

Without Bread There Can Be No Liberty

This is Number 64

Organization  Is Power

WATCH YOUR EXPIRATION.
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THE VOICE of the PEOPLE

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

VOL. III—No. 13.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1914

MIGHT IS RIGHT

Lumberjacks, To Your Standards!

Lumber Trust Has "Indicted" Chandler, Torry and Coleman Brothers and Sets Their "Trial" For April 13th, 1914.

J. F. Ball, Lumber King, Reported To Have Put Up \$5000 To "Convict These Four Lumerjacks and Working Farmers, and District Attorney J. H. Hunter Is Said To Be Offering To Bet That He Will Hang Them. Pimps, Gunmen and Detectives Over-running Country and Ready To Swear To Anything.

Get Busy! Defense Funds Badly Needed, Quick! Send Same To: O. T. Thompson, Treasurer Defense Committee, Bentley La. Register All Funds.

Read The Letters Published Below From Rebels At And Near Ball Front, And Then ACT! Railroad Workers On Lumber Roads, Help Us In The Fight For Freedom! ALL Workers Get Busy And Soak The Lumber Trust Anywhere, Under Any Name, In Any Way You Can! Strike And STRIKE HARD FOR LABOR!

BULLETINS FROM THE FRONT.

Ball Front, La., March 18, 1914.

Things are still humming here. The strikers are all busy planting their patches of potatoes and corn, although they still have their eyes on the job. At a meeting Monday night, some twenty or thirty in attendance, expressed a determination to win this strike or stay struck until the last tree has fallen.

The superintendent, Mr. Day, boastfully declared that he would have that damn union busted and shot to hell by January 1st. Mr. Day moved away last Sunday; the union is still here attending to its own business.

If reports be true, hell has broke loose in the camps, and all the weakened scabs, who couldn't stand the fight that is being carried on by the body lice have moved to other boarding places. Old toughs say its the worst they ever saw. Well, we should worry, neither do we give a damn.

Rebels of the Sunny South, awake to action! Four of our fellow-workers are to face trial in a few weeks; all four are charged with shooting with intent to kill George Grant, a scab. We know they are not guilty, but they are to face "trial" just the same.

The Iron Hell of the Lumber Trust seems to be hell-bent on sending them to the gallows or to the pen for life. It is reported that J. F. Ball has put up five thousand dollars for their conviction, and that District Attorney Hunter offers to bet that he will hang them. What can all this mean? Working slaves, ask yourselves this question: Is it because their tender hearts reach out in sympathy for a cheap scab? If this is the reason, why didn't they pay Grant's sanitarium bill as was expected?

Is it because they want to maintain "law and order" that they are prosecuting innocent boys for a crime no one knows who committed? In my opinion it is because the Southern Lumber Operators' Association wishes to engage all the active union men in the South in an effort to save these boys from the gallows.

Rebels of the South, West, East and North, what are you going to do about it? We do not want your sympathy. Action is all that counts. ACT NOW. Funds are urgently needed for this fight. So get busy to-day. Send all funds to:

O. T. THOMPSON, TREASURER DEFENSE COMMITTEE, BENTLEY, LA.

And hand your own master a big dose of direct action that will make the powers that be sit up and take notice. Make that \$5000.00 prosecuting fund look like a handful of sawdust. You can. Now, will you who know you may be the next worker to be prosecuted for violating the modern unwritten fugitive law—

Get busy and without delay!

Yours for the overthrow of peonage.

J. WILLIAMSON.

Parish Prison, Colfax, La., March 1, 1914.

Fellow-worker Hall—I will write you a few more lines for the purpose of giving THE VOICE a few more names, witnesses against us, as follows: Leroy Day, Tom Hicks, Jackson Vallery, Clarence Brown, A. C. Deene, Albert Lemmons and George Grant the noted—who was hot.

OUR TRIAL IS SET FOR APRIL 13, 1914.

We would be glad to have J. I. Sheppard here on that occasion, as it is FACTS that prejudice is being used against us.

We appeal to ALL the Lumberjacks against the Lumber Trust. OSCAR CHANDLER.

Bentley, La., March 17th, 1914.

The devils, better known as scabs and gunmen, crept in a peaceable SOLIDARITY STRIKE and started hell here in Grant parish. They have raised all sorts of hell, but that was not enough for them, so the dirty curs rushed four of our boys to Colfax jail and then appeared before what was supposed to be a just Grand Jury and sowed that Fellow-workers W. C. and D. M. Coleman, Tom Torry and Oscar Chandler lay in wait and attempted to kill one George Grant, a strikebreaker at the Sweet Home Lumber Company Front, and the Grand Jury found a bill against them, this though our boys were at home at the time, some of them four miles away.

Now, fellow-workers, open your eyes and come to the aid of these four boys, for it will be your boys next. You don't have to be in a strike in these days and parts to go to jail, as some of these boys were not in the strike. So you can see that it is to YOUR interest to act, and ACT AT ONCE, to overthrow this damnable system of peonage—to ACT, by direct action, or roundabout action, or any other action that will hit the Plunderbunds a blow to help loosen their grip on the earth and force them to free these boys who have committed no crime, except that of being workingmen. Get busy, all working MEN!

Yours for ONE BIG UNION, C. W. BARTON.

Grant Parish, March, 1914.

Fellow-workers—Four of our boys are held in Colfax and Alexandria, La. jails (this letter was written before boys were "indicted." Ed.) charged with—yes, that is the whole of it—they don't know whether they are charged with some damnable crime the Lumber Trust's gunmen committed or what, but they do know they are being held without bail to satisfy the two-footed bloodhounds of the Bosses.

What are we going to do, stand back and see our fellow-workers rushed to the hellish pulpens of Louisiana, to a living hell there to have their very lives crushed to misery by the low-down fiends of the Capitalist Class, or are we going to stand together, DEMAND JUSTICE AND SET THEM FREE!

