

Rebels! Shall The Voice Die? It's Up To You.

This is Number 59

Organization  Is Power

WATCH YOUR EXPIRATION.
IF No. 60 is opposite your name on address label, your subscription expires next week.

THE VOICE of the PEOPLE

Owned by the Rebel Lumberjacks of Dixie ✨ An Injury to One is an Injury to All.

VOL. III—No. 8.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1914

MIGHT IS RIGHT

Notice to Subscribers.

Many subs will expire with the issues between Numbers 58 and 70. We cannot, much as we would like to do so, notify each of you of your expiration. THEREFORE, please watch the NUMBER opposite your name on ADDRESS LABEL, as it indicates the issue with which your sub expires.

As an example—"Johnny Reb-66," indicates that Reb's sub expires with Number 66 and he should renew at least TWO WEEKS ahead of this if he does not wish to miss an issue of the VOICE.

Please, in sending stamps, send ONES or FIVES, and do not send us Canadian money, as same is subject to discount here.

Make remittances by Postoffice money orders, payable to Covington Hall, Editor.

Rebels Called To Kansas City

Special wire to The Voice.

Free speech in Kansas City requires support of all locals and members to maintain organization in middle States. Police using tactics of clubbing to avoid arrest. Men in jail standing firm. Money is needed to aid and men to fight.

On to K. C. You Rebels!

PRESS COMMITTEE,
15 West Missouri Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Defense Funds Notices.

WHEATLAND: Send all funds for the defense of the Wheatland Victims to, Andy Barber, Sec. I. W. W. Locals, 114 "P" Street, Sacramento, Cal.

TEXAS VICTIMS: Send all funds to Victor Cravello, Box 1891, Los Angeles, Cal., Secretary of the Rangel-Cline Defense Committee.

Carl Person Defense: Send all funds to Carl Person, Box D. Clinton, Illinois.

Railroad Workers, Get Busy! ACT TO-DAY.

All Woodsmen, Attention!

Fellow-workers and all slaves, stay away from Sweet-Home, La., Front. Local 275 on strike. The strike was called to keep one of the Company's old tricks off, trying to break the Solidarity and driving the workers.

But, as always, the I. W. W. got wise and beat them to it. The job is tied up right, not a man working. So all workers help keep it so by staying away until we drive the boss into submission, and prepare for the GENERAL STRIKE of all Southern Woodsmen and Sawmill Workers!

Yours for victory,

PRESS COMMITTEE, L. U. 275

NEW ORLEANS M. T. W. MEETINGS.

Local 7, Marine Transport Workers, I. W. W. Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 o'clock at its Hall, 307 NORTH PETERS STREET.

All Seafaring Men and Rebels Welcome.

Hall and Reading Room Open All Day and Every Day.

JOHN DAVIS, Secretary.
FRANK ALBERS, Organizer.

SAITH VOC THE BARBARIANS

IF I WERE GOD and a Lumber Trust Preacher dared offer up a prayer to me, I would slam him into the Presbyterian Hallelujah department on a thunderbolt.

AND IF I overheard one Bodeau's peons or tenants "rendering thanks" to ME for his dinner of corpone, molasses, sowbelly and cowpeas, I'd call the Fool Killer and order him to get busy, and get busy quick.

I'D RESIGN my job before I would stand for the outrages that are daily perpetrated on earth in my name, if I were God.



THE GENIUS OF LIBERTY BURSTING THROUGH THE DUNGEON'S DOOR.

Organization Is Power

By COVINGTON HALL.

Organization is POWER, and the ONLY power, or the GREATEST power at the command of the workers to-day, for the World of To-day is an ORGANIZED World and, so, the Unorganized are POWERLESS.

In a World depending on Machine Production, where Industry runs into Industry, from the Farms and Mines into the Railroads and Banks, and back again, Organization is the key to Power, and by organization I mean the Industrial Unity of the Working Class.

For it is Industrial Organization that counts, since from the Industries flow the food, shelter and clothing of the Race, and it is the CONTROL of these NECESSITIES that gives POWER, that determines the right of Ownership and Rulership, and even the right of men and women to love and rear families.

It is for this control, the control of the Industries, and therefore of the products that flow from them, around which swings the great modern war of the classes known as the "Class Struggle."

The Class Struggle means that the Workers are forever striving to keep all they produce in the Industries while the employers, or Capitalists, are forever striving to maintain the wage-system and so keep from the Workers the full products of their toil.

All recorded history swings around this struggle of the classes, all wars have had their origin from it, and for the reason that the Class which controls the Industries controls the wealth of the World and, therefore, makes the laws, religions, customs and governments of their time.

The law under which it moves is known as "Economic Determinism," which is to say: Men are governed by the means and methods they use to produce and distribute the necessities of life and, these means and methods changing, change their lives and ideas. As an illustration, we neither live the lives nor think the ideas of the men whose only means of transportation was a dugout canoe: WE live under the automatic machine and our ideas move on the wings of aeroplanes.

It is this law, the law of Economic Determinism, that is junkpiling the Craft Union and making useless the labor tactics of only yesterday, for the automatic machines with which we now produce and distribute the necessities of life have destroyed the skill of the Craftsman and so abolished his power in and over Industry.

This, the abolition of the Skilled Worker by automatic machinery, which machinery has Unskilled millions of Craftsmen and is even now tearing millions of Working Farmers from the soil, has brought the Workers of the entire so-called Civilized World face to face with the greatest Crisis in the history of the Race and posed for them the Question: Will you organize on the only plans laid down by the law of Economic Determinism, INDUSTRIALLY, IN ONE BIG UNION, and Revolutionize the World of To-day, meet the Crisis like Men and so leave a Free Race behind you, or fail like slaves who have only the power to worship the past?

No Political Party can settle this Question, for it is a basic question and Politics is but the superstructure of Capitalist Society. The very best a Political Party could accomplish for the Workers would be, once in power, to do all in its power to keep the State from functioning, and to do this it would have to violate the law of Economic Determinism—destroy the means by which all politicians live. No army can settle this Question, for it is a question of Industry and the business of an Army is to destroy. So the very best an Army could do for the Workers would be to destroy Capitalism, for, while it can TAKE, it has no power to HOLD, for the POWER to PRODUCE the necessities of life is in the hands of the Workers alone.

So even if the Workers are forced to put an Army in the field to drive the Capitalists' gunmen away from the doors of Industry so that they may enter and take possession, yet will the Workers be FORCED to create an Organization that will have the POWER to HOLD the World they have captured, and there is but one Organization conceivable that can HOLD the World for the Workers and that Organization is the ONE BIG UNION.

If you would be FREE, set YOU about the work of organizing it TO-DAY for—
ORGANIZATION IS POWER. MIGHT IS RIGHT.

