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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. II—NO. 37

PORTLAND, OREGON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1914

MIGHT IS RIGHT

IS JUSTICE DEAD IN TONOPAH?

The True Facts of the Paner Case

Why was Paner sent to the penitentiary? The answer is: because he was an I. W. W. John Paner came to Nevada some four months ago. The first two months he stayed in Tonopah were months of hard work for the cause of labor. He organized the Hotel and Restaurant Workers. After being organized seventeen days they fought and won the eight-hour day. All the boarding houses and restaurants conceded to the demands but two, viz., the Celtic or Harrington House and the Midway Hotel. The Union did everything in its power to settle the trouble with these houses, but it was of no use. They refused to have anything to do with the Union. After some consideration, the local Union decided to place a boycott on the two houses. They did so with deadly effect. This boycott was not placed on the houses by John Paner. It was authorized by the Hotel and Restaurant Workers' Union No. 111.

On the 11th of July some 10 or 12 men came from the Harrington Boarding House to the Miners' Union Hall. With what purpose? There could only have been one purpose—to start trouble. At this time they could not find anyone to start trouble with so they wreaked their vengeance on the bulletin board which was the property of the Union, regardless of our sacred property laws. No one was arrested although the officers were all there watching the whole affair. After wrecking the bulletin board the drunken mob went away, but after getting a little more whiskey they came back about seven o'clock, marched up to the Union office and tore down the signs and posters the Union had placed there. Although Mr. Evans, the chief of police, was standing in the crowd all the time, no arrests was made. This was some of the law and order upheld by the great police force of Tonopah on the 11th of July.

But lo! and behold! something happened. The mob, coming out of the Union Hall, caught sight of Nick Skoll, a Union man. They jumped on him and began to beat him up, then getting sight of Paner they ran after him crying "Lynch him, hang him, get a rope," etc.

Place yourself in such a position. What would you have done?

Paner tried to get away from the crowd, but they backed him into a corner, and he was forced to protect himself. He fired at the door, accidentally hitting one man in the leg. Although the officers were all there at the time, nothing was done to protect Paner, but after the shot was heard, then what happens? The great officers of Tonopah at once jumped on Paner and dragged him to jail, charged him with assault with a deadly weapon with intent to kill. He was tried before the justice of the peace and acquitted. The justice claiming he shot in self defense.

Again something happens. Paner was arrested on a bench warrant and again taken to jail.

As the head of this article states, don't forget he was an I. W. W.

The following are some of the facts brought out in the trial in the District Court of Nye County in Tonopah, Nevada.

When the trial started, it was plain to be seen that every effort was going to be made to railroad Paner to the penitentiary.

The first play made by the state was to bring the man that was shot into the court room on a stretcher, carried by four men. The man could no doubt have walked there on crutches as the wound was only a small flesh one, but no, that would not do. The jury might not think the man was hurt very badly. A grand stand play had to be made. For what purpose? We will leave you to judge. When asked what he was doing at the time he was shot, he said he was choking Nick Skoll. But when the court asked him if he was choking very hard, he said, "No, just a little." When asked by the council for the defense if the breaking up

of the Union had not been pre-arranged, he answered "No," but when Victor Johnson, one of the oldest and best liked miners of Tonopah, was called to the stand and asked what he knew about it, he said that T. F. White had told him two days before the trouble that he and a few more were going down to the I. W. W. hall and see about the boycott and if something was not done, there was going to be a fight.

When Paul Whaley was called to the stand and asked what he knew about the trouble, the district attorney never cross-examined him. Why? Paul Whaley is president of the Miners' Union of Tonopah, Nevada, and the District Attorney is running for office again.

When Paner was called to take the stand, the big thing was pulled off. After questioning Paner and bullying him, the district attorney suddenly called upon the sheriff to search him for a gun. Why was Paner searched for a gun while on the witness stand? Ask yourself this question. The answer is easy. It was to prejudice the minds of the jury and make them think that Paner is a professional gun man. The district attorney said it was not for that reason. Then we want to ask him what was the reason.

These were some of the dirty tactics used to railroad Paner.

We again ask the district attorney a question. On the 4th of July a man was shot on the public street. The man that did the shooting was fined \$100, and no more was said about it. Why did the district attorney let this man get away with a \$100 fine for deliberately shooting another and then railroad Paner for protecting himself against 10 or 12 men?

We wonder if he will answer this. People of Nevada, a great miscarriage of justice has taken place in your midst. It must be wiped out. If you believe in justice you can help. Protest to the county and state officials and let them know that such high handed methods will not be tolerated by the people in this twentieth century.

John Paner Publicity Bureau.

THE RESULTS AT WHEATLAND

"The hop crop of California is reported to be 24,000 bales short." Sacramento Bee.

This year the vines gave the heaviest yield of any years on record, and yet they are 24,000 bales short.

Some people may try to tell you that the agitation carried on by the I. W. W. against the hop industry was a joke as far as a boycott is concerned. Considering this being the banner year for hops, and last year being the poorest year, it is a safe estimate that 50,000 bales of hops went to waste unpicked. "We wonder if the Hop Barons consider that a joke?"

In previous years, Horst has always picked by hand after his machines, but did not this year, consequently he only harvested about four-fifths of his crop. While Durst and others who pick entirely by hand, only harvested two-thirds of theirs. The hop barons claim to be done picking now, but one can go around the fields and see the vines covered with hops.

Now, fellow workers, if we can do this much with the poor discipline and organization that we had this year (and the hops are not delivered to the market yet), what can we not do if we go to it thoroughly disciplined and organized in the years to come.

For we will never give up the fight on the Hop Industry till Ford and Suhr are free.

C. L. LAMBERT, Secretary.

NO REASON FOR MURDER

On Monday two men see a fellow man drowning in a river or imprisoned in a burning house, and they risk their own lives to save him. On Tuesday they take rifles and kill him, for no reason of their own but because their king had dreams, their kaiser delusions, or the capitalists that exploit them have quarreled.—The Southern Light.

A "TRIAL" AT BUTTE, MONT.

THE COURTROOM IS THROWN OPEN
FOR THE AGITATORS—ROOT HELPS
US ROOT FOR ONE BIG UNION

T. Lawrence and Bert Lorton were tried on a charge of "vag." The case was opened up by Detective Baldicero giving evidence to the effect that they were the two most dangerous men that ever came to Butte, as he had heard Fellow Worker Lorton speak on several occasions, and had heard him tell the Workers not to starve this coming winter, as there was plenty of food and clothing in the stores and warehouses. He had also heard Fellow Worker Lawrence sing I. W. W. songs. He also said that he knew these men for several months.

