

O LIBERTY, THOU ART THE GOD OF MY IDOLATRY!

This is Number 55

Organization  Is Power

WATCH YOUR EXPIRATION.
IF No. 56 is opposite your name on address label, your subscription expires next week.

THE VOICE of the PEOPLE

Owned by the Rebel Lumberjacks of Dixie ✨ An Injury to One is an Injury to All.

VOL. III—No. 4.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1914

MIGHT IS RIGHT

Lumberjacks, Railroad Men and Working Farmers, Rip Rotten Bodcaw System Open!

New year greeting to all readers of "The Voice."

How I wish I could know you all and talk personally with you about the great task that lies ahead of us. I, sometimes, almost fancy that we are just one large family of brothers and sisters, battling for the same common cause. But one thing is SURE, we MUST accomplish greater things this year than we did in the year that has just passed into history.

We are getting careless and the boss is getting sassy. If we Lumberjacks on the Bodcaw System don't get right down to business and get a boom on that dreaded union, our boss will have us right where he wants us; wages are down now almost below the price of existence. Niggers are always prepared on these rotten jobs, because the nigger can more easily be beat out of his wages; what the boss don't steal the robbery is sure to get. And, by-the-way, W. H. Lewis hasn't found the only place where the lumberjacks are forced to pay the preacher; such stunts as that are frequently pulled off here. One of these parigoric peddlers came down here several weeks ago and held a series of meetings; he handed out such chunks of brimstone to us poor lost sinners that the boss saw fit to extract \$1.00 from every

one. He claims (that penitentiary affairs) had reached a place in the year preceding his inauguration, that this institution had become a burden to the State rather than a source of profit. Answering this, I place before you the figures given by the expert accountant, Charles E. Wermuth, who undertook to audit this account for the Prison Board, and who, notwithstanding all the obstacles Gov. Brewer threw in the way of getting a proper and speedy balance, I believe the figures to be true:

- Net profits of the farms in 1909-08, \$167,207.03.
- Net profits of the farms in 1909-10, \$76,532.25.
- Net profits of the farms in 1910-11, \$265,876.25.
- Net profits of the farms in 1911-12, \$110,683.78.
- Net profits of the farm in 1912-13, \$193,274.38.
- Making in six years a total net profit of \$1,071,838.78, besides putting in permanent improvements of the value of \$584,972.50, paid for out of the annual allowances for support of the penitentiary.

At the above rate of profit, with all the politicians of all parties in on the rotten graft, how long do you think it will be before all the workers are made convicts? One day the commentator counted 24 white and colored men on the chain-gang in Alexandria; another day he saw four women on the gang working at the hard labor of cleaning out canals. All over the country this infamous system is growing and rapidly. Thousands of workers whose only crime is that the capitalists cannot employ them at living wages and make a profit, are being grabbed by the Rurales of the State and sent to the penitentiary to rot on earth till our husbands had wiped Bossism off the map.

Some blockheads say, "It can't be done." Maybe it can't if Mr. Block and his kind could monopolize the intelligence of the working class, but I am glad this is impossible. The boss can own our jobs, he can blacklist us, can drive us from place to place, crowd us in hovels too filthy for his dogs to sleep in, then tell us our misery is due to hookworms; this and many other things, vile and disgusting enough to make an Egyptian mummy indignant, do'th the boss but he can't own our minds, and with constant trampling even the worm will turn.

Mr. Buchanan, the chief owner of this entire Bodcaw System, admitted to good authority that the profit made off his log cutters alone in five years time was sufficient to pay the cost of building this entire L. and A. railroad.

No wonder he can live in a mansion and sport a special pullman, while the men who actually paid for the road ride the rods. You L. and A. slaves as well as others have developed muscles like giants, but brains like chickens. Our bosses are going to keep this skin game going just as long as we let them. Do you blame them? Think about it. Who are the fools, We 'uns or They 'uns? S. S. 23.

Shall We Stand by Inactive? Is This War?

San Antonio, Texas, January 13, 1914.—On with the chase! Let the merry hunt go on! There he goes! See! he's wounded, the blood drips from him! Catch him! At this threat, you tough mastiffs of profits! Bury deep your fangs in his throat, for he hath dared to flaunt us! Now we have him! Now to our worthy work!

A fourth victim has been offered up on the altar of profit to appease the anger of the economic powers that be. A boy, by name, Leonado L. Vasquez. His crime? The most severe crime that one can be convicted of. He was a working man and he dared to assert his Manhood! For which reason he was shot at and wounded and captured and haled to jail and forced to walk, guarded and fettered, through the streets to and from the court house where wise and sapsless lawyers expiated to a jury of vacuous mediocrities on the enormity of his offense. And now, after a week of suspense and horror in the cemeteries of the law, named court house by the unknowing, by the choice selection of "citizens" which composed the jury—twelve good men and true—O the mockery of it! He is doomed to fifteen years in that charnel house of hope, the penitentiary.

Mighty is Capital, strong and many are its legions. And he who becomes enmeshed in the toils of Law, let him beware!

And so Vasquez leaves us for a few years; enough years to drain the sap of his youth. Enough years to undermine his manhood and becloud his mind and mangle his body. His wounded arm is well, but his mangled soul will never heal.

This is number four. One has been sentenced to forty-nine years, one to twenty-five, one to six, and comes Vasquez with fifteen. AND WE STAND AND WATCH! We struggle and, lo, we are tak as water before he power of the masters. Shall always be thus, fellow-workers? There are yet n to be tried and, as surely as water runs down-hill they are going to the penitentiary or to the gallows. Vasquez was one of the least "guilty," that is why he was tried first. The others are much more "involved", so they say. What will they do to them to hate their blood-lust? For the sake of your manhood, you rebel workers, are you going to act? One by one they are taken from us, rebels, full of joy of combat and the hate of tyranny. And flowers of their soul shall be choked and-killed. And poisonous atmosphere of the dungeon or by the fully short shrift of the hangman's hemp.

For many things shall you have to pay, O Masters Ine Bread, when the day comes! We are still com- Greatly mild, but bethink you of the mercy of a G. Auez, of a Serrato, after the interminable years Housing death! They will hardly be inclined to deal men you in a "reasonable" way. Think of their parades who loved them, who worked and fought at their side, think of us all, the great proletarian family from whose midst you ruthlessly pluck our best-beloved. Yes, my masters, you are indeed laboring for a sad day to come!

Fellow-workers, Fellow-soldiers of the Army of Revolt, by the slaughtered liberty of our comrades, by the blood of our brothers, shed on the Texan plains, by every shattered life that has gone to pay for the Freedom to come, let us resolve that never in this great class-war shall we fail or falter! The sorrows of our dead, captive and wounded cry out for vindication! Never let it be said that we heard and did not respond! And only one response is possible: ACTON! CHARLES ASHLEIGH.

MAN SPURNS THE WORM but pauses er he wake The slumbering venom of the folded snake; The first may turn—but not avenge the blow; The last expires—but leaves no living foe; Fast to the doom'd offender's form it clings, And he may crush—not conquer—still it stings. —BYRON.