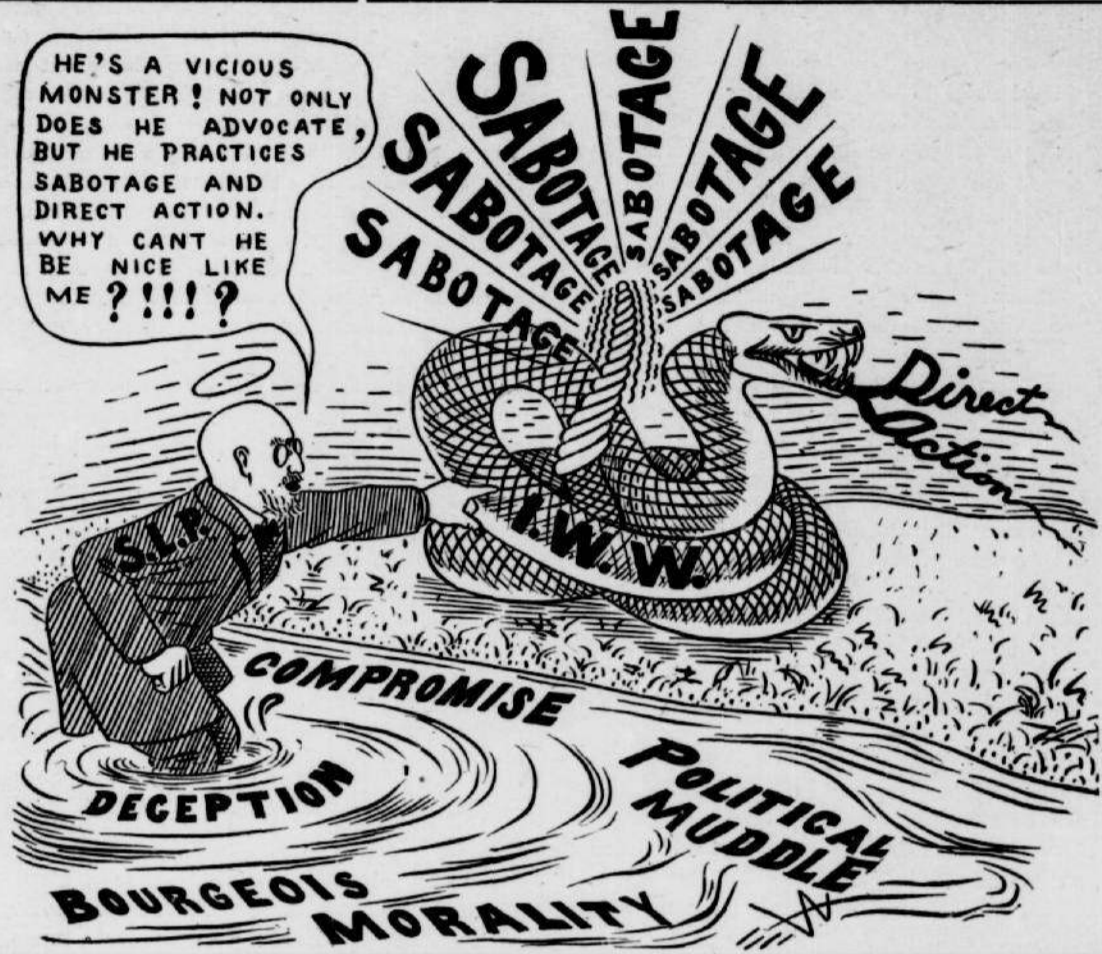
Let's get together and show these hellish, murderous degenerates that the boys are not by themselves. Let's stand together like MEN! Show your Red Blood by coming to their aid!

Yours for the ONE BIG UNION and FREEDOM. "A REBEL AT SWEET HOME FRONT."

Lumberjacks! Libertarians! The fight is on to overthrow PEONAGE in the Land of Dixie! This struggle that now centers around the jail in Colfax, La., is but the culmination of a long series of outrages on the Southern Lumberjacks by the Lumber Trust and its stoopigeons in the "Democratic" party. Let them not make good! To arms in the holy cause of Human Freedom, O Libertarians of the World! The fight is on—on with the fight!

COVINGTON HALL.

SUBSCRIBE TO THE VOICE.



THE SOUL OF MOTHER JONES.

By COVINGTON HALL.

They can throw you in their pulpen, Mother Jones, They who pass for fighting men, Mother Jones; Call from the slum the filth it hides, Its sneaks and curs and pimps and snides, To do their work of mothercides, Mother Jones.

But, try as they will, in this they fail, Mother Jones— They cannot keep your soul in jail, Mother Jones!

From dungeons dark as starless night, Or 'neath the Red Flag's crimson light, It leads the miners in their fight, Mother Jones!

Where Freedom's farflung banner shines, Mother Jones, It cheers the Rebels on the lines, Mother Jones.

Where'er Rebellion's in the air, Or men need cheering from despair, Your dear gray head is lifted there, Mother Jones.

Try as they will, in this they fail, Mother Jones— They cannot keep your soul in jail, Mother Jones!

From dungeons dark as starless night, Or 'neath the Red Flag's crimson light, It calls the workers to the fight, Mother Jones!

CLINE CAGED.

News comes from San Antonio Rebels that Cline has been put in solitary, has not had a bath for weeks and is not given even enough water to wash his face. Such is "Texas justice." More next week. Sie the Sabcats on the Cockatoos!

HOP PICKERS DEFENSE.

At the last regular monthly meeting of the Wheatland Hop Pickers' Defense Committee March 16. Andy Barber resigned as Secretary and another member of the committee, Don. D. Scott was elected as Secretary. The committee now stands as follows: Mortimer Downing, John Pancner, Sim Powell, W. Klahr, Andy Barber, H. C. Evans, J. Beareans, Don. D. Scott.

Send all funds to Don. D. Scott, P. O. Box 1087, Sacramento, Cal

MAY DAY SPECIAL.

Don't forget the May Day Special Edition of The Voice. Let us hear from you. Let us try to make it one of the best papers ever printed, filled with short, strong, clear articles on every phase of the Labor Movement.

Give to it, your Rebels, the best of your thought. It is our desire to fill it with articles by as many writers as possible, articles of not over, say 500 words. Nothing but your best will be accepted. The price will not be raised; we will lower it if we can.

Yours in the fight for freedom, COVINGTON HALL.

A. G. A. NOTICE!

A. G. ALLEN WILL PLEASE CORRESPOND WITH BOX 78, ALEXANDRIA, LA., IMPORTANT. ALSO WRITE C. H.

IF YOU GET THE VOICE.

If you get THE VOICE, it is paid for. It is sent to no one free. If you are not a subscriber and receive a copy, it is an invitation to you to subscribe. Cut out the sub-blank on third page, pin a Dollar Bill or Fifty Cents in Stamps to it, put in an envelope address to: The Voice Of The People, 520 Poydras Street, New Orleans, La., and we will do the rest.

THE GUNMAN.

