

# HUMAN HUNGER + OPPRESSION = SOCIAL REVOLUTION

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

Organization  is Power

THIS IS NO. 86  
IF NO. 87 is opposite your name on address label,  
your subscription expires next week.

# THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Owned by the Rebel Clan of Toil

An Injury to One is an Injury to All

VOL. II—NO. 34.

PORTLAND, OREGON, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1914

MIGHT IS RIGHT

## "Businessmen" Sneak Yellowlegs Into Butte, Mont.

According to the Portland "Journal" of August 31st, Governor Stewart of Montana was "mobilizing" the militia to reduce the miners of Butte to "order." We who have seen it, all know what this sort of "order" means to working class organizations. It means, if successful, the complete destruction of the Local Unions and the subordination of the entire community to the rule of trust managers and gunmen.

As usual the miners are being charged, directly and by insinuation, with committing and intending to commit, every crime that can be dreamed of by the rotten defectives and politicians of the trust and the still rottener social buzzards that masquerade under the names of the "Citizens' Alliance" up here and of "Good Citizens Leagues" down South.

In the Portland "Oregonian" of September 1st, under the big black headline, "Miners Threaten to Set Butte Afire," all sorts of lurid and hair-raising stories are told of what the miners intend to do.

The press ditspatches in these papers say that warrants have been issued for the arrest of President McDonald of the Mine Workers' Union, but that Sheriff Driscoll is afraid to pull off the outrage. It is also stated that District Attorney MacCaffery issued a warrant for the arrest of a Helena newspaper man who, after the Butte papers had entered a conspiracy of silence with the "businessmen" as to the coming of the Yellowlegs, brought his papers to Butte in autos and sold them on the streets. The newspaper man was charged with "inciting a disturbance." In other words, he was declared a criminal for telling the truth, and so are all truth-tellers to capitalist society and their henchmen, especially to district attorneys, it would seem.

On top of this the "businessmen" are trying to have United States regulars stationed around Butte to be in readiness when the "riots" come—if said "riots" don't come fast enough to suit said "businessmen," we guess it won't be hard to have another employment shark office blown up to start it. But starting "riots" is one thing and ending them another. Sometimes they have ended only in revolution. But Uncle Trusty is, it would seem, preparing to march on Butte, else we would not be reading all these incitements to "law and order," which means that workingmen are to be thrown into jail and third degree while the Rileys and the rest of the Trust's Labor Leaders and politicians can commit any crime in the calendar and go free.

As to the real facts in the case, the entire new trouble at Butte seems to have been brought about by the Copper Trust trying to blacklist all read union men out of the mines. But we reserve further comment until we hear from the Butte Rebels more fully. In the meantime, let all class conscious workingmen keep their eyes fixed on Butte and not be fooled by the capitalist press into not aiding their brothers.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

### WAR

By Adolf Wolf in "Mother Earth"  
Behold the minions of "Law and Order,"  
The guardian angels of "Property and Life,"  
Behold their blood-drenched standards waving  
In breezes pestifential, sowing death,  
Disease, despair and devastation.  
Behold their priests implore their helpless gods  
To grant their arms omnipotence in murder.

Oh, will those who survive this mighty carnage  
At last perceive that all these cursed rulers  
Stand only for the LAW of death  
And the ORDER of destruction?

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

## WOBBLIE ARMY SURROUNDS FORT DURST WORKERS, DEFEND YOURSELVES!

**FREE-FOOTED CLAN OF TOIL CHALLENGES THE GOVERNMENT OF THE WORKERS BY DEFECTIVES AND GUN-MEN FOR THE PLUTOCRACY.**

**All Decent, Liberty-Loving People Will Support the Rebel Legion in this History Making Skirmish Against Entrenched and Shameless Greed.**

**MAGNIFICENT AUDACITY OF INDUSTRIALISTS CONSCIOUS OF THE JUSTICE OF THEIR CAUSE STIRS ENTIRE WORLD OF LABOR.**

### HOPS ROTTING

Wheatland, Aug. 24th, 1914

"The writer had a look over the Durst ranch today (from the outside) at the rate the crop is being harvested it will take six weeks more. In the meanwhile with the August sun burning hot, the hops are taking on a reddish tinge, a sign of over-ripeness; let the good work continue, and the hops will rot."

Later August 24th

"The strike on the Hop Barons still continues and is successful. No scabs are coming in with the exception of a few stragglers who generally fail to go on the job. The gun-men, it is reported, are carrying on a reign of terror inside the camps and spying on the girls at night; two of them were fired even by Durst for such dirty tactics.

9.45 A. M.

One of the thugs just took a shot at a picket for refusing to move on—on the county road.

11.15 A. M.

The City Marshall and two thugs, one who did the shooting, had the nerve to come and demand the arrest of the Fellow-workers who was shot at. They came without a warrant, but they soon beat it when they saw the determined faces about them. We are waiting for their next move. Hoping it will be made soon."

A letter just received at Sacramento from a woman in England sending money for some Ford and Subr voluntary assessment stamps. Showing that the publicity in this case is not only Nation-wide, but is World-wide.

**ARE YOU DOING YOUR PART, FELLOW-WORKER?**

### S. P. "NEUTRALITY"

Wheatland, August 25th, 1914

At midnight last night about a dozen shots were fired in the Durst's hop-field. The shooting could be plainly heard by us in our camp. It is rumored that Durst's gun-men were firing at a party of hop-pickers who were returning from Wheatland and on their way to their own tents. Up to date we are able to get no further details on the matter, but will inform you as soon as we get further particulars.

The S. P. railroad bulls are acting as scab-herders and using their efforts to induce the workers that are brought here to go to work for Mr. Durst. They try to talk all newcomers into going to work as scabs. But they are not making a success of it.

When we first came to Wheatland, Mr. Greene, chief of the S. P. special agents, informed us that the S. P. was "neutral". But since the first day picketing was started, the S. P. railroad bulls have worked night and day to gather scabs for the Durst hop-fields. Besides that they had tried time and time

again to start trouble with our pickets, but all without avail.

THESE MEN ARE DOING THEIR PART. WHAT ABOUT YOU?

### "I. W. W. WILL KILL YOU"

Wheatland, August 26th, 1914

"A picker who came in to the headquarters just now, told us that 30 Greeks had quit from the Durst ranch yesterday, and headed north. About 50 more are to quit today. He further stated that if all the Greeks were to quit, the ranch would be tied up completely as they are the best pickers up there, and a large portion of the crop is already over-ripe for lack of pickers. Over-ripe hops are hops gone to waste unpicked. He further stated that the guards intimidate the pickers and the manner in which they endeavor to get them at the depot is as follows: They tell everybody that comes off the train, "Those I. W. W. men will kill you if you do not get on this wagon at once." Such are the desperate measures that the scab-herders are now reduced to for the purpose of securing pickers. Inside the ranches, the guards have instituted a reign of terror, precisely as was anticipated. None are safe from their insults and browbeating, and it is said that two of them were actually fired by Durst for spying on the women in the camp.

