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IMMEDIATE DEMANDS:
A SIX HOUR DAY.
ONE DOLLAR AN HOUR.

Organization ★ Is Power

THE GOAL:
A FREE RACE.
IN A FREE WORLD.

THE VOICE of the PEOPLE

"AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL."

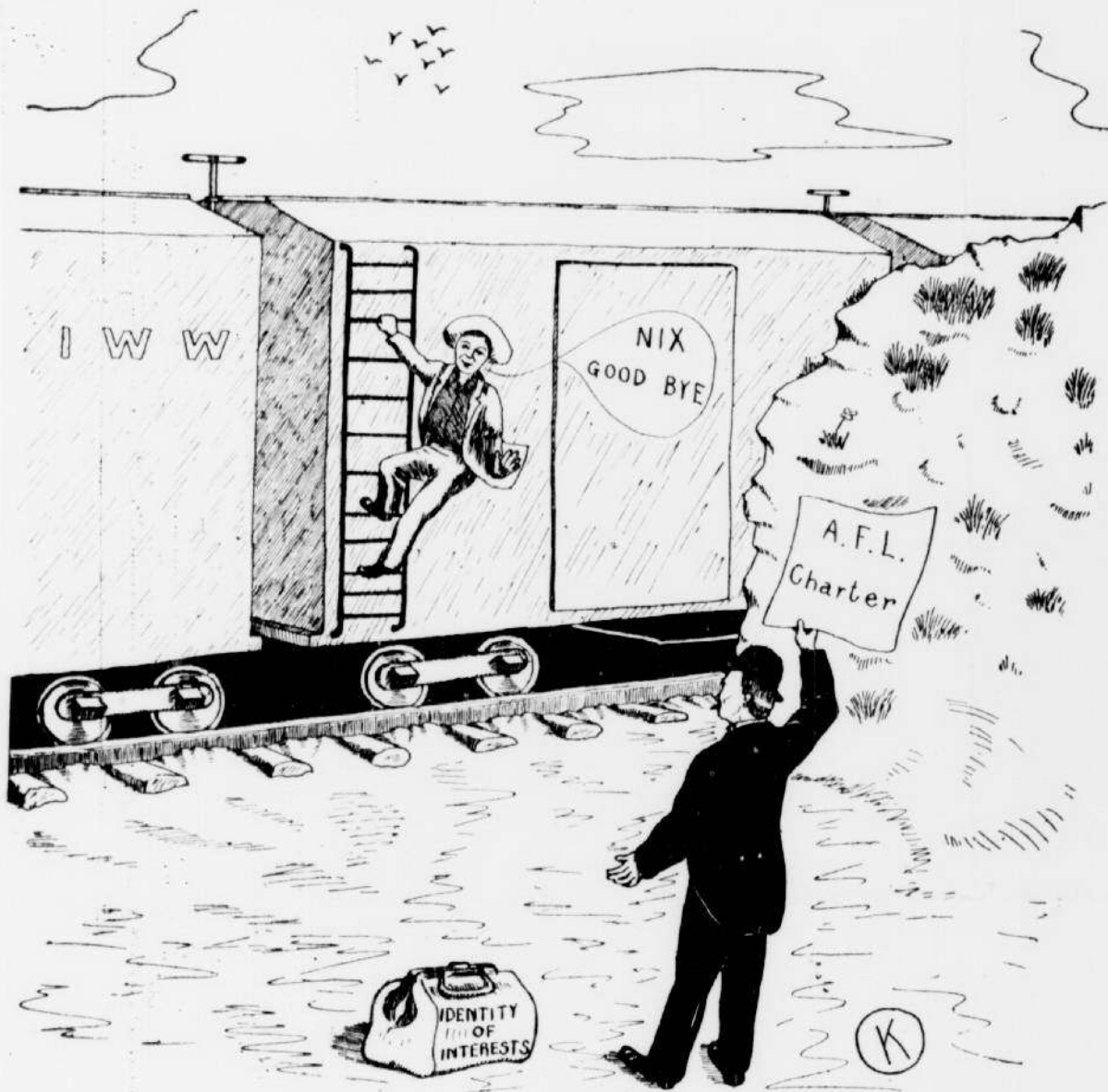
VOLUME II

"MIGHT IS RIGHT"

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1913

"TRUTH CONQUERS"

NUMBER 35



Bye Bye Ma Honey Ahm Gone!

Blackhanding Themselves?

"We are in receipt of a communication from J. W. Martin, General Manager of the Ludington Lumber Company which we publish in full:

"To the readers of the DeRidder Enterprise and the good citizens of Beauregard Parish.

I have thought perhaps you might be interested in knowing the contents of the sub-joined letter received by me this day through the United States Mail, and I feel safe in leaving to the good judgment and sense of justice of the Enterprise readers and the good citizens of Beauregard Parish, the proper classification of the party who was the author of the following letter, at the same time apologizing to them for even thus far dragging from his kennel of obscurity such a mangy cur.

Mr. J. W. Martin.

Respectfully, J. W. MARTIN."

THE LETTER.

(Copy)

"DeRidder, La., Aug. 21st, 1913.

Dear Sir:—I take this method to warn you about the way you are treating some of the men of the Union. Your whole mill will be on the bum in less than thirty days, even to your tracks. And you know that your beloved negroes will be shot up, if they stay there. And you yourself might not live very long if you stay here, it is not healthy for men of your ambition in this part of Louisiana.

One more word or two, the man Mr. Martin your mill foreman, you advise

him to resign or he will surely die and the next one better do better.

As ever,

Your most unexpected friend,
Skull and Cross Bones.

P. S.—The Lodge didn't have anything to do with this.

The above is from that poor, decrepit excuse for a newspaper that belly-crawls its way thru the U. S. Mails under the misnomer of "The DeRidder (La.) Enterprise." J. W. Martin is "General Manager" of the mill at Ludington, La., which was recently taken over by the Long-Elli Lumber Company, a Corporation that has distinguished itself by the most shameless and merciless persecutions of the Forest and Lumber Workers, its favorite "argument" having always been the "water cure" and pumpguns. You will note Mr. Martin is, as usual, grandstanding to the "good citizens" of Beauregard, that is to the gang that has slugged, shot and outraged men in every conceivable manner, starved women and taken the milk from baby mouths.

