

Southern Lumberjacks & Oil Workers, Organise! Unite! Revolt!

This is Number 58

Organization  Is Power

WATCH YOUR EXPIRATION.
IF No. 59 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. 7.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1914

MIGHT IS RIGHT

The Man, Carl Person

A MAN lies in prison cell in the little city of Clinton, Illinois. His name is Carl Person, Strike Secretary of the Harriman System Railway Shopmen's Federation. He is charged with murder, in that he killed in defense of his own life a gunman-seab of the Illinois Central Railroad.

But not for this is Carl Person in jail charged with "murder in the first degree," for hardly a week passes but the gunmen of the Illinois Central are shooting down in cold blood workingmen, and no arrests are made, and no murder is charged. No, not for this is Carl Person in jail to-night.

His real crime is not murder, (for to commit murder one must first kill a human being in cold blood)—his real crime is this: He took up a fight that seemingly was lost, he halted an army discouraged and in retreat; he instilled into it a new hope, a new spirit; he was remobilizing its shattered regiments and turning the retreat into an onward and victorious march. This is the real crime, that has been committed by Carl Person. *He fought well and with the ability of a genius-commander for the freedom of his class.*

Never has his gleaming pen been lifted except to stir his class, the Working Class, to UNITY for the last great battle for Human Liberty. It is for this that he lies in the jail at Clinton to-night with the murderous capitalist press shrieking to a hostile community to take his life, not from him, but from the workers.

Not often, Fellow-workers, are men like him given unto us, and—BY THE LIVING GODS HE SHALL NEITHER DIE NOR BE IMPRISONED IF YOU DO YOUR DUTY BY HIM AS HE HAS DONE BY YOU!

Read on another page his great prose poem, "Jail Fancies," and tell me if you think this MAN should die?

Let the Master Class have your answer in tones of thunder, and let that answer be: CARL PERSON SHALL NOT EVEN BE TRIED!

COVINGTON HALL.

Boyd, The Saboteur

The gravest of all trials before the Courts of the United States is to come up on the 17th inst., in Paterson, N. J.

It is not a trial for rioting, nor even for murder, but it is of greater importance none the less.

It is a trial against the advocacy of Sabotage as a principle.

In the late Paterson silk strike, Fredrick Summer Boyd dared openly to advocate Sabotage and the master class is now seeking to get even with him for it.

His case is under appeal against a sentence of seven years or more imprisonment.

Fellow-workers, funds are needed; the lawyers refuse to prepare the case unless they get their money.

Will you allow your principles to be defeated, and the workers cowed into fear of practicing or preaching Sabotage for lack of funds? Or will you help to establish the right of members and organizers and speakers of the I. W. W. to preach and to practice anything and everything they see fit at any time?

The doctrine of Sabotage reaches for the vitals of the Masters—their pocketbooks. Do your wonder why they are so enraged and do all they can to convict Boyd?

Send all funds to Jessie Ashley, Treasurer, 127 Cedar Street, New York City.

MORALS EFFICIENCY.

When shall we have an investigation of our vice investigators?

The Morals Efficiency Commissioner of Pittsburgh reports that a large proportion of the frequenters of houses of prostitution are married men.

It recommends as a remedy early marriage.

Among prostitutes examined it found 529 church members and two free thinkers.

It recommends as a remedy more church—"The Masses."

SUBSCRIBE TO THE VOICE.

An Un-Crimed Crime

Yesterweek it was a "crime" to try to take arms into Mexico. Yesterweek Rangel, Cline and their companions were hunted down, shot up, maltreated, jailed, sentenced, and are still being "tried" and railroaded to the infamous prisons of the savage State of Texas, for no other crime.

This was yesterweek but yesterday the President of the United States issued an order and, so, the "crime" for which the savages of the Whiskey and Landlord Ring-run State of Texas is seeking the lives of Cline and Rangel and long years of slow and torturing death in their prison hells for twelve other sodiers of human liberty, is no more a "crime."

The "crime" of yesterweek has, by the order of yesterday, become lawful, right, virtuous, yet still are our comrades facing John Henry Kirby's werewolves and fighting with empty and naked hands for their lives and liberties. For them no order issues from the President carrying a message of liberty. THEY ARE WORKINGMEN.

They are workingmen, taken with the wary, "Land and Liberty!" on their lips, and to raise that cry in Texas is a crime beside which the "unpardonable sin" is white as driven snow.

And so our comrades Cline and Rangel are to die. And so twelve others are to rot their splendid lives away in dungeons heidions beyond description, to get a faint idea of which read the article on another page, "Jail Conditions in Texas."

Thus our comrades are to be tortured, shamed and murdered, for a crime that is no more a crime.

IF YOU, THE WORLD'S WORKERS, ALLOW IT!

Fellow Editors of the Rebel Press, again I appeal to you: to turn your mighty batteries on the savage government of the savage State of Texas and force it to release our comrades in the war for Human Liberty. I appeal to you! COVINGTON HALL.

Sweet Home Scab Shot?

The following dispatch is from "The States" of the 5th instant:

Alexandria, La.—Strikers in ambush are believed to have fired on Bud Collins, employe of the Sweet Home Lumber Company, ten miles from Ball, La. Wounded in the head, Collins will recover."

As you will observe the shooting is, of course, laid at the door of the strikers, but as the whole Sweet Home country is loaded up with gunmen, we have our doubts, especially as THE VOICE has no news from there, except that the boys are still holding the front down tight, and this though the Company is said to be paying strike-breakers THREE DOLLARS PER EIGHT HOUR DAY AND BOARD.

You will remember, you Lumberjacks, that the dear, good Lumber Kings swore by the Eternal that it would break them flat to grant our UNION DEMANDS for \$2.50 per nine hour day, won't you?

Now here they come, paying scabs, the lowest thing in human form on earth, THREE DOLLARS PER EIGHT HOUR DAY AND BOARD!

Nuf sed. If you don't get in the Union and make them come across with at least a scab's wages for YOU, well, you ought to go off and die. OLD REB.

"JOLTS AND JARS."

By W. H. LEWIS.

A *Syndicalist* is an exceptional individual one who is capable of doing his own thinking. He is never the foe of science, for he realizes that science is his friend, and that scientific organization will emancipate him. Our masters oppose scientific facts with fantastic theories.

