

AGITATE! EDUCATE! INDUSTRIALIZE! ONE UNION OF THE WORKING CLASS!

This is Number 73

Organization  Is Power

WATCH YOUR EXPIRATION.
IF No. 74 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. 22.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1914

MIGHT IS RIGHT

Labor's Dixie

(By Charles M. Robinson)

Work away down South in the land of cotton,
"Citizens' Leagues" and all that's rotten,
Work away, day by day, nary pay, Dixie land;
Work away down South in Dixie,
Work away, nary pay,
In Dixie land the children toil
And the mothers moil in Dixie land,
Work away, day by day, nary pay down South in Dixie.

CHORUS:

Work away, work away, away, away,
Away down South in Dixie!
In Dixie land let's take our stand
And live and die for Dixie!

In Dixie land is the Democratic party,
Organized to make the darkie
Work away, day by day, nary pay, Dixie land;
Work away down South in Dixie,
Work away, nary pay,
In Dixie land it grinds and grabs
And burns and stabs in Dixie land,
Work away, day by day, nary pay down South in Dixie.

In Dixie land is the thief land-holder—
Used to be bold but he's now grown bolder.
Work away, day by day, nary pay, Dixie land;
Work away down South in Dixie,
Work away, nary pay,
In Dixie land he drags white "tramps"
Off to his camps in Dixie land,
Work away, day by day, nary pay down South in Dixie.

But in Dixie land we're organizing.
Soon results will be surprising,
Work away, day by day, it will pay, Dixie land;
Work away down South in Dixie,
Work away, it will pay,
For in Dixie land we'll strike the blow—
The boss must go from Dixie land—
Work away, day by day, it will pay down South in Dixie!

Important!

Please notice new bundle rates on third page, top of first column, and remit accordingly.

All Locals owing The Voice please RUSH remittances. We need the money, and need it BADLY. Rebels, please quiz your Secretary on Voice account.

Southern District Locals, if you want The Voice to LIVE, GET BUSY.

This appeal is not only to "the other fellow," but to YOU as well.

Yours to win, COVINGTON HALL.

TIMBER BARONS' PROFITS.

Washington, D. C., May 19.—Figures prepared and published by the American Forestry Association show some startling conditions as far as the workers in the lumbering industry are concerned. For instance, the association states that the forests of the United States annually supply over \$12,250,000,000 worth of products, but that the total wages paid to the men employed in the industry are only \$367,000,000.

This would indicate that \$11,883,000,000 of unpaid wages goes to the timber barons who own these forests for a living. The Forestry Association also gives the figures of the total number of employees at 735,000 people.

The average wage which these men receive, therefore, is almost exactly \$500 per annum.

THE CHAINGANG—Everywhere the chaingangs lengthen. Already the Louisiana Lumber Kings are having their privately owned Judges and Mayors sentence workers to toil for them for nothing—not even their tobacco. Men, white and colored, are on the chaingang. Women, too, are there. The "Sheriffs' Ring" is very busy in the South these days "upholding law and order," that is to say, STEALING labor-power from the workers. How long before YOU or your son or your daughter will be on the terrible chaingang working for some beastly parasite for nothing and begging even tobacco from passersby, as they have begged from me on the streets of Alexandria, La.? It's YOUR turn next—nothing can save you from it but the ONE BIG UNION.

Free Person or Fight!

Neither in France, Italy or Spain would the railroad workers let the Government even so much as "try" a man like Person on such glaringly unjust charges. Every railroad in those countries would be tied up from one end to the other in a GENERAL STRIKE and would stay tied up until he was set free, for Carl Person is not in jail because of any wrong he has done, but because of his able and brilliant service to as Strike Secretary of the Federation and Editor of The Strike Bulletin. The "State" is not trying to hang or imprison a "murderer" or "misuser" of the mails: The Bosses are trying to put out of the way a Social Rebel and in so doing terrorize the Unions. The real crime of Carl Person is this: He led a splendid and telling fight against the Lords of Gold and Greed; around him and that Militant Minority of the Shopmen who for 30 long months have kept up the war on the Harriman System was gathering, slowly but surely, the nucleus of the ONE BIG UNION OF RAILWAY WORKERS. This UNION the Bosses fear above all else on earth, and it is the life of this UNION they seek, not the life or liberty of Carl E. Person, this though the Bosses hate a workman who stands true to his class' interest worse than Christ hated the money-changers.

Let us get ready, in case they "convict" him, to FREE HIM BY THE DECLARATION OF A GENERAL STRIKE OF ALL THE WORKERS, DEMANDING AT THE SAME TIME THE FREEDOM OF ALL LABOR'S SONS HELD PRISONERS BY THE CAPITALISTS FOR LOYALTY TO THEIR CLASS.

Hop Pickers Demands

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.

"Christian" Texas Hangs Poverty Stricken, 18-Year-Old Boy.

Leon Cardinas Martinez, a boy of eighteen years, and the son of one of the leaders in the Mexican revolutionary movement, was hanged by the State of Texas on May 11. The evidence was purely circumstantial, but the mind of the Texas jury, inflamed by local passion against the Mexican people, said it was sufficient. The case must remain forever a blot against the name of the State. Without funds to employ counsel to secure a fair and impartial trial, the case is one of judicial murder.