Major Root asked Fellow Worker Lorton and Lawrence if they had anything to ask the witness. Lawrence asked him whether he had asked them whether they were working or not before putting the charge of vag. He said he did not, because he knew they were not working. Lawrence said "I and Lorton have a job at the present time, are you aware of that?"

Baldicero—"I have seen you carrying a banner several times."

Lawrence—"Is not that work?"

Baldicero shook his head and said he didn't know.

Lawrence—"I get fifty cents an hour and it is harder work than you do, I guess. I am also working for an automobile repair man here. I have a job at the present time and can prove it. The officer says that he knows me and Lorton for several months. I would like to know where you knew me before I came here, as I have only been here six weeks."

Baldicero—"O well, I made a mistake about that."

Lawrence—"The only charge you can have against me is that I sing I. W. W. songs."

The officer handed a copy of "Casey Jones, the Union Scab" to Major Root who read it and said: "It is not a crime to sing songs, but it is a crime to sing these kind of songs."

Lawrence—"The charge that the officer put against us is a charge of 'Vag,' which is a lie to begin with, he then says he has known us for months, which is another lie. That is fine evidence."

Another detective then testified that he had heard Lorton say that there were millions of dollars going out of Butte every year to feed some fat parasites who never work; and that the time was coming when that would be stopped. He then called up another detective who testified that he had heard the same thing. Major Root then asked the prisoners if they had anything to say.

Lorton—"I go out on the street corners and tell the Workers to organize into One Big Union so as to shorten the hours of labor and get better wages and working conditions, thereby doing away with starvation and unemployment in a land where there is plenty for all."

Lawrence—"The only crime I am here for is that I sing I. W. W. songs—which are being sung by the Workers all over the country. If that is a crime, then I am a criminal."

Major Root—"I have never seen the prisoners before, but I have stood on street corners and have heard the likes of them talk, and they preach the overthrow of this government and they are responsible for the conditions or the trouble that exists today in Butte. I also know the officers who are witnesses against them and do not think they would tell a deliberate lie. I sentence you both to a term of 11 months and \$500.00 fine and costs."

The latest news is that Lorton and Lawrence are to be deported to England.

A barber was sentenced to 60 days. The charges against him must be excluded for lack of space, but what the barber really did was to refuse to shave one of the yellow-legged heroes.

LABOR DAY CELEBRATION

"The One Big Union"—"Labor Solidarity"—
Craft Unionism Wiped Out—Approximately Fifteen Hundred Marchers
in Line on Monday

(Stockton News Advocate)

For the first time in the labor history of Stockton the craft-unions failed to parade on Labor Day, and trades unions were completely obliterated.

A great street labor parade was held in the forenoon, with all classes of labor united under the one big banner of "Labor Solidarity." The trades unionist, the Socialist, the Industrial Worker of the World (who seemed to be vastly in the majority), the Knight of Labor Catholic, Protestant, Jew and Gentile, all laid aside their marks of distinction and division and walked hand-in-hand and shoulder-to-shoulder, in close industrial formation, with a big I. W. W. banner at their head.

There were approximately 1235 men, women and children in line of march and the parade was most inspiring with its music of bands and drum crops. Three carloads of union sympathizers came down from Sacramento, one from Lodi, two from Modesto and over 200 people came up on the boat from San Francisco to lend their personal support to the Stockton laborites, of whom there must have been between 500 or 600 in marching line.

The I. W. W.'s, who were scattered all along through the parade lines, made a fine showing in numbers and the main section of I. W. W.'s was the largest division in the line, and that organization had good reason to feel proud of its success locally with the one big banner at the head of the line of marchers.

Sacramento, Lodi, San Francisco and Modesto laborites did their share nobly in aiding to give Stockton one of the best street parades it ever had and next year it is more than likely that the Stockton workers will help Sacramento make a record for itself in return for past favors shown.

The usual picnic and sports were held at Oak Park in the afternoon and evening.

Miles Beck, Socialist candidate for City Commissioner, and Thomas Griffin of Modesto were the speakers at the park, and all talked along the lines of greater solidarity of labor, both organized and unorganized.

There were no signs, symbols, token, banners, hangers, carriers, stringers or other marks of any sort or character of identification of any trade or craft or union; the \$1.00 per day man marched with the \$9.00 per day man; the six-hour workman with the fourteen-hour man and all seemed happy and contented; but when President Gompers and the international higher-ups learn of the dissolution of their power there may be "an executive session" held somewhere.

FUNNY STUNTS OF THE AMATEUR WAR LORDS

Fellow Workers Lorton and Lawrence were arrested in Butte, but the military court don't seem to know what to do with them. Lorton was arrested for publicly saying something that was objectionable to the mining companies, and Lawrence for singing "Casey Jones." It was first decided that these great crimes should be punished by eleven months in jail, but the companies probably reflected that the military disorder could not be maintained that long in Butte, and that Lorton and Lawrence would be freed as soon as the rule of the yellow legs was over. Anyway, the company changed its mind (?) and decided that Lorton and Lawrence should be deported. I have since learned that the court has decided something else again. When they have reached their final decision in this case, if they ever do, it will be up to us to see that it don't work.

The Voice of the People

Entered as Second-class Matter, August 12, 1914, at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon, under the Act of August 24, 1912

Published weekly by the Portland Locals of the Industrial Workers of the World.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION
309 DAVIS ST.
PORTLAND OREGON

B. E. Nilsson Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

United States: 52 weeks, \$1.00; 26 weeks 50c; 13 weeks\$0.25
Foreign: One year 1.50
Single copies05

BUNDLE ORDER RATES

United States: 5 copies, 13 weeks, \$1.00; or 10 or more copies paid 10 weeks in advance, 14c per copy.

OTHERWISE, in United States or Canada, 2c per copy.
No accounts carried beyond current month.

CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS.



Fellow Workers:

If we are to maintain our influence over the working class it is necessary for us to maintain and improve our means of getting our ideas before the workers. We must keep our press in the field, and keep it at its greatest propaganda efficiency.

The editorship of the Voice of the People has fallen on me since Covington Hall started on his return trip to New Orleans. I wish it to be clearly understood that I have no mortgage on the editor job. Just consider that my resignation is always in your hands, to be accepted by you any time you choose if you know of anyone who is better able to do the work, and who will accept the job; just bring up his name in your local business meeting for nomination, and I will do all I can to get the nomination considered and acted upon by the locals that support the paper. In the meanwhile I shall do the best I can until I know that you want another editor.

