

# Workers of the World Unite!--Rush Capitalists While they Fight!

ONE UNION OF THE WORKING CLASS.  
FREE LAND, FREE INDUSTRIES  
THE WORLD OVER.

Organization  is Power

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# THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Owned by the Rebel Clan of Toil

An Injury to One is an Injury to All

VOL. III--NO. 33.

PORTLAND, OREGON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1914

MIGHT IS RIGHT

## Texas Beats Hell

General Sherman once said: "If I owned hell and Texas, I would rent Texas and live in hell." Sherman was the same general and said "War is hell," and proved it, so he knew what he was talking about when he so emphatically referred to Texas.

In a letter received from friends in San Antonio the writer thereof describes the plight of Rangel, Cline and their companions as pitiable in the extreme. The men have now been in the prisons of that super-hellish state for over 11 months. In that time Cline and others have been confined for long periods in solitary confinement in damp and lightless cells for no other crime than "talking unionism" to their fellow prisoners. They have likewise been underfed and in all these long months have not been furnished a single piece of clothing by the "Great Christian State of Texas," so that today Cline is in rags as well as ill from mistreatment. Brutal beyond belief is the penal system of the "Christian State of Texas," horrible beyond the power of words to describe are hideous penitentiaries to which these fourteen Libertarian workingmen are now being rushed by the barbarous courts of Texas, courts that would make Santa Ana, the butcher of the Alamo, blush with shame. Yet it is in the shadow of this grand fortress of liberty that these fourteen workingmen are being hounded to their doom for the crime of raising on Texas soil the banner of human freedom.

These fourteen heroes of labor--none but you, the working class, can save them from the werewolves of Texas "Justice." Will you help to save them? If so, now, today, is the time to act. The defense is badly in need of funds. "The State" is doing all in its power to "Convict" these boys before the workers can be rallied to their aid. If you would see them saved, send what cash you can spare to Victor Cravello, Secretary Defense Committee, room 108 Labor Temple, Los Angeles, Calif., today.

## MONTANA RAILROAD WAR

Strike Camp No. 1, Deer Lodge, Mont., Aug. 20--Fellow Workers, this is another shot for the paper to let the boys know that we are still on the firing line and what's more we intend to stay and fight it to a finish; we are full of the war fever, not the patriotic fever of the Sissorbills, but a war for the workers, and we don't have to go to Europe to practice it, either, but right here where the wheels of industry are spinning at a terrific pace, where the ghoul of the industrial battle field loom up so slick and fat at the expense of our slavish brothers who are chained to the garbage cans of the slums called restaurants, sleep in vermin infested underground passages in the winter time and refuse to join the union of their class for fear they might connect with porterhouse steaks instead of the germ laden garbage they've been in the habit of receiving like crumbs from their masters' tables. You can see them walking around to save burial expenses, like living ghosts with pallid faces and ragged and torn bandages they call clothes, with their eyes staring out of their bullet-shaped heads, showing strongly the hypnotic spell this system has cast over them, while their master, by just a wave of his fat diamond-shining paw, can throw them into a frenzy of patriotism, scabbery or murder, which ever may suit his precious fancy best. But I pity the ones he hypnotizes to scab upon the electrical construction workers or within a radius of 175 miles of this job; if he don't make his peace with his God before he starts in he will never have the privilege of climbing up the golden stairs or of throwing those weary brogans of his under the banquet table with the rest of the angels.

PAT BRENNER,  
Secretary Camp 1.

THE VOICE IN CLUBS OF FOUR (4)  
OR MORE, FORTY (40) WEEKS, FIFTY  
(50c) CENTS. SEND IN A CLUB TODAY

## Wobblies Putting Up Great Fight For Ford and Suhr

PICKERS LEAVING IN SCORES AND HOP  
BARONS WILD AT MAGNIFICENT  
SOLIDARITY BEING SHOWN BY  
WORKERS OF ALL RACES  
AND NATIONS

GUNMEN ARE WORKING OVERTIME TO  
"START SOMETHING" BUT HAVE SO  
FAR BEEN COMPLETELY OUT-  
GENERATED BY WOBBLIE  
ARMY

Slave-Driver Durst on the Verge of Hydro-  
phobia and "Bloody Sunday" Dakin, Com-  
mander-in-Chief of Durst's "Lawanorder"  
Wreckers, Said to be Search-Lighting  
Country, Probably for Durst's Goat

ALL UP AND DOWN THE COAST, INTO  
EVERY JUNGLE AND CAMP HAS  
GONE THE MESSAGE "FREE  
FORD AND SUHR OR LET  
THE HOPS ALL ROT"

All Unions of San Francisco and Other Cities,  
A. F. of L. and I. W. W. Alike, Standing  
Shoulder to Shoulder in the Splendid  
Battle to Free the Two Men Whose  
Only Crime is That They Were  
True and Loyal to Their Class

CAPITALISTS HAMMERING WORKERS  
INTO SOLIARIDTY OF THE ONE  
BIG UNION

NO TIME FOR PHILOSOPHY

Wheatland, Cal., Aug. 17.--Picketing began in real earnest on Saturday, August 15th; a good crowd was on the picketing line. (But more men are needed and needed badly.) The gunmen tried, as usual, to start trouble but our pickets kept cool, and refused to give them any excuse to start anything. On Sunday, August 16th, two large mass meetings were held on the lot in front of our headquarters. Speakers addressed the crowds in English, Spanish and Italian. All the speakers urged the hop-pickers to refuse to pick hops till Ford and Suhr were freed and all our demands granted. Fifty Spanish speaking hop-pickers, as well as many of the English speaking hop-pickers, left the field this morning (Monday). Durst's hired gunmen are trying to start trouble by hurling insults at our pickets but so far no serious trouble has taken place. Now fellow workers, this is no time to philosophize. Men and money are wanted at once. Get busy.

Later--We have just received word that 25 Italian workers and 15 Greek workers have left the hop fields.

DURST "SEARCH-LIGHTING"

Wheatland, Cal., Aug. 18.--The camp awoke yesterday on a very successful day, as about 175 walked out during the day. A large bunch of Spaniards left on the south bound 1:42 p. m. train, cheering loudly. We also turned some away before they left the station. The boys are out on mass pickets 75 strong this morning, left at 7 o'clock; picketing will continue

throughout the day until 6 p. m. More "Wobs" coming in all the time. "All is fair in love and war," Durst's searchlight is working overtime after dark. We really can't understand what he's looking for, unless its his "goat."

