

# A LONG WORK DAY MEANS A LONG BREAD LINE

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# THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Owned by the Rebel Clan of Toil

An Injury to One is an Injury to All

VOL. II—NO. 41.

PORTLAND, OREGON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1914.

MIGHT IS RIGHT



"BELIEVE ME"

—Reproduced from Oregon Journal.

## INFORMATION, USEFUL OR OTHERWISE

The reading public is very much interested in the European war, getting information about how one side or the other makes a slight gain or suffers a more or less important defeat, or how the information received yesterday was all a mistake.

The war news are largely received from the government involved in the war; and these governments have, or think they have, good reason for circulating misleading information. War news are made by statesmen and diplomats these days; and the chief qualification of a statesman is the ability to stuff lies into a gullible public.

We know that a large part of the war news are not so, and the rest of it is pretty sure to be misleading in some respect; and we have no way to separate the truth from the lies.

There is no doubt about the historic importance of this war. It will affect all the European dynasties, and may even eliminate some of them. It may bring about great changes of national boundaries. Weaker nations may be swallowed by stronger nation in the peace settlement. Millions of workers may be killed, or crippled for life, before the slaughter is over. And the whole life of those who survive will be changed by their horrible experiences.

We will, for a brief moment, suppose that all the war news are true. That we are actually being told how many men are killed and injured; how many steps forwards or backwards are taken by each army; how much of the products of labor is destroyed each minute, or hour, or week. After we have laboriously acquired that information—WHAT GOOD WILL IT DO US?

Even if we could accurately measure the effects of the victories and defeats in this war—what good would it do us? If we knew, positively, that Germany would annex Belgium, or that Russia would annex Poland—what would we have gained by that knowledge?

That knowledge will not take from us a square inch of land that we possess, nor give us a square inch of land that we desire. What if we know how many of our fellow-slaves are killed and wounded, and what agonies they suffer—what can we do about it? We don't start wars, and we don't stop them; and as long as we don't there will never be any real value for us in the war news. It will all be as useless to us as the information that our neighbor's cat suffers from a bellyache.

The only thing worth while that we can learn from this war is that we, and our fellow slaves in Europe, are pawns in the war gamblers' game, to be sacrificed whenever it serves the profit mongers' interests—and we ought to have learned that long ago.

We must acquire the power to prevent war and to stop war, before war news can have any practical value for us.

## BUTTE WAR LORDS WEARY

The official censor permits the three company owned sheets to print several columns of false, misleading and slanderous stuff about the I. W. W. and Socialist Party every day, but refuses to allow the Butte Socialist to publish anything that would have a tendency to strip Kelly, Root, Malcolm, Gillis and others of their ilk of their cloak of Hypocrisy. He seems to know that if these home-breaking, poverty-making mental and moral perverts were shown to the people in their true colors, the town would become too warm to hold them. Even the Mr. Blocks, and we have them in abundance, can see who owns the censor.

Their latest stunt was to get an Austrian by the name of Malets who is a candidate on the Socialist ticket to sign his name to a scurrilous article which appeared in Sunday's Standard. In this screed they accuse the I. W. W. of blasting the Miners' Union Hall and of putting men in all of the A. F. of L. unions to try and disrupt them.

They also criticize the officials for their inactivity during the period of the miners' efforts to release themselves from the squeezing tentacles of the W. F. of M. or as it is known locally "The Amalgamated Aid Society."

The article in question is without a semblance of truth and is just another one of hundreds of such idiotic actions performed by these incompetent self-styled rulers of Butte. It is the belief of many that the intent of this article is to defeat the Socialist County Ticket at the coming County Election.

The Company means to have the scalps of the politicians as well as those of the I. W. W. bunch, and are using "Comrades" to accomplish their purpose, but we should worry.

Dan Liston, a saloonkeeper, was arrested some time ago for asking a patron what he thought of the militia. He was let out on bonds and the case would have probably been dismissed but for the fact that Joe Bradley had a letter that came in Liston's care in his possession.

Ed Evans was released on \$4,000 bonds a few days since but was re-arrested before he could get out of the Court House on a charge improvised for the occasion, "Military Necessity."

Fellow Worker Dawson was re-arrested, and threatened with four years in the pen if he did not leave town immediately, by Provost Marshal Conley.

John Berkin whom the writer introduced to you in the previous article is living up to his reputation. He and several of his deputies have been watching the railroad yards for the I. W. W. army. They go out in automobiles armed to the teeth and, whenever they meet a bunch of jobless men, either compel them to turn back or keep on going.

The consensus of opinion among those who even do a part of their own thinking is that the law and order (?) bunch seems to have entered into a conspiracy, the object of which is to make the I. W. W. a goat.

The burden has proved to be more than they can bear and must needs be shifted to other shoulders.

The I. W. W. sentiment has become so strong in Butte that the Company sheets are unable to stifle it, so Con Kelly imported Byron E. Cooney and together they hatched a slimy off-spring which smells even stronger of kerosene than either of its three contemporaries.

As a thrower of mud and slime he is in the same class as the notorious John B. Mulcahy of the Butte Independent. He served his apprenticeship in the office of the Butte Evening News, a defunct sheet owned and operated by F. Aug. Heinze during his war with the A. C. M. Co.

When Donohue was called for permitting this sheet to appear without being censored, he claimed that he had no knowledge of it until after it had made its appearance on the street and admitted that it was "raw." He failed however to arrest the editor.

Richard Howard, a young Anaconda man with a military bug, came to town some weeks since and introduced himself to the officers in charge here as Captain FitzAllen Howard of the British Army, and stated that he was in the West to purchase cavalry horses for His Majesty's army. After visiting the mess room at the Court House, the captain concluded that Uncle Sam was a bum provider and conceived the idea of showing these military gentlemen how superior was the British way of feeding officers. He thereupon hid himself to the Legatt Hotel and made arrangements for a banquet such as these parts had not known for a long time.