Such is Government by gun-men in California's hop ranches. As yet all holds good on the picket line, and we are still keeping up our effective work.

### SCABS AND GUN-MEN EAT EACH OTHER

Wheatland, August 27th, 1914

No hop-pickers came to Wheatland yesterday. Our picketing around the S. P. depot has turned out to be a great success. No serious trouble took place yesterday except that the gun-men beat up a scab hop-picker and gave him quite a trimming. We are unable to get full particulars, but it seems that he was being cheated by the Durst's scales, was receiving short weight.

Durst's henchmen started a rumor around town yesterday that the Wobblies were going to start trouble today.

This was done for the purpose of inciting the citizens of Wheatland, but up to the hour of writing, 11.45 A. M., there has been no such trouble.

Later

We have just discovered that the scab who was beaten up by the gun-men managed to bite off part of one of the gun-men's finger. We should worry about damage to scabs and gun-men.

### GREEKS QUITTING. DURST WILD

Wheatland, August, 28th 1914

A large crowd of Greeks quit yesterday, but some of them who are natural born scabs, are still at work.

A Spanish hop picker quit yesterday because a gun-man insulted his wife by going into her tent after her husband had gone to work. He went up to her while she was asleep and pulled the blankets off her. Another picker who has just quit tells the same story. Last night a barn was burnt up about a mile from here. No one knows who did it, but in all likelihood it was the Thiel Agency in their efforts to frame up on the organization. But that bluff was called long ago.

Durst is reported to be a nervous wreck, that can not sleep above two hours out of the twenty-four. Two hundred hop-pickers who had finished their work at Lanigan and Fouse's hop-field, refused to go to work for Durst. Yesterday a gun-man beat up a scab who "talked back" to him, and the scab bit him. For this the scab was fined \$30.00 and ten days imprisonment. This is the second gun-man that was bitten by a scab. We should worry if scabs and gun-men beat each other up.

The capitalist press publishes none of these things.

Wheatland Strike Publicity Committee.

By Max Boehm

Workingmen, arouse, awake!  
Know your interests are at stake;  
Every wheel must stand still  
When it is your strong arms' will!

It is a weary task, my brother—this of trying to awaken you to a sense of responsibility for my welfare and my material interests. I am lame and you pass me by unnoticed; I am blind and you avert your eyes; I am ill and helpless and you remain unconcerned; I am jobless and melancholy and you treat me as a joke; I am hungry and desperate and you shrug your shoulders. My wife and babe, clothed in rags and hidden from the public gaze, suffer want and privation. I "behold their tears and hear their cries" and I am goaded to madness!

Do I apply for work? They tell be that there are no jobs. If I beg they imprison me as a vagabond. If on the street corner I mount the soap box and to the public proclaim my misery, I am arrested for "obstructing traffic and for collecting a crowd." If I steal to live I am sent to jail.

I do not want to die. The world is so beautiful. I love the birds and the flowers and the blue sky and the green grass. Above all I love my wife and my baby, but—I know not what to do. At every turn I am baffled.

"Every door is barred with gold and opens but to golden keys." Surrounded by all the refinements and luxuries of life, I am in the direst privation and need, in the coarsest poverty—degrading, brutalizing! I find myself vilified, persecuted, hounded. Purposely, maliciously vilified and lied about. Still until now I have managed to survive.

It is MY mother, and MY brothers and sisters that were killed, wantonly killed, at Calumet, when the false cry of fire was raised by capitalist assassins. It was MY mother and MY brothers and sisters that were cruelly, to the accompaniment of coarse gibes and jokes, murdered by uniformed assassins at Ludlow in the employ of the sordid, grasping, pitiless mineowners of Colorado.

They are MY brothers and sisters—aye, and yours, too, brother—who are toiling in mill and mine and factory, who are being killed and crippled and maimed each year by the million. They are MY brothers and sisters—mine and yours, all of them, and their wrongs cry aloud to us for redress.

And because I have dared to open my mouth in protest I was hung in Chicago in 1887 and my name was Albert Parsons. In 1905 in Denver I was rescued from the monster and my name was Bill Haywood.

Now, in jail in San Antonio, Texas, the master class has got me again, ferociously intent to murder me under forms of law because once more I have dared to raise my voice in protest against its atrocious, heartless methods of robbing the workers of their product. This time my name is Rangel and Cline. Tomorrow it may be yours. Tomorrow it may be your wife and child who are murdered by uniformed ruffians as at Ludlow, and it may be you raising your voice in protest and denunciation and you will take my place in capitalist jails and the same fell crowd will seek to blot out from your eyes the smiling sunlight and the loving throb from your heart as they are now seeking to blot it from mine.

Therefore I call upon you to aid me in the persons of Rangel and Cline—to aid me to escape the horrible fate the master class has prepared for me I am asking you to save yourself from a similar fate.

(Send all contributions to the Rangel-Cline Defense Fund, room 108, Labor Temple, Los Angeles, Cal.)

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;

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CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS.



REBELS!  
The Voice Needs Your Help!

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE VOICE

for weeks ending August 16 and August 29, 1914:

Cash on hand August 16th.....\$12.15

Receipts

August 16-22  
Bundle orders .....\$18.50  
Subscriptions ..... 7.75  
Donations, maintenance fund..... 16.00 42.25  
August 23-29  
Bundle orders ..... 33.10  
Subscriptions ..... 3.50  
Donations, M. F..... 1.50 38.10  
Total..... 92.50

Expense Paid

August 17  
Office supplies..... 1.10  
August 19  
Supplies for mailing..... 2.85  
Stamped envelopes ..... 1.10  
August 20  
Stamps and postage deposit..... 2.45  
Express wagon ..... .50

August 22  
Covington Hall, acct. wages..... 10.00  
Marsh Ptg. Co., 3000 No. 24..... 31.50  
B. E. Nilsson, acct. wages..... 3.00 53.50

August 24  
Stamps and postage deposit..... 3.40  
Mailing No. 84 and No. 85..... 7.00

August 29  
On account mailing list..... 2.65  
Marsh Ptg. Co., acct. No. 85..... 19.45  
Covington Hall, acct. wages..... 10.00 42.50  
Total..... 96.00

Recapitulation

Total expense paid.....\$96.00  
Total receipts..... 92.50

Deficit ..... 3.50  
Bal. due Marsh Ptg Co., account No. 85 .....\$14.05  
Bal. due Marsh Ptg Co., account mailing list ..... 27.60 41.65  
Total deficit, August 29..... 45.15

Fellow Workers and Rebels: The above will indicate to you stronger than 1000 yards can tell the fact that The Voice needs your help, fast and quick. Yours to win

EDITOR, THE VOICE.