## WONDERFUL WOBBLIE WAR

Wheatland, Aug. 20--The Wobblies are still in Wheatland town and, although they haven't been requested to stay, there seems to be no inclination to move. First of all, things are going fine here, the pickers are not only leaving but those who come in refuse to go to work. Durst has but 300 actual pickers on the field, and his gunmen, it seems, have the strictest orders to start some trouble as they continuously hurl insults at the pickets. The picket line is out at 5 a. m. one hundred strong at which time the insults are the thickest, it seems. The pickers and pickets are divided by a fence which is very good, as it seems almost impossible to refrain from resenting insults. The cowardly gunmen take advantage of our position, but we expect nothing else from such curs. Here are the kind of scabs Durst has; this morning, while on the picket line, one of the sissors shouted across the fence, "We are not scabs, you are the scabs, Durst told us so!" But the rank and file are leaving fast. I think personally they are in fear of being blown to atoms by the gunmen.

Two ladies in the field were overheard to say the following. "I'm through with the hops," and the other laughter at her, upon which the first lady answered, "It's getting on your nerves, too, but you want admit it," meaning to picket line. Durst, it is reported, has made a statement that if something didn't start soon he'd see that it did start, if he couldn't get his hops picket. This morning at train time, 1:30 a. m., Durst drove up in his automobile and stopped a couple 100 feet from our camp, about three minutes, by the way, just long enough to unload a bunch of men, then drove away with his chief gunmen. What was he doing at that time with his gunmen? There is also a report that McGuire, one of Carlton Parker's men, went to Durst's ranch and was run off by the thugs; he also inspected our camp and reported it perfectly sanitary.

The law (?) is holding meetings in the court house or city hall every ten minutes to devise ways and means to rid themselves of those damn wobblies. A family of Spanish people quit yesterday and the expressman refused to haul their baggage, but they took their beds upon their back and walked in amid the taunts of the American sissors. Will send all news as soon as possible.

Wheatland Publicity Committee.

## "ALL FOR ONE"

All is well as far as the hops are concerned. Lots of them will go to waste unpicked, for in spite of all statements to the contrary, the supply of hop pickers steadily diminishes.

The men on the picket line, in the midst of a hostile community, surrounded by malignant gunmen and thugs, and with spies and stool-pigeons reporting their every move and plan, have kept their heads and are doing splendid work in keeping pickers away.

They are doing their part in teaching the hopgrowers a lesson. What are you doing for your share, fellow worker?

Hop Pickers Defense Committee.

NOW is the time for all good Rebels to come to the aid of their Union, by sending in subscriptions to The Voice and recruiting members for their Local.

SEND IN FOR A SUPPLY OF 13-WEEK  
PREPAID SUBCARDS TO THE VOICE.  
FIVE (5) FOR ONE (\$1.00) DOLLAR.  
26 WEEK CARDS, FIVE (5) FOR TWO  
(\$2.00) DOLLARS;

## Oregon to Chain Gang Unemployed?

According to the Portland "Journal" of August 22nd, a few and various "Commissions" met in Portland the other day to "settle the unemployed problem." The "unemployed problem" that most concerned them was, of course, the one hurting most their own economic insides. Governor West and the rest of the assembled "pollies" finally arrived at the brilliant idea, old as the oldest ages, or solving such problems as occurred last winter by putting the men their class had put out of work to sawing wood (to which one man objected on the ground that more wood had already been sawed than Portland could burn in two winters), and to crushing rock (not the kind of rock, though, that makes up what passes for the brains of a polly) to be used in building state roads which, also, the unemployed were to build. All this work they were going to do for their meals and a cheap place to flop. If they, the unemployed, did not "voluntarily" sell their labor for this infamous wage to owners of Oregon, then the pollies declared it to be their purpose to put them on the rockpile and state roads by force. Then after the state roads are built, signs will be stuck up, "No vagrants allowed on these roads; roads reserved for the use of automobiles."

Listen, you workers of the coast, all of you, skilled and unskilled, to the story of the land called Dixie. Down there the lumber kings have now begun to have their private chain gangs in their private towns. In Alexandria, La., the writer, who is a Southern man, has seen as high as 40 men, white as well as black, on the chain gang, and these men were working for nothing, not even getting their tobacco. In Cady, La., a private lumber town, the lumber company's private courts were sentencing men, white and colored, to work for nothing, and these men were worked in the mills. In Alabama "vagrants" are sentenced to work in the cotton mills. In New Orleans I have seen men in the jails doing both carpenter and painter's work. From this has come the fact that carpenters are working for less than \$2.00, painters for as low as \$1.50, and engineers for as low as \$2.00 a day in New Orleans, La. Therefore, if you do not wish to see such conditions on the coast, get together at once, and resist with all the power at your command, this attempt to force the man disemployed by the capitalist class onto the chain gang, there to labor for a peon's wage building roads for automobileocracy.

Further, where are you, Mr. Little Merchant, whose entire trade comes from the working class, where are you coming out on this rotten deal? How are you to get any trade from workers working for their board and bed? Think it over. Is this nation to be turned into nothing but a nation of peons and tenants whose only life-purpose is to support in shameless luxury a vast state bureaucracy ruled by the rottenest plutocracy the world has ever known? If not, now is the time to get busy!

Workingmen, resist! Resist! Resist!

## FREE JOE HILL!

Fellow Workers: We may differ,  
We may squabble, we may howl,  
But it's time for good quick action!  
Let's shake hands and go the rounds--  
Pass the hat among the fellows--  
If they're Rebels, they'll come through;  
For you'll never know the moment  
We'll be doing the same for YOU.  
Let us stand for once together,  
Let us work with quick dispatch;  
Help us take our Rebel brother  
From their murderous savage grasp;  
Do not let his voice be silenced  
By the gunmen we defest.  
When he's free then we can quarrel,  
Cece's and Ddd's.  
Now Do Your Best. Amen.

PAT BRENNER.



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## OUR POOR INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS

The United States Commission on Industrial Relations has visited our fair city of roses and doughnuts—but their visit does not seem to have made any appreciable difference in the "Industrial Relations."

In scanning the list of witnesses who were scheduled to relieve their overburdened minds before this commission, I find that nine were employers, seven A. F. of L. officials, four lawyers and four were preachers or professors, or other gentlemen of leisure.

These witnesses were all questioned about the industrial discontent and about the unemployed problem.

The testimony of the employers showed that there was a great deal of industrial discontent among the members of the M. and M. and other employers' organizations; their slaves are simply driving them crazy by quitting work rather than work more than 24 hours per day or work for less than their board. We may regard their testimony as strictly first hand evidence.

The lawyer might have given first hand evidence about any industrial discontent existing in the legal profession. The A. F. of L. officials could have told all about their troubles, and so could the preachers and professors. But the commission neglected to ask about the things which these gentlemen knew something about. The commission asked them about the relation between employers and employees in the large industries, and, lacking first-hand knowledge, they had no other testimony to give them their own philosophic speculations, which they did—by the hour.