The paper needs your assistance; needs it all the time. It needs money to pay the bills that must be paid if the paper is to continue. The circulation of the paper is so small that even if all the bundle orders are promptly paid for and all subscriptions renewed it would barely pay the expenses. The circulation must be increased in order to make the paper reasonably safe.

The paper also needs articles and news items. Even if the editor could write enough to fill the paper it would not make a paper worth reading. The events that are worth reading about happen almost everywhere except in the editor's office. Write us about what happens on the job or in the town where you are. That is the news that workers in other places want to know. It is the news we want them to know.

Issue No. 89 was delayed a week because of lack of funds. It won't happen again if we can get money to pay the bills. We can't prevent it from happening again if we don't get enough money to satisfy the printer.

B. E. NILSSON.

COVINGTON HALL'S ADDRESS

Fellow Worker Hall is returning South. He expects to reach New Orleans, La., between the 15th and 30th of October. His temporary address there will be, care Eraste Virine, 10th floor Maison Blanche, New Orleans, La. He requests all correspondents to address him there around above dates. He also urgently requests A. G. Allen and A. L. Emerson to write him at once.

REDDING

Dan Buckley has temporarily taken charge of the affairs of Locals 88 and 313; vice J. A. Thompson, resigned. All members of these locals are earnestly requested to come to Redding and hold a business meeting. Visiting rebels always welcome.

DAN BUCKLEY, Secy., pro tem.

JACK KENNEDY

The Wheatland Defense would like to get into communication with Jack Kennedy, as he has some valuable information which we would like to get from him. Get in touch with us at once.

C. L. LAMBERT, Secretary.

INCREDIBLE

No emotion about the war is expressed more often than incredulity. Millions cannot believe it. If civilized Europe were holding back India, for example, it would be comprehensible; but for Germans and French, with a whole complex and delicate civilization in common, to be using huge death engines to mow down men and cities, is so unthinkable that we go about in a daze, hoping to awake from the most horrid of nightmares. And the sadness with which the whole world, outside of Germany, views the struggle, is the best hope that what it teaches us about government by oligarchy may be almost worth its cost.—Harper's Weekly.

Surest thing you know. The prophets of the things that are have often told us that present day ruling class is all that saves the world from chaos and confusion and what they are pleased to call anarchy. They have handed us that bunk so often that they have come to believe it themselves. The European war staggers them BECAUSE THEY CAN NOT IMAGINE ANY WORSE CALAMITY THAT COULD HAPPEN IF THE WORKERS SHOULD UPSET THE GOVERNMENTS AND THROW THE PARASITES OFF THEIR BACKS. That is what worries them. Their last and best excuse for existence is being shattered with shot and shell.

EMPERORS AND SOCIALISTS

For at least 10 years all Europe has been steadily preparing for war, and the only large, organized, formal protest against such preparation has come from the Socialists. All other important political sections have with cheers voted for more battleships and battalions; but the Socialist party represents the workmen who, with the peasants, must finally pay the war bill in blood and coin; and unflinching antimilitarism has always been a cardinal tenet in its creed.

With four and a quarter million votes, and with one hundred and eleven members of the Reichstag out of a total of three hundred and ninety-eight members, the Socialist party is stronger in Germany than in any other country; and there it has preached antimilitarism in the face of proscription and persecution.

Last year, however, the Kaiser demanded his extraordinary military contribution of a quarter of a billion dollars, on top of the ordinary military taxes. This ominously hinted war; but the Socialist members voted for it solidly. In order to inaugurate this European war the Kaiser asked for an appropriation of five billion marks, and the hundred and eleven Socialist members voted solidly for it.

In his explanatory speech the leader of the party referred feelingly to the Socialists' protests against war, and to their brother toilers in France, whom they were going to fight; but the real issue, as he saw it, was to prevent a "triumph of Russian despotism, weltering in the blood of Germany's noblest sons. . . . Therefore we must today justify what we have always said: in its hour of danger Germany may always rely on us."

Of course the French Socialist, the Russian Socialist and the English Socialist can vote for war on Germany with exactly as good consciences. We will talk peace, but we will vote war taxes; and when the bugle sounds we will fight.

In view of this action by the party that represents four million German workmen, why blame it on the Kaiser or look for any particular scapegoat?—Saturday Evening Post.

In other words, the political representatives of the working class in Germany (and in Belgium and France and a few other countries) were loyal to the ruling class of their respective countries, while they betrayed the workers of all countries.

That is exactly what we have all along contended that political representatives were likely to do.

A group of young men sat in a corner of a well known club in Tokyo in the summer of 1907. "There are people," said one of them, "who think that Nippon wants to take the Philippines." Could you have heard the company laugh and seen them "take on," you would never more say that the Japanese are a lot of sad faced mummies. It was considered the joke of the evening. Why? Permit me to invite your calm consideration to the following facts: The Philippines have already cost the United States nearer \$200,000,000 than \$100,000,000 in cold cash, and many hundreds of lives of her sons. After fourteen years of hard work her trade amounted to \$45,617,517 in 1913. America has not won the affection and appreciation of the natives. As the one convincing reward for all her expense and toil, she has attained the profound conviction that the islands are not fit for Americans to live on and that the whole business is an expensive luxury, a white elephant of the most ungrate-

ful type.—Adachi Kinnosuke, in Harper's Weekly.

A first glance at the above figures would show that imperialism is an unprofitable business. But don't be hasty in making up your mind about that. The expenses of imperialism are paid by the taxpayers (which is mostly the middle class) while the profits of that \$45,617,517 go to those few capitalists who are rich enough to control international commerce and pull the strings of political governments. We may be quite sure that this trade has more than re-imursed these big capitalists for that part of the cost of empire which they paid. They have not lost by the transaction. They have no wish to withdraw from the Philippines—and they hold the political strings.

Apply the same reasoning to any war and you will find that those who are rich enough to plunge nations into war do not pay the cost of war—neither in gold nor in blood.

