

DEATH TO BURNS-BALDWIN-FELTS-ISM!

An Injury To One

Organization ★ Is Power

An Injury To All

THE VOICE of the PEOPLE

[OWNED BY THE LUMBERJACKS OF DIXIE]

VOLUME II

"MIGHT IS RIGHT"

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1913

"TRUTH CONQUERS"

NUMBER 46

Men and Mules on the River Front

Some Rotten Conditions And Their Remedy.

Where is the Dock and Cotton Council of the olden days? Yes, where is it? The same old D. and C. C. that raised wages and made working conditions along the river front in New Orleans as good if not better than any port along the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts? Does it still exist? Yes, but sad to say, in name only. Its old time officers are holding down the political jobs that they were able to obtain by turning the once mighty D. and C. C. into the tail of their political kites, and its members are slaving along the front, bound hands and feet, by contracts that were not of their making, and working under conditions which in the palmy days of old, would have caused them to turn the whole damn front topsy turvy at the very thought of it.

Longshoremen, working in the holds, on the decks and on the docks, altogether unload the freight from the ships and lay it on the docks; for this they are paid forty cents per hour; truckers and freight handlers, stacking and trucking, pick the freight off the docks and load the same cargo on the teams and in the cars—the same cargo, mind you, and it hasn't decreased in weight since being unloaded from the ships—and for this they are paid the munificent sum of twenty cents an hour. Truly it is to laugh. Stick to it, you suckers, you'll get your belly full by and bye.

Union foremen and bosses pushing the men, making one man do the work of two mules, all for the interest of the boss and against the interest of the men. Stevedore's sons hiring their own gangs and the gangs hired by the union foreman getting turned down when they report for work. The S. P. docks all unorganized, likewise, the Philadelphia and New Orleans Dock, and doing the same work as the other docks for thirty cents an hour.

Half the men only working three and four days a week and the other half working ten hours a day. The banana handlers working for almost nothing, then getting docked part of this every minute the elevators are stopped and, in face of all this, they are forced to tramp about three miles to collect when the days work is done.

Firemen and Sailors, their Unions shot to Hell, and their jobs owned and distributed by some big punk of a rummy shipping master, Chinese and Coolies manning the ships, living on slop and hog feed and not getting enough of that; Bunks all crummy and the fo'oc'les unfit for a self-respecting human being to go into any more. Captain Rose shouting prosperity and patriotism with all the old-timers on the bum, the ships all flying foreign flags and manned by Coolies, greenhorns, punks and scabs. Hip-Hip-H-o-o-r-a-y! Let her rip; nobody gives a continental. Dock and Cotton Council's gone to rest.

Men haven't got backbone enough to raise a kick let alone go on strike. Well, what are you going to do about it? Every thing that you are not doing and nothing that you are doing.

How did the D. and C. C. better conditions in the old days? How did they make the masters come across with a little more of the dinero? You old-timers know. By united, direct action. An injury to one was the concern of all. Have conditions changed any since then? Are we not all working men still? Are the bosses not still as rich to-day as they were a few years ago, and then some?

Yes? Well what are you going to do about it? Say, wake up! Join the Marine Transport Workers, I. W. W., the one big union of the Seamen and Longshore workers, boys, and let's put an eight hour day, 50 cents an hour, no overtime allowed, in force along the whole front and clean up their rotten ships at the same time! The watchword is: "Solidarity and Victory!"

MINNEAPOLIS NOTICE.

Minneapolis Locals have moved from No. 220 2nd St., to No. 232 Cedar Ave. (former K. P. Hall.) RICH REESE, Secretary.

2,000 Shovel Stiffs Rebel

Two thousand shovel stiffs, mostly Russians, just came out on strike on the Pacific Great Eastern Railway which is in process of construction between Newport and Lilloaet, B. C.

The I. W. W.'s here are on deck; the line is tied up. This is only a starter; hell will be popping in Western Canada before long.

The men struck against a cut in wages, and are the same that were imported by the bosses to reduce the standard of wages here, and now, we suppose, they will have to get English speaking slaves to reduce the Russian standard; comical, but tragic at the same time. Well, we will see. Anyhow, the fiddlers are tuning up, the ball is on, and whatever happens, we can't loose anything except, maybe, our lives, which are not worth a damn anyhow, so, let her rip. Get busy you rebels everywhere, wake up, cut out the hot air and get down to business, let us see what you are carrying that red card for.

Yours for a good fight.

COMMITTEE L. U., 322.

God of The Fighting Clan

"More than half beaten but fearless,
Facing the storm of the night,
Breathless and reeling but fearless,
Here in the lull of the fight,
I, who bow not but before thee,
God of the fighting clan—
Lifting my fists I implore thee
Give me the heart of a man.

"What though I live with the winners,
Or perish with those that fall—
Only the cowards are sinners,
Fighting the fight is all.
Red is the mist before me,
Deep is the wound in my side,
Coward, thou cryest to flout me,
O terrible foe, thou hast lied.

"Here with my battle before me,
God of the fighting clan,
Grant that the woman that bore me
Suffered to suckle a man."

S. P. STRIKE OFF

S. P. Strike declared off to-day, Nov. 17th at one p. m. Arbitration on. The "Grand Chiefs" and "Pollies" will now proceed to hand the men a "settlement" in place of the victory the rank and file had already won.

ON WITH THE GENERAL STRIKE!

Saith "The Voice"

If you like the looks, attitude and tone of us, "THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE," and you are not already a subscriber, we invite you to send in \$1.00 for 52 weekly calls from us or 50 cents for 26 weeks worth, for which we promise you your money's worth. In clubs of 4 in U. S. we will send THE VOICE for 52 weeks for 75 cents per sub., and in Canada (all addressed to same Postoffice) for \$1.00 per sub. per 52 weeks.

Send in your sub. to-day! We need the money.