The witnesses were also asked about the unemployed. Possibly some of them were unemployed, but I humbly submit that they were not the right kind of unemployed; they were not looking for "a job;" would not take "a job" if it were offered to them. The commission was not looking in the right place for the "unemployed problems." They could have found several hundred unemployed problems in the cheap lodging houses and in front of the employment agencies; or they could have got all they needed in the jails and rock-piles. These "unemployed problems" would not only have told all there is to tell about compulsory unemployment, they would also have given real, first-hand evidence about the causes of industrial discontent. It was not at all necessary that the workers, employed or unemployed, should be represented by union officials, preachers, professors, lawyers and other respectable gentlemen.

The commission was very unfortunate in its choice of witnesses—if it wanted to know anything about industrial discontent or about the unemployed problem.

The members of the commission will be busy for a long time yet, and if their session in Portland is a fair sample of their work, they will gather up several trainloads of philosophy, and speculation, and hot air, and business advertising and the vapors of notoriety seekers before they get through. The only thing they won't have is bona fide evidence about industrial discontent and compulsory unemployment.

B. E. NILSSON.

**REBELS!**  
**The Voice Needs**  
**Your Help!**

## MIGHT IS RIGHT

The Voice has received lately many clippings from Australian papers regarding the life of the strange, wild genius, called "Ragnar Redbeard," the author of that harsh yet thought-compelling book, *Might is Right*,—a book that all rebels will want to read, especially in these days that "try men's souls," but with the philosophy of which, in full, no social revolutionist will agree. But the book will force you to think and it will show you in naked words how the mighty rule. It is not Redbeard's fault if, as he says, you misunderstand his "meanings."

It seems that he, "Ragnar Redbeard," was a New Zealander of Irish parentage and, strange as it sounds, for through all *Might is Right* runs vitriolic hatred of the politician, he was one of the organizers of the Australian "Labor Party." It was perhaps the bitter experience he gained in that abortion that led him to express, in blighting words, the burning contempt of and for politicians that blazes out on every page of his truly great book. It is said of him that he could stand upon a public platform and recite off hand, making up the verses as he went, poems of great strength and beauty. That one of his favorite stunts was unmasking the hypocrisy of the "Christian Church" by dressing himself in rags, walking up the main aisle of a church on a "Lord's Day" and taking a front pew, when, of course, he would be ushered out; that at other times, when the spirit was on him, he would stop and begin a mighty address to some group of workers standing on the street, soon blocking the entire way, when again, of course, "Lawanorder" would be on his back. From all the clippings, the man is as shown in his book—a mighty and terrible hater of all hypocrisy, especially of that mother of all hypocrites and shams, capitalist society. In the last clipping sent the writer thereof closed with the exclamation, "I wonder who killed him!" You will not agree with all this great book teaches but you will never regret reading it. We will send it to you for 50 cents, or send us \$1.00 for 13 weeks, or two 26-week prepaid subcards and we will send you the book free.

## CRAVENS, LA., NOTES

If times don't improve around Cravens as it is called (but I call this place Hard Scabble, for people in general have to scabble to exist)—things have got down so fine now they have you to "sign up" to make a cross tie for the company. It's low down enough to "sign up" for anything much less to hammer your nerves out on a damn tie job. I say without fear it's a darn poor man who signs his principle and freedom away; he don't care for his family much less "his country." It is rumored now that wages will be cut; how do they live now with wages as they are? Why, from hand to mouth, that's how. There are lots of human shaped suckers here that would go out to the whistle when he was called for 50 cents for ten hours, and this is the truth. I, for one, will be glad to see wages cut to 50 cents per day so all these fools would starve outright. Another thing that is much talked of is war; if the capitalists and stoolpigeons had to fight things would be as Debs says—there would be no war. They say, "fight for your country." Where is the poor man's country? Why there ain't any country for the poor race; they ain't even allowed to claim a piece of land. Let them that claim the land and country fight for it and war will cease. But lots will "sign up" and lots will go to war to shoot down their fellow workers whose struggle is hard to live in this land at the best. So why don't all join the Rebel Class, the I. W. W., the One Big Union, and fight to better conditions instead of cutting each other's throats for the bosses? J. R. STROTHER.

P. S.—I just learned at this moment that the wire fence around the entire slave pen was cut at Fullerton, La., a few nights ago; they had signs up all over the roadside reading: "Private property; no trespassing." So I suppose by that that no one was allowed inside of the quarters except suckers.

## SHALL VOICE CHANGE NAME?

In No. 83 we asked, as several suggestions had been made to that end, the above question. Since then we have received three answers from Locals and Rebels supporting the paper, two for and one against any change at this time. But what we want is the Locals and Rebels supporting The Voice to decide this themselves. So we would like to hear from you all with the votes for and against change of name and the vote for each different name suggested in No. 83 or any other name you may desire to vote for. Let us hear from you at once. Personally, the editors are opposed to any change at this time, but it is up to you all.

Yours to win,  
COVINGTON HALL, Editor.

## DIXIE NOTES

Compiled by W. H. Lewis, of Ellisville, Ark.

**Arkansas**—Several sawmills have reduced their output; many running only half time; a reduction in wages is also reported from several places. Don't organize, you damn fools, you might be compelled to live like men.

**Crossett**—Slaves job crazy; howl amongst themselves about the grub, but are like clams when their master heaves in sight. Salvation Army visiting mill town's offering more substantial food after death.

There are 10,000 cases of pelegra in the state according to Dr. Sparks, secretary of the Arkansas Pelegra Committee. So with the Salvation Army, Y. M. C. A., and other brain evaporator's offering pie in the sky and pelegra furnishing free transportation to the heavenly pie counter, we expect a rush when the Arkansas delegation arrives.

**Warren**—The Bradley county grand jury has found 45 true bills against the Southern Lumber Company for violating the ten-hour law, thus proving the charge brought against this company by the writer through The Voice early last spring. But—? Warren is advertised as "the largest yellow pine market in the world." Lumber companies own the greater part of all land and timber in this country. Therefore we will not be surprised if the jury renders the usual verdict when the boss tries himself in his own court. The country cannot afford to convict its best supporter.

**Louisiana**—A letter from Rosepine indicates that the fellow workers are still on the job agitating and organizing the slaves; 396 has some good, active rebels who by their persistent agitation will give the boss a jolt in the future.

I am informed that the scabs and gunmen at Ball are out of a job owing to the fact that the mill is in ashes. Goody!

Economically, old Ball is better off than when his old junk pile was running for several reasons, chief of which is, he gets the insurance, lumber market is dull, and he only has enough timber for two years' run, so, everything considered, the fire was very opportune.

We have no news from M. T. W. No. 7, at New Orleans, but suppose shipping is rather dull owing to the master's squabble across the pond.

**Texas**—The Rangle-Cline case is dragging along with the same clock work the boss uses against all rebels who are not sufficiently supported by their class. All indications are that conviction is imminent if the working class does not come to their rescue at once.