I. W. W. PUTS ONE OVER ON TONOPAH BOSSES

Special to the Voice, September 24.—On the 22nd of September, the Tonopah Daily Bonanza, one of the slimiest sheets in the hands of the master class, was dynamited, causing very little damage, this lying sheet at once published an article stating that the red flag organization, the I. W. W., had attempted to blow up the paper. The scissorbills at once called a mass meeting to organize a citizens committee to run the I. W. W. out of town. All the citizens were there at the meeting, but it must be remembered that all the members of the I. W. W. in Tonopah are citizens. Mr. Booth, the editor of the Bonanza, got upon the floor and said that the I. W. W. had dynamited his place of business, and that the good citizens should at once take action. They did so. After Mr. Booth got through talking, Tom Fagan, one of the Tonopah Socialists, got upon the floor and told Booth that he could not get away with stuff like that. It was too old. The next to take the stand was H. E. McGuckin, organized of the I. W. W., in Tonopah at this time; McGuckin started in by telling Mr. Booth that he was a liar and knew it. He told the citizens that if they wanted to find the party that did the dynamiting to keep their eyes upon the offices of the Bonanza, as that was the most likely place to find him. He then told the people of the tricks of this kind that had been pulled off in other places. Before he was through the house was wildly shouting for the I. W. W. In concluding, Mr. McGuckin said that the I. W. W. was in Tonopah to stay, and that any move on the part of Booth and his bunch would be met by a counter move on the part of the I. W. W. In answer to Booth, who said that the I. W. W. wanted \$15 of the \$20 produced by the average miner of Tonopah. McGuckin said, "If you know anything about us revolutionists, you would know that we not only want \$15 of the \$20, we want the whole \$20, no more and no less. We want to put overalls on you and the rest of your class, and let you find out what it is like to handle a muck stick 8 hours a day, 1400 feet under the ground." After one more of the Socialists had spoken they started to organize a committee. Tom Fagan, one of the rebels, got up and made a motion to adjourn, the chairman tried to get away from it, but there was nothing doing, he had to put the motion. It was carried unanimously. Ten minutes later the Tonopah Prop. League. Signed up 12 new members. But however there was just one thing we overlooked, we forgot to extend to Mr. Booth a vote of thanks for renting a hall and inviting the I. W. W. to speak at what turned out to be one of the best I. W. W. meetings ever held in Tonopah.

Tonopah Press Committee.

EXCURSION AND PICNIC

Given by the Latin Branch of the I. W. W. in San Francisco, Calif., on Sunday, October 4, 1914, at Monticello Park.

Boats leave Fisherman's Wharf at 8:00, 10:00 and 12:00 a. m.

Dancing, games and speaking in English, Italian and Spanish are on the program.

In the afternoon a trip can be made to the State Penitentiary at San Quentin.

The benefit from the picnic will be divided, half to the Italian paper Il Proletario and the other half to the Latin Branch.

Tickets can be secured at 533 Broadway or at 3345 Seventeenth street, San Francisco.

PICNIC COMMITTEE.

ILLUSTRATED LECTURES

Every Sunday evening at 8:00 o'clock in the hall at 309 Davis street.

The lectures and the stereopticon views pertain to the labor movement. All workingmen are invited. Admission is free.

Christianity—Getting the goods.

KIDNAPPING

On September 17th five husky blue-coated policemen under the command of Provost Marshal Connolly, escorted one of our fellow workers by the name of J. K. Hudson down to the depot and compelled him to buy a ticket out of his own pocket to Silver Bow. The charge being "an undesirable slave." Arriving at Silver Bow Fellow Worker Hudson used a baggage truck for a soap box and announced to the public at large the methods whereby the yellow-legged protectors of the peace conduct justice. Fellow Worker Hudson was forced out without a trial. There is about 25 of the so-called undesirables in jail awaiting trial for the heinous crime of breaking up a body of scabs who refused to join a Union to better their conditions, but before breaking them up they were given a chance to either be men or monkeys. They chose to be monkeys, so, Butte not being a tropical climate, we sent them to warmer regions. But the guardians of the peace are going one better, driving a man who has worked for the last two or three years in Butte to the outskirts of their so-called civilization. But Fellow Worker Hudson told those Silver Bowites that he was going right back which seemed to shock those respecters of law and order citizens who last October tried to railroad some 15 of our boys to jail for disturbing the peaceful slumbering town of Silver Bow, because they tried to protect one of their Fellow Workers from getting beat up by some husky scissorbill of a fireman. While I am writing this one of those good citizens a cleaner of scabby towels but a so-called respectable Laundry Mutt received his walking papers and was told to take his junk and beat it which he did spluttering like a Chink all out of breath. His Pie Card is getting punched pretty hard for being a lover of yellow-legged justice. There is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth among the respected and most honorable of Butte's patriotic business men. The Call of the Wild: No business. The country is sure going to hell now.

The bugles blow

While in the snow,

The Hoosier says: All's Well.

The saloons are now now opened

From 8 in the morning until 7 at night,

But the drinking water fountain is still doing good work. —Bren the Gael.

A CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN

From the intellectual morass of Washington, D. C., comes the word that "New Jersey Slim" has taken it upon himself to set aside October 4th in the year of our "Lord" 1914, for the balance of the one hundred millions of people in this country to pray to GOD to stop the working class slaughter now going on in Europe.

In Wilson's "history of the U. S.," he contemptuously refers to the workers of Europe as "cattle." Why this sudden flood of superstitious flub-dub; remorse perhaps for having ordered the U. S. fleet to bombard the unfortified city of Vera Cruz, thereby causing the death of 150 human beings. Perhaps his heart aches for the Ludlow victims. More likely he but put into action the thought that William the First of Germany put into words, "Under no consideration should religion die out among the masses."

Peace in Europe would be a calamity to the Bourgeoisie of the U. S. Every dead soldier there increases the opportunity of the buzzard business men here to steal the old world commerce. Every starved woman or child enlarges the child slave factories here. Every penny spent on the war in Europe gives added assurance to the financial supremacy of Wall Street.

The carrion crows of American finance do not want their bloody beaks pulled out of the rotting flesh of the European dead.

The Buzzard's Banquet is on and they will have their fill, even to the point of egging on the contestants to further deeds of "valor."

JAMES ROHN.

SPEAKER WANTED IN LOS ANGELES

The workers are beginning to drift into Los Angeles from the harvest fields and they are asking why the wobbles are not holding meetings. This is a good territory for a soap-boxer.

The I. W. W. hall at Los Angeles is at 504 S. San Pedro street.

A SMOKER ON OCTOBER 3

A smoker will be held at I. W. W. hall, 309 Davis street, on October 3. The proceeds after expenses have been paid, will go to support the Voice of the People. Come and have a good time. Tickets are for sale now. Buy one before they are all sold.

PROPERTY RIGHTS

By B. E. Nilsson

The little children of twenty-five and thirty years ago were told by their school teacher that God had chosen the kings and emperors, and that God had given the world's wealth to those who possess it. To object to these arrangements was to rebel against God.

But kings have lost their kingdoms, and rich men have lost their wealth; and, what is of greater importance, peoples have lost their faith in the divine rights of kings and emperors and wealthy men.