LIBERTY is the blossom and fruit of justice—the perfume of mercy. Liberty is the seed and soil, the air and light, the dew and rain of progress, love and joy. O Liberty, thou art the god of my idolatry! —INGERSOLL.

Railroad Workers to the Rescue! Save Carl Person from Legal Assassination!

Clinton, Illinois, January 4, 1914.

"TO ORGANIZED LABOR":

Dear Sirs and Brothers—Carl E. Person is in the County Jail at Clinton, Illinois. He is charged with the crime of murder. The coroner's jury has recommended that he be held without bail.

Person is innocent. It requires money to prepare his defense, and establish his innocence in a court of law. The vindication of Person is the obligation and duty of the Labor movement.

Person is the great sacrifice of the two years struggle, on the Illinois Central and Harriman lines. As Secretary of the System Federation, and as Editor of the Bulletin he has kept a live cause that deserves to succeed. It is the cause of organized labor everywhere.

On the afternoon of December 30th, 1913, Person was at his desk in the headquarters, in the Thomas building in Clinton, Illinois. The telephone bell rang. Person answered. He was asked to come to the Interurban Station by the person on the other end of the "phone", who gave his name as Kirk. In good faith Person left his office to keep the appointment.

Tony Musser, ex-chief of Police of Clinton, Illinois, and at the present time a strikebreaker employed by the Illinois Central, had decoyed Person from his office. Tony Musser was the man who telephoned to Person and asked him to come to the Interurban Station. Tony Musser used the name Kirk.

Musser concealed himself in a cigar store. He asked the clerk in the cigar store to point out Person, when Person passed. Person innocent of the trap set for him by Musser, walked past the cigar store. Tony Musser pounced on Person. He came on him from the rear. He battered him to the ground. Musser is a big man, weighing over 200 pounds; standing over six feet tall. Person weighs about 130 pounds, and he is about five feet five inches. Person was beaten, battered and kicked, until in a dazed condition, covered with blood, he used his revolver in defense of his life.

Person is a calm, mild mannered young man, who has never touched whiskey, beer or any other intoxicants in his life. He has carried a revolver, since he was attacked and knocked down in the city of Decatur, Illinois, some four months ago. The attack on Person in Decatur was unprovoked and sudden.

Person is in jail. Person has fought the Illinois Central with publicity. It is the thing the Illinois Central has most feared. The influence of the Illinois Central is great. The penalty for murder in Illinois is death. Person stands alone, except to the extent that organized labor stands with him.

The assault and the shooting took place on a public street. The witnesses are many in number. The defense must be prepared carefully and at once. Organized labor should see that the life of Person is not sacrificed for want of a defense fund to insure him a fair trial.

Sincerely yours, J. J. MEAGHER, L. M. HAWVER, S. B. GLENN, Committee.

P. S.—Send all money to Carl E. Person, Box D., Clinton, Illinois.

COMMENT.

Carl Person is the brilliant Secretary of Shopmen's Federation of the Harriman Railway System and Editor of "The Strike Bulletin." He is one of the most able and aggressive union officers in America, a man we have every reason to be proud of, regardless of affiliation. It is the duty of the entire Labor Movement, and especially of the Railroad Workers, to defend him to the last ditch. They failed to assassinate him outright as was attempted, and they will now seek to accomplish under the cloak of "justice" that their gunman failed to do. It is up to the workers to free Carl Person or acknowledge themselves without power and without courage. Read this appeal carefully and pass it on to the boys on the railroads and everywhere.

THESE MURDERS AND ATTEMPTED MURDERS OF OUR CLASS MUST BE STOPPED, AND

Sabotage.

By COVINGTON HALL.

Sabotage is to the Union what bushwacking is to an army. It is in reality a form of guerilla war. That is to say, it is the tactics of a retreating force, of an army seeking to save itself from destruction by throwing between itself and the enemy volunteer battalions to harass and impede the enemy's march until the retreating army can recuperate its strength and again offer open battle. Sabotage is guerilla war par excellence and the Saboteurs the very pick and flower of Labor's troops, as none but volunteers can be depended on to stand between a victory-flushed enemy, such as the capitalist class of to-day, and a retreating and dejected force. As the business of the guerilla is to make sudden and unexpected attacks on the enemy, and to aim these attacks at his commissariat, at his source of supplies, as often as possible, so it is the business of the Saboteur to strike. Knowing that all war is a question of dollars and cents, naturally, the Saboteur strikes at the most exposed and vulnerable part of the enemy's line of entrenchments—the pocketbook. Against this pocketbook or profit killing war the capitalist is as helpless as a baby in an eagle's talons. From it all the gunmen on earth cannot protect him. In fact the more gunmen he employs the more hopeless and helpless becomes his position, for, first, he is depending upon hired troops, who may themselves be Saboteurs, and, second, the drain upon the pocketbook has been increased probably more than fourfold, for now he, the capitalist, has to maintain an army he cannot depend upon and must, therefore, hire another army of detectives to watch them in addition to the army already hunting the Saboteurs, while his loss from direct attacks goes up by leaps and bounds as every outrage inflicted upon the workers by his hessians only incenses into open war those who theretofore had been entirely passive, and so the capitalist pyramids to his own destruction. So sabotage is a war on the pocketbook. It does not mean the wilful and useless destruction of property and machinery, for such wilful and useless destruction is against the credo of the true Saboteur in that sabotage is essentially a protective war measure and is not effective unless directed at an enemy in arms and attacking. Again, the most terribly effective forms of sabotage involve no destruction or injury of property or machinery of any kind or sort, unless the capitalist class dares to openly assert its property right to the labor-power of the working class; and this is the position toward which the capitalists are being steadily driven. In the day the capitalists openly assert that property right (and all their property rights rest on their right and power to control and dispose of the labor-power of the working class; they have no other property, for all value is of labor) in that day is capitalism doomed, and that day is near, for the rapid growth of Syndicalist Industrial Unionism is forcing the capitalist class to, either directly or indirectly, of its own armed will or by that of the State, to assert that it HAS a property right and in and to the working class. Only by such an assertion and assumption can the capitalist class outlaw completely the scientific Saboteurs, and that assumption means the world thrown into civil war, and that war means the end of capitalism, for the hired troops of Master Classes have never yet whipt in open war the volunteers of a Social Revolution.

The Saboteur has no "morals" and few confidants. With Redbeard he says, "Victory sanctifies" and, with Andrew Jackson, "To the victors belong the spoils." The first recorded act in the war for the independence of the United States, from the British Empire, he observes, was an act of sabotage and he asks, "How, therefore, can deeds done by the patriot fathers to free a country become un-American, lawless and foul when done in a cause that means the freedom of all mankind? And so justifying himself, he shoots the Boss in the pocketbook, rips from him his "immortal soul."—PROFIT.

NOW IS THE TIME TO DO IT. BETTER FALL FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM THAN BE ASSASSINATED, LEGALLY OR ILLEGALLY. MAKE THEM FREE CARL PERSON IF IT TAKES A GENERAL STRIKE OF ALL THE RAILROAD WORKERS IN AMERICA TO DO IT.