**Mississippi**—Scissorbill's singing "Nearer, My God to Thee."

**Alabama**—Textile workers at Birmingham reported to have gained a victory over the boss. Lumberjacks can win too, if they want to.

**Oklahoma**—A letter from Fellow Worker Jay Smith states that the oil fields are splendid places for job agitation, and that the O. B. W. is growing there. A letter from a rebel miner states the miners are very dissatisfied with their "sacred" contract, and indications are they will ditch it before long. Must be some pesky I. W. W.'s in Oklahoma's coal mines.

If the fellow workers in the South will keep us posted on labor news we can make this column interesting. We should let each other know what we are doing as it promotes solidarity, which must be our watchword if we are to accomplish our historic mission. Do not let bosses war in Europe becloud the class war in Dixie.

The terrible struggle in Europe will have one redeeming feature—thousands of Scissorbills will get to go to their heavenly pie counter, thus paving the way for the beefsteak on earth. Let's hustle!

## MORE INTERVENTION

Now that we have intervened in Mexico and Colorado, why not intervene in Alabama? If we are willing to turn over the national intervening machinery for the benefit of some more or less definite class of oppressed in Mexico and we are willing to aid poor, helpless Colorado in re-establishing constitutional government, why wouldn't it be perfectly proper to land troops in Alabama, put the cotton-mills under martial law and declare that little children shall not be ground to death by unremitting toil? Of course, we would not want to do this if Alabama showed any disposition to do it herself, but she doesn't. She is as helpless before the cotton-mill owners as Colorado is before Rockefeller.

—Life

## All Railroad Workers Should Read

## THE STRIKE BULLETIN

CARL E. PERSON, EDITOR

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## MAN VS. WOMAN

## Podunk Point Holds Notable Debate—Hon.

Lawrence Rawlins Wins Over Noted Female Opponent—Ends in Fight—Great Sensation

The flower of Podunk Point adorned the main hall of the little old red school house on last Saturday evening to listen to the debate on the much discussed and perplexing sex question, Man vs. Woman. The Hon. Lawrence Rawlins took the side for the men and Mrs. Ralph Ironquill of Gooseneck, Kansas, spoke for women.

While the gentleman was speaking good order prevailed; but we can not say as much for the lady. But let us not forecast the dire events.

After proving man's superiority up to the hilt, as we must believe, Larry displayed his usual gallantry to a defeated foe and stopped to pay a few unmerited compliments to the sex. These are what brought on the trouble. He said:

"Yet there are some respects in which woman is greater than man. She has a keener intuition than he, and can see the hole in the sweater again as quick. Her knowledge is universal and spontaneous; his, limited and hesitating. She banks on her honor; he, on his honesty: both sell out dear; you might say she sells hers to her dear and he, his for his dear. She is a great as the inspirer of art, such as the nudes you see at the moving picture shows. She shows her nerve in sailing the main in the frail barks of man. She bakes the bread that feeds up soldiers to go shoot some one. Who, I ask, who wears the millinery, who wields the typewriter, and who reads the ladies' page, but woman, lovely woman? Give woman the ballot box and an ax and she will not abolish the saloon, as some suppose. She will merely popularize the drinks. She will demand ice cream in her pousse cafes, and rename mint juleps "Nut Sundaes." She will inaugurate such sweeping reforms as will make the poor saloonist tremble for his reputation and his trade; such as changing the prizes of the punch boards from boxes of chocolates to sets of knitting needles, so that when some fortunate drunk has holed a lucky number, he will have something worth while to bundle home to wife and babes.

"I, for one, am not against her taking new ground, so long as she doesn't take any of mine. I know her greatest ambition is to be the widow of an American millionaire and the wife of an English Duke, but I blame our public schools and Bernard Shaw for that. Man is great in his own right, but woman has it thrust upon her. She shines through bearing; he, through forbearing. Man is the maker; woman is the mender."

"How much more of that drivel is he going to spout, I wonder?" asked Miss Jennie Popp of her escort, Bogus Baxter, in a tone that was heard all over the hall. Evidently the Hon. Lawrence Rawlins remarked it too for he stopped in confusion and sat down instantly quite red in the face.

Mrs. Ralph Ironquill then spoke for some time. Among other good things she said:

"I agree with all the good things the noted orator said about woman, but I disagree utterly with him in all other respects. I admit that woman has no genius, but why should she, when she's got enough to do mending her husband's socks and taking care of the baby? You say that woman can't discover anything, can't imagine anything and can't make anything. Well why should she when she has a good-for-nothing man hanging around who's got nothing else to do? He got up the most of his contraptions so as to have time to meet his cronies at the tavern or a fool girl around the corner. He invented the telephone so as to be able to lie to his wife about how busy he was at the office. And so on with the rest of his wonderful improvements. I guess we all lived and had babies before the day of the flying machine and we will after it, too. I've seen woman poets, but they was all daffy over some idiot beau of theirs who thought he could write verses. Woman is of today; man of tomorrow, and he generally makes use of his privileges."

"Down with the old hussy!" shouted Bogus Baxter and the riot began. After the melee was over, Ironquill was discovered hanging dolefully out of a second story window. Captain Hosteter got a ladder and took her down. As they reached the ground, she kissed him full on the lips and then Mrs. Hosteter had the innings. What she did to the fair orator was a plenty and there promises to be an afterclap before the squire tomorrow. But then tomorrow is man's day, so nothing may come of it after all.

EXTA BO, Secretary.



## TO THE READERS OF THE VOICE

In issue No. 81 of the Voice appeared an article under the heading "Economic Socialism or State Capital Socialism, Which?" Its proper heading should have been "Decentralization and Syndicalism or the I. W. W. and One Big Union, Which?"

Under this and other headlines a long train of articles have been coming through the Voice. Now this Voice is supposed to be an I. W. W. paper and is sold at propoganda and street meetings throughout the country as such. We, the members of local 586, do not believe that articles such as those mentioned are good for propoganda of the I. W. W. And here are some of the reasons why we do not think they are good for the I. W. W.'s propoganda work:

It makes the membership pay for presenting and propogating syndicalism to the detriment of the I. W. W. for, invariably, only one side of the case is ever stated in an I. W. W. paper under the name of Industrial Unionism. Now if in a propoganda paper, we are to have one side then let us also hear from some of the I. W. W. Syndicalism is not Industrial Unionism, nor has it any of the earmarks of Industrial Unionism despite clever attempts at word juggling, which is a political trick as old as politics; if you would know what there is in an idea, a philosophy, or a creed, go to its writers, thinkers, and philosophers.

