

HILL AND PANCNER MUST BE FREED!

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

Organization  is Power

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THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Owned by the Rebel Clan of Toil

An Injury to One is an Injury to All

VOL. III—NO. 32.

PORTLAND, OREGON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1914

MIGHT IS RIGHT

Fight on for Person's Life

By Floyd Gibbons

A special edition of the Bulletin has been arranged for. It will be put up in regular metropolitan newspaper size, and will carry the facts concerning the Person case, which, according to Attorney Comerford, is the greatest mass of manufactured evidence that was ever collected by the State of Illinois, or any other state, for the purpose of railroad an innocent man to the gallows.

State's Attorney Using Logan County Press
State's Attorney Williams of DeWitt County and his press agents, who are responsible for the change of venue from DeWitt to Logan county because of their extraordinary enthusiasm in declaring Person guilty without a trial, has been successful in breaking into the columns of the Logan county papers. With his inconsistency and prejudice, he is so sure of making good his word that he will hang Person, that he can't wait until the trial takes place.

The Illinois Central and the State's Attorney of DeWitt County, whose idea of his duty to the taxpayers of the county is to squander thousands of dollars of their money to attain personal revenge, will no doubt be able to purchase newspaper space for the purpose of poisoning the minds of the people of the community from whom a jury has to be drawn, but they cannot reach the labor movement with their perversions, and this is the jury that The Strike Bulletin is going to make an effort to reach during this murder trial.

An Appeal to the Rebel Army

Strike Secretary J. J. Meagher and his office force have been busy during the week circularizing some of the lodges of the labor movement, and requesting them to place bundle orders for the Murder Trial Edition of the Strike Bulletin.

We are asking all those who are with us in this fight—all who care to help us drive a blow that will count against the state's attorney of DeWitt county and hirelings—to forward us a bundle order for this edition.

With the true facts of the case carried throughout the country by a million copies of the MURDER TRIAL EDITION, the false foundation of State's Attorney Williams' misguided efforts will sink into the abyss of oblivion.

The papers will be sold in bundle rates at \$10.00 per 1,000, or \$25.00 per 3,000 copies. If you are with us in the fight for liberty or death, you will make it your business to attend the next meeting of your union and see that an order is placed for a bundle of the Murder Trial Edition, and after the papers are received you should see that they are distributed in your city.

Address Box D, Clinton, Ill.

Trial to Come up in September

The Person murder case is set for the September term of court in Logan county, the county seat of which is Lincoln, Ill. Our time to get this murder trial edition out is short, and you rebels and agitators who are interested in our and your cause are hereby served with an indictment to have your union place an order with us for a bundle of the MURDER TRIAL EDITION.

LET YOUR BLOWS FALL LIKE RAIN

Every copy of THE VOICE is a blow at working class slavery, and the WAR FOR FREEDOM IS ON. Help us to strike harder than ever.

Every minute more blows must be delivered. Therefore, let every reader of this paper increase his or her hitting percentage at least 100 per cent this week by sending in a new subscriber. GET BUSY TODAY!

It is only 50 cents for six months, \$1.00 for one year, or, in clubs of four or more, 50 cents for 40 weeks. You can easily prove that it is worth it, and more.

CLASH OF CLASSES IN HOP LAND

WOBBLES OUTWIT GUNMEN-DEPUTIES, ENTER WHEATLAND AND OPEN HEADQUARTERS AT DAYBREAK

Hop Barons Circulate Lying Rumor That Ford and Suhr Given New Trial and Sentence

Reduced to 15 Years, Hoping Thus
to Offset Great Wobbly Campaign
for Complete Freedom of
Our Boys

Gunmen, Deputies and Defectives at Old Tac- tics and Get Several Workers Who Were Badly Needed in Hop Fields—Entire Hop Country Placed Under Strike and More Pickets Called For

JUSTICE MUST PREVAIL

Wheatland, Cal., Aug. 15.—We of the advance guard landed safely in Wheatland yesterday. The county roads were patrolled by deputy sheriffs all last night, looking for the Wobblies. We found that we could not get into town by going en masse. So we took our commissary wagon apart. Packed the body and wheels across a creek, leaving no wheel tracks of any kind and, as soon as it got dark, we scattered in all directions with Wheatland as our objective point. We opened up our headquarters at 6 o'clock in the morning and left the deputies holding the county line. They must have thought we had airships. The hop barons have circulated a rumor among the people that Ford and Suhr had gotten a new trial and their sentence had been cut down to 15 years. And so the people think we are asking too much when we demand their release. But they give us this credit: That conditions have been improved 1000 per cent over the last years. The most of the citizens are with us. We tried to rent a hall here to explain our position to the people, but the owners would not stand for it. He tried to get a leaflet printed, but the proprietor considers himself a censor of public morals and, considering that he is a friend and henchman of the Hop Barons, it need hardly be added that he would not print anything for us.

Four gunmen on the Durst ranch beat up a Mexican last night because he wanted to quit.

This morning three men were beat up at the same place while looking for work. The gunmen thought they were wobblies.

While on the picket line today in front of Durst's ranch, the gunmen stepped outside the gate and politely informed the boys that if they are around there tonight they will get filled with lead.

Everybody is anxious to quit, but Durst is trying to keep as near broke as he can in order to keep them there.

Still they are leaving on every train. We can draw them all out if we can get enough pickets.

The Fellow Workers want to remember that the strike is not only on in Wheatland, but that it extends to all the hop fields in California. Now, we need pickets, and we need money to keep these pickets when they get here. So, if you can't come yourself, get somebody to come, or send what money you can to the Defense

Committee at Sacramento. It will be forwarded here.

Remember that Ford and Suhr's lives hang in the balance. Also the happiness of their wives and children. Get on the job.

Don't be sitting around the hall and telling those around you how you would do it if you were only there.

This is strictly a movement of the Rank and File. Don't wait for any "Moses" to lead you up here. Get on the ground.

Wheatland Publicity Committee.

"BLOODY SUNDAY" DAKIN DISCOVERS "DYNAMITE"

Latest information from the front shows that only Fellow Worker Downing was arrested by the authorities in Wheatland. It is their only sop for the way in which they were outwitted by brilliant strategy, early Friday morning.

The Sheriffs of Yuba and Placer counties with a force of deputies, railroad bulls and Thiel detectives were waiting at the Yuba county line to intercept the Wobbly column and supply train. They learnt an hour and a half too late that they had been outflanked, and that the pickets were in possession of headquarters. The S. P. railroad bulls sought to intimidate the members into withdrawing from their properly hired premises. Their bluff was called, and they retired discomfited. Henry Dakin, of Bloody Sunday fame, has "discovered" dynamite. The trick is too old. He or his Thiel allies must have planted it. On Monday next, hop-picking becomes general.