When God made the coyote, the hyena, the moccasin, the curdog and the shunk he gave the refuse to Belial, the Lord of greed and vileness, and told him to take it to Hell and be sure to cremate it. Satan, however, refusing to let Belial enter Hell with the terrible substance. Belial bethought himself to play a joke on God, and, retiring to the slums of Sodom, placed the God-accursed stuff in the nest of a leperous vulture and she hatched therfrom the Gunman, which was reared on blood and given a were-wolfe soul by Belial. Since then this thing has been the murder-proxy by which Emperors, Kings, Nobles and Capitalist have ruled the earth and maintained "law", "order", "impartial justice", "civilization" and society from destruction. The difference between the gunman and the detective, with apologies to the vultures, is that between a buzzard and a carrion crow.

Compared to a gunman, a pimp is a man and a coyote is a lion.

The money wasted on war would employ all the idle of the world if put to productive endeavor. The money spent in America would build homes for 30,000 workers a year.

EFFICIENCY IN ORGANIZATION.

By "A Member of No. 92."

Direct action, sabotage and the general strike, as a direct result of the solidarity developed by the workers, are the great, guiding, fundamental principles of the I. W. W. Industrial organization is espoused to give greater scope and effectiveness to these weapons. These things are not to be questioned, but our method of propagating them is.

To be truly effective—and to be effective is to be revolutionary—we must strive to understand things as they exist; we must ascertain the views and opinions of the great mass of workers and shape our course with due consideration for such opinions and views. It is, and must be, our mission to stir the mass to class action rather than act for them; to cause them to think, rather than think for them; we must advise, not command; co-operate, rather than lead.

We must strive to be practical, for in that direction lies success. No matter how sound our theory, how lofty and high our ideal, if unattainable it is and always will be futile, and what is futile is wrong. What theories we entertain must be drawn from the experiences of the workers in their struggles, past and present. The workers, as a class, in action have always been revolutionary. Mistakes they have made but their aims, in action, was, and as a necessity must have been, to wrest power from the exploiters, to gain privileges not before enjoyed, to curb the oppression of the oppressors and that was revolutionary—history proves it.

To be efficient we must be successful. Our mission demands success. Succeed and we are right, fail and we are wrong. Our function in the labor movement is that of educators. The function we must reach the workers and make them understand. If we can't reach the worker, if we can't make him understand we will have failed, and one who fails is always wrong. What would we think of a teacher who, after a fair trial, failed to teach his class, granting it the average intelligence, its A B C's. He would be judged a failure, would he not? The workers have the intelligence to grasp our ideas if our ideas are right or if we are competent as propagandists. They have the intelligence to carry on the masters' industries; to produce all the necessities and luxuries of the world. If they have not accepted or acted upon our ideas, either our ideas are wrong or as propagandists we are inefficient.

The writer holds that in a measure our theories, or at least some of them, are wrong but this is not the reason for our lack of success in reaching the workers, for fundamentally we are correct. Our greatest fault and failure lies in our lack of ability as educators, we have in a degree failed in our self appointed task. And, in a general way, the reason is that we do not understand the worker. We boast of our knowledge of working class psychology and we are the poorest of psychologists. We claim to be successful and efficient as organizers and propagandists. Are we? If we drop our "patriotism" (and I do not use the word patriotism in a sarcastic sense, for I am intensely patriotic to the I. W. W.) we must admit that our progress has not been all that could be desired. I believe, that on the Pacific Coast, we have displayed a woeful lack of organizing ability. And why?

Although we are all wage-slaves, we do not know or understand the mass. We have no sympathy with them—the great mass of workers. Not that we don't think we have or desire to have, but unfortunately we don't know how. Our claim to be in close touch and sympathy with the masses is made because we have met with a degree of success in our efforts to start the workers thinking; in aiding them to realize their wage slavery, their economic dependence. But, even in this our success has been very limited. While starting the worker to thinking we have restricted or limited the scope or field of his thought by insisting on doing, or attempting to do, the major portion of his thinking for him. Our opinions, many of them not based on our own experience and in nowise original with us, we insist that he shall accept in toto. All that does not agree with our preconceived ideas we have labeled heresy without regard to the merits of the case. We are very dogmatic and narrow in this and our claims to a harmonious sympathy with the mass is not well founded. We are cursed with an inheritance that bars us from true sympathy with the mass.

Abhor, deny it as we will, still we are laboring under the disadvantage of an inherited dogmatism, transmitted to us by a bunch of pseudo-intellectual-proletarians, who made a god out of Marx, a bible of his works, a dogma of the truths he had spoken. We have long rid ourselves of these false prophets but we haven't outgrown or cast off their baneful influence. We are still doctrinaires of the doctrine. We are still metaphysicians. We formulate theories without proper regard to facts, we try to make fact fit with theory and fail. We do not accept the worker as he is, we either idealize or condemn him, as he agrees or disagrees with our theories. We praise or blame his acts always with an eye on the doctrines that we wish to propagate and wish to prove, or think we do, which is the same thing. We condemn when we should advise. You doubt it? What about our attitude on the strikes that have not been under the

banner of the I. W. W. or where the I. W. W. did not see a good chance to take charge of the strike? Was it not an attitude of supreme indifference? (Not in the South, no never. Here the I. W. W. have taken part in many a great struggle. Ask the Brewery Workers and Sailors where and how we stood. C. H.) Have we not always predicted disaster and failure and haven't we always been secretly glad when such predictions proved true? Have we ever offered any other advice at such time than to join the I. W. W. as if the mere changing of labels could, after the fight was once on, bring victory. We have been short on advice and very liberal with criticism in such cases.

We assume to do the thinking for the mass; we demand the right to lead and lead in the manner we think best; we feel that by divine right we have the power to command the mass to do as we desire irrespective of their wishes in the matter, or our ability to judge what is right and best and power of leadership. You don't believe it? Do you remember our campaign for the eight-hour day? What about our slogan "Eight Hours May First, 1912?" Was any effort made to ascertain the views of the mass, and by the mass I mean the great unorganized mass outside of our organization, on the advisability of launching such a campaign? Was there any thought given to the fact that solidarity of the workers and success might have been obtained if the energy that was expended in this campaign had been devoted to something that the workers held of more importance? Was even the rank and file of the I. W. W. consulted in the matter? I think not. On the Pacific Coast, the chief objection of the migratory laborer is to living conditions in the camp and not to working conditions on the job. They want better food, clean and sanitary bunk houses. They want these above all other thing and if the philosophers who assembled in a Coast conference had taken this into consideration and launched a campaign for better camp conditions they would have interested the worker and, I believe, secured united action. With our ear closer to the ground we would have realized that the worker felt that these camp conditions needed remedying first and our efforts expended along those lines would have possibly, probably, met with success.

