

Come Aive! Join The Militant Minority! Any Old Dead Fish Can Swim With The Current.

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 18, 1913

"TRUTH CONQUERS"

NUMBER 403



Straightening Out Things.

Hop Kings' Victims.

Sacramento, Cal., Sept. 5.—In Marysville County jail lie ten fellow-Workers for the past thirty-three days. The heat there is often 120 degrees. Alongside them is a syphilitic with running sores six inches long half an inch deep scattered over his body. Twenty men are crowded in the space of six. The men have to strip naked every day in order to stand the heat. So full of vermin is the jail that when the I. W. W. committee visited the men with counsel on September 4 to institute habeas corpus proceedings, several of them were shamed by being compelled to pick these parasites from the outside of their clothing. With lice crawling from this syphilitic to the bodies of the unfortunate workers is it a wonder that they have asked us to make a strong appeal for funds for their defense. The hearing of the writ of habeas corpus will be had Wednesday, September 10.

Local 71 does not think it necessary to waste \$15 or \$25 of the scanty funds it has gathered on postage to make a personal appeal to each local. Our papers have given sufficient notice of the need.

These men were arrested on Aug. 4. Some had tried to organize the hop pickers on the Durst Ranch into the I. W. W. Appeal had been made to Local 71 for cards and stamps. The riot in which the district attorney and a deputy were killed and two workers were killed and eight of the

(Continued on Page 4).

Miners of "Mon" Valley Victimized.

"Sacred Contracts" With U. M. W. of A. Flagrantly Violated By Coal Companies With Impunity.

Organizers Act As Co. Herders.

Notwithstanding the so-called agreement with the Coal Barons there are some rules that may as well not be written. For instance, Rule 10 states, "Two loaders shall have two rooms under ordinary conditions." (To make this plain, before the coal cutting machines were used, one man had one place, and after the machines were installed, to make it more convenient and profitable, the coal companies had this changed so two men worked together. These two would clean up or load the coal out in one place and then they would go to the next place while the machine cutters ran the first place or room. Now the coal companies see where it is better for them to keep two men in one place continually because they want their mines filled up with men, hence two men for one room instead of two men for two rooms, although the latter is according to the agreement signed by both miners and operators.)

Companies Violate Contract.

This rule has been broken so often and so long by the coal companies that the miners have almost given up trying to enforce it. About a month ago the miners of Somers No. 4 (Pitts-

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Tools on Strike.

Years ago when the worker owned his little kit of tools and all of the work was done by hand, it was considered perfectly proper, in case of a strike by the workmen, for them to bundle up their tools and take them off the job, on strike with the men. To-day, as a result of the GENIUS, the tools of production are not contained in a little kit, but are mighty machines that cover hundreds and hundreds of square feet of floor or factory space, and THE BOSS OWNS THEM. It is criminal in the eyes of the owners of these machines to put them on strike when the workers walk off the job; the A. F. of L. looks upon the matter in the same light; not so with the I. W. W., he believes that anything is legitimate in order to take from the robber class more of that which has been stolen from the workers.

The I. W. W. holds that the most important thing on this old earth is HUMAN LIFE, and that inasmuch as we have a capacity for happiness, our lives should be passed under the most happy, easy and pleasurable circumstances possible. In order to attain our conception of what life should be we justify everything that may be a means to that end. EXCEPT MURDER. The capitalist justifies all means to the satisfaction of his ends, justify every crime against mind, body, nature and home. The capitalist, in an effort to satisfy his desire for the accumulation of profit, MUR-

(Continued on Page 4).

Gulf Longshoremens Fight Each Other

Capitalist Press Declare Suckers "Patriots" for Signing Five Year Contracts At Old and Reduced Wages in the Face of a Rapidly Rising Cost of Living.

Fate of New Orleans Dock and Cotton Councils Shows How Fast A. F. of L. is "Evolving Toward Industrialism."

Once Powerful Council Shot to Pieces by Politicians and Union Contract Labor.

The local capitalist press has lately been filled with accounts of struggles in the different Gulf Ports, New Orleans, Mobile, Gulfport and Galveston have all been in the limelight.

First came the strike of the Marine Transport Workers, I. W. W. and the Sailors Union against the United Fruit Co., which was a hard fought battle of the workers against the boss and which would have been won had not the Longshore and other Transport Unions scabbed it on the Seamen until the Fruit Trust was able to import Chinese scabs from England. Then came the fight of the Gulfport, Miss., Longshoremen for higher wages which is said to have been partially won. Then the strange strikes (?) in Mobile, Ala., and Galveston, Texas.

In Mobile, the COLORED Longshoremen went out demanding better conditions and a more equal SHARE OF THE WORK DONE; and then, later the WHITE Longshoremen went out demanding a settlement of the controversy and a SHARE IN THE WORK OF LOADING TIMBER, which seems to have been entirely handled by the Colored workers. In other words, one of Bellamy's dreams had come true—the workers were FIGHTING EACH OTHER TO SEE WHO WOULD DO THE WORK, only there was no play about it.

Then came the fight in Galveston, wherein Craft Unionism seems to have reached the dizzy heights of glory. There the WHITE Longshoremen made a five-year contract with the Bosses, THE BOSSES AGREEING NOT TO HIRE ANY COLORED LABOR. The Colored workers met this strange principle of Unionism (?) by striking on all the jobs they controlled, thereby tying up the Port of Galveston. The white Longshoremen tried to excuse their treachery to the colored Union men on the ground that THE LAWS OF THE INTERNATIONAL LONGSHOREMEN'S ASSOCIATION DID NOT ALLOW COLORED WORKERS TO BECOME MEMBERS, which is what the I. W. W. has been telling them all along—that the A. F. of L. only "organized" (?) them when it could not double-cross them into starvation otherwise. In New Orleans there were no strikes of the Longshoremen, either white or colored. Instead the "leaders" (?) met the Bosses in the Cotton Exchange and "contracts" (?) running from two to five years, on the basis of a ten hour day, with about two men for every job on the River Front, were signed up at the old or a reduced rate of wages, this to "ENABLE NEW ORLEANS TO COMPETE WITH THE OTHER GULF PORTS—AT THE EXPENSE OF LABOR.

