

A LONG WORK DAY MEANS A LONG BREAD LINE

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

Organization  is Power

THIS IS NO. 92
IF NO. 93 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. 40.

PORTLAND, OREGON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1914

MIGHT IS RIGHT

EVIDENCE IN PERSON CASE

One Hundred Fifty Witnesses Called to Stand
During Trial.

MISS HELEN JONES STAR WITNESS.

Lincoln, Ill., Oct. 5.—Miss Helen Jones, of Clinton, caused a sensation at the Person murder trial when she stated on the witness stand that she had been asked by States' Attorney L. O. Williams, of DeWitt County, to suppress some of the knowledge she had of the tragedy and the state's attorney asked her to not say anything to the attorneys for the defense about what she knew. After Miss Jones' testimony had been given, the jury was convinced that Williams was persecuting in the Person case, instead of prosecuting.

Dr. B. M. Pugh, city physician of Clinton, who performed the post mortem examination of Tony Musser's body, was not put on the witness stand by the prosecution, although he alone was in position to testify positively as to the facts brought out by his examination of Musser's body. He was called to the stand by the defense and told a truthful story of the tragedy and of the examination. During his testimony the jury and people in the court room were again reminded that there was something wrong inasmuch as he had not been called on to testify for the prosecution.

Try to Impeach Foist.

The state tried to impeach the evidence of Bert Foist, the bartender who testified for the defense and told of Musser using the telephone in the saloon where he was working to call up Person and giving the name of Kirk of Decatur.

The following are some of the statements made by witnesses in the chain of evidence in the Person trial. This evidence showed that Person was decoyed to the place of the tragedy and slugged and beaten by the deceased.

Bert Foist.

I was bartender at Bryant & Cackley's saloon. Tony Musser came into the saloon on the 30th day of December, 1913, hung up his overcoat and used the telephone. I heard him say in the telephone: "This is Kirk. Meet me at the interurban station. I have to leave town on the next car."

Helen McCann.

My occupation is telephone operator. I worked on the afternoon of December 30th, 1913. I connected up the telephone number 687, which is Bryant & Cackley's saloon, with number 736, which is the number of the Strike Bulletin office. I connected these numbers about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. I heard about the tragedy some time after. That was the first call I had had for 736 for that day.

Claude Bush.

It was about 5 minutes before the shooting that Carl Person came in and looked around. It was between 2 and 2:30 on the afternoon of December 30th. I stayed inside of the depot until after the shooting. I was in the ladies' waiting room. I was in the back freight room when the shooting occurred.

Edna Matthews.

I saw Carl Person that afternoon. He tipped his hat to me in the waiting room. It was between 2 and 2:15. This occurred in the I. T. S. station.

Fred Kirk.

I live at Decatur, Ill. I knew Tony Musser in his life time. Deceased worked for me prior to October 1, 1913, at Decatur, in the railroad roundhouse shops. I had mentioned Carl Person to him. I had taken up subscriptions for Person at the shops. I have known Person for seven or eight years. I was not in Clinton, Illinois, on the afternoon of December 30, 1913. I did not call up Person.

Ellis Baker.

As to telephone conversation between Person and someone at number 687, heard Person say, "Is this Kirk? All right Kirk, I'll be down." "That fellow Kirk has lots of nerve to ask me to go down to the depot." "You say that you are down at the interurban?" Took his hat and went from the office.

Frank Meadors.

I was about 16 feet from the telephone booth. "All right, Kirk, I'll be down." "That fellow Kirk has lots of nerve to ask me to go down to the I. T. S. station." Matthews and I were there.

Ernest D. Mitchell.

I was in Dean Vinson's cigar store, next to the interurban depot. I saw Musser there about 2 o'clock. He asked me if I knew Carl Person, and asked me to point him out. I then stepped around the counter and Musser wanted to know for sure if I knew that that person was Carl Person. I pointed out Carl Person from the south window. I knew Person by sight. Person started north on the east side of the street. Musser crouched back in the recess. The recess was a foot deep. Person came directly opposite. He sprang out at Person and struck Person on the right temple. Person was knocked to the ground and Musser on top of him. Musser had hold of Person by the neck with his right hand, trying to beat him with his left. Musser had hold of Person by the neck when they were pulled up together. Musser struggled to get loose, and was swearing. His tone of voice was loud. He attempted to get loose. The next I heard was some shots. Person had a coat on. The left side of his face was bloody. He was very pale. He appeared to be dazed and very weak. Person didn't strike at Musser. Person didn't offer to strike Musser. Person, when down, was trying to ward off blows with his arm.

Reprinted from Strike Bulletin. There was much more of the same kind, but this is enough to show why it was impossible to convict Person.

THE ROWAN- BARRETT CASE

Edmonton, Alberta, Can., Oct. 13.—Readers of The Voice and Solidarity will remember how the two fellow workers, Rowan and Barrett, were held on a trumped up charge of murder a few months ago. The case was referred to the Supreme Court of Alberta, which is now holding sessions in Edmonton. The defendants were arraigned last week. The Crown prosecutor moved that the case be laid over until next January. The motion was opposed by counsel for the defense, but the judge overruled the objection. The Crown prosecutor held that he was not ready to proceed with the case. We are also informed that it would not be advisable to institute habeas corpus proceedings at this stage. The case for the Crown is very weak, yet these men are being held in durance vile for being true to their class. It seems as though we would have to wait the pleasure of our masters who control the courts. Meanwhile funds will be welcomed to defray incidental expenses.

JOHN GRAVE.

R. E. DUNNE

To the Labor Press: Miss Pearle Runne, room 6 Beacon building, Wichita, Kansas, wishes to learn the whereabouts of her brother, R. E. Dunne. She has not heard from him for about 3 years. At that time he was a member of the Industrial Workers of the World. She will appreciate any information given her as to his whereabouts, as she is very anxious to hear from him. All labor papers please copy.

FRANK CADY,
Secretary I. W. W.