He spared no expense and those of the guests that were able to talk after partaking of the captain's hospitality until the early hours of morning, pronounced it the most sumptuous feast of their lives.

The captain neglected to pay the score and beat it to Anaconda where he was arrested and brought back to Butte.

He is now in jail musing over the ingratitude of his military guests and waiting for some "Chivalrous Knight" to come forward on a prancing steed and put his vile keepers to rout. It is said that these military gentlemen upon learning that they had been taken in, were deeply humiliated, and that Donohue, in trying to forget the incident, nearly put the Silver Bow Club Bar out of existence. How successful he was can be attested by hundreds who saw his standing in front of the Court House with an idiotic expression on his face and using the stone retaining wall as a prop. While on this protracted spree it is alleged that he took occasion to tell some of his masters in the Silver Bow Club what he thought of the whole damn business, and he had been here nine days before he realized that he was riding Con Kelly's horse, saddle, bridle and all.

The higher ups decided that as an army officer he was setting a bad example and told him that his political fences in Dawson County were in need of repairs. They kindly gave him a leave of absence which he took.

Captain Sargent who took charge in Donohue's place upon being quizzed today as to why he was dressed in civilian clothes replied that the whole damn thing was a farce and he was going to leave.



DEATH: "COME AND JOIN"

—Reproduced from Oregon Journal.

## "THE CLARION" CALL

An Open Letter to Robert Blatchford

(By W. A. Kennedy, in The Spur)

Dear—Robert—Of late years you have surprised us. You influence is great and far-spread. You have used it to extend the war-fever. You have gone military-mad. In recent numbers of the Clarion—to put aside your Daily Mail and Weekly Dispatch contributions—we read such sentiments as follows:

"We are engaged in a life and death struggle. If we are defeated, there is an end of the England of Shakespeare, Cromwell, Nelson, and Dickens. But, of course, we shall not be defeated. The race is sound. Britain is not degenerate . . . to prevent the unthinkable world—calamity of the Empire's break up, the entire manhood of the nation will rise in arms. Ere our beautiful land is laid waste, and our heritage of liberty lost, come Freeman, come."

The above is culled from the Clarion of August 28th last. In your issue of September 4th, the article on the front page, opens as follows:

"It is the duty of every British citizens during these days of trial, to support the Government, and especially Lord Kitchener and Mr. Winston Churchill."

In the same article occurs the passage: "Were the majority of our young men slackers, and afraid to fight, the Empire would not be worth fighting for. But it is worth fighting for, and our people will fight, and win."

Which prepares us for the following conclusion:

"Speak to them in plan and naked words. Tell them, Germany is out to boss them, and they must fight or be bossed. Tell them the war is here, and it is not a thing to talk about, but a thing to tackle. Tell them what the Tommies are doing, and what fine fellows the Tommies are—But that is too difficult. What words could do justice to Tommy Atkins. There never were better soldiers, nor better men."

Thus you sound the "Clarion" call of battle. Thus you urge us to rush to take up arms; to use these arms to kill, and to slay—not our oppressors; not the tyrants who take away our freedom; rob us of our wealth; condemn us, and our beloved ones, to everlasting slavery and the continual torture of semi-starvation; who herd us into hovels, stifle our aspirations, laugh at our efforts to climb from out of the pit, and who kick us down again, aye, and keep kicking us when we are down, lest we dare to rise again.

It is not to wage war on such tyrants as these, that you sound your present call. No; it is to shot and to kill our poor fellow-slaves, our brothers and sisters in misery, who live across the sea and to whom we have sworn—sworn by the blood of the martyrs of our common cause—an everlasting bond of brotherhood and comradeship. Why should we fight? (Continued on page 4)

## THE WAY TO PEACE

(By Leo Tolstoy)

"Gentlemen—Your views, announced in your charming and interesting letter, that universal disarmament can and will be produced most easily and surely by the refusal of every single individual to perform military service or to be trained as a soldier, are both sound and correct. I, for my part, am disposed to think that this is the only possible expedient for saving the nations from the curse of war. On the other hand I cannot accede to your opinion that one ought to submit to the so-called "Peace Conference" instigated by the Tsar, the question as to whether citizens who conscientiously refuse to carry arms ought to be

compelled by the State to perform works in the interests of the community. I consider this idea fallacious, on the ground that the Peace Conference itself is nothing but an unblushing comedy of the good old pattern, the object and aim of which is, but no means, to limit the danger of war, but, on the contrary, to try and hide from the people the only way in which universal peace and fraternity stand a chance of succeeding."

The above is the first paragraph of a letter written by Tolstoy to the Swedish Peace Party in 1899. It shows that whatever may be said about Tolstoy's ideas on other subjects, his ideas on the war question were even then further advanced than are the ideas of the present Social-Democratic International.

The Voice of the People

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

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

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION  
309 DAVIS ST.  
PORTLAND OREGON

B. E. Nilsson.....Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

United States: 52 weeks, \$1.00; 26 weeks 50c; 13 weeks.....\$0.25  
Foreign: One year.....1.50  
Single copies......05

BUNDLE ORDER RATES

United States: 5 copies, 13 weeks, \$1.00; or 10 or more copies paid 10 weeks in advance, 1 1/2c per copy.

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

CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS.



EFFICIENCY

There is among our members a great deal of dissatisfaction. Our organization does not grow as fast as we think it should grow. Our propaganda is not as extensive nor as effective as it should be. Our literature and agitation needs far more support, financially and otherwise, than it is getting now, before it can bring about the results that we all desire.

The ideas which we propagate are getting a recognition among revolutionists and thinkers which would confirm our confidence in them, if we needed any such confirmation. Our enemies have long since recognized that the workers can overthrow the present system of wage-slavery; if we once succeed in organizing on the industrial field, in such a way that we can act together in our own interest.

It is not the ideas which we propagate that are at fault. Our failure must therefore be due to inefficiency in our methods of propaganda.

