

Free Ford and Suhr or Hop the Hop Kings!

This is Number 75

Organization  Is Power

WATCH YOUR EXPIRATION.
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THE VOICE of the PEOPLE

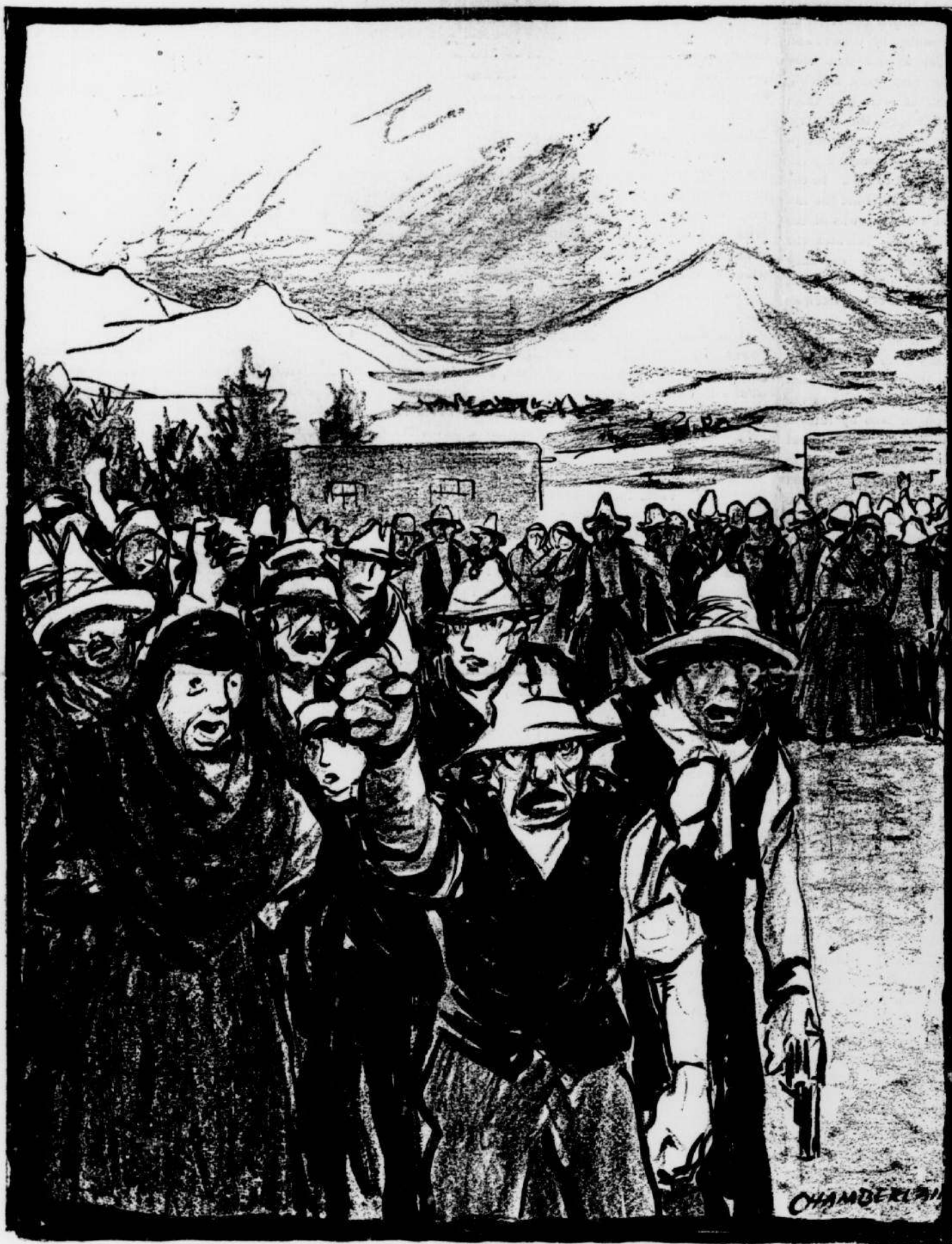
Owned by the Rebel Lumberjacks of Dixie

An Injury to One is an Injury to All.

VOL. III—No. 24.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1914

MIGHT IS RIGHT



AT WHEATLAND: WAITING THE ASSAULT OF "LAW AND ORDER."

ATTEMPTING TO RAILROAD CLINE AND RANGEL?

News received from friends of Cline, Rangel and their companions last week states that the cases have been suddenly fixed for July 6th. Other news indicates that the Texas Huertistas are trying to railroad these men to the gallows or, what is worse, the infamous penitentiaries of Texas before their cases can be put before the public and funds raised for their defense. This rushing of the victims to trial is in all probability due to the tremendous broadside THE REBEL poured into the ranks of the persecution a couple of weeks ago and to the fact that Labor and Socialist papers all over the world are beginning to take up these cases in earnest and show up the brand of "justice" meted out to soldiers of liberty in the Kirbyized state of Texas.

When we saw the old REBEL'S broadside we threw up our hat and yelled, Hurrah for good old Tom Hickey! We knew he would come to the bat with a smashing blow sooner or later. Good old Tom! But what are YOU doing for these desperately im-

periled Libertarians? The Chamber of Commerce of San Antonio has met in special session and demanded that they be prosecuted without mercy. Will you, the Workers, stand idly by and see them put this crime across? If not,—into ACTION! NOW!! TODAY!!!

Hidden under the mask of a mere naval scandal the actual situation in Japan is evidently one bordering on domestic revolution. The London "Academy" expresses the opinion that "her starving millions of poor peasantry, her ruined finances, her crushing burden of taxation, the growth of a rebellious spirit with the decline of the ancient unsophisticated attitude to the throne, and the progress of the conflict between the masses and the classes, have never been realized by the world until now."

Three-fourths of the women workers in New York city receive less than \$400 a year, says the New Orleans States. Yes, and nine-tenths of the women workers of New Orleans receive a damsite less. And this does not include the he-Virgins of the Y. M. C. A. and K. of C., either.

BEANS, BEANS, BEANS!

From the Marysville jail this letter comes:
"This old jail is just the same. The same old grub, beans, beans and more beans. These damned capitalist bulldogs and I do not get along any too good. Give all the boys my best, and if any of them are going out in the fruit, have them send us some,
Yours for industrial freedom, "Dick Ford."

NEW ORLEANS REBS, ATTENTION.

Mass meeting at Jackson avenue and river, Thursday night, June 11, at 8 o'clock. Come and bring as many fellow-workers as you can. L. U. 7, M. T. W.

THE VOICE, IN CLUBS OF FIVE (5), FORTY (40) WEEKS, FIFTY (50) CENTS. SEND IN A CLUB TODAY.

In China the brigand forces of the "White Wolf" are ravaging far and wide, and Sun Yat Sen is calling for new volunteers to dethrone Yuan Shi Kai.