We were then told that rich men had earned their wealth in the sweat of their brow. But we have seen fortunes pile up which could never come from one man's sweat, even if the perspiration poured from his brow like a Niagara.

Accumulation of wealth was next justified in the name of civilization. And happy and peaceful and prosperous villages and cities have been transformed into nightmares of factories and slave-pens and slums—in the name of civilization.

We were told that wealth and power came to those who were honest and good and just and merciful. And we have seen the rich and powerful place these boasted virtues on the auction-block—to be sold at any price.

Then a perversion of "Darwinism" was handed out to us. "The world's wealth and the reins of power must be in the hands of the strong, who can take wealth and power and keep them. They are strong enough to keep order. And we must have order." We have seen these "strong men" create disorder by using their power; and we have known them to lie and beg and whine for fear they should lose their privileges and their unearned luxury.

"But," say the "Captains of Industry," "We are entitled to all we get, because we carry a great burden of responsibility, we are responsible for the whole system of production." Where is your responsibility? Are your lives crushed out in preventable accidents? Do you starve on adulterated food and stifle in dark and crowded tenements? Are your children among the stunted factory slaves? Are you in the breadline or on the rock-pile when the industries are shut down? Do you or your sons die on the battlefield when the scramble for foreign markets leads to a war? Not much. Your mismanagement does not affect your lives very much. You don't pay the cost of mismanagement. We do.

The last plea; the last justification—and the only one that should be considered by men of modern intelligence—is the plea of "efficiency." This is their plea: "We rule because we are efficient. We have developed the industries and we know how to run them so as to be of the greatest benefit to society. Without us the world would return to barbarism and to savagery. We must continue to control the industries, because we only are efficient."

You "Captains of Industry," on what grounds do you claim efficiency? Do you claim it on the ground that you promote human happiness? Do men strike, as the miners did in Colorado, because they are happy? And do you hire gunmen to shoot and stab happiness into them and their wives and children? Do you promote happiness by keeping the workers unemployed and hungry and homeless? Does a wage of from four to six dollars per week provide happiness for women workers, when the bare necessities of life will cost them \$10 per week? Do you make the workers happy when you make it impossible for them to live a normal family life?

Every phase of working class life proclaims your inefficiency as promoters of happiness.

Do you claim efficiency on the ground of mere wealth production? That would be a very poor claim, even if it were true. But it is not true. You not only prevent millions of willing and efficient workers from doing any work at all—except the useless and senseless work of hunting for a chance to take another man's job away from him;—you also employ other millions to do utterly useless labor.

You prevent men from earning a living until hunger compels them to beg or steal; then you put them in prison and employ other men to keep them there. You keep large numbers of men at work building battleships, and manufacturing guns and ammunition; then you hire other men to destroy the ammunition, the guns, and the battleships, as well as the useful things which millions of other workers have made. Is that your idea of efficiency?

YOU

THE RULING CLASS THE "CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY"

You lied to us about your God. The products of our labor is the only God you ever worshipped.

You lied about having earned your wealth.

It was from the sweat of our brow that your wealth was coined.

You lied about your civilization. You have turned the world into a slave-pen and a slaughterhouse.

You lied about your virtues. You have made all mankind vile and corrupt.

You lied about your power. Your only power is your superiority in deceit.

You lied about maintaining order. Your jails and prisons and thugs and guns never maintained anything else than DISORDER.

You lied about your responsibility. You are the most irresponsible gang of grafters known to history.

You lied about your efficiency. Your inefficiency has filled the world with misery, and is keeping the products of labor down to less than half of what it ought to be. You have to depend on the efficiency of better men to get your share of the spoils. You are not even efficient liars, because your lies are no longer convincing.

A CALL TO SUPPORT THE "VOICE"

To All Locals and Members of the I. W. W.:

Fellow Workers: At the last regular business meeting it was moved, seconded and carried, to instruct the secretary to communicate with all the Locals telling them the condition the "Voice of the People" is in, and urging them to support same during the winter.

The paper was compelled through lack of support to move from New Orleans to Portland. The following figures will show what a deplorable condition the paper is in. The average cost of getting out the paper has been \$63.15 per week. At present the paper is \$72.60 in debt to the printer. Unless all Locals and Rebels come through with additional support the "Voice" will suspend very shortly. If we are so helpless and incompetent as to be unable to run and support a weekly paper then we prove to the satisfaction of the entire working class that we are unfit to organize and take control of the vast industrial system. If the paper goes under it will mean another set-back to our agitation and organization work on the Pacific Coast.

If you wish to see the organization become a power and a real menace to the masters, then get busy and lend your support in the shape of contributions. Increase the bundle orders and rustle subscriptions.

Yours for the Social Revolution,

FRANK CADY, Secretary.

P. S.—Issue No. 89 was delayed because we did not have money enough to pay the printer.

PLUTE, SKINNEM AND ROBB

We Maim, Slug and Kill

By J. S. Biscay

Mr. Workingman:

We wish to call your particular attention to one of the firm, young John D., sometimes called "Saint John the Younger." You cannot help loving this man, especially for his Christian attitude towards the slaves of Colorado. Probably you think that he has been somewhat harsh, but so has the church. Some of the bloodiest wars were over religion. Blood ran many times when dollars were not at stake. But our patriotic friend has been very busy hiring all the pluguglies he could get, to instill into the minds of the Colorado slaves the sublime doctrine of "love one another," etc. With pride that is fairly bursting out white fronts, we cannot help admiring the way the hirelings have used machine guns on the women and children at Ludlow. It makes the wholesale work of the doctors look cheap and tow-dry. What an inspiring spectacle it must have been to see the women and children dropping into the pits before the machine guns and afterwards burned with our own oil. We mourn the waste of the few gallons of oil. It caused a loss of about a half dollar.

We point with pride to the fact that the men who shot up the women and children, carried the star spangled banner of liberty. Our liberty, slave. Our liberty—not yours. We had the power and the right to murder even the helpless that happened to be near enough for our men to practice upon.

Remember! The I. W. W. wants to organize the workers into one large organization so that we could not massacre whom we pleased. Not only do we protest against such an infringement of our constitutional rights, but we strenuously denounce the I. W. W. as being unpatriotic.

Stick to us and maybe we will send thugs after you some day.

D. GENERATE KHUSS, Secretary.

Ivan Lincoln was dismissed from the police force for criticising the authorities. Policemen must not think. It is in open violation of military law.