THUS SAITH THE VOICE.

O LIBERTY, THOU ART THE GOD OF MY IDOLATRY!

This is Number 55

Organization  Is Power

WATCH YOUR EXPIRATION.
IF No. 56 is opposite your name on address label,
your subscription expires next week.

THE VOICE of the PEOPLE

Owned by the Rebel Lumberjacks of Dixie ✨ An Injury to One is an Injury to All.

VOL. III—No. 4.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1914

MIGHT IS RIGHT

Lumberjacks, Railroad Men and Working Farmers, Rip Rotten Bodcaw System Open!

New year greeting to all readers of "The Voice."

How I wish I could know you all and talk personally with you about about the great task that lies ahead of us. I, sometimes, almost fancy that we are just one large family of brothers and sisters, battling for the same common cause. But one thing is SURE, we MUST accomplish greater things this year than we did in the year that has just passed into history.

We are getting careless and the boss is getting sassy. If we Lumberjacks on the Bodcaw System don't get right down to business and get a boom on that dreaded union, our boss will have us right where he wants us; wages are down now almost below the price of existence. Niggers are always prepared on these rotten jobs, because the nigger can more easily be beat out of his wages; what the boss don't steal the robbery is sure to get. And, by-the-way, W. H. Lewis hasn't found the only place where the lumberjacks are forced to pay the preacher; such stunts as that are frequently pulled off here. One of these paragon peddlers came down here several weeks ago and held a series of meetings; he handed out such chunks of brimstone to us poor lost sinners that the boss saw fit to extract \$100 from every

Shall We Stand by Inactive? Is This War?

San Antonio, Texas, January 13, 1914.—On with the chase! Let the merry hunt go on! There he goes! See! he's wounded, the blood drips from him! Catch him! At this threat, you tough mastiffs of profits! Bury deep your fangs in his throat, for he hath dared to flaunt us! Now we have him! Now to our worthy work!

A fourth victim has been offered up on the altar of profit to appease the anger of the economic powers that be. A boy, by name, Leonado L. Vasquez. His crime? The most severe crime that one can be convicted of. He was a working man and he dared to assert his Manhood! For which reason he was shot at and wounded and captured and haled to jail and forced to walk, guarded and fettered, through the streets to and from the court house where wise and sapless lawyers expiated to a jury of vacuous mediocrities on the enormity of his offense. And now, after a week of suspense and horror in the cemeteries of the law, named court house by the unknowing, by the choice selection of "citizens" which composed the jury—twelve good men and true—O the mockery of it! He is doomed to fifteen years in that charnel house of hope, the penitentiary.

Mighty is Capital, strong and many are its legions. And he who becomes enmeshed in the toils of Law, let him beware!

And so Vasquez leaves us for a few years; enough years to drain the sap of his youth. Enough years to undermine his manhood and becloud his mind and mangle his body. His wounded arm is well, but his wounded soul will never heal.

This is number four. One has been sentenced to twenty-nine years, one to twenty-five, one to six, and one to come Vasquez with fifteen. AND WE STAND AND WATCH! We struggle and, lo, we are as water before the power of the masters. Shall we always be thus, fellow-workers? There are yet many to be tried and, as surely as water runs down-hill they are going to the penitentiary or to the gallows. Vasquez was one of the least "guilty," that is why he was tried first. The others are much more "incarcerated," so they say. What will they do to them to quate their blood-lust? For the sake of your manhood, you rebel workers, are you going to act?

One by one they are taken from us, rebels, full of joy of combat and the hate of tyranny. And the flowers of their soul shall be choked and killed in the poisonous atmosphere of the dungeon or by the fully short shrift of the hangman's hemp.

Many things shall you have to pay, O Masters of Bread, when the day comes! We are still comparatively mild, but bethink you of the mercy of a Vasquez, of a Serrato, after the interminable years of living death! They will hardly be inclined to deal with you in a "reasonable" way. Think of their comrades who loved them, who worked and fought at their side, think of us all, the great proletarian family from whose midst you ruthlessly pluck our best-beloved. Yes, my masters, you are indeed laboring for a sad day to come!

Fellow-workers, Fellow-soldiers of the Army of Revolt, by the slaughtered liberty of our comrades, by the blood of our brothers, shed on the Texan plains, by every shattered life that has gone to pay for the Freedom to come, let us resolve that never in this great class-war shall we fail or falter! The sorrows of our dead, captive and wounded cry out for vindication! Never let it be said that we heard and did not respond! And only one response is possible: ACT ON! CHARLES ASHLEIGH.

MAN SPURNS THE WORM but pauses ere he waken The slumbering venom of the folded snake: The first may turn—but not avenge the blow; The last expires—but leaves no living foe; Fast to the doom'd offender's form it clings, And he may crush—not conquer—still it stings. —BYRON.

LIBERTY is the blossom and fruit of justice—the perfume of mercy. Liberty is the seed and soil, the air and light, the dew and rain of progress, love and joy. O Liberty, thou art the god of my idolatry! —INGERSOLL.

Railroad Workers to the Rescue! Save Carl Person from Legal Assassination!

Clinton, Illinois, January 4, 1914.

"TO ORGANIZED LABOR":

Dear Sirs and Brothers—Carl E. Person is in the County Jail at Clinton, Illinois. He is charged with the crime of murder. The coroner's jury has recommended that he be held without bail.

Person is innocent. It requires money to prepare his defense, and establish his innocence in a court of law. The vindication of Person is the obligation and duty of the Labor movement.

Person is the great sacrifice of the two years struggle, on the Illinois Central and Harriman lines. As Secretary of the System Federation, and as Editor of the Bulletin he has kept a live cause that deserves to succeed. It is the cause of organized labor everywhere.

On the afternoon of December 30th, 1913, Person was at his desk in the headquarters, in the Thomas building in Clinton, Illinois. The telephone bell rang. Person answered. He was asked to come to the Interurban Station by the person on the other end of the "phone", who gave his name as Kirk. In good faith Person left his office to keep the appointment.

Tony Musser, ex-chief of Police of Clinton, Illinois, and at the present time a strikebreaker employed by the Illinois Central, had decoyed Person from his office. Tony Musser was the man who telephoned to Person and asked him to come to the Interurban Station. Tony Musser used the name Kirk.

Musser concealed himself in a cigar store. He asked the clerk in the cigar store to point out Person, when Person passed. Person innocent of the trap set for him by Musser, walked past the cigar store. Tony Musser pounced on Person. He came on him from the rear. He battered him to the ground. Musser is a big man, weighing over 200 pounds; standing over six feet tall. Person weighs about 130 pounds, and he is about five feet five inches. Person was beaten, battered and kicked, until in a dazed condition, covered with blood, he used his revolver in defense of his life.

Person is a calm, mild mannered young man, who has never touched whiskey, beer or any other intoxicants in his life. He has carried a revolver, since he was attacked and knocked down in the city of Decatur, Illinois, some four months ago. The attack on Person in Decatur was unprovoked and sudden.