These "contracts" completely destroy the unity of the New Orleans Dock and Cotton Council which was

only a few years ago practically an Industrial Union and the strongest and most militant labor organization in the Gulf States. When these treasonable contracts were signed the capitalist press was unanimous in declaring the suckers on the River Front "patriots." As old Dr. Johnson once observed, this proves that "patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel" and that a "patriotic" working man is a sucker who is willing to see himself and family go ill-clad, ill-housed and ill-fed as long as the good Boss hands him the bullock and a little cheap rotgut every Saturday night. And so ends the once powerful and militant Dock and Cotton Council of the Port of New Orleans.

So un-class-conscious has it become that not itself nor a single one of its constituent Unions donated a cent towards the defense of the Seamen in their struggle with the Fruit Trust and to the last man, white and colored, they worked all during the Seamen's strike side by side with Chinese and nigger scabs and never even took a punch at one of them.

As a shining example of how the A. F. of L. is "evolving toward Industrialism" we respectfully refer the Saffron Socialists and Syndicalists to the Dock and Cotton Council of the Port of New Orleans. In subsequent issues THE VOICE will try to show up the rotten conditions on the River Front here and tell the tale of how a militant industrial union was put on the bum by the "leaders" of an organization (?) that is strenuously asserted to be "evolving toward Industrialism." Until then, we will remark that "You cannot put new wine into old bottles without busting them" and that a labor union that falls into the hands of politicians of ANY PARTY is billed to get NOTHING for SOMETHING, to become a coffin fund, a machine for the conservation of political graft, and not an INDUSTRIAL POWER to be used to raise the wages, shorten the hours and better the conditions of its members.

SAY, you fellows on the wharves, whyinell don't you wake up and join the ONLY LABOR UNION in the Gulf Ports, the MARINE TRANSPORT WORKERS UNION OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD?

DO IT NOW, TO-DAY.

YOU have NOTHING but your CHAINS TO LOSE. The New Orleans Headquarters is located at 397 North Peters Street, where Secretary Parks and organizers Albers and Filgueria are always on deck to welcome all true rebels of the working class. The initiation fee and dues are low, AND THE ONLY WAY OUT OF YOUR PRESENT SLAVERY IS THROUGH ONE BIG UNION OF TRANSPORT WORKERS. Come alive! Join the army of the World's Rebellious Toilers!

THE VOICE of the PEOPLE

(Formerly "The Lumberjack.")

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Organization

Emancipation



Freedom in

Industria

Democracy

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EDITORIALS

EVERY DAY.

By Covington Hall.

Empires into dust have moulded, kingdoms crumbled to decay,
But, unwearied, mankind marches on to conquest every day;
Over gods, kings, and bishops, over temples, thrones and shrines,
Moves the race forever forward where the star of freedom shines.

Every day a sword is taken from the eunuchs 'round the throne;
Every day some son of science leaves the priesthoods power-shorn;
Every day some God is buried; every day some terror dies;
Every day the soul awakens with a braver pair of eyes.

Every day the right advances; every day old wrongs retreat;
Every day some lie is trampled 'neath an outraged people's feet;
Every day sees superstition growing peaked and pale and small,
Sees another dead Jehovah from the thrones of heaven fall.

Every day our knowledge widens; every day some mind is freed;
Every day truth rings a death knell over some slave-making creed;
Every day love's wings grow stronger; every day sees man arise—
Every day the soul awakens with a clearer pair of eyes.

THE QUESTION OF DECENTRALIZATION.

The Failure of Centralization.

Since the inception the I. W. W. has been centralist, both officially and, with the exception of the western wing, in sentiment also. The general conception has been that the workers should be organized similar to an army—a few powerful officials at the top to think for the mass of workers at the bottom and to force them to act together. A typical application of this idea is the wide spread notion that if one category of workers strike the rest will be forced by the G. E. B. to strike, willy nilly, in support of them.

This militarist conception is so well known and generally accepted that it were a waste of time to further enlarge on it. Our literature fairly reeks with it. Dissenters from it are flatly called "sore heads" and "disrupters." Consistently our constitution gives the G. E. B. power rarely equalled in conservative unions and unknown in other revolutionary unions. And the G. E. B. quick to take advantage of the centralist sentiment, has usurped many other functions, such as the controlling and muzzling of the press, etc., not given it by the constitution.

This centralism, which sharply differentiates the I. W. W. from all other revolutionary unions—which are ALL strictly decentralized, is due to the fact that the bulk of the founders of the I. W. W. were Socialists. Believing in the usual Socialist theory of emancipation by proxy, or representation, they naturally favored centralization. This tendency was strengthened by the mistaken conclusion of early Industrial Unionists that the lack of solidarity between the craft unions was due to their autonomy. Centralization was proposed as the only remedy. Autonomy and solidarity were considered mutually exclusive principles in the labor movement.

Results of Centralization.

However glittering the military analogy may be, the centralist theory is not applicable in the labor movement, as experience has shown. The inherent incompetence of bureaucracies would alone

be sufficient to condemn it. However sincere or able a bureaucracy may be it cannot be competent to direct the worker's fight. This direction must come from the mass. The factors involved in this fight are so many and complex that no bureaucracy can possibly understand and respond to them correctly. Such important factors as the degree of exasperation of the workers, their powers of resistance, etc., are not to be ascertained by statistics or theory—and it is upon statistics and theory that bureaucracies must rely. As a result of bureaucracies habitually either force premature revolts that the workers' psychology won't sustain, or that suppress those long overdue.