APPEAL TO THE WORKING CLASS MOTHERS OF DIXIE.

By W. H. LEWIS.

Let us recall a few years; let us go back to the joyous days of your maidenhood, back to the time when he courted you.

How happy you were! How bright the future looked to you. How you planned and talked of the little home you would have.

Here you would have your flower garden, there, down by the spring, you would build a beautiful arbor, and the best room you would have nicely furnished for mother and father when they came to see you. Did not these or similar thoughts present themselves to you?

'Tis true, you saw poverty on every side. You saw the toiling mothers of the Southland slaving 'neath the burning sun in cotton fields or factories. You saw the children of the dear old South working in fields or mills when they should have been in school.

On every hand you saw poverty and all its accompanying evils.

But "John is not like other men, he will provide for me better than father ever did for mother," you said.

Then came years and years of nerve racking toil and anguish, years in which the fear of starvation haunted you night and day.

These were the years in which you almost lost hope, and optimism all but vanished.

But these were the years in which you discovered all was not right. You wondered why some did all the work and had nothing, while others did nothing and had everything. These were the years in which you grew resentful at the undeserved abuse heaped upon you and yours. These were also the years in which the race saving spirit of rebellion had its birth within your bosom, but you did not know this spirit, so you vented it on poor John.

You held the individual as being responsible for your condition. You did not know that it was and is this insane system of society we are living under.

That labor, the creator of wealth, should have that wealth, never entered your minds.

Oh! ye women of the Southland, I appeal to you to heed the message of economic liberty, for upon the working class accepting or rejecting this life giving message depends the salvation or destruction of the race!

A noble band of rebellious spirits, men and women, are sounding far and wide this message. They are fighting the heinous monster, capitalism day and night, year in and year out, and will do so until every slave is free, until every man, woman and child are masters of their own destiny.

For the goal is "a free race in a free world!"

Many of them have given their lives, while others are rotting in the prisons to the end that this message be given you.

You will find them, slandered, cursed and lied about, by pulpit, press and all the foes of human liberty!

For upon your ignorance, and the ignorance of the entire working class regarding the truth of this message, depends their keeping themselves in power and you in slavery!

There is nothing they fear as they do a class conscious and united working class.

The class that nailed the rebel Carpenter of Nazareth to a cross of gold, the class that murdered old Socrates, Ferrer and Spies, the class that is to-day imprisoning working men who have manhood enough to assert their rights, is the same class, the Industrial Workers of the World are fighting to-day!

All the venom of these murderers of the Christ, is being poured out upon these noble men and women, but all to no avail!

For the Union lives! Lives!!

There is work ahead, work that must and will be done!

Oh, ye mothers of Dixie. In the name of our Martyred dead, in the name of a higher manhood, a nobler womanhood! Yea! in the name of life itself, I, your working class brother, appeal to you!

"The State, in order to abolish pauperism, must abolish itself, for the kernel of the evil lies in the very existence of the State."—Marx.

**DON'T FORGET TO—
SUBSCRIBE TO THE VOICE.**

Hurrah, Lumberjacks!

Yellow Pine Pirates Meet

First day's proceedings taken up almost entirely with trying to devise ways and means to head off and keep down the Forest and Lumber Workers Union, prominent among said means being the now notorious Wolf-ware Plan of the Assassimators.

Y. M. C. A. brain-destroyers and backbone-underminers highly praised and to be given full charge of Wolf-ware Plan.

Everything charged by THE VOICE and the UNION in regard to the infamously unsanitary conditions of the Mill Towns and Camps fully proven by admission on the floor.

Get busy harder than ever, you Rebel Lumberjacks, for we have got 'em going! DRIVE them out into the open and FORCE them to come across with ALL our DEMANDS!

"The Yellow Pine Manufacturers' Association" convened in New Orleans yesterday. Coincident therewith three men committed suicide and three men and two women tried to follow them into the banquet halls "On High" via the same route. The Editor of THE VOICE was not invited to grace the hall with his presence, so the report of what took place yesterday, the 10th, is given you on authority of the New Orleans "Picayune," from which all the items under the following subheads (which are ours) are taken.

THE WOLF-FARE COMMISSION.

Despite the objections of the labor unions to it, the manufacturers of yellow pine, now in convention at the Grunewald, yesterday agreed to put renewed vigor and money into their plan of bettering labor conditions through the medium of their Welfare Commission, which is working in collaboration with the industrial division of the Y. M. C. A. A fund of \$3000 was raised to continue the work, which consists of introducing sanitation, personal hygiene, screens, schools and religious services in the various lumber camps.

COMMENT: As there are about 250,000 or more Lumberjacks in the States of Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, Oklahoma and Florida, and only \$3000 subscribed toward their sanitation and the "saving of their souls," (i. e., their labor-power for the Lumber Trust) each Lumberjack is invited to figure out what the "Association" thinks is the value of his "immortal soul." According to our way of figuring the damn thing must be so damn cheap it aint worth either the price or the trouble.

NAWSTY, UNGRATEFUL UNIONS.

President S. J. Carpentier, in his annual address, commented upon the work of bettering conditions, and the labor union's attitude to it. He said:

"It is demonstrated beyond a doubt that 'bettering conditions,' as applied to union rules consists of anything they can get by demand. Any attempt that any manufacturer makes to better working conditions is resisted unless it has first been demanded by union labor. That is, labor organizers are not devoted to bettering conditions, except as they see them in their own peculiar way, and it is a well known fact that they resist and condemn employers welfare work. This is brought out in a bulletin published by the labor bureau, which I quote:

'There is a tendency in labor circles to condemn employers' welfare work. A great objection to welfare work is that it is begun and maintained to prevent strikes and labor organizations.

"It is gratifying to note that the labor department which it is perfectly manifest is under union rule, is frank enough to come out and admit the fact. The labor unions want nothing except what they can get by demand."

COMMENT: The only comment this item needs is, considering Perserdunee Carpentier's declaration for a policy of "perfect candor and frankness," which is something Godalmighty couldn't get out of a Lumber King—our simply calling your attention to the attempt of Perserdunee Carpentier to make the Bureau of Labor bolster up his jesuitism. And, to say the least we do not believe the Perserdunee is so simple as to believe his own assertion that the "Labor Department is under Union rule." This assertion is enuf to make the Archangel Prevarication weep with envy and will certainly be some news to the Miners of Colorado and Michigan.

Most surely we want NOTHING except that we DEMAND, for bitter experience hath taught us that nothing else is worth a continental damn, and most surely we know the Association is going to GIVE us nothing. Further, we have found, also by bitter experience, that it is only those things we can FORCE from the Lumber Trust by the MIGHT of our UNION that are worth having. Our motto is: "Damn your Charity! Produce the goods!"

OF COURSE HE DID.