BUTTE, MONTANA

Major Donohue still maintains that Silver Bow County is in a state of insurrection but feels that he can get along with a small force. This week he chased 250 of the yellow boys home, but we still have about 160 of them here for use in case we become boisterous.

The company has several reasons for keeping the Militia here. One of these is to assist the fakirs in driving the rank and file of the New Union back into the W. F. of M., or to force them to affiliate with the United Mine Workers. Another is to permit them to continue their weeding out process whereby the rebels are being eliminated, so they can get control of the New Union, which is their intention at this time.

To quote a high official of the company, it is easier to control a man organized in an A. F. of L. union than it would if open shop conditions prevail. This man realizes that it is better for him to have his slaves in an organization that is friendly to the boss, rather than to leave them free, as then there would always be a possibility of them becoming rational and stampeding to the I. W. W., as they did in Lawrence.

The militant spirit of the workers must be crushed and there is no surer way to accomplish that end than to herd them into such apologies for unions as the W. F. of M. or the U. M. W. of A. Everyone knows just how big a farce the W. F. of M. has become and for the enlightenment of those who favor an affiliation of the U. M. W. of A. let me point out a few things that they stand for.

There is the contract system which ties the hands of the workers and compels them to scab on members of their own union, as has been done repeatedly in the coal mining districts of the East. For instance, the miners in Illinois after aprising the master of their intention 90 days ahead, go out on strike. This naturally causes a coal shortage in Illinois but the Indiana miner continues work, as does his brother in Ohio, Pennsylvania and elsewhere. The Illinois market is flooded with coal and Mr. Striker is starved back to his job. Some union for the master, but I don't think it will do as now constituted for Butte.

Shannon, McDonald and Bradley have been charged with kidnaping and their bail is fixed at \$10,000 each.

Dawson and Wallace were released yesterday but Wallace was double-crossed. He was released by the military authorities on condition that he would apologize to the soldiers and salute the flag, which he did. This was supposed to have closed the incident, but McCafferty was on the job and had him re-arrested on a charge of second degree assault.

This same McCafferty was defeated at the primaries last month and unless the company puts him on their payrolls he will have to move to other fields. He is through here and seems to want to pull as much dirty stuff as possible before he has to go.

To date the taxpayers of Montana have been bled to the tune of about \$125,000. The company is said to be in about \$75,000.

Several of the firms that signed the petition for the troops to come here have gone into the hands of receivers and bankruptcy. Bankrupt sales, receiver sales and going out of business sales seem to be the order of the day.

Damage cases amounting in the aggregate to about \$150,000 have already been filed on behalf of the members of the Butte Mine Workers' Union and others against the Governor, Connelly, Major Roote and Donohue.

Frank Conley, as warden of the penitentiary, has profited to the extent of about \$1,000,000 through his merciless exploiting of the convicts.

There are about 3000 men working on the hill, although the company sheets claim more than twice that number.

Where there was one anarchist six weeks ago there are several now and the Socialists claim that Major Root and his summary court tactics have made it unnecessary for them to do any campaigning.

Several members of the militia who live in

Glendive, upon being discharged returned home under the impression that they would receive a rousing welcome from their townspeople. They had visions of brass bands playing "Hail the Conquering Hero Comes," and fair dames awaiting them with open arms. They were met at the station by a crowd of railway workers who "rough housed" them considerable and forcibly impressed on their minds the fact that the Glendive climate was altogether too warm for such cold-blooded citizens as they had proved themselves to be. They immediately returned to Butte and are now under the protection of our own little Czar, Dan Donohue.

The editor of the Butte Miner imbibed so freely at his master's trough some days since that his mind became affected. He is on the verge of madness. If something is not done for him soon I fear for his reason. Local physicians can do nothing for him and are sorely puzzled. He raves continually about the I. W. W. and fills the editorial page with outlandish dope that only a diseased mind could conjure up. He scatters red ink all over the front page every day and evinces every symptom of having contracted that dread disease, "Con Kellyitis."

It is alleged that when Ross, Smith and Malone were being taken to Deer Lodge without notice, Smith protested, whereupon a petty officer named Burke pushed a gun against his ribs saying, "Shut up, you son of a —, or I'll send you to hell instead of Helena."

SIoux CITY PROPAGANDA LEAGUE.

As a result of the pre-harvest campaign, and two weeks' work on the part of several class-conscious workers, an I. W. W. propaganda league has been established in this city, the writer having been sent down from Minneapolis locals to look over the situation, and to attempt to organize the slaves into one big union. Success has crowned the effort, thanks to co-operative methods of action from those who stand in greatest need of industrial unionism.

After several street meetings a mass meeting was called for last night, with J. G. Saltis from Minneapolis as the principal speaker, and as a result several names were added to the charter application. The consensus of opinion being in the form of a desire to have him come again when possible for him to arrange it. We have given birth to an active organization at this point, and we will send for the charter next Monday.

As a clearing house for slaves, Sioux City easily ranks with Minneapolis, and as steps are to be taken toward placing the migratory element on the job this coming Spring and Summer, it behooves the I. W. W. to keep an open headquarters in this city the year round. Most of those who signed the charter application blank are "Home Guards," and work here during the Winter. Good rebels, every one!

Speakers who can outline the constructive program of industrial unionism would be welcomed at present. But those who know nothing of diplomacy or tact, and who wish to resurrect Christ only to crucify him again, and who are too narrow minded to grant a craft-union man "the benefit of the doubt," can do better elsewhere. It will require strenuous effort on the part of class-conscious members of the I. W. W. to carry out the principles of industrial unionism in the "City of the Soo." The wise ones will understand. Capable men are needed here.

JACK ALLEN,

Camp Delegate, Local 64.

Temporary headquarters located at 414 Pierce street, Sioux City, Ia.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

To sum up the arguments thus far, intemperance keeps the poor poor, and poverty keeps the intemperate intemperate. From that it is no trouble to deduce that the poor are intemperate because they are poor because they are intemperate because they are poor because they are intemperate, and so to the nth power. —Life.