Since Sept. 11, 1913, fourteen men have laid in the county jail of Dimmit county, Texas, charged with murder. Four of them have been convicted. Jose Serrato and Lino Gonzales were convicted in Prio county and given a sentence of twenty-five years and six years, respectively. Jesus Gonzales was convicted in La Salle county and given ninety-nine years. Leonardo Vasquez was convicted in Bexar county and given forty years. These men were all without funds.

One of the cases, that of Jose Serrato, has been appealed. The Texas Court of Criminal Appeals has just sustained the conviction. The remaining three cases are now pending on appeal. There still remains ten cases to be tried—those of J. M. Rangel, Abran Cisneros, Domingo R. Rosas, Bernardino Mendoza, Eugenio Alzalde, Luis Mendoza, Miguel P. Martinez, L. R. Ortiz, Pedro Perales, Felipe Sanchez and Chas. Cline.

The remaining ten cases come up for trial at an early date. Rangel and Cline and probably some of the others will go as did Martinez unless the workers speak in terms that cannot be misunderstood. The world does not possess a hemp rope good enough to be hallowed by carrying the body of Rangel or Cline at its end. If these men go to the gallows, workers will make the hemp rope, workers will build the gallows, workers will print the news, and workers will read the news. If these men are saved, workers alone will save them.—"The Social Democrat."

MEN-MULES BACK MOTOR TRUCKS OFF RIVER FRONT.

Our reporter happened along the river front Saturday, May 16, about 3 o'clock, and this is what he saw. A bunch of men calling themselves union men slobbering around two kegs of beer. So I asked some passerby why they drank it so openly? and he told me that they got the beer from the Porto Rico Line for the record they made on the steamship Lorenzo, in discharging 35,000 sacks of sugar in 14 1/2 hours. Well, ye who read this, if you had seen the sight you would have forever remembered it. On one side were a lot of Brother Workman's colored mules with a keg and on the other side Brother Keegan's white Jackasses with one, and up in the office window, Port Captain Lewis (or Superintendent) laughing all over himself at that faithful bunch of slaves. Well, if the Port Commission can introduce any motor truck in this twentieth century that can outclass this unfortunate bunch, then we wish to see it. I often heard the remark made that they "couldn't get good men," but if this is not the best out of the two organizations, I say no more. Let both of you white and colored good union men go to your halls and throw out such rotten unions as that and all the hangers on.

I. C. MO.

SAYS CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

A proletarian movement can have no part, however slight, in the game of politics. The moment it takes its seat at that grimy board is the moment it dies within.

When we come to reason of it calmly what can be gained by electing any human being to any office beneath the skies?

Are you, as an employee, permitted to tell the boss just how much and when he shall eat? Why do you let your employees tell you how, when, and under what conditions you shall eat?

THE FORD MILLENNIUM.

The new emancipation of labor proclaimed by Henry Ford of Detroit last January is coming to an early close. The Ford Motor Co., finding the preliminary plans of its \$5 a day job for every man worked so well that they got their annual output two months earlier than usual. This, too, with a 25 per cent greater production than last year.

Several thousand men are to be laid off at the plant in Highland Park. They can take a 30-day vacation and at the end of that time if they have found no work they will be given a chance at farm jobs. So the bulletin states which was put up last Thursday. Between 200 and 300 a day will get "their time" daily until the annual wind up. If Ford can't find them jobs at the end of 30 days they will have a chance to "See the West" and help in the harvest.

HOW THEY DO IT AT FORDS.

The progressive chassis assembly system is one of the most interesting in the motor car world. It may best be described as a railroad track system, because in the factory has been built what looks like a railroad track 800 feet long, with the rails nearly two feet from the floor and not so wide apart as a railroad trolley line.

Eighty workmen line this railroad track from end to end, approximately 40 on each side. The chassis starts its assemblage at one end of this track and is driven off by the tester at the other end. It takes a chassis less than 30 minutes to make the trip from end to end, starting in as nothing and coming off a complete car, minus body.

MOVING CHAIN USED.

Between the rails of this assembly track is an endless chain, traveling much slower than a slow walk. This chain has large catches or hooks on it that catch on the differential housing and keep the chassis con-

stantly moving until it is assembled, not a single stop, to put in the motor, to attach the dash, the gasoline tank, or any other parts. It is a pace-setting scheme; the slave must do his job in so many seconds or lose out, as there are several thousand outside trying to break in. The moving chain will not wait for him, for other workmen have their work to do. A half-hour study of this railroad assembly showed that a completed car was coming off every 53 seconds, just as regularly as the second-hand of the watch made its circuit of the dial. It was not once in 53 seconds, not twice in 53 seconds, but every time in 53 seconds, sometimes a few seconds less.