The unemployed of today are the workers who were yesterday employed in building the cities and the railroads of the world. They will build new cities and new railroads tomorrow. Today they are unemployed and hungry, and no one owes them a living. Modern capitalism knows how to shirk responsibility; that is its most exact science.

Capitalism boasts of its civilization; makes the great mass of people wear out their lives in producing an immense surplus of wealth, and then makes them take a few months off from the useful labor to destroy it all in a mad frenzy of war. That is scientific management, as the capitalists understand it.

MISDIRECTED INHUMANITY

The Evening Telegram of August 28th contains an editorial dealing with the rumor that German airships have been dropping bombs upon the city of Antwerp. The editorial writer is very emphatic in his condemnation of such practice, and hopes that Germany is not guilty. He thinks it is all right to drop bombs on battleships, or in the ranks of an opposing army, but not in a city.

The Telegram is not really straining at gnats, as it would seem at first glance. You see, all the rich and respectable people can keep out of the way of the armies; the shells and cannonballs don't reach them unless they choose to stay—which they seldom do. The poor have to stay, but it is quite proper that they should be blown to pieces with shot and shell—and bombs dropped from Zeppelins. But when the Zeppelins take to going a long distance to drop bombs in the large cities it shows a reprehensible lack of discrimination. Bombs dropped in that manner are likely to hit the rich and respectable—and that is against all the rules of "civilized warfare." The class that stir up war want to enjoy it from a safe distance; they don't want any of the bombs dropping on their heads.

So The Telegram's editorial writer hopes that the rumor is false. Otherwise the rich and respectable may really get hurt in the

War They Never Fought

The millionaires went forth to fight in the War They Never Fought; The broker and the banker each a place in the vanguard sought; The preacher left the church behind to march and shoulder a gun; The senator tied on his sword; the magnate sent his son. Then, finding war so fine a thing, he put by all his pelf And took a rifle in his hand and went to war himself. The king served on the battleship; he fought as gunner there; The emperor went forth on foot the lot of war to share. And none of them on horses rode, but side by side they went And carried knapsacks, slept in rain and ate hard fare, content. The poor, the poor, they stayed at home while all these bore the brunt, Charging and breasting cannon balls and starving at the front. Yes, all the workers stayed at home and knew a happy lot— The ruling classes were so brave in the War They Never Fought! (Harry Kemp.)

SOCIALISTS SLAIN IN BERLIN

Socialist meetings in Berlin opposing war were charged by police and soldiers and many persons killed while hundreds of others were wounded, according to Dr. William F. Braun, of Denver, Colo., who left the German capital the day before the formal declaration of war and who arrived here on board the Laconia, of the Cunard Line.

"We arrived in Berlin on August 1," said Dr. Braun. "That afternoon I saw placards posted up in Berlin inviting the people to socialist meetings in Unter den Linden to protest against war. I thought I would like to see what happened, so I went there, but fortunate for me I stood in the arcade that connects the Friedrich-strasse with Unter den Linden.

"The speakers had hardly gotten well under way and were being applauded by large crowds gathered about, when mounted police and soldiers with fixed bayonets charged the crowds. I saw the sparkle of their steel on the edge of the crowd and heard the shrieks of terror. At once I worked my way through the passage to the Friederichstrasse and got away.

"The next day, while I was attending a clinic, a number of wounded men, victims of the charge, slashed and stabbed by bayonets and sabers, were brought in. The surgeon in charge, pointing to them, said: "These are peacemakers, but our Kaiser does not want peacemakers. They will not trouble him by trying to make peace again."

"Just how many were killed and wounded I could not find out, but I know the number was great. Not a word of this was allowed to leak out."

From "The New York Call", of August 24th. Comment: It begins to look as if the peacemakers will have to arm, if the world is ever to have peace, and then make up their minds to have "peace at any price."—E. V. P.

The price of sawdust has gone up since the war began. That will prevent unfair competition between beef and breakfast food.

The "Bull"—a crazy Irishman.

HIGH FINANCE

For years we have heard a great deal about "High Finance" without knowing much about the meaning of the term. The late disclosures of Mr. Mellen, however, enable us to imagine with some slight accuracy the proceedings in a directors' meeting of a good old-fashioned railroad system running from Wall Street to hades.

Chairman of Board—O'm to order. Sec'll read m'n'ts. App'vd. Moved'n se'ed that we buy the Jiggertown and Western Railway. All'n favor—

First Director—How much will it cost?  
Chairman—None of your business. Motion carried.

Second Director—I see by the report that we have spent \$35,000,000 for the Solong and Elsewhere railroad. Th' darn thing only cost \$5,000,000. What'd we spent all this for?

Chairman—Well, we had a chance to borrow the money, and if we hadn't the Central people would have borrowed it. All in favor of buying the Clam Bay Ferry say "aye." Carried.

Third Director—How much do we have to pay for it?

Chairman—How much have we got in the treasury?

Treasurer—About \$3,000,000 but the bank'll take some more second serial refunding equipment depreciation 6 per cent debentures.

Chairman—About two bushels of those 6 per cent ought to do.

First Director—Say. There isn't any Clam Bay Ferry. It burned down last year and we wouldn't let the ferryman rebuild it.

Chairman (angrily)—What'r you crabbing this game for? You don't know any more about finance than a rabbit. Anyway, I bought it last year, so dry up.

First Director—Did you pay for it at the time?

Chairman—I suppose so, but the owners are friends of ours and they need more money.

First Director—Just the same I don't think it's right to pay them twice.

Chairman—You big fool, we aren't paying them. We're just giving them bonds.

(Knock at the door.)

Chairman—Whaddye want?

General Operating Superintendent (pokes his head cautiously)—I am sorry, sir, but we're awfully short of locomotives, sir. We can't run all our trains.

Chairman—Whaddye mean, man? We've got seeds of locomotives. I ordered a thousand last year.

Superintendent (very nervous)—I know, sir, but those New York gentlemen, sir, they've been playing poker with a 10-mogul limit. We can't keep up the engines at all, sir. They took one off the limited last night, sir.

Chairman—They ought not to do that. You ought to stop 'em.

Superintendent—Me! My God!

Chairman (much peeved)—That's a fine trick. It'll take a month to get more engines. We'll have to rent some. Move we buy 500 new engines. Carried. (To Superintendent)—Now, you take care of these engines, d'ye hear? Don't fritter them away.

Superintendent—But the gentlemen insist on using them for chips. Can't you speak to—Him?