Some while admitting all that has been said, still insist that we are in perfect sympathy with the workers and to prove it they point out the manner in which the organization runs to the rescue of the victims of capitalistic wrath. Good, a fine thing, a very fine thing. But we must not forget our actuating motive. Sympathy? No. Look at the chance for propaganda, look at the chance to advance the welfare of the organization. Can any one point out where the opportunity to do this was lacking where ever broke the speed laws with our efforts to supply a first aid? I believe that in our desire to religiously advance the welfare of the organization we have made everything else subordinate to it and there we have acted foolishly. It is proper that we rush to the aid of the victims of capitalism, it is likewise proper that we seize the opportunity to extend our propaganda, but it is in nowise proper or fitting that the interest of the workers and victims be made subordinate to the supposed interest of the organization.

Ours is a philosophy of action, we have made it one of words. We are hide-bound with theories borrowed from the dusty volumes of long-forgotten bourgeois philosophers. Yet our only theories should be those evolved from and by our experiences in our ever yday fight and those gleaned from past struggles. They should be practical and applicable or else they should be discarded as worthless and useless no matter how logical they may appear to be. By a mode of thought that has grown upon us considering the organization and the members as something apart from the great mass, we have deified the organization and assumed an air of superiority that is in nowise in harmony with the true facts. By this process we have built up a "Chinese wall" between us and the workers. We will have to tear it down. By our supposed greater knowledge and assumed superiority, our intellectual snobbery, we have ceased to be workers psychologically so; we have ceased to know the aims, hopes, fears and ambitions of our fellow wage slaves. (we will have to learn them). We have ceased to have sympathy with the worker, we will have to develop it. We will have to lay aside our assumed air of superiority, accept the worker for what he is and attempt to know him better. In knowing him better our opinion of him will be raised and, perhaps, in the process we will lose some of our vanity.

I believe that we will find the worker intensely practical. He will not dabble with metaphysical "Bunk" for he wants the "Immortal goods." Pork chops means more to him than fine spun arguments. We must not forget the Ideal, you say? We won't, the Ideal is the "immortal goods." Without bread there can be no liberty. Get the bread and we will soon have liberty.

These ideas are reactionary, say some; more opportunism, say others. They are neither one nor the other. It is a question of efficiency as educator and revolutionists. Up to the present time we have been inefficient. Our mode of propadanda, if not our propaganda itself, is inefficient, failing in proper results. The overlords win by being efficient. To win we must become efficient. Let us overhaul our art of propadanda. Let us take stock, see where we have failed, strengthen our weaknesses and reach the workers. Then the "immortal goods."

MERRYVILLE OR MERRYHELL.

Hant it hell that the cat cant catch as much as the kittons can eat? Well I saw the big hog hunter talking to a bunch of dubs the other day and he was doing all the talking and they was standing all around with their fly traps loped open so I ditent go near anuff to get any of the good news that he was giving them so I was told by one of the most obedent slaves that he had ask him when the other mill was a goin to start and that he had sed that he dient hav any idea and further more he ditent now how long the other one would be runing as it looked like it mite hafta shut down any time. It would be bad on the seabs as they say that they ore not gointo let any union men make a liven at or off of the mill company. And it looks like they ore gointo apply the same treatment to the good citisons' leagne as they hav already put sevral of them on the go and have som more of them doing like a bunch of boys were throwing bad eggs at them. B. Sharver is still runing his hotel and water works we ore informed that HE is NOT doing as much business as he did when he help tare down and destroy the soup kitchen, driving mothers and their lile ones out of the only place that they had to get anything to eat, for their men were off on strike to better their condition and blacklisted so hat they eoudent get work. Some of the merchants dont seam to be doing as well as they have don in ther time they they say there is too maney niggers and hante it offel dull and do you rekon it would ever get better.

Let us all pray that IKE MEADORS may find all the hog theves up on the sabean river and that they may all eat pork together for Ike had the smallpoks and went out to sunne and his eyes is not doing well and he cant see quite as well as he did when he lay in the brush to slute LEATHER BRICHES SMITH. Probly he would not be able to go to SINGER with the next gang of ANARCHISTS that go out there to beat up A. L. Emerson, IT IS bad that the American Lumber Company and the Lawless Band of anarchists may loose the good Lutientint as he is one of the most able men they have and is always willing to do their bidding even to traling up blackhand letters that some of them rite to themselves to get to lay on some union man or woman that had been run away from their home. His last good deed, as they say, was to go with four or five others of his pals to a man by the name of William Camp in sabean river swamp and arrest him for hunting a few old possoms and coons and tring to make a lving for his wife and two babies. Being blacklisted and not able to work at the mills he was forced to do somthing. But for catching coons and possoms he was given thirty days on the roads by your honor and his famley left in the swamp to do they biding or leave, so they left. IKE is a tipiele Southern gentleman, the kind that Tom Cogins told Kelly that he countent organize; he lives some miles in the country and owns a farm, but when the good citisons want him he is always on hand. I dont know wat they give him for helping pull off those dirty stunts, but I sippose that they throw him a chunk of cornbread as Tom Cogins would any other Southerner that he had used as long as he wanted to for a rabbit DOG.

I am told that town property is worth less than half wat it was worth two years ago in Merryville. ORGANIZE INTO THE I. W. W., AND GET WISE. M. WOPEZ.

SAYINGS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

The following sayings of Thomas Jefferson, the founder of the Democratic party, are taken from Charles T. Spradling's great book "Liberty and the Great Libertarians." From them you can see how rotten and degenerate has become the Democratic party in the years that have passed since the great Libertarian lived and taught. Here follows the sayings: "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

"That government is best which governs least."

"I sincerely believe that banking establishments are more dangerous than standing armies; and that the principle of spending money to be paid by posterity, under the name of funding, is but swindling futurity on a large scale."

"I am convinced that those societies (as the Indians) which live without government, enjoy in their general mass an infinitely greater degree of happiness than those who live under the European governments. Among the former, public opinion is in the place of law, and restrains morals as powerfully as laws ever did anywhere. Among the latter, under the pretense of governing, they have divided their nations into two classes, wolves and sheep."

"Man is the only animal which devours his own kind; for I can apply no milder term to the general prey of the rich on the poor."

"The earth belongs by right of use to the living; the dead have neither powers nor rights over it. No society can make a perpetual constitution, or even a perpetual law."