The Horst ranches will be starting up, and the Thiel Agency will have to earn its money. E. Clemens Horst is the high top Czar of the Hop-Growers. He is a personal and political friend of the present California administration. His influence has been used on the Appellate Court to hold up the decision on Ford and Suhr's appeal.

To keep that picket line effective needs men and money at once. Which are you supplying?
By DEFENSE COMMITTEE.

NEW YORK CITY WAR-STRICKEN

New York City, Aug. 8, 1914.

Dear Hall: Things in New York are completely on the bum; they have been that way for some time, but since the European war started it has completely paralyzed the marine transport industry. All trans-Atlantic transportation is at standstill. In case the war should keep up for two or three months, there will be the biggest panic (maybe famine) that was ever known in the history of the human race. Over two hundred thousand men of the marine transport industry are idle at present, without mentioning the rest of the industries. Men are sleeping in the public parks, as over 50,000 men have gathered here. In New York since the beginning of the war, to go and FIGHT FOR THEIR COUNTRY.

Over ten banks have failed up to the present time, and more are expected to follow suit. The war has made itself felt in the very beginning, and what it will be when it is really on for three or four months no one is able to tell. We have been preaching that a war in Europe was impossible on account of the labor organizations, Socialists, Anarchists and Republicans, but we'll have to guess again,—I guess.

With best wishes to you and all the rest of the rebels, I am, yours to win,

C. I. FILIGNO.

CAN YOU BEAT THIS?

Fellow Worker Henry Maroni of Kellogg, Idaho, comes in with the biggest 40 week club yet on record,—27 subs in one letter. Can you beat it? Try your best this week, for we need the money.

All Labor Unions, Attention!

Edmonton, Alta., Canada, Aug. 7, 1914.

Fellow Workers: As you are probably aware, the financial stringency and lack of employment that is nation-wide at present, has, on account of the large bodies of men released from railroad construction work in Western Canada, augmented the labor discontent and brought the struggle for jobs for a bare existence to an acute stage. Now in every struggle that labor has waged to improve the conditions of the wealth producers, those workers who are most intelligent and most active in championing the cause of their class, have in all countries and at all times been singled out for persecution by the employing class. This has been very forcibly exemplified in the case of James Rowan. James Rowan, of Irish extraction, came to Alberta over two years ago and was actively engaged in organizing the workers in the construction camps on the G. T. P. and the C. N. R. After nine months of this strenuous work and with all his money spent and health partially broken, he was compelled to come to Edmonton, and for the last year, in the capacity of secretary of the I. W. W. has been very active in the labor movement, organizing the unemployed to maintain the existing standard of wages and secure employment for members of his class. An active member of the B. C. Miners' Liberation League, he rendered valuable aid in securing financial and moral support for this organization. On no occasion when his assistance could be of value to any labor organization has it ever been withheld and it was this indomitable spirit of fair play that led Rowan to his present difficulties. On receipt of letters from a fellow worker and homesteader named Frank Hiram Johnson at Lac la Biche stating that his (Johnson's) life was in danger, Rowan and another fellow worker named Barrett proceed to Johnson's place, and after walking 65 miles over an almost impassable trail, were horrified to find that they had arrived too late, as Johnson had been murdered at least a week previously, his body being in a state of decomposition when found. Rowan and Barrett then proceeded to return to Athabasca Landing to report at Mounted Police headquarters, but Barrett broke down completely and had to be left by Rowan at Taylor's Stopping place. On reporting the murder to the Mounted Police, Rowan was sentenced to six months hard labor for vagrancy. He was later released on \$2,000 bail. On reporting at inquest at Lac la Biche, Rowan and Barrett, without counsel or witnesses, were recommended by the jury to be held over for murder. Then without notifying Rowan and Barrett's attorney or calling their witnesses, they were given a preliminary hearing at 9 o'clock at night at Athabasca Landing and remanded. They will be tried in the Supreme Court in Edmonton next month. Barrett, owing to his nervous temperament, the physical suffering on the way to and from Lac la Biche, and the shock of finding his comrade murdered, is at present a physical and mental wreck, in fact on the verge of insanity. Now, friends, the case is urgent; these are not the first innocent workers who have been railroaded to the gallows. As it is impossible to go into all the details in a short letter of this nature we wish to call your attention to the following—What motive could Rowan or Barrett have in murdering their friend and fellow worker? None! But Johnson in his own writing distinctly stated that he was in danger of his life from parties in the vicinity of his homestead. Then why are Rowan and Barrett persecuted? Solely on account of their activity in the cause of labor. It is their turn now, it may be yours next. Therefore, as fellow workers and brothers, we ask you to join us in seeing that James Rowan and W. E. Barrett get all the financial and moral aid that lies in the power of organized labor of Western

(Continued on page 4)

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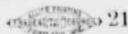
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CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS



"THE STRENGTH OF LABOR IS THE STRENGTH OF LABOR'S MILITANCY"

Brothers and Comrades: We again call your attention to the case of the fourteen members or the working class who have been held in jail in Texas for almost a year. Some months ago four of the men, admitted by the prosecution to be minor offenders, were tried and sentenced to serve long terms in prison. The evidence showed that these men were not implicated in the killing of the deputy sheriff, which is the charge against all of the men.

The case against M. P. Martinez has just been tried and he has been sentenced to twelve years. The case of L. Vasquez, who had been sentenced to fifteen years, was reversed by the Texas Court of Appeals and has just had a retrial at the July special session of court, and ten more years were added to his sentence. How is that for punishing a poor worker in Texas who dares assert his legal rights!

The District Attorney in Texas receives a bonus of five hundred dollars for every person that he sends to the gallows. Remember that.

So confident is the prosecution of the prejudice against these men in the minds of the Texas land owners and lumber kings who fatten on cheap labor, that it rarely uses a challenge in the selection of a jury.

Charles Cline and J. M. Rangel are accused as the leaders of the group and they are the victims of extreme race and class feeling, fanned by the employing class which recognizes a menace to their cheap labor in the teachings of these men. Indeed the real "crime" for which the fourteen men are in jeopardy is their attitude and activity in the labor movement.

They will hang Rangel and Cline unless you prevent it. There is money and hate on the other side. The attorneys at San Antonio write, "We believe every man's life could be saved and there are reversible points in all of the cases already tried."