(Breathless pause, Chairman pales slightly.)

Chairman (gets bright idea)—I'll tell you what. You take the drive-wheels off and keep them hidden. Tell 'em we got the stuff cheap and they held out on the drive-wheels.

First Director (belligerently)—But how you going to run trains with no drive-wheels? The people are kicking already.

Chairman (in deep disgust)—Argh, the people! You mean the agitators. We'll issue a statement saying that, owing to adverse legislation, we can't afford to buy equipment.

First Director—Say, we can't take care of our business now. We got to have more trains.

Chairman—Sit down. You give me a pain. We'll double the commutation rates. That ought to keep down business.

Other Directors—Fine idea.

Chairman—I have here a letter from a European banking house saying they'll take \$100,000,000 new bonds.

All—Hurrah.

Chairman—Moved'n carried, issue hundr'd mill'n new bonds. Now gentlemen, what shall we buy?—George Fitch, in Collier's.

TACOMA MAIL NOTICE

There is mail awaiting these fellow-workers, and same can be had by writing to the secretary I. W. W., Tacoma, Wash., 110 So. 14th St.

Mrs. Ida Johnson, Mr. William Forman, A. W. Garstad, W. A. McConnell, W. E. Doyle, Mr. N. Juhl, Grover Doyle, J. W. Morgan, Val Calze, John and Abe Schram and Tracy Newell. A. R. Douglas, Sec.

WORKING FARMERS, ORGANIZE!

By W. H. Lewis

In a previous article I have shown you the folly of affiliating with organizations that do not reflect the economic interests of your class.

I will now attempt, briefly, to outline the advantages to be derived from organization, as represented by the I. W. W.

The capitalists maintain their system, because they are organized! The church, press, army, police, judges, and hangmen are a part of the capitalists organization. They have Merchants and Manufacturing Associations, Civic Federations, corporations of gigantic proportions, all of which are a part of capitalistic organization.

The world is today, an organized world. Industry runs into industry, everywhere.

The occupation of farming is only a part of production. You are dependent upon the transportation, textile, mining, furniture, metal, and in fact all industries, for your living. And they are all dependent upon your products.

Recognizing this fact the capitalists are industrially organized.

Recognizing this fact is why the Industrial Workers of the World are in the fight.

The capitalists are organized to get the most goods at the least labor cost.

The I. W. W. are organized to produce the highest wage they can passably force from the capitalists.

Here, then, are two conflicting economic forces.

Here, then, explains the why of the class struggle.

Here, also is the reason this conflict will go on until one or the other system is exterminated.

And so the I. W. W. is an industrial organization of labor, whose function is to force (in the proportion as it has the organized, might to force) more and more of the product of labor from the capitalists until, they (the capitalists) are locked out of robbing industry.

You working farmers can no more survive the coming struggle unorganized than can the delicate plant survive the frost.

Even now you are at the stage where, if you do not raise your standard of living, you will slowly starve to death!

The death rate will increase, the hearse will make more and more trips to the cemetery, until—what? The deluge!

That is not a very pleasant picture to behold, but, turning from it, does not make it any the less real.

There is only one thing that will wipe that picture out and it can be summed up in one word, organization!

Where stand you, the working farmers of the South?

Let us briefly look at your condition:—Over half of you pay rent, the remainder pay the interest on the mortgage, which is the same thing.

You go to the bank to borrow say \$100.00. You pay 10 per cent interest; in ten years you are borrowing your own money back!

The cotton buyer tells you cotton is "off" today, says "overproduction." You see your wife and children in rags and, if you know anything at all, you know he lied!

This is so because the wages paid labor, (and the price you received for your product which is the same thing) is never large enough to buy back the wealth it creates!

And so here we come to one pregnant fact:—If you do not organize and make common cause with the rebellious workers in the industries you will be exterminated.

The proposition is square up to you! You must work to save yourselves!

The future will be one of struggle, hardship, hunger, degradation; your daughters prostitutes, your sons in the pen, and you and the wife you swore to love and cherish, in the poor house or in a paupers grave, unless you fight, unless you organize and hurl your might against the murderous, heinous monster that is dehumanizing man-kind!

It is organization or slavery, revolution or social death—where do you, the working farmers of Dixie stand in this last great battle for human freedom?

WOE TO THE VANQUISHED!

From the falls of St. Lawrence to wide Amazon, From Clyde and from Shannon to Danube and Don

From the Nile and the Ganges to rolling Hoang-Ho—

It's "woe to the vanquished" wherever you go.

From the icefields of Klondyke to Kongo's dark strand—

From the geysers of Heckla to red Rio Grande—

From the banks of the Tiber to fair Callao—

It's "woe to the vanquished" wherever you go.

—Ragnar Redbeard.

**CRIMINAL RAILROAD BRAKEMEN**

Tooe County, Utah, Jail, August 24th, 1914, On July 17th four fellow workers and myself, boarded a west-bound freight train on the Western Pacific Railroad in Salt Lake City, Utah. Crawling into the end door of a box car loaded with coal. After the train had gotten under way a brakeman by the name of Davis came into the car and asked us where we were going. When we had told him, he said that we would have to put up a dollar apiece. We told him that we did not have any money. He then told us that we would have to get off at the next stop.

Some of the boys, knowing that we would not be able to get another train there, asked him if he would not haul us to the next water tank so as to enable us to get another train. He said: "Nothing doing, put up or get off." I then spoke up and told him that we were union men, although we did not belong to the same union he did; we were striving to better working conditions and I hoped that he would at least let us ride to the first tank. He then said, "Let us see your card." I handed it to him; he looked at it and then started away. As he was going, he said, "I don't see why you tramps don't go to work once in a while so that you could hand the brakeman a dollar once in a while. We have to eat." Then he left. Well, we thought everything was all right. Shortly afterwards the train stopped for about two minutes. After the train had gotten under way again, running at about fifteen miles per hour and still gaining speed, he came back, and, standing at the end door, looking in he said that if we did not put up, he was going to have arrested at the next town. Thinking that this was a bluff on his part to get us to put up, we told him that we did not have anything. He went away saying that we would all be in jail at the next town. About ten minutes later, he returned with another brakeman by the name of Sparkes. Davis stayed at the end door while Sparkes came in. As soon as he got inside he said: "You fellows are going to put up, or we will throw you off." We told him we did not have anything. He then grabbed fellow-worker Gallway, a cripple, having a cork leg, with one hand while he began to hit him with the other across the face, calling on the other brakeman to help him. As soon as this happened I began to unroll my bundle to get at my gun. As I got my gun and got it loaded, Davis said to Sparkes: "Don't throw him off, he is a cripple." Sparkes said: "All right, I will throw the rest of the S. of B. off." He then started for me.

