the pack is gathered for a single purpose, the individuals must use the methods of the individual wolf. Secretiveness, caution and cunning are the principal traits of the lone wolf. He does not fight like the bull dog; his methods are entirely different. Because he retreats and carefully operates under cover while acting singly, is a poor reason for calling him a coward. He is by nature a disciple of mass action and is not an individualist. So must the migratory organizer conduct himself.

The idea as worked out in the cities, will not work in the forest. Going into the forest with a brass band and calcium light, making a great noise and boasting what will be done, will never accomplish the object in view. For this very reason the average speaker is unfitted to organize migratory workers. There are a few exceptions, but these could be counted on the fingers of one hand. Since I have had experience along both lines, you can take my word for that statement; unless you wish me to write a special article giving full details.

The migratory organizer should not be chosen for his ability to speak to an audience, but for his experience in the forest or job to be organized. Any one with a mission will find a way to make that mission known. The organizer should first have some friends in the camps he intends to visit and these should quietly spread the idea that the loggers are to form a union. Nothing need be said about what kind of union. Keep the boss in ignorance. Nothing should be said about an organizer. He should make his own rounds as a worker looking for a job.

Before the organizer starts on his mission, he should first choose a convenient village to which the workers from several camps could come on a Sunday or holiday. The friends in camp are setting the workers thinking about forming a union. The organizer has first looked over the village and knows where a headquarters can be secured after the workers have joined. Then he makes his trip through the camps. He does not make speeches or even tell that he is an organizer. He simply spreads the idea that all the workers of the other camps are talking about organizing and that they have made arrangements to hold a meeting in the village on the following Sunday. Every worker at once becomes interested and decides to be on hand. The rest of the week is filled in with discussions on unionism and every one becomes worked up over the idea. It must not be forgotten that keeping things mysterious will have a greater influence than letting the facts escape that the I. W. W. is to start a Local or Branch. *Mystery always drew a crowd and always will.*

The organizer has gone to all the camps and spread the idea that there will be a meeting and also states that he is going to be there to see what happens. Every one able to walk naturally hustles to the meeting. This can be held in the open during good weather to save expense. Here the organizer takes charge of the meeting, announcing that different workers have asked him to preside. The friendly rebels could make a show of desiring him to handle the meeting, the others will naturally agree, since they have come to see what is going to happen. Now the organizer explains that since it is up to him to make the start, he will give his reasons why he wants to join the union and what kind of union he desires. In a short talk he points out that the I. W. W. is the only thing for him and the boosters from each camp take up the shout. Soon the whole meeting becomes enthusiastic for the I. W. W., and at once the organizer should begin. Some

one produces a bundle of membership books and hands them to the organizer. At once officers are elected from the best boosters, who are already members, and the gathering is called upon to sign the charter application and get a membership. The boosters should hint to the workers in camp before coming to the meeting, that it's best to take money along, as it is always handy.

The reason I mention these cautious methods, is because the workers should be made to feel that they are organizing themselves and that even the organizer is one of them and not an outsider. This throws the responsibility on the body as a whole and does not give the bosses a chance to pick out individuals in the beginning.

The workers should never be allowed to return to camp without their membership books. Remember that a new member does not feel that he really belongs to a union until he has his card. If he goes back feeling that in a couple of weeks he will get a book, he may be forced by the boss to change his mind. Once a break starts, it is difficult to repair the damage done. The pack must be formed spontaneously on the spot. After that it is much easier.

It must also be remembered that the first speech should be short. The shorter the better. The gathering is not for the purpose of going into all the details of the I. W. W., but is forming a local. There are more meetings spoiled by long speeches than are benefitted. Fifteen minutes is more than enough to explain the reason for the gathering and the necessity of organizing. The education and tactics comes quick enough after a member is once organized.

At this first meeting every worker gets a membership book and puts up his money. A fund is started with the new local or branch. The organizer has already found out where an office or headquarters can be secured and this is rented right after the meeting to prevent the enemy from anticipating the move. It should be remembered that any agreement or lease should be dated on a day that is not Sunday or a holiday to make it legal. The general organization or national can furnish the supplies for the formation, which are paid for after the local or branch is formed.

After the business meeting, every organized worker returns to camp. Each one understands that it is up to him to get busy with those who have not joined. Another meeting is announced for as quickly as the meeting can be held. Not more than a week should pass.

At this meeting all that can be brought into line of the remainder, will join. By this time the bosses have begun their opposition. Here then begin the "wolf" tactics.

On the first possible day after the organization is formed, the members from the camps in which a majority of the workers are organized, are at once used to organize those in the minority camps. They collect in a body and march to the nearest weak camp and get busy organizing, those who are hesitating. *Numbers is the best argument that can be made to a worker. The "timber wolf" will join a pack while he will not consider the organization in the general sense.* Here the pack comes to him. He catches the enthusiasm and soon wants a book which is made out on the spot. After this camp is organized, the pack rushes to the next camp, and to the next; until all the outlying camps are organized. In a single day, through mass action, all the nearby camps can be organized. The method is so unusual that the bosses have not had time to prepare for it. It should also be kept a secret until the pack suddenly assembles and is on its way. After the camps are organized the bosses are helpless in those camps, at least for the time being. Mass action should be quickly rushed from camp to camp to grab as many units as possible before the bosses are able to strike back.