"In every country and in every age the priest (and preacher) has been hostile to liberty; he is always in allegiance with the despot, abetting his abuses in return for protection for his own."

"It is error alone which needs the support of government. Truth can stand by itself."

"Fix Reason firmly in her seat, and call to her tribunal every fact, every opinion; Question with boldness even the existence of a God."

OUR BOY-HEART.

By Voe, The Barbarian.

It died so hard, our boy-heart! And it fought the dark so long!
So long it held the vision and so long it heard the song!

It would not quit the battle till the rout was all complete,
And dreamland's splendid armies were in slow and sad retreat

Up in our faces smiling, long it held the world at bay

And threw hope's glowing rainbows on life's shadows dim and gray;

Up in our faces smiling, through the mysts it led us on.

Through myst and storm and midnight in the long search for the dawn.

Up in our faces smiling, till the dark was all supreme,

The music hushed forever and the death-hand on the dream;

Up in our faces smiling, with the sunny faith of old.

Our boy-heart died in battle in the Gardens of the Soul.

NOW WE'LL SEE A SEESAW.

Johannesburg, South Africa, March 19.—Elections for members of the Transvaal provincial council were fought out yesterday on the question of the recent deportation of labor leaders and resulted in sweeping victories for the labor candidates, who obtained a majority in the council.

OIL FIELD WORKERS' DEMANDS

1. Eight hours shall be a day's work.
2. All workers go one way to the company's time and others on their own.
3. Three dollars and a half shall be the minimum wage. Meals not to be more than twenty-five cents apiece.
4. All camps must have sanitary cots and they must be two feet apart in tents.
5. One tent must be set aside for a reading and writing room.
6. Company must pay transportation to all jobs.
7. If we go on the job and lay one or more joints, and then come in, we get one-half day's pay.
8. If the company keeps us waiting on pipe right-away or tools we get straight time.
9. In case of going in water, we get double time, and time and a half for Sunday work.
10. One tent to be on all job to wash and bathe in.

Now, Fellow-workers, after reading these demands, you sure will agree that these conditions are fifty per cent better than you have at the present time; but you must do your part to get these demands.

The question is, are you in favor of these conditions? If so, are you a member of the Oil Workers Industrial Union? If not, you must come in and, when we all get together, we will get these demands.

First, you must lay your prejudice aside and agree that you want them; then get to the other fellow and see if he wants them. Then get in communication with J. A. Law, at Tulsa, Okla., and he will tell you all about it.

Come through, all you pipeliners in Texas, Wyoming, Louisiana, Oklahoma, Kansas, Missouri, Indiana, Ohio, and all other States. Join the One Big Union of Oil Workers, affiliated with the Industrial Workers of the World.

Hoping to hear from all interested, we remain yours, for short hours and more pay in April.

LOCAL UNION 586, OIL FIELD WORKERS, I. W. W., J. A. LAW, Sec., care General Delivey, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

HOP PICKERS ATTENTION!

Our Demands for Season 1914.

1. Ford and Suhr be given a new trial at once and dismissed or no Hops will be picked.
2. Minimum of \$1.25 per hundred pounds.
3. Free tents.
4. Free drinking water in the fields.
5. High pole men.
6. Men to help women and children lift heavy sacks into wagons.
7. One toilet for every fifty men, women and children.
8. Women's toilets to be opposite side of camps from men's toilet.
9. Abolition of Bonus Graft.

Hop Pickers are requested to boycott every field that does not grant all these demands before picking commences.

Hop Pickers General Strike Committee.

A railroad that fails goes into bankruptcy and continues without a break. This proves that the capitalist is unnecessary. If the workers on a railroad stop work everything stops. This proves that the worker is absolutely essential to all enterprises.

The Voice of the People.

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To all Locals and Rebels ordering 10 or more copies and paying 10 weeks, or 25 or more copies paying bi-weekly or monthly, or 250 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. Otherwise 2c per copy in United States and 2 1/2c in Canada.

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 we 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.

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.

"THOUGHTS OF A FOOL."

Come ye fools, and 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. The Book alone \$1.00.

Notice to Subscribers.

SUBSCRIBERS, 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. Please, in sending stamps, send ONES or THREES. Make remittances by Postoffice money orders, payable to Covington Hall, Editor.

SECRETARIES OF N. I. U. of F. and L. W.

Western District: Forrest Edwards, Sec. Treas.; Address, Box 886, Seattle Washington. Also Secretary of Local Union 432.
Southern District: Jay Smith, Sec. Treas.; Address, Box 78, Alexandria, Louisiana.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE VOICE goes to press Monday morning. All articles should be in not later than Saturday morning preceding. Only very short and important news items can get in later. Do not send us same articles as sent to "Solidarity" unless same are marked duplicate. Write only on one side of paper.

NEW ORLEANS M. T. W. MEETINGS.

Local 7, Marine Transport Workers, I. W. W. Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 o'clock at its Hall, 307 NORTH PETERS STREET. All Seafaring Men and Rebels Welcome. Hall and Reading Room Open All Day and Every Day.
JOHN DAVIS, Secretary.
FRANK ALBERS, Organizer.

Defense Funds Notices.

WHEATLAND: Send all funds for the defense of the Wheatland Victims to Andy Barber, Secretary, 114 Eye 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.

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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.

Call to Southern Oil Workers

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

Now, HOW ABOUT THE REST OF YOU OIL WORKERS? You in Louisiana and Texas!

Don't forget that shorter hours and Bigger Pay go hand in hand. Industrially Organized in the I. W. W. we can get the Eight-Hour Day by April First. Get Busy!

For further information, write to J. A. Law, Secretary, Local 586 Oil Workers Industrial Union, I. W. W., Care General Delivery, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

SEND US SOME NAMES

Help THE VOICE spread the battleline and at the same time increase its circulation by sending in the names of working people you think might subscribe. Write names and Postoffice address PLAINLY, using only one side of a sheet of paper.

"SABOTAGE."

BY WALKER C. SMITH.

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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 one step farther away from peonage.

Yours for victory,

PRESS COMMITTEE, L. U. 275

IN THE MOVIES.

First scenario. Villa's ragged army marching southward on Mexico City. degradation and misery on every hand and side.