It was this "good citizen" gang that took Fellowworker Gaines out of a sick bed, charged him with throwing dynamite into the hog pens at Merryville and has kept him in jail now for over three months and will try to railroad him to the pen if he wont "confess" it on some white man. It was this same gang that sent Fellowworker Bill Cooper to the Leesville jail for 180 days because he resented the insults of one of their stoilpigeons who had gone to our picnic at Rosepine or,

(Continued on Page 4.)

MEXICAN SLAVES

VS.

AMERICAN CAPITALIST.

Again do we stand upon the brink of an infernal bloody war. Two nations stand to-day with daggers drawn and the workers of the two nations who are to do the fighting haven't the slightest quarrel in the world. "The workers of all nations are friends, capitalists alone have diverse interests."

Boies Penrose, the most subservient reactionary tool of Wall Street has offered a resolution in the Senate covering an appropriation to finance a trip of governmental military murderers into Mexico. We shall await with interest to see if the American people are stupid enough to permit the financial pirates of America and Europe to sic them on to the struggling bond slaves of Mexico. The prostituted press does not dare to print the truth about Mexico. The oppression and peonage of Mexican workers would read like a page from Hell's ledger, and the capitalist paper that would print it would feel the iron heel of the masters displeasure.

Workingmen, awake! For the sake of dividends and profit you are about to be plunged into a charnel house of horror. Every blow delivered by you will help to rivet the chains upon your comrades of the workingclass. War is hell, and if Boies Penrose and his ilk want to go to hell, let them go, but if you are men, stay right here and fight the real enemy.—"The Socialist and Labor Star."

To the United States Congress

We, the undersigned citizens of the United States of America, State of Louisiana, do hereby petition your Honorable Body to investigate the Swamp Over-Flowed Land, and all other lands in this State that are held by the Lumber Companies, which we really believe belongs to the Government:

Signed:

Cut the above out, paste it at the head of a sheet of paper, get your neighbors to sign with you and mail same to John H. C. Helton, Box 171, DeRidder, La. Do so to-day. There is no reason why the Lumber Trust should not tell how it STOLE the forests of the South.

Old Ireland's Workers Fight.

Send 45 Police Thugs to Hospitals.

The kept press of Aug. 31st. and Sept. 1st. was filled with accounts of a great struggle going on in Dublin, Ireland, between the striking Transport and Tramway workers and the police and Constables.

As usual, the trouble was brought on by the readiness of police to do the master's dirty work.

The fighting started when the police arrested Fellow-Worker Larkin, of the Transport Workers and then prohibited a mass meeting called to protest against this outrageous act, because, forsooth they, the police (the incarnation of violence) "feared violence" would occur if the meeting was held. But the meeting was held in a park belonging to the Transport Workers. Then, when the workers started on a parade, the blue-coated law-thugs charged in on them, riding down and clubbing men, women and children mercilessly. The enraged workers turned on the hellions or "order" and fighting spread all over the city, as it seems that the "damned foreigners" left in old Ireland don't submit as tamely to legalized slugging as do their "free-born American" descendants.

At this writing 365 persons were in the hospitals seriously wounded, but, thank whatever gods that be, 45 of them were police thugs; one man was dead and one dying.

Even the kept press puts the blame for the "rioting" on the police—where it always belongs.

If the capitalist class and its bought gunmen and "intellectuals" think for a moment that they can smother down in blood the great world-wide awakening of the working class that is taking place the earth around, well—LET THEM THINK IT. That's the way all aristocracies think. The French "nobility" and Churchmen thought it clear up to the guillotine.

But society is to-day like a great boiler on which all safety valves have been closed and then the fires under kept white hot. As a consequence, plate after plate blows off and, then, then lunatics in charge of the boiler rush to the affected spot and try to beat back NATURAL forces into UN-NATURAL submission. All they succeed in doing, however, is to prepare for greater and great explosions. And any one except a capitalist and a gunman can hear the social boiler cracking in all directions around the earth to-day.

Woe unto those so "blind they will not see, so deaf they will not hear!"

Woe unto capitalists and gunmen! Death to their system!

Vancouver Mine War.

By W. C. Sandberg.

In the land where free Britishers dwell and where they sing "Britians never shall be slaves" we find that the master class are not backward in perpetrating repetitions of the West Virginia Paint and Cripple Creek outrages comitted by the coal Barons on the starving miners.

In order to give a clear exposition of the present situation it is necessary to give a brief outline of the strike from its inception.

In September, 1912, the regular inspections of the mines in Cumberlands took place and the mines were found to contain coal gas and according to the law could not be operated, the committee that reported the mines to contain gas was immediately discharged. The miners realizing that their lives were pitted against the profits of the Coal aBrons revolted and as a protest decided to take a few days rest.

When they returned to work they were told that they could not resume work without signing an individual contract to last for two years and the old conditions of working in condemned mines, the miners in Cumberland and Ladysmith decided not to go back to work until they got recognition of their union and the discharged committee were reinstated.

300 special police were forwarded to the scene to keep order. (?) You know what kind of order the specials keep, trying any and every method of brutality to coerce the strikers back to work, which means to die off one by one or wait until an explosion takes place and be slaughtered by the wholesale; rather than do that some have tolerated this pestilence, the scum of the earth (the specials) and others have taken to the hills; all winter long they have suffered privations.

In April, the U. M. W. of A. decided to call a general strike of all the coal miners on Vancouver Island, for the first of May. The strike call went out, every man excepting the Engineers and pump-men responded to the call, including the Chinese Fellow-Workers:

The coal barons have canvassed every city in Canada, and the United States, and even the British Isles for scabs; in their efforts they tricked 75 miners from the north of England; they were told that there was no labor struggle going on where they were going; at their arrival in Vancouver they were told of the true situation, and every one of them proved themselves to be MEN; they refused to scab.

(Continued on Page 4.)

THE VOICE of the PEOPLE

(Formerly "The Lumberjack.")

Education
Organization
Emancipation



Freedom in
Industria
Democracy

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EDITORIALS

THE FORCE THAT RULES THE WORLD.

By Covington Hall.