Rebellion is that unexplainable something that tells you "the working class and employing class have nothing in common."

There is more honor in knocking a hog over with a pine knot than there is in knocking at some workingman's back door.

There is more heroism in starving than scabbing, but with the enormous amount of food produced annually it is not necessary to do either.

Poverty is the cause of disease. Capitalism is the cause of poverty. Unorganized working men are responsible for both. ORGANIZE!

Rebels Called To Kansas City

Special wire to The Voice.

Free speech in Kansas City requires support of all locals and members to maintain organization in middle States. Police using tactics of clubbing to avoid arrest. Men in jail standing firm. Money is needed to aid and men to fight.

On to K. C. You Bebeles!

PRESS COMMITTEE,
15 West Missouri Ave., Kansas City, Mo.



HATE FOR HATE
AND RUTH FOR RUTH.
EYE FOR EYE
AND TOOTH FOR TOOTH.
SCORN FOR SCORN
AND SMILE FOR SMILE.
LOVE FOR LOVE
AND GUILF FOR GUILF.
WAR FOR WAR
AND WOE FOR WOE.
BLOOD FOR BLOOD
AND BLOW FOR BLOW!—Redbeard.

Power of the Voice

We are not boasting. You who have read and watched know that this we say is truth.

THE VOICE took up the fight for a cleaning up of the Lumber Towns and Camps, and the Association was FORCED to make a move in the direction of better sanitary conditions.

THE VOICE took up the fight against the Loan Sharks preying on the Working Class of New Orleans and FORCED a fight upon this nefarious business.

THE VOICE called on the Robbed Homesteaders to get together for action and offered its columns to aid them in their fight to maintain their rights, and the next week it was announced from Washington that the government had affected a compromise with the Land Thieves, but we want no compromise—we want every acre of stolen land in the South to be returned to the Workers.

THE VOICE, but for it our Negro Fellow-worker Gaines would have been railroaded to the levees, and but for it the Fruit Trust would have been able to victimise many of its striking Seamen.

But all this, and more, much more. THE VOICE has been able to do only because it is YOUR paper, only because YOU have stood behind it, only because it has unflinchingly told the TRUTH regarding the conditions in which they lived and the TRUTH of the great struggle of the Workers toward the light.

THE VOICE, its power is only the power of the Rebels who have stood back of it in the long strife of the long days that have past since it was given birth by the Rebel Lumberjacks of Dixie.

It, THE VOICE, is the greatest machine they have yet created for the Revolutionizing and Civilizing of the South.

THE VOICE, *your paper, shall it fail and die?*

It will take action on the part of all Rebels to save it and make it a still greater machine than ever in the cause of Labor's Emancipation, the only cause on Earth worth dying, worth living for.

So far this month the donations to the Maintenance Fund have been as follows:

Candido Veiga	\$.50
Wm. Lorce	2.00
N. B. T.	1.00

Total

.....\$3.50
This is up to Saturday night, the 7th instant. Do all YOU can to help and urge your Local to remit AT ONCE its account owing THE VOICE.

THE POWER OF THE VOICE—if you could see that POWER working as I can see it here, you would know how great is the POWER of the REBELS, be they but a handful, who against entrenched and brazen Wrong take up the sword for Humanity and Liberty.

There is in me no power but that which comes from the REBEL UNITY of my Fellow Rebels.

There is no other power in me—

COVINGTON HALL.

Call to Southern Oil Workers

The Oil Industry is ripe for organization, not only in Oklahoma, but all over the country.

The slaves of the oil fields have been exploited to the limit, for years they have been working their heads off, each one trying to out-do the other.

Especially was this the case on the Pine lines where each gang was trying to beat the other's record. And the poor slaves were more interested in the race than were their foremen, and if one of their fellow-workers failed to hit the ball, he was considered a poor excuse for a man. The work on the Pipe line is so hard and fast that few men last over a month at a stretch, two weeks being about the average. But at last they are beginning to realize the fact that the shorter the hours and slower the pace, the larger will be the pay envelope. Ove one hundred are already lined up in the One Big Union, and more are coming.

Now, HOW ABOUT THE REST OF YOU OIL WORKERS? You Drillers? Tool dressers? Gaugers? Pumpers and connection men? Don't you think it is about time to get together for a shorter working day? Don't forget that shorter hours and Bigger Pay go hand in hand.

Organize Industrially and you can have an eight-hour day throughout the oil fields by the first of April. Read the press and the literature of the I. W. W. Educate yourselves and agitate among your fellow-workers. Line up in the One Big Union and the goods will soon be coming our way.

For further information, write to Jack Law, Secretary, No. 586, Oil Workers Industrial Union, I. W. W. Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Calgary Rebels Fighting Armed Bosses With Bare Hands

Walter McConnell, former Secretary of Local 79, while taking active part in the unemployed movement in this city (object of movement being to force city to provide work for unemployed) was arrested for acting as spokesman, explaining the position of a man without work or money, and how circumstances force starving men to act.

For stating the truth he was arrested and placed under prohibitive bail, in company with Frank Nolan, a member of the unemployed whose trial shows clearly that prohibitive bail, was nothing less than brutal. Fellow-worker McConnell stands in danger of a long term in prison, if Fellow-workers and friends do not contribute towards financing a legal defense.

All locals are requested to contribute to the defense of this Fellow-worker. The Calgary authorities seem to be determined to make an example of F. W. McConnell, owing to the agitation which is causing the employing class of Western Canada a great deal of unrest, and if they succeed in sending him to prison for a long term it will mean death as he is an old man and not robust.

All thru the local at Calgary has contributed generously in the past to all appeals for help from other locals, who at anytime were fighting the battles of the workers. At the present time this local is on the verge of bankruptcy owing to the fact that the Masters of Bread in this city are determined to wipe this local off the map. When the unemployed problem in this city became acute Local 79 in order to take advantage of it for propaganda purposes, moved from a small hall into a larger and better located hall, and after paying one month's rent and spending about one hundred dollars on repairs the city authorities condemned it as uninhabitable.

We will be compelled to move out in a few days and so will be in no position to raise funds locally. Unless the I. W. W. in other locals can come to our assistance financially not only is McConnell liable to a long term of imprisonment, but Local 79 is liable to have to suspend business for some time to come.