PREAMBLE

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

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

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

These conditions can be changed and the interests of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members, in any one industry, or in all industries, if necessary, cease work wherever a strike or lockout is on, in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

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

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

FÖRORD TILL I. W. W. KONSTITUTION.

Arbetare och arbetköpare hava ingenting gemensamt. Där kan ej bliva fred så länge millioner arbetare lida hunger och nöd, medan de få som tillhåra arbetköpareklassen, hava allt vad de önska.

Emellan dessa två klasser måste kampen fortvara tills arbetarne förena sig som en klass, taga jorden och produktionsmedlen i besittning, och göra slut på löneslaveriet.

Industriauktoriteten sammanslutning i allt färre händer gör att fackföreningarna ej längre kunna motstå arbetköparnas alltjänt växande makt. Fackföreningarna föstra ett förhållande som tillåter att arbetarna sättas i strid mot varandra inom industrierna, därigenom nedgörande varandra i lönestriderna. Än mera, fackföreningarna hjälpa arbetköparna att inbilla arbetare att arbetarklassen och arbetköpareklassen hava gemensamma intressen.

Dessa förhållanden kunna ändras, och arbetarnas intressen upprätthållas, endast genom en organisation i vilken alla dess medlemmar i en industri, eller i flera industrier om så behöves, sluta arbete när en strejk eller lockout pågår i någon av organisationens avdelningar. Därigenom bliver en oförrätt mot en arbetare en oförrätt mot alla arbetare.

I stället för den konservativa satsen "En ärlig daglön för ett ärligt dagsvärke" måste vi inskriva på vårt banér det revolutionära lösenordet "Bort med löneslaveriet".

Det är arbetarklassens historiska uppgift att avskaffa kapitalistsystemet. Produktionsarmeen måste organiseras, ej endast för den dagliga kampen mot arbetköparna, men också för att fortsätta produktionen sedan kapitalistklassen blivit övervunnen. Genom industriell förening bygga vi det nya samhället inom skalet av det gamla.

STOCKTON

The Marine Transport Workers of Stockton have learned the meaning of Solidarity, they have already sent for a charter in the One Big Union; they have lined up 75 members in the first two days of their existence, and have great confidence in lining up the whole waterfront, which consists of about a thousand workers. We also have good prospects of lining up the Mexicans into a Latin local.

PHIL McLAUGHLIN, Secretary, 73.

SPEAKERS WANTED

Good speakers are wanted in Sacramento to keep up the agitation on behalf of Ford and Suhr. We have good attentive crowds every night, a fine warm climate, and good literature sales.

Come to sunny Cal and grow up with the country. We have two good speakers here at present, but the steady grind night after night is enough to kill off any man. Come on to Sac. and help them out; there is work to do now, "come on and help us do it."

C. L. LAMBERT, Secretary.

CHANGE OF SECRETARY

Eug Krauss has resigned as Secretary and Frank Cady was elected to take his place. Address all communications to Frank Cady, 309 Davis street, Portland, Ore.

THE DANCE OF DEATH

By Samuel J. Lapeters

Skeleton Death gave a ball one day
In the Halls of Death to dance
Deck'd was the room with his pennants gay,
And guns and cannon in brave array
Play'd the grim music that festive day,
By the order of King Finance.

"Now, ho!" cried Death, in a trumpet voice,
"On, on gayly with the dance!
Fire all the cannon and make a noise,
Now is the time for us to rejoice,
Dancers we'll have from the slaughter'd choice,
'Tis the order of King Finance."

Rubbing his hands in his fiendish glee,
Loud he cried in exuberance:
"O let our ball go on merrily,
Bullet and shell in shrill symphony,
And blood and tears shall be furnished free,
By the order of King Finance."

"Millions of dancers will come to swell
The grim orgies of our dance.
Let loud resound the shrill shrieking knell
From the hoarse throat of the mangling shell,
Calling together the Dance of Hell,
'Tis the order of King Finance."

"Soon will the dancers of England come
And the dancers of gay-fleck'd France.
Austria, Russia will swell the sum,
Germany, too, with fife and drum—
All hail to the kings of Christendom,
And our lord, the great King, Finance!"

"Down with the fools who shall ask, What for?
And on, on with our death-dance!
Ever we'll dance in the canon's roar,
Interests and envy are valued more
Than blood and tears that are shed in war,
To our ally, the King, Finance."

"Mothers may weep for sons that are dead,
Guns will soon gather a harvest red,
We'll pick the harvest left by the lead,
In blood and entrails the dance we'll tread—
So all hail, our great King, Finance!"

SCANDINAVIANS BUSY IN MINNEAPOLIS

We are glad to note that the Scandinavian propaganda League of this city, which was organized a short while ago, is progressing steadily, and functioning effectively. It's short history is a good proof of what can be accomplished by rebels of sincerity and resolution.

Last Saturday night the club was addressed by J. Gabriel Soltis on the interesting subject of "Politics and Organization." Soltis spoke with his usual eloquence and brilliancy, impressing his audience in a most effective manner, with the danger which lurks in the faith of politics. He was cheered enthusiastically.

After his lecture the big and palatial hall of Local No. 64 was transformed into a ballroom, and to the melodious strains of a violin and a piano, the rest of the evening was dedicated to Terpsichore. We are informed that the program of last Saturday night is going to be continued every Saturday during the winter. New members were gained, large quantities of literature was distributed. May the good work go on!

HARRY LEVINSON.

Having "found" a box of caps and two coils of fuse, the lawandorder brigade raided the I. W. W. hall in their effort to find powder to go with it. Of course, they did not find what they were looking for. Then one of them approached one of McDonald's friends and tried to get him to say that McDonald had a box of powder planted. The man could not be bluffed with threats of jail, so the plot fell through.

WAR IN EUROPE—WHY?

It's cause, and what it really means.

By James O'Neil.

Price 10 cents, postage paid; 100 copies, postage paid, \$5.00

This pamphlet, by a widely known writer on social science, treats of the War in Europe in a manner vastly different from writers in the capitalist press. Its economic interpretation is startlingly intense. The veil is torn from the Invisible Government behind the thrones. Appeals to every type of reader, wage worker, student, scholar.

Address, James O'Neil, Box 28, Station C, Los Angeles, California. (X99)

All Railroad Workers Should Read

THE STRIKE BULLETIN

CARL E. PERSON, EDITOR

Subscription

One Year 50 Cents Six Months 25 Cents
BOX D, CLINTON, ILL.

Or we will send you THE VOICE for one year and THE BULLETIN for 6 months for \$1.00

THE SPIRIT OF 1914

By Carl E. Person, in the Strike Bulletin

The cause lives! It is as eternal as the stars! Onward, ever onward, man moves toward the heights!