Why I Am a Revolutionist

By Covington Hall.

I have heard the child-slaves weeping when the world was fair and bright,
Heard them begging, begging, begging for the playgrounds and the light!
I have seen the statesmen holding all save truth a vested right,
And the priest and preacher fighting in the legions of the Night.

I have seen the queens of fashion in their jeweled pride arrayed,
Ruby-er-wined and splendid,—rubies of a baby's lifeblood made,
Richer than the gems of nature, of a stranger, deeper shade,
On their snow-white bosoms quivered as the dames of fashion prayed.

Then I went into the dungeons where the brute men cringe and crawl,—
Men to every high thought blinded—men no longer men at all—
And my eyes looked upward to the men who we "successful" call,
And the sign was in their foreheads and their thrones about to fall.

And I've seen my father lying on his death-bed like a beast,
In his poverty forsaken, he, a Southron soldier-priest;
Seen his broken body tremble as the pulse of living ceast,
And his soul go outward, moaning, as the red sun lit the East.

And I've seen my little mother on her death-bed weep and moan
For the babies she was leaving in the great world all alone;
Heard her loving spirit crying, seeking something to atone—
How she feared the god of hunger!—how she feared the heart of stone!

And you talk to me "religion," and "rebellion" you "deplore,"
You whose souls have never anguished at the death-watch of the poor!
You who rape the starving millions and yet grasp for more and more,
Raimenting in rags our mother, raimenting in silks your whore?

In these wild and frightful moments, I have felt my reason reel,
Felt the impulse of the Nihilist over all my being steal;
Felt it would not be a murder if my hand the blow could deal
That would stamp upon your temple the death angel's mark and seal.

Then I heard a voice crying, "Workers of the world, unite!"
And the vanguard of the Marxians broke upon my hopeless sight.
And I took my place beside them, 'neath the crimson flag of right,
To call our class to action, to arouse it to its might.

Long the months that since have vanished, splashed with blood and shot
with pain;
Every inch of progress conquered marked by comrades jailed and slain;
But at last the ranks of Capital are breaking 'neath the strain—
Press! Press on! my brothers, 'till the classless world we gain!

Ludlow!

By Henry M. Tichenor, the Rip-Saw Poet.

Ludlow! By God, they did it—with sword and torch and shell, they
slaughtered child and mother, did these monsters spawned of hell! They
murdered pregnant women—the quivering flesh was torn, where lay the bud-
ding of the infant yet unborn! They piled them all together—they set fire
to the mass—they did it—damn their craven souls—for the swine-bred master
class! Forget it! Not while memory lasts of Ludlow's martyred dead!
Forget it! Not while through our veins the blood flows swift and red! BY
LUDLOW'S GRAVES, WE SWEAR IT—THE DEAD DIED NOT IN
VAIN! AWAY FROM EARTH WITH THE MASTER CLASS—
DOOMED IS THEIR BEASTLY REIGN!

WOULD YOU SCAB ON MEN IN JAIL?

Would you scab on men in jail? The politicians
and the kept press are working overtime to make you
believe the hop fields will be heaven this year. You
know better. They are trying to get you to scab on the
hop pickers who refuse to pick until Ford and Suhr
are free.

Would you scab on men who are in jail for fighting
your battles?

Will you barter your manhood for a can of Durst's
garbage?

BE MEN, NOT SKUNKS.

Make them turn loose Ford and Suhr who are in-
nocent, or pick no hops in this State.

Carleton Parker's Commissioners are helping to
make model hop picking camps. Unless Ford and
Suhr are free by August, let Carleton Parker and his
commissioners pick the hops.

You stay away—do not betray men unjustly im-
prisoned for your sake.

DON'T FORGET TO—
—SUBSCRIBE TO THE VOICE

The Voice of the People.

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

Published Weekly by National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers, Southern District.
District Headquarters Alexandria, La.
Jay Smith Secretary

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION:
520 POYDRAS STREET, NEW ORLEANS, LA.
COOVINGTON 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:

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ARE DISTRICT ATTORNEYS HUMAN?

Read the following extract from the special correspondence of Floyd Gibbons, publicity agent of the Person Defense Committee, then read how Cline, Rangel and their comrades were brought into court in San Antonio, Texas, gyved together with heavy chains around their necks, wrists and ankles; then remember the vicious treatment of Ettor, Giovannitti, Emerson and his companions, Ford, Suhr and other victims of "impartial justice," and ask yourself the question, "Are District Attorneys Human?" We have our doubts. But, verily, verily, "whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

Special Correspondence.

Clinton, Ill., June 1.—Carl Person has been in jail five months. He has been confined in a cell because in defense of his life he killed a man twice his size who tried to assassinate him. The man Person was forced to kill was an ex-chief of police and a strike-breaker leader employed by the Illinois Central railroad. Person's long, bitter fight against the Illinois Central has been the fight of 35,000 union shop men who were locked out of their jobs by that great corporation and the Harriman lines more than 130 months ago. So Person is still in jail and is now awaiting trial on a charge of murder of which he is innocent.

Attorney Frank Comerford of Chicago, chief counsel for the editor of The Strike Bulletin, is making every effort to get Person out on bail. State's Attorney L. O. Williams and his special assistant State's attorney, the mysteriously retained Lot Herick, are opposing any move that will give Person his liberty, temporary or otherwise. Another attempt to bring about the release of the editor on bonds will be made this week in Champaign, Ill., when a writ of habeas corpus will be sued out, forcing the officials of De Witt county to produce the prisoner in court.

The attitude of the officials of De Witt county is best expressed by an incident which occurred last week before the Circuit Court in Clinton. Attorney Comerford presented a motion asking that Person be admitted to bail. The court suggested that the attorneys for the defense and for the prosecution confer and come to some agreement as to the proper amount of bail, which they could submit to the court.

"Your honor," said Attorney Comerford, "from the attitude manifested so far in this case by the State's attorney, the defense has but little hope for any consideration from him."

"Why should you?" shouted Williams, jumping to his feet and pointing at Person, who was seated at the defendant's table. "This man is the most cold-blooded murderer ever caught in De Witt county."

MAIL AT STOCKTON.

There is mail here for the following: Ben Kalber, Ralph Barber, C. J. Wilder, Joe Siegard, Louis German, T. W. Freemond, John Ball, Thos. King, Alex Allen, Frank Cardinault, C. M. Hendricks, A. Ehlert, Ida Thompson, E. Villeux, Alex Boonos, Dan. G. Knowles.

A. L. Hall, Sec. 73, Box 845, Stockton, Cal.

HARVESTING THE HARVESTER.