But they are confronted with unscrupulous witnesses ready to swear to anything to convict their clients.

Will the workers of this country surrender these brave men to the vindictive wrath of our common enemy? So far the answer is no! They have worked for our cause while they could. Now they are helpless in the cruel claws of capitalism's "justice." We who are on the outside must fight their battle now.

Do not let fourteen workers who have done their share in our struggle be imprisoned and hanged. It would be a blot on our movement.

We have saved our imprisoned comrades before and we can save these and we will.

Let every organization which believes in labor's right to teach and organize the workers aid. Give as liberally as you can and above all, give quickly. The Texas court is grinding the cases through with all possible speed and we must be able to fight for the lives of the men at once.

Thanking you in advance for your co-operation, Rangel-Cline Defense Committee,

VICTOR CRAVELLO, Secretary.

Send all communications to Victor Cravello, room 108, Labor Temple, Los Angeles, Cal.

SEND IN FOR A SUPPLY OF 13-WEEK PREPAID SUBCARDS TO THE VOICE AN DHELP SAVE THE PAPER. FIVE (5) FOR ONE (\$1.00) DOLLAR.

REASONS FOR A REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT

By B. E. Nilsson

STRIKE DEMANDS

I believe that the demand for an increase of wages is the one strike demand which is most frequently made. That is not because it is the most important, but because it is the most obvious, and results from the simplest process of reasoning. Every wage-earner can understand that if his wages are increased he will have more money with which to buy the things he needs and desires.

We have, in recent years, been told that it is all a mistake for the workers to demand an increase of wages. Some very learned economists have found defects in the simple reasoning of the untutored wage-slaves. They reason as follows: A general increase of wages will give the workers more money with which to buy the necessities of life; this will increase the demand for the necessities of life, and the increased demand will cause a corresponding increase of prices. The increased money wage will be met with an equal increase in the price of the things that are bought with that money wage, and the worker will get no more of the necessities of life than he did before the money wage was increased. This reasoning seems plausible—let us see if it is correct.

Wages are paid with money (wages are also paid with checks, but the checks are payable in money, so it means money anyway), an increase of wages will therefore increase the demand for money. If an increase in the demand for potatoes causes a corresponding increase of the market value of potatoes, it is equally certain that an increase in the demand for money will cause a corresponding increase in the market value of money; which means a corresponding decrease in the value of everything that is bought with money. The most direct effect of an increase of wages would therefore be to decrease the price of commodities. It is true that the money wage, with its increased buying power, will be taken to the world market to be exchanged for commodities, and that this will increase the demand for commodities, which in turn will tend to increase the price of these commodities. But the commodities are produced by labor. The increase in the demand for, and market value of, these commodities, will cause a corresponding increase in the demand for the labor power required in their production, and will therefore also cause an additional increase in wages.

The trouble with the economists is that they are obsessed with a fixed idea which they call "the iron law of wages." Briefly stated, it is this: The value of a commodity is determined by the amount of labor power required for its production; labor power is a commodity, and its value, which is wages, is therefore determined by the amount of labor power required for its production. They call this an economic, or sociological, or natural law; and they have formed their concept of natural law through much study of the thick, leather-bound volumes which decorate the shelves of the law libraries. Nature is not governed by this legal kind of law.

Let us get back to that general increase of wages. We assumed that this general increase took place; we must therefore also assume some economic force adequate to cause that increase of wages. Such a force could not cease to exist over night, it must persist and continue to act in the same direction, that is, towards further increase in wages. Such a force can not nullify its own effects even to comply with somebody's "iron law of wages," nor to prove the fantastic theories of would-be economists.

The decrease of the number of working hours per day or week is, in my opinion, far more important than an increase of wages; yet it is not so frequently demanded by the workers. This is partly because it is more difficult to understand the full value of a reduction of hours, and partly because those who take active part in securing a reduction of hours do not get all the benefits for themselves. Those who are out of work get part of the benefits, because their chance to secure employment is improved.

The reasons why the workers should strive for a reduction of hours, may be briefly stated as follows:

1. A reduction of hours will cause the world's work to be divided between a greater number of workers, thus providing work for many who are now unemployed. The employers will try to counteract the reduction of hours by introducing new labor saving machinery and labor saving methods of production; but they introduce such machinery and such methods anyway, whether hours are reduced or not.

2. The boss employs you because he gets a profit out of you. He could not fire you, and

still get that profit, if there were no other worker ready to take your place. It would do the employer little good to take a man from some other job and put him in your place, there would still be a vacant job to be filled. That job can only be filled by someone from the ranks of the unemployed. It is the unemployed workers who make it possible for the employer to refuse your demands for higher wages and better conditions, or to compel you to accept lower wages and worse conditions than you had before. The workers are dominated through their fear of losing the job from which they get their living. They would have no reason for any such fear if there were no unemployed that could be put in their place.

3. The struggle for a shorter workday can be made a powerful influence towards uniting the working class, because a victory in that struggle will directly benefit all workers, those who are unemployed as well as those who have a job. If better wages and working conditions are secured it will directly help those who have a job, but it can only benefit the unemployed after they have secured a job; it does not help them to get that job. A shortening of the workday will help the unemployed to get a job, and they have therefore a direct reason for assisting in any struggle for a shorter workday.

4. All workers need more leisure time. (The unemployed have no leisure time, they wear themselves out, physically and mentally, with the most destructive of all labor—ceaseless tramping in the effort to find a master.)

Very few people understand how destructive modern industrial labor is. It is not so much that the total amount of physical energy expended is excessive; but the labor especially in the most highly developed industries, consists in a monotonous repetition of a few simple motions in which only a part of the muscular tissue is active. A part of the muscles are subjected to constant strain all day long and every day, while another part of the muscles remain almost inactive all the time. A part of the body is worn out by over-exertion, while another part lacks the exercise necessary for the elimination of waste matter. Men are actually in need of exercise even when they are worn out by a hard day's work. This is especially true where effort are made to eliminate useless motions by means of some kind of "Taylor-system." These useless motions, where they are not due to inexperience, are instinctive efforts to relieve the muscles which are overloaded and at the same time give other muscles enough exercise to keep them in healthy condition. Men who follow this kind of monotonous work should not only have ample time for rest, they should also leave the work sufficiently fresh to take the exercise necessary for the muscles which are inactive during working hours.

The monotonous repetition of a few simple muscular motions is always accompanied by a corresponding repetition of a simple combination of thoughts, which is as destructive to the nerve tissue as the work itself is to the muscles. The nervous system is as much in need of recreation as the rest of the body after such a day's work.