Thousands of years have come and gone,—the struggle has continued uninterruptedly. Man must be free. The voice within is never silent. The cry of the soul is for freedom.

The first prophet preached the brotherhood of man; the sermon will never grow old until we find fulfilled the "Peace on Earth" that will come with the emancipation of the toilers.

Truth cannot be jailed; justice may be denied, but it cannot be destroyed; right is a principle of moral mathematics, no problem can be solved except by its use. Mistakes in moral mathematics do not change the immutable immortality of the law.

Cunning, the walking delegate of the cowardly and dishonest, is busy. It has come to destroy,—it will fail,—it will be destroyed, as will every other evil force allied in warfare against the common good.

This creed of faith and hopefulness has grown on me since I have been in jail. I am sure it was the faith of the pioneers,—the trail-makers who built the first roads to make easy the march of the oppressed.

I am leaving the cell of the Clinton county jail to take my place in the prisoner's dock at Lincoln, Illinois. The charge is murder, the very charge would weaken my spirit were it not for the fact that I know I am innocent. The taking of a human life is hard to justify. I did not take a human life,—I was compelled to,—the tragedy was not of my making; I am its victim.

I do not care to rehearse the facts that led up to the unfortunate affair of December 30, 1913, except to write that I was decoyed from my office, attacked from the back, and brutally beaten until, in defense of my life, I was compelled to kill my assailant. I am satisfied that Tony Musser was but the agent of others. He was hired and paid, his work was cut out for him. The real criminal that sought my life is still alive. It is still on the job. It is financing and directing a man-hunt. I have wounded this beast. From its wound came yellow blood,—it is called gold. It came from the heart of the corporation,—its pocketbook. The yellow circulation was tapped.

The wounded beast became furious. Millions of drops of its yellow blood were lost. These yellow drops are called dollars. It is fighting back. I have been selected as its victim. The thing that wounded the Illinois Central and Harriman lines was the Truth. In our paper we told the truth about these unions of criminal dollars; we told it in the name of thirty-five thousand men who faced starvation rather than make surrender to the beast. We shall continue to tell the truth; compromise we will not; surrender, never.

I do not know what the outcome of the trial at Lincoln will be. The fact is, this is not my chief concern. The outcome of the present struggle for justice, is of supreme moment.

A legal fight, they call it. The prosecution is powerful. Back of it is money,—politics—and the well-oiled machinery of a system that recognizes dollar values before human values. I will make my defense with Truth as my only ally.

"There is no adamant armor against hurt like the Truth."

They have money behind them; I have men behind me. The spirit and flesh of the workers' movement is the only support I want. I am grateful for every kind thought and good wish that has come to me from my brothers in the ranks of toil; grateful because, whatever may happen at Lincoln, I am happy in the conviction that you believe in me.

Three years we have stood on the firing line together. The days have been dark. We have suffered. Those we love have suffered. The tragedy of the empty envelope has been ours; yet there have been compensations, there have been lights in the gloom. We have smiled in our tears. We were conscious that our fight was for our firesides, our loved ones, our rights as free working men.

Our refusal to give up our right to organize was a victory for the labor movement. We faced an issue that must be met. If the American working man does not possess the right, as a free man, to organize, while dollars are protected in their right to organize, then Freedom is a fiction, and the constitutional guarantee, a joke. On this one issue the future of the labor movement will be decided.

We are tenting on the plains of Armageddon. We are battling for the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

Religion—Lulling the slave to sleep. Wake up!

Poverty—Lack of wisdom and substance among the workers.

THE OCEAN TO OCEAN HIGHWAY AND HOW IT IS BEING BUILT

In spite of the fact that automobile clubs and associations are holding mass meetings and collecting large sums of money for the purpose of building the great Ocean to Ocean Highway, or Lincoln Highway, as it has been named, very little of the money ever gets to the roads, but is all squandered by the officials in big champagne and oyster suppers. After each blow-out the press and pulpit laud them to the skies for the great work they are doing. In reality here is what they are doing; at least this is the way the California end of the road is being built. The first link of the road from the coast through Los Angeles to San Bernardino, something like 75 miles, run over roads already improved, so the real road building commences at San Bernardino and runs 250 miles, or more, through a mountain and desert country to Needles on the boundary line of Arizona and California. It follows the Santa Fe Railroad the whole distance; so that the unemployed, working men traveling through this district are the victims who are building this road. Any working man in this district who is caught out of work is grabbed either by R. R. bulls or deputy constables, and is kangarooed for 30, 60 or 90 days' work on the Lincoln Highway. They are treated just the same as state convicts. Rotten grub and the bare ground for sleeping quarters; and for the least violation of rules they are whipped the same as the black slaves were in the South before the Civil War. On top of this this sentence is extended. If a man works hard, and is able to live through his entire sentence, he will be paid the magnificent salary of 35 cents per day. This is seldom necessary, for just before a man's time is up, if they see he is about broke down and no longer able to do a day's work, they will give him a chance to run away. I saw a few men who managed to get their 35 cents per day for 30 days paid to them in the form of a check, but they were unable to cash the checks and were forced to walk 30 or 40 miles to a town where they could get them cashed. In the mean time they must go hungry or beg. If they are caught begging they will be grabbed and given another 60 to 90 days on the great Lincoln Highway. You can see they have many ways of keeping the slaves on the job and keeping them from getting any money out of it. Now you may think they could not get enough men in this way to do the work but there are so many unemployed that they can afford to select the best. When the bulls grab a bunch of jobless slaves, 50 at a time, they line them up, examine them carefully and select the strongest looking men for the kangaroo court. As for the rest they are unfit to survive and are given a few swift kicks and told to beat it and be quick about it.

Jobless, homeless and propertyless slaves are building this great highway and all they get out of it is kicks, jails and rotten grub. I doubt very much if they will be allowed to walk over it after they have finished it.

The working class as a whole are facing this kind of a career with nothing but death at the end. How can we reach the working class with our plan to improve conditions. So far we have reached one in a thousand. The great mass know nothing of any plan to better their condition and have no hope in life. Can anyone devise ways and means, first to put the whole plan of the I. W. W. in as small and concise a pamphlet as possible, and then get it before every working man, woman and child at once. If we can I am sure that out of the whole mass we could get a working majority, with a militant minority to put life into it and steer the movement clear of the rocks.