I covered him with my gun and told him that he was one of the dirtiest and meanest workingmen I had ever met, that I was not going to hurt him because he was a workingman and that I was trying to better working class conditions. But it was such workingmen as he, that kept the working class down. Further, that we would get off the train when it stopped and that if he tried to throw me or any of these men off it would be his life or ours; that he could see that we had the best of it, and that he had better get out and let us alone and we would get off when the train stopped. Well, he got out, but he tried to lock the end door saying that he would show us S. of B. something. I told him not to lock the door, but he was determined to lock it, so I had to fire a shot at him in order to get him away from the door.

Davis left as soon as he saw the gun. Sparkes left when I fired the shot. When the train started to slow down we started to get off. Fellow-worker Sam Olsen, (19 years old) started to get off first. Sparkes, who had been waiting on top of the car with a club for us to come out, struck the boy over the head, knocking him down so that his body fell down across the draw-bars. I rushed out to grab the boy; Sparkes, then struck at me and I began to shoot up at him and he beat it for the caboose. I again tried to grab the boy, but the train gave a jerk and his body fell under the wheels, cutting off his arm and leg. He died shortly after. I got off the train, ran back to the depot and told the depot agent to stop the passenger train and pick up the boy.

I did not see Sparkes, but have found out since that he crawled under the operators table in the depot. I went back and picked up the boy and made him as comfortable as I could. I was unable to get him to tell me where his people lived beyond that they lived in Omaha. He talked to me all the time. I asked him if he was in pain. He said, "No". I promised him that I would see that the brakeman paid for taking his life.

Names of fellow-workers in the car. Gallway and Edward Wins. Charges: "Trespassing." Demanded jury trial and were released. Fellow-worker Glen and myself are held under two charges: "Carrying concealed weapons, and assault with a deadly weapon with intent to do bodily harm, menacing the peace and dignity of the State of Utah."

**TONN AGAINST TIPPING JUSTICE**

I just got the latest issue of The Voice and Solidarity and see that the main issue of both papers is a call for funds for Rangle, Cline and Panener and appeals for new trials. Now I can't see what is the use of continually calling for funds to fight working class battles in capitalistic courts; it seems to me a useless expenditure of the hard earned money of the workers and throwing it into the hands of the very people that we should keep every cent away from. In the first place it is useless to try and clear our fellow-workers in any of the capitalist courts of this country, as to be an Industrial Worker of the World is enough to send a workingman to the gallows in the eyes of the business world of this country. There is only one way I can see to clear any of the working class, and that is the one thing we are always preaching on every street corner in the cities of this country, that thing called Sabotage. We have got to the point where we must attack the transportation, industry—Sabotage it—and tie up the railroads of this country. Then you will hear a howl go up from the railroad barons that will clear our fellow-workers that are in the dungeons of capitalism, in no time. But as long as you monkey with their courts, so long you will have to dig up hard earned pennies to match against their millions of dollars. Going into court is just like trying to emancipate the working class by monkeying with the ballot box; its but a waste of time and hard earned money.

It is time for the I. W. W. membership to make an attack on the railroad industry of the States where our fellow-workers are in dungeons for the cause of labor; four or five men on each division can tie up an entire system in less than two days so that they cannot move a train either way.

Let us cut out this fighting the class struggle in the court house; it is not there—the class struggle is in industries, not in court houses, and it is in the industries where we must fight our battles to free those that are in the capitalist dungeons of this country, not in court houses where we are convicted before we get there by the dollar grabbing brigade. Its useless; cut it out, you slaves; get your fighting spirit up and hit the boss in the pocket book, and hit him hard. Start at once. There is no time to lose. Get into action each and every one of you and give the boss the wooden shoe.

Your for action and the O. B. U.,  
Henry Tonn.

**US, THE HOBO NATION**

The unemployed are not residents of Portland, nor Seattle, nor San Francisco, nor Chicago, nor New Orleans, nor New York—nor anywhere on earth. The fact is they don't own any residence—the land sharks took it away from them long years ago. It therefore follows that no city, or community, or state, or government, is under any moral obligation to feed the unemployed. But the unemployed have acquired the sinful and unreasonable habit of eating. They insist on having something to eat. That is the unemployed problem in a nutshell. When the unemployed are sufficiently numerous hungry they become the sansculotte, as in France a hundred years ago, or a constitutionalist army as in Mexico today.

**US, THE UNEMPLOYED**

By Covington Hall

We shall come, the Unemployed, the disinherited of earth,  
We shall crowd into your temples and your marble halls of mirth;  
We shall come as you have made us, ragged, lousy, pale and gaunt—  
You, the House of Have, shall listen unto us, the House of Want.  
We are sickened of your "charity," our "God-appointed let"—  
We are wondering why us thousands in your slums and prisons rot—  
We are measuring the chaingangs that stretch from coast to coast—  
We shall come, us the right-less, us the "God-forsaken" host.  
We shall come in all the madness born of hunger, pain and strife,  
On our lips the cry for vengeance, in our souls the lust for life;  
We shall swarm as swarmed the locusts that on Pharaoh's kingdom fell,  
And shall swing your damned detectives and your gunmen into hell!

**All Railroad Workers Should Read**

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CARL E. PERSON, EDITOR

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**WHY BUTTE REVOLTED**

(Note. The following address was turned over to us last week by a free-footed rebel of the class of toil. It is the first document of its kind we have read. We publish it in order to help the revolting miners refute the many lies spread broadcast against them and that labor may know the truth. E. V. P.)

Butte, Montana, June, 30, 1914.

**ADDRESS TO INTERNATIONAL LABOR ORGANIZATIONS AND TO ALL LOCAL OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE W. F. M., AND TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:**

You have in all probability been made acquainted with the revolt which the miners of Butte have made against Butte Miners' Union No. 1, and the general officers of the Western Federation of Miners.

We, the executive committee of the new "Butte Mine Workers' Union," have been instructed by a mass meeting of approximately five thousand (5,000) to forward the following statement to all the locals of the W. F. of M.:

Inasmuch as the company henchmen are sending out sensational reports regarding the causes which led up to the revolt against Butte Union No. 1, W. F. of M., it is necessary that the truth of the matter be given equal publicity. Their statements that the I. W. W. is responsible for the events of the past three weeks are barefaced falsehoods; as is also their attempts to brand the leaders of the movement as organizers of the I. W. W.

There is a decided attempt on the part of the great Copper Interests of this district, as well as elsewhere, to destroy unionism, in all its forms.

With the help of Butte Local No. 1, W. F. M., whose control was, and now is, in the hands of Company henchmen, the Amalgamated Copper Company has been able to discourage and block any attempt of the miners of this camp to protect themselves against discrimination and organized greed. To explain this to those of you who have not worked in Butte, will, we know, be a difficult task. But those of you who have worked here will readily understand our repudiation of the W. F. M.