In following up American Syndicalism what have we, Foster, Fox and Johnstone, look up their record in the I. W. W., the A. F. of L.; we ask you readers of the Voice, will it bear the stern cold light of a working man's eye? If so perhaps the I. W. W. is all wrong. Now syndicalism in its final analysis means decentralization of all organization, which in its final analysis means local autonomy, first to groups and then to individuals, each a law, a god, and a sufficiency unto itself; now if as individuals men are more fitted and able to enter life's struggle, why organization at all? Or if more capable as autonomous groups, why bother with the I. W. W. at all? When the American Federation of Labor has 27,000 locals nicely separated, each making its own law and being a sufficiency unto itself. Here one craft can scab while one is on strike, or one district can scab while the others are being shot down as lately in Michigan, Virginia, and Colorado. Now, I know the clever word jugglers will cry that "that is not what we mean by syndicalism," then we want to know why all this hue and cry about the autocratic power of the G. E. B. in the I. W. W.? And a plain answer; does it mean Decentralization of power, does it not mean local autonomy? Answer these questions. **Yes or No.** Now the founder and the delegates at the 8th convention of the I. W. W. have put in their constitution and repeatedly reaffirmed this paragraph: "any agreement entered into between the members of a local union and their employers as a final (observe that word final) settlement of any difficulty or trouble shall not be binding until the same shall be approved by the G. E. B. of the I. W. W." Had in mind the prevention of another separation of labor under the name of One Big Union. That is why it is there, to prevent local autonomy, craft and district scabbing. That is why it has a G. E. B. with power to look after the affairs of the organization between conventions. At the 8th Convention the question was asked of Decentralists and through them the Syndicalists whose mouthpiece they were, what have you to offer in place of the G. E. B.? What method of transacting business do you propose? This question was unanswered it is unanswered today. Once more we ask it, what have you to offer instead of the G. E. B.? There are three probable answers you may give. First, a G. E. B. composed of mummies without power, voice or vote. Which would be a farce, which the I. W. W. would not long play. Second, a secretary with a referendum. Third, local autonomy. Your oft repeated statement, "the I. W. W. Constitution was inherited from State Socialism," is untrue; at the writing of the I. W. W. Constitution, State Socialism was unknown in America, and the Socialist had little influence on the minds of the revolutionary workers in America at that time. Your statement that the I. W. W. preamble is Syndicalist is equally untrue. Now the I. W. W. preamble after making a statement that there is a class struggle on, says, that this struggle will continue until the workers organize as a class and abolish the wage system, that such will be possible only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in anyone **Industry** or in all industries, if necessary, cease work when a strike or lockout in any part is on.

An injury to one is an injury to all. Now you will have to change all Syndicalism teaches to make it compare with this. By organizing industrially, we are forming the structure of a new society within the shell of the old. Do the Syndicalists propose to organize by

industries? Now, the only kind of Industrial Unionism the I. W. W. will or can support is where they are organized by industries and so bound together so that in any industry, or in all industries, every member must answer the strikers' call.

The I. W. W. must fight local autonomy and contracts for this reason. And we insist that this obligation be binding on all members; this would not be possible under local autonomy, and if such is your definition of Syndicalism. In answer to the last line of your article in which you say it is up to the American workers to study this proposition and then go ahead, we wish to say there is nothing to study. It has been studied for years and denounced by every I. W. W. who has observed the tragedy of the A. F. of L. It is the old question of state right versus the empire and as old as state and empire. Where is the confederation of German states? Why, in the German empire. Where is the confederacy of American states? In the American empire. If that is your argument there is nothing to argue, it has been argued.

If you have a light under a bushel, uncover it, that we all may see. You will deceive no one in the I. W. W. by the juggling of words; let us have it.

What do you want to destroy in the I. W. W.? And what have you to offer in its stead?

What we of local 586 would like to see in the I. W. W. best, is one brand of Industrial Unionism and the membership to **centralize** their efforts to **Decentralize** some of the masters' profits and power.

Yours for one Union,  
Press Committee, Local No. 586, I. W. W.  
J. S. James, A. A. Rice,  
James Reedy

Chas Clinton, Secy.

## ANSWER

The above article asserts, first, that its writers do not believe the article they mention, which was by Caroline Nelson, to be "good for the I. W. W.'s propoganda work," yet they demand of the editor an answer, yes or no; second, they assert that "invariably only one side of the case is ever stated" in the Voice, which is untrue as the columns of the Voice will prove. Only two articles from centralists have been refused publication in the Voice, one from fellowworker Clinton, himself, and the other from fellowworker Justus Ebert, these two articles having been returned to them with the information that if they chose to cut out the personalities used against their fellowworkers who opposed them and confine their articles to arguments against the theory of Decentralization, that I would publish same. Further, very few articles have come to the Voice from the other side, they seeming to regard Solidarity as their official organ.

With this preliminary explanation I will try to answer (for myself alone) the answers demanded of me by "local 586", but not "yes or no."

First, fellowworker Nelson was not dealing with "American Syndicalism" but with the great world-wide labor movement now known by that name. This movement, Syndicalism, has for its base the declaration that the working class is sufficient unto itself, that its uplift and final emancipation must come thru organizations of the working class, and that these organizations must, to be effective, move on the class-consciousness of the workers and not on orders "from on high;" it, Syndicalism, essentially asserts that the commune and the individual have certain rights which no central authority has a right to infringe on; it, Syndicalism, holds that if the railroad trainmen for instance, cannot see the crime committed in pouring down scabs on the shopmen and lumberjacks in Louisiana, the Miners in W. Virginia, Colorado and elsewhere, cannot see that by such acts they are only cutting their own economic throats, that no "grand chief" or G. E. B. can make them do otherwise. Syndicalism further points out the fact, known to all, that the natural tendency of the workers is to go to each others' aid in time of strikes and trouble, while officialdom is forever trying for various reasons to hold back the rank and file. Therefore, Syndicalism seeks at all times to shear the officers of Labor Unions of GOVERNMENTAL POWER, and all the experiences of all unions of the world proclaim the Syndicalist position on this matter correct. It is not a question of what might be; it is a question of what was and is. Second, there is absolutely nothing in the writings of the Decentralists to lead any one to the belief that we are anything but bitterly opposed to the system of Craft Autonomy as it has been exhibited in the A. F. of L., but here, again, we point out that but for the Unions vesting Governmental powers in their officers there would have been often and often a different story told and a different ending of the strike. Where they failed was in CENTRALIZING AUTHORITY instead of

CENTRALIZING THEIR OWN INDUSTRIAL POWER. (In speaking of centralized authority in the A. F. L., we are not speaking of that conglomeration of craft and industrial unions known as the American Federation of Labor, but of the different Internationals within it. We are well aware that President Gompers and his G. E. B. are powerless to order anything.) Wherefore, Decentralization means the decentralization of the POWER NOW VESTED IN THE HANDS OF OFFICIALS and it only stands for "local autonomy" insofar as it demands the right if the Labor Unions of Portland, say, to declare a Local General Strike or attend to other local matters without the interference of any G. E. B. of any National Union or General Administration, this on the ground that the workers on the ground know more about the condition existing and what they are fighting for than any other set of people. This is why nearly all Decentralists exalt the Industrial District Councils above the N. I. U's.