Many have been the attempts to organize the migratory worker. In the mine, the forest, the railroad construction camps and various other places where migratory workers are employed, has the indelible mark of the militant worker been left, but never to any great extent have the wheat barons felt the growing power of organized labor. Not until lately has much energy been expended in an attempt to better conditions in the harvest fields of the Northwest. It is quite true that the harvest hand works in the fields but two or three months a year, which allows but a short time in which we might show results, but the fact that they are so numerous and work from two to six hours a day more than in other places and receive but little more in wages, should offset any belief that the task of enlisting them is to be looked upon as one commanding material that we can't furnish with little more effort than in other fields. The fact that board and a barn to sleep in is included make the wages seem suprisingly large to the new comers, who in most cases are lured to the country by posters and advertisements depicting the job as one that commands conditions unequalled for easy work and big wages. On investigation it can be seen that these new comers are among the first to leave the country, penniless and in disgust, which is their only conception of remedy. Here is the opportune moment for the educator who until last year was hard to find. In the Dakota fields the farmers are known to enlist the aid of the police departments of the various towns of the State where the men congregate, who threaten the men with incarceration on the charge of vagrancy should they refuse to work at the proffered wage. This in many instances has the desired effect, likewise does it place another tool in the hand of the live one with which to extract, or drive in still further, the thorn in the workers' side. One more method used in deceiving the worker to whom the country has been shamefully misrepresented is the fleeing across the border into Canada of the employer who operates a rented thrashing rig, thereby leaving them without the slightest chance to collect their wages. Many more causes could be given that are making the neglected job of changing these conditions an easy one. The word neglected is in this case used justifiably, for it is known that many rebels visit this country yearly who make no effort at betterment. With a little effort on their part much could be done, more so at the coming season because of a local already established at Minot, N. D. Should the rebels coming from the West report at this local they could, with a little co-operation on the part of the local, do much toward flooding the States with literature, which I am sure would be supplied.

Methods for carrying on other forms of agitation could be passed upon with understanding. Construction workers are also to be found in the vicinity working for a pittance, and as some of these are natives they are valuable in holding over the charter until the next year, as was done in Minot. Several other towns in the State offer good substance for locals, and should they be established the work of organization could be lessened to a great extent. With the I. W. W. Publishing Bureau offering for sale various kinds of literature, dealing with the harvest hand, no excuse can be successfully advanced from that source. The unorganized are there, the conditions are rotten; the right kind of literature is easy to get and with you there ready to do business there can be but one result. Are you there?

Yours to win,

Walter Pasewalk.

TO THE OCEAN SLAVE.

Grimy figures! Sweaty and dirty, down in the bottom of those floating penitentiaries, by the white-hot fires, there giving your life in exchange for a few crumbs of bread, thrown down from your masters' joyful banquet table.

There you are, the whole lot of you. You are husky men; ah! a weakling couldn't do the work that you are doing. You are all big and strong—a few years only, because your work kills you while yet young.

Did you ever think of how strong you are? Did you ever think that two men are stronger than one? That five are stronger than two, and so on? That one hundred are a GOOD DEAL stronger than a half dozen?

Look at your arms and their brawny muscle; see how it suffers under the heavy yoke under which you so willingly bend down.

Why do you let this yoke hold you down? Did you ever think that if you wanted to make common cause with your fellow men, if you wanted to put your strong arm side by side with your shipmates' strong arm, you wouldn't have to bend down under that heavy yoke any longer?

Did you ever try to make out how much the company makes on YOU?

Let me tell you. It is only (?) about six to eight dollars a day.

Willingly you give to the boss about eight dollars out of what you SHOULD have.

The boss, the company? Who is that?

They are a few men with no strong arms, but with clever, foxy, trained brains. Trained in what? In how to skin you.

They are the ones who are driving you. But you are the many, and they are the few. How is it, then, if you are the many, and they are the few, how is it then that it is possible that they can boss you? Are not ten stronger than one? And you are numbered by the thousands—they are by the fives and tens only. And still they are fooling you; they are making so many dollars out of your hide every day; they make you give your sweat and blood and very LIFE; they make you suffer in the heat of night and day—and all you get is a filthy bunk to sleep in, a little rotten grub, that is not fit for hogs, to eat—and when you go ashore a few glasses of beer, which weakens your thinking capacity still more, and makes out of you still more willing slaves.

You are many and they are few, then why don't you, the many, get together and throw the few, the parasites, overboard, and enjoy the good things in life, which all was made by you and your fellow-men—the working class!

Get into the ONE BIG UNION, you ocean slaves, as well as ALL other slaves! You brawny men with the star-studded blue ceiling above you and with the calling waves surrounding you, join the Marine Transport Workers' Union, I. W. W., which has locals all along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

Remember that the old grafting craft union is now falling down and disappearing as the I. W. W. is building up an organization which will never fall, but which will take back from the few what has been stolen from you, the many. But remember also that the union can do nothing except every one of you joins, and each one of you, inside the union, do all in your power to put it across—by the help of solidarity, which means sticking together.

You will never get more than you have the power to take.

If we were organized strong enough we would have power to get ALL the good things in life. At the present time we have NONE of them, because—well, what's the use?—because all of us as a class don't know enough to organize, to stick together, which is very simple if we only use our brains a VERY LITTLE.

N. H. H.

THE NAKED TRUTH.

Once for all there is one question that must be settled before peace on earth will be a reality; and and is the question of GOVERNMENT.

Government is a man-made machine, and originated in the minds of a class that today do nothing and have everything, as against a class who do everything and have nothing.

This system of unequal economic opportunities to get a living is the only reason for the existence of government. If the people of all nations had free access to nature's great store-house, the land, factories and mines, there would be no reason for armies, navies and police to protect private or stolen property.

It is this very question that is being discussed today by every working man and woman who has been ground down under capitalism to where every rented home is being haunted by the very thought of the uncertainty of tomorrow's chance to live.

"To wish for government under economic inequality is to wish for the impossible. Some day we must choose between one of two things—either to be economically free, denying all government authority, or to perpetuate the rule of man by man and continue to be slaves."

Let every working man who is alive enough to want to know the truth, and learn how the working class can free itself, and enjoy real life, subscribe for THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE and read it for a year; and then he will find himself with the rest of us—in the real fight for industrial freedom. Jay Smith.

LECTURE SUBSCRIBERS.

Your subs have begun to expire. Please notice number opposite your name and renew at least TWO WEEKS ahead of that issue if you do not wish to miss a copy of THE VOICE, the only paper south of Mason's and Dixon's line that stands out clear and strong for the interests of the Working Class, a paper the Workingmen and Working Farmers of the South will need more and more in the days of battle that are near at hand. Further, we have some fine articles by Caroline Nelson and other writers coming that no Rebel will want to miss. Now get busy and boost THE VOICE—the Land Lords and Lumber Kings won't do it for you, you can be sure. Send in your Renewal today and as many other subs as you can get. If your sub is a renewal be SURE to write the word RENEWAL across your subblank. Be SURE to notice that we are offering THE VOICE in CLUBS of FIVE or more for FORTY (40) WEEKS for FIFTY (50) CENTS. At this price, every live Rebel should be able to send us a Club of Five this month—THIS MONTH, in which we will need every cent we can get to keep things moving. All together, NOW, and we WIN.