He denied that any of the workings of the Yellow Pine Manufacturers Association was in contrast to the anti-trust or any other laws, calling attention to

We've Got 'Em Going!

a recent decision in the Missouri courts casting a shade on the organization. He urged the members to enact certain amendments in the constitution, however, saying: "A policy of perfect candor and frankness will do more to ally suspicious than all else."

COMMENT: Nobody but a Y. M. V. A. sucker would believe there was either "frankness" or "candor" in that statement.

The "Pal"-inate was absent, or at least John Henery hasn't shot off yet.

APOSTLE TO WATER-CURERS PREYS.

R. A. Long, who is the millionaire head of the Long-Bell Lumber Company, the most extensive operator in southwest Louisiana, and J. B. White, a millionaire with heavy lumber interests in Louisiana, made talks in hearty accord with the movement. Both of these men live in Kansas City, and have been pioneers in camp improvements. Mr. Long recently made a gift of several hundred thousand dollars to the "men and religion forward" movement.

"Men in charge of big industries don't understand the laboring man," Mr. Long said: "You won't listen to the walking delegates of the unions, and I don't blame you for that," and he continued to say that the present move was the only medium to get in better touch with the camp men and improve relations between them. His company, he said, made appropriations each year to provide its camps with religious services.

COMMENT: We sure feel sorry for the sainted suckers in his Peonities if the sainted Parson is fixing to get a "better touch" on them. If anything will bring them off their knees and make them hear gladly the "walking delegates of the Union," that ort to. But Parsey, what the UNION of LUMBER-JACKS is after is not "religious services," but a service that calls for big, fat, juicy beefsteaks on Lumberjack tables. RIGHT HERE AND NOW—you can have the banquet HEREAFTER, for all WE are concerned, or you can give them to the Y. M. C. A. "soul insurance agents" and "spiritual policemen," for all we care.

WHITE TELLS HOW CHEAP PREACHERS ARE.

Mr. White told about the days in Missouri, when his company would give a Sunday school superintendent \$2 every Sunday he went to the camp and held school. They could secure a sermon from a preacher for a half bushel of corn, he said.

COMMENT: We told you these soul-chasers were a cheap lot of flimflammers, and now here comes Mr. White, Lumber King, and proves it to you. There is one thing we can say for the Catholic priests—they won't scab, they won't "save your soul" for less than their union wage scale—they'll see you in hell first. Please report this to "The Menace" some of your Roman Protestants who are down on your knees "thanking God" for the "religious service" of the Lumber Trust—sowbely, cornpone and cowpeas.

ANTI-CHRIST APPEARS.

C. R. Towson, general secretary of the Industrial department of Y. M. C. A., addressed the convention on the welfare work. The movement was heartily indorsed, and indications are that the coming year will see greater progress in this line than ever before. The idea is to install perfect sanitation in camps, filter the drinking water, screen all houses, and give instructions to the men regarding first aid to the injured, personal hygiene and preventatives to disease. In addition to this, schools are to be conducted. Sunday-schools and religious services will be provided.

COMMENT: If these fellows are so damned interested in the "salvation of your souls," you fool Lumberjacks, then WHY DIDN'T THEY GET BUSY BEFORE THE UNION CAME? Every damned labor-skinner on this Continent is backing and financing this Y. M. C. A. outfit, and you can bet your last Commissary Quarter that these "lambs of God" are working for the WELFARE, not of YOU LUMBERJACKS, but of the Pirates who pay their meal-tickets. Read the booklet sent out sometime ago by the "Tri-State Committee" of the Y. M. C. A. and see if we do not tell you the truth.

THE FOREST AND LUMBER WORKERS UNION.

Back of all this sudden interest in your "souls" (?), O Lumberjacks, is the FEAR of your UNION, the ONE BIG UNION OF LUMBERJACKS.

A greater compliment was never paid to that handful of Veterans who for three long years have kept the Crimson Banner of that Union flying in the jungles of the South despite all the murderous deeds of the murderous Association. Their work, the work of the Veterans, is beginning to tell AT LAST! You, YOU are not a man if YOU do not fall in line and help carry that Banner on to an early and sweeping victory. BE A MAN. Join the Union of Lumberjacks to-day; stick in it; stand by your fellow-workers all along the line and you will soon see a great change in the living conditions of the Southern Forest Workers. YOU have nothing to lose. YOU are at least entitled to a scab's wage, and they are paying strike-breakers at the Sweet Home Front THREE DOLLARS AND BOARD PER EIGHT-HOUR DAY, yet many of you said we could not get the \$2.50 per

Push The Fighting!

NINE-HOUR DAY and no board, which the Union demands, "because the Companies couldn't afford it," so you did say, and now just see what damn fools you were, for the Association itself is proving you a liar.

ON WITH THE GENERAL STRIKE!

If all the Southern Woodsmen will follow the Rebels at the Sweet Home Front on strike, will quit the fool policy of "waiting" while the Association smashes each handful of Rebels, they will WIN the fight hands down. Get ready for the struggle. Get in and stay in the Union. Get all the Lumberjacks you know to come in, and go after them TO-DAY. Get busy for—

THE GENERAL STRIKE OF LUMBERJACKS!

HOW THE WOLF-FARE PLAN WORKS OUT.

It is with sadness and regret that we learn of the tragic death of Fellow-worker N. E. Webb, who was crushed to death early this morning, February 7th, while coupling cars on a log train at Springhill, La. The best we can learn, his death was due entirely to insufficient lights and a broken coupling pin.

To him we wish a peaceful rest after the stormy turmoil of life. To his wife and children left to mourn his loss we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

To others we wish to say: As long as the Boss holds the power to fix the hours and conditions of labor such tragic accidents are going to be common. The Boss care nothing for human life.

He cares nothing for the tears of women and children. He doesn't care how many homes are robbed of their bread-winners, so long as he can coin the almighty dollars.

As long as workmen are silent and will not raise a protesting voice in behalf of human safety on these accursed jobs they are accessory to murder every time a victim is sacrificed on the altar of Greed.

God give us MEN! Jobs like these demand them. S. S. 23.

THE LABOR SPY.

By W. H. LEWIS.

Just now, the South is overrun with this spawn of an unjust Social system. Many of them are carrying union cards, while others carry letters of recommendations, as well, from prominent officials in the labor movement.

What manner of vulture is it that will spy on the workers, gain their confidence and then betray them to the Boss?

Of all the monstrous acts depraved beings stoop to, this is the lowest!

When in the future, the history of the present is written, what will be said of them?

These fiends will sit at the table of a worker, eat of his scant food, look at the wretchedness of his life ones, and at the hopeless condition of his frail wife, and then—betray him!

I say the blackest hell is snow white compared to these moster!

Great God! and this viper who calls himself a man, is born of woman, the noblest creature on earth!