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 copies..... .05

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.



The unemployed army will undoubtedly be greater next Winter than ever before. Large masses of men will be idle. They will want to know why they are unable to get a job. They will be asking how such a condition can be prevented in the future. But most of all will they ask where and how they can get the necessities of life this coming Winter.

Our influence among the workers will largely depend on how well we understand their problems. The workers will listen to us if we have positive and definite ideas, and a clear understanding of what actions will bring the best results.

We will get out a special "Unemployed Issue" if we can get the necessary amount of articles and data. We especially want to know the number of unemployed in all the larger cities, and what is being done to keep them quiet.

We will announce the date of this "Unemployed Issue" later.

Later we can get out special issues for each of the leading industries, especially for the lumber industry and construction work. Send us your best ideas and knowledge about these industries.

From all appearances there will be a good chance to organize the lumberjacks next Spring and Summer. But it can't be done without united effort, and a good deal of preparatory agitation this coming Winter. Get busy.

Some folks say that construction workers can't be organized. That is all a mistake. They can be organized—as soon as we learn to go about it the right way. I don't know which way is right. I want your opinion about that.

We have mentioned in earlier issues of the Voice how the German comrades (?) are defending not only their jingoism but also their government's war program. But we can learn almost as much from the attitude and expressions of American Socialists as we have learned from the European comrades (?).

The majority of American Socialists implore us to suspend judgment. Hush! Don't say anything about the treason of the Social-Democratic International. It may not be quite as bad as it seems. But every word we get from the European comrades only gives fresh proofs of their treason to the workers.

Our old friend, Mr. W. T. Pills, gave some lectures in Los Angeles. Among a number of other foolish things, he said: "If Germany should be victorious and extend an industrial tyranny over all of Europe, then the strongest factor within the German Empire will still be the Socialists. And that one factor existing within all the conquered countries then subject to the industrial oppression of Germany will be ready to co-operate with the German Socialists in demanding and securing industrial justice within Germany and without."

No doubt the Socialists in France and Belgium will be pleased to co-operate with their German comrades, who are now preaching Socialism with cannon and submarines and Zeppelins.

Charles Edward Russell has a long article in the November issue of Pearsons Magazine. He shows the economic causes of the war.

Then he proceeds to show how the German government prepared for war, and how the German press stirred up patriotic prejudice by persistent lying about how the French people treated (or mistreated) German subjects.

No doubt such lies have been printed in German papers. Nor is there any reason to doubt that the same kind of prejudices has been aroused with the same kind of lies in all the countries which are now involved in the war. It is exactly the same kind of lies that we have seen in American papers about Mexico.

But what about the Soc-Dem. International and the Soc-Dem. Press? Did they read those lies, and did they expose them to the German people?

What about the Socialists in the Reichstag? Were they also deceived by the lies of the capitalist press? Were they ignorant that Germany was preparing for a war of conquest?

Were those 110 Socialist representatives such a bunch of inconceivable mutes that they could actually be kept in ignorance of these things—which Charles Edward Russell has been able to learn?

Or did these representatives vote for war-taxes knowing that Germany was preparing for a war of conquest? Did they know that it was to be a war of invasion when they so loyally supported their Kaiser?

Russell said nothing about that. I wish he had.

John R. McMahon has an article about this subject in the Independent. This is how he begins:

"Socialism in Europe is guilty of a monstrous crime. It has swallowed its principles, spat upon brotherhood, betrayed the class it professes to represent, everlastingly disgraced the red banner of internationalism. It has surrendered to the enemy; it has joined with enthusiastic abandon the capitalistic and dynastic butchers who are turning Europe into a people's killing bed."

In a later paragraph in the same article he makes some caustic remarks about the explanations and excuses of these patriotic Socialists, and gives his opinion about them as follows: "There is not ten cents worth of choice between the fatherlands and motherlands you are defending. In a word, you act as plain, honest patriots, murderers in the interests of the world market, loyal cannon fodder. You cannot plead ignorance. You have the light. You act deliberately. What right have you to call yourselves Socialists?"

That question is worth repeating until it is answered.

The Social-Democratic International is in a bad fix at present, but the comrades all think it can be repaired.

Their first congress will undoubtedly be interesting. The German comrades, and the French comrades, and the Austrian comrades, and the Belgian comrades, and the English comrades, and a few other patriotic comrades, will have a lovely time explaining to each other how each fought for Socialism.

The Socialists from barbarous Russia are the only ones who have no need to offer explanations and excuses.

After being so comprehensively damned by revolutionists, the Social Democrats may find some measure of consolation in the following faint praise from the Saturday Evening Post:

"Six months after the war is over, no doubt, German Socialism will resume its old stand; but for long thereafter its declarations of internationalism and anti-militarism must have a strange sound in view of the events of this Fall.

"Not that we are blaming German Socialism, however. Undoubtedly it will be as useful in the future as it has been in the past by criticising details and by securing certain reforms in details. That it contained within its bosom a dynamic promise—or threat—of upsetting the entire social constitution we never believed. When the constitution really needed its aid it responded with a loud Hoch!—as we supposed it would."

LOCAL NO. 5, M. T. W., STOCKTON

Fellow Worker E. J. Shapeero has resigned as secretary and Frank Haislett was elected to succeed him.

The Local is in excellent shape and has a membership of over 150. And more coming of their own initiative to take out cards every day. Yours for the One Big Union.

E. J. SHAPEERO,
Organizer No. 5, M. T. W.

NEWS WANTED.

Don't forget that members and other workers want to know what is happening in your part of the country. Send us the latest news about things that concern the workers.

The Illusion of Political Democracy

LECTURE BY

Clifford B. Ellis

AT LIBRARY HALL
TENTH AND YAMHILL

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 4TH

Being the first of a series of five lectures to be delivered on succeeding Wednesdays

IN THE SERIES OF LECTURES, THE FALLACIES OF CERTAIN PHASES OF THE LIBERTARIAN MOVEMENT WILL BE SHOWN AND REMEDIAL MEASURES SUGGESTED. ADMISSION FREE

A REVOLUTIONIST'S DICTIONARY.