It will not be long until the master will have thugs and gunmen to watch that particular district and to keep the organization from spreading. Use the tactics of a wolf. Avoid the place where the bosses are prepared and strike in another quarter. Before they can get ready for you there, you have made some start. Then shift again and again. Spread the mass action and chain-link organization.

It will be but a short while before you have many disconnected links scattered about the forests. The workers have tasted mass action and have begun to chafe. The newspapers have taken the matter up and free advertising of the tactics is spread all over. From then on the idea will spread, because it is the natural methods of the wolf.

In case of a strike, it becomes very difficult to police the whole forest. The thugs are not so bold in the woods. The workers are on a better footing of equality and can better defend themselves against violence and oppression. Where the organization cannot get a foothold by the methods described, use the free speech methods. Bring the pack from another section and concentrate on one place. The rural communities are badly hampered in caring for a great number of arrests. If a large city can be forced into submission through mass action, what could not be done in the rural districts where there is room for but few prisoners? The cost of policing the forests would fall on the masters instead of a city. The victory would be easier to gain, especially if a number of associated movements were conducted simultaneously.

Come on, you timber wolves! Show the world that you do not carry the name of wolves in vain!



## SEAMEN'S FIRST OF MAY.

The first of May is here once more, the sky is cleared from the dark winter clouds, and it has appeared with a new blue blanket to cheer us up from the long suffering endured during the long dreary winter. The fields have displayed their magnificent new green mantles, just as the last particle of departing snow evacuated their premises. The trees have just completed their new uniforms for the 1914 season. The birds have acquired new feathers and learned new songs to entertain us during the long summer days. The flowers have painted new colors, and manufactured new perfume for their 1914 buds. And the newly painted ships are ready once more to plow the seas to transport wealth to and from the ports of the world. Consequently, nature and the hands of labor, have bestowed everything useful and beautiful to help make the inhabitants of this little old planet of our happier. (With apologies to John D. R.).

All things are either new, or have changed for the best, except our miserable conditions.

Why, hello Jack!—I see you are still wearing the same old clothes you had on last year. You must prize them very much. No Jim, I don't prize them very much, and in fact, not at all—I am tired of wearing them,—you see there's more than one patch on them,—but I can't afford to buy new ones. I haven't earned enough money in the last three years to buy me a suit of clothes. You see Jim, I have a wife and an old mother and three children depending upon me. I wish I hadn't got married,—you must not think that I don't love my wife and children, but I haven't been able to support them rightly Jim, on my little earnings, everything is so dear and the wages I get is so small that we are just within an inch of starvation line.

The first of May is here, we have lived a year longer to make improvements, but our social and economic conditions have remained the same, and in many cases they have become even worse. Now, if we haven't been able to learn something since the first of last May, we have lived one year in vain. Think! Think! Think!

Do we really want to continue in this manner?

Are we satisfied with our present conditions?

We know that we are not satisfied, but what have we done to change them? Most of us are ready to admit that we haven't done very much, outside of the usual wordy complaints, and some of us not even that much.

You Sailors, you Firemen, you Coal-passers, you Cooks and Stewards, you Longshoremen, you Teamsters, and the rest of you engaged in the Marine Transport Industry. How did you spend the months of November, December, January, February, March and up to the present time? Where did you spend them, and how did you like it?

### A Message To The Unorganized.

Do you know, that as individuals you are absolutely powerless, but when you are organized you are a power that no power on earth can be compared with? Do you care to go through another experience like you had last winter?

We know that organization is absolutely necessary to improve our conditions, organization is the only thing we must have, and organization is also the one thing which we can really rely upon to improve our every day conditions.

You say say, how can we improve conditions through organization, and that you are ready to be shown, how it is going to be done.

To begin with, you know that in every place where there is organization, the conditions of the workers therein are ninety-nine case out of a hundred better than where no organizations exist, and if that alone is not sufficient to convince any worker, we are compelled to say that you have lost the faculty to think.

If you are in earnest and want to do something to change conditions, we suggest to you the following plan: Organize as many men as possible on the job where you are working, as soon as you have organized the required number, you come together in a mass meeting to discuss what would be the best thing for you on that job, and if it is the opportune time to cut down the hours of labor, to increase your wages, or any other thing that you can do (with the organized power at your disposal) to improve conditions. When you have agreed on a plan of action, then go on the job and enforce them yourselves, knowing that nobody is going to enforce them for you. You that are working on the job know more about the improvements that should be made, than anybody else who is not directly connected with the job, and you can be sure, that no one is so well interested in your own welfare as you are yourselves. You know what you want, you know how you are going to get it, without being told by a saviour, and then you get it. There is no way of get-

ting out of it, it must be done, and YOU HAVE TO DO IT.

There may be men who think that they must have intellectuals, politicians and preachers to decide what is the best thing for you. We know differently, and we know also that our conditions will always remain the same until we ourselves change them. The fact of the whole matter is, that you have waited and waited for that somebody to do something for you, but that somebody has not appeared on the scene and nothing has been done for you. Now we are preaching the new gospel, i. e., if you want anything done, go and do it yourselves, and you can rest assured that you can do the trick if you want to. However, you must be organized with that end in view in order to accomplish it, and that is the reason why we appeal to you. Knowing at the same time, that just as long as you remain unorganized, neither you, nor we the organized, can change conditions to any extent. So let us organize our labor power into ONE BIG UNION, and then we shall go after the goods together.