The mass of workers, however, being directly exposed to the stimulus of Capitalism, if organized autonomously, react "chemically correct," in response to them though this is often done unconsciously and without theory. Like water seeking a lower level they habitually take the right course—that is, the only course open to them. They revolt when the proper factors are present and then only. This tendency of the workers to act correctly is the sole hope for the revolution. Were it in-existent the labor movement might be indefinitely misled. It is the force that makes for all union progress.

Thus even from an ideal standpoint bureaucracies are inferior to the mass as the directive body. And bureaucracies are by no means ideal. On the contrary, they are universally afflicted with either a deadening conservatism or a genuine parasitism—generally the latter. Either their timid fears or their cupidity leads them to suppress the natural movements of the workers. In the latter, the ordinary instance, they vigorously combat individuals, groups, ideas and movements that conflict with their petty interests as parasites, however detrimental this may be to the interests of the rank and file.

Examine the history of the craft unions for proof. These unions, instead of being autonomous, as commonly supposed, are usually highly centralized. In many of them the local unions, on pain of expulsion, are forbidden to strike or even to communicate with each other except with the permission of the national office. Herein lies the principal cause of their mutual scabbery. Time and again we've seen them join forces and act together only to have their natural solidarity destroyed by a Stone, Lynch, or other meddling bureaucrat. What imports it whether this destructive interference arises from false theories, timidity, or crookedness? In any case it would be impossible without centralization.

Some of the "religious" faithfully believe that the I. W. W. can never fall into the control of cowards or crooks. But what guarantee can they offer that will justify us in further building up a centralized officialdom, when we see other unions cursed by such bureaucracies? And, indeed, with the I. W. W. in control of tried revolutionists has centralization been satisfactory? Let the present widespread agitation answer.

Further Objections.

Another factor against centralization is that in labor unions, where the rank and file are accustomed to blindly obey their officials, strike or other movements are easily demoralized by the bribery or arrest of these officials. But where the spirit of autonomy and independence prevails movements initiate from the mass and are almost impossible to demoralize. Crops of leaders may be bribed or arrested yet the movement goes on.

It may be further added that centralization is flatly at variance with the direct action, self-help or decentralizing tendencies of our times. A growing intelligence is repudiating the long tried and much found wanting "saviors" of all types. The workers are interpreting literally the axiom that the emancipation of the workers must be wrought by the workers themselves. They healthily refuse to be longer dictated to.

Unlike the military general, the labor leader cannot be entrusted with power. The general's problem is comparatively simple. Its factors are understandable. The labor leader's problem is unfathomably complex. The general is held true to his task by powerful patriotic and financial considerations. The labor leader is constantly exposed to great temptation. How this temptation is met is a matter of painful record. Labor traitors are not uncommon. What your boss calls you when he is referring to you while in comment.

To sum up our hasty examination: centralization is a failure because (1) bureaucracies are constitutionally incompetent as compared to the rank and file, (2) the innate conservatism of bureaucracies, bred of a sense of responsibility, prevents vigorous action, (3) centralized strikes or other movements are easily demoralized by the bribing or arresting of its leaders. In short, bureaucracies have neither the intelligence, initiative or honesty to be entrusted with the direction of the worker's war. These qualities reside only in the rank and file. Consequently the most effective type of organization is that which gives the mass the fullest expression. This type will be sketched in the next of this series of articles.

PAUL DUPRES,
Montreal, Can., Sept. 1, 1913.

TO THE "PO" WHITE TRASH.

By Phineas Eastman.

The reason I am addressing you, who do not belong to the Forest and Lumber Workers of the South, as above, is because that is the oft-cited military analogy does not apply to the labor movement with another Boss or cock-roach capitalist. I had a chat with a woods superintendent on the train between Monroe, La. and Shreveport, while returning from Chicago last July. He did not know I was one of the hated I. W. W.'s or he would not have been so frank with me. Among other things he said, "we do not fear the class of cattle in our employ called 'po' white trash," because they are a lot of low down yellow curs who are satisfied with cone pone and sow belly; give them a job at a dollar a day, and then work Hell out of them, and they are satisfied. They are just like their parents were before the Civil War, servile, cringing and cowardly to a degree, so much so that I feel like kicking one every time he comes near me."

He went on to say that what the Bosses feared was the sturdy common stock which formed the back-bone of the Union. He said that such fellows were not allowed on his job a minute after he got a line on them. How do you cowards like this line of talk from the big fat, lazy slob who works Hell out of you and allows you just enough meat and bread to keep you in working condition? Allows you about \$1.40 out of the \$10 a day you earn for him. Fine isn't it? For your wives, mothers and sisters sakes, don't join the Union of your class, because if you do you might help to bring about an EIGHT HOUR DAY in the woods and mills of the United

States, and much higher wages; think what a calamity that would be? Instead of that damn dollar alarm clock, or 4 o'clock A. M. whistle, hustling your poor tired wife or mother out of bed before she can see to dress herself, both you and she could get up with the Sun, just as your Boss does now. You would then have time to improve your minds, and go to a moving picture show occasionally without bemoaning the expense, and feeling all broke up the morning after. But I forgot! this Boss I talked to said all you wanted was sow belly and a Hell of a lot of grinding toil, and judging you by your cowardly apathy and devotion to his interests, I guess he has you sized up right; but I'll be damned if I think your women folks are satisfied! When you go home to-night ask them if they are? I'll bet a dollar to a "sinker" that they will tell you a lot, also just what they think of you.

Men, men, wake up! or are you really "yellow curs?" Stand up and demand your rights, by joining the Union and fighting side by side with the brave boys who have made the Boss come through with an increase in wages here and there, a decrease in your living expenses in the "Robbersaries" and Weekly Pay-Day. Do not you know you can, by being MEN and swelling the ranks of the Union, wring more concessions from the grasping Boss? If you are afraid to join the Local near you, write to Jay Smith, Sec.-Treas., Alexandria, La., and he will put you on the Secret Membership Book, where you will find lots of company, because we have had to adopt this means in order to beat the Bosses black-list. Get busy right now, and rise in the estimation of your women folks and your fellow-workers already in the Union, some of whom are toiling right by your side in the mills and woods of the South.