L. U. 577, DES MOINES.

Local 577 is now in its fine hall at room 212 News Trade, Seventh and Mulberry streets, Des Moines, Iowa. All mail should be sent to that address. Rebels welcome all the time. P. J. Picray, Secretary

PATRICK QUINLAN SENTENCED.

Press dispatches of last week state that the Supreme Court of New Jersey has "affirmed" the sentence of Pat. Quinlan to from two to seven years in the penitentiary for "inciting to hostilities" during the Paterson strike, as the Sup-Press puts it.

All we have to say it that if it will only keep up these raw deals the Capitalist Class will get what it is hunting for—a revolution that will make the one in Mexico look like child's play. In the meantime, FLOOD President Wilson with demands for Quinlan's release.

SYRACUSE FACTORIES ADOPT EFFICIENCY MEASURES

Syracuse, N. Y., May 23.—H. H. Franklin, president of the H. H. Franklin Manufacturing Co., makers of automobiles, states that from last October until April 30 of this year Franklin business was 61 per cent ahead of this period a year ago and that during the first three months of the present season production and shipments were 94 per cent in advance of last year.

This enormous increase in Franklin business is due to a variety of causes, among which must be considered the fact that the company has dropped its multi-model policy and this year is producing but one chassis, a six-cylinder, air-cooled car, and is manufacturing it in large quantities.

This policy marks the advent of the mass-production system of making automobiles in the Eastern States. Heretofore a dividing line might be drawn thru the automobile manufacturing zone at Elyria, Ohio. Those factories in and west of Elyria following the mass system of production as much as the exigencies of the shop equipment, factory resources and particular trade conditions of the industry would permit. That is, the most successful companies have been those concentrating their energies on the production of one or two models, and developing the various processes and short cuts to such a degree that a firm making a number of models and changing the design of them annually had small chance to compete with as good a value for the money, due to a much greater cost in production.

While there are automobile factories in Cleveland, Buffalo and eastward as large as those to the west, they have always built higher-priced cars and catered to a richer class of trade. To suit the whims of this de luxe trade they have in the past had to carry a number of models to suit individual tastes. There large factory properties were not due so much to a large production, as the varied types of the finished product, and increased equipment necessary for its production. A small or moderate sized factory in Detroit or some other city in the western district might produce a much greater quantity of cars in shorter time with their simplified methods. It is in this respect that America leads the European countries in quantity production, altho the difference is more marked between the United States and Europe than the Western and Eastern Districts in the United States.

Undoubtedly the greatest exponent of specialization, or mass production, is the Ford Motor Co. This has been the key to their success, but they already have a few close seconds. Standardization is on the increase. Those companies not conforming to it, in such times as the present industrial depression, will be cast aside to make way for those using modern methods.

Getting back to the Franklin factory, one of the factors in connection with his production that Mr. Franklin is most proud of is the complete Taylor system, which is in operation thruout the entire factory. (We suppose his employees are also very proud of it, as we have heard no outbreak from Syracuse). This system, installed some years ago, has been worked out satisfactorily in every detail (for the boss) and is now responsible for the greatly increased production. (Turn the sab-cats loose). One of the interesting aspects of this system on the chassis assembly floor is that on either side of the line of chassis going thru assembly is a continuous line of crates and shelving on which are placed the different parts entering into the make-up of the chassis. In one crate are the tool boxes, in another the fenders, in another the battery trays, in another the wiring parts, etc. Each tray is located on that part of the floor where it is most convenient to the human automaton attaching this particular part to the chassis.

With such an arrangement there is little of any waste of time on the part of workmen walking for material.

This system is carried out to the finest detail in the manufacturing departments as well.

Another interesting feature of this system (for the sociologist) is the increased number of men it puts on the brick. But the Franklin employees all love their boss, as he takes them on a picnic once every summer, and thus proves to each and all that the interests of master and slave are identical.

Yours for job control and a picnic every afternoon in the year, A Rebel Auto Worker.

DON'T FORGET—VOICE MAINTENANCE FUND.

NOTES FROM WASHINGTON, D. C.

By Nina Lane McBride.

The Library of Congress is the most beautiful building in the world. The dome is covered with solid gold, and you, the workers have cement fillings in your teeth, if you have any at all.

Across the Capitol Plaza stands the Capitol, and it is surmounted by a dome that weighs about nine million pounds, and has never been paid for. The DOME OF THE CAPITOL HAS NEVER BEEN PAID FOR.

Brumidi, the great artist, has decorated the canopy of the dome with the best Romanesque art in the world, and has immortally preserved in 5000 square feet, the women of Washington's tenderloin district, who acted as models.

A painting which all visitors to the Capitol admire is called "General Washington Resigning his Commission," painted by Trumbull. In it are the figures of two young girls, and a wonderful feature of the painting is that one of the young ladies is the possessor of three arms. She holds her companion about the waist with one arm, another arm is thrown about her shoulders, and with the third she clasps her companion by the hand.

Another great work of art, upon which we all gaze in awe, is on the other side of the room from the three-armed girl. There we have an Indian with six toes. We have no doubt seen the calf at the country fair that was the possessor of five legs, but we must go to the Nation's Shrine to see a picture of a six-toed Indian, and done in oils, with a frame around it. If you laugh you will get thrown out.

The entrance to the Law Library of the Supreme Court is very beautiful. At the time it was being built Thomas Jefferson was influential enough to have his idea of decoration carried out, and so the marble pillars are made to represent corn stalks and corn. The guides tell the visitors, "That it is an emblem of Jefferson's patriotism and love of country." But we are mean enough to suggest to the guide that it might be love of whiskey, instead of country, if we are to judge by the Jeffersonian Democrats now on the job.

The old Senate chamber was a circular room, now used by the Supreme Court. Once upon a time two Senators got into a fight, and one pulled a gun. The other Senator got his back to the wall and started around the room. He was accused by another of retreating. He resented the assertion and explained that "He was advancing backward." Of course the workers can easily understand how a statesman can advance backward. That is the way they have always advanced.

Yes, it's a great country that we took away from the Indians.

ROTTEN CALIFORNIA LUMBER CAMPS.

Just a few lines to The Voice telling about the bad and poor condition in the lumber camps.

As I see and understand I fail to find many fellow-workers who are afraid to be known as I. W. W. workers.

What California needs is some good organizing Rebels to get on these jobs and line up the slaves so they can better conditions.

The lumber camps in California are rotten as far as I have been in and so are all other camps I have heard of.

The bunkhouses are built over cookhouses and look like a lot of cribs, and the slaves sleep on hay bunks. Only a very few of these bunk houses are half decent.