Person is in jail. Person has fought the Illinois Central with publicity. It is the thing the Illinois Central has most feared. The influence of the Illinois Central is great. The penalty for murder in Illinois is death. Person stands alone, except to the extent that organized labor stands with him.

The assault and the shooting took place on a public street. The witnesses are many in number. The defense must be prepared carefully and at once. Organized labor should see that the life of Person is not sacrificed for want of a defense fund to insure him a fair trial.

Sincerely yours,
J. J. MEAGHER, L. M. HAWVER, S. B. GLENN,
Committee.
P. S.—Send all money to Carl E. Person, Box D., Clinton, Illinois.

COMMENT.

Carl Person is the brilliant Secretary of Shopmen's Federation of the Harriman Railway System and Editor of "The Strike Bulletin." He is one of the most able and aggressive union officers in America, a man we have every reason to be proud of, regardless of affiliation. It is the duty of the entire Labor Movement, and especially of the Railroad Workers, to defend him to the last ditch. They failed to assassinate him outright as was attempted, and they will now seek to accomplish under the cloak of "justice" that their gunman failed to do. It is up to the workers to free Carl Person or acknowledge themselves without power and without courage. Read this appeal carefully and pass it on to the boys on the railroads and everywhere.

THESE MURDERS AND ATTEMPTED MURDERS OF OUR CLASS MUST BE STOPPED, AND

Sabotage.

By COVINGTON HALL.

Sabotage is to the Union what bushwacking is to an army. It is in reality a form of guerilla war. That is to say, it is the tactics of a retreating force, of an army seeking to save itself from destruction by throwing between itself and the enemy volunteer battalions to harass and impede the enemy's march until the retreating army can recuperate its strength and again offer open battle. Sabotage is guerilla war par excellence and the Saboteurs the very pick and flower of Labor's troops, as none but volunteers can be depended on to stand between a victory-flushed enemy, such as the capitalist class of to-day, and a retreating and dejected force. As the business of the guerilla is to make sudden and unexpected attacks on the enemy, and to aim these attacks at his commissariat, at his source of supplies, as often as possible, so it is the business of the Saboteur to strike. Knowing that all war is a question of dollars and cents, naturally, the Saboteur strikes at the most exposed and vulnerable part of the enemy's line of entrenchments—the pocketbook. Against this pocketbook or profit killing war the capitalist is as helpless as a baby in an eagle's talons. From it all the gunmen on earth cannot protect him. In fact the more gunmen he employs the more hopeless and helpless becomes his position, for, first, he is depending upon hired troops, who may themselves be Saboteurs, and, second, the drain upon the pocketbook has been increased probably more than fourfold, for now he, the capitalist, has to maintain an army he cannot depend upon and must, therefore, hire another army of detectives to watch them in addition to the army already hunting the Saboteurs, while his loss from direct attacks goes up by leaps and bounds as every outrage inflicted upon the workers by his hessians only incenses into open war those who theretofore had been entirely passive, and so the capitalist pyramids to his own destruction. So sabotage is a war on the pocketbook. It does not mean the wilful and useless destruction of property and machinery, for such wilful and useless destruction is against the credo of the true Saboteur in that sabotage is essentially a protective war measure and is not effective unless directed at an enemy in arms and attacking. Again, the most terribly effective forms of sabotage involve no destruction or injury of property or machinery of any kind or sort, unless the capitalist class dares to openly assert its property right to the labor-power of the working class; and this is the position toward which the capitalists are being steadily driven. In the day the capitalists openly assert that property right (and all their property rights rest on their right and power to control and dispose of the labor-power of the working class; they have no other property, for all value is of labor) in that day is capitalism doomed, and that day is near, for the rapid growth of Syndicalist Industrial Unionism is forcing the capitalist class to, either directly or indirectly, of its own armed will or by that of the State, to assert that it HAS a property right and in and to the working class. Only by such an assertion and assumption can the capitalist class outlaw completely the scientific Saboteurs, and that assumption means the world thrown into civil war, and that war means the end of capitalism, for the hired troops of Master Classes have never yet whipt in open war the volunteers of a Social Revolution.

The Saboteur has no "morals" and few confidants. With Redbeard he says, "Victory sanctifies" and, with Andrew Jackson, "To the victors belong the spoils." The first recorded act in the war for the independence of the United States, from the British Empire, he observes, was an act of sabotage and he asks, "How, therefore, can deeds done by the patriot fathers to free a country become un-American, lawless and foul when done in a cause that means the freedom of all mankind? And so justifying himself, he shoots the Boss in the pocketbook, rips from him his "immortal soul."—PROFIT.

NOW IS THE TIME TO DO IT. BETTER FALL FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM THAN BE ASSASSINATED, LEGALLY OR ILLEGALLY. MAKE THEM FREE CARL PERSON IF IT TAKES A GENERAL STRIKE OF ALL THE RAILROAD WORKERS IN AMERICA TO DO IT.

THUS SAITH THE VOICE.

on earth till our husbands had wiped Bossism off the map.

Some blockheads say, "It can't be done." Maybe it can't if Mr. Block and his kind could monopolize the intelligence of the working class, but I am glad this is impossible. The boss can own our jobs, he can blacklist us, can drive us from place to place, crowd us in hovels too filthy for his dogs to sleep in, then tell us our misery is due to hookworms; this and many other things, vile and disgusting enough to make an Egyptian mummy indignant, do'eth the boss but he can't own our minds, and with constant tramping even the worm will turn.

Mr. Buchanan, the chief owner of this entire Bodcaw System, admitted to good authority that the profit made off his log cutters alone in five years time was sufficient to pay the cost of building this entire L. and A. railroad.

No wonder he can live in a mansion and sport a special pullman, while the men who actually paid for the road ride the rods. You L. and A. slaves as well as others have developed muscles like giants, but brains like chickens. Our bosses are going to keep this skin game going just as long as we let them. Do you blame them? Think about it. Who are the fools, We'uns or They'uns? S. S. 23.

The Voice of the People

(Formerly "The Lumberjack.")

Entered as Second-class Matter, July 5, 1913, at the Post Office at New Orleans, La., under the Act of August 24, 1912.

Published Weekly by National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers, Southern District. District Headquarters Alexandria, La. Jay Smith Secretary

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 520 POYDRAS STREET, NEW ORLEANS, LA. COVINGTON HALL Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

UNITED STATES: 52 weeks, \$1.00; 26 weeks, 50 cents; 13 weeks, 25 cents. CANADA: 40 weeks, \$1.00; 10 weeks, 25 cents. FOREIGN: One Year \$1.50. SINGLE COPIES: 5 cents

BUNDLE RATES:

To all Locals and Rebels ordering 10 or more copies and paying 10 weeks, or 50 or more copies and paying five weeks, or 200 or more copies and paying bi-weekly or monthly, or 500 or more copies paying weekly, IN ADVANCE, we will make a rate of, in United States, 1 1-2c per copy, in Canada, 2c per copy. Charged accounts 1-2c per copy extra. No account carried over 30 days without a remittance.