Second scenario. Benevolent "Mother Church" dope. Good Old Priest dreaming of buying organ for his church. Shift. Home of Poor Mexican Peon. Usual over-supply of babies and over-worked wife. Wife suddenly goes blind. P. M. P. weeps and prays. Goes to work. Gets fired. Comes home. Doctor there. Tells him nothing but a great specialist in city can restore wife's sight. Cost something awful. G. O. P. makes sign of cross, but nothing doing in miracle line. Wife still stays blind. Several times elapse. Landlord's deputies come in to evict P. M. P. for non-payment of rent. G. O. P. arrives on scene. Can't soften L. L.'s stony heart. Hands P. M. P. some coppers. P. M. P. slams coppers on floor, shrieking. "There is no God!" G. O. P. terribly shocked. Crosses himself 4000 times and goes home where buxom housekeeper hands him a letter. Opens letter. Finds check to pay for long prayed for organ. In ecstasy. Suddenly thinks of P. M. P.'s blind wife. Sympathy aroused. Endorses check over to great specialist and sends P. M. P.'s wife to city for treatment. (This WAS a miracle.) Later. Wife comes back with seeing eyes. All now in church. G. O. P. in pulpit. Little angels come out and wiggle around awhile. (Another miracle—of debased science). "Mother Church," despite Villa's ragged army and all it stands for, completely vindicated. P. M. P. takes back all he said re God and falls on his knees fervently crossing his ragged bosom. Another good man gone to hell.

STOCKTON NOTES.

Stockton, Cal., March 16, 1914.

To THE VOICE:—I am instructed by Local No. 73 to have the following published in both papers.

That No. 73 condemns action of any one advocating the expulsion of members of the I. W. W. because those members endeavor to change the organization by constitutional means.

Yours for the Revolution,

JAMES ROHN, Sec. No. 73.

Note:—A. S. Bullington of No. 73 was killed by train on March 8th.

James Briggs died of wounds inflicted by one, Monahan, during P. G. E. strike last spring.

SEND FOR YOUR MAIL.

The following fellow-workers have mail at this Local at this time:

J. Aml, O. A. Anderson, Robt. Gray, R. L. Hopkins, Chas. Hahl, Elmar Materson, Edward Martin, Yens Michaelson, Oscar Nilsson, Arthur Petterson, A. Richards, F. C. Smalley, Herbert Scholy, Pat Sullivan, Chas. Torrell, Jesse Tomilson.

Address Box 886, Seattle, Wash.

HARRY A. LABRANCH, Sec. 382.

W. WRIGHT, IMPORTANT.

Any one knowing the whereabouts of W. Wright (Windy), will please communicate with his sister, who is anxious to hear from him on a matter of importance. Communicate with the following address: Emily E. Wright, No. 121 South Hill St., Jackson, Mich.

FOR ONE CENT.

Send us five or ten cents in stamps and we will send you out of the OVERS a copy of THE VOICE for each cent.

MINUTES OF EIGHTH CONVENTION.

Get a copy and see for yourself what was and was not said and done. Address the I. W. W. Publishing Bureau, 112 Hamilton Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. Price of the report is only \$1.00 a copy. Send for it to-day.

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

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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.

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On The "Dedication" of a Courthouse.

By "THE AVENGER."

We are informed that the cornerstone of the Beauregard parish Courthouse was laid in DeRidder, La., on March 14th, and that a large crowd was present. What does a Courthouse mean, especially to the Workers?

It was a Courthouse in DeRidder that the murderous thug Geo. McGee was "fined" the immense sum of \$100 for his attempt to assassinate Emerson at Singer and nothing whatever done to that other thug, "Doctor" Knight of Merryville, who lead the would-be assassins. It was in a Courthouse in DeRidder that Doctor Salsby was "fined" \$50 for resenting a gross insult to our women fellow-workers of Merryville by the Ex-Hog-Raiser's mayor and judge Mason. It was in Courthouse in DeRidder that the famous "Baby Sentencer" Barbe and the "Baby Tricker" Edwards ordered babies sent to the infamous penitentiaries of Louisiana. It was in a Courthouse in DeRidder that "Justice" was so goddam blind she could not see members of the "Good Citizens' League" Blackhundred sitting on the "Grand Jury" and "vindicating" themselves of the inhuman outrages perpetrated against innocent men, women and children in the British Plunderbund's Peony of Merryville. It was in Courthouse in Lake Charles that "impartial justice" aided and abetted the Attorney of the Southern Lumber Operators' Association and the unspeakably infamous Burns Detective Agency in its attempt to perjure away the lives and liberties of 64 men whose only crime was that they had resisted the assassins of the Lumber Trust. It was in a Courthouse in Coifax, La., that the strikers against the Sweet Home Lumber Company were indicted by allies of the Association and it is in a Courthouse in Coifax that these Lumberjacks and Working Farmers will be persecuted by alleged "Democrats" and every effort be made to send these innocent men to the man-killing levees by "evidence" no man but a Lumber King would dare to offer in a Courthouse and go free of a charge of perjury—the "evidence" of the perjured Detectives, Kurate Deputy Sheriffs and Gunmen of the Southern Lumber Operators' Association. It is in a Courthouse that the "titles" to the lands and forests and mines and oil fields of the South have been confirmed to Lumber Kings and Railroad Magnates like the putrid Ghould family and their likes, and the people of the South robbed into Tenantry and Peonage by the Sealawags of the "Democratic party. It is in a Courthouse that men whose only crime is that the Capitalists cannot employ them are being sentenced to work for nothing for that extremely "law abiding citizen," Bill Cady, Czar of McNary, La. It is in a Courthouse that Carl Person will be tried for murder for defending his life against a gunman of the Illinois Central Railroad. It was in a Courthouse that Ford and Suhr were "convicted" by, again, the perjured testimony of the infamous Burns Detective Agency. It is in a Courthouse that Cline, Rangel an their Companions are being railroaded to a doom for worse than death. On orders sent from Courthouses, Ferrier was murdered, Parsons and Spies assassinated, Robert Emmett lynched, Bruno and Servetus sent to the stake, Joan of Arc consigned to the flames, and the Rebel Carpenter of Nazareth crucified. Long, long is the list of the Libertarians martyred by the judges. It is in Courthouses that the Capitalist Class legalizes all its crimes against the Workers. It is in this Courthouse, there in DeRidder, that "Bloodhound" Gus will again gather his man-hunters like McGee and Charlan in the next great fight between the Lumber Trust and the Forest and Lumber Workers' Union, a fight that is coming as sure as the sun rises and sets—it is there, in that Courthouse, that "Bloodhound" Gus will gather his legalized Kurate outlaws to hunt down rebellious Lumberjacks for the Lumber Trust, and it is there, in that Courthouse, the Workingman will again be "tried" by the Attorneys and Detectives of the Southern Lumber Operators' Association for the crime of revolting against the heidious life-conditions maintained in the Southern Timber Belt by the Association, conditions a free savage would die before he would PEACEABLY accept, but which "Freeborn Americans" not only submit to, but gather in DeRidder to confirm, to honor and uphold. Are you Workers sane when you can bring yourselves to take part in such a ceremony? Why should you, who live in shacks, dedicate palaces to Plunderers, Politicians, Detectives and Gunmen? Did you ever in all your life, hear of a mule helping to make his own harness? Why should thousands of dollars be spent, worse than wasted, on Courthouses and jails, when millions of workingmen, women and children are to-day roaming the roads and streets, starving and freezing in the midst of boundless plenty? Why? in no Courthouse, in the country districts of the South especially, has a workingman as much show for justice as has a snowbird of flying through hell. To hell with their Courts! Dedicate them all, the Courthouses of Capitalism, to the bats that fly through the ruined temples of the Inquisition!