The direct result of this lop-sided kind of overwork is imperfect elimination of waste matter from the body, which may cause almost any kind of disease. There is not necessarily any definite relation between the job and the disease. The most usual result is premature age, which really means a diseased condition of all parts of the body. A shorter workday will help us to save some of our health and energy for our old age, which is more important than putting our few spare pennies in the bank.

5. The demand for a shorter workday is a repudiation of the employers' right to run his shop as he pleases. The employer takes the position that the shop belongs to him, and that he alone has a right to say whether the shop shall run eight or ten or twelve hours per day. The workers, by demanding a shorter workday, assert that they have a right to decide how many hours they shall spend in the shop; and, as the shop can not be run without workers, this practically means that they will decide how long the shop shall run. The demand for a shorter workday is therefore an indirect demand that the workers shall participate in the control of the shop. This is in line with our revolutionary aim—working class control of industry.

Shorter hours and better wages are needed in all parts of modern industry; it is the two demands that can be made by all workers.

Besides these there is an infinite variety of demands for better working conditions which apply only in some branch of industry or in some locality. The workers in one place may need better ventilation; the workers in another place may need better fire protection or protection from industrial accidents; other workers may be more interested in changing the evil ways of the slave-drivers; those who eat in a company boarding-house usually want better

food. Practically all the minor demands are directed against working conditions which are destructive to the worker's health. They are often, in their own particular place, the most important demands that can be made; but, as the demands, and the conditions against which they are directed, are different in different industries, they can not readily be made the subject of a general agitation. Bad working conditions must be dealt with by special agitation adapted for the particular conditions that are most objectionable in any given place.

The demand for better working conditions, like the demand for shorter hours, is a repudiation of the employers' right to run his shop as he likes.

THE FINAL AIM

The final aim of the revolutionary movement is to take the control of the whole system of production away from the present ruling class, and place it in the hands of those who actually perform the productive labor. The temporary value of a victorious struggle which makes the worker's life happier and safer by forcing concessions from the employers, is, in the eyes of the revolutionist, overshadowed by the permanent value of adding to the fighting power of the working class. An increase of wages is of value to the workers, because it enables them to buy more bread, but the knowledge of how the employers may be forced to grant better wages and more bread is far more valuable. A shorter workday will afford some measure of relief from excessive labor and from the misery and suspense of unemployment; the knowledge that the workers can, by their own efforts, shorten the workday, will show them the way to entirely do away with excessive labor and poverty and economic insecurity. Better conditions on the job will help to make life endurable; the active struggle for better conditions will show the workers how they may some day decide for themselves under what conditions they shall work.

The concessions we win from the ruling class will give us greater security from disease and poverty and premature death. The active struggle against the ruling class will build up our power and revive our fighting spirit until we throw from our shoulders the burden by which we have been crushed for centuries—an idle ruling class which takes pleasure in the senseless waste of the best part of the products of our labor.

C. M. & ST. P. STRIKE

Deer Lodge, Mont., Aug. 15.—Just a few lines from the strikers of Camp No. 1 at Deer Lodge, Montana. Everything is going along very smoothly at present. The R. R. Co. scared to start anything for fear that it will cause another explosion like at Butte. They know organized labor in Montana gave us their support both financially and otherwise, and they don't want to start anything they can't finish. The mayor of Deer Lodge, who is also the Warden, or Slave Driver of the Penitentiary, would like to get tangled up in this affair, but you know the Master's Voice, the railroad, says no. He is naturally sore at organized labor in these parts since the time he tried to work the convicts on the roads and the Western Federation got after him and told him to cut it out, and what's more, they saw that he did cut it out. So it's natural that those floppers of his he calls hands are itching to use a club on the heads of anything that looks like organized labor. The C. M. & St. P. R. R. is just about tired of chasing up and down the line with poles they can't unload so they piled them up in the yards at Deer Lodge until such time as they can slip one over on the strikers. Reports are coming to camp every day that they want all kinds of men to work along the line but we are very stubborn in our picketing, etc. We refuse to fall for their dope. We were told that the company cut the work out until the war is over in Europe. But that don't work for they loaded the cars up with provisions and fuel and hired a new cook, a woman cook and a waiter, and that don't look like the war in Europe is troubling them. I think this picket war is troubling them more than anything in Europe. But we are watching them and their sluggers know it.

Pat Brenner, Sec. Strike Camp No. 1.

MY POEMS

Many Rebels having urged and requested me to get out a volume of my poems, I have at last decided to do so. The book is now being gotten up, with illustrations by one of the best illustrators in the West. It will be paper bound and sell for about 50 cents a volume, discounts being allowed to Locals and speakers who care to handle same. Later notice will be given as to when the book will be on sale.—Covington Hall.

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

REWARD FOR PATRIOTISM

An article by Mary Boyle O'Reilly in the Portland News of August 14, gives the following description, by an eye witness of the battlefields at Vise and Liege, Belgium:

"Belgians and Germans lay strewn in indescribable confusion, giving mute evidence that the conflict had been hand to hand—bayonet against saber. Lying among the corpses, on them, under them, were the bodies of horses and the wrecks of automobiles and bicycles. The Belgian cyclist infantry, I surmised, had caught a body of German infantry and cavalry here, in a flank movement.

"The silence was ghastly. The battlefield was two days old, and the wounded had all been picked up, or more likely had found relief in death.

"All along the route villages were in ruin, fields flattened, forests charred by flame. A sheet of fire and steel seemed to have blazed across the country, and left it a dreary wilderness.

"Much farther along I came to the real carnage—the fresh battlefields around Liege. The living, still uncared for, lay among the corpses. Have you ever burned out a huge nest of worms in a tree and seen the mess of their bodies on the ground, seeming to writhe as a whole because of the still wriggling, agonizing forms scattered through it? Just enlarge that picture to human proportions and add to its silence the horror of groans and cries! That is what I saw on the outskirts of the great battlefields at Liege.

"Here a man whose body turned over. Another was jerking spasmodically in the death grip. There a bloody arm was raised, and further on a hand beckoned in appeal. Bleeding forms were painfully crawling over the shambles as aimlessly, it seemed, as singed insects. Red Cross surgeons and ambulances were working their way methodically across the field, which under the gloomy drizzle of rain had grown sodden. Its mire and mud puddles were stained red.

"As I moved along the slope fearful details began to sink in. Here was a path of wheels in the mass of flesh where artillery, changing its position in mad haste, had torn wheel cuts right through the dead and dying forms! An inarticulate sob issued from a body at my feet. It was maimed, broken and bathed in blood, and the whole face had been crushed in by a horse's hoof. Yet the blind, shapeless thing was still alive! I moved away in a panic of cowardice. But what more could I do?