Seeing that organization is the only fighting machine of the wage workers, it is necessary to organize ourselves in the most effective way possible, i. e., to do away with the existing craft pride (which has kept us separate to our own detriment) and realizing that no matter what kind of work the other fellow is doing, he is just as important in the running of the industry as anybody else connected with it. This is the agitation carried on by the INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD, and for which we are charged with every crime on the calendar by the employers and all the rest of the parasites, who live on the backs of the workers. But what about you? Are you going to pay attention to what your enemies say. Because, if you do, you are always going to remain in the very same circumstances, and that is the main reason for your existing miseries. You have listened to your enemies, and they have brought you to defeat every time. Organize in the ONE BIG UNION, and let your enemies tremble for once and for all.

### A Message To The Organized.

When we speak of organization we don't mean for you to carry a union book in your pocket and pay dues regularly, we know that by carrying a union book and paying dues is not going to change conditions any more than if you didn't have one at all. But we mean that you should be active, take an interest in the affairs of the organization, carry the message of unionism amongst the unorganized, as well as explain to them the necessity of organization.

It is necessary that the unorganized should be made acquainted with the existing conditions, what should be done to change them, and anything that's good enough for you, its good enough for your relatives and your best friends, and there is no reason why you should not agitate for your organization at every opportunity. You should know also, that not until we have enough men organized, we won't be able to ameliorate conditions, and that it is our interest as individuals, and our interest as a whole to organize the fellow-workers who labor side by side with us. There's nothing that you can tell which will be more powerful than the TRUTH, keep always in mind to stick to facts, and instill into the minds of the unorganized to depend entirely on their own power and resources.

Now let me ask you these questions: How many men did you get into the organization through your own efforts? And how many members you could have gotten if you had only tried? And how many members you are going to get from now on? These are the important questions and you must answer them in your own mind, and to your own satisfaction in order to get to the bottom of the existing evils, which we are all partly responsible for. However, what are we going to do from now on is far more important than what we have done, or what we did not do, and it is very imperative on our part to do all that we can to bring about a condition where men, women and children can live like human beings should live, instead of living the lives of the worst kind of slavery that was ever known.

Let us join hands in this work of organization, let us close our ranks more than in the past, let us forget all past differences, let us form a real workers phalanx, and then, and then only, we shall be able to see the beginning of the end of our suffering, miseries, degradation and slavery.

This is my message to the Marine Transport Workers, on the First of May, nineteen hundred and fourteen. C. L. Filigno.

Don't be utterly discouraged because you have to do the same job over and over again. Nature has been staging sunsets and sunrises for some eons now—yet we notice no deterioration in their quality from year to year.

## THE TRIAL OF IDEAS.

By W. H. Lewis.

In their dungeons, in their prisons,  
Where our best and bravest lie;  
Where our Masters and their henchmen  
Keep their fiendish labor spy;  
Where the turnkey and the gunman  
Spit their venom at the Goal;  
There you'll find the trial of Ideas  
That are in the Rebel's soul!

In their court rooms and their pulpits,  
Where the Mind-destroyers stay;  
Where Masters keep their hirelings  
So that Justice will not pay;  
Where the Lawyer and the Preacher  
Chants the Masters' pagan creed;  
There you'll find the trial of Ideas,  
There you'll find the poisoned seed!

In all history of all ages,  
Their trade they've always plied,—  
They sought to murder Ideas  
When Christ was crucified;  
With their doctrine of reaction,  
Death to Freedom's sons they'd give;  
Tho the fiends may murder Thinkers,  
Thinkers' Ideas always live!

## INDUSTRIAL LIBERTY OR STATE SLAVERY.

By Charles Ashleigh.

“The case of the tramway (street car) men was far more difficult, they were under a committee of the municipal council and this committee proved more unyielding than the bodies of private employers.” Extract from report of T. P. O'Connor, M. P., member of investigating committee on strike troubles in Liverpool, England.)

Some of us, who have at some time been orthodox Socialist Party members, will remember how, in those youthful Socialist days, we used to sneer at the Spencerian argument against State Ownership, as entitled in “The Coming Slavery” or “The Individual and the State,” saying, in our callow omniscience, that: “Spencer may have been a great philosopher and psychologist, but he was no economist.” In the light of late developments, I have been more and more inclined to kick myself for my former asininity.

The case which I have put at the head of this article is but one example of the countless cases in which the workers have been up against the national, state or municipal government, in its added function of employer, and found it a harder thing to buck than when the employing and governmental functions are separate.

The Masters of the Bread are sticklers for economy in exploitation—so as to waste more on luxury—and for “efficiency” in robbery—so as to be able to wreck their own digestive and sexual apparatus the sooner, and to still further extend their profiteering operations, out of the proceeds of the said “efficiency.” Therefore, it had inevitably to occur to them that, instead of maintaining a coercive governmental machinery apart from the industrial exploiting agency, it would make for economy, efficiency, and still firmer stability of their rule, if the two were combined.