I don't pretend that I can plan a new and effective system of agitation. All that I can hope to do is to arouse the interest of the members. A system, or a method of doing things, is very seldom, if ever, evolved in one man's brain. An efficient system of doing any kind of work is generally the product of many brains which are all impressed with a vital need for efficiency.

Some of our members say that the workers are too stupid to organize. That can hardly be true. Some very stupid people have organized. Even if it were true, it would not help us to solve our problem. The workers must organize, and we must find a way to help them. If the workers are stupid it only means that we must find a way to organize stupid people. If we fail to do so it will prove our inefficiency.

Others contend that our street agitation is to blame. No doubt there are some very objectionable features in our street agitation. But it is one of the methods of agitation which has survived, and about the only one which really pays its own expenses. Street agitation may have done harm at times; but it is the only kind of agitation which we have been able to carry on continuously—or nearly so. And very few of our western locals could be maintained at all without street meetings.

There is need for better speakers, and better support for speakers, and greater regularity of meetings; but we simply cannot dispense with street meetings until we have found some other method of agitation, and a way to pay the expenses of such better methods. Even then, it is doubtful if it will ever be of advantage to us to discontinue street meetings altogether.

When we hold a hall meeting, or a smoker, or an entertainment of any kind, we usually have to plan all the arrangements anew each time. If we happen to have men with experience in such things, the arrangements will be reasonably good; but if the men on the committee in charge are inexperienced the arrangements will certainly be according. We have no such thing as a definite plan for such things which inexperienced men may follow.

The same criticism holds good in regard to job agitation. Much energy is wasted because of lack of co-operation. When the "wobbler" strikes a new job he must waste valuable time in seizing up the situation and in trying to find out if there are other members already on the job. He must find out for himself whether the other workers are very discontented; and he must get a line on the company suckers. Before all this is done he usually gets canned. He

has to spend so much time and energy in getting the information he needs that he seldom gets a chance to do effective work.

Our agitator should know all about the job before he gets there. He should have a fair idea of whether it is a favorable field for propaganda. He should know if agitation has been carried on there before, and to what extent. He should know what assistance it is possible for him to get. We can make no claim to be efficient in our propaganda until we have an effective system of supplying such information. And we have no business to expect great results from our inefficiency.

We I. W. W.'s must order new suits of sack-cloth and ashes. (Some sack-cloth will be necessary to meet police regulations). Our souls have been weighed in Ben Reitman's apothecary scales—and found wanting. Too small to match the decorations in the pipe-dream mansions of Reitman.

Besides, we get hungry and dream of pork chops, when we should think of Liberty and the Modern Drama and other large and vague things of life in the sweet by and bye.

Wonder if Reitman would think of pork chops or of Liberty if he got real hungry? Which raises a question in physics or metaphysics. Do souls contract in poverty and expand at the feed-trough?

"MURDER AT DUNSMUIR"

Authentic news has reached here of the cowardly and brutal murder of Fellow Worker Thomas Lane, card No. 111294, at Dunsmuir, Cal., on Monday, October 19th, about 9:30 p. m. by a member of the S. P. police force known as "Jerry."

This Cossack pushed Fellow Worker Lane from the top of a moving freight train, by prodding him with a gun, causing him to fall between the cars, with the result that Fellow Worker Lane was cut in two.

The coroner's jury, composed of S. P. servants, brought in a verdict of accidental death, despite the evidence of six creditable witnesses. This "Jerry" is a heavy set man, about 35 years old, clean shaven, dark complexion, plain clothes, and usually wears a big slouch hat.

All fellow workers coming south are hereby warned that they are likely to meet this ruffian, and to give him no opportunity to commit another murder.

Fellow Worker Lane was about 45 years old, height about five feet nine inches, weight 155 or 160 pounds. He was a member of Local 382 of Seattle, and was initiated at Kamloops by Sam Nelson.

TONOPAH, NEV.

I have just arrived in this town and will say that I have met some fine "union men." My first experience was when a brakeman refused to recognize my card. He called himself a "card man." I told him what I thought of his kind of seab union men!

Then I had to walk 20 miles to a tank and waited there for one day and then I took a junk train and rode in the firebox right under the brakeman's seat. I rode 95 miles and then I was ditched again. After that I walked and the walking is good out here. Having been away from civilization so long I was surprised to come in time and to take part in the Free Speech Fight. It is liable to be a repetition of some of our famous fights. Let us get our fighting clothes on, and show the scissor-bill how it is done. He is getting tired of starvation and hard work and begins to wonder if it is not possible to get a little more of what belongs to him and what he is continually being deprived of. I have spoken to men with blankets on their backs and they are all howling for wobbles to start something.

They want the wobbles to get the gods and hand them over to them a la socialists. No, Mr. Scissorbill, you will have to put your shoulder to the wheel and help, but you will starve a little before you get your nerve. The rumblings of the slaves is louder on the coast than it ever was before, but I think that it has not yet reached the burning point. It is a wonder to any thinking rebel how the slaves can be made to carry the burdens of the world so patiently. But my dear masters, you will surely reap your deserts when the time comes; because the harder you enclose and oppress the revolutionary spirit in the working class, the harder will the eruption be.

With best wishes for the revolution.

I remain,  
DICK HIGHFIELD.

TAFT, CAL.

L. U. No. 453, I. W. W., has moved into a new hall at corner of Third and Main streets, Taft, Cal. All rebels are welcome.

JOE RUSSELL,  
Financial Secretary.

Address Box 636, Taft, Cal.

The Illusion of Political Democracy

LECTURE BY

Clifford B. Ellis

AT LIBRARY HALL  
TENTH AND YAMHILL

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 4TH

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

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

ENGLAND

By James Rohn

The current histories of the countries now entangled in that commercial enterprise commonly known as the "European War" are inadequate to supply a historical basis for the war.

Many of the more subtle sophistries, are to a mind not versed in materialism, confusing.