All this is brought about owing to lack of funds. It will be much to be regretted, for there is a splendid opportunity for propaganda work as at present, there are about six thousand men out of work in this city.

Hoping you will see your way clear to come to our aid. Send all funds to Jahn Terrill, care C. Jackson, 2115 Fourth Avenue, G. T. P. Sub, Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

The Voice of the People.

(Formerly "The Lumberjack.")

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CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS.



Prepaid Subcards

We now have on hand a supply of THREE and SIX months PREPAID SUBCARDS. Send in for a few and help in the work of Revolutionizing the South, which is a matter of VITAL importance to the I. W. W. These cards will sell you as follows: THREE months cards, FIVE for \$1.00; TWENTY for \$3.50. SIX months cards, FIVE for \$2.00; TWENTY for \$7.00. At these prices you or your Local can help THE VOICE and make a good commission, besides.

Might Is Right.

The root-thought of "Might Is Right" lies in this quotation: "Property, remember, is an integral part of freedom and manhood. They who have no property are at the mercy of those who have. Woe unto him who has 'nothing.' Economic dependence is a flaming hell."

If every Lumberjack, Worker and Working Farmer in the South would read this great book they would clearly see how they have lost their inheritance in their native land by themselves losing the oldtime fighting spirit of the Clansmen.

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.

Notice to Subscribers.

Many subs will expire with the issues between Numbers 58 and 70. We cannot, much as we would like to do so, notify each of you of your expiration. THEREFORE, please watch the NUMBER opposite your name on ADDRESS LABEL, as it indicates the issue with which your sub expires.

As an example—"Johnny Reb-66," indicates that Reb's sub expires with Number 66 and he should renew at least TWO WEEKS ahead of this if he does not wish to miss an issue of the VOICE.

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Name _____

Street or P. O. Box _____

City _____

State _____

If renewal, please mark an X here ().

JAIL FANCIES

In the long hours of the night, here in the silence of the jail, I hear the tread of the marchers in the sorrowing army of the unemployed. The sound is like distant funeral music. Its theme is suffering—the suffering of Man. It makes the heart sick. I wonder and wonder the why of it all.

The newspapers record only part of the ghastly tragedies of the social drama—Poverty. Yet enough is printed to make one stagger in the presence of the horrors pictured.

To-day we are told that one hundred and fifty thousand men in Illinois are roaming the streets seeking a chance to honestly earn their bread. They are weary, and cold, and hungry, and homeless. We know the story of their crying souls. We are one of them. We have known the wandering search for work. Fear of enforced idleness is indelibly written in the memory of the toiler. He knows the toll exacted—the toll in pain.

If this is a gray study of the facts, in what sadder color can we picture the sufferings of the women and children who share and bear the burdens of poverty. Child life is being crushed and destroyed. Song is banished from the home. In the gaslighted sweatshops the music of dollar-making goes merrily on. Social joy-riders move through the night entirely unmindful of the cost of their gaiety. Maybe this is as it should be, and maybe it is not.

Necessity compels a protest. The victims organize in self-defense. The organization is called a Labor Union. Its purpose is to free men from poverty—a freedom necessary to a free manhood. The effort is met with the organized assault of the beneficiaries of greed—the thoughtless, selfish seekers for gold.

A bell strikes in the neighboring church tower. Its tuneful message floats through the jail. It says that all is well, and the words of Nazarene still live on. Yet, in the shadow of the church children are crying, women are sighing and life is dying.

The march of dollarless, living dead, goes on. Even I, locked in a cell, am better off than the marchers.

CARL E. PERSON,
County Jail, Clinton, Illinois.

JAIL CONDITIONS IN TEXAS.

By Nils H. Hansson.

Outside the Bars, and the thugs surrounding them, there is never anything heard or said about what is really going on in the jail, in the city of El Paso, in the dark state of Texas. But if one should happen to be traveling through the South, looking for an opportunity to sell one's laboring power, someone along the road will soon pass the word that there are men in jail in El Paso, serving two hundred days on the chain-gang for vagrancy.

I met one young fellow in Arizona who told me that he had just finished two hundred days in El Paso, and he warned me not to take that route. He said that he was in a good and healthy condition when he, about seven months back, was thrown into the Hell-holes of Texas as a "vag". His health was now broken and there was practically nothing left of him, the consumption eating his life away.

In spite of this, I and two more went along towards El Paso and were going through the state of Texas.

Going along slowly but surely we arrived in that great (?) city one day in the morning a couple of weeks back. As we had some money, we had decided to rent a room as soon as we got uptown, and get a good sleep. But that wouldn't do. No, as soon as we landed on the street of that great town we were met by two fly-cops, and told to go with them up to the office. So we did. Sure. This was about three o'clock in the morning.

As the door opened to the little two-by-four pen, the first thing that met us was the stink in there. The smell from a rotten sewer couldn't be worse.

In there were nearly a hundred men. The most of them were sleeping on the cold cement floor without any bedclothes, except a few old raggy blankets.

Many of the men were not asleep because of the cold night, so they were walking back and forth, trying to keep warm. This was also a hard proposition because of the small space, left by those who tried to have a little slumber.

By the weak light I soon discovered something on the coat of my partner. That was a couple of those small man-eaters, which are born in filth, live in filth, and thrive in filth only.

Soon we were told that those animals (in the West they are called Western livestock) were falling down from the ceiling, and off the walls and from everywhere. It didn't matter where one turned in there, those ambitious creatures could always find pastures on everybody.

No soap nor towels were supplied in that jail. In the morning we were given a few beans for breakfast and a piece of bread. Just before we received our breakfast a few dope-fiends asked for their "medicine" and two of them got a beat-up as answer.

Right after breakfast one of the guards—he was one of those so called "Texas tough guys" came in, and, as if it had been a bunch of wild animals in there, he shouted out: "Line up chain-gang", and never before had I, nor my partners seen anyone move so fast as those poor slaves did when that guard appeared at the door. In a second they were all in line except one, who

happened to move a little slow and say: "I ain't going to work."

Whilst the others, about fifty, were putting on the big heavy chains, with a shackle and lock on each foot, this man was beaten until he became unconscious, and in that condition the chain was put on his feet and he was taken out into one of the wagons, and taken to work with the bunch.

Out at the work if anyone "looked at the sun," as the prisoners called it, a club, a pick-handle or the butt of a gun would soon land on their head or back.