Subscribe to The Voice

Wanted Immediately

100 Locals and Rebels to Put up \$1.00

Each on

THE VOICE

MAINTENANCE FUND



"Political Action" In Action "On The Civilized Plane"

Forest Workers And Working Farmers, Attention!

We want every Forest and Lumber Worker and every working farmer in the Southern District who takes this paper to carefully read and study the splendid address, an "Apeal to Southern Lumber Workers and Working Farmers," by Secretary Jay Smith of the Southern District which appears on the editorial page of this issue of THE VOICE. Then we want you to pass it on to your friends in the woods, mills and corn patches and ask them to carefully read and study it. Then we want all of you who are tied of slaving for the Lumber Kings Land Lords and Railroad Magnates for a PEONS wage and a TENANTS portion to read again and study the great PREAMBLE of the I. W. W. and then we want YOU, if you believe with us and want "A MAN'S LIFE FOR ALL THE WORKERS OF ALL THE WORLD," to take ACTION at ONCE—DIRECT ACTION, that is to say, we want you to attend the UNION'S MEETINGS and we want YOU to go out among your fellow-workers and urge them to get into the ONE BIG UNION OF THE WORKINGCLASS and prepare to SHUT DOWN THE ENTIRE TIMBER BELT OF THE SOUTH in a great GENERAL STRIKE just as the boys on the Southern Pacific Railroad have dammed it into that old plunderbund. And we want you to help us carry the message of this GREAT GENERAL STRIKE OF ALL THE SOUTHERN WORKERS, WHITE AND COLORED, which is now being planned to every worker on the tracks, trains and in the shops of that infamous BRITISH PLUNDERBUND, the Santa Fe Railroad System and preach to them a UNION of all the forces of labor against it and its infamous ally, the Southern Lumber Operators Association, to the end that that PLUNDERBUND of

PIRATES shall be unionized from one end to the other and its crimes against working men and working farmers be ended once and for all. Get busy to-day. And stand for no more sluggings and murderings of rebellious workers by the GUNMEN and DETECTIVES of these allied PLUNDERBUNDS, for these rurales have no rights and standing under the law, their deeds are a negation of the whole bill of rights to write which our revolutionary fathers went naked and barefooted thru the ice and sleet of VALLEY FORGE, as they are an attempted denial of all those fundamental rights that are ours by the very fact that we are born on earth, therefore—when they slug and shoot, then you SHOOT, and SHOOT to kill. Arm and defend yourselves. And—SABOTAGE the BOSS. But above all, organize, organize, ORGANIZE—organize into the One Big Union of your class, the Industrial Workers of the World, for it alone is your only salvation, your only hope of freedom.

ORGANIZE! ORGANIZE!! ORGANIZE!!!

!!YOU!!

WHAT ARE U DOING FOR THE WHEATLAND VICTIMS? GET BUSY, U! SEND YOUR PROTESTS TO HOLY HIRAM, PUT YOUR SYMPATHY ON ICE, TURN YOUR SAB CATS LOOSE ON THE RANCH KINGS, AND SEND A FEW DIMES TO ANDY BARBER, SEC. I. W. W. LOCALS, 1119 THIRD ST., SACRAMENTO, CAL., FOR THE DEFENSE FUND. GET BUSY, U!

THE VOICE of the PEOPLE

(Formerly "The Lumberjack.")

Education
Organization
Emancipation



Freedom in
Industrial
Democracy

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ORGANIZE! YOU WAGE SLAVES AND TAKE YOUR FREEDOM!

To all Wage Workers in the Southern District.

Fellow-Workers: "The simple wish to use the bodily power of another person, as a means of ministering to one's own use or pleasure, is doubtless the foundation of slavery."

"When man enslaved and domesticated his own kind, he substituted the idea of human beasts of burden for that of human prey."

When captives taken in war could be utilized for work instead of being destroyed or eaten, a genuine means of production was secured.

Feudalism marked a decided advance on slavery. The serf had a certain interest of his own, not wholly identical with his lord's. The master gradually learned that hired labor (the wage system) was more profitable than forced labor, and the principles of serfdom, like that of slavery before it, had to give way to a higher form of organization for production (the wage system.)

In the old days slavery consisted in the ownership of the individual, with absolute right of life and death. The slave was chained and guarded and whipped much as convicts are to-day.

But the genius of modern civilization has produced a new and more polished form, which consists merely in the ownership of the means by which the individual lives. This is the most subtle and dangerous form slavery has ever assumed, for, the chains not being visibly attached to his limbs, the modern wage slave is deluded into the belief that he is free. His freedom is that of a convict in a prison yard. The prisoner may wander about, but he cannot escape. The prison walls surround him. So the wage slave is surrounded by the prison walls of capitalism. He cannot escape. Wherever he goes the sign "Private property; keep off," confronts him. He may starve in freedom, but if he wishes to live he must sell himself to the owners of mills, land and factories.

For all this poverty, shame and misery the wage system and the wage system alone, is responsible, and industrial union is the only power that can end it all, and the only way by which the working class can regain their freedom and humanity.

Statistics show that the wage workers all over the country only get one fifth of what they produce, then it is plain enough for any working man to see and understand how the capitalists have made their fortunes, and how the working class have been reduced to poverty through the wage system.

It is not my object in writing this to tell you much about the wage system. That point is covered by the pamphlets mentioned below. Neither is it my object to give you a lot of amazing statistics showing the profits your employer is making off your labor power. No, what I want to do is to get right down to a plain personal talk with you and ask you to do a little thinking and reading for your own interest.

The earth is the gift of nature, then it stands to all reason that it is the common property of all the people. "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."

For a clear understanding of this question read the following pamphlets: "Communist Manifesto," by Marx and Engels. "Evolution and Revolution," by Mark Fisher. "Land and Liberty." Any of the above pamphlets for 10 cents. If you are a wage worker send me your order for the above pamphlets, then join the Industrial Workers of the World and begin agitating for the 8 hour day.

Address JAY SMITH, Secretary Southern District, 1194 Gould Ave., Alexandria, La.