Nature no longer controls the evolution of the human race. Man has conquered nature, and the evolution of the race is to-day governed by man's self-created, self-made world—the world of things—the world of industry, whose temples and fortresses are the machines of production and distribution. It is true that we must go to the earth for all our needs and wealth, but it is also true that without the tools and sciences which man has created through long centuries of toil that we could not force our Mother Earth to yield as she yields to us to-day, and, without this abundant yield, civilization could not exist, for civilization depends upon an ever-rising standard of living, and this in turn depends upon the perfection of the machinery of production and distribution. Without this machinery the modern world could not exist and, therefore, the machine owner, the capitalist, is lord and master of society to-day, and for the reason that he controls the force which in turn controls society. Man conquered nature and defeated other animals in the struggle for existence solely and only because he was a tool producing animal. His thoughts have broadened only as he was able to make the tools with which to work. Without tools his world would vanish and his empire pass away.

Take away from me the tool which enables me to break into this storehouse of nature called the earth and you render me a cripple in the struggle for existence; make my right to use it dependent on your will, and I am worse than a slave to you, for you then compel me to sell myself, and this indignity the slave was spared.

The Invention of Tools.

To see how all-important are the tools of production and distribution, pause and think what the invention of the bow and arrow and the dugout meant to man! How many leagues were added to his dominion; how much treasure fell into his hands; how the empire of his thought was enriched with ideas he never dreamed before! What a revolution these simple tools must have brought about in the lives, customs, manners, morals, laws and religions of our ancient sires! Think! Then look around you at the mighty machines that have evolved from these simple tools and know that a social revolution is again at hand; that industrial democracy or industrial despotism is the only choice which you can make; that the working class or the capitalist class must rule the world, and that rulership depends upon the ownership and control of the machinery of production and distribution, upon industrial, and not upon political power.

Be not led astray. When you, the working class, organize so as to control the industrial process, all other powers must obey you, for no other power can resist the power that feeds and clothes and houses the human race.

Industrial Control Is Everything.

Industrially united you can turn defeat into victory and float the crimson banner of industrial democracy from the flagstaff of every capitol in the world.

Be not deceived. Let the politicians howl on. Your society, the society of the working class, must be, by the mandate of destiny, a social commonwealth, an industrial democracy, and when the commonwealth rises it must rise through the organized industrial power of the working class, the I. W. W. This side of that commonwealth there is no rest, nor peace, nor home, nor good for us, the propertyless, the disinherited of earth.

LUMINESCENCE FROM EUREKA.

By Alexander MacKay.

"Eureka!" Said an old Greek "guy" who only found out how to do a little sum, but we say it with real joy, for we have found a native who is not job-simple.

"Eureka!" Another great discovery, met a "lumberjack" with four fingers and two thumbs, this shows how premature the Compensation Law is.

Beautiful scenery in Eureka, beautifully owned and controlled by the "Lumber Trust."

Many intellectual giants in Eureka seem to be living under the impression that workingmen will start sprouting wings if enough Bergers are elected. It's a cinch most of us will be angels.

Certain slaves around here, will almost admit the righteousness of sabotage, if they are told the "Appeal to Reason" is the sponsor.

Scene: Boarding-house, Scotia Mill. Time, about half-an-hour after what some slaves think is a supper.

1st Slave: "Gee Sam! You've been on this job a heluva long time."

2nd Slave: "Yep! About fourteen years."

1st Slave: "Say! How can you stick so long in a rotten dump like this?"

2nd Slave: "Well! You see, a fellah gets three meals a day, and a purty fair bed. What more does a fellah want?"

Biff: A well-aimed sabot hit slave number 2 on that specific region of his anatomy, where brains are popularly supposed to have their place of abode.

Aftermath. Next day a man with a little red card, calmly walked into the Local and announced pleasantly that he was fired for losing a shoe.

Moral. Use a club.

EXPLOITING PERFECTION.

By W. M. Witt.

By exploiting perfection, I have reference to the so-called doctor fee and insurance imposed upon the subjects of the timber thieves.

Exploiting is MERELY a NICE name for this LOWEST grade of burglary.

It's as EASY and LOW as taking candy from a baby, or pennies from a blind man. This thieving scheme of having a COMPULSORY fee for alleged doctors and imaginary insurance, would never have entered the mind of an ordinary employer, but was hatched in the putrid brain of the MOST colossal exploiters.

These grafters are NOT satisfied with giving a man ONLY a fractional part of his daily earnings, but from the low wage class they take one day of their labor in each month ABSOLUTELY gratis. They will EVEN take this tax for the right to work, out of the two last days in a month, should one happen to go to work at that time. This they have done for me.

Several years ago they would give a man a FEW doses of pills or quinine out of this "rake-off" called a doctor fee, but NOW, at most places, they charge extra for any "dope" issued to a sick or dying man. To give a few doses of medicine FREE might lower its reputation for being the VERY acme of exploiting perfection.

When the subjects of the timber thieves get sick or crippled the sawmill boarding "dump" is their hospital. Should they happen to have any time in the office they will be charged board for a place to MERELY rest their WEARY bones. Should their demise become a CERTAINTY they might then ship them to some nearby hospital in order to AVOID burial expenses, which should NOT exceed five or ten dollars around a mill where lumber is PLENTIFUL and labor CHEAP.

The insurance fee is QUIET liberal. If badly crippled they will pay half time until you can work, if killed, of COURSE, NOTHING.

I was once unfortunate enough to get crippled or disabled for a period of 21 days. At the expiration of that time and after deduction for board ONLY, I had the magnificent sum of 95 cents due me according to their figures.

I was once at a place where the sawmill managers refused to take any action in the matter of a poor devil who had been sick and down for QUITE a while.

He WISHED to be moved and after paying the outrageous doctor or hospital fee for months, the boys had to take up private donations from the men on the job in order to defray his expenses.

NOW, in conclusion, fellow-workers, I would ask you to get into the ONE BIG UNION, the I. W. W., and we will put an end to conditions which are enough to "make angels weep" and devils revolt.

WHAT IS A HOBO?

By Jim Seymomur.

The Voice of the People is one of the few papers that understands that much maligned, easy-going creature, the hobo; one of the very few that ever attempt to correct the average person's false impressions concerning him. Many persons living to-day can remember a time in the United States when gigantic monopolies were unknown, when the present wonderful development of the machine was only a dream within a dream, and when any able-bodied man willing to work could find a job. In those days there were some lazy men. I do not refer to the sons of the rich, but to those men who were both lazy and propertyless. These shiftless fellows often took to wandering about the country dodging work. The vocation of tramp was theirs through choice, not of necessity. The tramp then was so seldom seen as to be quite an interesting specimen to the inhabitants of the villages through which he passed. He was as good an attraction as the average medicine show and often fared better than the showmen.