We have no right to say the working class has rejected the I. W. W. until we have put the whole thing squarely before all of them. Let's get busy before the masters puts us under military rule when there will be less chance than there is now. Hoping that this article may be the means of bringing the question of reaching the working class before the entire membership, I remain yours for the Social and Industrial Revolution.

ALFRED R. TUCKER,
Box 163, Victorville.

MY POEMS

Word just received from the Illustrator says that the poems will be out in time for the holiday season, that is the volume will come out in November or December. The title of the book will be: "Songs of Love and Rebellion," and it will contain several poems never before published anywhere, such as "The Last Message," "Night," "My Woman," and other songs. The cost will be about 50 cents a copy, but don't send me any money until book is advertised as ready for sale; just let me know how many copies you want and your address.

COVINGTON HALL.

DON'T FORGET THE I. W. W. SMOKER, OCT. 3

309 DAVIS ST., 8 P. M.

Entertainment

Refreshments

Best Time You Will Have Before the Revolution
ADMISSION 25 CENTS

WALL STREET'S USEFUL PARTNER

SOME MORE POLITICAL BUNK

The Young Men's Christian Association ought to announce its complete alliance with the powers of evil or else cease to pretend to anything else. So far as the average man can see it has become nothing but an active adjunct of Wall Street and the refined banditti thereof, and just as the journals most effective for reaction are those that most pretend progressive sentiments, brigandage has no more useful ally than one that sings psalms the while.

At present the bandits have a particular purpose to serve in heading off the rapidly growing sentiment in favor of the public ownership of public utilities. The Young Men's Christian Association of New York has established what is called a "Finance Forum," and has been giving out some rather choice information to the young on this subject. One of its lectures recently delivered was called "Investments in Public Utilities and How Held," and the object was to show that the stock of the exploiting public utility concerns was so widely owned among poor and other people that it was absurd to say they were monopolies and dangerous to disturb their ownership.

This edifying course was given by the Association under the direction of an "Advisory Committee" composed exclusively of representatives of Wall Street firms and corporations, among which one is instructed to read the name of every conspicuous financial exploiter in the United States, the Consolidated Gas Company, the General Electric Company, four trust companies, the traction trust, and many other popular institutions of the kind, all enlisted in the great work of causing youth of the land "to think right" and in favor of exploitation.

They never lose a trick nor overlook a bet, do they? Newspapers, magazines, church, pulpit, college professors, universities, charitable associations, prayer meetings, saloons, bawdy houses, vote brokers, bribers, politicians, Murphys, Chadbands, and the Y. M. C. A., all brought together in one glorious inspiration for work in behalf of Privilege and Loot. Isn't it sweet?—Pearson's Magazine.

THE SOUTH

O U Scabby Pollock. Latest reports from Pollock, La., are as follows: Twenty-five men laid off in one day; a ten per cent cut in wages, an increase in house rent to the tune of \$1.00 per month and Robersary Groceries gone higher than the moon. I am of the opinion that it will soon get their guts to growling if nothing more.

Sweet Home job is no more, tram road growing up in weeds, grass and canker with rust. Was the strike successful? Readers of the Voice are the judge.

It is reported that the big mill at De Ridder, La., went up in smoke last week.

The unemployed army of the South is growing each day by leaps and bounds, and it is out of the question to get a job of any kind at any price. Everybody is doing it, doing it, doing it. Doing what? Riding a Side-door Palace car from job to job, and it is the same damn thing every time, nothing doing.

W. C. TAYLOR.

The Salvation Army attempted to hold its customary services in the Silver Bow county jail. Then the music started. The salvationists sang "Boundless Salvation" while the audience sang "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum." Major Jordan is sore about it. He thought he had an audience that could not get away, but would have to listen to his sermons. He was mistaken. They stayed all right, but they did not listen.

The business men are getting sick of the whole business. It is costing them about \$4000 per day to get their town put on the bum. Militarism is an expensive luxury.

This driving the unemployed from one town to another, is a very bright idea. It has done more than any other one thing to improve the breed of vermin that inhabits "our glorious jails."

"Damaged Goods"—A story in three parts. Part 1, Poverty; Part 2, Disease; Part 3, Death.

The Socialists of all denominations are going to come together at last. They now have found a great mission worthy of their united wind. The news came to me in a very extensive document from a mixed local of the S. L. P. in Los Angeles. After several closely written pages of apology for Germany Socialism, the writer (probably Trautmann) comes at last to the purpose of the document.

"Socialist in parliament and councils of nations have proclaimed the dictates of the international proletariat. They will not tolerate territorial acquisitions from established national units, they must, therefore, with all powers at their command prevent the humiliation of any one nation to the advantage, aggrandizement, and imperial enlargement of another.

"Quoting here the words of representatives of the working class we must reiterate that 'The right of every established national unit for its national independence and self-defense must be safeguarded, and all efforts and wars for conquest must be condemned, and infringements on established institutions for the Democratic control of further industrial advancements of each people must be inhibited and prevented.'

The rest of the document tells how "The working class must in thunderous tones enforce its mandates." We presume that the thunderous tones will be loud enough to drown the noise of cannon.

I guess we were mistaken about the aims of the international proletariat. The class struggle is not about the products of our labor at all. Socialism does not intend to overthrow capitalism. The only reason why the workers should unite is to perpetuate national boundaries.

The document also calls upon the socialists in all the countries of Europe to send delegates to an international congress to be held in Philadelphia. Does any sane man believe that the Socialists in the European armies are going to stop fighting long enough to nominate and elect a delegate to a peace congress, or that European governments will let such peace delegates get here.

To me the whole crazy rigmarole looks like a desperate effort to use the European war for advertising purposes.

SEATTLE TO THE RESCUE

Fellow Worker Frank Cady: The circular letter was read at the meeting yesterday; credentials and a donation list will be given to Harry Lloyd and others who may have time to spare, and an active canvass made to collect as much funds as possible, and a meeting will be held in the hall next Saturday evening, and the collection go to aid the "Voice."

Trusting that the members and locals of the I. W. W. will be big enough and broad enough to keep all the publicity agents we have in the field, and not put them on the bum because of petty differences of opinion on some non-essential matters.

Yours for Industrial Solidarity,
THOS. WHITEHEAD,
Secretary C. C. C., I. W. W., Seattle.

The militia closed up the saloons in Butte when they first entered that city. That was only a temporary spurt of virtue. The mine owners want people to get drunk so there will be an excuse for starting trouble, and the saloonkeepers want to sell booze. The saloons have therefore been opened again. But it was easier to make the miners stop drinking than to start drinking again.

Jeffersonian Democracy—Jefferson barracks.

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.