In particular—the racial argument advanced from radical as well as capitalist sources seems well founded when we realize that race hatred does exist and adds to the bitterness of the present struggle.

A clearer understanding of how the great European nations attained their greatness will not only supply the one and only reason for the war but will lend a peculiar charm to the claims of morality being advanced by all belligerents.

The commercial aspect became the dominant feature of England at the close of the Middle Ages. The passing of Feudalism, the Creation of the Anglican church and the placing of temporal and spiritual power in Henry the VIII. The spoliation of church property by the commercial minds under the Tudors being the initial step. The discovery of America supplied the second great opportunity. The conquest of Peru, Mexico, the West Indies and Central America by Spain opened to that country the wealth of Midas. To divert the stream of gold and silver to England would involve piracy. Therefore piracy under Elizabeth, became a recognized profession—respectable and moral. Sir Francis Drake and Morgan are typical of the breed that pillaged and butchered in the Spanish main, diverting the entire stream of Peruvian, Aztec and Potosi bullion from Spain to England. As the source of this wealth became exhausted the commercial mind cast about for more profitable fields. The colonies of America needed labor. Untold millions of blacks in Africa were at the disposal of anyone possessing the strength and cunning to capture them. The slaver, best represented by Hawkins, developed from the Drake Morgan type. For generations English ships under English charters, captured and sold to the colonies, Africans to the tune of a million a year. Husky slaves fetching as high as four and five hundred dollars a head will afford an approximate of the value of this trade to the English capitalist. The demand of the colonies for slaves having ceased, the slave traffic shared the fate of its predecessor, piracy, becoming disreputable as it became unprofitable. For centuries the gold supplies of Europe had, through channels of commerce and trade, poured into India. With reason, India had been called the "Treasure House of the World." The organization of the British East India Company afforded the vehicle for the rape of India. Under Lord Clive untold quantities of bullion and jewels enriched the British capitalists. Under Hastings the enslavement of 300,000,000 natives was systematized and reduced to a science. The periodical famines and chronic state of semi-starvation being a direct result. The opium trade with China originated through the cultivation of the poppy in India. To make the cultivation of the poppy in India profitable to the East India Company, a market for its product opium had to be found. China, with a population of hundreds of millions was an inviting field to develop into a nation of drug fiends. Promptly the British East India Company set itself to accomplish this task.

At one time (1840) the Chinese government attempted to stop the degeneration of its people by forbidding the importation of the drug. Under Queen Victoria the English people were duped into declaring war on China to force on that nation the opium of the East India Company. The "Treaty of Nankin" eloquently testifies that the debauching of an entire race of people was but a step toward the British commercial supremacy of the world—the opium trade is still being forced on China in a modified form.

The diamond mines and gold fields of South Africa were corralled by the British Bourgeoisie with the same pious expressions of morality that characterize their entire history. The complete subjugation was accomplished in 1899 under Victoria.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

The new heart balm for the rich lice.

What society needs today is reformation of the individual. The trouble is within you, it's what you think. Of course low wages has nothing to do with misery. When you are working for a millionaire and the rich lice pass with their costly automobiles and jewels and fine silks and satins and broadcloth, you are to think you are better off than they, with your cheap overalls and a low standard of living, a home denied, fatherhood denied, go through life half starved, and when you die you have to go to hell for not going right with God. Oh, hell,

Yours for industrial communism,  
GEYER.

TODAY AND TOMORROW

By Peter Bell

A freedom draws near this old world of tears  
And mankind will no longer want

The wars of today will all fade away  
With the wolf of starvation so gaunt

Little children will play  
And their laughter will stay

Where now there is longing and tears.  
Today we ask aid from men not afraid

And we have little use for your cheers.

Oh, what will you say on that final day  
When men will no longer be slaves

Oh, what will you say of the tramp of today  
Who lies in his unmarked grave

Did you lift your voice to the powers that be  
In an effort his life to save

No your shoulders you shrugged  
For your mind was drugged

And your eyes could no longer see.

A feeling of shame when you hear your name  
Read aloud to your fellow men

Will burn in your breast but there'll be no rest  
For your conscience will be aflame

Today you smile, say it's not worth while  
And refuse to lend us your hand

Tomorrow you'll sigh and your pride will die  
For tomorrow you'll understand.

What is to be done for the working class? Nothing. What is to be done with the working class? Nothing. Who will save the working class? Nobody. True there are many who would no doubt like to be the Jesus of the working class but no one so far has been able to show any credentials about having been appointed to save the workers. We will just slip them a little dope about the way the boss has "gipped" them and watch them save themselves. If they can't nobody can.

TONOPAH, NEV.

Still tries to maintain its Sixteenth Century Social System. Missionaries wanted to inform the poor heathens that he world has moved since they went to sleep.

NEWS WANTED.

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

MY POEMS

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

COVINGTON HALL.

**A PRISONER'S LETTER**

**Military Prisoners in Butte**

H. Dolby, a man who was charged with stealing an Ingersoll dollar watch, and has been locked up for five months, complained because he could not get hot water for bathing and laundry purposes. He was sneered at by Jailor Cook, who told him to "dry up." Dolby replied that there would be no drying up until his request was granted. He was then taken out in the jail yard and drenched with water with a hose in the hands of the sergeant on guard. I have been unable to learn the name of the sergeant, but he has red hair and under Captain Morse and Lieutenant Burke.

This Burke is the brute who, when asked if we were going to Helena after we were kidnapped and the irons were being put on, said to Owen Smith, "You son of a b—h, you will go to hell instead of Helena if you get sassy."

For ten minutes Dolby was held under the water and the soldiers would jab their bayonets at him every time he moved.

Sergeant Red-head was heard to say, "It's too bad there is no ice in the water." When the prisoner was taken back to his cell, more dead than alive, the other inmates in his corridor started a rough house, which it took the yellow-legs some time to quell.