But the "palmy" days are gone. The tramp life is no longer a bed of roses, not even one of alfalfa. Competition is keen and woe-bred numerous, and the tramp is about as interesting to other people as a ham sandwich to an Egyptian mummy. He still exists, this moneyless man who refuses to work, in the form of the professional tramp, but he forms less than ten per cent of that vast and increasing army of homeless, unemployed men that has become the very greatest of all our glorious American institutions. Over ninety per cent of the hobos (and why should we not consider the rule rather than the exception?) are men who will work, and work hard. The hobo, it is he who cleans up the odds and ends

of labor. To him falls the task of driving railroad spikes and swinging the pick and shovel under the blistering summer sun. The man-killing job of harvesting is his. He digs the ditches, picks the fruits and berries and fells the trees in the northern woods. And while at work he lives on food that would kill anyone but a hobo or a freight brakeman, and sleeps in bunks constructed on a congested plan that even a director of Trinity might envy.

Then comes the time when the odd-job season is over. And quite in helping with the all-round cussedness of things in this world, work is scarcest in the winter. By the time winter has fairly set in the hobos shoes are thin-soled and heelless, his pants well ventilated and his stomach empty. Then it is that he calls at the house of the great American citizen who studies little and learns less. Then it is that he hears the silly and monotonous question, "Why Don't You Work?"

The hobo is as patient as an abused cow; he explains that he did work when he could.

"Why didn't you save your money?" asks Mr. Citizen.

Ah, yes, that's it. Why doesn't he save his money? If you would know, Mr. Doctor or Mr. Lawyer, and especially Mr. Millionaire, get some coarse overalls to chafe your tender hides, go to an employment agency and take a hobo's job. Endure the revolting conditions for a month. Stick to it half as long as the hobo odes. Be half as much of a man as the hobo for once in your lives and I warrant you will be better informed on a question that from now on shall be dinned into your pink ears until it is solved. Will you heed the roar of the growing flame or will you fiddle while Rome burns? It's up to you.

GOD SAID:

By Covington Hall.

"You weary me with praying,
You tire me with bunc;
I am sick of your petitions,
Your priests' and preachers' punk.

"If you want the earth, GO, take it!
Quit whining of your need—
I have filled the earth with plenty—
Have your brains ALL run to seed?

Cut out your cry for saviors
(To be murdered in your sight.)
Come off your knees, you lobsters,
And learn to THINK and FIGHT!

"THE MAGIC LETTERS."

Bury your common-sense under an old stump on a Tuesday at the rising of the moon, walk three times around the stump repeating the magic letters, I. W. W., and you'll never be troubled with an intelligent judgment again. With some people the preliminaries may be omitted; the letters alone will do the trick. They have done it for most of the editorial writers of the country.

It is not worth while disputing any special thing these editors say—but we want to ask where those three letters got their occult power? What is the source of the spell?

It is not that they mean violence in labor disputes. I venture to say that with the possible exception of the Lawrence strike, no strike of recent years in a big industrial city has been attended with so little violence upon the part of the workers as the present strike of the I. W. W. in Paterson. Personally, I never saw so much mob-lawfulness as I've seen out there. And that, too, in face of an utter lawlessness on the part of those whose business it is to uphold the law. The I. W. W. in Paterson has given the world a supreme example of the power of a working man to wake up the public when he simply keeps his hands in his pockets.

It is not violence, and it is not ADVOCATING VIOLENCE, that casts the spell. Anybody who ever saw a strike before knows that the "big talk" at Paterson is no bigger than the big talk everywhere else. It gets advertised better, that's all.

The spell lies deeper than that. It lies essentially, I think, in one fact; namely, that the leaders of the I. W. W. take a maxim of the Socialist philosophy seriously. They believe that "to the worker belongs the product of his work." They believe it as a fact (factum, "a thing done"). To the striking workers belongs the product of their work—both the mills and their output.

This belief taken seriously leads to two lines of conduct which raise the hair on the heads of persons untouched by the Socialist philosophy.

First: It leads to THE REFFUSAL TO MAKE AGREEMENTS WITH THE EMPLOYER. Every demand of the I. W. W. is accompanied by the threat of a new strike as soon as the workers have recuperated—and so on until by some system of organization yet to be devised, the workers possess the product of their work. To persons who do not accept the maxim above quoted—to persons who never heard of it—such conduct is a high outrage.

Second: It leads to the possibility of SABOTAGE PERFORMED MORALLY—i. e., performed with deliberate estimation of its significance and results. Sabotage performed immorally, as a sort of theft, or sneaking revenge, a surreptitious levy upon the employer's property, is as old as wage-labor. But sabotage performed morally, as a use of ONE'S OWN property for a considered purpose—and that purpose the emancipation not only of himself but of the whole working class, and the world, from the slaveries of capitalism—that is a new thing on the earth. It produces new emotions. It unseats the editorial judgment.

I do not think that either of these lines of conduct is extremely important, or accounts for the growth of the I. W. W., or for its significance in the labor movement. That is a different matter. I am just trying to get my finger on the source of the spell that those letters cast my over the average mind. And I think it lies there.

"THE MASSES."

MINORITIES.

"Minorities since time began
Have shown the better side of man;
Often in the lists of time,
One man has made a cause sublime.
PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

SABOTAGE

by Emile Pouget. This is the classic work on the subject, telling how this new weapon is used by the workingmen of Europe. It was translated by Arturo Giovannitti while the capitalists kept him in jail in Lawrence. He also wrote an introduction as good as the book itself, and that is saying a great deal. Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents, postpaid. Address **The Voice of The People, 335 Carondelet Street, New Orleans, La.**

Send in a club of Five Annual subscribers or more to "The Voice" and we will send to each, free, a copy of Sabotage, a book every worker should read.

The I. W. W. Preamble

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

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

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

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

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

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

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DIPLOMACY.

Japan, you are up against a strong head wind. Believe me. You are up against the "Public Sentiment of the American People." And there is no use sending ambassadors and diplomatic communications to Washington.