The bosses work you ten hours a day and the wages are poor. The grub is rotten in most of these places and few camps are fair. These camps do not work in the winter, so we have to get on the job while the camps are running. Most of these men are old-timers and mama's boys, and do just as the bosses want them to do. But we must some way or other wake this breed of workers up and organize them or they will hold down their class indefinitely. They must be moved on or off the job. Many are moving, but not fast enough.

Camp Organizer, J. B. B.

ASHLAND, KY.

Ashland, Ky., June 6.

Fellow-workers—By the time you receive this we will be out on strike. We have organized ourselves for better conditions, and although we are not affiliated with the I. W. W., it is because we cannot raise the money to get a charter. If any I. W. W. will come in here they will be gladly received, and although we are in no position to meet any expenses we are asking for some one to come.

The work we are on is government contract work, building a leek and dam two miles above Ashland, Ky. Conditions are intolerable and wages but 20 cents an hour.

Will not some one who thoroughly understands the principles of the I. W. W. come here?

The strikers on Dam No. 29, O. R.

Publicity Committee.

"MIGHT IS RIGHT." Send us \$1.00 for FOUR 13-week or TWO 26-week PREPAID Subcards, and we will send you a copy of this great "gospel of the strong," FREE. The book alone 50 cents.

HOBO FARMERS.

Here is something from another editorial from "The Times-Punkune." IT headed its editorial "Moving Farmers," but we prefer the truth and call them by their right name—Hobo Farmers. Says the T.-P.:

"The Census Bureau has issued a preliminary bulletin containing statistics on 'the length of the periods of occupancy of farms in the United States.' This information was gathered during the census of 1910 and loses some of its value by its belated publication. Both the figures and the conclusions drawn from them are, however, of interest. One of the questions addressed to the 6,361,502 farm operators enumerated in 1910 was, 'How long have you lived on this farm?' The bureau reports that 5,794,768, or 91 per cent, answered the question satisfactorily. Of that number 52 per cent had lived on the same farms less than five years. In the North 57 per cent had occupied their farms longer than five years; in the West the percentage of long-term occupants was 44 and in the South 41. Of the whole number reporting more than 1,000,000 replied that they had occupied their farms less than one year. In this class were numbered 22 per cent of the white and 23 per cent of the negro farmers in the South."

Reasoning (?) from these figures the T.-P. comes to the conclusion that the bureau's ideas as the effects of "instability of occupancy" is all wrong, that this thing of even the farmers turning hoboes is in reality a blessing, "is a help, not a hindrance, to greater progress," this because, it argues, these "moving farmers" moved from "high-priced lands to lands elsewhere of smaller price." We wonder if the T.-P. sage would go mad if we were to suggest here that the inflation of land prices is gradually expropriating the farmers, especially the WORKING FARMERS, from ownership of the soil they till? Yet that is just what is happening. The difference between the white and negro movers is only one per cent, yet the T.-P. says, "The South probably has a greater proportion (of movers) than other sections, partly because of its black population, and partly because of the low-priced lands idle and inviting occupancy." Some reasoning, that. First the Middle West farmers were moving because of "high-priced lands," then the Southern farmers because of "low-priced lands." Can you beat it? If that won't do, why, take the usual course of the Southern Bourbon and LAY IT ON THE NIGGER, even if the white farmers are only one per cent behind him in the race for hohodom. Anything that will tend to smother the TRUTH will do. If the "Race Question" fails, raise a howl for "diversified farming," and prove to the Southern farmers that the reason they are starving is because they raise too much cotton and not enough peaches and strawberries. If the peach and berry farmers go "under the hammer," why, then lay it on the hookworm. Everybody in the South except Lumber Kings, Railroad Magnates, Fruit Pirates, Sugar Barons, Oil Emperors and Land Lords have the hookworm. But, if the Southern farmers can't make a living raising cotton, whatinhel can they raise a living from? In truth and fact there is but one way out of this Hell of Poverty, and that is to OVERTHROW PEONAGE AND TENANTRY, TO DESTROY CAPITALISM.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

BARCELONA, SPAIN—The Mosaic Workers went on strike. The owners of this industry refused to grant the demands of the workers. Also still on strike the cartwrights of Barcelona. These men have been on strike for a long time. The Boss and the government seek to dishearten the strikers, but the strikers every day give great demonstrations, and expect to win this strike in a few weeks now.

ZARAGOZA, SPAIN—In Atica the farmers went on strike in a body.

VALLADOLID, SPAIN—The metallurgical workers went back to work with full demands granted. This strike only lasted two weeks.

PARIS, FRANCE—A great mass meeting was held in the Maison Commune. The Confederation of Labor sent messages to President Wilson and to the governor of Colorado protesting against the outrages committed by the militia in attacks on the strikers' women and children, which have been shameful.

ENGLAND—Great conflict between the workers and contractors. This is of great interest. The contractors granted some of the demands of the workers; the workers put same to vote, but the propositions of the contractors were lost by 23,481 against to 2,021 votes for.

ENGLAND—The Workers' Alliance was approved by 1,350,000 syndicates.

On April 23, in Westminster Palace Hotel, London, a conference was held between the representatives of three industries, representing 1,350,000 workers. The conference was to take steps to get these three industries into one union, Miners, Railroadmen and the Marine transportation.

The conference was opened by R. Smillie, president of the Miners' Federation; 800,000 miners were represented by 29 delegates; 300,000 railroad men of the National Union Federation by 24 delegates, and 250,000 of the Marine transportation by 14 delegates. This conference appointed a committee to make arrange-

ments for consolidation. There were appointed three secretaries, Ashton for the miners, J. E. Williams for railroaders, and Robert Williams for the marine transport workers. Also other committees were appointed to make arrangements for the second conference, which are R. Smillie, A. Pellamy and Harry Gasling.

"The Daily Herald" of London (revolutionary paper) said: This step is one of more interest than all else; in this way we can stop the Capitalists any time. "The Daily Herald" gave greeting to these three industries for the good step they took.

On with the One Big Union!