In lots of 1,000 copies or over, United States, 1c per copy; in Canada, 1 1-2c. UNITED STATES: 5 copies, 13 weeks \$1.00. CANADA, 4 copies, 13 weeks \$1.00

PREPAID SUBCARDS.

Send for a supply of Prepaid Six Months Sub cards to THE VOICE. In U. S., FOUR for \$1.50; TEN for \$3.75.

CLUB RATES:

IN CLUBS of FOUR or more subscribers we will make THE VOICE 75c a year in U. S.; in Canada, all going to SAME Postoffice, \$1.00 a year.

CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS.



SUBSCRIPTION BLANK.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

Enclosed find \$_____ for which send me THE VOICE for _____ weeks, at the following address:

Name _____

Street or P. O. Box _____

City _____

State _____

If renewal, please mark an X here (). If you like THE VOICE, cut out, fill in this blank and mail us your sub to-day.

Might Is Right.

"What," says Readbeard, "is your 'civilization and progress' if its only outcome is hysteria and downgoing?"

"What is 'government and law' if their ripened harvests are men without sap?"

"What are 'religions and literatures' if their grandest productions are hordes of faithful slaves?"

"What is 'evolution and culture' if their noxious blossoms are sterilized women?"

"What is education and enlightenment if their deadsea-fruit is a catiff race, with rottenness in their bones?"

"In this arid wilderness of steel and stone I raise up my voice that YOU may hear. * * * * *

Courage, I say! Courage that goes its way ALONE, as undauntedly as when it marches to 'victory or death' amid the menacing stride of armed and bannered legions. Courage, that never falters—never retreats! That is the kind of courage the world lacks to-day. * * * * * That is the kind of courage that has never turned a master's mill. That is the kind of courage that never will turn it. That is the kind of courage that will DIE, rather than turn it."

"Might Is Right" is published in England and is out-selling any book we ever handled. Better order a copy to-day.

If you want to read this tremendous Epic of the Strong, send us a DOLLAR and we will send you a copy of "MIGHT IS RIGHT" and THE VOICE for 30 weeks; or we will send you the book alone for FIFTY CENTS. Address THE VOICE, 520 Poydras Street, New Orleans, La.

Fighting Jim Larkin Bucks England's "Great Labor Leaders."

Only those who have lived among the English working class can realize the peculiar conservatism that, underneath all its actions and declarations, keeps it, after all is said and done, where it is—the poorest working class in Europe, or at least one of the poorest. However, the Syndicalists have succeeded in driving a revolutionary wedge through this mass of conservatism, and it is this Syndicalist spirit that stirs the blood and cries out against the conservative leaders and shows up how they protect the capitalists, and stand in cahoots with them to keep peace.

A Trade Union Congress has recently been held in London where the general strike proposition was forced to the front on account of the Dublin strike and the Jim Larkin methods and tactics. Six hundred delegates were present, who represented three hundred organizations with two and a half million membership. These representatives were chiefly the leaders, and every one knew before hand the result of this gathering, viz, that the striking workers in Dublin should continue to be supported by money, but not by a general strike or sympathy strikes.

It is the workers' pennies matched against the capitalists' gold. We need not ask who will be victorious. The mass of organized workers are thereby forced to act as scabs to help break the Dublin strike, which they at the same time support with their money.

But it is a long road that has no turning, and this congress marked the turning point for England's working class. There was a duel between the new and the old, in which the old won overwhelmingly, as it always does, at first.

The first motion before the congress was, that a new negotiation between the strikers and the bosses be sought, as the old one had stranded the day before without any result. Jones, secretary of the Gas Workers' Union, added to this motion the following: "That the Dublin capitalists should be informed that within a certain number of days all the organized transport workers on land and water would refuse to handle any goods going to or coming from the blockaded and lockout firms in Dublin, and that all other organized workers would give the Dublin strikers their moral and financial support; and, that the government should be requested to take away from the Dublin capitalists both military and police protection." Jones explained that drastic measures were necessary to a quick ending of the strike.

Cotter, of Dockers' Union; Williams, secretary of the Railway Union, and Shaw, representing the Textile Workers, fought Jones' motion upon the ground that it would lead to a general strike, which would be a calamity! Davis, of the Chauffeur and Omnibus Union, thought that it was time that the leaders "left the easy life and began to do something by action." Naylor, secretary of the Typographers, thought that the old leaders and their methods were fully twenty years behind the times. Smilie, secretary of the Miners' Union, which is so large that the miners represented one-fourth of the congress, said that undoubtedly a national, general strike in England in the near future could not be avoided. But he held that the general strike question could not be decided in the congress, as it would have to be referred back to the membership by referendum vote.

The old leaders tore Larkin to pieces for his tactics and methods. He answered that he owed the old leaders nothing and that he was not responsible to them for his actions; that it was not they, but the rank and file, who had taken him out of prison. He jumped on Havelock Wilson of the Sailors' Union because he had telegraphed to a crew of sailors, that intended to leave a boat in Dublin, "to remain and do their duty." Larkin was informed that a motion was in the air to sweep him aside and to solve the strike problem without him. Larkin cried out "You may attempt it, but you will not so easily get rid of Larkin! We shall continue the strike in Dublin whether we get your money or not. We will not capitulate, either for the capitalists or for those who dare to explain that they will not overthrow this system."

Larkin ended by crying out: "It is child's play to win if you will only cease your organized, yellow strike breaking!"

It is a long time since, if ever, so courageous a voice was heard in England. Over two million votes cast against Jones motion, that only proposed to effectually and quickly bring the bosses to terms. Next we will hear is that the Dublin strikers have made terms with the bosses, and the grand opportunity for the workers to stand solidly together for a decided victory is passed for this time.

One could curse those leaders for their idiotic conservatism and grand stand play. But in reality they are only creature of the workers social psychology in England as well as elsewhere. It is the outcome of slave philosophy, wherein and whereby the workers have placed the power in their hands, and thereby bound themselves hand and foot, even after they as workers on the economic field have learned that all the old tactics of fair play and consideration for the boss only lands them deeper in the mire of poverty and helplessness.

The Syndicalists are still boring from within in England, and are doing some good work evidently.

But the time will undoubtedly come, as in other countries, when they will have to form an organization that is unhampered by such conservative folly as we now witness regarding the Dublin strike.

Larkin is not a man that can easily be tamed. A man that in a convention can fling defiance in the teeth of the mighty is made of the right stuff. He is not defeated nor the cause that he represents. It will grow from now on by leaps and bounds, and the prophet that is out telling us that Syndicalism will never grow, don't know what he is talking about, and nine times to one he has his weather eye to the old organization that for the time being it is to his interest to curry favor with. This prophet gets up all sorts of lies about Syndicalism. He tells us that the Syndicalist congress only had ten countries represented, while the old international labor congress had twenty-five countries represented. The truth is that at the international congress of Syndicalists there were fourteen countries, and at the old, reformists international there were seventeen. The most enthusiasm was manifested at the old when the delegates voted to hold their next congress in San Francisco in 1915 on account of the world's fair. The greatest enthusiasm in the Syndicalist congress was made over the starting of a new and permanent International, that has for its object the overthrow of this damn system, that is the difference. CAROLINE NELSON.