(By Ulyses Grant Morris.)

The conventional bourgeois trinity: Business, Politics and Religion.

Business—1. A system or method for determining the greater common denominator of human greed.

2. An utilitarian musician who reduces to one harmonious note (profit) all the jarred and jangled chords of warring religious factions out of tune. Into this symphony the atheist enters as one of the elect.

3. The veritable embodiment of a word-congress of religions in daily session.

Politics—A dissolute lodging-house—conducted ostensibly in the interest of a vague abstraction called The Public—in whose rooms strange bedfellows are the rule and not the exception. Its attaches are called "The Push," its reception-takers "Grafters," and its proprietors "Statesmen." In this establishment the cubic-air ordinance is never enforced.

Religion—An eleemosynary institution, the superintendent whereof, in consideration of a modest stipend and the promise of future emoluments, daily endeavors to square a vicious circle with the aid of a wretched intellectual equipment. A large majority of its inmates being women, their time is spent in a display of the latest mode in millinery creation, while the men play at maintaining an absurd thing called "Business Prestige." The function of this body is to act as a moral police force for the ruling class. On occasion it presents its sponsor, the capitalist, with a gold brick in appreciation of his most distinguished consideration.

Journalism—A model garbage factory whose chief activities are directed to the gratification of the tastes of bourgeois prejudice.

DEMANDS SLAVERY IN THE NAME OF LIBERTY.

The original Mr. Block is employed by a sawmill company at McCleary, Wash. He wrote an article in the paper in which he voices the following objections to the eight-hour law:

"The law has no more right to tell me when I am tired than it has to tell me when I am hungry.

"No more right to limit the capacity of my muscles than of my digestive organs. I know when I feel tired and when my stomach feels full and I want the other fellow to attend to his business and allow me that same privilege."

I don't wish Mr. Block any worse luck than I have had myself. But some day he will no doubt get fired or laid off, and he will hike a thousand miles, more or less, looking for a boss. He will then know that the "boss" tells him when to get tired and when to get hungry.

Mr. Block evidently is not sure whether he believes in law or not, because he contradicts the first part of his article with the last part:

"We believe a law compelling all men to labor at least eight hours a day unless they had a doctor's certificate of inability and fining them if they were caught loafing would come nearer meeting the present demands for labor legislation."

Wouldn't a law like that create a stir in our monkey-dinner aristocracy? They would simply fall over each other in their hurry to get to the nearest doctor. But then, maybe the law would not be enforced against them.

LOS ANGELES.

The I. W. W. Propaganda League, formerly Local No. 332, is in need of a soap-boxer. Address 107 1-2 North Main street, Room 1.

THOS. FITZGERALD, Fin. Sec.

The principal economy upon which we proceed when we ship our foodstuffs to foreign markets to help America is much like the scheme of the little boy who wanted his father to buy him a pony in order to save shoe leather.

"REBELLION COMES!"

"Our Gene" doesn't seem to grow wiser with age. Forgetting his experiences of scarcely a year ago, when he ploughed blindly into the wrong end of the West Virginia situation, he is repeating the role in the Butte affair. If all reports are true the insurgents at Butte numbered about 6,000 men, to which was opposed the official machine and about 400 stool pigeons of the companies, yet brave old 'Gene rushes to the aid of the minority in a scathing denunciation of the insurgents, which is just now making the rounds of the conservative portion of the A. F. of L. press. He ends the diatribe by using that convenient scapegoat, the I. W. W., as being the cause of it all. Comrade Debs used the same handy explanation in his West Virginia expose. Funny that even Debs has forgotten how to explain industrial disturbances in any other way than by howling "I. W. W."—The Labor Star," S. P.-A. F. L.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE VOICE. OCTOBER 12 TO 17.

Receipts.	
Bundle orders.....	\$ 13.50
Subscriptions.....	3.75
Donations.....	3.50
Political Socialism.....	5.00
On hand October 12.....	13.80
Total.....	\$ 39.55
Expenses.	
Oct. 12. Marsh Ptg. Co., on ac't.....	\$ 25.00
Oct. 14. 100 Political Socialism.....	1.50
Oct. 14. Express charges.....	.50
Oct. 15. Mailing issue No. 91.....	3.50
Oct. 15. Postage.....	2.90
Oct. 15. Express wagon.....	.50
Oct. 17. 100 Political Socialism.....	1.50
Oct. 17. Express charges.....	.50
Oct. 17. B. E. Nilsson on ac't wages.....	3.65
Total.....	\$ 39.55
Amount Due Marsh Ptg. Co.	
Balance due October 12.....	\$ 86.55
By 2800 No. 91.....	33.95
On account mail list.....	2.25
Total.....	\$122.75
Paid on account October 12.....	25.00
Balance due October 17.....	\$ 97.75

THAT'S DIFFERENT.

Come join John Junior's Bible class,
In Rockefeller's school.
And learn about the pure in heart,
Likewise the Golden Rule.
To love your neighbor as yourself,
Nor pass the sinner by,
Unless he dares go out on strike,
Is John's great pious cry.
He'll tell you of his vice crusade,
Preach mercy from on high,
But no compassion stirs within
When miners' children die.
Let's prate of meekness and of love,
Talk brotherhood of man,
But when a miner dares to strike,
Why; kill him if you can.
—Loring Roper.

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.

BOSSSES SHOW YELLOW NINETY CENTS PER DAY

(By Bob E. Jones.)

Minneapolis, Minn., Oct. 16.—(Special to The Voice.)—During the past two weeks we in Minneapolis have been centering some of our agitation on the woods, where conditions, as every lumber jack knows, are positively unbearable and frightful.

Two weeks ago they were offering the workers \$12 a month and board—the kind that makes the rats look for their holes, and makes men die. But since they have got wind of an I. W. W. attack, the bosses have increased the wages to \$32 a month.