What you want is a corps of advertising agents. Place about 5,000,000 agate lines of Oriental prospectuses in our leading newspapers all over the country, with annual contracts (renewable if everything is satisfactory) and about a year hence you will see the wind begin to veer round toward the west.—The Masses.

Jackass Laws

Under a bill approved by Governor Tener May 20th, ten verses of the Bible must be read daily without comment, in the public schools of Pennsylvania. Teachers who violate the law are subject to dismissal.

Now we suggest that the rebel teachers make a specialty of reading what Moses did Pharaoh, Judge Samuel's remarks on Kingship, the 23d chapter of Matthew and the Apostle Jimmy's opinion of capitalists. "Jesus wept." We don't blame him. Me must have had a vision of the asses assembled in American legislatures in the year 1913.

A "Hobo's" Suggestion.

By John Cassidy.

Having read note in THE VOICE of August 14th, appealing for ways and means out of disharmony in which the I. W. W. is snarled I have taken the liberty to write you a few lines on what I think is the solution of the whole turmoil. As this is the first essay I have ever written I hope any defects you see you will put down to lack of ability to write.

Now, then, having been in the I. W. W. over 18 months and having travelled pretty much all over the world, I think I am capable of writing on this subject which I think is very vital to the I. W. W. movement. Just now, if you will look over past history of the I. W. W. for the last five years you will probably notice that only in the last two years has the I. W. W. been very active in its propaganda work. Why is this? Why lack of education? Why not supply this deficiency? I myself have noticed that in every Local I have been in, from the Pacific Coast down to here, Class Conscious men who have wanted to be soap-boxes but lacked the ability, also men who could not keep off the Box, but when they got upon it, have made the I. W. W. movement look foolish. Why not supply this ability? It is not impossible. Can we not start a bureau of education? I have been in quite a few locals and have tried to get this going, but I found that I was handicapped because I was a hobo and not supposed to know anything. Let us look back on all reform and religious societies and you will see that they have a system which is very thorough. Take the Salvation Army, for instance, and you will notice that before a man or woman is allowed to speak on the streets they have got to go through a compulsory course of education lasting in some cases from one to three years. Let us not be so high-minded and look down upon these people, but study their methods, learn from them and use them in our propaganda work, if practicable.

Now, let us go into this matter and see if it practicable. Suppose we are in a big industrial center with quite a few locals; there would be a District Council there with a large hall; could we not utilize this hall two or three nights a week and have a night school and advertise it in the I. W. W. papers, a school learning how to agitate, organize and educate? Surely there is some really class conscious man in the I. W. W. who is well versed on Industrial Unionism enough to devote two hours a night two nights a week as a teacher.

Now, in my travels from the Coast I have met hundreds of men who would like to know how to speak on soap boxes, but lack something in their make-up, and you know as well as I do that the crying need of the I. W. W. is agitators, soap boxers and organizers, and if that is so, let us make them; let us educate those members who are on the inside and then we can get those on the outside quicker. We can have intelligent soap-boxers who will travel from place to place without cost to the organization, and then when we establish these night schools in every large city we can establish also a full course of study.

Another thing I would like to bring your attention to is some of the tactics of the "money and miseries" to bring disruption in the organization; to do this they put overalls on some guy who is well versed mentally, pay his dues in the local and then he begins to make himself popular and when he becomes so, he has the confidence of the majority he begins to cast insinuations upon conspicuous members and, working upon the ignorance of the rank and file, thereby creating dissension. Watch out for that. Also I think it would not be a bad idea to put in every I. W. W. paper, also in every local hall, a notice to the effect that every member of the I. W. W. owes it as a duty to himself and the organization to strictly attend all business and street meetings whenever possible. It is due to lack of interest on the part of the rank and file that the I. W. W. has been held back so long.

N. O. Marine News.

By The Artful Dodger.

Seeing that the Sailors and Firemen are now settled down, and things working in a peaceful-like manner, it seems that the weakest must go to the wall, as there are three unions now in New Orleans, and all open for all seamen no matter what their occupation is on board ship. This port, which at one time got the name of being one of the strongest Union ports in the U. S. A., is now one of the weakest, and the main reason for this is, that when the Sailors and Firemen's Union had the shipping of the men on the ships the halls were not large enough, some times, to hold all the members that at times got there, but now these members that called themselves good and strong union men never look near the halls and, in fact, some of them who are going in and out of the port in ships every other week went pay any dues, but would drink their all with this scab who helped to bring their wages to what they are at the present time. But times have changed with the marine industry in New Orleans, and so have the men, and still when the Union gets up again (as it has always done before) you will see and hear these same backsliders and turncoats saying, "Dutchie, Danske, so, and so, and so, are no Union men, but I am a good one;" at the same time they never contribute to any strike fund or any labor appeal that has ever been made. We still have two men in Hospital who were shot in the legs on the river front (and all the men are out of prison this last seven weeks) and still there has not been a word said about these two men in regards to what they are to do when they are fit to come out; also there has not been five men visited them in the Hospital this last two months, but the most of the seafaring class are the same all the world over, it is, "B—— you Jack, I'm, all right," with them.

Also it is just as J. Havelock Wilson says, "The seamen want all the Unions to be like an Automatic Machine; by putting a nickel in you should pull out Half-a-Dollar." Some of the officers of these Unions are shouting for one big union under the American Separation of Labor, with a lawyer at the head of affairs (mind, a lawyer for 18 Dollars per week!) and the majority of the officers of this Union have never been to sea in thir lives, but get on the backs of the seafaring men as easy prey.

Now, boys, take heart and look after your union and see that there is no George C. Bodines in THEM AND THE UNION WILL BE ABLE TO LOOK AFTER YOU AGAIN.

Monday being Labor Day, I understood that all labor had ceased for the day on the River Front, especially with the Longshoremen and the Screwmen who have their Union hall at the corner of Exchange Alley and Iberville Street entwined with the Star Spangled Banner and the Stripes and Stars, but what was the surprise to me when going up the River Front, to find a gang of white Longshoremen working away on the Fruit Trust boats while their Fellow-Workers, the Colored Longshoremen, were away at the Labor Day Parade, and these white suckers taking advantage of the colored men's absence, and yet they will tell you that they are UNION MEN, but what sort of a Union would stand for this kind of sucking business, only a craft Union that is for the benefit of the Master only and not the men.