CALIFORNIA'S NEW CRIME.

"A STRIKE A CONSPIRACY"—WORKINGMEN. WILL YOU STAND FOR THIS?

January 12th, 1914.—The delayed trial of four of the Wheatland Hop Pickers came up at Marysville, Yuba County, California, on the charge of murdering District Attorney E. T. Maxwell. So runs the legal statement of the charge. But the working class in this part of the world knows better. Ford Suhr, Beck, Bagan, Cokely and Malouf are not being tried for murder, although that adds an incalculable viciousness to their trials, especially since the son of the dead district attorney has been appointed in this "fair" county as assistant prosecutor of the alleged slayers of his father.

These men are being tried and their lives will be forfeited, unless the working class comes to their rescue by agitation, and protest, because they had ideals for the working class and the courage of their convictions, and BECAUSE THERE IS AN ATTEMPT ON FOOT BY THE EMPLOYING CLASS TO MAKE A STRIKE A CONSPIRACY BEFORE THE LAW. This is most significantly illustrated by the fact that the complaint sworn out by Ralph Dur against Dick Ford before the sheriff's fatal raid was for "inciting to strike," a crime unknown to the statute books, but none the less "legal" to Mr. Dur and his servants. Rebels of the World, will you stand for this?

Hell on K. C.'s Municipal "Farm"

For the first time since the incarceration of "Free speech" fighters we have been able to get authentic reports of their treatment.

Fred Moore, attorney for the I. W. W., with the aid of local citizens, was able to force his way to the prisoners and the "Farm," was found an institution of abuse and torture.

Members were called out one by one, each telling stories such as have been unearthed at the Federal Prison at Leavenworth.

Once inside the boundaries of the "Farm," boys were and are at the mercy of the guards. The men with the markings of a beast, at \$37.50 a month and an occasional smile from the superintendent, guilty of inflicting flesh wounds such as are slow to heal.

"Old man Brink," physically unfit for work on his arrest, has just been taken from the hole after living 28 days on bread and water. He is now in the hospital in a critical condition.

Another victim, C. Harris, was taken to the cell house and with hands tied was clubbed unconscious, then dragged down the concrete steps and thrown in the cold to recover. He was at last picked up by one of the parol board and carried to the hospital.

Lack of space forbids the relating of similar inhumanities. Men singled out and in small groups are in no position to resist; and to mutilate and then attempt a cure seems to be the policy of the K. C.'s "Welfare Board."

Our men on retiring at night present the appearance of a tribe of tattooed heathens rather than citizens of "Free America."

Since the investigation last Monday, some of the brutality has stopped, but even with a heaven on the "Farm" our right of free speech is suppressed. We have no use of the streets. The I. W. W. is on trial in K. C.

Men and money are needed. Men to release their fellow-workers in jail and win the day, and money to aid in publicity and care of the men.

On the K. C., you rebels! Send all communications to J. P. Cannon, 1022 Garfield Avenue, Kansas City, Mo. Frank Watts, Ed. Danner, G. J. Bourg, Press Committee.

Organize Dixie.

By W. H. LEWIS.

The organization of the Southern wage slaves, is a task, or rather the task of the I. W. W. But we have not made the progress we should.

The following defects must be eradicated if the I. W. W. is to a power in Dixie:

We have a habit of letting the other fellow do it! Any subs to get for our papers? "Sure! I'll go out and see if I can induce some of the slaves to subscribe." But right here we stop; we don't get the subs because we do not go after them. We are good revolutionists but poor revolutionists. We talk, but we don't act.

If the Union is to grow in Dixie, our paper must precede it. There is nothing like the printed word to arouse the workers to their position, condition and usefulness in society. Then, again, the paper can go in a camp in a coat pocket, while the agitator is sure to be seen, and heard, he talks on industrial unionism. There is always some sucker ready to run to the boss with a craven cowardly smile on his face, telling him that one of those "pesky organizers is in camp." Not so with the paper. The boss cannot run it out of camp, nor can he fire it. It is always on the job. It is the best, cheapest and most effective agitator within the I. W. W.

Right now The Voice should have a half million circulation in the South alone. It would then be a power that the boss could not cope with. All the gates of capitalism (hell) could not prevail against it. So fellow-workers, we MUST induce more and more of the workers to subscribe. I may be wrong, but I honestly believe that the printed word is responsible for at least eight-tenths of our membership. The spoken word is soon forgotten, but the printed word is there staring the slave in the face every time he feels disposed to glean knowledge.

There is something fascinating about this revolutionary literature that is lacking in all other literature. It's like life, the more you get the more you want. You become interested in the doings of your class. You read a report of a great strike in some industrial hell and you feel that their fight is your fight. It annihilates distance, breaks down the barriers of religion, and destroys race hatred.

Speaking of religion, I would rather have a good beef steak, cooked by an Anarchist and served by an Infidel, than to eat the cow peas and corn bread of a "Christian."

So let's hustle for our papers like hell, for to work for OUR freedom is to work for freedom.

EXPROPRIATION ONLY WAY OUT.

"Everybody you know is in debt. Every firm you know of is in debt. Every corporation you ever heard of is in debt. Every township is in debt. Every city is in debt. Every country is in debt. Every State is in debt. Every railroad is in debt. Every steam ship line is in debt. Every public service corporation is in debt. Everywhere you turn you can find indebtedness. The National debt is appalling. Say! WHO is going to pay off this indebtedness and WHEN?"

The amount of the total indebtedness is now so large that it is almost impossible for labor to earn money enough to pay even the interest.

In view of these facts WHY do the business men preach "SAVE" and get out of debt to the laboring man?

Would they have the workers show more efficiency than they themselves possess?

Capitalism has been and is now SO practical! DON'T the above prove it?

—"The Socialist Worker."

The Common Soldiers of the American Revolution

By B. McCaffrey, in "The Unionist."

The property representative headed by the "Prince of Smugglers," John Hancock, settled in Philadelphia, did practically nothing for the private soldier, but let him starve. Of course it may be said, that their power was nil, that the mandates of the states were paramount to those of the central body. Such an assumption is lighter than the hottest air that ever emanated from the wheezing visage of old Pat-Riot on the 4th of July.

The men who comprised the Continental Congress dominated affairs at home, and had they so desired could have provided for the welfare of the men who were giving their lives for the cause.

Besides an excess of lip service to liberty, and issuing counterfeit money to pay the men who were fighting their battles, their time was principally devoted to stage-strutting, but why complain; have not parliamentarians always been the clown in the three-ringed political circus of nations? What should we expect, from the performers in this world now, if not a jest and a double somersault?