Appeal to Southern Lumber Workers and Working Farmers

Fellow Workers:—

It is not my object in writing you a personal letter to tell you much about the conditions of the country. Neither is it my object to tell you that your conditions are growing worse everyday, this you know without me telling you. But I do want to get right down to business and have a personal talk with you and get you to reading and thinking for your own interest.

Listen for a moment. For hundreds of years we workers have been looking at everything through colored glass. We have been taught to be contented with our lot. Now that we have been brought face to face with a life and death question we cannot be contented under such conditions.

HIGH COST OF LIVING.

The high cost of living is a question that concerns every wage worker, no matter where he is nor who he may work for. And a question that cannot be dodged, therefore this question brings us to serious thought.

For the last 20 years the cost of living has advanced at least 100 per cent, and without a corresponding increase in wages, therefore we see that our wages will not buy as much as the same wages would 20 years ago.

We see the improved machinery that increases production with less labor, and we see the ever-increasing army of unemployed wage workers going from place to place, and from job to job in search of work. They have been thrown out of work by improved methods of production and now they are competitors for the job that you are now renting. There are more wage workers than jobs, and as long as the wage workers remain unorganized they will be forced to work at the present starvation wages and conditions, and worse.

OUR ONLY HOPE.

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

For every increase in the cost of living there must be an equal increase in wages, and for every increase in machine production there must be a reduction of hours of labor, or else the wage workers are those who suffer.

Industrial organization is the only solution to this question. It is the only power that will ever give the wage workers shorter work days and higher wages. By organizing all the wage workers in and around the lumber mills and log camps into One Big Industrial Union, it will give the wage workers the power to control every job and fix their own wages and hours on the job where they are most interested in changing conditions, namely, where they work.

It is here on the job that the workers begin to understand where their power must be controlled. It is here in the Union hall that the workers begin to learn that the labor hall is the place where the members meet for the purpose of legislating for higher wages and better conditions for the workers, and this by the workers themselves.

It is here on the job, in the union hall that the wage workers begin to learn that the I. W. W. re-enfranchises the colored man. It is here on the job, in the union hall that the workers begin to learn that the I. W. W. places the ballot in the hands of every woman, boy and girl who works. It is here in the union hall that the working class begin to learn that the broadest interpretation of political power comes through industrial organization. It is here in the union hall that the workers learn that when they organize and control labor power they can control all the jobs and make wages and conditions to suit themselves.

THE FARMERS WHO FARM THE FARM.

Now a word to the small farmers of the South who farm their own farm: It is the wage system throughout the Southern Lumber Belt that fixes the price of your potatoes and other products of the farm.

It is the wage system everywhere that governs the price of your produce. No matter where you sell the products of your little farm, you sell to the wage market because the wage workers make up the consuming market the world over.

When you sell the product of your farm you only sell your labor power or its product the same as the wage workers at the mills and camps.

What do you get in exchange and how much? Let us see. Labor statistics show that each wage worker creates a value of \$10.58 for every ten hours of social labor performed. The same statistics show that the average wage paid is less than \$2.00 per day per worker. Now you can see and understand that the wage workers only get one fifth of what they produce, or one fifth in value, so how is it possible for you to get any more than one fifth of the value of your produce when you are forced to sell to the wage market?

Remember, too, this condition is growing worse everyday, and it is your own interest at stake. It is your own sons and brothers in the South who are the wage workers in the mills and camps. It is your own sisters and daughters who are the wives and mothers of those wage slaves who are getting poorer everyday of their lives. It is your own brothers and sons who have worked in the heat and cold to build the mills and railroads and the palaces for the Lumber Kings, and it is you and your own working class brothers and families who are not allowed to own a shack nor have a voice in changing conditions in these hell-holes.

It is your own brothers who are forced to work long hours in the mills and camps under killing conditions and then turn over \$7 blood profit to the Lumber Kings everyday. It is you and your own brothers and sons that have made millionaires of Kirby, Long and others and paupers of yourselves and families, and yet you are not allowed to dictate the terms upon which you work.

This state of affairs brings us back to the ties of blood. It brings us back to the sacred rights of the family. This state of affairs under the guise of free labor (the wage system) deluded us into the belief that we were free. We have been taught that competition (man against man) was the life of trade. We have played the game and we have the result. Does it seem to you that a competitive wage market for the lowest possible wage would be desirable to patronize when you sell the products of your farm? Stop and think it over.

FREEDOM?

Now, as I have told you, here in the South, the mills and camps are run by wage workers who were born and raised in the South, colored and white. You have often boasted, or used to, of your freedom. What kind of freedom? What kind of freedom is it that gives those who do all the work an empty stomach and ragged clothes? What kind of freedom is it that gives the workers only one fifth of what they produce? What kind of freedom is it that gives the employers palaces in which to live and only give the worker the privilege to live in a leaky shack on condition that he pay rent? What kind of freedom is it that sends the employer's wife to summer resorts and the worker's wife to the fields and factories? What kind of freedom is it that gives the colored and white workers their choice of low wage and high commissary prices or walk? What kind of freedom do you expect for your children who are growing under this system?

And why is this the case? Because you have always remained divided. You have been competing worker against worker until you have competed yourselves out of jobs and out of freedom. You have been taught that these conditions were brought about, and that the same could be changed by electing this man or that man as your congressman or president. You seem to overlook the fact that if every worker got the full product of their labor that no strife or want could come to the working class. You may say that it is private ownership of the means by which the workers make their living that cause all this suffering. Well, let us see; there is no reason for the capitalist class to want private ownership of land and factories if they could not control labor power to produce the necessities and luxuries of life. Now how are the workers going to change this condition. Why, it's simple enough for any man to understand: **Organization, not competition, organization**, as outlined by the Industrial Workers of the World. Carl Marx said, "Workers of the World Unite."

SOLIDARITY.