Also, the proletariat, still immersed in middle class conceptions, has an idolatrous reverence for Government and all that proceeds from, or pertains to it. The “reformers” and the larger portion of the Socialist press and party (whether as knaves or fools we know not) have insistently pumped into the embryonic brain of the worker the idea that Government or municipal ownership is a panacea for all evils or, at least, a “step towards our goal.”

Taking advantage of this State-worship, and profiting by the doubtless unconscious aid of the Socialists, the master class is now, in this and other countries, striving to entrench itself still more securely by making the State its official hirer and firer, collector and general agent. Thus, the trouble of selecting superintendents, agents, and so forth, will be taken off the bosses' hands and will be undertaken by the appointed or elected “servants of the people,” who, of course, must needs remain the devoted slaves of their economic task-masters.

In Australia and New Zealand, in the strikes of government railroad employes in France, and in innumerable other instances, the trend of things may easily be perceived by the clear-eyed working class observer.

We are traveling rapidly towards a new form of tyranny; the tyranny of State Capitalism, in which the little individuality and initiative left to the working class will be crushed and drilled out of them. Under such a dispensation, the organization of the workers will be fraught with still greater difficulty than at present.

The boss class is beginning to realize the convenience of such a system; and the middle class

—with economic failure continually haunting it, and the bait of petty officialdom dangling before it—will most likely follow, as soon as it has recognized the futility of the Democratic dream of reverting to the days of the smaller capitalism by dint of trust-busting and other legal air-thrashing.

Things move slowly, however, and the era of State Capitalism, full-blown, has not yet arrived. Nor need it ever arrive. It is a tendency which can be arrested by one body only and by only one method.

The body that can stop it is the working class, or an appreciable portion of that class, and the method is the building up of a homogeneous organism which shall be capable, not only of fighting the capitalist class, but of assuming the functions of the organized production and distribution of wealth on a communist basis.

The State is an instrument of oppression used by the master class to perpetuate its dominance. Hitherto, seduced by the chimera of political equality and “democracy,” the working class approved the chimera and supported the state. The time is come for the workers to regard and treat the State in its true character: as their enemy; to refuse all support to the legislative, judicial and executive machinery and to actively or passively oppose it in every way.

This may be done in many minor ways, but the principal and essential way is by the building up of an organization that shall be to the workers the source and field of their revolutionary activities. An organization that shall grow, regardless of the Capitalist State, and that shall gradually, through the progress of the class struggle and increasing proletarian solidarity, take unto itself ever greater power until it not only rivals the State but outgrows it. And, then, finally, reaching the consummation of its growth, it shall burst through the husked and outworn shell of capitalism—leaving the State buried in the desbris—emerging from its chrysalis of fighting class union into the resplendent form of the Free Society.

## REBIRTH OF LIFE.

By Fred. Freyr.

This thing they call civilization? Just look at the hordes of exploited, slavish starvelings; at the black-robed tribes of educated knaves and fools; at the rings of ruling money kings.

Then stand before the cathedrals of Rheims and Cologne or the Dome of St. Marcus in Venice, refresh yourself at the sight of the beautiful town halls of Bremen and Prague.

Can you grasp the hideous ugliness, the emptiness, the barbarism—yes—and the despicable cowardice of these boasting times?

Then was civilization—  
“The People were their Masters.” Victor Hugo has so truly said of those builders.

The people. No heroes, no supermen, no divine-right Kings, but the people, living the democracy of the commune.

Not until manhood and freedom are reborn to us shall we authority ridden slaves fully comprehend the spirit of manhood, breathing from those monuments and works of art, works, that were built amid the sound of arms, made when swords flashed at an instant in defense of Liberty against individual and corporate tyranny.

They were no worshippers of rotting bones and mouldy parchments under the name of cunningly prepared, lying constitutions, they were no electors of thrice-cursed political masters—but men, fighting men—Direct Actionists—first, last and all the time.

And because of this, they had realized that amount of well being within their midst, that speaks to us from every piece of their handiwork for—beauty marries itself not to work to beget Art under the hunger lash of speed-up-profit-production. She needs leisure and personality—is conditioned by freedom from the tyranny of a master as well as from want. She abides with the freeman, the noble,—not with slave.

Damned into hell is the slave who does not join the ennobling battle for freedom.

Those masterpieces of architects, filled with priceless treasures of art—as then were in every home—“the people made them.”

What creative genius, what co-operative capacity, what intense social feeling and life, what genuineness of manhood and womanhood and justice. What initiative and ability and power of individual and union to execute, to realize a visioned ideal.

And who were the builders? What was the foundation for such civilization?

The Unions! The unions of producers made that glorious epoch. Through the unions they had reached what is yet mission and ideal to us—had solved the problems of human parasitism, or truer, cannibalism.

Knowing nothing of state bondage and leecherous officialdom, despising and fighting alike king and delegated authority, they federated and

leagued as individuals and unions freely and spontaneously in accordance with the hourly needs of social, industrial life—sovereign in their every move, administering directly to production and distribution, to sanitation and schools, to justice and health, jealous upon their liberty, ever ready to write anew, their declaration of independence with swords, and in blood upon the bodies of the enemies of freedom.

They were direct actionists—living the natural philosophy of Might is Right. Power was their word for peace, power to live their own life, power to crush, trample upon and destroy him who dared interfere, power to build, construct and have and live as freemen. They succeeded. They showed us that in Union there is Strength for health and wealth and happiness, for life.