You masters of bread! you who live in luxury, you who despise the workers, the creators of wealth, you who laugh when some poor girl falls, I say to you: all the spies on earth will not save you!

To the spy, I have this to say: The South is a very unhealthy country. I would advise you not to spy around working men's homes at night for the doctors assure us that the night air is favorable to the contraction of meningitis.

We also are, cursed with malaria, and 'twould be a shame for you to have chills.

Nor is the Southern climate favorable to the cure of asmathics.

To you, poor working men and women of Dixie, let me call your attention to the fact that you should not place too much confidence in slick tongued, dainty fingered, well groomed individuals.

But above all things, get into the union of your class, the fighting I. W. W., and help banish slavery from the earth!

There are but two reasons for the spy being in Dixie, and those reasons are, you and the I. W. W.

LUTHER E. HALL TAKE NOTICE

You are hereby notified to expel the BLACKLISTING BUREAU of the Southern Lumber Operators' Association from the office of the State's (?) Conservative Commission.

Further, we are at a loss to understand why the people of Louisiana should be forced to pay the wages of the Association's Blacklisting Clerk and DEMAND that it be immediately stopt.

Lest you think this but an idle boast which we have no power to enforce, we refer you to the Honorable James B. Aswell.

You either expel the Blacklisting Bureau of the Association, M. L. Alexander, we mean, or get out of public life before we put you out.

By order of the CLANS OF TOIL.

SUBSCRIBE TO THE VOICE.

On With The Guerilla!

Slim, The Pipe Liner

By FRED. O'HALL.

Slim first came to Oklahoma shortly after the Oil boom, when this neck of the woods was still known as the Indian Territory. He was a tall, muscular, husky young fellow, just the kind of a man that is able to do a hard day's work.

Men were scarce in those days, work was plentiful and wages were good; so it did not take Slim long to find a job. He went to work in the oil fields. He worked there for a couple of years, and then drifted to the Pipe Lines. He was considered a good man on the tongs. The Boss always had a smile for Slim. He always set the pace and stuck to it. He was well liked by everybody. Never had a kick. Was always proud of the fact that he was the best worker on the line. He spent his money freely and was always ready to help the boys when they were broke.

When Slim first hit the Territory he was not much of a booze fighter; he seldom, if ever, took a drink; but with the hard work and the environment he was placed in, he gradually got to be known as a man who could carry a good load. Slim made quite a reputation as a Pipe stabber, but the hard work was beginning to tell on him. In a short while he lost the knack of stabbing. He was gradually going down hill and he knew it. He blamed his troubles on everything but hard work. He tried to keep up the old pace but couldn't. His length of time on each job was getting shorter. His thoughts went back to the time when he used to ball out the man who couldn't hold down the job for over a week; how he used to call him a "Bum" that didn't want to work. He cut out drinking and went on the "water-wagon," but still he couldn't get his old speed back.

One day when he was carrying butts on an eight-inch line, and working the best he knew how, the man on the points was growing about some one riding the tongs and the Foreman hollered out, "Hey, there, Slim, What are you doing, sleeping on them tongs? Slim drew his pay that night and pulled his freight for Tulsa.

He was not long in town until he was filled up on booze. That night he got pinched for being drunk. He got ten days on the chain gang, cleaning the streets. When turned out of jail he was broke. He then hung around waiting for live ones coming to town to blow in just the same as he used to do. The live ones finally got tired feeding him. When they would see him coming they would beat it out of his way. He knew the game; he had played it himself. He then went to picking up and selling bottles. Got run in a couple of times for vagrancy. His old friends forgot about the days when Slim was a "good worker" and a "good fellow." When they got together in some back yard to drink a bottle of "White Mule," and if Slim's name was mentioned it was always, "That bum, He's no good; he don't want to work; oh, he's a cokehead."

He finally got on a ditching gang. The Foreman knew him in the old days and gave him a snap, but two or three other old-timers came along and Slim had to go in the ditch. He couldn't hold his end up, so his old friend, the Foreman, canned him. He went back to town and got pinched again, but, being broke when arrested, the judge gave him a "floater." He pulled out for Kansas City. He hung around Kansas City until he got played out. Then he beat it to Chicago.

The last time I saw Slim he was hanging around Madison and Desplains Streets bragging about the number of points his gang used to lay out and the good times he had in the oil fields.

There are a whole lot of Slims on Pipe Lines and other jobs around the oil fields, and there will be a whole lot more of them laying Pipe Lines, dressing tools and drilling wells on the corner of Madison and Desplains Streets, and in Hinky Dinks and other barrel houses, unless they get together and organize in the I. W. W. and shorten their hours and cut down that killing pace at which they work.

Come, you Oil Workers, get into the ONE BIG UNION; let us ALL organize together and WE CAN HAVE AN EIGHT-HOUR DAY THROUGHOUT THE OIL FIELDS BY THE FIRST OF APRIL.

For information and literature concerning the Industrial Workers of the World Oil Workers Union, write to J. A. Law, Secretary, General Delivery, Tulsa, Oklahoma, or come to the Hall on North Main Street.

ARE YOU A CUCUCOO?

Back in the old countries the English and Irish workers have a good name for that species of working cattle that are too cowardly to be either out-and-out Unionists or seabs—they call it a "Cucucoo." A cucucoo is a bird that steals its eggs into the nest of another bird, thereby getting all the benefits of another's labor and giving nothing in return therefor. It takes some courage to be a seab but none to be a Cucucoo. A Cucucoo takes all the benefits that flow from Unionism and then tries to shun paying dues and working for the cause that feeds him and his young. Are YOU a Cucucoo?

SUBSCRIBE TO THE VOICE.

The Voice of the People.

(Formerly "The Lumberjack.")

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

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

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 520 POYDRAS STREET, NEW ORLEANS, LA. COVINGTON HALL Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

UNITED STATES: 52 weeks, \$1.00; 26 weeks, 50 cents; 13 weeks, 25 cents.
CANADA: 40 weeks, \$1.00; 10 weeks, 25 cents
FOREIGN: One Year \$1.50
SINGLE COPIES: 5 cents

BUNDLE RATES:

To all Locals and Rebels ordering 10 or more copies and paying 10 weeks, or 50 or more copies paying bi-weekly or monthly, or 500 or more copies paying weekly, IN ADVANCE, we will make a rate of, in United States, 1 1-2c per copy, in Canada, 2c per copy. Charged accounts 1-2c per copy extra. No account carried over 30 days without a remittance.

UNITED STATES: 5 copies, 13 weeks \$1.00
CANADA, 4 copies, 13 weeks \$1.00

CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS.