Already many good rebels of the job variety have left this point for the woods where a strenuous effort will be made to line up the "choppers." Job agitators who are interested in building up the I. W. W. are requested to hit for the woods. Organization work will surely triumph if we get on the job, instead of getting on the chairs while the scissorbills gobble up the jobs.

Great help will be rendered by another organization to all rebels in the Minnesota woods this Winter, so be there.

J. G. SOLTIS.

WHAT MY ENVIRONMENTS CAUSES ME TO BELIEVE.

(By W. H. Lewis.)

1. That people whose economic interests are not identical cannot be organized in the same organization without compromising the interests of one or the other.
2. That it is impossible to expect relief from above, that if we are to be free we must work for freedom ourselves.
3. That it is impossible to abolish capitalism with any of its institutions, whether it be the ballot box, the bullet or the church.
4. That all reforms will but make the lot of my class harder and the lot of the exploiter easier.
5. That the State is our worst foe and the ones who are advocating State ownership and control of industry are traitors to the labor movement. "Socialists" please note.
6. That after making analysis the scab is composed of the following ingredients: One part werewolf, two parts vampire, three parts corruption and the remainder a mixture of fiend, viper, rapist, dung, coward, slime, filth, cur and hellion. The fact that he lays under the door step nine days waiting for his eyes to open proves that he is part cur, and his every action in later life proves that he is composed of the others.
7. That the I. W. W. is the only organization that reflects the economic interests of my class.
8. That labor leaders are not supermen, but act according to their environment.
9. That a working stiff who lets the boss and preacher think for him is also under the doorstep.
10. That the only anarchist is the one who will not unite with his class. The very fact that he refuses proves his individualism.
11. That the law is nothing but the will of the ruling class imposed upon the ruled class.
12. That might is right, even though it be wrong.
13. That the Mexican question will 'some day be the American question.
14. That the constitution of the U. S. has been abolished.
15. That the gun will not emancipate us but it will make emancipation possible.
16. That, in describing Hell, the scribe was describing Arkansas.

SEATTLE SMOKER

The Seattle locals have held a smoker to collect funds to maintain the Voice. It seems to have been a decided success in every respect. \$46.45 have already been forwarded, with a promise that there is more to follow.

This money arrived just in time to save the paper. We could not have got out this week's issue without it.

There seems to be a little increase in the activity of the locals, bundle orders are increasing slowly, but there is not enough money coming in from bundle orders and subscriptions to pay expenses. The locals of Seattle and Portland have so far paid the greater part of this deficiency.

Our good comrades, who voted so diligently for socialism, are now shooting for capitalism.

The slave who is contented deserves slavery. Only those who rebel deserve freedom.

Dos Palos, Cal.—Just a line to the workers about what is coming to them. In my travels from Sacramento to Los Angeles I note things are getting worse for the workers every day. I am at present working on a ranch in Dos Palos for \$1.75 and board, 10 hours. Next ranch to me is the famous Miller & Lux outfit; it was customary for the worker to land a job there and stick it out for a week at \$1 per day, and then blow. They were so-called American workers. Now the same outfit pays only ninety cents per day. Just think of it, ninety cents and some terrible grub thrown in with it. The hired hands were formerly Americans. Now they prefer the Italians and are hiring them for the ninety cents per day in preference to any other nationality.

ITALY LEADS THE WORLD NOW

Men are not to be deterred from war by parading its horrors. Horror fascinates the sort of human intelligence that goes willingly to war. And much of the horror of war is a matter of rhetoric, or scare headlines. Men love to fight; it is born in them; and certainly it is neither ignoble nor regrettable that the danger of the fight does not deter men from it. When men shall stay home from war for the same reason that William Randolph Hearst declines to enlist, something vital will have gone out of genus homo and the race will rot of its "peace."

Only intelligence will keep men from war—will lead them to other strife, more thrilling, more dangerous than that of hacking and killing each other. And that intelligence will be several grades higher and deeper than the "intelligence" of those kings, aristocrats, journalists, statesmen, and business men who now countenance, encourage, and profit by wars, in which they are too cowardly to be found fighting in the field. It's a rotten, degenerate "intelligence" that will permit other men to do its murder.

Not such "intelligence" have the syndicalists of Italy. It is not the horror or the danger of war that deters Italian workingmen from entering it. It is not cowardice or fear that has thus far kept the Land of Petrarch, Shelley, and Futurism out of the wild murderous debauch. It is the first general sign—and splendid portent!—of human courage and manly intelligence that has yet been unmistakably evidenced in mass conduct.

One speaks from a distance, of course, and a rather scant data—but the Italian syndicalists have made one mistake. They should let the war party go to war and blow itself to hell—the certainly not on the working man's money.

And this is exactly what the war party will never do—of any nation. It stays home and knits stockings for the Red Cross, writes war editorials, votes the money of labor into powder and the lives of the working men into targets, waves the flag, shouts National Honor and Patriotism, waxes rich and fat, and calls its cowardice and cunning "intelligence."

"Italy" might get more territory by going to war—"Italy" would get it, remember, not the Italian people. A few aristocrats and plutocrats would be able to collect rents, or tariffs and licenses from the people now paying tariffs and taxes to some other bunch of politicians! Ah, wonderful, human intelligence! of those Italian syndicalists who keep the Cubists' Land out of the blood orgie! The whole world of labor owes much gratitude to the courage and intelligence of Italy's proletariat.—Everyman.

STRIKE ON RIVER BOATS

The Shaver Transportation Company, the Diamond O Line, and the Clatskanie Line are trying to reduce the wages of river steamboat men from 40c to 35c per hour.

The men, who are organized in the River Steamboat Men's Union, are all out on a strike to maintain the wage scale on the Columbia and Willamette Rivers.