Third, what we desire to do is to deny to the G. E. B. all vestige of GOVERNMENTAL POWER, that its only function shall be the enforcing of the MANDATORY LAWS AND RULES of the I. W. W., that it shall not have power to do anything "when in its opinion" it deems its acts best for the Union, this on the ground that such powers vested in the hands of any set of men are and have always been and will forever be a source of danger to any social organization. For the same reason we would deny the General Officers any such powers. For the same reason we deny the right of the General Officers and G. E. B. to a vote on the floor of the Convention, and for the further reason that any such voting right is essentially an aristocratic privilege totally out of place in a Labor Union of any kind. We would further make the Convention what is that of the French C. G. T., a purely advisory body and base representation therein as the privilege of Local Unions only, giving the N. I. U's a voice but no vote; we would limit the number of votes, any delegate could cast so that no one man could control the Convention; we would either have all its enactments go to referendum or see only those lawful that passed, say, by a three-fourths or two-thirds majority and were then not challenged by, say, 10 or more Locals, all proposals polling one-third, say, of the votes in the Convention to be submitted to referendum. In advocating these changes, we are well aware of the fact that changing constitutions does not change economic conditions and that to labor as to all mankind "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." We advocate these changes mainly to call the American worker's attention to the power within himself and away from the authority-worshipping attitude that has so long cursed the workers of this land. Our ideas are all based on the fact that we regard the ONE BIG UNION as a GROWTH and not as a cut and dried platform. For this last reason we have refused to get down on our knees and worship as the last word in labor organization the "one big chart" born in the brain of the lunatic Trautmann.

Fourth, to say that "the State Socialists had little influence on the minds of the revolutionary workers in America," is one thing, but no man who knows the history of the I. W. W. will be foolish enough to deny their influence in the formation of this Union, or that from the hour in which the preamble was drawn down to today that there has been a clash of ideas between them and the Syndicalists or, as now styled, the Decentralist wing of the Union. Nor will any one who knows the fundamental ideas of Syndicalism deny that the preamble is Syndicalist to the core. It is not even possible to argue such a question.

Fifth, Yes, the Syndicalists "propose to organize by Industries." The C. G. T. has passed a law that no more craft unions will be admitted to it and that its present craft unions shall industrialize as fast as possible. All Syndicalist Unions of the world are taking the same stand as far as I have learned. But we, the so-called Decentralists, are even now looking beyond this and out to the day when we know the working class will recognize that modern industry is one endless and interlocking process the evolution of which is even now blurring Industrial Lines, much less destroying the crafts, so all our ideas are ever tending to center around one BIG UNION, ONE COMMUNE OF THE WORKERS, without bothering much about craft of industrial lines so long as the workers act and fight as a UNIT FOR CONTROL OF THE ONE BIG INDUSTRY THAT TODAY RULES THE WORLD.

Sixth, EMPIRE—I am glad you used that word "empire," for in that one word you express just what the revolt of the Decentralists is aimed at—EMPIRE! That's it in a nutshell. Look at it functioning wherever you will and then tell me what, save hell and hunger, Empire has brought to humanity? Look at its rise in these United States, at the

centralization of power into hands of a few everywhere, in all the ways of man's endeavor, at the increasing misery that has followed ever in its train, and tell me where we are wrong in seeking in the DESTRUCTION OF ALL THAT SAVORS OF EMPIRE! With Jim Larkin I heartily say, "GOD DAMN THE EMPIRE!" Not to any Southern man can you talk of "empire"—its iron heel has been on our necks now for more than fifty years; all around us we can see in our ragged population its all-blighting curse; with a deathless hatred we hate POWER CENTRALIZED IN AUTHORITY and, so, with Jim Larkin we will almost to a man—"God damn the empire!"

We are for the commune as against the state every time and all the time. Further, the whole trend of things in the labor movement is in line with our ideas. I am no prophet nor son of a prophet, but I am willing to predict here and now that the Butte "insurrection" against the W. F. of M. authorities is as nothing to the revolt that will soon shake the entire American labor movement to its foundations and end only in a complete reorganization of the American unions, out of which I firmly believe will come the real One Big Union. The "leaders" can fall in or under the line as they choose, but the rebellion is on and no cries of "Disrupters," etc., will stop the insurgents at Butte or elsewhere. So, facing the grave problems that now confront the entire working class, I say it is more well that we be more patient with each other and strive more unitedly than ever for that class unity which alone can give victory to the workers. Under whatsoever name that unity comes, I, for one, do not care, and I think that right now when the Capitalist world is falling to pieces, and economic necessity demands above all else and isms the **solidarity** of labor, that a congress of the American unionists, regardless of affiliation, should be called to try to get together all our forces in One Big Union for the last big fight.

But let come what will, I am ever yours for the One Big Union and Industrial Democracy.

COVINGTON HALL.

N. B.—As the Convention meets in September, this will be the last article on this controversy to appear in The Voice until then. This appears only because it is demanded by an alleged Local Union and because I desire to try to make my own position clear to my fellow workers.

C. H.

## MY POEMS

The last word I received from the illustrator handling my poems was that the book was being made up and would soon be ready for publisher. Some money has already been sent in for volumes of the verses but I would much rather have those ordering simply write me stating how many copies they want, holding the money until they see the book advertised for sale. The volume will be divided into three parts, revolutionary, love and miscellaneous songs, some of which have never before been published, and will be bound in a very strong, fine grade of paper. It will cost about 50 cents a copy. Do not send any money just now, only let me know how many you want and your address. Am trying to arrange things so that liberal discounts will be allowed to Locals, speakers and other papers desiring to handle the book.

COVINGTON HALL.

## WHERE IS MY WANDERING BOY?

Mr. Albert Bussard would like to learn the whereabouts of his son, Ore Bussard, who has not been heard from for a number of years. Mr. Bussard's son has been a member of the I. W. W. and took part in the Missoula, Mont., free speech fight. Any information as to the whereabouts of the boy would be appreciated by Mr. Bussard who can be reached by General Delivery, Portland, Oregon. All labor papers please copy.

Frank Cady.

## Red Cross Drug Store

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**'SOCIALIST' (?) JUDGE SOAKS WOBBLE**

Butte, Mont., August 20.—Here in the Socialist police court yesterday, while two (ladies) from the Volunteers of American were on trial for (I don't know what). One accused the other of having a illegitimate child.