The Seamens Enemies.

By Little Tich.

Fellow-Workers: The war against the Fruit Trust was the greatest fight the seamen ever put up in New Orleans, and you must not forget we have got to fight them again, but if you lose your self-respect you will never be able to stand up against such an organization of capitalists. Therefore I advise you not to go near the those Boarding House Masters who claim to be socialists and

on the other hand, are only after your money; all persons such as these are in combine with the Fruit Trust, and therefore are your greatest enemies. They are not alone in this nefarious work; there are others who take and chloroform you, so that they can get you to think as they do, and get you to divide from your fellow-workers. There is a person by the name of Chas. Johnson who claims to be the best Union man in the Port of New Orleans, but is better known to the seamen as a beer slugger. This same person after he gets his hatches well filled, goes about giving out the dope that the officers of the American Separation of Labor have been blowing out for some time past. Seeing that the Separation Leaders of Mobile and the Shipping Masters there are at loggerheads now and not making enough to get their meal ticket, they are using all the dirty tactics possible through Chas. Johnson, before they will go back on board any ship or work at whatever calling or trade they know.

We, the Marine Transport Workers appeal to you to get into the ONE BIG UNION of the Marine Industry so that we will be able to fight the masters when the time comes, as sooner or later it must, and I advise you all to prepare.

The Social General Strike.

As Arnold Roller's pamphlet "The Social General Strike" is in great demand, the Spokane locals of the I. W. W. have taken steps to secure a new edition and ask the assistance of other locals.

In order that the locals may not have to rely upon individuals the committee in charge have decided to handle the matter through the I. W. W. in New York City, where the pamphlet was originally published. As some complaint was made against the former publisher the Spokane locals advised the above action in ALL communications they sent out regarding the matter.

If satisfactory arrangements cannot be made with the former publisher the locals will issue the pamphlet direct as it is not copyrighted. No profit is sought on the pamphlet. Forty dollars has been collected and with sixty dollars more the pamphlet could be issued at once. The price will be ten dollars per thousand, purchaser to pay express charges. The retail price will be five cents. Spokane locals will stand responsible for all orders sent direct to 115 Browne St., Spokane, Wash.

WALKER C. SMITH, Sec.

Churches Excommunicate Unionists.

News comes from Western Louisiana that the Protestant Churches in that section are expelling all "communicants" who belong to or sympathize with the Forest and Lumber Workers Union. Look at our cartoon last week, at the man behind the Social Murderer. "Verily, verily, I say unto you that where a man's treasure is, there will his heart be also," and likewise his "religion."

Why any sane working man wants to furnish sweat to grease the body of a fat, parastic preacher, is beyond us, but perhaps, the Southern Forest Workers will now wake up to the fact of why the Longs and Downmans are so damned "religious" and so strong for the Y. M. C. A. scab-herders. We suggest that "The Menace" take a rest on the horrors of "Romanism" for awhile and take a shot at these Protestant polluters of the teachings of the Rebel Carpenter of Nazareth.

The lumber kings are firing all the excommunicated workers and many of the preying preachers are leading lights of the "Good Citizens League," alias the Black Hundred of the Lumber Trust.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, THE WORKING CLASS AND THE CAPITALIST CLASS HAVE NOTHING IN COMMON.

"And Judas went and hanged himself." We commend his example to these Lumber Trust Saints.

Vancouver Mine War.

(Continued on Page 1.)

They have threatened the strikers with every conceivable brutality; they threatened the Chinese strikers with deportation and thereby induced them to go back to work, but they are not willingly scabbing and I am informed that some of them are wearing wooden shoes.

The slime of the earth has gradually accumulated at Extention, and Ladysmith, and they were attempting to operate the mines. On Aug. 14th the scabs sent a challenge to the strikers, saying they were going to sweep them off the Island. The miners, not expecting any conflict, got the worst of the fight, the authorities neglecting to enforce the law or to prosecute the perpetrators of the riot. The miners knowing that justice was dead, (no it never lived) had to protect themselves and their kin; they sent word to their fellow-workers in Nanaimo and, like men, they went to the aid of their fellow-workers. There was no scabbing the next day.

The mine owners not being able to operate the mines were losing their GOD; (i. e., profits) they being very religious had to protect their GOD; they sent for some more scum of the earth (sepcial police). A detachment of these human chiphers numbering about 25, arrived on Saturday, Aug. 16th, in the afternoon; they were met by the miners and politely told that they were not wanted to keep law and order. (?) So the miners disarmed them, marched them to a boat and sent them back where they came from; another detachment arrived that night by boat; the miners did not permit them to land but guarded the boat until it sailed away, back to where it came from.

The mine owners then put everything at their disposal into action; the capitalist press came out with lengthy and untruthful reports and innumerable lies; 500 militiamen, from Victoria, B. C., were immediately dispatched to the scene; the next day, some 350 troops of Vancouver were loaded on a ship called the Patricia; the crew refused to transport that unthinking scum of humanity; however, some more slime of the earth was gathered together, which acted as scabs and the ship with that mass of eruption, the refuse of condemned slaves, slid away, but not without being called numerous names by the crowd that had gathered on the wharf; a repetition of this took place the next night.

Now the entire strike zone is under martial law, and that unnamable that is labled as special police and detective, has flooded the Island in order to trump up charges against any person who has taken any active part in the struggle.

The miners held a meeting on the 18th, at Nanaimo, with an attendance of 1,500 miners or more; the hall in which the meeting was held was surrounded by the Militia with fixed bayonets and loaded rifles, with a machine gun at the back of the hall, capable of taking about 1,000 lives per minute; then all efforts to get the defenceless miners excited and make a stampede, were put into effect but all were futile; the strikers kept cool and obeyed the orders of the commanding officers. When the meeting was over they were permitted to leave the hall 10 at a time in order for the "law and order" brigade (?) to search them, and identify any active workers so they could put them behind the bars, and, as a result there are now over 120 active strikers in jail, waiting to be tried by a court that is on a par with Saw-Dust Ring justice.

In jail for what? for obeying the natural instinct of self-preservation, and for having manhood enough to take a stand as men.