CIVILIZED WARFARE

Some one, somewhere, appears to be laboring under a serious mistake, or we should not have been exposed so frequently during the last few months to the phrase "Civilized Warfare." There is no such thing, of course, as civilized warfare. All war is necessarily barbaric in its methods, and ludicrous in its assumption of its semi-decency.—The Forum.

ROCKEFELLER LABOR INVESTIGATION

Mr. Wilson has continued to urge acceptance by the coal mine operators in Colorado of the basis of settlement proposed by the Federal mediators, but no change in the attitude of the companies has been reported. It is understood that if no agreement is reached within a few days he will order a withdrawal of the troops.

Possibly on account of the Colorado controversy, in which Mr. Rockefeller was involved by reason of his financial interest in a prominent company, the Rockefeller Foundation, to which he gave a fund of \$100,000,000, has undertaken an investigation of industrial conditions throughout the world. This will be made under the direction of W. L. Mackenzie King, formerly Minister of Labor in Canada, author of the Canadian Industrial Disputes Act, and an experienced mediator in labor disputes. He has acted as conciliator in forty strikes, and it is said that in seven years this law has reduced the number of strikes in Canada by 90 per cent. A graduate of the University of Toronto, he was for a time instructor in political economy at Harvard. He is said to have procured the passage of Canada's Trust law, and to his influence is ascribed the enactment of many Canadian laws favorably affecting the condition of workingmen.

Officers of the Foundation say that in spirit and method the inquiry will be like those made by the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. It will seek to ascertain the causes of bitterness in the relations of capital and labor, and the means of promoting harmony. It will not be confined to conditions in any one country. The Foundation, regarding the problem as "the most complicated and the most urgent question of modern times," asks for the cooperation of employers, labor unions, universities and governments.—The Independent, October 12, 1914.

Which simply means that Rockefeller is afraid that labor cannot be kept in submission very much longer with the old methods. He can no longer depend on prayer books and gatling guns. He is looking for some new methods of deception and coercion.

A WELL-KNOWN FIRM

It was a busy office; never before, indeed, in the history of the world had this great firm done such a business. Messengers were running back and forth, executing orders with the crowned heads of Europe, with the heads of syndicates, with magnates and purveyors of food to the common people. In a room marked "private," so that no one might see them, there was even a small group of sleek-faced philanthropists.

A woman had fainted on the street below, and she was brought in and taken up to the office of the head of the firm. He looked her over critically as she came to.

"I am starving," she whispered, as she slowly revived. "My husband and sons have been taken away from me. The price of food is so high that I cannot buy it. Yet I am a wife and a mother. Will you help me?"

The head of the firm smiled grimly.

"We're not in that business," he said, coldly. "Our business, madam, is to ignore women and deal only with men. Here, boy, tell the Kaiser we're backing him. Yes, tell all the imperial governments the same—we're backing 'em to win."

"Why did you have me brought up here," said the woman, faintly, "if you will not help me?"

"Because you don't need such a good dress. Here, boy, take that lady downstairs and change her gown for the cheapest one we have in stock. Keep the other and let her loose. We can't afford to let anything go, no matter how trifling."

The woman, hopeless, was taken away, robbed of her gown, and once more led out into the street homeless.

"What is the name of that terrible firm," she whispered, "who consider nothing but their own diabolical appetite, and who are on such intimate terms with those in power?"

The messenger pointed to a large sign over the door. And she read:

Greed & Co.,
World Brokers.

—Life.

Breaking up the jail is in the same class as breaking out of jail—in unpopularity with the authorities.—Butte Miner.

Comment—It won't be in the same class in the eyes of the taxpayers.

Owen Smith, Ed Ross and C. W. Malone have started suit against the military authorities. They demand \$10,250 damages each for false imprisonment.

Military tyranni don't pay.

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 miljoner arbetare lida hunger och nöd, medan de få som tillhöra 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 lönesläveriet.

Industriauktoritetens sammanslutning i allt färre händer gör att fackföreningarna ej längre kunna motstå arbetköparnas alltjämt växande makt. Fackföreningarna föstra ett förhållande som tillåter att arbetarna sättas i strid mot varandra inom industrierna, därigenom nedgörande varandra i lönesstriderna. 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 baner det revolutionära lösenordet "Bort med lönesläveriet".

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

DENVER, COLO.

All mail and communications for the I. W. W. in Denver should be sent to Pat. Noonan, secretary, Local 26, 1131 Nineteenth street. Secretaries and members please note change.

PAT NOONAN,
Secretary No. 26, Denver, Colo.

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

IS IT A LOST ART?

Whence comes this wail that oratory is a lost art—and why? For years and years every moth-eaten critic of literature and art and the spoken word has bemoaned the decadence of our declamation, shaking his shagged self in woe over the condition he proclaims, and harking back to the spellbinders of bygone days for standards of comparison.

I make this contention: Never in the history of the world has there been so much oratory as we have produced in this country in the past six or seven years; and never, to be more specific, has there been a legislative assembly of any character or nationality whatsoever that has so diligently orated, with so vast an output, as the Congresses of the United States—from the Sixtieth Congress, say, until this present session of the Sixty-third. That comprises but the brief space of less than seven years—about six years and a half, to be exact.

Let me dwell on this vast output which stamps our lawmakers as the champion producing orators of the world. Beginning on December 2, 1907, and ending at high noon on June 6, 1914, our statesmen, in Congress assembled, orated and otherwise talked to the extent of 62,268 pages of the Congressional Record. A page of the Congressional Record is almost as large as a page of The Saturday Evening Post, and when closely set contains approximately seventeen hundred and sixty words. Thus it will be seen that if each page were closely set there would have been emitted, exuded and otherwise presented 109,591,680 words in the time that has elapsed.

However, not all these pages are solid. A considerable portion of the time was taken up in debate, in question and answer—all oratorical, to be sure, but not to be considered as such in the strict sense; so let us say half the time was consumed in debate.