Everything imaginable is being done to arouse the resentment of the boys. In spite of our repeated protests, the soldiers on guard have been supplying one of our men with a vile brand of squirrel whiskey, which he seems unable to resist. As a result of this practice he has been somewhat loquacious and boisterous at times, but the report that he had insulted ladies who were being taken through the jail is false, as is the story that he was looked in a dark room by the soldiers. He was locked up by the prisoners themselves until he became quiet so he would not hurt himself.

We are not permitted to telephone to our friends, even with others present, neither are they allowed to communicate with us in any way. They are pulling all kinds of rough stuff hoping thereby to start something so a few who are dangerous to the company may be "removed."

The order was given yesterday, to shoot anyone who came to the windows on our side of the jail. A fellow worker who is on the other side of the corridor heard the order given and at the first opportunity cautioned the men on our side. There was a squad of yellowlegs lined up in the yard with guns pointed at the windows. All that remained to complete the plot was for one of our boys to go to a window, lean out and put his hands on the bars to steady himself. Some one would have been shot and it would have gone out that he was trying to escape. As a matter of fact, anyone desiring to escape can do so at almost any time, as the guard is one huge joke.

These soldiers are not guarding in a manner to prevent men from escaping, if they wish to do so, as I can prove; but are only here trying to start something so that they can stay and continue to draw down that big \$3.00 per, which to the "\$30.00 and found" cow-punchers and shepherders of Eastern Montana means an opulence indeed.

They tell us that in order to prevent liquor being brought in, it was necessary to exclude our friends, but this is bunk.

The soldiers are the only ones that have brought whiskey in here and their purpose is to keep those of the inmates who use the stuff in a drunken frenzy. They figure that so long as the prisoners are noisy and disorderly, so long will they hold their jobs.

**BILLY THE RED.**

Note—This letter was written several days prior to the jail break in which eight prisoners escaped.

If labor creates all the wealth of the world how then does it come that those who do no useful labor get all the good things? When many work without living and few live without working it's a sign that the slave had better hurry up and get "hip" or he will find himself numbered amongst the other animals "now extinct."

Next time the reactionary spouter tells you about those things you learned at mother's knee, just gently jog your memory and remember how often you were bottom side up while learning. Besides mother lived in a different industrial age. "The world advances and in time outgrows the ideas that in other times were best."

Individual production has been superseded by collective production. Only the "educators" are today in ignorance of this vital fact.

"Shall we still be slaves and work for wages? How the hell can I work when there's no work to do?" Modern Capitalist management.

**SUBMISSION IS A VICE**

We are going into another battle with the master here in Tonopah, and we are ready for all they will hand us. Some of these days they have to hand us all. Times here are bad. I went up to the Belmont mine today and was struck with the mass of slaves looking for a chance to contract miners consumption in that hell-hole.

All types were there. It looked hopeful for us; because I have come to the conclusion that the only way to reach a scissorbill head is via his stomach. Oh, my, the thousands that are going to be educated via that route this winter. Something will have to be done—but let Jesus do it, is their contention.

The slaves are swelling their chest and trying to look like a veritable machine when the master is looking for some hands. When His Highness says "nothing doing," today they shirk to about half their size. Dejectedness and despair is printed on their countenance. Jane and Bill will have to shrink their little stomachs, because daddy did not find favor before the master.

Wake up slaves and demand your rights. Do not cringe and fawn on a master. Has not the master told you that it is "Your country." If that is the truth (and master does not tell a lie) then "Ye owners of this land," throw out the usurpers and take possession of what rightfully belongs to you and your children.

Do not wait for the sweet bye and bye, but do it today and save your loved ones from the pangs of hunger that they suffer now.

In former days you sacrificed your children on the altars of Moloch, but since you have received religion and civilization you are not crude in your methods. You turn them over to the mills and mines of your masters, there to be sacrificed on the altars of Mammon.

You, yourselves, run from one place to another looking for a master's favor and goodwill. A great big cop raps you on the noodle and then you go out and another cop hauls you up before another of your servants, who sentences you to the rockpile. All the time they are doing this you holler "Hip, HIP, HUR-RAH," for your country.

All the time you pride yourselves on your freedom. You have developed wishbones and neglected the development of your backbone,—which has turned into jelly. You lick the hand that starves your children, seduces your sisters and daughters and sends you out to be cannon food; to paint the valleys, plains and hills with your worthless blood.

Such is your lot, and such it will remain until the time comes when economic conditions will force you into revolt.

Then you will wonder how it all happened. You look back upon your ancestors with contempt for being fools and uncivilized; but have you ever stopped to consider that the baby you now nurse will curse you, with all his or her breath, for leaving them nothing but chains. I hope their curses will make you squirm in the hell of the preachers making. If you submit tamely you will go down in history as the most contemptible race that ever inhabited this earth. Why do you cling so tenaciously to this worthless life and why do you hold your chains (LAWS) in such reverence.

Why do you submit so tamely when the master tears your child from the school or playground and puts it into his factory?

Why do you submit so tamely when the master sates his passion on your womankind?

Why do you submit when you outnumber your tyrants ten to one?

Why do you make all the luxuries of life and remain thankful when the master throws you a bone from his overloaded table?

Can you give me any other reason than that you are spineless?

Rise up, rise up, you slaves, you have nothing but your misery to lose. You have everything to win.

Laws made to forge fetter round the necks of you and your babies and punish you if you try to assert your manhood. Remember that although you have the right, you must either develop your might or else get off this earth. There is no other way for all that the master's mental prostitutes might tell you to the contrary. The hardest task you have before you is to develop your brain and become conscious of the cause and remedy.

You cannot blame the master for taking it all when you very obligingly hand it to him.

You have tried the old fashioned unions and found them wanting. They only have led you into your misery and do not know the way out. The I. W. W. is your only hope.

Are you going to avail yourselves of it? Yours for industrial freedom!

DICK HIGHFIELD.

If we are to answer a fool according to his folly, Capitalism is unanswerable. Political Socialism—worse.

**FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE VOICE**

October 19, 1914

Receipts	
Bundle orders .....	\$38.75
Subscriptions .....	3.00
Donations .....	45.20

Total.....\$86.95

Expenses	
Oct. 19—Marsh Ptg. Co.....	\$40.00
Oct. 19—B. E. Nilsson, wages.....	4.35
Oct. 21—Wrapping paper.....	1.50
Oct. 21—Mailing issue No. 92.....	3.50
Oct. 22—Postage.....	1.50
Oct. 22—Express wagon.....	.50
Oct. 22—Marsh Ptg. Co.....	25.00
Oct. 24—Cartoons.....	1.00
Oct. 24—B. E. Nilsson, wages.....	8.00

Total.....\$85.35

Cash on hand October 24..... 1.60

Amount due Marsh Ptg. Co.:

Balance due Oct. 19.....\$97.75

By 2800 copies No. 92..... 29.10

By Mailing List..... 1.00

Total.....\$127.85

Paid during week..... 65.00

Balance due October 24.....\$ 62.85

**WHAT MAKES ME HAPPY**

Tune, "I Will Shout His Praise in Glory"

You ask what makes me happy  
I'll tell you on the square.  
It is because our masters  
Must learn our work to share.

They must sweat with us in toil  
For now the light we see.  
The million dollar loafers  
Must work with you and me.

Chorus:  
I will boost for one big union (so will I and so will I)  
And we'll bring the Revolution, revolution now is nigh.  
I will boost for one big union (so will I and so will I)  
And we'll bring the Revolution, Revolution now is nigh.

About the present system  
I thought till I was thin  
I found no satisfaction  
Till Wobblies took me in.

I learn'd democracy in  
Industry, labor holds control.  
And we are kings of earth for  
To us belongs the whole.

I will chase out Holy Rollers (so will I and so will I)  
And we'll bring the Revolution, Revolution now is nigh.  
Etc.

I wish my fellow workers,  
You'd join the union now.  
Then our tyrannic masters  
To our great will would bow.

We'd sweep the world of greed and  
Of hate, of war, of death.  
We'd bring the dream of heaven  
Right down upon the earth.

Chorus:  
I will fight my way to freedom (so will I and so will I)  
And we will bring the Revolution, Revolution, now is nigh.  
Etc.

F. V. A.

Wars may come and wars may go but the class struggle will be with you until YOU settle it. And calling the other fellow a "scissor-bill" won't settle it.

Look out for your health. Today under Master Law you may kill in self defense. And the eleventh commandment saith, "Thou shalt not starve."

The more we do the less we have and the less we have to do. Sure slave speed up!

Efficiency is all right. Only don't be an efficient slave. Be an efficient agitator, teacher of the idea that the world belongs to the toilers able to take and hold.

Makers and takers that's all. Let the makers be the takers, that's all.

Educate. Organize. Exercise.  
ICHABOD JONES.

**PREAMBLE**

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

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

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

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

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

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

Modern Capitalism denies the worker an opportunity to develop his individual initiative. As most all arguments are based on a condition pre-supposing a working class with their initiative abilities well developed it looks to us as if it would be a good thing if you workers would begin now to develop that initiative. A good way to begin would be to send in your own sub to the Voice. Second lesson—get your fellow worker's sub. Try it.

Spread scientific knowledge. Superstition fades before it as fog before the morning sun.

As long as capitalism lasts the boss will have to give the slave enough to get back on the job. But we want more than that and we can get it. Surest thing you know. All that is necessary is knowledge, organization solidarity and action of the active sort.

ICHABOD JONES.

What are we going to do with the unemployed this winter? While Master is "figgering" on that proposition—let us beat him to it by getting them in line for organization.

While matching the pennies of the slaves against the master's millions make the pennies go as far as possible. Don't throw this paper away—hand it to a fellow slave.

"Tis," shrieks one, "tain't," says another. "You're a fool," said one. "You're another," says the other—and that's our idea of a damphool way to carry on propaganda.

Jer. 25:37 will give you the pious man's reasons for the European slaughter-fest.

The job signs of the sharks are much cleaner today than their record.

**WAR IN EUROPE—WHY?**

It's cause, and what it really means.

By James O'Neil.

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

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

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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

“THE CLARION” CALL

(Continued from page 1)

“To save the England of Shakespeare, Cromwell, Nelson and Dickens.”

Man, you are playing with names. Since when has the land of Dickens been that of Nelson? Do you know nothing of the misery of the people under the rule of the borough-mongers whom Nelson served? Have you not heard of the press-ganged crews, the suppression of the press, the riots and the Clerical vice-societies? If you mean a land of freedom and culture, we know naught of this land. We know but little more of Nelson and Cromwell. We have been too busy seeking bread, to know aught of our national literature or historical characters.

“To prevent the unthinkable world-calamity of the Empire’s break up.”

The Empire is nothing to us. The Empire does not give us food. The Empire does not give us clothing or shelter. The Empire is less than nothing to us.

“Ere our beautiful land is laid waste, and our heritage of liberty lost Come, Freeman, come.”

We do not know if our land is beautiful. We have not seen our land. We have no land. We are not Freemen. It were mockery to call us Freemen. It were an insult to call us Freemen. We are slaves; born in slavery; reared in slavery; and will die in slavery.

We have no duty towards the Government that betrayed our miners; that mobilized its soldiers to blackleg on our railwaymen; that shot us down at Belfast, Liverpool, and Dublin. This, and much more such as this, the Government has done for us. We have no duty towards the Government. The Empire is based on murder and robbery. The Empire is based on slavery. We have heard of India. We have heard of strike-breaking in Australia. We remember South Africa. The Empire is not worth fighting for.

These are our beliefs. These are the truths you have taught us.

In former times, you were wont to state in simple yet eloquent language, that:

“There is no way for the body to be healthy, no room for the soul to breathe and expand, in the slums, in the factories, in the markets, and exchanges, the drinking pens, and casinos, the political clubs and Bethels of our great industrial towns have not only ceased to possess their own thinking only. It is of the English people. Over all is the shadow of fear—the fear of failure and the workhouse.”