Who is protecting the interests of the mine owners? Who has put the miners in jail? Who is trying to crush that spirit of revolt which makes of the strikers MEN? Why, it is working men that are keeping working men in subjection, it is traitors to their own class, it is the "free Britishers," who are too much of cowards to rebel when they are ordered to shoot or suppress their own class.

The miners are now beginning to ask each other this question: "Why don't our own brother union men in

other districts quit work instead of mining the coal that was formerly mined by us?" The REAL ISSUE is here, it has forced those that are men to take stands as MEN—they are realizing that class solidarity is the only hope of the workers. Talking to a man from Nanaimo, he said, while in a barber-shop there, two militiamen came in; they were talking about that they would be expelled from their union and lose their jobs, and were apt to get some black eyes when they got back over to the mainland. Believe me, we won't disappoint them, seeing they are expecting it.

The rich know more than the poor. You can prove that because the poor work. No one got rich that way. —Clarence Darrow.

Sam Pedro Smoker.

Local 245 pulled off a smoker on Aug. 23rd, that proved to be a success. Mock trial and wrestling match were among the other attractions. Songs and recitations there were in plenty. We intend to have next smoker combined with an organization meeting, one hour will be devoted to educational discourses, after which we will proceed to smoke.

In order to boost the papers, tickets to entertainment will be given away with each paper sold.

SMOKER COMMITTEE.

We put too much faith in systems, and too little in men.

—Disraeli.

Merryville Barbecue

There was a good crowd at Merryville on Labor Day to enjoy the barbecued meat, hear speaking and buy literature.

Many union men came over from places thirty miles distant, such as Singer, Oakdale, Cravens, DeQuincy and Rosepine. The writer joined Sec.-Treas., Jay Smith on train at Rosepine and proceeded to De Ridder, where we got in touch with Fellow-Worker Hollingsworth and other loyal I. W. Ws and went on to Merryville. There was no trouble there at all. Not even an angry argument or fist fight. Sheriff Martin and a couple of deputies went over to assist Kinney Reid, Jr., the American Lumber Co., marshall of Merryville in keeping down trouble, but they were disappointed, because they functioned only as part of the audience.

Doc Havens was chairman at speaking. The writer made a brief address and was followed by Secretary Jay Smith, who made a magnificent educational speech on Industrial Unionism and Economics which was very much enjoyed, and highly praised by the crowd. Many expressed surprise that he could make such a fine address because, no doubt, they have always heretofore "heard" him only by letter.

Much credit is due Mr. H. O. Lawrence and his Rebel wife for the success of this meeting and barbecue. Lawrence rode all over the country scattering hand bills, announcing the barbecue, and worked hard to make it a success.

There was no abuse, bawling out or personalities indulged in by speakers, and in consequence, the workers did not have their attention diverted from the educational features of the addresses.

Our enjoyment of the day was saddened (?) by the news that Dan Warner scab woods foreman and thug of the American Lumber Co., had suffered a stroke of paralysis and was unable to move hand or foot. We raised our hats reverently and devoutly prayed that all his kind would suffer the same, or a worse fate.

As none of the saw mills observed this "Legal Holiday," many of our fellow-workers could not attend, because "we need their presence on the job." PHINEAS EASTMAN.

That work is for workers and love is for lovers no one disputes. Some day it will also be seen that law is for lawyers and politics for politicians.

—A. G. Wagner.

Blackhanding Themselves?

(Continued on Page 1.)

rather, very probably been sent there for the purpose of creating a disturbance and then laying it on the Union. It is reported from De Ridder that it is common talk that "General Manager" Martin very probably had the letter written to himself, as all sane men know the I. W. W. does not deal in such stuff. It is also reported that "General Manager" Martin boasts that he knows every Union man working in his hellhole, just who they are who is and is not paid up. IT'S A LEADPIPE CINCH THAT HE DOES NOT KNOW ANY SUCH THING, FOR, BEYOND THE MEMBER HIMSELF, THERE ARE ONLY THREE OTHER MEN IN THE UNITED STATES WHO KNOW WHO IS AND IS NOT A MEMBER OF THE FOREST AND LUMBER WORKERS UNION. This style of bunc is being handed out by the Sawdust Ring's slave drivers in all parts of the country just now, tho, and is being done for the purpose of scaring the weak-kneed out of the I. W. W., as the Trust well knows that its slaves, once in this Union, will be able to make it come across with something better than SHACKS, OVERALLS and CANNED CAT.

And the ONE BIG UNION is growing, despite all the PREYING "saints" that dwell in Kansas City or of their overseers that have made a living hell of the forests of the South.

Strike at Randolph, La.

By The Wooden Shoe Kid.

The shop, train and bridge men here recently went out on strike for a payday. The woods, saw mill and section men (?) remained at work. But 'twas not long until the mill was forced to shut down, on account of no logs. On top of this the loaders became disabled and then the woods men (?) were forced to lay off, too. So now the whole layout is sowed up with the exception of the local train, which is being run by some future presidents. A "thing" in human form is running the locomotive of the local and before this he was conductor on the same train.

We wonder if there is a law in this State (?) to COMPEL even SCABS to stand an engineer's examination before they attempt to run a locomotive? And, just as a matter of curiosity, we would like to know if it is a violation of the law to run engines without headlights, or log trains without airbrakes, or locomotives without anything to stop them with but the REVERSE LEVER and THROTTLE, on a chartered railroad?

One would-be scab attempted to climb on an engine with the intention of firing her, when, lo and behold, somebody pulled him off and sorter smashed his mug. Next day the sheriff and a few deputies came down from Farmersville for the purpose of maintaining old "law and order." When the Master beckons, these spawn of an unjust social system always hop to him.

To their everlasting credit, let me say, a sawyer and one other man (I could not learn their names) did their best to get all the slaves to strike for an increase in wages as well. JUST THINK, some of these have not had a pay-day in three months, and then not have backbone enough to strike for what is due them.

No, George, there were not any known members of the I. W. W. there. The engine men organized this strike, they being the only union men here, and who, for their activity, were paid off and discharged. The Boss is looking for scabs to take their places.

Oh our Masters! We thank you for educating the slaves! It saves us trouble.

It might be a good idea for a few live I. W. W. men to come here and help organize this place.

Will tell more next week as I believe the trouble is not yet settled.

Go to the past for experience, but never for authority.

A Merry Haw-Haw!

By "Invincible Weary Willie."