"I pointed out the spot where it lay to one of the Red Cross surgeons, yet I knew he would pass it by for the wounded German near at hand who might still be saved.

"Mother!"

"Somebody cried for water, but I had none. 'Water,' the hoarse voice still sobbed as I went on. I escaped it only to come to something worse. A young boy, sore wounded in the breast, was deliriously crying, 'Mother, oh my mother!' The anguish in that voice, alone on that awful field, calling on the loved one who would never hear it more, brought burning tears to my eyes when I thought that all feeling had been blunted by horror.

"I turned to my motor and took the road back toward Holland, in flight.

"I have been into a hell—not of fire, but of macerated flesh and gore, of lingering agony and ghastly death.

"The flames of hell would seem pure, swift and sweet by comparison!"

Comment—This is the penalty which the workers pay for patriotism. This is how the master class rewards obedient slaves.

Is it not about time for the workers to take from the master class the power to send men to such slaughter, to turn this smiling earth into such a loathsome, blood-stained, famine-stricken horror?

Let your battle-cry be: "Death to war! Down with capitalism!" On with the One Big Union!

PALOUSE REVERIES

In the land of the Palouse up to the present time there have blown up and burned over one hundred threshing machine and one hay baler, within a radius of probably 80 square miles. The causes given by the machine men and the various professors of the state colleges, and also the newspapers, are as follows: Smut, poor grade of oil and by the migratory worker, especially the Industrial Worker of the World. The last reason is advanced mostly to give to the public and especially the Workers, a wrong conception of the meaning of the term sabotage, or in other words, to offset the sentiment in favor of the men on trial, for propagating the ideas of One Big Union, or trying to organize on the job.

The meaning of the word sabotage is, if I understand it right, as follows: An individual or collective interference with the efficiency of

the machinery of production and transportation. It does not mean killing of human beings, or destruction of property. For myself, I am a strict adherent of the law of least resistance, and so, why should we destroy to build the same over again, when we can have the same by co-operating, or organizing, and taking it over?

No, the slaves here are not contented; I have never seen one that was; but for them to lay all traditions aside, to co-operate with each other, instead of "a scrambling over the job war," they are as yet without a common understanding. Yours for the revolution.

F. C. HANLEY.

Editor's Note—We are asked to comment on this. We fail to see where much comment is necessary. The man who asserts that sabotage means the taking of human life or destruction of property, doesn't know enough to keep from getting his feet wet in the Sahara Desert.

ALL FOR ONE—ONE FOR ALL!

By W. H. Lewis

Industrial slaves, arise, unite!
Naught will aid you in the fight,
Dark will overtake the right
Unless you organize your might!
Standing firm against the night,
Throw the gauntlet out to them,
Ring the curtain down on them,
Invoke your power over them,
Anoint your hearts with hate of them,
Labor strong must win the fight!

Woe are you, the Bosses' slaves,
Ordered out by curs and knaves,
Run to earth by gun men braves,
Knifed upon the profit lathes,
Emptied out in paupers graves!
Return their measure unto them,
Sab their leisure out of them,

Order peace away from them,
Fire you souls and spit on them,

Throw your might into the knaves!
Howls the wolf around your door,
Eating out the lives of poor,

Waiting all the time for more!
Oh workers, clad in rags, unknown,
Robbed of all, denied a home,
Living on a crust and bone,
Death awaits who stands alone!

PLUTE, SKINEM AND ROBB

Divide Up In Your Union So We Can Bust You Up More Easily

By J. S. Biseay

Mr. Workingman: We did not intend to write about the I. W. W., but this gang has become so noisy that warning is necessary. Don't listen to them if you have our interest at heart. Don't pay any heed when they tell you about how we used thugs and liars to cook up the case to our own satisfaction in order to land Ford and Suhr. This is a free country. If we wish to railroad some agitator, though innocent, to a life term in the pen; why shouldn't we? But these I. W. W.'s are not satisfied with what we do. They want you to have shorter hours and more wages. This might appeal to your dense mind, but beware.

More wages would make you only spend foolishly for steaks and other luxuries. Shorter hours would only give you time to think and study. This would be very bad—for us. A thinker makes a very poor slave, while the well fed are prone to revolt under oppression. You see; we want to avoid the expense of hiring sluggers to break your head. While it is a free enough country for us; don't make the mistake of thinking that you have a look in. We intend to keep you toiling at the point of starvation, praying, starving, sweating and dying on the job, so long as we make a profit on the transaction.

Instead of organizing into One Big Union, you should divide up into little trade organizations. Make each one separate from the rest. When one strikes, the others should remain at work so the strike can be speedily broken. Never mind that talk about "class solidarity." We want labor division. Labor pitted against labor in mock comedy.

Keep cool and work hard. Stick to us and you will become so degraded that they will not want you in hell. Yours for idiotic slaves.
D. GENERATE KHUSS, Secy.

STRIKE WARNING

Grays River, Wash., Aug. 13—There is a strike on in the Portland Lumber Co.'s camp here, please advise all men not to come here looking for work.

The Portland Lumber Co. gets all their men through Evan's Employment Agency on Second street, Portland.

ONE BIG UNION IN LUMBER INDUSTRY

By W. H. Lewis

Logging

In the olden days, the days of individual production, logging was a far different occupation from what it now is.

Then the logger as a rule owned the timber, and, if he did not also own the mill, he at least received the greater part of his product through the sale of the logs.

He was, in a sense, free compared to his condition today. But he had to go. Efficiency stepped in and said, "if the logger can make money hauling logs, sometimes three and four miles, then I can make more money by building railroads to the woods, and transport hundreds of thousands of feet where he moves only a couple of thousand feet of logs per day."

The invention of the steam loader was a great aid to efficiency, displacing as it does the thousands of men. So the boss has reasoned that with this improved machinery he could reduce the number of employees, increase production a thousand fold, and also obtain the labor necessary at a greatly reduced price.

So the independent logger with his ox team and freedom of labor of yesterday, has given place to the modern wage slave, whose standard of living is lower than was that of the chattel-slave, and who, not owning the tools of production, gives the boss four-fifths of his product, as rent on the tools.

When the great forests of the South were first exploited, log cutters received 75 cents to \$1.00 per 1000 feet for cutting.

Today when the timber is practically gone, he receives 35 cents and sometimes as low as 25 cents.

In proportion as have the cutter's wages been reduced, so have the teamsters, swamper and all workers of the logging forces.