The life of the common soldier in the war of "Independence" was one of misery and privation; at the most gloomy period of those "times that tried men's souls," when the rebel army at Valley Forge was without sufficient food to nourish and clothing to keep them warm; the British were living in Philadelphia on the fat of the land, being supplied by the farmers of the community and the patriotic merchants of the quaker stronghold. Washington, at last sick and tired of this double faced treason, declared that the whole pack should be hung as traitors to meet the requirements that the occasion demanded. He levied tribute on the country within a radius of seventy miles; compelling the farmers to thresh one-half their grain for the benefit of his famished troops. Lessing tells us that a Courier bearing dispatches from the Continental Congress to the Army on its march to cross the Delaware was able to follow it by the bloody foot prints left by the shoeless soldiers in the snow.

Crimes Against Criminals.

The following is from the answer of Col. W. A. Montgomery, a member of the Board of Trustees of the Mississippi penitentiary, to Gov. Brewer of that politicians' paradise:

"I. He claims (that penitentiary affairs) had reached a place in the year preceding his inauguration, that this institution had become a burden to the State rather than a source of profit." Answering this, I place before you the figures given by the expert accountant, Charles E. Wermuth, who undertook to audit this account for the Prison Board, and who, notwithstanding all the obstacles Gov. Brewer threw in the way of getting a proper and speedy balance, I believe the figures to be true:

"Net profits of the farms in 1909-08, \$167,207.03.
 "Net profits of the farms in 1909-10, \$76,532.25.
 "Net profits of the farms in 1910-11, \$265,876.25.
 "Net profits of the farms in 1911-12, \$110,683.78.
 "Net profits of the farm in 1912-13, \$193,274.38.
 "Making in six years a total net profit of \$1,071,838.78, besides putting in permanent improvements of the value of \$584,972.50, paid for out of the annual allowances for support of the penitentiary."

At the above rate of profit, with all the politicians of all parties in on the rotten graft, how long do you think it will be before all the workers are made convicts? One day the commentator counted 24 white and colored men on the chain-gang in Alexandria; another day he saw four women on the gang working at the hard labor of cleaning out canals. All over the country this infamous system is growing and rapidly. Thousands of workers whose only crime is that the capitalists cannot employ them at living wages and make a profit, are being grabbed by the Rurales of the Trusts and forced to build automobile roads for nothing. How long are you workers going to stand for this infamous enslavement of your class?

SAYS "REGENERACION" SPEAKING OF THE LOS ANGELES "RIOTS."

Mexicans are idealists, and Americans usually are not. Mexicans have a great belief in the power of fine words and high-sounding sentiments. Americans have not. Mexicans will go to a mass meeting quite unarmed, believing in the constitutional right of free speech and all that sort of rubbish. Then, carried away with enthusiasm, they will resent interference by armed men, and resent it most desperately, as they did on Christmas Day, although they have not so much as a pocket-knife among them. Americans will not do that. If they consider trouble inevitable they will arm themselves before hand. If, trouble having sprung up unexpectedly, they will find themselves unarmed, they will not go up against the police with naked hands. Personally I admire that attitude. It may not be so poetically heroic but it is more like actual war.

SUBSCRIBE TO THE VOICE.

USE YOUR HEAD FOR SOMETHING MORE THAN A HATRACK.

By WADE POOL.

We have many people in and around Starks as well as other places who let other people do their thinking. Now I say let each and every man and woman subscribe to some reliable working class paper, read up on the Labor Movement and learn to think for themselves, for just so long as we let other people do our thinking just that long will we be in bondage. It is a cinch that if we let some fifteen cent capitalist do our thinking he will unload on us. It is the truth that he is not going to advise us to our own interest, for the very good reason that he is looking out for that of his and his kind.

As I stated before, we have some men around Starks that won't think for themselves. When you ask one of them why he don't belong to the Union he will tell you he wants to but hasn't money enough to join, or that he don't believe the Union will amount to anything. I heard one fellow say he would join the Union but was afraid his merchant would not credit him any longer! I say that any man or set of men who haven't manhood enough to belong to the Union of their class, the I. W. W., and look out for their own interest are either ignorant, cowards or else have not thought. Such men would not only scab on their fellow-workers but on their wives and children. Wake up, boys! Subscribe to THE VOICE and find out what is going on and what the Union is doing. Read for yourself. Think for yourself. Act for yourself. Use your head for something more than a hatrack and, when you hear some fellow popping off about the Union of Forest and Lumber Workers, make it your business to get in conversation with him and find out whether he had rather see you and your family sitting around a well furnished table enjoying some of the good things of life or rather see you mope up to his back door and beg for a handout. Get busy. Use your head for something more than a hatrack.

"THE RIGHT TO LABOR."

By EDWIN MARKHAM.

Out on the road they have gathered,
 A hundred thousand men;
 To ask for a hold on life as sure
 As the wolf's hold in his den.

Their needs lie close to the quick of life,
 As the earth lies close to the stone;
 It is as meat to the slender rib
 As marrow to the bone.

They ask for the right to labor,
 To live by the strength of their hands;
 They who have bodies like knotted oaks,
 And patience like sea sands.

They ask for the leave to labor,
 To toil in the endless night;
 For a little salt to savor their bread,
 For houses water-tight.

For the right of a man to labor,
 And his right to labor in joy;
 Not all your laws can strangle that right,
 Nor the gates of hell decoy.

For it came with the making of man,
 And was kneaded into his bones;
 And it will stand at the end of things,
 On the dust of crumbled thrones.

IN THE MOVIES. Great Thief threatens to rob Great Medical Expert's house; sends him warning. G. M. E. immediately advises Great Police Chief. House immediately filled and surrounded with policemen and detectives. G. T. arrives promptly at appointed hour. Swipes G. M. E.'s clothes, locks him in his room, appears to guardians of the loot as G. M. E., puts it over and passes into library where G. P. C. is alone reading; overpowers and gags him; takes his clothes; dresses up as G. P. C.; puts this over on the sleuths, who all take orders from him. Disguised as G. P. C., he loots house of all its loot and escapes, but, while looting, catches sight of G. M. E.'s lovely daughter. The usual follows. G. T. becomes first love-stricken and then, of course, conscience-stricken. Hikes for home, but still sees vision and wants to repent; so notifies G. P. C. and asks for midnight appointment, sending half the loot as evidence of good intentions and says he will bring rest with him. G. P. C. grants humble sinner's plea. Midnight. G. P. C. and G. M. E. await G. T. He promptly appears, with rest of loot; declares his desire for reform. G. M. E. examines head of G. T., says: "You have a criminal brain; you are a Great Thief, but you will make a Greater Detective." G. T. smiles with happiness. G. P. C. in ecstasy of delight; reaches out hand to G. T. and at once enrolls him on De Force. Another honest man gone to hell.

PERSONAL.

J. B. Cameron, formerly City and State Secretary of the Socialist Party, is now in the Printing Business, at 708 Poydras Street. Socialist Emblem and Union Label used when requested.—Adv.

Voice Maintenance Fund!