Spokane, Wash., Aug. 20th.—The most unmerciful drubbing ever received by a public speaker was administered last night to Miss Carrie Carpenter, a philanthropic bourgeois lady who is touring the country and spreading the cause of the Progressive Party. Miss Carpenter arrived in an auto and cast anchor at Main and Stevens streets, a vicinity infested by bands of Volunteers, Starvationists, Single Taxers, Wobblies and other pests. Immediately upon discovery of her presence, the sex-conscious proletarian stiffs deserted the other meetings and pressed about Miss Carpenter's auto, forming one of the largest audiences of cockroaches, wobblies and blocks ever witnessed at a nearly unadvertised street meeting.

Emma oGldman had just arrived in town to deliver a series of lectures, one of them being on Syndicalism, Direct Action, Sabotage and the General Strike. Emma's choice of a subject made a good wedge for Miss Carpenter to use in opening her address.

Emma Goldman had just arrived in the speaker. "Personally, I admire Miss Goldman very, very much, but I can't agree with her. Sabotage—(she pronounced it in purest frogleg French)—"syndicalism, the general strike and direct action are bad and I will show you why. Now, sabotage means the general strike; isn't that right?"

A chorus of noes came from the workers, the cockroaches maintaining a discreet silence.

"Well, perhaps that isn't exactly what I meant," continued the speaker, "but syndicalism means the destruction of property, doesn't it?"

Another chorus of vociferous noes. Miss Carpenter appeared rather flustered, but proceeded.

"Well, anyhow, one of them means the destruction of property, and if you destroy property you destroy yourselves."

After the haw-haws had subsided she proceeded to outline her party's plan of action regarding a square deal and workingmen's insurance in the Milwaukee Mutual. She assured the workers that they were paying too much for insurance and asked them the exact amount.

"Dollar a month," came the reply from all sides.

Witnessing the speaker's bewilderment one sympathetic stiff enlightened her by yelling "Hospital fee."

"Well, that is your own fault," asserted the uplift lady. "Why don't you use your votes?"

"Ain't got no votes," replied the crowd.

"What's that? Why, I never heard of such a thing!" expostulated the benevolent one. "Reeahly, that isn't true. All of you who have votes kindly raise your hands."

Of the three hundred men in the crowd about fifteen raised their hands, and the writer observed that none of the hands wore corns. This scarcity of hands convinced the speaker of the futility of preaching political action to a crowd of disfranchised workers, and she soon ended her talk and called for questions. This in the west, is a fatal break for a poorly informed speaker to make. Back east, where a street audience is composed largely of capitalist-minded shoe clerks, college students and other densely ignorant nonentities, a request for questions is merely a signal for a lower hanging of jaws and the total vanishing of expression from upturned and wondering eyes. The occasional intelligent man who does ask a question is jeered by the nonunderstanding numbskulls and the speaker closes the meeting in triumph. But in the west the stiffs do ask questions. Here are some which were fired at Miss Carpenter:

"Why do you say you sympathize with us? Can we use sympathy?"

"Are not politics merely a reflex of industry?"

"How would lower freight rates benefit the workers?"

"Isn't Munsey, the scabherder a Progressive?"

"Will not your proposed horde of cost-investigating commissioners be but parasites riding on the backs of the workers?"

"Why do the Industrial Workers speak from soap boxes while you use an expensive auto?"

The speaker's reply to this last question, quoted verbatim, was as follows:

"I sent fifteen dollars to Elizabeth Gurley Flynn during the Paterson strike."

This should have shown the ungrateful I. W. W.'s that their votes had been paid for and should therefore be delivered.

The drawing-room speaker soon tired of the bindlestiffs' verbal artillery and closed the meeting. During the evening she had said but one thing worth while; she admitted that the constitution of the United States is an outworn and worthless document.

It is reported that Miss Carpenter will read a primer or two on economics before her next trip west.

THE RAND MASSACRE.

Writing from the Trades Hall, Johannesburg, South Africa, another correspondent says the Dragoons rode past the Rand Club, turned, drew swords, and charged the crowd, who fled in all directions. When they reached Market street the Dragoons turned and charged again down Love-day street toward the Rand Club through the crowd who had gathered in their wake. After the troops had passed Commissioner street the crowd closed and completely blocked the streets in front of the Rand Club. I was wedged in the middle of the struggling mass watching the soldiers who suddenly stopped, wheeled round, dismounted, and quickly as possible shouldered their rifles. The people saw what was coming and tried to get out of the way, but it was too late; a murderous volley was fired. People round me dropped like flies with shrieks and groans. When I looked back on the street it was pitiful to behold the sight. There were five men lying dead, and men, women, and children huddled and laying in all positions wounded. Some were laying still, bleeding horribly from ghastly wounds; others were dragging themselves across the street trying to gain shelter from the troops' fire, leaving thick clots of blood every time they moved; but we could only look on from shelter of doors or any place we could find. If one dared to make a move in their direction, he was told to stand back. One man exposed himself to the troops. Throwing his coat open, he shouted: "Shoot me, you dirty murderers, not women and children." He fell shot with seven bullets through his chest. The soldiers then ran up and lay down in skirmishing order at the corners of the streets, and held Lovelady street and Commissioner street. One youth in Blisik street, a block away, walked out in the street and fired a Browning at them; he fell dead, shot through the head. We then hung out white handkerchiefs, and asked permission to attend to the wounded, which was granted. The first man I went to was laying on his back with arms out-stretched, staring up at the sky with glazed eyes shot through the mouth. The next was a native boy, bleeding horribly from a gaping wound in the thigh, as large as a hen's egg, blown clean out. Another had been shot through the leg in the calf of the leg; it was blown out. Things that should be commented on about this wholesale killing of workers here are kept strangely quiet. This country is run for the mining houses. But the workers are waking up, and the day is not far distant when this country will be run for the benefit of the workers of this country and the man who makes it his land of adoption, and not for the oversea capitalist. I want you to publish this letter, and let the British working man know how his countrymen and cosmopolitan fellow-workers are treated here under the much-talked-of Union Jack. (I am a Scotsman and Britisher, but renounce Britain from now) when they go on strike for a living wage.—From "Reynold's Newspaper."

GET BUSY!
JOIN THE ONE BIG UNION OF FOREST AND LUMBER WORKERS.