THE COURTHOUSE:

Beware all ye who must enter in
This bewildering maze of crime and sin!
'Tis here the Judges justice slay —
'Tis here the Lawyers wait their prey—

'Tis here the Plunderers legalize
Their stolen wealth. Here freedom dies —
From here the Sheriffs and their Hounds
And Detectives make their rounds
On murder benj. Here, masked, Wrong hides—
Here brood the Liberticides!
But, thank whatever gods, that be, this also is true. It is in such Courthouses that the smoldering fires of Rebellion are being fanned into the flaming fury of a SOCIAL REVOLUTION!

TO THE BOND MEN OF THE SOIL.

By CASH. M. STEVENS.

To the tenant farmers of the Peonized State of Oklahoma, and the greed enslaved, gold-conquered South; you slaves, serfs, bondmen and vassals of the murdering master class; you, who plant and sow reap and mow; you who feed and clothe the world; ye sons of the soil, ye craftsmen of the plow, spade and hoe, will you never awaken? Does the spirit of liberty ever fan the fires of Revolt in your souls? When the sun shines on the flowers that deck the last place of your heroic dead, does it shine only upon a race of slaves? Ye sons of the Southland, to you I speak! Where is your vaunted Southern Chivalry? Where is the death-defying spirit of the South of the days of old? Oh "Dixie" must you weep the bitter tears of shame! Does the warm red life-fluid of unconquered freemen no longer flow in the vassal veins of thy degenerate sons? For shame! I have seen you degradation. I, a slave, have seen your women and your babies toiling like beasts of burden, harnessed to a cotton sack like oxen to a cart. I have seen the pinched pale faces of your babies. I have seen them in rags, up before the raising of the sun, up and out to thankless, weary heartbreaking toil. To rise and eat, and toil and slave, and eat and sleep, and rise and toil and slave again! I have seen the happy years of childhood stolen from them, stolen as my own childhood was taken. Oh Dixie! in fancy I can see the little toil hardened hands of thy children outstretched to me in a plea for mercy. I can see the tears in their baby eyes. They are pleading to me for just a little more of playtime, just a little more of liberty, just a little more of life, of love, of home and hope. Men of the Southland! Would to God I might blot out this awful picture from the tablets of my memory! When I think of these things the very fires of Hell seem to burn within me. And then, ye blood sucking vampires of the murdering, plundering, hell-born master class—then I, a slave, scorn you and spit upon you with contempt—then I loathe you and your rotten sin-soaked system. And I would rather dwell among the rats of your cities' sewers than to breathe the air contaminated by your presence.

Men of Dixie, when in the name of pity will you awake? How long will you meekly serve your masters? How long will you enslave your wives and children to pile up wealth for your leperus-hearted Landlords, that they may wallow hog-like in wanton waste or lavish your hard earned wealth upon some soulless, senseless, heartless poodle-licked parasite? How long are you going to tamely submit to the most cruel despotic and damnable system of slavery ever perpetrated upon a people? Are you men, you who read these lines? Are you men or contemptible, cowardly curs, whose greatest privilege is to humbly lick the dirty blood-stained paw of a degenerate master?

If you are men, then assert your manhood! Stand up for your rights like men! The endless, boundless acres of an Eden are yours for the taking.

Will you slave, starve, sweat and perish like rats in a trap, when peace, plenty and prosperity can be yours? Stand up and be counted! Join the Clan of Revolt! Demand and take your world! The boundless, teeming, plentiful earth! Take it!

GOSPEL OF THE STRONG.

By FRED FREYR.

A ballot worshipper just told me socialism was as inevitable as the movement of the solar system. Such damnable rot. Sure Mike, evolution will do it for you. Lay down, go to sleep, don't care except for plenty of hot air—and—you'll get Socialism.

Socialism inevitable? Not if we are puppets instead of men. If Socialism is inevitable then slavery under benevolent industrialism is inevitable—then the death of civilization is inevitable.

Be MEN. Within the frame of universal evolution man is the master of his destiny—he IS evolution.

Our fight is a battle between Will against Will—will of the parasite against the will of Labor.

The Will, that comes out, determines the way of evolution, regarding man.

We, the industrial slaves, know this: We are makers of evolution! We preach the Gospel of the strong.

Nothing enlists my sympathy to a cause so quickly as the assertion of its opponents that it opposes religion. Not that I have any quarrel with religion, but because I know the same charge has been made against every movement that has benefitted mankind.

Every time the machinery in a factory is started to remove the rust, the Daily States announces that Democratic prosperity has arrived.

I SAY YOU LIE.

Shreveport, La., March 18.—Record time was made to-day in securing a pardon for Howard Holsomback, a prisoner on the parish farm, in order that he might accompany the remains of his brother, William Holsomback, to Somerset, Ky., for burial. William Holsomback was fatally wounded by a prison guard a few days ago, while trying to escape from the prison farm, and died yesterday at the hospital. The brothers were sent to the farm for vagrancy. It developed after the killing that the Holsomback boys, who were sentenced under the name of Jackson, are members of good family at Somerset, and came South in search of employment. Lieut. Governor Barret secured a pardon for Howard Holsomback from Governor Hall by wire.