Among the fifty on the chain-gang, there were several who were serving two hundred days, just because they were penniless, not having the price of a bed, and were picked up for vagrancy. It was said that such a high sentence was given these to keep others away, from coming to the great glorious State of Texas—to the City of El Paso.

As they were full-handed on the chain-gang we three were let out, promising to leave town.

In the chain gang were also two Mexican boys between eleven and thirteen years old, having the heavy chains on them, and working there all day. Four more children were in there, from eight years old and up, and those children were whipped several times during the day with a big, heavy leather whip. They were taken into a private room and there beaten by that whip so their cries could be heard way out on the street.

Such are the condition in one of the Jails in the State of Texas, and this brutality is going on against men who never protested against the present system. They are handled as if they were wild animals. Many men come in there in good health, but leave there all broken down, spreading disease wherever they go.

In another jail in Texas are some of our fellow workers, charged with murder, waiting for trial, and waiting for the workers of America to come along with their helping hand in defending them. Their only crime is that they have been loyal to their class. When you consider their cases, also consider the above facts about one of the Jails in Texas. Put yourself in their place and see whether you would like to be tortured all your lives in such hell-holes as are the jails in Texas.

SHINGLE WEAVERS CALLED.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE PROPOSED STRIKE.

WHAT POSITION WILL THE SHINGLE WEAVERS TAKE IN CASE THE PROPOSED STRIKE DEVELOPS?

In my last article, I showed the position that the I. W. W. had taken on the eight-hour agitation in the past, and, also the position they would, no doubt, take in any future move that might be made towards establishing, in the lumber woods, a shorter work-day. I showed that it was not a question of what position we are going to take, or have taken, but what position are the unorganized Woodsmen going to take? And, what position are the Shingle Weavers going to take?

I shall make no attempt at prophecy. I admit that I do not know what position the Weavers will take. All that I can do in writing this article is to state the conditions under which the Weavers are working and let you draw your own conclusions.

The leaders of the Shingle Weavers Union claim to have a majority of the Weavers, yes, a large majority organized in the Shingle mills. Now if their claims are true, then why do they not shorten the work-day for the Weavers? They are working at piece work, and the difference is very little to the Boss, whether he works two, or whether he works three shifts in twenty-four hours. The cost of cutting shingles remains almost the same, the only difference will be found in the two or three day men whom he would have to add to his crew.

The Weavers make anywhere from \$2.50 per day to \$8.00, according to speed and skill in the handling the job at which they are working. This is on the basis of a ten hour day. Long hours in the Shingle Mills means that the Weavers have more time, to cut more Shingles, to make a larger pay check. A shorter work day means a correspondingly shorter pay check, and is, therefore, opposed to the interest of those who work by piece work.

These leaders, of the Shingle Weavers Union, will argue, that the Weavers don't care about the wages they are able to make under the Ten hours day. This may be true of some, but this some is in a hopeless minority, in the Shingle mills. Go talk to a Weaver; the main argument advanced by him in favor of his Union is, Look at the wages the Weavers get compared to that which the logger gets. Why, if you loggers would organize as we have organized, you might be getting a wage as large as we". I shall not enter into a discussion of the difference in the wage scale of these two different branches of industry. My only purpose in raising this point is to show the Weaver up as he is, and as he argues on matters of wages and hours. After you have considered the economic interest of the Weaver, then you will be better able to determine the standpoint from which he reasons. Now, listen! They tell us that they are better paid than the loggers, and that the matter of wages is not the question involved with them. If that is true, then it must be a question of Philanthropy with them; they must be prompted by some Altruistic motive rather than their immediate economic interest. If so, then

why have not these altruistic sentiments expressed themselves before, especially when those to whom they are now extending a helping hand have, at two different times in the past two years, revolted against the intolerable conditions in these woods and both times demanded a shorter workday? Why did the Officials lay down the ultimatum that the Weavers must not Join the Strike last year? Where was the altruism that prompted that act?

I shall try to cover the ground in one more article. The subject of the next article will be: The point the A. F. of L. is making for in declaring this Strike, also the Tactics they will try to use, with its ultimate effect upon the Lumber Workers.

FORREST EDWARDS,

Sec. Treas. N. I. U. of F. and L. W. Western Dist.

"JOHNNY GET YOUR GUN!"

Give us this day our daily bread, we prayed upon our knees,
And Jesus wept.—he knew that Uncle Trusty held the keys;
Man liveth not on bread alone, once from his lips it fell—
We'll pray no more, we'll take our bread (and meat and cheese as well).

CHORUS.

But we can think yet, think yet, T-H-I-N-K,
Think yet, Think yet, though we may not say
Just what we are thinking loud to every one—
Drop your pick and shovel and take up your gun

We sent a man to Washington to represent our cause,
And afterward we caught him eating dinner with the boss;
We formed into a mob and we demanded to be fed,
And Uncle Sammy's soldiers pumped our bodies full of lead.

We asked for recognition, shorter hours and better pay,
And now we're working for our bread and sixteen hours a day.

We went on strike with folded arms, yes every mother's son,
And every time they answered us with shot and shell and gun.

A WORD TO RAILROADERS

By FRED FREYR.

The railroad interests are stretching out feelers to test how far public sentiment is in favor of unloading upon the so-called "Government of, for and by the Peepul" the water-wrecked junk-roads.

What does such a project mean to the workers engaged in railroad transportation? Have they thought of it? Are they aware of the danger of government ownership (no matter whether through confiscation or purchase) to themselves?

Now, Craft Unionism has become a rather clumsy, almost obsolete strike-weapon, yet it has the undisputed right to strike; but, under government ownership of the railroads, with its semi-military, degrading discipline, its narrow spirit of bossism, gag-rule and general all-round curbing of individual and Union freedom, this will change.

Trying to raise wages, better conditions and redress grievances through the strike will naturally become unlawful for government employees, who, instead will be presented with that beautiful "right" to petition a governmental railroad business manager à la Postmaster General Hitchcock, whose main function will be that of a slave-driver for the grinding out of the "service" enough to pay the interest on the purchase price to the aristocracy of bonded indebtedness and, at the same time, provide cheap transportation (out of the workers bones, of course) for the benefit of a rent-interest and profit bourgeoisie, who so masterfully understand how to hide behind the name of "the people."

Are the American railway transportation workers going to submit to that?