They lived Solidarity. Did they vote? Indeed, they did, but not like educated fools, or cunning knaves. Their ballot marks were spears, shot through the hearts of tyrants, their ballot box was the field of battle—for—they were men.

Then was the hand-tool union of the craft. Now is the machine-tool union of Industrial Unionism.

Without Industrial Unionism, Freedom will die amid a horde of slaves. With it, she will live and grow into a race of Freemen.

But the fight is the same as of old! tyrant against slave, slave against tyrant. The immediate battle ground has changed to the shop, the factory, the places of toil. The weapons are named under the heading of Direct Action. Might is still Right, as it ever and eternally will be. Power alone, still insures peace.

Th price of freedom and manhood is still life and blood, though shed in different way.

On then with the fight over the road of shorter hours and more pay, more pork chops and more leisure to the goal of Land and Liberty to Life.

Through the Industrial Union we must win, we shall win, we will win. Are not we a power in directing the evolution of Man; makers of human history in proportion to our Will?

On, ye rebels—spread our message with the wisdom of the serpent and the smile of strength.

On, ye artists of the “Shoe, you destroyers” and you builders charge the hideous, lifeblood sucking monster. Do not wait until it dies. Kill it! and let us have the—Rebirth of Life!

## NEVADA NEWS.

The flying column arrived in Reno, Nev., Saturday, April 14th:

The Chief of Police would not let us speak on the streets, but we got a few old friends and a Socialist lawyer to back us up and went out and held a meeting.

The honorable chief did not interfere, so we are holding meetings right along and spreading the propaganda of the O. B. U., Held two meetings in Sparks, Nev., where there are a few thousands of Hariman's slaves working in the Southern Pacific shops.

We are trying to start a Local here, and if we succeed we will try and start one at Tonopah, Nev., where there are good opportunities for the O. B. U.

This is a good field for organization work as the old craft unions that came in here during the Goldfield days and scabbed the I. W. W. out of existence have fallen to pieces.

The time is now ripe for the I. W. W. to build up a concrete organization in this State.

We intend to do all we can to start the ball rolling, but as our time is limited we cannot stay long.

We are making a cross-country trip to New York, spreading the story of the Wheatland Riot, and the propaganda of the O. B. U.

So, if there's any fellow-workers coming through Nevada, stop off at Reno and give the boys a lift.

And, in the near future, we will see an I. W. W. Local in this town. H. E. McGuckin.

## CONVICTS ASSASSINATED.

A Sup-Press dispatch from Sacramento, Cal., of April 4th, describes the killing of three and mortally wounding of two other convicts at Folsom prison, as follows: “Thirteen prisoners were in a plot to escape but not one escaped. Prison officials were prepared for the break, for guards had learned of the convicts' plan. At the first sound of breaking cell doors the guards began shooting. Several of the convicts were unable to get out of their cells at the first rush, and when their fellow-prisoners began to fall from the hail of bullets from the corridor they made no further effort to escape.” If that is not “laying in wait with intent to assassinate,” then the English language has lost all meaning. We have italicized the sentences in which this dastardly deed is admitted, not the Sup-Press Says Luke North:

“The State ‘death's garments’ on its victims fit.

Doomed souls in judgment of their judges sit. The hangman and the convict doom the State—Irrevocable in blood the verdict's writ.”



## ARIZONA ON MAP.

Big times are on in Phoenix and its neighborhood. An intellectual storm is raging and the I. W. W. is its center. Never in the history of Phoenix has so much discussion and interest been aroused as there is now. The loyal bunch of 272 in spite of losing their jobs repeatedly for agitating in the Plaza and on the job have made their influence felt as never before. Why? Because of their eternal persistency. In spite of the eussing of fossilized scissor-bills (which will soon be a thing of history), in spite of capitalistic job discrimination the I. W. W. is now not only an accredited Labor Union of workers but is an accredited school of Philosophy. Facing the indifference and apathy of the workers to its policy of procrastinating political buncombe, facing death for lack of a vital hold on workers, repudiating industrial unionism, the Socialist Party gave out a dying groan and in its nearly bankrupt sheet gave a two column bawl that is logical only in its misunderstanding of the class struggle. Not only that but on Sunday, April 19, in the Plaza they made an open repudiation of all forms of industrial unionism and stood pat for the pure and simple craft unionism. Mr. Ghent who is their most logical speaker at last forsook his monastic den and scholarly quiet to address the "mob" and "shum proletariat" five hundred in number, which had assembled to see the intellectual battle royal between the Socialists and the Syndicalists, or I. W. W.

The "mob" trampled all over the green grass in the Plaza but the gardener or caretaker long since converted to "wobbly" philosophy protested not and was conspicuous by his absence. It was a "Labor Sunday" and the crowd was good natured. From 2 to 4 o'clock the I. W. W. laid bare the hideousness of capitalism and appealed for job organization and class consciousness. From 4 to 6 o'clock the Socialists laid bare the wickedness of the Syndicalists.

A reply was made to the Socialists charge that the casual and unskilled worker had no economic power.