Butte Miners' Union No. 1, W. F. M., has for years been in the hands of the mine operating interests of the district.

In the Heinze-Amalgamated copper wars, the Miners' Union played an important part, and was a factor which brought victory to the Rockefeller interests. It allowed its members to be used by the Copper Interests in breaking the switchmen's strike on the Anaconda hill; arming them with pickhandles, to drive peaceful pickets off company grounds. It allowed its members to scab upon the Machinists' Union, while the latter were struggling for better conditions. It allowed its members to whip the Brewery Workers' Union back under the yoke of the master. Many more cases could be cited to prove the character of the controlling hands of the Butte Miners' Union No. 1, W. F. M.

Then, again, this corrupt gang (whose identity cannot be mistaken), that has and still is, running the Butte Miners' Union No. 1, made a desperate attempt to wreck the Federation itself during the trials of Moyer, Harwood and Pettibone, when, led by Frank O'Conner, the whole Butte delegation bolted the convention; at the behest of the Mine Owners' Association, no doubt. This Frank O'Conner is the present president-elect of the Butte Miners' Union No. 1, W. F. M.

He was elected at the fake election, held on the third of June, last.

There have been a few instances where true union men guided the policies of the organization; but mighty few, indeed.

Some few years ago, by an almost superhuman effort, the union was wrested from the control of the Copper Interests, and, a campaign of education was started along working class lines. The men in control began to build up the treasury, and in two years \$35,000.00 was deposited in the bank to the credit of the Union; \$3,500 was spent in remodeling the Butte Miners' Union Hall, and a loan to Lead (South Dakota) Union.

Such conduct apparently was a thorn in the side of the Copper Interests, so they determined to put a stop to these distasteful actions. This was in 1911 and 1912.

The first sign of Company activities was the lavish spending of money by the company stool pigeons.

Then the attendance at the meetings began to increase. At election time the capacity of the hall was utilized. By bulldozing, brow beating and stuffing of ballot boxes on the night of the election of the judges and clerks, they succeeded in electing the most well-known unprincipled crooks in Butte for judges and clerks.

As a result, the whole Amalgamated Copper Company ticket, with Dennis Murphy for president, and a full company delegation to the Victor convention. Dennis Murphy is now a candidate for vice-president of the Federation.

At this time an effort was made to secure the aid of the general officers of the W. F. M., in the attempt of the rank and file to get a square deal. Unfortunately, the officers used whatever influence they had at the convention against us.

Again in 1913, when the Amalgamated Copper Company introduced, for the first time in Butte, the "rustling card," of Coeur d'Alene fame, a mighty protest went up from the miners of Butte; Dennis Murphy, the president, refused to listen to anything that interfered with the company's peonizing of the Butte miners.

The last stand to correct the corruption in the Butte Miners' Union No. 1, W. F. M., was made at this 1914 election.

President Riley and the motley crew, whose bloated faces and bloodshot eyes, bespoke their principles, spent money like in "Brewster's Millions."

Things were gone to hell, with no possible way of correcting them, on account of the small capacity of the hall. We realized that our only hope to prevent fraudulent voting was to get the voting machines which are used by the city. When that question came up for final passage, the Company sent all the men home from the mines who would do their bidding. In spite of this handicap we had enough men in the hall (capacity 600), to pass the amendment, providing for the use of the machines. However, when the vote was taken, President Riley declared it lost on a show of hands and refused pointblank to give us a rising vote.

The amendment providing for the machines being defeated in this way, we made a fight for honest judges and clerks; but met with the same fate as before.

Under the above-mentioned method of packing meetings, we found it impossible to wrest the control of our union from the Copper Interests, and evidently because of the local support given the W. F. M. officials at Denver by Butte Local No. 1, they refused to correct these wrongs.

Rather than have such a click count, or, rather miscount, our ballot and then loudly proclaim, "We beat you," the ticket that represented the rank and file withdrew and left the Amalgamated Copper Company ticket without opposition.

This withdrawing of the ticket, no doubt, suggested the idea of revolt. The miners of two of the biggest mines in the camp refused to show their cards to the Butte Miners' Union No. 1, W. F. M. delegates and were sent home. A great mass meeting was held and a referendum ordered. The result was more than thirty to one (30 to 1) against the Western Federation of Miners.

Moyer came and tried to organize a compromise, which he refused two years ago. The only thing that happened of importance which resulted from his visit here was the complete destruction of the hall by dynamite. That was no part of our program and was done by an enraged crowd that had gathered in front of the hall, after some of Moyer's gunmen had shot down the hall steps and hit one of their own men who was coming up; and then shot out in the crowd and killed, or actually murdered, an innocent bystander.

We wish to state that we stand for and have been fighting for true unionism, not a mockery, and with the help of real union men (of which the country is full), our battle will soon be won.

In the event that you doubt the truthfulness of this statement, we only ask for you to send a man here who has the confidence of your organization; and let him make a fair and impartial investigation.

This much you owe us before you condemn us.

Signed by the Executive Committee,

Muckie McDonald, George R. Tompkins, John R. McGrew, John A. Niva, John Muzevich, Jack Sullivan, Mickey Sullivan, J. E. Bradley, Wm. O'Brien, Peter Marchando, John D. Gabbert, Teo. Stepanovich, Robert Noble, Fred Mignardot.

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**HOP-PICKING RIOTS ARE INVESTIGATED**

**Federal Investigators Learn Detectives Arrested Suspects on Wholesale Plan**

**MEN DETAINED SECRETLY**

**Witnesses Say Some of Prisoners Were Deprived of Counsel for Long Periods—Riots Declared "Universal Protest"**

San Francisco, Aug. 28.—The activities of a National detective agency in the Wheatland hop workers' riots of a year ago, which resulted in four deaths, were under the scrutiny of the Federal Industrial Relations Commission today.

Some of the salient features developed were: District Attorney Stanwood, of Yuba County, employed the detectives, saw that some of them were made deputy sheriffs and advised them generally regarding their operations.

**Many Prisoners Held**

A large number of men were arrested in different parts of the state and elsewhere on "John Doe" warrants, charging murder and conspiracy and held for long periods without being arraigned or being permitted to communicate with their friends.

Alfred Nelson, under arrest as a suspect, was attacked by R. B. Cradlebaugh, a detective who was "sweating" the prisoner. Later due to the activities of District Attorney McKenzie, of Contra Costa County, Cradlebaugh was fined \$1000 and sentenced to a year in jail. Nelson was transferred from one coast city to another for a week after his arrest to keep him in hiding before he finally was placed in jail at Martinez. Eventually he was released.