"A faint heart never won a fair lady," and neither will such an organ win a damn thing except kicks, blows and contumely.

Don't be afraid of starving here in the South where you have mild weather for ten months in the year, and worlds of turnip greens, sweet potatoes and peas. Ask your women what they think about your joining the Union? they will tell you to go ahead, and promise to give you their support, and that's a big help too.

ARE YOU PO' WHITE TRASH OR MEN? ANSWER!

CAPITALISTS have no regard even for their own laws when these laws stand between them and the workers' pa envelopes.

THE STANDARD OIL CO., so Wall Street announces, will declare CASH dividends circling around the \$100,000,000 mark this year, or more than 100 per cent on its pre-"dissolution" capitalization.

That whole \$100,000,000 was stolen from the workers in the Oil Fields and Refineries of this Continent and you, the workers, are a bunch of suckers when you don't organize in the ONE BIG UNION and declare it into food, clothing and shelter for yourselves and families.

"YE ARE MANY, THEY ARE FEW!"

THE "AMERICAN LUMBERMAN," commenting on the struggle between the N. I. U. of F. and L. W. and the S. L. O. A., says: "Victory is now conceded to the mill operators." Whoinhell "conceded" it, sonny? NOT US BY A DAMSITE. And if you were as thoroughly posted on the history of the I. W. W. as you allege yourself to be, you would know off-hand that statement was a lie, for victory to the enemy has never been conceded any time anywhere by the I. W. W.

That SKIRMISH in western Louisiana is NOTHING to what's coming when the Lumber Trust's Southern peons next revolt. Put that in your pipe and smoke it, sonny, for some day SOON even John Henery Kirby will be taught that pumpguns cannot abrogate the law of ECONOMIC NECESSITY.

A CHILD'S DEFINITION:—"Monotony is where a person or a company has everything its own way." Nota Bena: There's no monotony in the I. W. W.

ART OF EATING.

"Brain and Brawn" says, Ist, "never eat when the stomach is full of gas." A Bo never will, he throws the gas off trying to eat. 2nd: "Never eat when tired, angry or excited." When in H—I will a Rebel Bo eat? 3rd: "Never eat more than enough to satisfy real hunger." A Bo never will. 4th: "Eat slowly and chew every mouthful thoroughly." A Bo will, if it is not raining and he sees no Bull around the house.

—Los Angeles Shorty.

INDIVIDUALITY.

By Robert G. Ingersoll.

"On every hand are the enemies of individuality and mental freedom. Custom meets us at the cradle and leaves us only at the tomb. Our first questions are answered by ignorance, and our last by superstition. We are pushed and dragged by countless hands along the beaten track, and our entire training can be summed up in the word—SUPPRESSION. Our desire to have a thing or to do a thing is considered as conclusive evidence that we ought not to have it, and ought not to do it. At every turn we run up against cherubim and a flaming sword guarding some entrance to the Eden of our desire. We are allowed to investigate all subjects in which we feel no particular interest, and to express the opinion of the majority with the utmost freedom. We are taught that liberty of speech should never be carried to the extent of contradicting the dead witnesses of a popular superstition. Society offers continual rewards for SELF-BETRAYAL, and they are nearly all earned and claimed, and some are paid. We have all read accounts of Christian gentlemen remarking, when about to be hanged, how much better it would have been for them if they had only followed a mother's advice. But after all, how fortunate it is for the world that the maternal advice has not always been followed. How fortunate for us all that it is somewhat unnatural for a human being to obey. Universal obedience is universal stagnation: disobedience is one of the conditions of progress. Select any age of the world and tell me what would have been the effect of implicit obedience. Suppose the Church had had absolute control of the human mind at any time, would not the words LIBERTY and PROGRESS have been blotted from human speech? In defiance of advice, the world has advanced.

I believe it was Magellan who said, "The Church says the earth is flat; but I have seen its shadow on the moon, and I have more confidence even in a shadow than in the Church." On the prow of his ship were disobedience, defiance, scorn, and SUCCESS.

SABOTAGE

By Emile Pouget and Arturo Giovannitti, a book every worker should read. Paper, 25 cents, postpaid. Address **The Voice of The People**, 335 Carondelet Street, New Orleans, La.. Or for \$1.00 we will send you a copy of **Sabotage** and the **Voice** for 40 weeks. Get wise! Do it now, TO-DAY.

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 capitalism, 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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We further offer you THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE for one year and "THE REBEL" for 40 weeks for only \$1.00.

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I. W. W. SONG BOOK.

Send a dime to "THE INDUSTRIAL WORKER," Box 2129, Spokane, Washington, and get a song book. Forty-three songs. Songs of Life. Songs of Hope. Songs of Revolution. Songs that tell of Labor's awakening. Send your dime today and learn to sing the songs that are being sung around the world.

Workingmen Protect Yourselves.

By Forrest Edwards.

The "Industrial Workers of the World" as an economic organization is committed to a program of "Direct Action." It teaches the workers that, through the use of "Direct Action" they can force from the ruling class higher wages, shorter hours and ultimately the ownership of the natural resources and the machinery of production and distribution. That Direct Action is the only logical weapon of an economic organization, the necessary product thereof, and will protect the workers from the fierce cross-fire of the ruling class, their Bullpens, Bayonets and electric chairs, their Court injunctions, Bullets of the Soldier's rifle and other forms of violence peculiar to the present system of wage slavery, goes without saying.

What is "Direct Action?" Unless this question is answered we cannot proceed. We cannot allow the ruling class to define our terms. We must insist upon doing that ourselves, just as Charles Darwin and Karl Marx claimed the right to define their terms. It would be just as dangerous for us to let the ruling class define our terms as it would have been for Charles Darwin to have let the Clergy to define his.