The I. W. W. speaker showed that the casual worker and unemployed was the key to the whole labor problem, that it was the man out of a job that regulated the wages of the man on the job, that the revolution will be a matter of psychology and not of logic. The revolutionary power of emotion and hunger was shown to the superior to mere "reason" and that if the workers "waited" much longer there would be no unemployed problem because they would all starve to death. The superior type of industrial organization was shown, the championship of the cause of the "under dog" by the I. W. W. time and again and the age old fight of the unskilled against the skilled worker as well as the capitalist was shown.

Last week (Sunday in a big mass plaza meeting the Colorado struggle received attention and a rising vote (as a mark of respect) to send a telegram to the Hellgovernor of Hellorado demanding immediate release of dear old Mother Jones. Here is the telegram the crowd sent:

"Phoenix, Arizona, Easter Sunday, 1914.  
"To the Governor of Colorado:

"We, the working class of Arizona, representing all trades, occupations and industries in monster mass meeting assembled from all parts of the State, emphatically protest against the capitalistic hounding, badgering, annoying and imprisonment of Mother Jones and demand the immediate release of Labor's Guardian Angel from the foul jail and dungeon in which she is now imprisoned. We demand her immediate release at once from your scabby tin soldier parasites who fatten off honest labor.

"You and your class have made Colorado an industrial hell. We have read of your terrible outrages committed on defenseless men, women and children, the news of which your capitalistic associated press has suppressed as seen in April number "Pearson's Magazine." We have men on the scene of action, besides reliable information in the Socialist and Labor Press.

"We do not petition, we do not request, but we demand in the name of the working class, the class you have openly flouted, defied and spurned, that you release Mother Jones. There are over eight million unemployed in the United States and they may as well go to Colorado as starve to death.

"You must release Mother Jones at once and allow her to go anywhere in Colorado or the United States, and allow her to talk about anything she wants to, and you must give her protection. Her life and liberty are worth more than the lives of all the labor leaders in the country.

Signed *The Working Class of Arizona.*  
Telegram adopted unanimously by rising vote and transmitted Sunday night.

Phoenix Local is now nicknamed "The Workers' University" and has become a school that is sending its graduates East, North, South and West. This is no play of humor, but a real fact.

A strike at Tucson (2nd largest city in Arizona) in which Organizer Pendleton was deported by police (although sent for by telegram from 200 Tucson strikers) was followed by the usual activity of the fire department. But this time the hose was NOT turned on the "mob." Loss \$6,000. What a coincidence!

Several large farm employers in the neighborhood are troubled with bad machinery. They pay low wages and it may be that they did not spend enough for good machinery or that the workers who made the machines were underpaid. There must be somewhere a close connection between low wages and bad machinery. We are not students enough to figure out just exactly (politically or financially) what this connection means. Selah! Eureka! One big employer has had so much trouble lately that he promises every man now \$3.00 and board for eight hours. Selah! Selah! Watch us grow!

All over the State the workers are thoroughly disgusted, whether working or not working. They have lost their "job consciousness" and at last have become "class conscious" in all reality. The docile meekness and "goodness" of the workers is fast passing away and the under dog is showing his teeth and using them. Things (and members) are coming our way at last. Perseverance and grit are winning the battle. Workers take new courage! Do your best, in jail, unemployed or overworked, REVOLT! The day is ours. We are right; we will win. Mother Jones is free.

N. A. Schreff, Sec. 272.

## CONDITIONS AT BAYOU BLUE LUMBER CO.

You wage workers talk about your industrial hells and your sweat shops, you ought to go to Bayou Blue Lumber Company, thirteen miles east of Kinder, on the Frisco Railroad.

At the mill you will find slaves toiling ten long hours for the immense sum of a dollar and a half, and paying twenty cents a pound for bacon, living in shacks that are not fit for dogs to live in and paying enormous rents.

I also invite you to visit the front which is run by two petty contractors by the name of Hles and Strother. Every man works for \$2.25 a day from day light till dark, and also live in the miserablest shacks imaginable. Why, a man would fare better under a pine tree, for he would not get any wetter when it rained than he would in those shacks and not be bothered with as many rodents and other vermin. There are rats there that look to me like they were born before Adam. These contractors did, to my certain knowledge, charge one man four dollars for one shack which had cracks in it big enough to throw a dog through. The reason I call this fellow a man is because he quit and would not stand for such robbery. Their pay days are the first Saturday after the fifteenth, which I am informed is a violation of the laws of the "State of Louisiana." But what do the masters care for law when it is to their interest to exploit the workers.

Workers of Bayou Blue Lumber Company organize! Organize in the One Big Union, the I. W. W. You have nothing but your lives to lose and you might as well lose them and go to hell for you are living in hell now. Join the I. W. W. and be men; quit licking the bosses' boots and living on promises.

Ed. Lehman.

The tow-paths mules of the Panama Canal are to be electric locomotives. Two of these locomotives can tow the largest ocean liners.

## "MAKING CONTRACTS."

In the old days slavery consisted in the ownership of the individual, with absolute right of life and death. The slave was chained and guarded and whipped much as convicts are to-day.

But the genius of modern civilization has produced a new and more polished form, which consists merely in the ownership of the means by which the individual lives. This is the most subtle and dangerous form slavery has ever assumed, for, the chains not being visibly attached to his limbs, the modern wage slave is deluded into the belief that he is free. His freedom is that of the convict loose in the prison yard. The prisoner may wander about, but he cannot escape. The prison walls surround him. So the wage slave is surrounded by the prison walls of capitalism. He cannot escape. Wherever he goes the sign, "Private property; keep off," confronts him. He may starve in freedom, but if he wishes to live he must sell himself to the owners of the land and factories.