Where can the workers unite? Unite in the mills, in the shops and on the farm where you work. Unite, colored and white, for the purpose of making an industrial change. Unite for the purpose of changing the present system of distribution and control future society. Politics will never change until conditions are changed in industry, then it is up to the workers to unite, **organize on the job and vote in the labor hall** for such laws as they want in industry, then enforce their demand, **take what they want.**

SEIZE JOB CONTROL.

One hundred and thirty years ago 90 per cent of the people of the U. S. owned their homes. They had a property right under the laws of the land. They voted in the general administration of their government. At present there are only ten per cent of the people in the U. S. who own their homes and have something to vote for so far as private property rights are concerned. Now, would you advise another one hundred and thirty years of voting to gain a private property right? 90 per cent of the workers, colored and white are disfranchised so far as the capitalists laws are concerned, and the only way that the working class can ever gain their franchise back is to organize all the wage workers in each industry into One Big Union for the sole purpose of controlling labor power. Once this is done the workers will control production and distribution. If we are to build a new society, and we will, then we must build it within the shell of the old. We must have a definite starting point, we must begin with an organization as outlined by the Industrial Workers of the World. When we organize labor power on the job we can control the job. This applies to all the jobs in all industries. Then the workers will elect their own representatives to meet in their Union Halls for the purpose of carrying on the general administration of things.

He that controls industry controls all else. He that controls industry makes the laws. Then by organizing all the workers into One great labor power trust, the laborers themselves will be in full control of society as a whole.

THINK.

Whether we want it or not the machine will drive us into the co-operative system of production. That is being done everyday. The only trouble with the working class is to know how to equalize the distribution of the products of their labor.

Just think, you small farmers of the South whose brothers and sons are producing all the lumber, think how you could improve your little homes if you were able to get \$10 worth of lumber in exchange for a day's product of your toil instead of only getting \$2 as it is. Think of all this lumber being shipped out of the South where it is so badly needed for building good houses for those who do all the work. Think of all this lumber going to foreign markets and nothing coming back that will benefit you and your families.

Is it worth while to organize all the wage workers and control this situation for the workers themselves? We say yes, and that is the aim of the I. W. W. and we invite all you small farmers who farm the farm to join the I. W. W. and start a local union of agricultural workers around every saw mill and log camp in the South. Get busy among all your blood kin, among your own brothers and sons who work at the mills and camps, white and colored. Help them to get organized into **One Big Union of Forest and Lumber Workers**. Begin organizing at once.

Back the lumberjacks up during their strike, help them raise wages, thereby raising the price of your own product. Start the co-operative system on the job. This will learn the workers how to begin the structure of the new society, the co-operative commonwealth.

Don't wait. Start now. Organize all the small farmers who do their own work into an agricultural Union and form a perfect net work of education and agitation around every saw mill and log camp in the South. This will enable the wage workers to become organized on every job in the South in spite of all opposition.

Freedom! Freedom for the Workers!

The initiation fee is generally \$1 and dues 50 cents per month. Read our ten-cent pamphlets. Subscribe for our papers and be convinced. All correspondence cheerfully answered.

Address, JAY SMITH,
Secretary Southern District,
1194 Gould Ave., Alexandria, La.

The Marine Transport Workers.

The present status of organization among the transport workers of the Atlantic Coast and the country as a whole we might say, is deplorable.

New York, the economic heart of the continent and the most important seaport of the world, shows a state of affairs among the transport workers, which for disintegration and general demoralization has not had its equal for many years, and this at a time when extreme distress for the working people of this industry stands right before the door.

Something must be done to relieve this situation and alter the conditions.

New York being the heart or the center of commerce and navigation on this continent, it should set the pace and serve as example in regard to organization for the rest of the continent—aye, for the rest of the world. But instead the transport workers of New York are in such a shape as to exert a decidedly demoralizing effect upon the fellow-workers in the same industry throughout the world.

Summing up the conditions concisely in regard to New York, we find that out of perhaps 150,000 marine transportation workers there are at most 10,000 organized. The large body, the 140,000 are unorganized.

The organized transport workers of this city are however by no means organized as a unit with a common aim. They are split up in several independent and contending bodies, such as

The Marine Engineers' Union.
The Cooks and Waiters Union.
Two Longshoremens' Unions.
The Sailors and Firemens' Union of the Atlantic.
The Eastern and Gulf Sailors' Association.
The Teamsters' Union,
and finally

The National Industrial Union of Marine Transport Workers, I. W. W.

Of the above named Unions one may immediately, without further comment, be dismissed as a joke, namely the "Eastern and Gulf Sailors' Association."

The remainder, possibly with the Marine Engineers' Union are only skeleton unions. This applies also, we must admit, to the N. I. U. of Marine Transport Workers, I. W. W., which, however, has a larger membership than the others, and is national in its scope, having locals in all the principal ports of the country.

As for the form of organization of these unions they may all—with the exception of the newly organized National Industrial Union of Marine Transport Workers—be classed among the obsolete and antiquated group of craft unions. They are limited to one particular branch of the industry, while the I. W. W. organization—the N. I. U. of M. T. W.—is built to absorb and include all marine transport workers, not only of New York, but of the whole country.

In regard to the final aims of these unions, the I. W. W. National Union again differs fundamentally from the rest. While the former not only aims at improving the conditions of the workers by raising wages and shortening hours, but also intends to take entire control of the industry through the organization, the others are only futile and stranded attempts at maintaining existing conditions, without any real prospect of ever improving them. The others are based on a silent acquiescence in and contentment with the present form of society.

When it comes to tactics or fighting methods the difference between the I. W. W. Union on the one side and all the others on the other side, is equally pronounced. The fighting methods of the old unions are to well known to need any extensive comment. They consist principally in the gathering of funds in an expensive manner, and in long drawn hunger strikes, which have finally landed the workers of this industry where they now are, that is, in dire distress.