Direct Action is that action taken by the organized working class against the Capitalist Class without bothering with the legal machinery of the Capitalist State. It is the organized action of the workers, guided by education rather than prejudice, prompted by an economic grievance rather than hatred; it calls for organized intelligent action, rather than the blind action of the Mob; it seeks to right the wrongs that exist rather than carry on a campaign of destruction as is the case with the Mob.

The Capitalist Class would be only too glad if we would accept their definition of Direct Action and Sabotage. They could then proceed with their scurrilous and inflammatory editorials, appealing to the savage instinct of man, fomenting mob violence to the end that they might disorganize our forces, through the wholesale destruction of property and physical injury to men and women that would be left in the trail of the Mob. Mobs are never prompted by any good motive, and no good can come therefrom, yet the "Law and Order" bunch when engaged in an industrial dispute, and baffled by the organized workers, always, as a last resort, appeal to the Mob spirit of man, and it is precisely this position that the ruling class will take on the eve of the revolution and thus try to disorganize the workers. Their success means our failure.

The power of the workers lies in their ability to start and stop the wheels of industry: LABOR-POWER, the physical energy of the working class, THE LIFELOOD OF INDUSTRY, and without which industry would not operate, is bought and sold on the open market by the highest bidder; and its price or wages is determined like the price of all other commodities, by supply and demand. The workers then, to get a higher price for their Labor Power, must organize into a Union patterned after the shop in which they work, and then, by taking a common stand, they can stop the wheels of industry, and the industry will remain dead 'til labor power is again applied and brings it back to life.

The worker through his SHOP ORGANIZATION assumes control of the industry; in the same degree that labor controls industry through shop organization, the control of industry passes from the hands of the capitalist and their governmental institutions to the workers to be managed by them through their organization. If, in the every-day struggle for higher wages and shorter hours, active members of this union should fall into the clutches of the law, the workers, through their organized power can force their release, by simply stopping the wheels of industry, the capitalist will take the matter up and, from the standpoint of gold dollars, decide whether it is cheaper for them

to railroad the men to the gallows, or the pen, as the case may be, or whether it will be cheaper to turn them loose. To send them over the road will be their ruination, to turn them loose will mean that they can at least do business a few years longer. The organized action of the workers, guided by intelligence, THAT ACTION, prompted by some economic wrong, can be called Direct Action, and we refuse to admit that there is any harm can come from this method of warfare. We say to the workers that DIRECT ACTION WILL GET THE GOODS.

The capitalist class are in the habit of creating riots and then saying to the world: "Look, there is a sample of Direct Action, do you want any more of it?" We reply by asking, "When have the I. W. W. ever advocated Mob violence? or Mob action?" No; we are just as much afraid of mobs as any member of the capitalist Class. We say to the workers: ORGANIZE AND TAKE INTELLIGENT ACTION." It is only by intelligent action that the workers can ever protect themselves from the Mob Violence of the capitalist class, and ultimately emancipate themselves from Wage Slavery.

The Pale Laugh.

By K. E. Primus-Nyman in "The New Review."

How vividly can I yet remember the first time I read Leonid Andreyev's "The Red Laugh." I was but a child then, but the Red Laugh became part of my imagination; it became the Great Drama of Life that I wanted to see and to study and feel. The horrors of the Red Laugh did not frighten me, they struck me by their intense power, and they appealed to my mind by their melancholy.

I had plenty of chances both to see and to hear the Red Laugh. Each time I witnessed its violent outbursts I was forced to rejoice at the volcanic powers that lay hidden at the bottom of the human soul and that could burst out when you least expected their appearance. For there is no more impressive scene than when a human soul is set aflame, and when it knows not its owner, nor time, nor surroundings. No acting, no painting, no music is greater than wild, unconscious life.

But I saw laughter that I could not hear, laughter that I could not understand, laughter whose inner meaning for a long time remained a mystery to me.

The Pale Laugh.

The first time I gave it this name I was brought as a prisoner through a large gallery in a Russian prison. Many of my unhappy comrades, working in the gallery, watched me closely with their eyes. They were not allowed to say a word, or even to make a sign, but as I passed their lips formed something that resembled a smile. That resembled. * * For it was only the muscles in their white faces that were distorted into a ghastly smile.

The Pale Laugh. * * It was a greeting of a prisoner, nay, the greeting of all the prisoners. * * A greeting that meant pity, mockery, and pride.

The first prisoner I met smiled at me in this way. I had never seen him before, nor did he interest me, but I felt how my lips formed like his. Evidently I smiled too.

The Pale Laugh.

One night I was strolling around in one of London's darkest slums in East End. It was a narrow lane between two rows of grey, mouldy houses. Here and there the way was barred by old, broken furniture or rags that had been thrown out into the street. And there at their side sat dark, human figures, praying, moaning, cursing. * * They had had no money to pay for their filthy, little dens, no more furniture or other belongings of any value to pawn, no power to resist. * * It was a late autumn evening, and a damp, frosty wind whistled through the lane, causing the people to seek shelter behind old corners or

barricades of furniture. And there they were sitting in the darkness, their teeth chattering, and talking in low whispers. But the wind carried their moanings with it, and at the end of the street it seemed to me that I was listening to a hymn, arising out of the lowest depths.

It was hideous to listen to that hymn, it was hideous to view all the misery of that lane, but at its end, quite close to the river, where a yellow mist rose like an impenetrable wall, the very worst sight met my eyes. Leaning against a red brick wall sat a thin, disfigured woman, trying to shield a weeping baby under her ragged shawl, too small even to give her herself shelter against the cold. All her belongings were stowed down in a box, besides which she only possessed the three-legged chair, upon which she was sitting.

I had expected she would beg for a coin as I passed her by. She said not a word. She only drew the shawl closer round herself and her baby. It seemed to me as if she wanted to show that they stood alone in this world. * * And when I laid down a silver coin in her meagre, bony hand she only stared at me for a few seconds. Perhaps she tried to speak—it is difficult to say,—but her lips were drawn into a smile, disdainful and appalling, although she only tried to express her thanks.