When Emma Goldman came to town she hired Fellow Worker Moore to spiel for her in front of the auditorium to get the crowd and one of the members of the spieles' union came upon the scene and forthwith caused the arrest of the Fellow Worker. The judge, however, dismissed the case and Fellow Worker Moore went his way while Emma was obliged to hire one of the "union men," which she did and asked Fellow Worker Moore to start him off and tell him what to holler, which he did by hollering out twice what was to be hollered, when the only other remaining member of the goods and faithful union came along, jealous because he did not get the job, and had Moore arrested again for spieles without a license. This time when the Fellow Worker came before his Oneroy the judge, the court ordered him to remove a hat from a chair and sit down. This the Fellow Worker refused to do saying that the hat did not belong to him and he therefore had no right to touch it.

The judge then ordered him locked up in the dungeon until this morning for trial, but this morning continued his trial until 2 p. m. this afternoon. When, however, he came up for trial this afternoon four cops and some of the scissorbill prisoners swore that he raised hell all night in the cell where they were so that they could not sleep, and he was given a fine of \$50, which means 25 days. Hurrah for the copperplated commonwealth!

**INTERNATIONAL DEFENSE LEAGUE OF CHICAGO**

On August 9th, 1914, the different Labor Organizations of Chicago organized a Defense League under the above name.

The object of the League is to raise financial and moral support of all workers in the country for the defense of any and all of their members that may at any time face trial and prison as a result of their organizing and agitating work among the laboring masses.

Meetings are held every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock at 329 West Chicago Avenue.

As one of the first steps to gain this end, the League is giving an International Picnic on September 7th, Labor Day, for the benefit of the defense of Ford and Suhr in California, Rangel and Cline and others in Texas, Hill in Utah, Person in Illinois, etc.

Picnic grounds at Mayfair Park.

All Labor Organizations are urged to help in this work. The address of the League's Secretary is A. Catellani, 729 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

**THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CANNIBAL**

One of the many monsters that historians of the future will try to describe and countless minds try to understand will be our present race of wolfmen, commonly known as district attorney. To explain the why of an animal, supposed to represent civilization and enforce law and order and secure justice to all, that can be safely accused of any crime ever thought of by man or beast, baffles imagination.

How can they explain the fact that when a district attorney once gets after a poor man charged with crime, he will do anything thinkable to convict, right or wrong, innocent or guilty? On the other hand, if he is rich or have a pull the district attorney will break every law on or off the books to keep from convicting him. The most heinous crime thinkable is their universal practice of ignoring, hiding and destroying evidence that they uncover, proving the victim's innocence. Having noted the actions of many of them I am forced to the conclusion that they are all alike to a lesser or greater degree. The question then arises, does the office produce this type of monster or do the monsters naturally drift to this office? A hangman is a Christian gentleman today compared with the average district attorney, yet all society shuns the hangman for simply carrying out the law's mandate on a convicted man, while the District Attorney, who committed every crime known to man to bring about an unjust conviction, goes to church or the club and is looked up to as a shining pillar in all and every strata of society. Let the church consign me to hell, the courts send me to jail, or society drive me to the farthest outpost of the universe, and I would try to live and forget; but to be sentenced to a month in a country or heaven inhabited solely by these jackal-cannibals, well, carbolic acid for me. And this is the stuff many of our sacred judges (?) are made from. Can a leopard change his spots? Nit.

W. DENNIS.

**LAUGH!**

By Ernest Griffeth

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you—  
Weep, and you weep alone!"  
Shall we laugh to keep from weeping—  
Make a chuckle drown a moan?

Shall we mock our fellow's sorrow  
As he struggles to be free?  
Shall we cheer him on to battle  
With the clown's philosophy?

Shall we stand and giggle gayly  
As he sinks into the sod?  
Shall we chuckle at his starvelings  
And remind him of his "God?"

Shall we laugh while little children  
Still go supperless to bed,  
Gaze with glee upon your banquet  
But remain ourselves unfed?

Shall we laugh while mothers' weeping  
Strikes upon our happy ears?  
What a treat! She mourns her slavelings  
And consumes herself in tears!

Shall we laugh at night when muscles  
Ache from unremitting toil?  
Shall a grin spread o'er our features  
When we know whence comes your spoil?

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you!"  
Masters, this is your advice—  
We shall laugh to see you laughing  
When you have to pay the price

Of the lot you've taken from us,  
For your luxury and rest,  
And remember, "The last laugh  
Is the one that laughs the best."

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you—  
Weep, and you weep alone."  
There will be some cause for laughing  
When the workers have their own.

We shall laugh, and laugh right gayly,  
When through veils of happy tears  
We see Freedom's glad light piercing  
Through the misery of years.

**DILLONVILLE, O., MINERS IN BITTER NEED**

Fellow Workers: As you probably know that we have been on strike near five months, you may realize our improvised condition and will see, that we were in no condition to help any of our fellow workers during that time. No 240 held meeting 8th of August, 1914, where we all joined to send out pleas for some help. We are on strike so long for the plain cause to gain a larger piece of bread for our families, and the capitalists are not willing to give in all this time, and not for a good while yet. All members of our union are laughed at on the streets—"Oh there goes an I. W. W. Anarchist," and they have arrested and put behind bars 19 of our members, so you may know in what state we are living. Our children are crying and calling for a piece of bread to satisfy their hunger and we are all without funds to supply them with even that, so we would feel heartfelt thanks for any small help we would receive.

Hoping that you all will send us something and join us against the cause we are fighting to win, we remain,

Yours for Industrial Freedom  
James Najdl, Chas. Konba,  
Frank Kolyak, Committee.  
Send all funds to the following address:  
Frank Kadylak, Box 750,  
Dillonvale, Ohio

**HOLY CITY OF MARSHFIELD VIOLATED**

I am enclosing a clipping of what appeared in the kept press. Two sky pilots have violated the sacred city ordinance of the Holy City of Marshfield, Ore., in regard to street speaking, but they were not thrown in the bay as were our fellow workers about a year ago. But, as you can see, the kept one is pulling wires for the "wets," so they appear slightly for us.—A Rebel Lumberjack.

Clipping from "The Evening Record," of Marshfield, Oregon:

**"Clear the Streets"**

"The general view about the city is that Mayor Allen should not allow anyone to appropriate the streets for speech making purposes. It is held that the rule was established a year ago and the council sustained the officers, who made numerous arrests at the time.

"If it was right to stop Socialists, I. W. W. and others at that time because they 'stopped traffic,' it is argued it is just as fair at this time to enforce the ordinance as it was then."

Comment—Sounds to us sorter like the sainted city of De Ridder, La., with its sniveling talk of "right" and "fair."