JANUARY DONATIONS:

R. Van Buskirk\$.50
M. Lambright 1.00
F. R. Fulmer 1.00
E. J. S. 1.00
C. S. Deency 1.00
Oliver C. Geyer 1.00
Rebels of L. U. 419 2.75
W. E. Hollingsworth 2.00
J. E. Wiggins 1.00
Richard Smith 1.00
I. J. Bloer 1.00
W. J. Edgeworth 1.00
Wencil Francik 1.00
S. S. "Corozal"50

Total\$15.75

THE VOICE thanks you, Fellow Rebels. With No. 53 we got back to four pages and hope to stay there, but it will take hard work to pull the paper through the next two months, and we will have to depend on you to see us through. It takes about \$60.00 a week to run a paper like THE VOICE, and then we take the leavings for our wages. There is every indication that THE VOICE will soon grow rapidly if we can save it, as subs and small orders are steadily coming in from places never heard from before. All the hardest work of making the paper has practically been done. It only remains for us to take advantage of it and push the paper. We want to, of we can get hold of enough money to justify it, keep running the great RATTLESNAKE CARTOONS by Fellow-worker Albert Walen in THE VOICE, as we believe there is nothing like a good cartoon for driving home the truth. Therefore, help us all you can.

Yours to win, COVINGTON.

NOTA BENE:—Local and City Central Committees owing The Voice for bundle orders, please get a remittance to us before the first of February.

Locals and C. C. C.'s owing past due accounts, PLEASE remit us, before that date, all you can spare. We have heavy bills to pay on first.

CORRESPONDENTS:—All articles sent in for publication will have to take their turn. Preference will always be given to articles bearing on news and organization work. C. H.

Remittance Notice

ALL ORGANIZATIONS PLEASE REMEMBER THAT REMITTANCES FOR THE PAST MONTH MUST REACH "THE VOICE" NOT LATER THAN THE FIFTH OF THE SUCCEEDING MONTH. PLEASE ACT ACCORDINGLY.

LAKE CHARLES BUILDING TRADES IN GENERAL STRIKE.

Lake Charles, La., Jan. 15.—The strike of carpenters reached an acute stage to-day, when the contractors declared an open shop and cancelled all agreements with the carpenters' union. The contractors announced that they will employ men wherever they can get them and at such wages as they deem fit to pay.

In the meantime, the Central Trades and Labor Council is backing the strikers. A meeting of the central body was held last night and all other building trades were instructed to keep off work being done by contractors who have not signed the union scale. This means that bricklayers, painters, paper-hangers, gas fitters and electricians are practically called out insofar as the unfair contractors are concerned.

The fight is narrowed down to a struggle between the trade council and the Contractors and Dealers' Exchange, the latter organization backing the contractors.

The above is from "The Daily States."

The Lake Charles Carpenters are as fine a body of real Union men as live. They stood back of Emerson and our boys to the finish. Let every Union man stand back of them with the Lake Charles Central Trades and Labor Council now and see that no scabs get on the job. THE VOICE is open to the Carpenters for any publicity they may wish it for. Fight them to a finish, boys!

FELLOW-WORKER GIBSON DEAD.

Dear Fellow-workers—I know you will be very sorrow to learn of the death of Fellow-worker M. D. Gibson, who died Thursday evening, at six-thirty o'clock, January 8th, 1914. He left a father, mother, six sisters, one brother and a host of friends to mourn his loss. His mother is very ill at this time, but we hope to see her out soon.

Fellow-worker Gibson had unflinching faith in the organization, always working to right the wrongs.

Fellow-worker Gibson and his cheering words will no longer brighten our eyes and warm our hearts, but be remembered to the end of our lives.

M. W. STROTHER,
 Secretary No. 219, F. L. W.

Subscribe to The Voice

Defense Funds Notice.

WHEATLAND: Send all funds for the defense of the Wheatland Victims to, Andy Barber, Sec. I. W. W. Locals, 114 "I" Street, Sacramento, Cal.

TEXAS VICTIMS: Send all funds to Victor Cravello, Box 1891, Los Angeles, Cal., Secretary of the Rangel-Cline Defense Committee.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Forty-four workmen have been arrested and charged with rioting at the Plaza, Los Angeles, on Christmas day. The authorities are determined to send as many as possible to the penitentiary. Five men are under \$2000 bail, and 39 under \$500. All contributions for the defense of these men will be published in Solidarity, Voice of The People and The Wooden Shoe, until the required amount is secured. Send all funds to William Davenport, Box 265, Station C., Los Angeles, California. Trial takes place January 21st.

Yours for Industrial Freedom,
 WORKINGMEN'S DEFENSE LEAGUE,
 W. DAVENPORT, Secretary-Treasurer.
 Committee:—A. Kinman, Wm. Stockinger, Herman Siegel, Josi B. Corona, James O'Neil, O. J. Sautter, Parker Hill, Wm. R. Sautter, D. D. Charuz, Ray Cabezut, Hugh Swindley

PATERSON STRIKERS RELIEF FUND. TOTAL RECEIPTS AND EXPENSES.

Paterson, N. J., Jan. 12th, 1914.

To whom it may concern—The accounts of the Paterson strikers relief committee have been audited by Mr. John Noone, certified public accountant of New York City.

Mr. Noone audited the entire receipts and expenses, covering the period from March 18th, 1913 to September 24th, 1913.

Total receipts\$59,957.79
 Total expense 59,956.22

Balance\$ 1.57

The committee had intended to publish the names of all contributors and the amount contributed, but owing to the fact that the expense to do this would be about \$1,200.00 it was impossible to do this. We wish to thank all persons and organizations who contributed. All labor papers please copy.

Respectfully,
 ADOLPH LESSIG, Sec'y Local 152, I. W. W.

Workers of Oregon Take Notice.

The Portland Locals are determined to push the propaganda of Industrial Unionism in this State. With that end in view, all members, employed in lumber camps, construction work, etc., are urged to communicate with the Secretary.

The propaganda committee has prepared a definite plan for the distribution of literature, organization and agitation in the camps. DO YOUR PART. Send in your name and the address of camp where you are employed.

The Locals have secured a new stereopticon machine and are holding meetings Wednesday and Sunday nights. While in town make it your business to attend these lectures.

At the last regular business meeting Frank Cadly was elected Secretary for the ensuing term. All correspondence should be addressed to
 FRANK CADLY, Secretary,
 309 Davis St., Portland, Oregon.

PORTLAND MEETINGS.

The Portland, Oregon, locals will hold regular propaganda meetings twice per week in the hall at 309 Davis St., during this winter. New stereopticon installed. Good speakers needed for meetings in hall and on the street. Everybody welcome.

B. E. NILSSON,
 Sec'y Portland Locals, I. W. W.

A SHAVING MACHINE.

It consists of a safety razor connection to a motor by means of a flexible shaft, the blade being actuated in such a way as to cut the beard by impact or blows. The blades, therefore, do not need to be so sharp as in hand-shaving. No soap is necessary, wetting of the skin being sufficient, and a clean shave can be accomplished, it is declared, in a very short time. The after-effects are described as being those following a mild massage. A plug is provided for attaching the razor to any lamp socket. —"Electric World."

F. & L. W. Notice.

Forrest Edwards will take hold of the office of Secretary-Treasurer of the N. I. U. of F. L. W., West District, and of Local 432 after the first of the year 1914. Yours for Industrial Freedom,
 FRANK R. SCHLEIS.