This shows that in oratory—just oratory—set speeches—we have had a production of 54,795,840 words in the interim between December 2, 1907, and high noon of June 6, 1914. Some orators talk more rapidly than others. Some use but one hundred words a minute, and some two hundred. Taking a general average as to the individual production of oratory it is fair to assume that one hundred and fifty words a minute is about right. Thus, carrying the computation out, we discover that about 1217 Congressional days of five hours each—which is more than they average—have been devoted to oratory—to the production of proof that oratory has not been a lost art since the opening of the Sixtieth Congress; and we are about half-way through the Sixty-third.—Samuel G. Blythe, in Sat. Ev. Post.

Our National Hot Air Factory is working—all right. But it don't seem to fill the fool dinner pail.

BOOMERANGS

A rich man's son had the habit of taking his lady friend out for a ride along the country road. He thought himself smart and would make fun of the farm hands.

One one occasion he drove by a cornfield where a boy was cultivating corn. The season was dry and dusty, consequently the farm boy looked rather untidy and his patched clothes soiled. As he came out at the end of the cornfield the city man pulled up.

"Say, kid, that corn looks pretty yellow."

"Yes," replied the boy, "we planted the yellow kind."

"Well," said the city man, "that's not what I mean. It looks poor and weak. You won't get more than half a crop, will you?"

"We don't expect to," replied the boy, "we put this in on shares."

"Say," said the city man, "you are pretty bright. Lived here all your life?"

"Not yet," replied the boy.

By this time the city man was getting pretty well rattled. His lady friend was laughing with the boy.

"Say, kid, you are pretty smart, but there isn't much between you and a fool."

"Only the wire fence," replied the boy.

THE ROSE OF WAR

Its leaves are bright with the cannon-shine,
Its shadow is dark with trembling fears,
Its roots reach down to the deadly mine,
It is watered with widows' tears.

Its blood-red petals are beating lives,
Anguish-dewed where the blossom parts;
Its thorns are the thrusts of angry knives
Death-deep into human hearts.

How fair it gleams in the lying light,
In the flush of the glittering sun how fair!
But tarry not by the gallant sight,
For the breath of the tomb is there.

—Amos R. Wells, in "Life."

KEEPING STEP

"Our pension roll," says the San Francisco Argonaut, "is so honeycombed with graft that to those on the inside of things, a place on it carries the imputation of dishonesty."

It is indeed a pleasure to learn that pension affairs are holding up their end with other leading activities.—Life.

GLORY, GLORY, HALLELUJA.

(By Pat Brennen.)

You can see the German Workingmen come
back from foreign lands,
And don the Kaiser's uniform to protect the
Kaiser's land
With a gun upon his shoulder that's to kill a
workingman,
Those slaves go marching on.

Chorus.

Glory! Glory! Halleluja!
The God of War is now victorious.
Cannons roar and bombs burst o'er us.
Still the slaves go marching on.

We can see the English navy let the pick drop
from his hand,
And grasp the gun and saber for to kill his
fellow man.

We can see his wife and children left to starve
in George's land,
As the slaves go marching on.

Chorus.

Glory! Glory! Halleluja!
The master class is now uproarious.
Kings and Queens they say it's glorious
To let the slaves go marching on.

We can also see the Frenchman with his knap-
sack on his back,
Wheel out the murdering cannon for to drive
the Germans back.

But the master hands are clapping when he
hears the mighty crash,
As the slaves go marching on.

Chorus.

Glory! Glory! Halleluja!
Ye slaves, how easy we have fooled you.
When you're done we still will rule you,
So murder, murder on.

We can see the Russian peasant lay down his
tools of toil,
Because the 'little father' wants some land
beyond the Rhine.

Bloody Sunday is soon forgotten on the knout-
ed road to hell,
As the slaves go marching on.

Chorus.

Glory! Glory! Halleluja!
Swords and bayonets slashing gory,
With gatling guns the Czar employs you,
Ye slaves to murder on.

We can see the kings of finance rejoicing o'er
the war,
As millions of the workers crush their broth-
ers from afar.

They join their hands together and they say
"Thy Will Be Done,"
Let the slaves keep marching on.

Dennis Herliky, saloonkeeper, has filed suit
against Governor Stewart, and the military dic-
tators to recover \$2,181.45 for the booze that
was spilled by the yellowlegs. He also asks
that the defendants be fined \$1000.

The imitation war lords are an expensive
luxury.

Ramsey McDonald, member of Parliament,
in a letter to the London Times, writes about
"the balderdash which is figuring so largely
among the justifications and apologies for
war."

The Saturday Review is much shocked by
this expression and calls it "a very grave
offense."

The Butte Miner of October 17th has a red
scare-head about how the victims in the county
jail are destroying the bulwark of Butte's
civilization.

It seems they have broken up several hun-
dred dollars worth of water pipe and plaster
and windows.

Just one more item added to the cost of
militarism.

We wonder what the Lord thinks of the
titles his children have honored Him with:
"Lord God of Battles," "Jehovah of Thund-
ers," "Prince of Peace," "God of Love," etc.

The gunman and the tin-horn are living
personifications of the stench that is arising
from the decomposing capitalist system.

The military is to the capitalist class what
the automatic pistol is to the burglar.

Wars are quarrels of the ruling classes,
fought out by working class proxies.

"FRIENDS OF LABOR"

This list is reprinted because we have been
informed that the Butte business men like to
see their names in print. We like to be
obliging.