Again you wrote:  
“A populace singing, ‘Britons never, never, never shall be slaves,’ yet not so much as daring to put their thoughts into words for fear lest they should lose their jobs.”

And finally, the following, to give the lie to your present references to “our beautiful land”:

“At present the people of the manufacturing towns have not only ceased to possess their own country; they have ceased to know it. They never see England. They see only back walls, chimneys, smoke, and cinder heaps. They are unable to so much as conceive the fairness and sweetness of England. They are strangers and aliens in their own land.”

These words, Robert, are equally as true today, as on the day they were written. Our bodies have no way to be healthy, our souls have no room to expand. We remain in continual fear, and dread, and misery. We are slaves, and strangers, and aliens, in this, our land.

SAN JOSE LOCAL

Branch 5 of Local No. 173, I. W. W., has at last been established in San Jose. We are doing our utmost to organize the workers and our territory is a hard one, owing to the fact that this country (until this summer) did not know what the I. W. W. was, but we had a strike this summer which opened their eyes to such an extent that we now have quite a number of members and will get a few more at every meeting we hold.

We motored down here by boat from Frisco, held a meeting and had an audience of about 100. It was quite a success, but we expect to get larger crowds in future meetings. We were speaking in the Latin quarter of the town, and I must say that the workers responded to our efforts nicely. With a few more meetings we will be ready to start a local in San Jose. Had a supper after the meeting where all enjoyed themselves and had a fine time.

Yours for the One Big Union,  
FELLOW WORKER SAFFROS,  
Secretary, Branch No. 5.

The boss who keeps down wages that he may keep up his charitable contributions is wise—according to modern capitalism’s idea of wisdom.

THE BETRAYAL OF LABOR

By W. H. Lewis

“The mode of production rises in rebellion against the form of exchange. The bourgeoisie are convicted of incapacity to manage their own productive forces. A partial recognition of the social character of the productive forces, forced upon the capitalists themselves. Taking over of the great institutions of production and communication, first by joint stock companies, later on by trusts, then by the State.” —“Socialism Utopian and Scientific.” Engles.

That Engles had predicted a stage in the evolution of Capitalism, which even now is upon us, no Socialist or Industrialist will deny.

But, that people who claim to be Socialists; to be by, of and for the working class, should advocate this state ownership is beyond our understanding, unless they are hungry for pie.

Notice their agitation just now for the state ownership of the mines, claiming that by such ownership there will be no more Ludlows? Won’t it be great to be a **State slave**, to go on strike against the **slave state** and then be **hanged for treason** or be shot down by **State gun men**?

You see, slave, it’s this way: the “comrades” want to **legalize** our murder; they want it done in a **respectable** manner. They are hell for having everything done with **legal force**.

Engles said the capitalists would do this themselves, but he did not say that “Socialists” should assist them. That the capitalists should not recognize the “Socialist” is his best friend is no fault of the “Socialists” for do they not advocate “the **taking over of the industries by the State, or by the government,**” as they put it?

—And why is this hideous monster, the State, what is its function, how does it function

**The State functions as a slugging committee for the ruling class, the class that owns and controls the industry.**

Its object is to permit the few to live off the labor of the many, to protect property at all costs, hence the army and navy. The state is the guardian of private property and cannot be used to turn it into collective property.

Abolish the right to exploit labor, abolish the right to private property, and what of the State is left? **Absolutely nothing.** But the State cannot be used to abolish itself. Every atom of power that is given the State only makes the capitalist enemy stronger and our class weaker.

Bear in mind the State is always for the few as against the many. In a Collectivist Society, a society which is for all, which places all on an equal economic plane, there is no need of the State, for there is no labor to exploit, and no private property to protect. In a system of that kind there is no State. That system, the Future Society, will revolt out of the State and leave all mankind free. That is the New Society which is on trial, not so much by the capitalists as by the “Socialists.”

In the same work Engles says: “As anarchy (**individualism**) in production diminishes the political authority of the State dies.”

Everywhere industry is today conducted, not on an individualistic, but on a Socialist plan. Hence the “invisible government:” the **real** capitol of the nation is not Washington, but New York.

The State, then, is **politically** dying. So the struggle is to take on a new form and where but on the economic field? No where! The capitalists know this. The Syndicalists or Industrialists know this, but our “comrade” shouts “vote for me!”

For pointing out the false position of these “Socialists” we are accused of fighting Socialism; Socialism meaning “elect us” to a capitalist office and we will use **capitalistic institutions** to abolish capitalism with.” Even though capitalistic institutions do reflect capitalism.

And “you Industrialists must **not** condemn capitalistic institutions, though we are willing for you to condemn capitalism itself, as it gets us votes.”

What of the future? **This.** We must organize industrially, we must agitate and educate for **industrial control.**

Let the **middle class** have its capitalist ballot box, but for ourselves, let us **take and hold the industries and operate them for ourselves.**

“But,” you say, “we must have officers and offices.” Sure. Study the constructive program of the I. W.

**Do not be betrayed!**  
Let your enemy, the State, die. All who support it are enemies.

Jobless, homeless, denied the association of the opposite sex, ragged, unkempt, apparently hopeless, this is the lot of the worker today. What are the politicians going to do about it? After you listen to them a bit you come to the conclusion that if their heads would shrink to the size of their brains they could wear a peanut shell for a panama.

TONOPAH FREE SPEECH FIGHT

Tonopah, Nev., Oct. 24, 1914.