And if not, how are they going to prevent themselves being made government slaves, who can then be directly driven at the point of the bayonet if they dare assert their manhood?

The way they are organized now they can do nothing for themselves, except protest.

But if, instead of being organized into a hundred self-fighting brotherhoods, they were all in One National Industrial Union, they could take INTO THEIR OWN HANDS the business of carrying the produce and commodities the nation must have day by day in order to live; they could kick to hell all outside interference and thus get into the vanguard of the revolution.

Railroad Workers! Time often has put mighty questions before certain men. The way they decided gave direction to history. WE ARE THE MAKERS OF HISTORY, IF WE MAKE IT; AND WE CAN MAKE IT, IF WE ARE MEN.

It is soon time for you to choose between governmental slavery and sovereign manhood. The latter can only come through yourselves by organizing into the One Big Union of Railroad Transportation Workers. Only this way freedom lies.

Which is your choice?

All Woodsmen, Attention!

Fellow-workers and all slaves, stay away from Sweet-Home, La., Front. Local 275 on strike. The strike was called to keep one of the Company's old tricks off, trying to break the Solidarity and driving the workers.

But, as always, the I. W. W. got wise and beat them to it. The job is tied up right, not a man working. So all workers help keep it so by staying away until we drive the boss into submission, and make another step toward the GOLD.

Stand together, MEN, in ONE BIG UNION and prepare for the GENERAL STRIKE of all Southern Woodsmen and Sawmill Workers!

Yours for victory,
PRESS COMMITTEE, L. U. 275

F. and 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.
Address: Box 886, Seattle, Wash.

LOST OR STOLEN.

SEAL OF LOCAL UNION 391, LAKE CHARLES, LA.

All Locals take notice that the Seal of Local 391 has been lost or stolen.

C. HAVENS Organizer.

Red Song Books.

At Cost Price. Sixth edition of the original and best book of I. W. W. songs. Order now so printer can be paid and the valuable property of Worker saved.

5c Single Copies
\$3.00 per 100

Make Money Order payable to Industrial Worker.

Cash must accompany all orders.

Address all orders to

Industrial Worker

BOX 2129

SPOKANE WASH.

OLSON IN DISTRESS.

To all locals—Fellow-worker John Olson, who, on his way back from the eighth annual convention of the I. W. W., was run over by a car and lost his right leg, is with us again, after having spent two months in the Lutheran Hospital at La Crosse, Wis.

In view of the fact that the expenses of his treatment run very high and only a few locals have responded so far with a contribution, we feel it incumbent on us to call once more the attention of all rebels to John Olson's case. The locals of Minneapolis will try and get Fellow-worker Olson an artificial leg, but we need the co-operation of all I. W. W. rebels to meet the expenses involved. This Fellow-worker has been and is one of the best fighters in the movement and we cannot afford to neglect him in his hour of need.

Send all contributions to John Olson, 232 Cedar Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

R. Reese, Ed. Berg, Morris Levine, Committee.

Robbed Homesteaders, Attention!

Many complaints have, from time to time, reached THE VOICE from HOMESTEADERS who have been ROBBED of their HOMESTEADS by Railroads and Lumber Companies. Every complainant has asserted that it has been absolutely impossible for the HOMESTEADER to get any aid or relief from the Federal and State officers in charge of the Land offices, and you HOMESTEADERS never will get ACTION until YOU UNITE. To this end THE VOICE has a scheme in view. If you are a robbed Homesteader and want to try and help put it through let us hear from you AT ONCE with a clear statement in as FEW words as possible stating when you entered your Homestead, when and by what officer it was refused and when and by what Railroad or Lumber Company you were disposed. Do not send us whole reams of official papers for us to dig information out for YOU. Arrange the information yourself and hold the Official Papers until they are called for. Put your statement on typewriter if possible, or have it done. One of the ablest lawyers in the State, a Red Socialist, will advise with us in the matter. Get busy! Boost THE VOICE and THE VOICE will be the greatest power in the South to redeem it from slavery and tenantry and wholesale robbery!

Yours in the fight for freedom.

COVINGTON HALL.

Walking along the railroad track the other day, I passed a section gang, and gave each one of them a copy of The Voice. The track at that place is straight for four miles. After walking about 40 minutes I looked back, when lo and behold! the slaves were standing in the middle of the track reading.

In this instance, The Voice caused a 40 minute strike which, of course, reduced profits some. I never before knew that our paper could be used as a weapon of the Saboteur.

Oregon Workers 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 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.

FRANK CADY, Secretary,
309 Davis St., Portland, Oregon.

FOUND AT LAST! See It! Read It!

A plan to put within the reach of every one; a series of lectures, accompanied by the latest high class motion picture and stereopticon entertainments.

A clean amusement and educational program, superior to anything heretofore furnished by traveling companies.

This program consists of motion pictures and many beautiful stereopticon views, accompanied by lucid and witty explanations from an experienced lecturer.

No intermission to this entertainment, "something doing" all the time.

FREE.

No admission is charged for the show; all we require is a receipt showing that the holder is a three months subscriber to "THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE" or a purchaser of one or more of our many books to the amount of 25 cents and, believe me, the papers or books are well worth the price we charge for them.

All local Unions of Forest and Lumber Workers, Southern District, should get in communication at once with Jay Smith, Secretary Southern District, Box 78, Alexandria, La., and arrange a date as soon as possible.

Respectfully,

SMITH AND RICE, PROMOTERS.

Defense Funds Notices.

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

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

Carl Person Defense: Send all funds to Carl Person, Box D. Clinton, Illinois.

Railroad Workers, Get Busy! ACT TO-DAY.

"THOUGHTS OF A FOOL."

This is another great book I bet YOU have not read. Saith the Fool: "There were swords and bludgeons. Caps and gowns and books. Reformers, Social Settlements. Successful Business Men, Christian Scientists, and prostitutes. Virtuous women (no woman, virtuous or otherwise, ort to read this book) corsets, clubs, law and order, Bibles, and crucifixes. And all these made up the monster, Prejudice. I realized that I was now alone. I heard as from a thousand raucous throats a great cry, addressed, I knew, to me: 'Thou fool: thou art ostracized.' Laugh with this wise Fool at all the sacred things of Bourgeoisdom. Send us ONE DOLLAR and we will send you a copy of the book and THE VOICE for 20 weeks. You will never regret it, neither will your girl if you make her a present of a copy.