The above Sup-Press dispatch speaks for itself. Hall is the "Reform" Governor of Louisiana and Barret is his "Ring" Lieutenant. Both are "Christian gentlemen," that is why neither of them makes any effort to send the murderer of this poor boy to where he ought to be, on the gallows. Think of a beast who will commit such a murder and think of a State daring to call itself civilized and not hanging such a "guard." But Louisiana has good reasons for not hanging such useful citizens—the So. Lumber Operators Ass'n is badly in need of more thugs, and so is the Fruit Trust and the Illinois Central Railroad. Therefore, Little Luther shows what a good man he is by "pardoning" an innocent man to take home the dead body of his innocent brother to a broken-hearted old mother. And you say this hellish system ought not to be overthrown by any means possible? And you say that the men who are being thrown into jail and their labor-power stolen by these carrion crows of society should not take vengeance on these hyena deputies and guards who violate their lives, liberties and manhood? Well, I say you LIE. Let the "hoboes" send this message to the two-footed bloodhounds, "Life for Life," and make it good and these hyenas will damn soon reform. And let no MAN aid the Rurales in their man-hunts. Let them earn their dirty pieces of silver.

SABOTAGE.

By ERNEST GRIFFEATH.

What is it that condemned men use
When cruel laws force them to choose
Between their freedom and the noose?
Sabotage!

What is it gives the merchant aid
When creditors cannot be paid
And collectors' warrants not be stayed?
Sabotage!

What shall we say when whittled wood
Comes to us falsely labelled "Food,"
And does us much more harm than good?
Sabotage!

What succeeds failing Merchant Prince,
Returns to him his opulence
Who thrives upon our ignorance?
Sabotage!

What gives the factory owner might
To beat the wage-slaves in their fight,
And force them into hell and night?
Sabotage!

What is it that the workers sought
When Labor's battles must be fought,
And ancient tactics availed them naught?
Sabotage!

What can we use successfully
To turn the tide of victory,
And give all slaves their liberty?
Sabotage!

What is it that will disappear
Amid the workers' rousing cheer
When freedom for us all is here?
Sabotage!

"Vagrancy, Your Honor", Says The Cop.

"Guilty. Fine and costs. Stand aside. Call the next case, Mr. Prosecutor."

And so you fit into the multitudinous ranks of the jailbirds.

This process is going on in Houston, in every city in Texas to-day. In every city in America, it might better be said. Human rights trampled under ironshod heels. Individual justice sacrificed for the sake of upholding man-made and artificial institutions supposed to be for the preservation of justice.

Which is the greater crime, to be a vagrant, or to be responsible for the conviction of an innocent man?
—From "The Houston Post."

There is no such thing as a capitalist editor. They are all advertising solicitors; and he who pays the largest fees gets the most favors. This is what passes for a free press.

If the workers were not slaves they would not have to ask another for a job.

THINK!

Of Wm. E. Trautmann's long agony in the Sloop-erist Labor Party!

Of Eugene V. Debs having the gall to invite us to follow Tout into an organization that nobody on earth recognizes as a Labor Union. Nay, nay, 'Gene, we remember the American Railway Union and its fate too damn well to bite.

Of Vic Lopsided Berger claiming to be a "Red Socialist" and making this statement, "The I. W. W. endorsed sabotage as a means of fighting Socialism." We wonder after that what Vic's opinion of the intelligence of the American Working Class must be. Pretty dern low, we guess.

Of what Peter Collins must think of the brain capacity of a bunch of Knights of Columbists when he stands before them and claims Voltaire as a "true and loyal son of the Church!" Then follow it with this shaft of truth: "The next system of society will be either Socialism or Barbarism; it will not be Civilization." And the Columbustists cheered to the echo. What fools these mortals be.

Of the politicians voluntarily surrendering the immense graft, legitimate and illegitimate, that flows into their hands through the machinery of the City, County, State and National Governments. Imagine if you can the law of Economic Determinism being upset by any such miracle.

Of how the Priests, Preachers and Rabbis would live in the Sinless World they claim to be striving for. Why, goldarn us, they would all have to go to work or starve to death, for Sin is the raw materia out of which is manufactured the butter, bread and wine on the tables of these "meek servants of the Lord." But for Sin all the churches, synagogues, cathedrals, mosques, temples and joss-houses on earth would close, and forever, before sundown.

Of MASSING unarmed "Unemployed Armies" to be clubbed, water-soaked and murdered by thugs, policemen and deputy sheriffs; of marching said "Armies on Washington," away from the Industries and Warehouses, and—O hell!

SHERIFF AHERN'S "CHANCE."

Fellow-worker Frank Cady sends us a clipping from Hearst's dirty sheet "The San Francisco Examiner" giving an account of the terrorization of the "Unemployed Army" by the "authorities" of Sacramento and asks us to comment on same. Deeds so viciously and vilely inhuman need no comment. No language at our command is strong enough to bespeak our contempt for the thugs of "law and order" who took part in this bestial exhibition of fear and degeneracy. With Brann, as he said of "Major General" Otis, we would say that their "maternal ancestors lay down on their haunches and scratched fleas with their left hing legs; we would say this but for the fact that the dog has always been man's best and nobles friend and we do not care to insult her so."

Said Sheriff Ahern, according to the "Examiner": "There's the road boys. If you want to take it peaceably you'll be all right. You're trespassing on private property and you have to get off. If you don't go quietly, we'll make you go."

Our only comment is: Why can't do unarmed men mass themselves seemingly just for the fun of being clubbed and killed by thugs? And what is to be gained by "marching on Washington," that nest of mane and inept politicians? Why not take up the cry of the New Zealand workers: Quit massing and decentralize the gunmen! Some day the "authorities are going to order the wrong bunch off "private property," a la the British at Concord.

HOLLINGSWORTH ANSWERS COLLINS.

At the dedication of the Courthouse here, for which a seab made the dinner tables, one of the men I work for asked Collins, a member of the notorious "Grand Jury" that indicted us boys in Lake Charles, to furnish some of the bread for the dedication dinner. He said, "No, Hollingsworth has not spoken to me for two years." Therefore, I wish you would announce through THE VOICE and sign my name to it, that I never intend to lower myself by speaking to him, as he helped to indict me and all the evidence that came out in my trial was that one woman, Mrs. James, said she saw me about 12 noon in DeRidder with a gun. I have no respect for his kind of law or his kind.
W. E. HOLLINGSWORTH.

SAYS MAX EASTMAN:

The word *revolution* is for me defined and consecrated to the uses of science. And its meaning, so defined, has little to do with programs of the future constitution of society. As to what may issue when the working class win to power, those who enjoy speculation have every reason to speculate—but the concern of the revolutionary as such is that the working class should WIN.

L. U. 332's HALL:

Construction Local Union 332 has moved to a new hall; address is, 504 San Pedro Street, Los Angeles, Cal. All working men are welcome. Free reading room.
ED. RAY, Fin. Secty.

When thinkers begin to sprout in overalls the end of slavery is in sight.