The logger meets a further reduction in wages in the shape of doctor fees, insurance graft, higher rents, and the ever increasing prices of food products.

And so, fellow loggers, we here face a condition that is steadily growing worse, and I ask you the question: where will it end?

What method shall we employ to better this condition? For bettered it must be or dissolution will set in.

In many states there is a "law" written on the statute books, "forcing" (?) the companies to "pay" off every two weeks. Arkansas has a ten hour "law" also.

These "laws" have been repeatedly violated until, today, they are not worth the paper they are written on.

The workers can hope for no relief from people who make laws and then fail to have them enforced.

Nor is any political law worth a damn unless you have the industrial might to compel the boss to obey it. But with your industrial might you could pass a law of your own and would have no need of the paragon of the politician.

How can you even hope for relief in a system where the class that owns the industries makes the laws, interprets the laws, and enforces the laws; does so in its own interests? As well ask the wolf to spare the lamb.

Then where can you find relief? You must through your organized economic might—not find—but force better conditions from the boss. How? The gun? No! By refusing to work, to create any more profits until the boss increases your wages. But for isolated groups to strike is worse than not striking at all. It only weakens the cause of the workers in the eyes of those the rebellious workers must gain if we are to achieve our ultimate goal.

And so to the end that we can better our condition, that we may raise ourselves above the environment of the best, that we may get a little longer lease on life, and ultimately to free ourselves from wage slavery, I ask you in all good faith, knowing as I do your condition, the hardships, you suffer, to get into the one and only union that intends to organize all the workers in a given industry into One Big Union of that industry, it being an integral part of all big unions of all industries of the world.

In short, join the I. W. W., the union that has nothing to lose and everything to gain in the fight. Get ready for the general strike of the lumberjacks!

THE STRIKE BULLETIN

CARL E. PERSON, EDITOR

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

Locals will please note that A. B. Prashner has resigned as secretary of Local 322, Vancouver. All communications should be addressed to the undersigned who has been elected secretary of the Local.

W. J. ROBERTS, Fin. Sec.

FRESNANS JOIN IN DEMAND FOR RELEASE OF FORD AND SUHR

Huge placards bearing the following inscriptions were hung about the stage:

"Militia and gunmen take warning; the future is ours.

"Pinkerton, Burns & Co., look out; we have awakened.

"Why not hang the murderers of our women and children?

"WE have tired of hunger, let us feast.

"Lest we forget, Cripple Creek, Coeur d'Alene, Homestead, Tampa, West Virginia, Calumet, Ludlow, Wheatland—

FREE FORD AND SUHR, OR LET THE HOPS ROT;

"OUR ONLY SALVATION—ONE BIG UNION.

A general boycott against all the hopgrowers in California was endorsed at a Ford and Suhr agitation meeting in the Fresno Court House Park last night (August 12th), by the adoption of a resolution, the tenor of which was, free Ford and Suhr or let the hops rot. Three thousand people attended the meeting and the resolutions were passed without an opposing vote.

J. A. Cameron acted as chairman and introduced Harry McKee of Fresno and Austin Lewis, the attorney of Ford and Suhr.

Lewis gave a short history of the antecedents leading up to the shooting at WHEATLAND and the treatment of Ford and Suhr after they had been arrested.

"The trial of these two men was a farce," said Lewis, "after the grand jury had refused to indict either of the two men, the district attorney, Stanwood, swore to a bill complaint and the men were held to answer after a most forcible preliminary. At the trial both Ford and Suhr were both found guilty of conspiracy to murder and were sentenced to life imprisonment. But Ford and Suhr were not sentenced because of the murder of District Attorney Maxwell, but because they raised their voices against the hopgrower interests by organizing and conducting a strike among the workers in hop yards."

Fellow Workers, the time is RIFE; organize on the hop field and pull off a general strike in this industry; make the HOP BARONS see that it is to their interest to have Ford and Suhr set free; hold street meetings, agitate the facts of the case, for the cold facts of the trial and sentence of Ford and Suhr are sufficient, and do not need any artificial coloring. Get in the hop fields and make the master feel that an injury to one hop picker is an injury to all workers. You cannot tell,—it may be your turn next.
E. S. Carey, Sec. 66.

LOST ANGELS

Scene on Los Angeles street, Los Angeles; time, one Sunday; always a crowd of hungry, homeless men; they come and they go; along comes a human wreck, dress very poor; her cheeks all puffed up from hard times; a social tragedy; she maneuvers along as though she were floating on air; along comes a bull; she pays no attention to him; he jostles her along by the neck and, to my bitter surprise, some fellow workers laugh: Oh! the bitterness of it all. She surely was a member our class once upon a time, the working class. Some poor woman's daughter. I've been on Los Angeles streets on a week day and the bull would herd us to the gutter, but not so on Sunday. Why? Probably there is protection in a crowd. Oh! the tragedies I have witnessed in this Southern Hell!—C. O. G.

**REBELS!
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THOU SHALT NOT KILL—THYSELF

By Fred Freyr

This new commandment is as old as the world. It was, it is nature's first and most important law, equally valid for all of her children, including man. But the toiling slave was made to forget that primal law until he lived in his hell-existence—unconsciously—an endless violation of it.

To what depth of slavery the two-legged animal will sink—once only brute, physical force could chain the slave to his master imposed, self-murderous task—and now? Behold, thanks to age-long treatment of his brain with the educational morphine of theological, judicial and political medicine men—the vermin of the human race—he admires his chains and glories in voluntarily, loyally and patriotically committing suicide by hours and inches. Loathsome sight.

Who can deny, that the slave has persistently and voluntarily maimed, exhausted and killed himself (beginning with the time, when masterly trainers succeeded in domesticating the animal man by enwrapping his will and freedom and dignity with a blinding fog of theological fears and general mental darkness?

But enlightenment is spreading: To the toiler the tool; to the tiller the soil. This knowledge finds expression in the industrial union. We are on the upward climb to freedom. We gradually leave behind the shame of our ignorance and inherited craveness that speaks from "A fair day's work for a fair day's wage," or "the interests of master and slave, employer and employee are the same." Soon we shall wonder at ever having stayed for ever so short a time in that low most bottom of the low most pit of human debasement—slavery.

Fearful, but just is the punishment, life visits upon violators of her laws. Poverty, disease, beggarm, premature old age and damnation to an earthly hell unto extinction of the slavering breed is the atonement she exacts for the one unpardonable sin: weakness, lack of assertive, fighting manhood, lack of resistance to robbers, thieves and cannibals. In our age of organization this means collective resistance through the union, the One Big Union in class conscious working class solidarity. Have you joined?