The I. W. W. Union, being so recently organized, out of the remains of an old union, has, although numerically comparatively strong, as yet had no opportunity to display its fighting methods and tactics. Be it enough to say that its tactics will be the same as those of the general organization, the I. W. W. This means the abandoning of all hopes of improvement through politics and other kinds of indirect action, and resorting to direct action, which means exerting pressure through the power of organization, with individual participation of all members. Nor does the National Industrial Union of Transport Workers propose to run on the rocks of failure through hasty, wildcat strikes. It proposes to complete and strengthen the chain of organizations, until the day comes when it may be deemed practical and advisable to tighten it and strangle the power of the Masters that rule us.

The only union with a future in the marine transportation industry is the I. W. W. The workers as a whole have lost hope and confidence in the old unions from long and bitter experiences. None of the old unions will again be able to gather any significant number of workers. Only a few thousands, who stubbornly cling to the past in spite of its failures, will for a time yet form a guard around their dead ideals.

The future belongs to the I. W. W. Union, whose principles, aims and tactics are in these days spreading round the whole world like a prairie-fire. It is simply a wonder how these new ideals are transforming the laborworld of all countries, inspiring the workers with new hope, new enthusiasm, and new energy for action.

It is indeed highly gratifying that such a great number of American transportation workers have already formed an I. W. W. organization. But we want a few thousand more intelligent workers to join us. After that the less intelligent will be compelled to join us.

With sincerest hopes of hearing from you at our headquarters, we remain,

Yours for a free workingclass,
NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL UNION OF MARINE TRANSPORT WORKERS,

C. L. FILIGNO,
National Secretary-Treasurer,
214 West St., New York, N. Y.

HEADQUARTERS: 284 Commercial St., Boston, Mass.; 29 Church St., Norfolk, Va.; 307 N. Peters St., New Orleans, La.; 121 Catherine St., Philadelphia, Pa.; 9 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal.; San Pedro, Cal.; 211 Occidental Ave. (rear), Seattle, Wash.; 110 So. 14 St., Tacoma, Wash.; 422 Cummings Ave., Superior, Wis.

S. P. Strike.

Twenty-four months TOO LATE the Federated Unions on the trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad have gone on strike on the New Orleans-El Paso Division of that alleged "System" and the entire Division is to-day, Nov. 16th., tied up completely. For more than 1,000 miles there is "nothing doing" and the rank and file of the Unions are showing a splendid fighting spirit all along the line. Only two passenger trains, manned by scabby petty officers, have left New Orleans since the strike began three days ago and these scabs have already met with one disaster and all of them are about worn out in their "loyal service" to the master class. The boys chose a bully time to call the old hyena, for the strike was called right in the middle of the Louisiana sugar season and all the businessmen are yelling their heads off for a settlement in which they have been joined by the alleged "Constitutional Convention of the State of Louisiana," which is now in session cooking up new schemes to help the Bankers rob still more hardy the people who they have already reduced to rags and beggary. Evidently the strike broke out before Hammer 'emdown Garretson and Safety Valve Lee and the other bosses of the Unions could fix it otherwise, but there are already indications that things are being oiled up on high to shun the rebellion, which was brought on by driving the men and double-crossing them thru a new "efficiency system," into a "settlement" instead of the victory the rank and file have already won. We said the strike came twenty-four months TOO LATE, and we MEAN IT, for the train organizations should have gone out over the entire Harriman System twenty-four months ago when the Shopmen's strike was called and not waited and dillydallied while their enemies were filling the shops up with scabs and crushing the revolt of the Shopmen. This, from talks with the boys, they all think should have been done, but they, like all other American workers, don't seem to think they have any right to move, even in defense of their class, until some High-Muck-A-Muck of a "Grand Chief" or other "gives" them "permission" or orders to do so.

Even NOW it is not too late to call the great GENERAL STRIKE that is being agitated by Fellow-Worker Carl Person to cover the entire Harriman System and we advise the boys to call it, and call it NOW, and to include the infamous SANTA FE SYSTEM in the proclamation of war.

WHAT DO YOU SAY, BOYS? LET'S CALL IT AND LET'S SHUT DOWN ALL THEIR RAILROADS, SAWMILLS AND SUGAR FACTORIES UNTIL THEY RECOGNIZE OUR POWER AND CEASE THEIR CRIMES AGAINST OUR CLASS!

ON WITH THE GENERAL STRIKE!!!!

Rosepine Meetings.

Local 396, Rosepine, La., meets every Sunday, 2 p. m. All rebels passing this way are invited to drop in.

J. H. FLETCHER, Sec.-Treas.

Live Wires.

Fellow-Workers:
Local 88 has moved to a fine location in Florence, Oregon, where all workers are welcome. Fine reading room; a good place to make your headquarters during the winter. Fishing and game plentiful; close to new road building in to Marshfield. Baggage checked without cost, and inspection cordially invited.

ED. ROSS, Secretary,
Construction Local 88, I. W. W.

Texas Manhunters Scared Stiff.

That a handful of I. W. W. men could scare Huerta, Kirby and Co. stiff with fright and send them crazy for innocent blood, seems to be impossible at first glance, but all the news coming up from San Antonio and other points in that alleged "Democratic" State proves that this is the case beyond a shadow of a doubt, for these human bloodhounds are howling for the conviction and death of Cline, Rangel and their companions on the ground that one or two of the alleged arms smugglers are I. W. W.'s. and that, "unless the I. W. W. is nipped in the bud" it will soon have all the peons of South Texas in revolt against their inhuman exploiters. Great, indeed, is the compliment our enemies pay to the "dead I. W. W.!"

What could we not do, you rebels of the working class, by now presenting a solid front to the plunderbund and assaulting its power all along the line? The world is ours in our day if we will but unite and make a general attack upon our oppressors. See from the following letter what is the power even now of the fighting I. W. W.