It was a yellow, sickly smile—it was the Pale Laugh.

We sat, one evening, a few buoyant youths, at one of London's gayest variety theatres. From our side table we had a good view of the "Promenade," where the stars amongst London's swell demimondes walked to and fro. I do not remember how long we sat there, criticising the extravagant dresses, the swinging ostrich feathers, the gaily colored stockings, and the small satin shoes of the demimondes, when one of them suddenly crawled up to our table. She was dressed like the others, extravagantly, tastelessly. But she had not red lips like them, and her cheeks were white. Red paint would only have shown off her pale face with the deep, hollow eyes. At the first glance you could see that she was suffering from a dangerous disease.

It was evident that she wanted to join our table. But her look was appalling, and one of us cried out, scornfully:

"What do you want here? Go away! You are ill!"

She remained standing, and she reminded me of a whipped dog. Her lips moved as if in a whisper of defense, but when she saw our reluctant looks she burst out into a short, soundless laugh. It reflected, however, all the horror, humiliation, and submission to fate that must have dwelt at the bottom of her soul.

The whole evening that same sickly smile remained on her lips. It looked like the smile of Death, but it was only the Pale Laugh.

Many faces have I seen lit up by that devilish smile, but clearest of them all I remember one smile that never will go out of my memory.

It was early one morning at one of London's night restaurants. At a table some drunken people had been enjoying themselves since midnight. The clock was three when they moved. For three hours a sleepy waiter had been running to and fro between the tables, trying to do his best to please everybody. And he had come to this place directly from another restaurant, which closed at midnight. He had a family to support, and he worked bravely day and night for their daily bread.

But every time he passed that table, where the drunken people reveled the little waiter was insulted by one of them, a big, fat, reddish man. And when they finally went, and the waiter was busy collecting the few coppers they had left, the fat man spat him in the face. I had expected a disturbance, but without a word of protest the poor, little fellow wiped his face. And when he nodded a last farewell to them, a tired, subdued smile still lay on his lips.

That time I understood the meaning of the Pale Laugh.

It is the laugh of the slave.

Labor Day Come and Gone.

By J. T. Doran.

Labor Day, that one day in the year when labor is supposed to show its thousands understand the significance of the day.

The average slave looks backward to Labor Day as a date upon which Jimmie Slughard bested Tommy Ivoryhead in twenty rounds of fierce fighting, or else the day upon which the Knights of the Giggie Gingle held their annual outing at Moonstone Beach. Recollections of the day embrace, Picnic's, Fights, Tournaments, Contents of one kind and another, brawls, a drunk, and anything and everything but what Labor Day was instituted for. THE PRIMARY PURPOSE IN RESERVING A SET DAY FOR LABOR WAS TO IMPRESS UPON A FORGETFUL WORLD THE FACT THAT THE WHOLE WORLD AS IT STANDS TO-DAY IS DEPENDENT UPON LABOR FOR ITS SUSTINANCE. Labor is the most important thing on this earth because it is as a result of labor that the necessities of life are procured for a needy mankind. On that particular day labor is supposed to impress society with its dignity and importance and to show to the world at large the power of the workers.

The A. F. of L. in Los Angeles, Cal. together with some Socialists had a grand time. On the day preceding Labor Day, a Sunday in the Churches of this city the clergy offered up prayers for the benefit of the working class. Think of it! The producers of the wealth of the country permitting the followers of that system of superstition and fear mumbling their chants in the interests of a class that are enslaved as a result of the ignorance and fear that has been propagated for centuries by these fanatics. The greatest curse with which mankind has been afflicted, the thing that promotes a condition of slavery for the toiler and a position of master for those who rob the producer of the wealth of the world, of the fruits of his toil! Then talk of the dignity of labor—rot—bunk—and then more bunk.

Labor Day as now set aside by capitalists is not a day on which labor is glorified but a day on which organized labor is offered up on the altar of ridicule, publicly praised and surreptitiously scoffed at. It is nothing more nor less than a day set aside by the capitalists, not by labor, and labor is supposed to disport itself on that day in accordance with the wishes of the capitalists. In many instances the organized man, to say nothing of the unorganized, is denied the freedom of even this day because they would be unable to run the things which are conceded to be necessary to the daily existence of society. This means of course the water systems, light and power plants, railroads, means of telephone and telegraphic communication, in fact every thing that labor has anything to do with, and that is about everything that is necessary on earth or sea. DO YOU SUPPOSE A LABOR DAY ON WHICH EVERY MAN WOMAN AND CHILD THAT WORKED THREW DOWN THEIR TOOLS AND QUIT COLD FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS WOULD ILLUSTRATE THE DIGNITY OF LABOR AND ITS POWER? Suppose now that not only were this to be peculiar to the United States but that it was to take place on a certain date all over the world! Can you see any need for the "sky screaming gentry" to PRAY for labor under these conditions?

Thirty-three years ago the organized labor of this country took a dose of reaction, administered by the American Separation of Labor and since then the whole labor movement has been in a cataleptic state. The only progressive organization in the labor movement is represented by the I. W. W. and as such is being consistently fought by, not only the capitalistic institutions, the press included, but by that same element of the A. F. of L. that has for years been preaching the mutual interests of those who work and produce wealth and those who do no work but who legally rob the workers of the fruits of their toil.

The I. W. W. and all international

revolutionary bodies have decided on an international Labor Day that will mean something to the wage workers of the world. MAY FIRST of each year is to be a day on which labor will bring to the attention of the world the fact that society is absolutely dependent on it for its continued existence. A Labor Day set aside by LABOR, not CAPITALISTS, and a day not of jags, parties, picnics, races and fights, but one on which ALL who work will cease their toil, thus proving their POWER to take from capitalist society that which belongs to labor. Such a Labor Day will not be a day of frivolities, but one on which a severe lesson is to be taught, and will be as a test weapon before the final battle between labor and capital. EVERY worker in the world to stop, sit idle but alert, and not with a booze befuddled brain. THE INTERNATIONAL LABOR DAY, SOLIDARITY, CLASS CONSCIOUSNESS, THE I. W. W., AND EMANCIPATION.