J. Filgueria.

1911 LOCKOUT OF LUMBERJACKS.

The more I study the lockout of the Louisiana Lumberjacks which began in the first part of July, 1911, the more I am convinced that the Lumber Trust wanted that fight for "business reasons." Had they not wanted it, the "Grabow Riot" would have been pulled off long before it was pulled off. In the beginning of that struggle, the yards of the Trust were loaded down with lumber; when it finished, they were practically cleared, and lumber had soared to the highest prices in 20 years. So it was "good business" for the Trust. This despite the fact that in its efforts to hoodwink the "public" the Trust overreached itself and has never been able to pull out of its innards the thorn of Unionism, for the frightful experiences of that lockout, one of the most heartlessly brutal ever proclaimed against any body of workers anywhere, made hundreds of Lumberjacks and their Working Farmer kinsmen determined to fight that gun-toting despotism, the so-called Southern Lumber Operators' Association, and its aiders and abettors to the last gasp. I said the Trust sought to hoodwink the "public," and for this reason: Had it shut down its mills and thrown thousands of men, women and children into starvation, giving as its only excuse therefor that it wanted more money, one of two things would have happened—either it would have been forced to feed and house the workers it threw idle and their families, or it would have forced the "public" to feed and house them, a thing it knew the dear "public" would not stand for. Hence the lockout, for with the lockout the Trust could kill three birds with one stone—it could, or thought it could, nip the Union in the bud; in the dust raised it could lay all the blame for the starving thousands on the Union and thus escape feeding even its "loyal" slaves; and in the end it could get famine prices for the lumber stolen from the school funds of Louisiana. The "public" fell for this. Also it paid the bill for the Trust's war on its starving and outraged workers, including Pujo and Burns. In the last two of its schemes, the Trust succeeded; in the first, the crushing of the Union, it was only partially successful, for the Rebel Lumberjacks are still warring on their oppressors, and the next struggle, which is not far off, will have a different ending. This time the Union wins. Old M. L. Alexander, official Black-lister for the Association, will have his hands full, for we mean to make the blacklist white. In the next fight whole families of Lumberjacks will not be reduced to the dire extremity of eating three meals of cornbread and molasses a day that the Florences may have their autos and affinities, for the Lumberjacks have learned the lesson the Trust has taught, and that lesson is—ALL IS FAIR IN BUSINESS, WAR AND POLITICS. Thus saith—The Sabcats.

LYING "LIGHT."

It is written, "If the light within thee be darkness, how great is the darkness thereof." This observation is brought out by a clipping sent us and taken from the San Antonio "Light" of June 4, a nameless sheet that has done all in its little power to hang Cline and the boys in jail there. This thing accuses THE VOICE of having falsified in describing the manacled of these victims of Texas "Justice," this despite the fact that thousands of people have seen the horrible sight of the manacled prisoners of Texas marching thru the streets of her principal cities guarded by armed brutes of the lowest order. The "Light" (?) further states that a "member of the district attorney's office" actually threatens to throw Fred Moore in jail should he return to San Antonio. Well, we want to see them do it, right there in the shadow of the Alamo. Yes, damn you, we have every reason to believe you manacled these Libertarians and we are certain you would not treat your hogs, much less your dogs, as these men have been treated. Into the glaring light of day, we, the Libertarians, are going to drag you, the Brutal-Itarians of the South.

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If a UNION CARD is nothing more than a fetish to the man that carries it, it stands to reason that the "pie-card," held by the officer that represents such a man, must likewise be a fetish to the owner.

"SABOTAGE." Send us 50 cents for TWO 13-week or ONE 26-week PREPAID Subcards to THE VOICE, and we will send you a copy of "Sabotage" by Pouget & Giovannitti, FREE. The book alone 25 cents.

A "Labor Leader" is just what you make him. For he can only reflect by his actions the intelligence of those who allow him to remain a leader—i. e., the RANK AND FILE.

THE STRIKE BULLETIN.

Every railroad worker should read The Strike Bulletin. We will send you The Voice for One Year and The Strike Bulletin for Six Months for only One Dollar. One of Person's great editorials or "Jail Reveries" is alone worth the price at which we offer both papers. Put a Dollar Bill in an envelope attached to your name and address, direct same to The Voice, and if you don't say these two Rebel papers are worth more than the price, then you don't know good reading when you see it. Send in YOUR subs TODAY.

I. W. W. PAMPHLET IN SWEDISH.

The Scandinavian Branch of Local No. 322 has printed a pamphlet called "Loneslavens Organization" written by S. G. Johanson.

It is written for workingmen in the camps.

Price 10 cents. To Locals 5 cents a copy.

Send orders with cash to Gust Hill, P. O. Box 511, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

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520 POYDRAS STREET. NEW ORLEANS, LA.

ONE SULPHUR MINE.

It is history of how the miners were treated in Colorado and how their children were murdered by hired thugs while the strike was on and how the State of Colorado is out a large amount for "protecting" the Standard Oil's coal mines and Standard Oil out a small sum on guards, but very few are aware of the fact that this gang of pirates own less than one section of land near Lake Charles, La., at Sulphur station, where they have the largest sulphur mine in the world. This mine has been in operation for several years; it works only about 800 men, who are paid from 18 cents an hour up, most of them 18 cents.

The mine produces from 30 to 40 carloads of sulphur every 24 hours, and runs 365 days a year. I have been told by a man who once was one of the auditors of their books that the actual labor cost, after rents and profits had been cut out of wages, was 65 cents a ton loaded on car; cost of machinery 65 cents a ton and \$1.00 a ton to the man who patented the machinery which melts and pumps up the sulphur; this cost, plus the taxes paid, made the actual cost of producing the sulphur LESS than \$3.00 a TON. The sulphur sells for about \$24.00 a ton, which leaves a net profit of more than \$21.00 a ton; at which rate Standard Oil makes about \$12,000,000 a year clear profit out of this one sulphur mine.

You will hear people say, "A man should have something for his brain pay;" so do I, but I believe the men who furnish the brain and muscle which creates wealth like this, are entitled to that pay. If labor would sell its muscle without any mental knowledge thrown in, it would be of no use, even to such a meek Christian as Robberfeller, who couldn't drill one hole in the ground with either his brain or muscle. Further, if labor would only sell that part of its muscle and brain that is paid for by the Capitalists, they couldn't operate this sulphur mine at all, for there they pay workers less than four per cent of what they produce. Fine system, for the won't works. And it's no wonder that thousands of free-holding farmers are being thrown off their farms every day and turned into tramps and tenants. The sulphur mine is so well guarded that you can't even take a picture of the place; the thug-deputies won't allow it, for Standard Oil doesn't want the world to know what it has there.

Again, the tremendous profits taken off this sulphur mine, robbed from labor there, is used to starve and enslave another set of laborers over yonder, say in Colorado or Oklahoma, or even in China, and to hire thugs to murder the workers and their children in places where they rebel against worse than murder-conditions. Think of it, you workers—what right have you to be "loyal" to such brutes as these? You even treat your hog much better than the Capitalists treat you, for you will treat your hog good and take care of it when it gets sick; when you kill it, you kill it at once, and it is out of its misery. But the Capitalists kill you by slow degrees, which is much worse punishment. The Capitalist wouldn't any more invite you into his house than you would invite your hog into yours, not as quick. The difference is that you own your hog and the Capitalists don't OWN YOU, and wouldn't.

Workers, if you don't like such Monsters as Masters, and I don't believe you do, join the ONE BIG UNION and help your class get rid of them once and for all and forever.