Fred Suhr, who, with Richard Ford, is under sentence for second-degree murder in connection with the four murders which took place at the time of the riots, was under arrest for weeks before he was permitted to see counsel. One night while he was in jail at Fresno on his way to San Francisco he was placed in a cell with a private detective who interrogated him at length while other operatives in an adjoining bathroom took down the conversation by means of a telephone device.

**One Suspect Insane, Another Suicide**

Allan Johnson, a suspect, went insane after his release from jail and Nels Nelson, another suspect, committed suicide. Nelson had not been arrested by the private detectives.

Suhr and Ford were convicted on the charge that their agitation caused the riots. Austin Lewis, one of the attorneys who defended them, took exception to this allegation.

"The movement at the Durst ranch, where the trouble took place was spontaneous and not due to agitators," he testified. "It was a universal protest against conditions, such as lack of drinking water in the fields and toilet facilities.

"The hop-pickers did not assemble until the Thursday before the Saturday when the protest meeting was held. Twenty-seven languages were spoken among the workers, so it is obvious that it would have been impossible for a few Americans to have started the movement."

According to Mr. Lewis, local Japanese newspapers in the last three months have been carrying appeals to their readers to remain away from the hop fields until conditions are improved and Ford and Suhr are released from jail. Their cases now are up on appeal.

(From Portland "Oregonian," of Saturday, August 29th, 1914.)

**SHAME ON NEVADA**

Tonopah, Nev., Aug. 27.—John Panener, National Organizer of I. W. W., was sentenced to the pen for a term of not less than twelve months or more than eighteen months for protesting himself against a mob. It's the worst piece of railroadroading that has happened in the western country. The solidarity of the workers in this community is better for it though, for it has penetrated the solid ivory of the reactionary workers. But we must appeal the case and free him; to do this it will take a thousand dollars. Will YOU help? There is a splendid field in Nevada for One Big Union, and Panener started the seed. Let us free him and organize the state. Send all contributions to Mrs. Minnie Abbott, box 876, Tonopah, Nev.

**MINNIE ABBOTT,**  
Secretary-Treasurer;  
**H. E. MCGUCKIN,**  
**F. ELLISON,**  
**G. E. STEVENS,**  
Defense Committee.

**BIG TACOMA SMOKER**

A big smoker will be held in their Hall by the Tacoma Locals of the I. W. W. on Labor Day at 8 P. M. The admission is 25 cents and a good time assured. Refreshments free.

**Might is right. Get right, you cuss.**

**WHAT FOOLS THESE CAPITALISTS BE!**

"Life for the unemployed during the coming winter will not be easy in Portland. This in effect will be the wording of a warning to be sent throughout the country in the next few weeks to head off any influx of idle laborers." So says the Oregonian, August 29.

We have not the slightest doubt that every city on the coast will promptly send similar warnings through the country. We also know that there will be an influx of idle laborers in all these cities. Why? Because the loggers who are now working, but who will be laid off before winter, are not going to sit on a stump and look at their summer's work all next winter. They will drift into town. The laborers on the railroad grade will not stay in a deserted grading camp and live on frogs, fungus and fishbait. They will tramp to town. The unemployed farm laborers will not stay on the farm and feed on hay, even if the farmers were generous enough to donate a bale or two—which they ain't. They will take up their beds and hike to town.

The State Board of Control, the City Commission, and the Board of County Commissioners have decided that the unemployed shall be given "hard work and little pay." They are to build joy-ride roads. If they don't like that they will be made to work on the rockpile. This will practically mean that the wage slave system has gone bankrupt and that a system of peonage will be established. It remains to be seen how our free-born American sovereigns will like that. For myself, I must admit that my objections are mostly psychological; I don't like the word, or the idea of peonage.

Looking at the matter from a strictly economic point of view, it won't really make much difference to the workers. The slave-owning state, or county, or city, will have to provide food, clothing and shelter, and that is about as much as the workers ever get.

It will be interesting to watch the small business men grow rich and fat and prosperous on the profits of their trade with workingmen who haven't a "bean" in their pockets: They will continue to pay rent, and taxes, and light bills, and water bills. I remember that it was small business men who organized the respectable mobs in Aberdeen, in Marshfield, in San Diego, and in Florence. They will reap a rich reward next winter and next summer. Winter after next they will gather around the festive board to partake of the Salvation Army Christmas dinner, and to again solve the great problem: What in blazes will happen to the small business men in the co-operative commonwealth?

Note—Peonage is a form of slavery in which the master class has all the privileges of a chattel slave owner, with none of the slave owners responsibilities, and no economic interest in the life and health of the slave. Recent Mexican history amply illustrates peonage in all its PHASES and all its CONSEQUENCES.

**PLUTE SKINNEM AND ROBB**

By J. S. Biscay

**"It pays to Main"**

Mr. Workingman: Lest you should think that we are only concerned with selfish schemes, we wish to point with pride to our support of scientific research. Just think of all the serums our human butchers have invented! None of them ever cured any one, but think of the practice the doctors get in injecting the dope into the young of the slaves. Some of our Boards of Health have even forced the slaves to hand over their children to be inoculated with all manner of filthy diseases. This helps boom the business of the medical fraternity that we would otherwise have to support. There is no reason why you should complain if your child comes from the hospital with some venereal disease. Remember that we endow these institutions and that the gentlemen with M. D. (mind deranged), after their name, must have experience in inoculating diseases before they are allowed to practice upon animals. You could not expect them to spend money for dogs and cats when the children of the slaves are to be had free? What matters it, if very few ever recover? Do not all our exponents preach for more babies? Surely you will not complain if your child is taken away from you to be carved, mangled, disemboweled, and finally returned dying of some disease. Really, how could you?

What right have you over your offsprings anyhow? You who toil and sweat for us, together with your wives and those children that have escaped the youthful doctors? It is such as the members of the awful I. W. W. that would complain and even resist what we are doing in the name of science. Keep far away from them. If you see one of those fellows, run like the devil was after you. He is even worse.

Don't think and don't complain.

D. Generate Khuss, Secy.

**The scab is not human. Are you a human?**

**THE JOKE OF WAR**

By Walker G. Smith

War is not serious. War is not a terrible thing, a thing of dread and doubt and terror. War is the most comical, the most absurd, the most uproariously funny thing mankind could possibly contemplate. War is not a tragedy. It is a joke. The blood that is shed lends added zest to the jest.

Persons with ingrowing pessimism may weep over the maimed and killed or shed a bitter tear over the widows and orphans. Those who think in terms of dollars and cents may tearfully estimate the number of loaves of bread that might be bought for the money expended in the firing of a cannon. Economists may bemoan the loss in production due to the withdrawal of thousands of men from the fields of fruitful endeavor. But your true humorist can find naught but laughter in the spectacle of two sets of propertyless men offering themselves as targets in order to help the contending capitalists gain foreign markets for the surplus products the fighters may not have at home because of an insufficient wage.