CALGARY'S NEW HALL.

Local 79, Calgary, Alberta, Canada, has moved to new headquarters at 431 Eighth Ave., East. All workers welcome. Address all communications to John Terrill, Financial Secretary No. 79.

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.

I. W. W. IN A NUTSHELL.

ONE BIG UNION is a simple proposition. It means all workers in a given shop in one shop branch. It means all workers in a given industry of a locality in one Local Industrial Union. It means all workers in a given industry throughout the nation in one National Industrial Union. It means all workers of all national industrial unions of all industries in ONE BIG UNION OF THE WORKING CLASS, with International affiliations. Are YOU in?

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 38 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 injured workmen be given immediate attention.

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.

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

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!

All local Secretaries, get busy at once. Show the demands to all UNION and NON-UNION workers in the Lumber Industry. Talk the PHILOSOPHY and the POWER of the ONE BIG UNION OF FOREST AND LUMBER WORKERS. Get to work at once on the job where you work. Organize the unorganized and begin agitating on the EIGHT HOUR WORK DAY and the above WAGE SCALE. The question is a GENERAL QUESTION: NO LOCAL STRIKE WANTED.

HOW TO ORGANIZE.

Twenty members joining at any given place can get charter and supplies for a Local Union. You who read this where there is no Local Union where you are working, be the FIRST to begin agitating among the workers and get twenty or more wage workers to make application for charter and supplies for a Local Union.

For further and full particulars, address:

JAY SMITH, Secretary,
Alexandria, La.

CLUBBING LIST.

THE VOICE, AND—
SOLIDARITY One Year \$1.50
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WILL YOU HAVE WAR OR PEACE?

A 10c. PAMPHLET

By William Thurston Brown.

For sale by Portland C. C. C. of I. W. W.
At 2½ cents per copy. Express paid by Locals ordering.

Address: Secretary I. W. W. 309 Davis St.,
Portland, Oregon.

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 employing class, have all the good things of life.

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

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

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

"SABOTAGE."

BY WALKER C. SMITH.

Single copy orders, mailed in plain sealed

wrapper	\$ 10
Ten copies by mail	50
Twenty-five copies	1.00
One hundred copies	3.50
One thousand copies	30.00

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BOX 464, SPOKANE, WASH.

SEND A DIME

To THE VOICE for a copy of B. E. Nilsson's fine pamphlet,

POLITICAL SOCIALISM
CAPTURING THE GOVERNMENT."

.....Something Every Worker Should Read.

"Larroque's House"

Cafe and Restaurant

MEALS AT ALL HOURS
Furnished Rooms

307 N. PETERS STREET NEW ORLEANS, LA.
UNDER MARINE TRANSPORT WORKERS' HALL

Billington's Lightning Liniment.

BEST on the MARKET for ALL ACES and PAINS
FOR MEN AND STOCK
10c., 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 a Bottle

Your Merchant or Druggist ought to keep it but, if he doesn't, send your order direct to

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Complete Stock of

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

Mail Orders Filled Immediately on Receipt.

Safe Delivery by Parcels Post Guaranteed.

No Order Too Small for Our Best Attention and Service.

GODALMITY, DER CHIEF.

Commissioner Harold Newman orders men arrested and jailed because he THINKS they may commit worse "crimes (?) than loitering."

Under the headline: "Carnival round-up of hoboes crowding jails; floor for beds," The Daily States of the 4th quotes Commissioner of Public Safety (?) Harold Newman as saying: "My record shows that 119 men were arrested for vagrancy last week. If we keep these men under our eyes, it will be the means of preventing more serious crimes than loitering." The States further says that: "Commissioner Newman said he had issued orders that the police be on the lookout for undesirables."

All the "undesirables" arrested were, of course, workmen. None of the undesirables who draw graft from the City, through the watered stock of the N. O. R. and L. Co. were interfered with. On the contrary they were welcomed to "our fair City" and, drunk or sober, were at all times under police protection. No Commissioner ordered their arrest because he THOUGHT they might commit some more "serious crime than loitering." THEY could loiter all they wanted to.

It's a hell of a proposition, or would be so called did it happen to one of Commissioner Newman's family in Russia, to be arrested for no crime whatsoever and jammed into a dirty lousy bullpen just because a Chief of Police happened to THINK you would commit some crime if he did not beat you to it and commit the crime of violating your liberty.

It's a great thing to be Chief of Police in New Orleans and at the same time be a member of a family heavily interested in the N. O. R. and L. Co., for then you can put THREE or a hundred policemen at every corner on Canal Street to see that your street cars are not interfered with by the common people who have to walk, and you can make the City foot the bill, and you can arrest and jail anybody who happens to break the rules of the N. O. R. and L. Co.

It's a heluva a proposition when five men can get in a back room in the City Hall and make laws 400,000 people are forced to obey under penalty of landing in jail, because, forsooth, the Commissioner Chief of Police may THINK they intend committing a worse crime.

It's a free country we're living in, alright, only nobody seems to know it except the Chiefs of Police and Capitalists and Burns' Detectives.

Think of a man only one generation out of Russia's Gettos jamming innocent men into jail because HE THOUGHT they MIGHT commit some "crime" if their liberty was not violated!

Shades of Moses and ole miss Mac! We wonder what the Royal Houses of McCloskey and Newman will DO TO the donkasses of New Orleans next?

AWAKEN.

By CASH M. STEVENS.

Where dwell the Rebel Spirits
Of the fighting men of old;
Free and death defying Spirits,
Brave and Noble, True and Bold?

Do you slumber in Valhalla,
In the peace that you have earned?
Do you dream of bygone battles
Fought when Freedom's fires burned?

Awaken from your slumbers
In the Temple of the Brave!
Liberty lies bound and bleeding
A vassal and a slave.

Earth's millions groan in bondage,
Earth's children starve and die;
The blood of murdered Toilers
Calls for Vengeance to the sky!

Blood and Tears and Toil and Torment,
Damn the earth and drench the Sod;
And the Sons of Man lie Stricken
'Neath the wanton Tyrant's rod.

'Waken, then, ye men of mettle!
Earth is calling in her need!
Slay the Devils, Fear and Ignorance,
Kill the grim grey Wolves of Greed!