The free speech fight is on in Tonopah, and it has so far proved to be a very edifying spectacle. There is W. B. Evans, a former president of Local No. 121, W. F. of M., another slugger, that threatens to become (in)famous is Mr. Jack Grant, driven out of Cripple Creek by others of his ilk, and he also is an old member of the W. F. of M. Dan Corbett of the dirty underwear, also a good old W. F. of M. man, is a third slugger. J. Parry, is another old W. F. of M. member deported out of Colorado in former days. Day before yesterday Fellow Worker McGuckin was pulled off the box and placed under arrest. Three fellow workers got their heads cracked and then we retreated for the evening. Next day our venerable Chief Evans crying told us that he had been an old radical and had had to walk out of more than one town. I guess that is what killed every sense of honor and humanity that ever accidentally had found a lodging in his flat chest. Mr. Jack Grant was very nervous, and his hand kept wandering towards his gun, always the companion of a coward. Mr. Dan Corbett was too scared to do anything else but shiver, whether from the cold or from restless inhabitants in his underwear. He was also heard to rave against the tramps and hoboes but he is out of their class, as hoboes will boil up once in a while. Last night “Bad Eye” Evans had another chance to show his bravery when he pulled Fellow Worker Callaghan off the box and brutally assaulted him. This fellow worker is only half the size of Mr. “Bad Eye,” and this brutal assault even provoked a certain shift boss to voice his protest, but the slaves remained dumb. We will keep it up and I will let you hear later, if alive.

Yours for free speech,  
DICK HIGHFIELD.

SMOKER IN SACRAMENTO

A Thanksgiving Smoker will be held in the hall of the Joint Locals of the I. W. W. in Sacramento, Thanksgiving evening, November 26, 1914.

The hall is newly painted and decorated for the occasion, and we have had the co-operation of the members to make this the biggest and best smoker pulled off on the coast this year.

Refreshments will be served, and a fine program arranged.

You will get a run for your money on this occasion.

Don’t forget the time. Thanksgiving evening. The place, I. W. W. Hall, Sacramento. The girl—bring her with you.

Please run and oblige, yours for the One Big Union.

C. L. LAMBERT,  
Secretary, Joint Locals, I. W. W.

I. W. W.?

A certain Chicago business man has had a great deal of trouble with his workmen, a number of whom have from time to time evince a disposition “to soldier.”

On one occasion when this gentleman, in company with his brother, was visiting the farm of a friend in southern Illinois, the two observed an uncouth figure standing in a distant field.

“Since it isn’t moving,” observed the brother, “it must be a scarecrow.”

“That isn’t a scarecrow,” the other, after a long gaze at the figure, “That’s a man working by the day.”

PODDER FOR CANNON

Bodies glad, erect,  
Beautiful with youth,  
Life’s elect,  
Nature’s truth,  
Marching host on host,  
Those bright, unblemished ones,  
Manhood’s boast,  
Feed them to the guns.

Hearts and brains that teem  
With blessing for the race,  
Thought and dream,  
Vision, grace,  
Oh, love’s best and most,  
Bridegrooms, brothers, sons,  
Host on host,  
Feed them to the guns.

—Katherine Lee Bates, in Life.

The Voice is greatly in need of more money. So is the Solidarity. And it is not merely a temporary condition. It is not only temporary assistance that is needed. It is a permanent increase in circulation. More subscribers and larger literature sales by the locals.

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

THE WORKER

They sit in the house that I have made,  
And I must wander again;  
They have my peace and sheltering shade,  
And I the dust and the rain.  
Their brows are smooth and their eyes are calm,  
Their hands are satin sleek,  
But where is the balm will soften my palm  
And unstrain my coarsened cheek?

The harvest that I have sown, they reap,  
They boast of the weal I wrought,  
The portals that I threw wide, they keep,  
They father the gifts I brought,  
What I have earned is their increment,  
The gold of my dreams, their crown,  
My life’s intent, their monument,  
My worth, their rich renown.

Their tender hands, o’er quick with pain,  
Would beckon the spirit’s boon,  
Yet they are dead to the shaping strain  
That stirs in the block rough-hewn;  
They do not wake the good that sleeps  
In the heart of the humblest task,  
They span no steep, they sound no deep,  
Content with the velvet mask.

The dust is sharp in my throat and eye,  
Still to my stride I hold,  
While their souls faint and smothering lie  
Under dust of gain and gold;  
My forehead is rough, mine eye a-stress,  
But know their brows unmarred,  
How thoughts of grace and gentleness  
Wear paths that are deep and hard.

They sit in the house that I have built,  
And I must wander on;  
They hold my cup, but the draught is spilt,  
Nor know they how it is won.  
I may not rest when the call I hear,  
Nor eat the fruit of the tree;  
And some may jeer, and some may fear,  
But no man shall master me.

—Martin Schuetze, in Life and Labor.

DES MOINES, IA.

I am informed that the Free Speech Fight in Des Moines, Iowa, is settled. The authorities changed their “minds” about stopping street speaking.

With the present circulation, the Voice would go out of business at once if it were not for donations and contributions. It would take at least a 25 per cent increase in circulation for the paper to maintain itself and have enough money to get a carton occasionally and make some other improvements that are much needed.

Up to the present there has not been a week when I could feel sure of getting out the next issue until it was almost ready to go to press. If you have ever tried to write anything when you worried you will know that the paper is bound to suffer from this financial condition.

It is bad enough when the bundles are paid for regularly. But when the payment for bundle orders is delayed for any length of time I have no way to know what money I can count on.

The thing that needs to be done, if it can be done at all, is to increase the weekly literature sales so that the bundle orders can be increased; and to hustle up as many subscribers as possible.

ILLUSTRATED LECTURES

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

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

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

**SEND IN FOR A SUPPLY OF 13-WEEK PREPAID SUBCARDS TO THE VOICE. FIVE (5) FOR ONE (\$1.00) DOLLAR. 26 WEEK CARDS, FIVE (5) FOR TWO (\$2.00) DOLLARS;**

NOW IS THE TIME

TO READ B. E. NILSSON’S PAMPHLET

“Political Socialism Capturing the Government.”

It will be sold to Locals and speakers at \$2.50 per hundred copies, postage prepaid, as long as they last. Single copies five cents.