MINERS OF "MON" VALLEY VICTIMIZED.

(Continued From Page 1.)

burg Coal Co., Pricedale, Pa.) went on strike to have this rule enforced. The district union officials were notified, one of them, John O'Leary, of Roscoe, Pa., came. The first thing he did, as they always do, was to tell the miners they must not strike, it being against the agreement to do so, even if Pittsburgh Coal did break it, which they are doing yet. With this official in the hall, the miners voted for a strike. After it was decided to strike, this same official begged and prayed for the men not to strike, to rescind it, but to no avail.

Union Officials Oppose Men.

When asked if he would come back next day, he said it was no use, he having done all he or any other official could, that is advised the men to go back pending an investigation, (their long suit is investigations, notwithstanding their knowledge of conditions, they having been notified time and again.) But he saw the men were determined, so he came back, also the Hungarian-Slavish interpreter, Geo. Gussi, who also advised the men to go back to work until the officials could straighten things up.

We could mention several instances of miners striking without notifying the union officials, but as soon as they, the officials, found out about it they soon had a representative on hand to try and start the mine up without considering the miners demands, claiming it was against the agreement to do so, which it was. In most cases, however, the miners were justified in the action they took.

The mine committee with sub-district President John O'Leary, who said he could do nothing for the miners while they were on strike went to see the superintendent (Thos. Easton) who promised he would do all in his power to give the two loaders two places according to the agreement, but which is little changed, if any at the present time. The miners are naturally sore upon the U. M. W. of A. officials for seeming neglect of duty. The same officials also refuse to let the miners do anything on their own hook, that is independent of them no matter how much they are justified in doing so.

If they do so, they are threatened with non-support by the district officials or with the revokement of their local charters.

However there is one good sign and that is the awakening of the miners to the fact of solidarity, both industrial and politically.—"JUSTICE." Thus saith THE VOICE: O You borers from within! Yea! Verily! BORE, DAMN YOU, BORE! Put on more steam, or to hell with you!

W. E. Upshaw Killed.

Friends and relatives of Fellow-Worker W. E. Upshaw will be grieved to hear that he was killed by lightning at Quinlan, Texas, on Sept. 9th. He was buried at Quinlan and his family is requested to write Mr. V. E. Smith of Quinlan as to what disposition to make of his belongings, which Secretary Jay Smith has asked him to hold until further notice.

HOP KINGS' VICTIMS.

(Continued From Page 1.)

deputies and workers wounded, occurred within ten minutes after the camp delegate from local 71 had arrived at the hop yards. The reason of the murderous attack of the deputies upon men, women and children was to prevent them organizing in the I. W. W. Now these ten are held on a charge which will be murder. The District Attorney admits that he has no evidence against some of the men exposed to syphilis and consequent misery and insanity, but he holds them because the I. W. W. has not yet been given the funds necessary to make a strong fight. For instance the man now held as secretary of the striker's meetings in the hop fields cannot read or write, but he has been kept for thirty-three days now in absolute danger of his life and reason.

Local 71 has already engaged Austin Lewis and his partner, R. M. Royce. Lewis is the author of the "Proletarian and the Petty Bourgeois." This local has instructed him and the men in jail have agreed to this order, that the lawyers shall make no apology or excuse for their right to organize. When the trials come on we intend to put it to the court that these meetings will be held on every job possible and that if lawless deputies get hurt that is their look out. Although we are compelled to go into the courts for the defense of these men it is expected that the I. W. W. will be proud of the men engaged. Lewis and Royce both believe in the Revolution. Lewis would be an I. W. W. if he were not a lawyer. He left the Socialist Party shortly after the organization of the fighting bunch and has spoken for us wherever possible. Royce is a red Socialist, who still hold his card because he thinks the workers in the Socialist Party may soon gain control of that organization and he wants to be on hand to help turn the Socialist ship over to proletarian officers. No rebel will be ashamed of the fight made to defend the hop pickers. It will be a straight out battle of the workers. Help us with funds. We have only appealed to the I. W. W. as yet and expect to get enough to run this fight without going outside the organization, but if any Reds see this article and want to come through they may be assured that the funds will be appreciated and are greatly needed. Send all moneys to Andy Barber, Secretary Local 71, I. W. W., 1119 3rd street, Sacramento, Cal.

Merryville Doings.

Everything is getting quieted down at Merryville; everything working nicely since they got Dick Goff off of their hands.

The shipping clerk and one of the scab niggers got in a dispute yesterday and the nigger ran the clerk to his home, so the Boss got his gun and shot the nigger. Think the nigger died last night. "Judge" Mason was holding kangaroo court yesterday. Of course, the Boss was "justified" in shooting the nigger. The Company has plenty of scabs to kill.

Mr. Gilbert Henigan, the Ex-Organizer and Ex-G. C. L., has decided that his business at Merryville is not what he expected it to be and he is moving to Old Fields, a place on Sabine River, near Starks, La. Everybody in that part of the country knows him and the stand he has taken against the Union. I am SURE the people in that section of the country will give him PLENTY OF TRADE.

Jim Estes says "to hell with the old nesters," just give him niggers and he will build up a town that suits HIM. And, Dr. Knight, by the looks of the crowd at the pay window last night, his wishes have been fulfilled all any man could wish.

With best wishes to THE VOICE, I am, yours to win,

"OLD RUSH."

DeQuincy Notice!

JAY SMITH WILL SPEAK AT DEQUINCY, La., SUNDAY, SEPT. 21st., 1913, ON THE SUBJECT OF INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM. EVERYBODY INVITED.

"It Is To Laf!"