Prepaid Subcards

We now have on hand a supply of THREE and SIX months PREPAID SUBCARDS. Send in for a few and help in the work of recolonizing the South, which is a matter of VITAL importance to the I. W. W. These cards we will sell you as follows: THREE months cards, FIVE for \$1.00; TWENTY for \$3.50. SIX months cards, FIVE for \$2.00; TWENTY for \$7.00. At these prices you or your Local can help THE VOICE and make a good commission, besides.

Might Is Right.

The root-thought of "Might Is Right" lies in this quotation: "Property, remember, is an integral part of freedom and manhood. They who have no property are at the mercy of those who have. Woe unto him who has 'nothing.' Economic dependence is a flaming hell."

If every Lumberjack, Worker and Working Farmer in the South would read this great book they would clearly see how they have lost their inheritance in their native land by themselves losing the oldtime fighting spirit of the Clansmen.

If you want to read this tremendous Epic of the Strong, send us a DOLLAR and we will send you a copy of "MIGHT IS RIGHT" and THE VOICE for 30 weeks; or we will send you the book alone for FIFTY CENTS. Address THE VOICE, 520 Poydras Street, New Orleans, La.

"THOUGHTS OF A FOOL"

This is another great book I bet YOU have not read. Saith the Fool: "There were swords and bludgeons. Caps and gowns and books. Reformers, Social Settlements. Successful Business Men, Christian Scientists, and prostitutes. Virtuous women (no woman, virtuous or otherwise, ort to read this book) corsets, clubs, law and order, Bibles, and crucifixes. And all these made up the monster, Prejudice. I realized that I was now alone. I heard as from a thousand raucous throats a great cry, addressed, I knew, to me: 'Thou fool: thou art ostracized.'" Laugh with this wise Fool at all the sacred things of Bourgeoisdom. Send us ONE DOLLAR and we will send you a copy of the book and THE VOICE for 20 weeks. You will never regret it, neither will your girl if you make her a present of a copy.

SECRETARIES OF N. I. U. OF F. AND L. W.

Western District: Forrest Edwards, Sec.-Treas.; Address, Box 886, Seattle Washington. Also Secretary of Local Union 432.

Southern District: Jay Smith, Sec.-Treas.; Address, Box 78, Alexandria, Louisiana.

ALL workers in the Lumber and its by-products industries are invited to write the above officers to-day for particulars as to agitation and organization. FIVE or more workers can form a GROUP; TWENTY, a Local Union.

CALGARY MOVED AGAIN.

Local Union 79, Calgary, Canada, has moved to 122 First Avenue, East. All Rebels cordially invited to give us a call. JOHN TERRILL, Sec.

Portland Meetings

The Portland, Oregon, locals will hold regular propaganda meetings twice per week in the hall at 309 Davis St., during this winter. New stereopticon installed. Good speakers needed for meetings in hall and on the street. Everybody welcome.

FRANK CADY, Secretary,
309 Davis St., Portland, Oregon.

FOUND AT LAST!
See It! Read It!

A plan to put within the reach of every one; a series of lectures, accompanied by the latest high class motion picture and stereopticon entertainments.

A clean amusement and educational program, superior to anything heretofore furnished by traveling companies.

This program consists of motion pictures and many beautiful stereopticon views, accompanied by lucid and witty explanations from an experienced lecturer.

No intermission to this entertainment, "something doing" all the time.

FREE.

No admission is charged for the show; all we require is a receipt showing that the holder is a three months subscriber to "THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE" or a purchaser of one or more of our many books to the amount of 25 cents and, believe me, the papers or books are well worth the price we charge for them.

All local Unions of Forest and Lumber Workers, Southern District, should get in communication at once with Jay Smith, Secretary Southern District, Box 78, Alexandria, La., and arrange a date as soon as possible.

Respectfully,

SMITH AND RICE, PROMOTERS.

Call to Southern Oil Workers

The Oil Industry is ripe for organization, not only in Oklahoma, but all over the country.

The slaves of the oil fields have been exploited to the limit, for years they have been working their heads off, each one trying to out-do the other. But at last they are beginning to realize the fact that the shorter the hours and slower the pace, the larger will be the pay envelope. Over one hundred are already lined up in the One Big Union, and more are coming.

Now, HOW ABOUT THE REST OF YOU OIL WORKERS? You Drillers? Tool dressers? Gaugers? Pumpers and Connection men? Don't you think it is about time to get together for a shorter working day? Don't forget that shorter hours and Bigger Pay go hand in hand. Industrially Organized in the I. W. W. we can get the Eight-Hour Day by April First. Get Busy!

For further information, write to J. A. Law, Secretary, Local 586 Oil Workers Industrial Union, I. W. W., Care General Delivery, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

"SABOTAGE."

BY WALKER C. SMITH.

Single copy orders, mailed in plain sealed wrapper \$ 10
Ten copies by mail 50
Twenty-five copies 1.00
One hundred copies 3.50
One thousand copies 30.00

SEND ALL ORDERS TO
BOX 464, SPOKANE, WASH.

SEND A DIME

To THE VOICE for a copy of B. E. Nilsson's fine pamphlet,
POLITICAL SOCIALISM
CAPTURING THE GOVERNMENT."
Something Every Worker Should Read.

LOST OR STOLEN.

SEAL OF LOCAL UNION 391, LAKE CHARLES, LA.

All Locals take notice that the Seal of Local 391 has been lost or stolen.

C. HAVENS Organizer.

Red Song Books.

At Cost Price. Sixth edition of the original and best book of I. W. W. songs. Order now so printer can be paid and the valuable property of Worker saved.

5c Single Copies
\$3.00 per 100

Make Money Order payable to Industrial Worker. Cash must accompany all orders. Address all orders to

Industrial Worker

BOX 2129 SPOKANE WASH.

SUBSCRIBE TO THE VOICE.

Southern District Demands

Wage Scale for Loggers and Saw Mill Workers.

Join the One Big Union.

Initiation Fee, \$1.00; Dues 50c Per Month.

National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers, Southern District.

Demands:

We demand an eight-hour day.

We demand that eight hours be the working day from calling out in the morning until return at night.

We demand abolition of discount system.

We demand that all men shall be hired from Union Hall.

We demand that \$2.50 per day, or \$50.00 per month and board, shall be the minimum wage for all employes in the logging or railroad camps.

We demand 75 cents per thousand, or \$4.00 per day per man, 11,000 feet to constitute a day's work, for log cutting, stumps 36 inches high.

We demand a 50 per cent. increase in the pay of Tie Makers, Stave Mill, Turpentine, Rosin and all other workers in the Lumber Industry and its by-product industries.

We demand that overtime and Sunday work shall be paid for at the rate of time and a half.

We demand that injured workmen be given immediate attention.

We demand that pure, wholesome food be served at company boarding houses.

Cooks and other employes shall not be allowed to work on a percentage basis.

There shall be one waiter or waitres for every 30 men at the table.