**A MERRYHELL OF A DREAM**

My Peculiar Dream: I dreamed that I went to heaven and that old sant Peator was on gard that day and me and him being good frinds he said, "Maxey, com right in, I am glad to see you, for business is on the hummer up here today and I have just ask for a leve of absence for a few minets and I would take you around and show you wat a time the DEVEL'S having with a bach of old stifs that has been coming in from MERRYVILLE, LA., latly, and you may ne some of them as I no that you ore from there, and it not being a very large place you mite be able to giv the Devel a tip on how to get a long with them; they would run all of his angles out if there isent somthing donee and that at once, too. SO about that time we met the Devel coming for help so Peator told him that i was from MERRYVILLE and that i mite be able to give him a pointer or too about that bunch; so we all went back all in a BUNCH and as soon we got close er nuff to see them I looked the bach over very carfely and they was going pell mell about, so he wanted to now how to get them quite, so I loked the bunch over very carfely and told him that he would hafto fason one of them and thae the rest of them would not give him any trouble. So he wanted to now which one to fason, so I told him to just cage J. L. ESTIS up so that the others shoid get to him and see wat the result would bee. So me and Peator went on to JINGLEYDYBUM. So on our return we found the Devel at his desk making out name for them and the first thing that I new he jumped up and grabed me I was sure that I was gone but he says to sant Peator, "You keep this fellow around cloce for he is a handy chap to have." So me and Peator went on as Peator's time was about up to be back at the gate, but the DEVEL insisted on us going throught and seeing how the trick was working; so we went in and the Devel had Jim Estie caged up and he had sweld up until he fild the cage and all the oldtimers from Merryville was around the cage just SUCKING away at it as quiet as they could be; meny of them looked very natural to me; there was a few that Ithought I reconized; that DAM thing that they call BOB. WILBORN was there just SUCKING away yet, yes, there was BRIT NICKLES still sucking away at him, B. SHARVER, FRANK ROBERTS, JIM SANDERS, JIM PARKER, DAVE SMITH, BIG JIM MEAORS, J. L. MASON, RAB WAS THERE TO, KENNY REASON WAS THERE WITH EYES PUNCHED OUT LIKE A MARSH BULL'S, AND others to numours to minshion; howeter they looked as durty as ever and was still SUCKING away at J. L. ESTIS, just like they did in Merryville. YOURS TO WIN ANY OLD WAY, I. W. W. FOR EVER, MAXEY WOPEZ

**FREIGHT RATES**

I. J. Cundiff in The Strike Bulletin

An increase in freight rates is the general cry of railway managers at the present. The demand comes, not from one or several railroads, but from the American Federation of Railroad Managers as a whole.

An increase in freight rates will benefit the railroads. It will give them more money with which to fight labor. It will enable them to make larger appropriations to the jackpot fund with which strikes are financed. It will give them more money with which to purchase favorable legislation. Certainly an increase in freight rates will benefit the railroad managers—and no one else.

Some railroad employees have been lulled into the false belief that the railroads' interests are their interests—that with an increase in freight rates, an increase in their wages will be automatically procured. This, however, is a delusion. Prior to the Illinois Central strike, that company applied for an increase in rates for hauling coal. In order to make its demand effective, the company held demonstration meetings at terminal points in Illinois. The employees were asked to sign petitions and make special prayers to their political representatives that this increase in coal hauling rates be granted. The employees fell for it, and the petitions were sent to the state legislature, and the increase was granted. This increase has since then amounted to millions of dollars, but when the employees asked the company to increase their wages and thus divide with them some of the money the state had allowed them in increased rates, the Illinois Central closed its doors and locked them out.

And still there are some working men who are crying for an increase in freight rates. The railroads are running short of money with which to fight labor organizations and prosecute strikes, and still there are employees who say that it is right that the railroads should be allowed sufficient money to keep up this war.

Of course they don't know what they are doing. They may be sincere, but blind.

If the railroads had saved the money that they have spent in the last fifteen years in fighting organized labor, they could increase wages today, and decrease freight rates. Can an intelligent person believe that the railroads are entitled to increased rates, taking into consideration the amount of money that has been squandered in the Santa Fe, L. & N., C. G. W., M. O. & G., Pere Marquette and Illinois Central and Harriman lines strikes? Can any person with a well-balanced mind furnish any reasonable basis for granting railroads higher rates for moving freight, after taking into consideration the Alton forty million steal in 1897, the New Haven financial scandal of today, the holding companies that have robbed the Rock Island lines in the last few years, the Frisco steal and the numerous other financial scandals that have taken place in railroad circles in the last few years?

And still there are railroad workers—union men—crying for an increase in freight rates. We met some of them at the Kansas City convention. If a stranger had dropped in during the freight rate debate, he would have thought he was at a general managers' convention. Yes, said they, the railroads are fair with us, and if we help them get an increase in rates we will get an increase in wages.

This is the modern bunk of those who can't see into the millstone—below the surface of today's problems. Our railroad is fair to us! They are still under the impression that there is more than one railroad company, but this is a false idea, and thus their entire philosophy is false. All the railroads are one concern—one company—under different names and different local managements, but directed from the main office on Wall Street. And, while this one or several railroads it appeals to the union labor in office is engaged in fighting union labor on the other railroads to help it get an increase in rates, so it can make the fight against union labor more effective.

Yes, we still have union men who can't see the bunco game.

But now that Mr. Union Man has received his increase of ten or fifteen dollars a month by his compromise with the railroad, where is this money to come from? It has come from the unfortunate army of the working class who were not considered when wages were increased, and for a union man, or any other working man, to accept an increase under such conditions, is merely a legalized form of robbery. It is this selfish law that is degrading society.

There is plenty of money in the coffers of the railroads to increase the wages of railroad workers, and no necessity for them to enter into conspiracy with Wall Street to hold up and rob the common people. Let the money that is being spent in strikes be turned into increased wages for the railroad workers. Let the railroads squeeze the water out of their properties, and then if they can't do business legitimately on this basis, let the workers confiscate the property and run it for their own benefit and the benefit of the common people.

The railroad managers may yelp about the increase in rates, but he who professes to be a worker has no license to agitate such false economy.

Note: Since the above article appeared in The Bulletin, freight rates have been increased but the railroads are still fighting against any increase of wages. A blind man can see that confiscation, not only of the railroads, but of the entire machinery of production and distribution and all the natural resources by the workers is today, the only hope of the human race, is imperitavily demanded by economic necessity.—C. H.

**CRAFTSMEN GONE**

The day of the craftsman has passed. The capitalists, by organizing industrially, have eliminated the craftsman almost entirely. Today, in the electrical business, we have about forty different occupations, each necessary to the electrical industry, and as individual occupations each contribute only a part necessary to the complete industry. All of these various occupations are organized by the boss or capitalist into one big industrial unit of production. One big unit of production, one big boss, one big business and about forty different craft organizations of the workers; that is the reason that we make so little progress in our efforts to make a decent living. The capitalists all pull together in one big body and organize themselves into an industry to better exploit the workers and the workers pull in forty different directions and organize themselves into as many different crafts to continually squabble and fight over jurisdictional difficulties. The boss recognizes that we are all of one industry and that we must all work in harmony in order to get the best results for him, and we who are all looking to better our living conditions will not unite in harmony to gain our end. C. E. Worker