Help us break our bondman-shackles,
Batter down each Prison Pen;
Banish Death and Hell and Devil
From the Hearts and Souls of Men!

'Till we hoist the crimson banner
On Greed's ramparts, grim and gray,
In the freedom-scented breezes,
Of a braver, sweeter day.

KATE LANDS PEEPER.

Recently a preacher wrote to Kate Richards O'Hare and in a burst of what he thought was fine sarcasm said: "I don't think you are so awfully hard up. I notice you wear silk stockings." Kate replied: I always held a preacher thinks more of the turn of a woman's ankle than he does of here soul."

"WAR FOR WAR, WOE FOR WOE."

Ford and Suhr are convicted of murder. But they are as not convicted of actually having murdered Mr. Maxwell. THEY ARE CONVICTED OF "CONSPIRING TO MURDER," OF BEING "ACCESSORY BEFORE THE FACT."

Immediately behind the four prisoners during the trial sat Mrs. Suhr and Mrs. Ford, each with her two children. Suhr is desperately broken up by the torture of the Burns' detectives, and even wiry, spirited, hopeful Ford shows the long imprisonment and the strain. But the men show their ordeal hardly more than their wives.

As they sat before the twelve men who were to decide their fate, it was difficult to imagine a situation where justice would be more bitterly impossible to secure than in this county of Yuba, from which change of venue had been denied the four prisoners. Not a man in the jury who would not consider (however falsely) that his financial interests would be more secure for the conviction of these men. Not a man there who knew them or had even looked upon their faces before. Not a man there who did not know at least, by reputation, the dead man, his widow and orphans, who were all in court. The Persecuting Attorney had his stage well set.

Austin Lewis' plea for the defense was brilliant, profoundly human and convincing. It took the evidence, as given by both sides and utterly demolished the case of the prosecution with the sword of cold reason, slashed the cowardly Standwood for his persecutions of helpless prisoners, and then flung itself upward in such a heroic appeal to the blood-kindred of all men in aspirations for betterment and freedom, such as the strike on the Durst Ranch, as must have stirred the blood of every listener. But Lewis was a stranger to the jury.

Prosecuting Attorney Carlin, who followed, had set his stage well.

He said: "It does not matter who actually fired the fatal shot. When Mr. Stanwood" (and here we quote almost exactly) "reached down into this nest of vipers" (by which he means the poor, sick, ill paid men, women and children strikers on the Durst ranch) "he dragged out these arch conspirators, the prisoners before you."

A poor, shabby, cowardly speech, vulgar and dull. But it did not have to be very clever. All was well prepared without a clever plea. The Judge read to the jury instructions which would have freed the men by showing that Ford and Suhr did not aid and abet the Porto Rican who did the shooting.

Sentence will be pronounced on Ford and Suhr on the 9th of February at 10 a. m.

Their cases will be appealed, as the storms of protest and wrath will not be downed until they are free. The working class of California will not quietly accept the slavery facing them if, in every industrial conflict, their leaders can be delivered over to hangmen or to long imprisonment by any man, be he hero, fool or capitalist hiring in their ranks who commits an act of violence.

When looking for a slave, the boss is color blind. He cannot tell white from black. The workers, when they organize must, also be color blind.

In The Dungeons of Lake Charles Innocent Men Are Suffering.

Several workmen whose only crime is that the Capitalist Class is unable or unwilling to give them work (the only thing the Capitalists ever give the Workers) have passed through this city recently and they report that the putrid jails at Lake Charles, La., are filled from top to bottom, cages, cells and all, with workmen picked up on the streets of that peonery of the Lumber Trust.

They further report (let the SAB CATS take note of this) that they are ORDERED to "plead guilty to stealing a ride on the Southern Pacific Railroad," for which "crime" they are jammed in jail for from 30 to 60 days and fed twice a day on a small piece of bullmeat and about enough bread and beans to sustain life in a curdog. You Grabow "rioters" know the kind of food (?). You also asserted that there was a big graft in it somewhere for somebody as, for furnishing this food (?) the Sheriff of Calcasieu Parish is allowed FIFTY-FIVE CENTS A DAY.

The victims of "impartial justice" further state that there is a gang of "TRUSTIES" in the jails who practically run them to suit themselves and that men are beaten by them and have their money taken away from them on one pretext or another by these pets of the pets of the Lumber Trust. The prison is described as a veritable hell, and we who have seen it know these men are not lying and that the Hobo SAB CATS should notify the Southern Pacific that if these crimes against innocent men are not stopped AT ONCE a few holes will be clawed in its 5000 mile POCKETBOOK, as well as in those of the Lake Charles Lumber Kings.

Especially are we getting tired of I. W. W. men being slammed into this rotten hellhole and we want it stopeed, and AT ONCE.

So saith the Sons of the Rattler.

A Lumberjack that loves his Boss better than his wife and babies would not make a decent scab.

HOTEL WORKERS, TAKE NOTICE!

Fellow-workers—The time has now arrived when all class-conscious hotel workers must get busy and do their share to improve the conditions in our industry. We, in New York City, have taken the first steps in that direction by organizing into Local No. 110 of the I. W. W., and all rebels in the hotel industry are expected to follow our lead.

In no industry is the time more opportune and are conditions more favorable than in the hotel industry just now.

The workers are discontented and ripe for organization into the I. W. W., and it is up to YOU to get busy and lead them into the One Big Union.

Organized industrially the power of the hotel workers to force a better wage and more humane treatment cannot be over-estimated. Once we get the power in the hotel industry we become a mighty factor in the labor movement.

Very few industries can equal the hotel industry in its power to force the capitalist class into submission.

Get busy! Start Hotel Workers Locals in your neighborhood and we shall soon have a National Industrial Union of Hotel Workers.

If that is impossible, get into communication with us and we will keep each other informed about the doings in our industry.

Local 110 has opened a regular headquarters and reading rooms at 233 West Twenty-sixth Street, which is open every day after 3 p. m., regular business meetings are held Mondays.

All members and friends are invited to call.
Hotel Workers Industrial Union
No. 110, I. W. W., New York City.

EDMONTON LAND SHARKS RENIG.

Times are on the bum here; no work and no money; the hall is full of unemployed day and night. We forced the city to start work once, but they claim the appropriation ran out and the work stopped last Monday. However, the city is furnishing a few meals to keep the slaves from actual starvation, and they would not do that much if the unemployed had not made demonstrations.