We demand that maximum price of \$5.00 per week for board shall prevail.

We demand that the double deck bunks be taken out of all the bunk houses and that beds with springs and mattress be installed in their places.

We demand that dry rooms and bath rooms be installed in each camp.

We demand that the pig pens be kept 300 feet away from the cook houses or bunk houses, and that up-to-date sanitary systems be immediately established in all lumber towns and camps.

We demand that the hospital fee be paid to the Union and that the Union shall take care of all the sick and injured through this fund, or that the men be allowed to elect the doctor and have a voice in the management of the hospital and insurance fund.

We demand that all settlements for injuries shall be conducted in the presence of a committee from the Union.

We demand that all delegates or organizers shall be allowed to visit camps and mills.

GET BUSY!

Begin Organizing NOW and make a report each month of members in good standing at each Local and the vote of all UNION and NON-UNION workers, white and colored, native born or foreign in favor of these demands, and a GENERAL STRIKE to enforce them. DOWN WITH PEONAGE!

All local Secretaries, get busy at once. Show the demands to all UNION and NON-UNION workers in the Lumber Industry. Talk the PHILOSOPHY and the POWER of the ONE BIG UNION OF FOREST AND LUMBER WORKERS. Get to work at once on the job where you work. Organize the unorganized and begin agitating on the EIGHT HOUR WORK DAY and the above WAGE SCALE. The question is a GENERAL QUESTION: NO LOCAL STRIKE WANTED.

HOW TO ORGANIZE.

Twenty members joining at any given place can get charter and supplies for a Local Union. You who read this where there is no Local Union where you are working, be the FIRST to begin agitating among the workers and get twenty or more wage workers to make application for charter and supplies for a Local Union.

For further and full particulars, address:

JAY SMITH, Secretary,
Alexandria, La.

WILL YOU HAVE WAR OR PEACE?

A 10c. PAMPHLET

By William Thurston Brown.

For sale by Portland C. C. C. of I. W. W. At 2 1/2 cents per copy. Express paid by Locals ordering.

Address: Secretary I. W. W. 309 Davis St., Portland, Oregon.

Weihing Printing Co.

(INCORPORATED)

FINE PRINTING OF ALL KINDS
UNION WORK A SPECIALTY



City and Country Trade Solicited.

Prompt Delivery and Satisfaction Guaranteed.
520 POYDRAS STREET. NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Red Cross Drug Store

Tenth and Jackson Streets—Opposite Union Depot

PHONE, NUMBER 212 ALEXANDRIA, LA.

Complete Stock of

Drugs, Medicines, Drug Sundries and Toilet Articles

Our Prescription Department is in Charge of Skilled Registered Pharmacists, and only Highest Grade Materials are Used.

Mail Orders Filled Immediately on Receipt.

Safe Delivery by Parcels Post Guaranteed.

No Order Too Small for Our Best Attention and Service.

"Larroque's House" Cafe and Restaurant

MEALS AT ALL HOURS
Furnished Rooms

307 N. PETERS STREET NEW ORLEANS, LA.
UNDER MARINE TRANSPORT WORKERS' HALL

Billington's Lightning Liniment.

BEST on the MARKET for ALL ACHES and PAINS FOR MEN AND STOCK

10c., 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 a Bottle

Your Merchant or Druggist ought to keep it but, if he doesn't, send your order direct to

BILLINGTON'S LINIMENT CO., LTD.

919 ROBERT STREET, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

THE 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 in employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest 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 whenever 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 wage 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 everyday struggle with 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.

CLUBBING LIST.

THE VOICE, AND—
SOLIDARITYOne Year \$1.50
I. S. REVIEWOne Year 1.50
THE NEW REVIEWOne Year 1.50

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

Enclosed find \$_____ for which send me THE VOICE for _____ weeks, at the following address:

Name.

Street or P. O. Box.

City _____

State _____

If renewal, please mark an X here ().

Danish Longshormen's Strike

A STRIKE IN THE GREATEST SOCIALIST COUNTRY IN EUROPE CONDUCTED A LA A. F. OF L.A. FASHION.

In the whole of Denmark there are about one-third as many inhabitants as in the City of New York, and here is where you get the Socialist party in full flower. It is on the verge of leaping into full power in the political arena, and it is hand in glove with the labor organization. Here then we have the *two-legged* animal that so many American workers believe is necessary to create in order to ride into the new state of society victoriously. Here is where you get reforms served in all sorts of style, such as the old age pension, the sick benefit system, the out of work benefit; these there are charity benefits of various sorts. And besides, the labor organizations have funeral benefits, moving benefits, journeying benefits; and besides that, there are charity benefits of various sorts. And between all these "benefits" the worker in Denmark becomes one of the biggest cowards that ever walked on two legs. If you mention the word, Revolution, to a Socialist he regards you with horror. But if it comes to individual fights among the workers themselves, there the worker shines forth in all his ignorant brutality, which he has learned from the master class. He is immensely proud of being able to lick some of his fellow slaves and to be able to stand for a bunch of a licking himself when empty beer bottles get cracked. But as for licking the master class in an economic fight, there he is totally lacking in good judgment and courage, thanks to the tutelage of the Socialist politician.

Before going into the strike now going on I wish to touch slightly on the real nature of the first three benefits of which the Socialists are very proud, as by compromising with the radical bourgeois party they have helped to institute them.

The old age pension is paid by the state and the commune. The communal authorities have the right to decide in the case of each individual as to how much he or she is to receive in support after the age of sixty years. And if the individual has ever received poor help or been punished by law he or she has forfeited the pension. Now it so happens that in the rural communities it is generally the labor haters, the farmers and sometimes a baron or two, that controls the council. Most of the land here is owned by the counts and barons. The result is that when the poor, outworn workers become 60 years of age that they get a pension they can neither live nor die on; whereas, if it so happens that an upper class member dumps to the bottom in his old age, he gets enough pension to live on comfortably. The sick benefits and the out-of-work benefits are both institutions that the workers can join voluntarily and pay his dues, though they are under regulation of the state and are partially supported by it. The out-of-work societies are formed both by the trade unions and the communities. In general these societies pay their members when they are out of work, not caused by their own fault, (by bad behavior) or sickness, or strikes, or lockouts, a sum equal to two-thirds of the wages that they have been getting, but not more than 70 days in one year.

All these benefits naturally make the workers conservative; for if he is moral and good after the capitalist code they appear to be good friends to fall back on; whereas, if he is bad to capitalist society these benefits are so made they automatically disappear. That is the price the workers have paid for being permitted to send their representatives to the capitalist parliament. Everything has to be paid for in its own coin. But in the time of economic crisis these palliatives are mere drops in the bucket.