J. E. Wiggins.

HOW TO GET AND HOLD A JOB.

By W. M. Will.

Fellow-workers—When you apply for an ordinary position (especially with the sawlog combine) look as much like a dumphool as possible. In fact it is best to look real idiotic, because the timber thieves do not care to employ reasoning an-a-mules.

After you have secured a job it is of vital importance that you know how to hold it, otherwise you would in a short time become separated from your sow-belly and beans.

1. Always look pleasant and rather silly. If you look serious and sensible they might think you were a union man or had a notion of "jining" that awful organization, "what takes in niggers" and any other race who are tired of working for a song while singing it themselves.

2. Don't neglect to tip your hat at least once a day to the boss, so he will know you are full of recognition for him.

3. Slip around when you have a chance and tell him something mean about your fellow-workers. That will give you more of a "stand in."

4. When some important "gink" like a 2x4 foreman comes around getting up a donation to buy the "super" a fine watch or diamond pin don't FAIL TO CHIP IN!

5. Above all things, work like H—, then you will be sure of sow-belly, beans and molasses as long as there is a good market for lumber.

When that is over you can chase rabbits by day, catch bullfrogs at night, and go fishing Sunday.

Says Helen Rowland: "Take care of the pennies, and the dollars will take care of your husband's affinity."

STRIKE NEWS.

(Under this heading will be published every week it is sent in the news of strikes. If there's anything doing in your section send us in the items. Give the news in as short and clear sentences as you can, cutting the filosophy to the minimum. And DON'T send us newspaper clippings; we haven't the time to go over them and write up articles, and we want the news written from a Working Class point of view, and this only the writer on the ground can do. If you can't do this, then don't complain that "our papers don't carry enuf news." We have no wireless. Fellow-workers in touch with the movement in other countries can help out by making up notices like those by J. Filguera and sending them in. All such items should reach us not later than Saturday morning if intended for the following week.)

COLORADO—According to the Trinidad "Free Press" the Mine Owners are at the Bosses' old game of causing the arrest of strikers and having them charged with murder, asserting that they killed human beings in shooting gunmen in defense of their wives and children. "General" Chase and his officers are running up and down Colorado making speeches justifying the militia for all the crimes committed against the workers and trying to cleanse the blood stains from their hands with streams of hot air, but no one seems to be falling for the dope of the American Weyler. It is reported that the Victor-American Co. is now willing to "sign up." Let us hope it will be a victory and not a "settlement" for the fighting Miners.

SWEET HOME FRONT, LA.—Business is picking up at Sweet Home Front. For the past two months the Sweet Home Lumber Co. hasn't been doing so well, for they have been logging in a very bad country with their scabbing crew. The scabs have only been able to log the mill about half time, but now they have moved back about five miles nearer the mill in a beautiful open country. It is reported that they intend to run the mill night and day as soon as they moved out of the jungles. Well, they have been out over a week now and the past week they succeeded in sending in 45 cars in six days, about 7 1-2 cars per day, or about 20,000 feet per day. I suppose the Lumberjacks at the mill will have an easy time manufacturing 20,000 feet of lumber in 24 hours. Well, Ball, if you can stand it, we can. If the Sweet Home Lumber Co. wants to work scab labor until they go broke, that is their business. They surely must think it a good investment to break up the I. W. W. So do we, if they can do it, but we have come to stay, contrary to the prayers of the Plutes and hypocrites. All we want is more pay, shorter hours, and a chance to educate and organize. Ball may have the remainder. The Black Knight.

SWEET HOME FRONT SOME MORE—The Sweet Home flatheads are in hard luck. The saws are made of very bad material, so says their preacher saw-filer. He says that the flatheads are running them in knots and letting their oil bottles fall on them, which of course is not true. He can't file a grubbing hoe, but he don't know it. Our preacher says that this is "God's country, but His people have all moved away." I think a few more prayers by the flatheads will move the preacher. The way is so plain that the wayfaring man, though a Methodist preacher, can't help seeing it. Our prayers are being answered, because we PRAY on the job. May The Voice teach others how to pray and where to pray to get the most goods for the least prayer. Doogens.

SAID UNCLE LIGAH: "De dif'ence ertween Christ en de Christians am dat He berlied en sump-tin', en dey don't. He say, 'do unto yudders ez you would hab dem do unto you.' De Christians, 'do yudders befo' dey gits er chance ter do you.' He say, 'feed my sheep.' De Christians, 'git dey mutton.' He say, 'peace on earf en good will ter all mankind.' De Christians 'keep yo' pumpguns oiled en loaded les' de I. W. W. will bring erbout de evil days when ef er man will not work neider shall he eat.' Dat, I figgers, is de main dif'ence ertween Christ en de Christians. But I ain't nuthin' but er onejukated colored pusson."

"LAND AND LIBERTY"—Have you read "Land and Liberty?" If not you will want to. We have copped some good items from it this week. Address them at Hayward, California, making all money orders payable to W. D. Guernsey, treasurer. Price in United States \$1.00 a year. Or send us \$1.50 and we will send you THE VOICE and LAND AND LIBERTY for one year.

From India comes the news of the execution of 35 Hindus who had risen against the government, and throughout the Orient the revolutionary pot begins to boil. The movement is world-wide.

PREPAID SUBCARDS.

SEND IN FOR A SUPPLY OF 13-WEEK PREPAID SUBCARDS TO THE VOICE AND HELP SAVE THE PAPER. FIVE (5) FOR ONE (\$1.00) DOLLAR.

ANOTHER "UNSINKABLE" SINKS.

Another "unsinkable" steamship sinks. This time the Empress of Ireland, in the St. Lawrence river, in sight of the shore, and within 15 minutes after being rammed by another old junk. Loss, nearly a thousand lives. So fast did the Empress sink that the band had no time to render "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and very few "heroes" had time to get into the lime-light, and thus give the Capitalists a chance to divert public attention from their criminal operations to a sloppy praise of the "heroes." Gods! How people do love to be murdered by capitalists!

In New Orleans not long ago the fire-room crew of the steamship Proteus walked off the ship, declaring her steampipes or boilers in a dangerous condition. The officers are reported to have lied to the passengers about the cause of the walkout and the United States commissioners to have tried to frighten the crew back on the tub. The company is said to have gotten together a green negro crew and was preparing to sail anyhow, but in some way the passengers got wind of the real trouble, and they, too, threatened to walk off, so the company sent for the boiler makers and it took them 24 hours to put the machinery in order. These fire-room seamen were thus actually protecting the lives of the public, yet nearly every paper in New Orleans sought to make it appear that the I. W. W. was just causing trouble for nothing. A few years ago the steamship Kelly went down in the Gulf because, the seamen say, her bottom was all CEMENT. Also the steamship Arcadia went down, nearly every plank in her being rotten. Both of these steamships were never heard from, nothing was found of them. The United Fruit Co. is said to have in service ships that have been CONDEMNED in England. Many ships sailing out of New Orleans are said by seamen to be nothing but death-traps. Few of the United States laws, either for the protection of crews or passengers, are enforced or obeyed. Yet thousands are howling for "Government Ownership." What for? By its works let the State be judged.