Last night we went in a body to one of the principal churches in town, firmly resolved to stay there for the night. We were about 300 strong; we asked for the pulpit but were refused. However, after the regular service we had the gospel mill to ourselves and stated the case—that the men were hungry and had no place to sleep. The demigods of the church having the case put up to them, telephoned the city officials and a flop was furnished to all who had need of it at the expense of the city.

The real thing we are after is to get the city to start up the relief work again, and we took these measures to bring the case before the public, for the lying sheets of this town will not print the truth about the unemployed problem.

There are about 2000 out of work in this town; that is, there are about 2000 who are up against it good and hard, and don't know where in hell their next meal is coming from. There are a pretty good bunch of reds her now, and we are going to keep up the agitation till the city comes through with work or puts us all behind the bars, when they will have to feed us anyhow.

Yours in Revolt,
JAS. ROWAN, Edmonton, Canada.

I was recently invited to eat dinner with a "Christian" wage slave. He had collared greens, corn bread and rice. He humbly bowed his head in prayer and offered thanksgiving to "Him that doeth all things well." Forget it, you fool workers.

CANNING CAVENS SUCKERS.

Laying off scabs and suckers is all the go at the mill near here now. All that first signed up to down the I. W. W. are now without a job and, you know, they said they "had to sign up to live." NOW what-in-hell are they going to do? Signed up and no jobs O you scabs! Good! Good!

But the I. W. W. still lives.
As a reason for skidding the scabs the Company says the price of lumber is so low they have just got to slow down. How is it, then, if you want to buy a little number two or three lumber it runs all the way from \$10 to \$15 per 1000 feet? The fall in lumber prices is not, in my opinion, the reason for the layoffs—the real reason is getting ready for a CUT IN WAGES, so all the scabs and suckers will jump in waist deep again.

Thirty or forty Negroes left the turpentine camps between here and Oakdale in the last few days. They gave as the reason therefor that it took them two months to pay back the train fare it cost to import them in here, when it was to be free fare.

I asked them why they did not stick to the I. W. W. and the answer was: "Ah, Boss, de here Union is gaining ground again fast. All us Negroes is going to join what dont already belong. Yes, we's on to de flowery tales of dese companies, and they is dying out and the Union coming in."

Yours in the fight.
J. R. STROTHER.

CAPITALISM CRUMBLING INTO RUIN.

Milan, February 7.—The bitter cry of legions of unemployed is being heard in every part of Italy, more in the industrial north than in the neglected southern provinces.

According to figures just published by Signor Mazzoni, parliamentary commissioner on unemployment, the Tripoli war is one of the main causes aggravating the crisis. Since 1912 unemployment in Pavia has increased 15 to 25 per cent, at Suzzara from 25 to 50 per cent, at Regio Emilia from 50 to 80 per cent, at Ravenna from 80 to 82 per cent.

At San Severo, the average has bounded up from 30 to 60 per cent in the space of a few months, while at Piacenza out of 7000 organized workmen 3000 are idle.

At the present moment 50 per cent of the working classes are workless at Rovigo, 53 per cent at Bologna, 60 per cent at Forli and 70 per cent at Foggia and Ferrara. Frightful misery reigns in Apulia, where clamorous demonstrations against food taxes are of daily occurrence. At Bari alone 150,000 laborers have nothing to do.

Fierce rioting has taken place in Naples as a protest against the heavy rise in house rents, which in many cases amounts to 26 per cent. Distress almost of an unparalleled kind is rampant in Sardina, following eight months' drought. Fresh milk in some places costs 15 cents a quart, and at Caghari milk is unobtainable under 12 cents a pint. At Paliano, near Rome, 5000 peasants, who marched to demonstrate under the windows of the residence of two big brother land-owners, named Tueci, crying: "Give us bread! Give us work!" were fired on by these landed proprietors from the upper windows and thirty of their number were wounded.

The sudden onset of severe wintry weather is making the crisis still more acute. Many projected public works on a vast scale were voted in the past parliament, but have hitherto been held up through lack of funds. Signor Cacchi, who presides at the ministry of public works, which is said to have no less than \$200,000,000 worth of projects under consideration, promises to spend about \$8,750,000 during the present budget year on relief work.

A vivid idea of the stagnant state of affairs can be formed from the fact that more emigrants have left Italy during the last six months than during the whole of the previous year. Indeed the number of emigrants is said to exceed a million.—The Daily States.

AIN'T YOU TIRED?

By W. M. WIRT.

Say, you weather beaten Lumberjack, ain't you tired of imposition?

Ain't you tired of getting only a fractional part of what you produce, the major part going to keep up parasites on the pay rolls?

Ain't you tired of giving a full day's work each month to keep up a lot of pill peddlers who are too lazy to work?

Ain't you tired of paying so-called insurance when your hospitals will be the garret of some exploiting boarding house, commonly known as a "beanery."

Ain't you tired of the companies giving your hard earned dollars to a lot of thugs and gunmen who are ready to smash your face if you even express an opinion?

Ain't you tired of eating adulterated food and wearing counterfeit clothing and paying exorbitant prices for same?

Ain't you tired of seeing those who never toil wear the best while the ventilators in your old clothes grow larger?

Ain't you tired of living in old shacks while the horses of Kirby and Long have nice houses?

In short, ain't you tired of slaving and producing all things, but at the same time having no voice in the division?

You could change the present conditions. You have the power, the I. W. W. If you fail to use that power then, the presumption is, you "Ain't Tired."

After reading the poem "The True Egotist" in The Voice, I have come to the conclusion that "Vickey De Bughouse" of "Slitzville" is not egotistical, and herewith offer him my humble apology for ever harboring such a thought.

UTOPIA.

A churchless town of fifteen hundred inhabitants, East Washington, Pa., reports one arrest for the year 1913, and \$2.50 collected in fines. Over against this is the statement of a Y. M. C. A. Secretary before the Senate Committee of West Virginia, that "two-thirds of the human race are criminals."—The Masses.

A Workingman that won't stand speeding up is to many of you Lumberjacks a lazy shiftless sort of cuss. In reality he is not as great a profit producing animal as you are. The ideal flathead is the one that stays at the bottom of the scale.

DON'T FORGET TO—
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