The master class is not deceived. They know that they are only waiting for an opportune time to fight the workers to a finish in a general lockout. With that end in view they have so arranged it that all the labor contracts run out in 1916. To thoroughly break the workers courage, they are now constantly threatening the workers with a general lockout, and get the labor leaders to come with compromises to avoid it. The bosses make no secret of the fact that they intend to establish industrial peace (?) by a fight to a finish on the economic field.

And what are the organized workers doing to avoid the inevitable? The leaders that control, both morally and materially, the workers, seek to avoid the subject, and lull the workers to sleep with the idea that a big strike fund is sufficient to fight the bosses and, a general strike is anarchistic. It was just such a condition that confronted the workers in Sweden in 1909, when at last, unprepared in every way, the workers suddenly faced a general lockout. And the leaders by force of circumstance were forced to declare a general strike, which they had constantly declared to be "general insanity." In this state of affairs the workers fought blindly in the desperate struggle and met with a terrible defeat from which they have not yet recovered. The revolutionists saw the storm coming sometime before hand and kept crying out for a general strike, and only got the scornful laugh from the social political leaders that were also the labor leaders, and the same role is played over in Denmark to-day. The workers are not allowed to benefit from their general experience in the different countries by their conservative political leaders who con-

trol the labor press, and incidentally lie and deceive the working class just as much as the capitalist press. It is a terrible state of affairs, but nevertheless true, as I shall show.

A bunch of about five hundred water-front workers in Copenhagen, working for a certain company, struck just before Christmas because the company threatened to reduce their wages about twenty per cent. These water-front workers, according to the capitalist press, made, by the introduction of a certain kind of cranes, too high wages, which on the average amounted to two thousand crowns a year. The company wanted to reduce them to the average wage, and the workers therefore declared a strike. But all the other water-front workers kept manfully to their jobs, thereby scabbing with their union cards in their pockets, while they declared sympathy for the strikers.

Now, in the middle of the winter, both out in the country and in the towns, there are plenty of workless men. There are plenty of big strong agricultural workers who hate labor unionism with the hate that the school and church and press have instilled into them, to say nothing of those who have no more social class-consciousness than a piece of machinery. It was therefore comparatively easy for the company by the help of a united capitalist press to, little by little, fill the strikers' places. While the socialist labor press confined itself to making fun of the scabs, and telling the workers that they would surely win, because the masters could never work with the physical wrecks they had acquired as scabs. But absolutely no move was made to stop the union-organized scabbery.

The Syndicalists drew attention to it, and some of the desperate strikers who could not be deceived and entertained by funny write-ups about scabs and picketing stories, wanted the Syndicalists to get up a mass-meeting to discuss a sympathy strike of all the workers that had anything to do with the water-front. When the Syndicalists saw that the leaders intended to talk until the strike was lost, they set to work and got up a big meeting. They advertised the meeting in their paper "Solidarity," and through distributing thousands of hand-bills, and they also invited the union leaders that were involved.

What, then? The Socialist press now announced that the Syndicalists were in the masters' service and paid to do their bidding, and requested the workers to stay away from the meeting. It alone shows how far the labor press in Denmark dares to lie to the workers, and how far the leaders depend upon the ignorant stupidity of those they profess to be the Moses to, and intend to lead out of Egypt. If they dare to lie so shamelessly about what the workers all over the world generally know, viz: that the Syndicalists are hated like poison by the master class, we can imagine how far they dare go on other lines.

However, the workers went to the meeting in large numbers, the hall being crowded to the doors, and the result is that now when it is almost too late there is talk about stopping the union scabbery, which alone can win the strike.

It is indeed infinitely sad that the workers old organizations both political and economic have turned out to be such farces, just because all the power is taken out of the hands of the workers themselves and centered in the hands of a few leaders. I say *taken*, but that is not the right word, I should say *given*. Because the workers have built their organizations in the image of the state with its centralized authority, and the workers have thereby created an official class with the accompanying autocratic psychology that lies, deceives and burns with the ladder behind it to rule or ruin. As long as the workers only duplicate the capitalist state, they will only succeed in duplicating their chains. *Let each worker burn this into his mind. As the working class builds so they will have it. Cause and effect take no notice of human beliefs and longings.*

CAROLINE NELSON.

D'ANTONIA POISONED?

Recently a fellow-worker of our local returned from a trip to Italy. He informed the local of having met the parents of a fellow-worker who took an active part in a strike in Salem, Oregon, in February, 1910. The name of this fellow-worker, who was arrested, was Potito D'Antonia. The said fellow-worker was arrested during the strike and, while in prison, he wrote a letter to his parents accusing the authorities of trying to poison him. This was the last letter they received from him.

The letter was dated December 21st, 1910 and the stamp on the envelope was dated May 9th, 1911. Now, we have been informed that D'Antonia had written only two letters while he was in prison, so we are almost sure this was the last letter he wrote December 21st, 1910. He either waited until he had a chance to mail the letter, or he gave it to another prisoner, who finished the last sentence for him and mailed the letter May 9th, 1911, when he got out of Salem jail. The strike happened in the two cities (Portland and Salem, Oregon) from February, 1910 to December 1910, or to May 9th, 1911. So it is the duty of the fellow-workers of both these cities to investigate and give the parents of this outraged fellow-worker some satisfaction.

Please, fellow-workers, forward any information you may have or can gather regarding D'Antonia to, J. Israel, Secretary L. U. 90, I. W. W., 363 Bergen Street, Newark, New Jersey.

COMING, SLAVERY OR REVOLUTION.

Never in the history of time has there been a time when the small farmers and wage workers were studying and discussing the labor question as they are to-day. Especially is this so in the South among the Oil and Lumber workers and small farmers. And yet the wage worker and the small farmer is a failure. And why? Because a new system is being born.

Many of you can remember when the principle means of transportation was the Ox and wagon, or the Mule and wagon, you may think that this question has nothing to do with farming. Let us see. When transportation was carried on by the old wagon method those who did the work owned and controlled the means of transportation. Do they to-day? No. They do not own even a right to work in the transportation except there is a big demand for their labor power and then only on condition that they receive one-fifth and give the Railroad Kings four-fifths for the privilege of working.

The capitalists discovered that if all those transportation workers, could make a decent living by hauling freight on wagons which they owned in common, then there could be millions made for the capitalists by organizing big stock companies, build railroads and own them privately. So you can see what has become of the rights of those who once owned and controlled the transportation industry.

Now, the same applies to agriculture. If the capitalists can steal taxes through the government to hire slaves to build railroads, they can do the same with agriculture by building factories and manufacturing Tractor Engines with which to break and till the soil instead of the present method, the horse and mule, which at one time was the Engine in transportation.