The following juicy gem of un or sub-conscious humor is from the editorial columns of "The Timber Worker," official organ of the I. U. S. etc., etc., and-so-on:

"That there is a growing feeling of revolt among the men in the I. W. W. who have long been tyrannized over by the sacred few is coming more and more to the fore. The 'inner circle' cannot long endure, now that the members have come to realize what labor autocracy really stands for. There is a vast difference between industrial unionism than the present idea of industrial unionism that an investigator might gather from the mouthpieces of the I. W. W.

Democracy is in the air. None are so great that they must be depended upon to act the Moses for the labor movement. The organization we are now building represents the proper ideas in both industrial organization and in the democratic rule of the membership. An organization of labor that gets its power from above, like the Oriental governments, is bound to decay and disappear. It is right that it should. Democracy should be encouraged; so far as it is possible, our own organization should be advanced along that line. To have an enduring movement, the power must come from the rank and file.

But there is something else needed. There are too many plans put forward on how to organize the working class and too little attention given to the work of organization itself. Conversation artists and spittoon philosophers may serve a purpose in the great scheme of things, but just what it is has not yet come to our attention. Get the men organized and they may be depended on to work out their salvation in a way that will ere long cause plutocracy to tremble.

We are on the right road."

NOW, "WOULDN'T THAT JAR YOU?"

Also we are constrained to remark: "Democracy, O Democracy, what crimes have been committed in thy name!" Again we would suggest that ONE purpose served by the spittoon philosophers" is to act as a thorn in sides of the heirarchy of the American Labor Movement.

Democracy within the A. F. of L.! Shades of Mahomet, will miracles NEVER cease!

But, "WE ARE ON THE RIGHT ROAD," alright, old boss. WE, US, THE I. W. W. That's why YOU are IMITATING US.

WE don't know who is worse scared of the National Industrial Union of Forrest and Lumber Workers, YOU or the Western and Southern Lumber Operators Associations.

Yes, sonny, "Democracy is in the air"—lookout that it don't swat YOU in the solar plexus!

The Masters' Skunk.

By C. Tabor.

(Dedicated to the United Gunmen of the World.

A brute, a wretch, a cruel cur,
A fiend for blood,—naught else can stir,—
The demoned sense to maim, and slay,
And slash,—the Masters' bloody play.

A cringing, vulgar uncouth slave,
A werewolf from the Masters' cave;
A gulping, thirsting fiend of lust,—
In murder is his only trust.

A brutish braggart of the clan
That decimates the best in man.
A gun his verse—an oath his song—
This "hero" 'of the silk-clad throng.

A jeweled-jawed beast that stalks to kill—
To hurt and pain, his highest will—
A monster with what beasts are dowered,
A soul of mud, a crawling coward.

Behold the dastard, putrid pink,
An atavistic malbred gink
Only to murder full awake—
Behold the skunk, the human snake!

SUBSCRIBE TO
"THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE."

Salt Lake Rebels Fighting Hard.

Just as we were going to press we received a letter from Fellow-Worker Sam Scarlett, Secretary L. U. 69, enclosing us a copy of attorney W. S. Dalton's great speech on free speech made in defense of Fellow-Worker Morgan and his associates who are now on trial at Salt Lake City, Utah, for a crime committed by Axel Steele and his band of Copper Trust Hellions.

It is the I. W. W. against the Trust and its lackey the State, and every true rebel will back Morgan and the fighters in Mormondom to the limit of their power and then some more. UP AND AT 'EM, REDS!

Send all funds for the defense to L. U. 69, I. W. W., 118 W. S. Temple street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

A Nightmare's Nest.

By Voc The Barbarian.

(Dedicated to the American Revolutionary Labor Movement.)

"Race me a race," the race horse said;
"Hop me a hop" said the hopper-grass;

"You're juney and bugs," said the bug;
And, "You talk like an ass," said the ass.

"Quick! flip me a flop," said the flea;
"No! shoo me a shoofly," said the fly;
"Cease! cease!" said the worm, "ere I turn!"

"Ay!" the goggle-eye said, "in my eye!"

"Indite me a bull," said the bull;
"Wail me a waul," said the cata-wall;
"O rats!" said the rat, "you are bats!"
"Nay, rattled!" said the bat, "that is all!"

Yea! Yea! 'tis the truth that I tell,
They were fozzled and fumbled and fixed;

And all that they said, as I say,
It was bumbled and jumbled and mixed!"

TOOLS ON STRIKE.

(Continued From Page 1.)

DEKS, MAIMS AND CRIPPLES over ONE MILLION WORKERS each year and does it LEGALLY on the industrial field. With a million workers rendered non-productive, the number of DEPENDANTS that are forced into starvation is much greater.

We say that when economic necessity compels us to go on strike, we not only are justified in putting the machine in such shape that the scab cannot operate it, but that we are in DUTY BOUND TO RENDER THE MACHINE NON-PRODUCTIVE AS LONG AS WE ARE IDLE. Destroy that which keeps your enemy in business and you have destroyed that which is responsible for your slavery. PROFIT.—"The Wooden Shoe."

His end being the accumulation of profit, he and his law, moral and ethic,

Song Books.

Los Angeles Locals have a limited number of the San Pedro Song Books, written by J. Hill. The book is double the size of the old one. Order now, as the printer will not hold our type long unless orders come in rapidly. All profits will go to Spanish paper.

Single copies, 10c each.

100 copies, 5c each.

500 copies, 4c each.

1000 copies, 3 1-2c each.

Address W. B. Cook, Box 265, Station C, Los Angeles, Cali.
Fellow-Workers:—

We wish to call your attention again to the above song books. We have 8000 on hand. This will exhaust the edition. If you wish to secure a number of the books you had best place your order at once. Several locals have repeated their order. The sale of these 8000 song books will enable us to make the initial payment on a cylinder press for La Huelga General. We have the offer of one at a close figure. Send in your orders so that we will have the money to do business with.

Yours in the fight,

W. B. COOK,
Sec'y L. A. Locals.