They are helped who help themselves. Well and manly spoke old Jehova of Bible-fame to Moses, when with fierce indignation replying upon the latter's tearful tale of woe: "What, comest thou to me?" meaning thou hare-hearted coward, thou pestiferous, kneeling, praying weakling, art thou not a man with a will to find a way and travel it by thyself?

All through the ages of our "educational poison treatment" we slaves have been deceived, misled and honeyed, we are systematically bred, kept and educated into mental darkness by the master and his herders, who call themselves our friends and benefactors, our leaders, superiors and great men, our reformers and political saviours, but who in reality are our trainers to the yoke of industrial slavery.

Never may the workers of the world expect from these highly skilled professionals in the well paid and honored trade of riveting mental slave chains to be taught aught of the truth that would make them free.

No—these our "friends and educators" want no straight backed, self-reliant men to fight authority but docile beasts of burden.

To deaden our sense of dignity, to cloud our reason, to make us insensible to the pain and danger to life caused by the chafing of the harness through filling our skypiece with their accursed educational poison—such is their life purpose—for that they are paid.

"Be an industrious, be a loyal, be an efficient—be an honest slave; work and pray; if you work for a master, for heaven's sake work for him not part of the time, but all of the time, these are samples of the ensnaring vaporings, in whose noise our "friends" seek to drown the serene voice of life as it speaks. "Thou shalt not kill thyself—least of all for a master."

Have any of our "educated friends," any of our benevolent friends with the charity-itch and the rest of our "superiors" ever told us such? Rabbi, priest, and preacher, evangelist, Y. M. C. A. and other drug dealers in salvation together with the remainder of the beggarly, but ever well-fed hypocrites in Christ,—have they ever come to where we produce the food they eat, the clothes they wear, to where we print the books they read their poison from or to where we make the beggarplates they swing and have us taught. Such wisdom?—that we should work less hard and less long, that we should wear better clothes and live in beautiful homes—that above all, if these things were not ours we should unite, organize in One Big Union, take possession of the earth and establish upon the bedrock of working class solidarity an order of society where all work? Have they told us, that their own God hates

the meek and answers the praying weak: "What comest thou to Me?" or, that the first commandment of life is: "Thou shalt not kill thyself—least of all for a master?"

They have not. But we all have heard the holy hirelings hurl at bread-clammoring workers: "Slaves, obey your masters." Ever stones for bread.

And when nature has become angered at someone limb on the tree of life, tears it off and casts it back into the crucible, then at the suicide we see them spit and slobber the venom, their bought and paid for livers manufactured from the wrath over having one sheep less to fleece, over having one animal with labor powerless to exploit. For the same reason they are silent on the fact, that nature sows a thousand seeds where 999 will perish and but one will grow—just to construe intelligent regulation of the birthrate a deadly sin, when applied by the human animal to himself instead of to cats, cows, wheat and corn.

Yes, it is a deadly sin to reduce the output of human cattle for exploitation. Does not that attack the source of wealth to the capitalist husbandman? Does not that make insecure his and his "learned" herder's seat at the table of life? Can there be a more deadly sin than to reduce the master's waist and think of ordering him to work through the One Big Union or let him starve! Can there be a more deadly sin for the slave, than taking direct action for becoming free?

Judge then our "friends" in the light of truth. We have no more mortal enemies than they.

What say the doctors, the benefactors of mankind, they who possess knowledge, have they ever enlightened us on the primal law of health and long life?

Or don't we want to live as long a life in splendid health as the "higher-ups"?

When then and where have the physicians taught us aught of the killing effect of night work and overwork, of work continued to exhaustion or carried beyond that certain point which the professional and leisure class knows so well to avoid?

When has he made us despise the insufficient malnutritious and often poisonous food we feed on—when has he filled us with loathing at the unsanitary unhygienic way, we exist—when has he inflamed us with consuming hatred against breathing death with every breath in the dust and fume laden air of our work places?

Perhaps he thinks, such dirty work cattle as we are incapable of appreciating a good home, cleanliness and health?

Why has he not inspired us with a fervent zeal for the acquisition of knowledge on how to live a long life in perfect health? Why has he not roused us to passionate desire and love of perfect physical man, woman and childhood?

Lo—look at this other "educated" "friend" of ours—why has he not at least tried to go after and get these things?

He could have held up to us his thoroughly class-conscious union as a splendid example of what power lies in solidarity for "getting" the good things of life.

But he, like the rest of our "educated" friends, our avowedly useful friends—looks out for himself and his class.

So must the worker look out for himself and his class—each for all and all for each—strong through themselves—strong and powerful through organization at the point of production—fully aware and conscious, that the working class and the capitalist class have nothing in common.

The educated, professional herders, trainers, cajolers, deceivers, misleaders, amusers and veterinaries of capitalism, two types of whom are roughly relieved in this article, with whom have they anything in common? With the working class? With the working class? I think not. If you don't think so either, then I should judge your place is in the One Big Union, the I. W. W., the Union that fights for the abolition of slavery.

ILL-TIMED HYPOTHESIZING

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman is usually the most careful of all the suffrage orators to preserve the proper sequence of cause and effect. It was all the more surprising, therefore, to hear her assert the other night at Cooped Union that we never should have had the war, or the near-war, in Mexico if women had been able to vote. At that very moment a war was at its height in Colorado, which has had woman suffrage for many years. As the suffragettes have been reminding us on every occasion of the wonderful things that they have accomplished in Colorado, Mrs. Gilman should have been quick to notice their failure to avert the Colorado war. So far as we have been able to observe, they hadn't even tried to avert it up to that time. Indeed, it looks, as if Colorado as a shining example of woman suffrage was lost to the cause forevermore.

THUS SPAKE KING HUNGER

(By Nils H. Hansson)

Through all the past ages I have had the world at my command. For centuries the blood of the innocent has flown because of my strength, because of my almighty power.

All since the birth of Time, since the beginning of humanity, all since one animal raised itself above other animals, all since then I have swung my whip of terror and destruction.

I have built bells around the hearts of millions; I have destroyed the happiness in thousands and tens of thousands of homes; I have stifled genius; I have crushed little children, and with blood and tears I have drenched their mothers' love.

With my force I have taken the little ones from the schools and play grounds and sent them into the killing mills, those raking and torturing monsters that destroy the sweetest in life—the flower of the coming future, the morn and the hope of a new race.

I have shut them out from sunshine and joy, and inch by inch I have checked their growth; roses on their cheeks were never visible; their faces I have shrunken in, and their backs I have bent.