"In this trial, as in all other trials involving the principles of industrialism, the class conscious organizations will be clothed with all imaginable horror, conceivable to the tainted capitalistic minds of the masters' hirelings. In this case the State seems to rely upon the fact that the Defendants were found to be possessed of a red flag, and certain industrial literature, as grounds for conviction, and does not seem to put much stress upon the real offense alleged to have been committed in Dimmit County. Much has been done to weaken the already embarrassed Defense by the Moving Picture Shows and Newspapers of this section of the State. The Newspapers have done much to inflame and prejudice the well meaning, but ignorant, public against these workers. The Moving Picture Shows have been so generous and obliging in their kind and considerate effort to enlighten the people as to the status of the Defendants, that they have put themselves to much expense and pains to obtain a moving picture film of the unfortunate Defendants while they were being paraded, bound in chains, both hand and foot, from the railway train to the Prison, and vice versa in their recent journey from County Seat to County Seat in an enlightened (?) republic in search of justice (?). These films have been reproduced in the various Moving Picture Shows of this City for two reasons, first, is that cardinal reason, that prompts all exploitation, "to make money," second, is the most inhumane reason of the two, in order that they might prejudice the public mind against these unfortunate, but innocent, comrades and fellow-workers; innocent, because all are innocent until proven guilty. Unfortunate, indeed, are the men who find themselves opposed to and standing in the way of the capitalistic thirst for profit, as were these Defendants at the time of their arrest."

"The fight is on! On with the fight!"

Southern District Demands

Wage Scale for Loggers and Saw Mill Workers.
Join the One Big Union.

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

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

Demands:

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

We demand abolition of discount system.
We demand that all men shall be hired from Union Hall.

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

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

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

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

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

We demand that injured workmen be given immediate attention.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GET BUSY!

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

For further and full particulars, address:
JAY SMITH, Secretary,
Box 78, Alexandria, La.

DERRY MEETINGS.

Meetings of Local No. 402 every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, at Derry (La.) school house; business of importance discussed and all good members will give us a hand in building up Local. PAUL DERBONNE, Secretary of Local 402.

CLUBBING LIST.

THE VOICE,	AND—		
SOLIDARITY	One Year	\$1.50	
WOODEN SHOE	One Year	1.50	
I. S. REVIEW	One Year	1.50	
THE REBEL	40 Weeks	1.00	

THE PREAMBLE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Red Cross Drug Store

Tenth and Jackson Streets—Opposite Union Depot

PHONE, NUMBER 212 ALEXANDRIA, LA.

Complete Stock of

Drugs, Medicines, Drug Sundries and Toilet Articles

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

Mail Order Filled Immediately on Receipt.

Safe Delivery by Parcels Post Guaranteed.

No Order Too Small for Our Best Attention and Service.



FRANK F. VANN
WATCHMAKER, JEWELER AND OPTICIAN

We are Specialists on Repairing Fine Watches

The Watches We Repair Keep Perfect Time
WATCH INSPECTOR ST. L. I. M. & S. RY.
10th and Jackson Streets, Near Union Station
ALEXANDRIA, LA.

Socialism, the Catholic Church and People of Irish Blood

By Michael, The Gael.

It is one of the ironies of history that chief amongst the declared enemies of modern socialism should be the organized Roman Catholic Church, that Church communistic in the origin whose members lived for centuries as a communistic brotherhood and whose every great name is synonymous with the belief that usury was unchristian, private ownership of land, the blasphemous usurpation of a gift God intended for all His children. And that in consequence of these two the gates of Heaven was closed against him who possessed riches.

Equally strange an equally ironical is it that in this country where, we are told, the crusade is being waged most vigorously and with the most hope of success, it is clerics of Irish blood or birth who are busiest in the crusade and, mainly relying for support on other Irishmen men, like themselves, whose ancestors were Romanistic to the core, whose whole social system was founded on Communism, and whose political and social misfortunes began with the day it was attempted to force on them acceptance of private land ownership as the law of their country.

Wiser and braver than are many of their descendants in this country, the Ancient Gaelic-speaking Irishman would have none of the damnable new doctrine taught. Spencer taught it with the pen as did Raleigh with the sword and torch, no, not though resisting it meant that untold millions were to perish in the struggle; and the recent Irish land acts passed alike by Liberal and Tory governments with the beginning of Lloyd George's land campaign in England give grudging though unmistakable testimony, that they were right. They were right, but now, landless and propertyless men of Irish blood in this country are told to forget the centuries long struggle of their fathers and acquiesce in the doctrine so dear to Cromwell's lambs, that land with all its belongings is honestly held when acquired by process of law even such laws and processes, not to say process servers, as Ireland well knew, and would not be approved of Christ were he to revisit earth and partake of the new modernism of the up-to-date Catholic Church.

That Catholic inciters to the new Crusade are bad Catholics and that Irishmen who follow them are bad Irishmen, I can prove without any great waste of words, and I will do it because it is now time that somebody should tell the truth, somebody should turn the light on these "smug, satisfied, clerics, round-bellied blasphemers who masquerade as Christians as well as those more tools than dupes, who pretentiously boasting of their Irish blood are false to everything which made it possible for an Irishman to say that under Gaelic rule no Irishman ever died of hunger in an artificial famine.

—Let me first ask this question. When these Church dignitaries began their crusade with condemning Socialism did they cite any authorities for so condemning whether from the New Testament, the early Fathers of the Church, any Council or any of the great men who in the past have lived and died in the Faith? Not one. Great men have argued, have quarrelled about this or that, Councils have divided. Confessedly there have been bad Popes, but no one of them has ever been so recreant to Christ's teachings and Christian doctrines as to laud the land robbers, the spoiler of widows and orphans, or condemn the toiler for wishing to keep for himself the fruits of his toil. "Woe unto you who are rich," said Christ and like an echo has that cry been repeated by every great and good Christian since, because with Him they knew no rich man could be just. And without justice there is no Heaven. When Gregory the Great said: "He who gathers to himself that land which God gave to all His children for their support, commits blasphemy against the Most High" he was but giving utterance to what all real Catholics believe. The others are not Catholics at all.