Some may speak patriotic words of praise for the Red Cross nurses, but he who has been favored by the gods with a sense of humor can see only reasons for mirth in an organization whose avowed mission is to patch up the disabled targets on both sides and then send them anew into the fray, thus helping to undo the labor of both forces.

The ministrations of the clergy may cause divine ecstacy in the religious breast, but those who have an eye for ridiculous will smile, grin, giggle or laugh outright according to their varied natures, upon seeing the chaplain of each army praying and beseeching the self-same All-wise, All-powerful, Omnipotent God to crown their respective sides with victory. What a laughable complication were God to answer both prayers.

Is it not worthy a hearty laugh to witness the apostles of peace proclaiming the merits of their blow-hole armor plate while the makers of guns that will pierce that same armor plate are prating of the magnificent work of the Hague Peace Conference?

'Tis true that a single murder is an extremely serious matter, but wholesale legalized murder by patriots with patrimony is a side-splitting, rip-roaring, absurdly delicious farce. In fact the only serious thing about war is that the different combatants have just cause to hate each other because they have been brought into existence on opposite sides of imaginary boundary lines—in different parallels of latitude. For is it not a well known fact that no matter on which side of a national boundary line you are born, the people on the other side are no good and should speedily be exterminated. Outside of that sober and solemn fact—war is the greatest joke in the entire universe.

**ROCKEFELLER'S THUGS BUSY IN DIXIE**

Drumright, Oklahoma, August 26—In the month of December, 1913, Local No. 586, Oil Workers, was started and kept growing until it became a thorn in the Oil Trust's business and, on August 23rd, a bunch of tools of the Trust beat up Fellow Worker Charles Clinton when he was addressing a crowd of workingmen on the principles of One Big Union. He was badly bruised about the head and his right eye was also hurt very badly. This bunch of thugs numbers about 40 or 50 and declare they will not have any union of any kind in the Oil Fields.

The one who beat up Clinton boasts of being at San Diego and beating up members of the I. W. W. there. Our street meetings were interrupted twice before by this same bunch. They claim to be tool dressers and work 12 hours per day and claim to be satisfied at 50 cents per hour. Street meetings can be held by having a stronger bunch than the thugs. Drumright has four deputy sheriffs and a big force of policemen, but all had business elsewhere when the above occurred. I have been ordered not to speak on the streets of Drumright by the aforesaid bunch.

Our meetings have been conducted on an educational plan without referring to politics or religion or knocking other unions.

Fellow Workers, let us get together, have some team work and make the One Big Union a reality as well as an ideal. Let us find a method of co-operation among the live wires and not let one or two agitators get all beat up and driven out of a place where the I. W. W. can be made the means of awakening the doped working class. Yours for more of the goods,  
A. A. RICE.

**The soldier**—a dude in uniform who never thinks. Use your head.

**The Judge**—a legalized murderer. Do you study law?

**The gunman**—the spawn of filth. Do you keep clean?

**"INSURRECTION RATHER THAN WAR"**

By Harry Floyd

Again we hear the beating of drums and the playing of martial music; the battlefield is staged once more in Europe; already there have been thousands of lives sacrificed in that little country called Belgium where Napoleon met his Waterloo. It is estimated that before this war is over there will be forty million bullet stoppers in arms.

We Industrialists must work harder than ever to show the Workers the fallacy of being made targets for King Capitalism.

Going to war today with all the modern machinery of butchery is the same as asking a man to go to hell. Society today is a huge travesty with its Hague Tribunals, churches, congresses, charitable institutions, etc., all representing kings, preachers, politicians, professors of bunkology, policemen, soldiers, sailors, etc. It's the civilized Christian state of modern savagery of scientific butchery.

Imagine Mr. Preacher, Politician or Banker with rifle in hand fighting in the trenches, living on hard tack, going on forced marches on short rations and then fighting pitched battles, exposing their soft flesh to the latest gatling gun which fires three thousand shots per minute with the latest electrical appliances!

Mr. Workingman you are snubbed in the mill, mine and factory, you are tricked to the firing line and snubbed again; before you get heated up and want to fight for "your country," remember Homestead, Louisiana, Spokane, West Virginia, Calumet, San Diego, Lawrence, Paterson, Ludlow. We demanded bread and they gave us bullets—the same thing all over the world. Mr. Workingman, wake up, get the cobwebs brushed from your brain, think, act, line up with your class and refuse to be obedient to the class that orders but never works. Let us strike a blow at militarism, right now.

Let our slogan be that of the Italian workers: "Insurrection rather than war!"

**SEATTLE FORMS GERMAN LEAGUE**

On July 6th, 1914, a group of German speaking workers formed a German I. W. W. Propaganda League in Seattle.

The object is, first, to carry on agitation among the German workers on the coast; second, to translate, publish and distribute all I. W. W. literature in German; third, to publish a German I. W. W. monthly paper.

All I. W. W. locals and members are requested to give us their moral support.

All charter members of German I. W. W. Pr. L., can now get their memberships books, as we have received charter and outfit.

Meetings (business) every Thursday, 8 P. M., 208 Second ave. S, Seattle, Wash., I. W. W. Hall. Frank Jackel, Sec.

**IN MEMORIAM**

60 S. Third St., Phoenix, Ariz., August 21, 1914. WHEREAS, Albert McIntosh, a veteran of the movements, Socialist and I. W. W., who died—in harness—lately at Holbrook, Arizona, had been denounced some time ago in Solidarity as an expelled member of the I. W. W., a dishonest man and a police stool-pigeon, we the members of the Local 272, I. W. W., Phoenix, Arizona, unanimously express our strong conviction, based upon our personal knowledge of the man and upon investigation of said charges, that said charges were brought against him in error, and that McIntosh was a true man, ardently devoted to the cause of the worker, a man of whom the movements he was connected with had every reason to be proud; whose memory will be cherished long by at least a few.

**NOW IS THE TIME**

TO READ B. E. NILSSON'S PAMPHLET

**"Political Socialism Capturing the Government."**

It will be sold to Locals and speakers at \$2.50 per hundred copies, postage prepaid, as long as they last. Single copies five cents. Profits made on orders sent direct to us will go to the maintenance of The Voice. "Capturing the Government" gives a pretty clear idea of why the political socialists are now fighting so fervently for their "Fatherlands" in Europe. Read it before your "Fatherland" calls you to arms, then you won't be fool enough to respond.

**One union, one enemy.** Come in; the water's fine.

**An injury to one is an injury to all.** Don't hurt yourself.

**Organization is power.** Organize!