THE BITER BITTEN.

By Tom Cason.

Here is a nice little story of crime and thievery that I am sure will interest and also open the eyes of those who have had their minds poisoned against THE UNION, the ONLY UNION, THE I. W. W. I got this data from an old Socialist, whose home is in Rosepine, La., where there is a militant bunch of Red Socialists and Unionists, and a part of it from residents of De Ridder.

Some time ago a series of robberies were pulled off in the little town of Rosepine, in which the railroad depot was touched for many packages of booze, and the store of The Spivy-Gay Co. broken into and merchandise, principally shoes, was removed, some of which were found afterward in the De Ridder ball park, five miles away. Gay, one of the owners of the store, organized a searching party and proceed to carefully frisk the homes of ALL UNION MEN, for it was freely whispered about that "these crimes were no doubt the work of the damned degenerates, calling themselves I. W. W.s, as they preached direct action, sabotage, and had no respect for OUR God, private property, and profits." To make this frisk look "fair," the houses of the tools and boot-lickers of the exploiters of labor who had been "robbed" were gone into and a bluff at searching was made. These friskers found nothing in the homes of the union men and women, but it was whispered about among those who wished with all the venom of their scissorbill hearts that something could be saddled upon the I. W. W.s, that the robbed ones had some good clews, and would ere long land a union man behind the bars. The old Socialist says that they never did make good on this boast, but he is inclined to think that they DID FIND SOME OF THE STOLEN GOODS IN A HOUSE NOT OCCUPIED BY A UNION MAN, in the light of what has developed from another recent robbery of the same store, about ten days ago, and the capture of the thief, who was caught with the goods on, in the restricted district of De Ridder a few days after the robbery. When the thief's name was made known the residents of Rosepine were not surprised at all, because he is a confirmed thief, and has not been out of the government prison at Atlanta more than a year, where he was sent for robbing the post office presided over by his own father. The I. W. W.s of Rosepine have been vindicated by this denouement, but a complication has arisen in the prosecution of the thief for the following reasons: There are family reasons why he should not be prosecuted and the case against him dismissed, yet "Capitalist Justice" cries out for revenge against this petty burglar, who has violated the holy of holies in the temple of capitalism, to wit: Laid violent hands on goods not earned in the sweat of his brow. So some wire pulling and smooth diplomacy must be brought into play for his release, or there will be weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth, for the following reason: This thief, who is in jail, is named Earl Sumrall; when arrested at De Ridder by the sheriff he confessed, naming a young man named Birge as his accomplice. He is the son of Mr. Ezrie Sumrall, post master and justice of the peace of Rosepine, and his sister about a year ago married a Mr. Sheppard,

brother-in-law of Mr. Gay, of the firm of Spivy-Gay Turpentine Co., and who is employed by the firm as manager. This makes the thief a kind of brother-in-law of Mr. Gay, you see, and its hell on the family.

The O. S. says that this said family is bitter against the Socialists and Unionists, and never loses a chance to misrepresent them and disrupt the members. Of course, as the dead Post would say, "There's a Reason," and a damned good one, for all exploiters to hate a REAL UNION. The old man says that speculation is rife in Rosepine over how this thing will be hushed up. In the meantime "we should worry." Grabow, La., May 30.

Person says "House-clean the railroads." We don't want to house-clean-them—we need to turn thru them and all the rest of Capitalism the purifying river of REVOLUTION.

WHY WORKING FARMERS SHOULD ORGANIZE IN THE ONE BIG UNION

The emancipation of the working class must be by the working class itself. The unity of the employing class must be met by solidarity of the workers. Not unity of the workers of one occupation or of one section, but by compact organization of workers of all the nation.

All will not unite. The experience of past history tells us that the fearful majority does not count. The battle is ever to the brave and resolute, but when the brave of one occupation war on the brave of other occupations it is not a working class struggle. Does such foolish warfare prevail? Let us examine.

There exist unions of trades and professional persons, organized for their own benefit, fighting not so much against the employers as they do to bar others from their unions and their work, forming long-time agreements with the employers and acting with the employers to force the continuance of industry against the discontent of the poorly employed or unemployed.

Economically and socially, the true proletarians, the lowly, are to be found in that over one-half of the population, that 49 millions classed by census as rural.

Of these it is safe to count 40 million as directly or indirectly dependent on agriculture. These are the poorest rewarded and have the least share in the advancing civilization of all workers. Lowly, they may be, but as a mass they are not degraded, not industrially or socially unfit. These liberty-loving, aspiring, industrious workers, receiving such part of their product as capital cannot absorb for their wages or out of which to obtain wages, have had no cause to suspicion fraternity as a desire of town workers or the allied trades unionists.

Well, we know who scabs on us during harvest and other good wage seasons. Farm workers, barred from all unions, scabbed on by all, would not be human if they respected the edicts of those who hold them back from opportunity. The Voice is the only paper that ever permitted me to tell the whole truth. So I here affirm that my occupation, fruit and truck growing, and particularly in the Gulf region, has been scabbed by townsmen below possible civilized maintenance. Yet most of us are willing and anxious that opportunity be free. That our workers, driven by machinery and by scabs from the farm, stand as a menace to all organized wage workers is an affair of as much importance to other workers as to our disinherited. I am thankful that the I. W. W. exists. I am thankful for the opportunity to give my views. I am thankful that at last I can unite with workers who want for their share of the wealth they produce what every farmer wants.

For the farmer ever wanted ALL of it. Brothers of all occupations, gain one farmer; just one in each township who wants it all, one who knows his dependence on the consumer and on organized industry, one who will not condemn the Sabot on rightful occasions, and there will be a different ending to the strikes.

Labor is not organized. It can be and the discontented will rush to join if it be made a working class movement, led by working class agents, guided by the class will, and for the class industrial purpose. Read in your declaration of principles all that is implied. The abolition of one system implies another system. What is implied lets us farmers in.

I had to read your literary gems many a time before I found what your word artists had hidden in decorated sentences. And you workers in The Voice put me wise to the actual broadness of the I. W. W. So I sit quietly looking over the water reflecting on the labor warfare, knowing that working farmers are organized as workers, not at all, but realizing that they can unite at once, wherever they are, in an effective, comprehensive and militant union. And the purpose of that union is to give to all, as workers, the full enjoyment of the wealth they create.

We are all propagandists. So let us get the working farmers.

Fred Freeman.

Life is motion. Even death is life. It moves the bodies of those who are no longer capable of movement. Its function is to make room for the living and to clear the arena for the next race.—Oscar Ameringer.