But no campaign can be carried on by officers alone. Devoted they must be, but they must have an army behind them and the army in this case is the Catholic laity. And alas! as in this case, the laity are apt to be somewhat negligent in their duties may it be known that many of them are Socialists even. Therefore, the Napoleons of the campaign have been compelled to consolidate the flower of their forces into something like the Old and Young Guard. Those bodies known as the Knights of Columbus and the Militia of Christ.

Now take them all in all, the members of these two societies are not such bad fellows. Not rarely, they are small business men or lawyers, for it pays in a business way to have a large circle of acquaintances who may not improbably become customers. They are great at Conventions, and even greater and more ornamental in a parade. They are fond of society and many secretly repine because they cannot at one and the same time pose as pillars of the Church and be Free Masons, for it is known that to be a Free Mason is to be ultra fashionable, and not even the Elks or the Order of the Moose, seems a fitting substitute.

They have even positive merits which fit them to combat Socialism, world-wide a movement though Socialism be, they can listen with enthusiasm to a rattling good speech and their discipline in voting resolutions would bring cheer to the heart of a Prussian drill sergeant. Though they may not be very familiar with what really is Catholic doctrine, they know that, dying, "Voltaire begged for a priest." And the dullest of them, is quite aware that "Tom Paine miserably repented when it was too late." They are, of course, good Catholics. They will not eat meat on Friday, except away from home or where they will not be recognized. Confession being with them, more or less of a public function, they regularly confess, of course, with reservations. They always go to Mass save when they are out of town and away from the watchful eyes of their women-folks.

This, of course, vouches for their orthodoxy, and orthodox troubled with no spiritual longings and no ideals they are, for they belong to that harmless stationary class so well known in the history of the Catholic Church as always the fore-runners of trouble. They will see nothing, they will do nothing until the revolution has engulfed them. Gregory VII had to die in misery and exile before they could see that Imperial domination, simony, plural livings and priestly marriages were evil, calling for the strong man. Willing to obey any one in authority, they could only feel bewilderment when three Popes pelted them at once with interdicts and excommunication. They were like those of whom Rev. William Barry, the foremost English Catholic writer, said: "They would not hearken to Savonarola who, afterwards, had to render an accounting to Luther." They were with the English Bishops when, with one exception, they took the oath of spiritual allegiance to Henry VIII, and they were with them when he sent Fisher, that one exception, to the block along with Thomas More, now "Beatissimus," the first and perhaps the greatest of Socialists! They look, still, upon the French Revolution as the direct work of a personal, envious devil who had but just before incited Voltaire to the disturbing harmless people in their slumbers, and still call those Catholic countries where a priest may not take the air without police protection.

In short, in the intervals of their duel with the "Menace," to which so many of them subscribe "just to see what lies it's telling," these worthy American gentlemen and Catholics are going to fight Socialism in America while they close their eyes to the fact that in all the Latin world, no government dares call the Church its friend, that in all Latin cities it is looked upon with a suspicion that deepens into hatred. That the feeblest government can safely attack it, confiscate its property, close its schools and nail up its church doors." They know these things, they deplore them, but they will do nothing to end them. They will still keep up their unholy alliance with vested interests and the "Divine Right" of the dollar, and when the crash comes as it is coming, they will fold their hands, roll up their eyes, and while the world is in convulsions about them, they will murmur that "Christ builded his Church impregably upon a Rock."

(To be Continued.)

United Garment Workers Crushed

By Gabriel Soltis.

After a five-months' lamb-like strike, the Garment Workers of Saint Louis are ignobly whipped. The strikers were almost wholly Russian Jews. They lost their strike through their inexcusable stupidity, by refusing to belong to the same union with the Gentiles, so, when they struck for more wages and human working conditions, this Gentile that they refused admission to their Jewish organization, an organization for the cultivation of Jewish music and literature—scabbed on them.

This Jew-consciousness is a queer thing. Two years ago, local 84, I. W. W., organized these same workers. It was impressed upon them in forceful language the necessity of admitting all workers to the same union, who were employed in an industry.

They were also told that the I. W. W. recognized no such a thing as nationality. They kept the charter for a little while until they found out that under it they could not exclude the Gentile. Then they dropped the I. W. W., and flocked to the A. F. of L. They were clamoring for Jew control of the shops. They got it—in the neck. After five weeks of the strike, when their defeat was accomplished, they asked the I. W. W. to take charge of the strike, which the I. W. W. did not do.

They did have, however, a splendid show to do something for themselves had they listened and conformed to the I. W. W. form of organization. But, unhappily for them, they thought very foolishly, indeed, that a Jew was the only lone creature who could make garments. To-day the Saint Louis shops are running full time, while over a thousand Jewish garment workers are walking the streets. That's what race consciousness has got them—nothing.

MODERN IDIOTS

By J. Gabriel Soltis.

The great city of B was in deep and solemn mourning; it had lost thru death, one of its most eminent citizens; Herr Ludwig Eudwiser, a wealthy manufacturer of a fine grade of slop, called beer.

As one entered the distressed city, a heavy gloom palled the soul, upon seeing the sincere and inexpressible sorrow, that the death of Herr Ludwig, evoked from the hearts of its model inhabitants. The city was indeed, a gorgeous temple of grief and agony, so deep was it touched, by the loss of its great citizen.

Herr Ludwig was a great employer of labor, many thousands of souls toiled for him daily among these were found, delicate girls, and frail boys, in large numbers. It was Herr Ludwig's boundless generosity, of course, that fed the withered mouths, of these countless toilers. Hence, what surprise, that the city, upon his death, should turn out in a carnival of mourning, over the loss of their benefactor.

On this memorable day, in the annals of B, special services were held by every exponent of every pretended creed and belief. Priests, robed in costly vestments, imported from distant lands, and paid for by the money of Herr Ludwig, prayed for a safe voyage of Ludwig's soul to the chamber of the mighty God. Preachers, in the finest phrases, extolled the countless virtues of Herr Ludwig. They referred in glowing words, to the greatness of Ludwig, showing how, through his industries, built by his massive brain, thousands got bread to feed themselves with.