If the small farmers can make a living or rather an existence by using the present methods, the horse and mule, then the capitalists can install Tractor Engines and increase the production to even a greater extent, and put all the small farmers of the United States on the bum the same as the freight haulers of long ago. You small farmers, who have been boasting that because you own 160 acres of land you are independent, that you could make a living no matter how the wind blows. Well, you are going to have a taste of this competition against the big machine now real soon. You just as well say that you can hitch up old "Beck and Jenne" and compete with the railroads as to claim that you can compete with the machines that are already being installed right here in Louisiana and other Southern States.

This machine is plowing more land in one day than any small farmer can plow in fifty days, and only one or two men is needed to operate the machine. This machine that is already being installed here in the South is owned and controlled by private capitalists, the same as the railroads. The future farming will be done on the same basis, by wage labor, and only about one-third of the farmers will be able to get a job. So what are you going to do about this matter. This machine will produce as much in one day as 35 small single handed farmers, this means that the machine will make the price of your corn and potatoes, which will be ten times cheaper than you are now producing. Can you small farmers sell potatoes and corn for six cents per bushel and buy clothes for your families? If the Lumber Kings can come into this country and steal all the Pine forests and hire the farmers' sons to build the mills, cut all the timber into Lumber, ship it out and return nothing except a starvation wage to those who do all the work, then the same old bunch of thieves can come in and take the land and make slaves of every farmer and their families the same as the Peon Lumber slaves.

About the time the lumber is gone, and that will be within ten years practically speaking, then the larger portion of 659,000 Lumberjacks will be out of a job, and by that time there will be five million small farmers out of a job, then the small farmers and Lumberjacks will meet between jobs (provided the jails will hold them) and discuss this great economic question. How do you old gray headed fathers and mothers like to see this condition staring your sons and daughter in the face? Did you ever fight for freedom, or would you? Better organize in the I. W. W. and take the earth and machinery of production, and own it in common.—*Jay Smith.*

COMMENT by C. H. In a report just received from the Government Bureau of Labor Statistics on "Wheat Flour and Prices From Farmer to Consumer" there is a sentence fully bearing out the above contention. Says the Bureau's writer:

"Land values have increased materially in recent years, as has the cost of operating the farm. An increase in the price of farm products brings an increase in land values, and an investment in land at a high value makes it necessary for the farmer to raise the crop that will bring him the best price. Only a study of cost of production could determine whether wheat harvested in 1911 and sold in October at 98 cents per bushel meant for the farmer a large profit, only a fair profit, or even a loss."

Many Working Farmers have been trapped into the fatal belief that the tremendous rise in land prices (not "land values") within the last ten years was of benefit to the Farmers who farmed the farms, when, as a matter of fact, what was actually happening was the CAPITALIZATION of land and the EXPROPRIATION of the Working Farmers.

In the sentence above quoted any sane man can

clearly see how the skin game works and that nothing short of the Industrial Commonwealth can save the Working Farmers and their children from abject slavery.

Further, frightened at the fighting strength and spirit that has been shown by the Working Farmers and Lumberjacks in the Forest and Lumber Workers Union of the I. W. W., the very men who have run this limflam over the Working Farmers are preparing to try to buy the Working Farmers away from the fight for freedom with a mess of pottage. Their latest scheme in this line being a scheme to LOAN you money at, they say, from three to six per cent. By throwing the Working Farmers of the South this miserable sop they hope to split our forces, defeat the Lumberjacks and then turn around and pulverize the Working Farmers. For that's ever the tactics of the Masters of Bread in warring on the Working Class—DIVIDE AND CONQUER.

They are fixing to bait you Working Farmers for suckers. Will you bite? We don't believe you will. It pays to stand by your Class in its fight for freedom. Let's make our fathers' wary slogan—"Millions for war but not one cent for tribute!"

ED. McCLINTOCK.

Member Local Union 322. Please communicate with G. Mohring, 34 Cordova Street, West Vancouver, B. C.

STAND YOUR GROUND.

By CASH. M. STEVENS.

My Fellow-workers and brother convicts in the Prisons of Toil—To you on whose naked, bended, bleeding backs is borne the weary weight of all the world. To you, I, a fellow toiler who has shared your poverty, your rags and your wretchedness, your misery, your hunger, your heartache, your sorrows and your tears—I extend the hand of fellowship and speak to you through the medium of the printed page, and this I have to say, "Stand your ground!" *The Dawn is near!* The darkness is almost over and the eastern sky grows rosy red with the coming of a nobler, better, grander day. Lips touched with coals from Freedom's Sacred altar speak words that bite and burn and sear into the greed cursed souls of the masters of the bread like white winged flames from hottest hell.

The flame of liberty is kindling in the Souls of the race and that unquenchable spark that burns in the Shrine of every human heart—THAT Rivers of Blood and oceans of tears have failed to utterly extinguish, that light that has shone through the black night of the ages of ignorance like a beacon star, guiding the footsteps of the race ever onward and upward, out of the dismal swamplands of superstition, where croak the frogs of falsehood and the Serpents of deception trail their slimy lengths through the black mire of long dead and decaying creeds.

My Brother Toilers! The Battle is on. The drum beats to clear the decks for action. In silver notes our bugle is calling, calling for MEN! Men with hearts and brains and souls. Men to enlist in the army of revolt. Men who will enlist far the war, who will never surrender, until the last great conflict of Good against Greed is ended, the last battle of the ages is fought and won, and the Blood Red Banner of Brotherhood waves upon the ruined Battlements of the most despotic and damnable system of Greed, Graft and Slavery the old world has ever known, and there let it wave forever, its crimson folds kissed by the scented winds of Freedom, bathed in the clear light of the Sweet Sunshine of a Purer, Better, Nobler, Grander Day! There, my fellow-workers, my brothers and sisters of the Brotherhood of Toil, I will meet you and greet you and see the light of Liberty sparkle in your eyes!

Men and women, HEED THIS WARNING: Your greatest weapon is PUBLICITY. SPREAD THE TRUTH. Back up your Editors and fighters. DO THIS AND YOU ARE INVINCIBLE.

THE VOICE is doing noble work. It is a whip of scorpions that is driving the supporters of this hellish system to destruction. It is REAL VOICE calling out:

"BEHOLD! YE SHALL NOT TREAD US DOWN LIKE SLAVES! YE SHALL NOT AND YE CANNOT!"

"UP AND AT THEM!"

ON WITH THE ONE BIG UNION!

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

From the report of the Senatorial Investigation in West Virginia:

Lawyer Stedman (for the Miners). "Under the conditions prevailing there, the men did not own their cemeteries or their homes?"

Cabell (Mine-owner): "Well, the cemetery was for them."

"Capitalist civilization condemns the proletariat to vegetate in conditions of existence inferior to those of the savage."—Lafargue.

"He who has might has right; if you have not the former, neither have you the latter."—Stirner.

DON'T FORGET TO—
SUBSCRIBE TO THE VOICE.