Modern civilization calls it "making contracts."

It is the only power that can save your wives, your children, and yourselves from hunger and eviction—ONE BIG UNION!

## HOW TO HELP THE VOICE.

Before the Summer is gone, can't we clear The Voice of the debt it got into during the hard fighting of the past year. As long as it is in debt it is in danger. About \$300 will clear it and leave a little cash on hand to work with.

Now, surely, there must be THREE HUNDRED REBELS who can start doing this right away—Sending in only One Dollar for Five Three Month Prepaid Subscribers or as many more as they can. This sort of action would be far better than donations, (which we will not refuse, you bet!) as it would not only clear The Voice but extend its circulation as well, and the circulation is what we want above all else.

To start the ball rolling, we make this offer: we have on hand a few Six Month Prepaid Subscribers; as long as they last we will sell them to you at Five for One (\$1.50) Dollar and Fifty Cents.

Lastly, make it your business to see that your Local pays its account with The Voice regularly and promptly, for we need weekly or bi-weekly remittances to keep things going.

Now, Rebs, get busy and let us hear from you all at once. And, say, how would you like a paper like this every week.—The Voice.

## LABOR ALMANAC.

By E. W. Vanderlieth.

May 1st. Labor Day.

2nd. Seven English Coal Miners are transported for life for holding union meeting. 1843.

3rd. First General Strike in history. Children of Israel go on strike in the brickyards in Egypt. The Angel of the Lord assisted by a band of husky young Hebrews goes through Egypt, killing the eldest sons of Egyptian families. 4003 B. C.

4th. Sammy da Gomp after cudgelling his brains for a story to create sympathy, uses his old standby, Judge Wright. A. D. 1596.

5th. The S. P. Convention decides to expell all advocates of sabotage. 1912.

6th. The S. P. Convention decides to find out what Sabotage is. 1912.

7th. Large headlines in "Weekly People." Three Plumbers join the S. L. P. Revolution nearly accomplished. 1913.

9th. Two members of Allied Printing Trades Council go on record opposing printers scabbing on press feeders in San Francisco. 2323.

10th. Christopher Columbus discovers America. 1492.

11th. First Scissorbill lands in America 1492.

13th. Scissorbills have increased to two millions. 1600.

14th. Professor Suvopsky excavating in the ancient city of Babylon, discovers a circular object. 1914.

15th. Under microscope the object reveals itself as the prehistoric doughnut. It was boiled in crude oil. Two of these were a day's ration for the Babylonian slave. 1914.

17th. The Ancient and Honorable order of Torchbearers go on strike, refusing to light the fires under the Christian martyrs in the gardens of Nero. Rome. A. D. 52.

18th. Nero sends galleys to Britannia to import strike-breakers. A. D. 52.

19th. Los Angeles "Times" issued without knocking organized labor. A. D. 3562.

20th. Willie Heart decided to do his own fighting in Mexico. 1920.

21st. Willi Heart decides for peace at any price. 1920.

22d. Uses of Wood Shoe discovered. B. C. 4000.

24th. Eastern part of United States discovers a new phenomena "called I. W. W." 1912.

25th. John D., Jr., decides to spend his life and fortune, upholding "Free American Labor." 1914.

26th. "Coast Seamen's Journal" says that "Seamen and Longshoremen should not organize together."

27th. Ford and Suhr are still in jail. 1914.

28th. "Sammy da Gomp" issues manifesto to A. F. of L., advising them to join State militia. 1914.

29th. Scissorbill asks question: "Can the A. F. L. be revolutionized?" A. D. 2942.

30th. Mother Jones in jail overthrowing Capitalism. 1914.

31st. Fierce ballot-box stuffing contest in Milwaukee. Vic de Bergerac falls at the head of his camp followers, crying, "We eat cabbage!" 1914.

ONE BIG UNION! Think of it, all you workingmen! Talk it to your fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives and children. ONE BIG UNION and freedom for the workers.

Spread the message, brothers; spread it far and wide! ONE BIG UNION of the working class!

## LIFE (?) ON A RICE FARM.

Fellow-workers for the "Love of Mike" steer clear of the rice fields.

When it comes to genuine exploitation, the rice farmer, considering his zone of operations, excels (if possible) the Timber Thieves.

I admit that \$1.50 per and board sounds pretty good to a working man who has not had a square feed for several days, but "distance lends enchantment." After you have messed around in mud and water for 16 hours, you find that you are getting about 10 cents per hour for your services.

When there is no moon you can quit at dark and then pull through the mud a couple of miles to the farm house and eat supper at 9 p. m. But should it be moon-shiny nights there is no telling when you will stop.

The rice farmer, however, is quite generous, giving you two suppers in one night.

He will also provide you with plenty of room mates, placing 24 men in space where not more than six should be.

The bill of fare is something great.

For breakfast: Bread, sow-belly, cheap syrup, fried mush and a solution (for politeness) called coffee.

For dinner: Back-eyed peas or beans, more sow-belly and impure water instead of concoction called coffee.