The tenderest ones of them I have forced OUT ON THE STREET, there to sell the highest, the sweetest they ever possessed—for the sake of a crust of bread.

The stronger ones I have sent out in hunger and want to face the wintry breezes, out over the snow-clad mountains, over the sandy deserts—where I, King Hunger, am reigning supreme—again in the search of a little piece of bread.

I have sent the MASS down underneath the surface; down to the burning hells; down where human lives are melting away in gas and heat; down there where the sweat and blood is continually dripping from the grimy figures who hastily are taking the earth's riches up to the light, and who give their lives for a crust of bread; down there where the flaming fire of hate is burning in the breasts of those beasts of burden.

With the mass of the world I have piled up the gold for the few; through all the ages I have put gold before life; gold has been my pass-word, my motto, and my soul.

With that little shining metal in my hand I have sent the greatest mass of humanity that ever lived into the deepness of sorrow, into starvation and breadlines.

See how they stretch out their bony hands after the crumbs of bread, which have been thrown out by their feasting masters; see how their eyes are glowing with awe and longing for an opportunity of stilling their age long hunger!

All through history they have built and built—for others to use; in suffering and hardship they have torn down the forests and raised the great monstrous cities; but, behold! for every minute spent in constructing this inhuman age of slavery, there have been lives lost—sacrificed on the altars of gold and greed.

I have used the pulpits, the courts and the laws as tools, when piling up all those things produced by the busy bees; I have used brutes with flashing swords to hold those toiling hands in subjection; I have denied their brains the training; with my lash of Hunger I have held them back to be trampled upon by their drivers,—my servants.

But the lines of hungry wretches are growing every day in length and in strength. I am trembling at the sight of it! I am afraid that the end of my reign is near. My power is disappearing. As I am making the hungry armies stronger and greater, I am slipping down to my own grave.

How dare those good-for-nothing starving human beasts throw me down? How dare they oppose my terrorism? Haven't I been their ruler? Haven't I been their Redeemer and their Savior? Haven't I saved their souls? But now, now they laugh at me and my churches, synagogues and soul-saving institutions.

Erect they stand and refuse to kneel down before something they cannot see, and which—they say—has only destroyed their lives in the past and kept them in darkness and slavery.

No more can I tell them from the pulpit: "Be Christian and contented!"

All gods are falling, and my dark deeds go with them.

The churches are getting empty; the pulpits are shaking—and my throne is near to be overthrown. It is going down, down into the deepness of the Pit, down into the darkness of the human race.

Those hungry wretches in the breadlines shall throw me down. No more shall they believe in hunger and want. No more shall they cringe and yelp at the feet of their masters; no more shall they there, in the Slave-Pens, give their sweat and blood, and the best, the broadest and the dearest they ever had in their possession.

No more shall they stretch out their bony

hands, grabbing for the crumbs of bread that are falling from their masters' joyful banquet tables.

I, with my almighty power shall force those wretches to turn their heads and see all the beauty they have made in the past; to see all the handiworks that have been done by them; to see all the greatness which shall be theirs as soon as they become conscious of what they are—the builders of the whole world.

Those builders with iron and wood shall reap what they, and their forebears have sown, because, as I, King Hunger, am disappearing, something a thousand times greater is taking my place—it is called, SOLIDARITY.

By the force of THAT the whole world shall be changed; a new era shall begin, and I and my like shall never come back to oppress humanity.

As I gaze at THIS I am powerless before the greatness of it, before the Uplifting of Mankind that lies before THIS,—SOLIDARITY! Already I see the hungry men join hands against me. No more are they willing to obey me. No more will they stand in the market place, stamping with empty bellies.

I hear their cries for bread! I hear their cries for more happiness! I see how they are leaving the Slave-Pens, how they are leaving their drivers, churches and hypocrites behind them; how they, with a happy smile, hand in hand, are looking forward to the time when in mines and mills and factories blood and sweat and tears shall be no more, a time when there shall be no more destroying of children and of mother love! To the time when I, Hunger, shall be dead forever!

ALL LABOR UNIONS, ATTENTION!

(Continued on from page 1)

Canada to extend to them. The case is urgent.

Requit all funds to J. G. Gaveel, I. W. W. Hall, 47 Fraser Avenue, Edmonton.

Signed: R. Bradshaw, J. H. Graul, G. G. Gaveel, Committee.

FEMINISM IN GERMANY

Germany has a standing army of tremendous size, a navy that is second only to that of Great Britain, and an industrial establishment the growth of which has been one of the surprising developments in European history of the last century. This whole structure rests on the shoulders of the humblest women of the empire, and would collapse if they should revolt from the heavy burdens which have been imposed upon them.

Generally speaking, Americans do not consider Germany an agricultural nation, yet the fact is that the Germans have brought agriculture up to higher plane than any other people on the globe, and Germany is the only European country which relies solely upon itself for its food supply.

The backbone of Germany today is its farm women. Labor is scarce. Far more women work in the fields than men. If the German farm woman should strike, Germany would face the greatest crisis it ever has had to meet. Agriculture would be ruined, industry would fail, and the empire would become bankrupt.

It is a good thing for Kaiser Wilhelm that the farm woman of the Fatherland is a solid, patient creature, who gives little heed to the preachings of her militant sisters of England, and who has no sympathy with the spirit or the acts of those radicals in the ranks of the socialists who practice what is known as syndicalism.

—Popular Magazine

Almost everybody admits that all institutions create their own moral and ethic. Yet there are some who will not see the need of Industrial Unionism. Capitalism is a system of robbery and exploitation and it is as a result of Industrial Exploitation and slavery that Capital maintains its position. The moral that Capitalism has created is, that all is fair in war. We are thus justified in any and all attacks on Capitalism. Sabotage, Direct Action and the General Strike are the things most dreaded by the Capitalist. Why don't you fight with the weapons most deadly to your enemy? The situation today is war between Capital and Labor.

One of the objections urged against chattel slavery was that it parted children from their parents and wives from their husbands. The present system of INDUSTRIAL SLAVERY is a thousand times worse in that respect than the old system of slavery. It sends the wives and daughters to the streets; the children to the mills; the father on the "road" as a floater, or to jail as a striker; the labor leader to the M. & M., or CIVIC FEDERATION; the politician to the SENATE and the Capitalist to Europe that his daughters might be debauched by a syphilitic degenerate with a title, whose principal concern in life is to spend what our children are DRIVEN to earn in the way of profits at the expense of their childhood, health, intellect and sometimes their limbs.