- Hennessy's Store.
- Siegles Store.
- Brennan's Store.
- Shirley's, East Park St.
- Big Four Tailoring.
- O'Rourke's Shoe Store.
- Franzman Wall Paper Co.
- Riddle Wall Paper Co.
- Gamer Shoe Co.
- Brownfield Cnty Carpet Co.
- Lander Furniture Co.
- Ben Calkins Stationery.
- Hight & Fairfield Jewelry Co.
- Butte Electric Co.
- Montana Transfer Co.
- South Butte Tin-Shop.
- Breen's Drug Store.
- Carney Drug Co.
- American Theatre.
- C. O. D. Laundry
- Montana Toilet Co.
- Butte Land and Investment Co.
- Leggatt Hotel.
- Sullivan & McPhee Saloon.
- Southern Bar, "Reddy's Place."
- Davis Confectionery, 110 N. Wyoming St.
- Cohn Bros., Post Cards, East Granite St.
- P. T. Dunn, Insurance, Hamilton St.
- Smoke House Cigar Store, S. Arizona St.
- Mike Sullivan "Big Stops," Exchange Saloon
- Original Mug, East Park.
- L. H. Cohen Cigar Co.
- Doctor Bar.
- John L. Rowan Saloon, Utah Avenue Saloon.
- Crowley and Lockhart, East Broadway.
- Tuxedo Pool Hall, East Broadway.
- Lynch & Lehan Saloon, N. Main St.
- Rex Bar, Doc Mooney.
- Lisa Cash Grocery.
- Forrest and Hausworth.
- Andrus Grocery.
- Youldens Grocery.
- Caplice Commercial Co.
- J. M. Connelly Confectionery, Utah Avenue.
- Armour Packing Co.
- Oxford Meat Market.
- Relott Auto Shop.
- Watchmaker, 121 South Arizona St.
- Rochester Hardware Co.
- Magill & Nevin, Plumbing.
- Montana Hardware Co.
- Pallos Candy, Corner Park and Dakota Sts.
- Paddy Moore Saloon.
- Connell's Store.
- Symon's Store.
- Mattingly's Store.
- Wein's Store.
- Jean Nas Son, Tailors.
- McLeeds, Tailor.
- Holt Hat Co.
- Butte Paper Co.
- Montana Trunk Co.
- Howard Music Co.
- Butte Phonograph Co.
- Lays Jewelry Co.
- E. H. Irish Harness & Saddlery.
- Remington Typewriter Co.
- Dersh & Greenfield, Poultry.
- Owen Montgomery, Drugs.
- Paxson & Rockefeller, Drugs.
- Wolcott, Insurance.
- Ansonia Theatre.
- Taylor Laundry.
- Troy Laundry.
- Stemmons & Booth.
- Northern Hotel Barber Shop.
- Windsor Bar, East Broadway.
- Q. T. Saloon.
- Cross Roads Liquor Co.
- Orton Bros., Music Dealers.
- First National Bank.
- Jere Clifford, East Broadway Saloon.
- Montana Liquor Co.
- McGinley Bros., B. A. & P. Depot, Saloon.
- Boyle Bros., Main near Broadway, Saloon.
- Copper State Saloon.
- Blue Ribbon Saloon.
- Schilling's Pool Halls.
- Silver Dollar Bar.
- Braund House.
- McCarty Grocery, East Park St.
- McCarty Grocery, East Broadway.
- Brophy's Store.
- Kermode Grocery.
- Lutey's and all Connections.
- Butte Commercial Co.
- Western Meat Co.
- McKinley Sausage Co.
- Schmuaecher Meat Co., East Park St.
- Western Supply Co.
- Thompson & Son, Groceries.
- M. & W. Barber Shop.
- Butte Barber Shop.
- Harry L. Hansen, Plumbing.
- Northwest Fuel Co., Grand and Main.

This is a list of the business houses that
refused to sign a petition protesting to the

Governor against sending of the militia into
Butte, Montana.

I seldom make a law for me; it is usually
you I am forcing to do something or prevent-
ing from doing something else. And when I
do make a law for me, I feel very free in vio-
lating it if occasion seems to require.—Life.

The general strike—Making a cook out of
the boss, also a farmer a woodshopper, a—oh,
hell, he won't work; let him starve.

A WAR SONG

There's a mangled corpse by the moaning
spring
And the water is fouled and red,
While, with grim beaks whetted and lazy wing,
Come the birds to a crop of dead;
And the weakest die by the grateful score
With the thirst and hunger that plagues
them sore;
But the slaving, howling beast of war,
He is given his drink and fed.

There's a bugle's blare on the shining hills,
And the music is sweet and wild;
But the guns roar answer and death's tread
kills
Where his feet are with blood defiled.
There is glory's word, and a yell keen-high;
But the best's soon over, and by and by,
In the dark is a woman's piercing cry
And the sob of an orphaned child.

There's a hearth bare-white to the smoking
dawn—
Like a stone where the grave roads wind;
And the camp-fires cheery are strangely gone
From the field where the sheaves none bind.
O, it's bleak and chill when the morn breaks
gray
Where the ghosts flit dismally, seeking they
For the things war ruined to burn a way
For the ashes that rain behind.
—Charles Campbell Jones.

A WRONG DIAGNOSIS

Christianity in nineteen centuries has af-
forded no relief.

This is the opinion of President Emeritus
Charles W. Eliot on war, in a letter in the
New York Times. Christianity should not be
blamed for this. Christianity has never made
any pretense to stop war. Its adherents have
fought and bled steadily ever since it came
into existence. It has given birth to wars, has
often encouraged war, has prayed for war.
Christianity is not, nor ever has been, intended
for this purpose. Its chief function is to fur-
nish consolation to the afflicted and not to fur-
nish any practical measures whereby they may
be relieved from their afflictions.

LAND TITLES ARE SAFE

Vienna (bake shop), Aug. 34 (Exclusive)—
At an international gathering of representa-
tives of the Leading Families of Europe as-
surances were received from all the hostile
powers that no matter who wins Property
Rights and Land Titles will remain sacred and
the entire cost of the war will be assessed
against human labor and paid by the sweat
and blood of the poor.

ILLUSTRATED LECTURES

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

The lectures and the stereopticon views per-
tain to the labor movement. All working
men are invited. Admission is free.

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

The shortest way is the best. Read, think,
then act.

Subscribe for The Voice of the People—
help us to realize the ideal—a world of use-
ful men, women and children. Each for all, all
for each.

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;

NOW IS THE TIME

TO READ B. E. NILSSON'S PAMPHLET

"Political Socialism Cap-
turing the Govern-
ment."

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.