For supper: A duplicate of breakfast.

If the farmer hasn't room to stack you like sardines in a box over his house, he will store you away in the barn loft. No protection is given you against the blood-sucking mosquitoes, therefore it is safe to say that you will not be troubled with an excess of vitality.

The rice canal companies squeeze down on the farmer, he in turn squeezes down on the laborer.

Under the present system if you can operate a squeezer everything is O. K.

But, when you are minus a squeezer and take the place of a lemon, for those who squeeze, ain't it hell?

Moral: Get a Squeezer. . . W. M. Will.

General Grant once said that the science of war consisted, first, in finding out what your enemy wanted you to do and then to be sure and not do it; second, to find out what he did not want you to do, then be sure and do it, and do it as hard as you could.

## THE STATE.

The State, which robs and protects robbers, that it and they may dole out charity, the State, which disinherits and punishes pitilessly the criminals it creates; the State, which drives men into the celibacy of army and navy, prison and tramp life, and then sterilizes the alleged perverts it begets; the State, which trains men to murder as an honorable trade; the State, which preaches democracy but builds up official hierarchies more powerful and dangerous than any the world has known; the State, which lusts for power and has no penalty too severe for those who strike for freedom! The world's struggle is for freedom! But the politicians would have the disinherited believe that they must look for salvation to the despotic monster that is the author of their woes.—"Land and Liberty"

So-called "common labor" is to-day of far more importance to any industry than is the so-called "skilled labor," is more essential to production, is the condition toward which all labor is steadily drifting, both in the industries and on the farms.

## THE UNION MAN CAME BACK.

The sawmill 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 pound and now they are dragging the river for the scab that was drowned. But the union man came back.

The sawmill 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 dozen pieces of the sawmill owner was all they found. But the union man came back.

## THE "RACE QUESTION."

As to the "race question:" Once upon a time a butcher threw a bone out in the alley; a white dog and a black dog made a rush for it, reached it at the same time, and started a fight for its possession. While they were making fools of themselves a big, lazy red dog sneaked up, grabbed the bone, and lit out with it. The white dog was a "white supremacy" sucker, the black dog was a "social equality" sucker, and the red dog that got the bone was one of these gentlemen who, in one breath call the timber and lumber workers "pals" and "freemen" and in the next threatens to shut down the mills and starve the workers to death if they dare to think and act for themselves—in other words, a capitalist, a boss.

Don't be a sucker. The white and black dog competed for that bone (job), and the red dog got it. The red dogs don't believe any more that "competition is the life of trade." Do you? You have been in the competitive labor market long enough to answer the question without any assistance. You can see, if you have ordinary understanding, or even that of a lawyer, that competition of worker against worker in the labor market is the main cause of low wages. And you will see, if you think only for a second, that industrial union is the only solution of this question, for the only place where profits are made is where work is performed.

"Were the mountains of gold and the valleys of silver, and human labor were not, the world would not be a grain of corn the richer," nor a single boll of cotton, nor a single plank of wealth or boarding, either. The workers produce all wealth, and the workers are entitled to all they produce, and they will get it all as soon as they take a lesson from the associated lumber kings, quit fighting each other, and organize into ONE BIG UNION.

Union men of the World, Unite!  
You have nothing but your "Executive" to lose—a World to gain!

"United we stand; divided we fall." This motto is as true to-day as ever it was in the days of old, and truer of the modern working class than of all other classes the world has ever known.

## TUCSON STRIKE NEWS.

Fellow-workers—Strike on in Tucson, Arizona, against cut in wages from \$1.80 to \$1.50, for a nine-hour day in building and construction work (street paving). The strikers are demanding \$2.00 for a eight-hour day. This Local sent organizers (by request of the strikers) who were thrown in jail and later in the same day deported—this on April 17. The city officials are very hostile and say they will not allow the I. W. W. and its teachings to take root in Tucson, but the strikers of whom about 90 per cent are Mexicans, are all in favor of the One Big Union and Direct Action.

Fellow-workers, now is the time to put Tucson on the map, and who would not like to see an I. W. W. Local there, where so many of us have to travel through, and find there a hall and reading room and, furthermore, now is the time for us to get the Mexican fellow-workers lined up in this South and Western country, assistance will be needed, both financially and men to stop off in Tucson to give a lift. Send all funds to No. 272, I. W. W., 60 S. Third St., Phoenix, Arizona, until further notice.

N. A. Schreff, Sec. 272.

The bosses want craft unions; therefore, the workers don't want them. The bosses don't want industrial union; therefore, the workers do want it, and they want it bad.

## SAYINGS OF TWO WISE MEN.

When a man is broke and out of work what is he going to do. And Taft shook his head and said that, "Only the great God knew."

Never so many out of work as this year. And Wilson says, "Cheer up, poor man, Summer will soon be here."

It's great to have such rulers who are so wondrous wise one points you to the Summer, the other beyond the skies. No matter though the masters have skinned your last lone dime, you still have God to look to and the good old Summer time!

H. Dyson.

There is but one good reason for craft unionism to-day, and that is it divides the workers on the job, which is just what the bosses want.

## 439'S NEW SECRETARY.

On April 19th, Floyd Parks was elected Secretary of Local 439, Brawley, Cal. All communications should be addressed to him.

Herman Kubow, Sec. 439.