From the GLOBE FARCE, a staunch advocate of the Tango, and the TUNICA VENTRILIS, for ripening social buds, down to the POST MORTEM, a paper that boasted of its good record, in giving its last edition, the total deaths of the day, caused by automobilists, the praise of Herr Ludwig was unanimous. In fact, the Post Mortem went so far in its praise, that it pointed out to its readers, the fact, that Ludwig once bought a paper from a ragged newsboy, and forgot to get his change of 4 cents, for which he never afterwards pressed the boy.

The famous confraternity of intellectual numbskulls, and dough heads, always on the alert for a price, also contributed their mite of exaltation. The poets penned burning ambics, to the lasting memory and blazing glory of Herr Ludwig.

They immortalized, in strains of sweet song, a noble trail of gentility which he expressed on one occasion, to a wandering dog. The scribes wrote of his taste, in, building his magnificent villa, which eclipsed in pomp and grandeur, the villa's of the Romans, on the romantic banks of the beautiful ZAZA. The painters; the sculptors, in fact every tribe that could possibly hope for a job, uttered wonderful things of Herr Ludwig.

The city was whirling in the strong torrents of praise, that came from every corrupted and hypocritical circles of the city. The populace was stuned, so to speak, with all the fine things that were said about Herr Ludwig.

The destitute, and isolated hovels of Ludwig's toilers, were the sources of much bewilderment. The workers knew Ludwig, to be a brute of brutes. They toiled with all their might; they gave their miserable lives, to their tyrant, but he showed no mercy to his slaves. How, then, came it, they wondered, that upon his death so much praise was uttered to the honor and glory of Herr Ludwig?****

It was the filthy raving of prostituted creatures, who are always willing to sell themselves, to the most degenerate and vile beings—to enslave mankind, for a bottle of wine, and a lascivious smile. They are Modern Idiots.

WAR, WHAT FOR?

By Kirkpatrick.

Moral hereof: Let Hearst, Broussard, Otis & Co., go to Mexico and furnish the buzzard food.

Capitalists Want War.

Politicians Declare Wars.

Preachers Pray for Victories in Wars.

Workingmen Fight the Wars.

If the masters want blood let them cut their own throats. Let those who want "Great victories" go to the firing line and get them. If war is good enough to vote for or pray for, it is good enough to go to—up close where the bayonets gleam, swords flash, cannon roar, rifles crash, flesh rips, blood spurts, bones snap, brains are dashed—up close where men toil, sweat freeze, starve, kill, groan, scream, pray, laugh, howl, curse, go mad and die—up close where the flesh and blood of betrayed men and boys are ground and pounded into a red mush of mud by shrieking cannon balls, by iron-shod hoofs of galloping horses and steel bound wheels of rushing gun trucks.

Comment on war:

German proverb: "When war comes the Devil makes hell larger."

The Rev. Doctor Albert Barnes: "War resembles hell."

Bishop Warburton: "The blackest mischief ever breathed from hell."

Lord Clarendon: "War.....an emblem of hell."

William Shakespeare: "O, War, thou son of hell"

General W. T. Sherman: "War is hell."

Well, really, it does seem as if the working men should at least be sharp enough to stay out of hell.

Now, since "war is hell" and the business men want hell and the politicians declare hell—why not let these gentlemen go to hell.

My working class brothers, mark it well: In the gilded, palatial homes of the industrial masters, in their club houses, in their elegant business offices, in the legislative halls where "statesmen" meet—there the so-called best people, the still-fed, stall-fed snobs and Caesars of society never for one moment consider the matter of going themselves to the front, never for an instant plan to go themselves into the cyclone of lead and steel or into the death-grasp of disease in war. Never!

To them the idea is so—well, so unkind—also ridiculous. Their minds are made up. They will not go. But you, you brothers of the working class, you who toil on and on for cheap clothing, cheap shelter and cheap food—you whose very lives are bought and sold on the installment plan, for wages day by day—you who are forced to become the socially despised human oxen—you—you will be forced to the front, blinded with flattery and confused with gay-colored flags and booming drums—you will virtually be forced to cut your own throats—forced to blow out your own brains and blood with these modern steel destroyers, and forced to expose your lives to the grim curse, disease. You will groan and scream and slowly rot and die in a dingy hospital tent or shed far from those you love—laughed at (secretly) by the prominent people who have already made up their minds not to go to war.

How long, O brothers of the working class, how long can you be seduced to slay yourselves.

Leading citizens will bring about and brag about the wars. But you, brothers, will fight the wars.

Grim disease waits ready to give you her slimy embrace.

The cold steel machines are ready—ready for heated men.

Keep cool.

Beware of the "war fever."

Notice carefully: Your wealthy employers are not enlisting for the firing line. They are immune from the fool's fever.

Wait a little before you enlist. Think it over—till week after next. You are safe—(Just think of it) absolutely safe from death in the next war—if you can keep off the firing line till the "Prominent Gentlemen" of your community have been on the firing line for thirty days.

Once again, brothers, admit this thought to your brain—the working class must be the protectors of their own class—always.

NOTE:—Send \$1.00 to Jay Smith, Box 78, Alexandria, and get a copy of this mighty book, "War, What For?"

Cry of the Anarchist

By Voc The Barbarian.

Let not the ideal leave you;
Weld it to your mind and heart;
Make it of your day a portion,
Of yourself a part.

Cling to it; forsake it never;
'Tis the light of life on earth;
'Tis the love within you crying
For its home and hearth.

Weave it into all your being;
Kneel forever at its shrine;
War for Justice, Love and Beauty,
For a world divine.

Bridge the chasm with its glory—
Span the gulf of space and time
With imaginations splendid,
And the thought sublime.

Listen, while it calls you, listen!
Do not put your dream away,
Do not close the best within you
In a tomb of clay.

Rise above the dust around you;
Let the soul within you thrill;
Keep your life's ideal glowing
'Till your heart is still.

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