There are three of these railroad track, progressive assembly systems side by side in the main factory, but these three do not represent the assembly capacity of the great Ford organization, as the company has fifteen assembly factories in different parts of the country, and four or five more in process of construction, and in several of these similar joy-ride systems of chassis assembly are in operation. The different units of the cars are sent to these assembly plants in huge crates, six motors in a crate, perhaps a dozen rear axles with all necessary equipment in others, etc. Some of these assembly plants are located in the following cities: Detroit, at corner Woodward avenue and the Boulevard; Chicago, Boston, Long Island City, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Seattle. One of the additional assembly plants is being erected in Dallas, Texas.

Can the I. W. W. organize any of these branch plants?

FROM A REBEL AUTO WORKER.

How long some people will appear rich depends on what length of time they can use money claimed by others and *unearned* by either.

The Industrial Unionist's ideal—a nation free from poverty.

WASHINGTON, D. C., NOTES.

By Nina Lane McBride.

May 16, 1914.

The following letter is a month old, it will help to show how helpless a man with good intentions is, when holding office under a system of rent, interest and profit. Strive as one might, "Justice to all and special privileges to none" is an impossibility.

The following letter was a reply to the Attorney General, when he refused to aid in releasing Mother Jones from her Colorado prison, saying the matter was out of his jurisdiction:

(COPY)

Washington, D. C., April 18, 1914.

Hon. J. C. McReynolds, Attorney General, Washington, D. C.:

Dear Sir—I am in receipt of your letter of April 15, in regard to the case of "Mother Jones." Since writing you I am informed that she has been set at liberty by the Colorado authorities.

I note your suggestion that the usual procedure in such cases is to apply to the courts for relief, for which I thank you. I was informed and had no reason to question the assertion that "Mother Jones" had been denied access to the Courts in Colorado, and it was for that reason that I called your attention to her case.

It was seemingly a case where the rights guaranteed to the citizens of this country by the Constitution had been arbitrarily set aside, and I felt it my duty as a representative of the people to call the attention of your department to it.

A few more instances in this country of old women being thrown into jail and held "incommunicado" and denied the right of access to Courts and of Federal judges keeping railroad trains waiting to convey to the penitentiary persons who are on trial before them forty days before their case is decided by jury, as happened in the Indianapolis case, will, in my opinion, bring about a state of affairs in comparison to which the Mexican troubles and Panama tolls question will become matters of minor concern, and it was with the utmost good will toward your department and my confidence that you had the power and would desire to put a stop to such illegal practices that I called your attention to this case.

Thanking you for your courtesy, I am,

Very truly yours,

HARRY LANE (Senator from Oregon).

CAPITALISM "DELENDA EST"

Things are again looking lively in Edmonton. There are as many or more unemployed in town as there was at any time last winter. The main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific is finished and thousands of slaves have been laid off. Owing to the way these slaves have been robbed and swindled by contractors and employment sharks it has been almost impossible for them to save any money, consequently the great majority of them are broke and many are on the verge of starvation. I. D. McArthur, contractor on two roads, the E. D. and B. C. and A. G. W., the bonds of which are guaranteed by the Alberta government, is shipping men from Winnipeg notwithstanding the fact that the province is already full of idle men.

Monday, May 11, an unemployed league was formed and daily parades are held with hundreds in line. So far the city has done nothing to relieve the situation, with the exception of putting a sign out on the police station which reads as follows:

"ANY MAN WANTING TO WORK FOR HIS BED AND BOARD CAN DO SO BY APPLYING TO CHIEF OF POLICE."

Such is the state of affairs in the "Last Worst West." The price of jobs has gone up in proportion to their scarcity and are sold to the highest bidder in spite of the fact that the employment fee is limited by law to \$1.00. It is about time for the slaves to make their own laws and enforce them by their own economic power. Evidently the cockroach business men are badly scared for they have organized a vigilance committee and there is talk of horsewhipping and running out the "leaders." Hunger is waking up the slaves and the masters had better go carefully, or there will be a repetition of some past history in the near future. Compare these conditions with those preceding the French revolution.

Yours for Freedom, JAS. ROWAN.
Edmonton, Canada, June 19, 1914.

ARM YOURSELVES.—The buzzardroost that styles itself the "Legislature of Colorado" has voted to pay the Gunmen-Militia for their noble work in massacring working women and children at Ludlow. It further passed a law prohibiting the purchase and bearing of arms "during times of trouble." That is to say, they are trying to place the workingmen where they will be absolutely at the mercy of their kind and gentle Christian Bosses whenever the latter think it is again time to "teach the working class a lesson." Yet on top of all these crimes of the "State" against the workers there are hundreds of so-called Union and Socialist papers howling for the "Government to seize the mines." What for, so we can get a liberal dose of Post Office slave-driving and then sent to the pen when we resist? Say, for Labor's sake, wake up! Capitalism cannot be mended, it must end.

QUIT!

By W. M. Witt.

Fellow-workers, for the "Love of Mike" QUIT making clubs and guns and placing them in the hands of gunmen and thugs.

The clubs to be used for SMASHING YOUR face and the guns to perforate your anatomy.

If you persist in making guns then store them in YOUR abodes, which are styled homes, for the protection of yourself and family.

The RIGHT to self-protection is a guarantee written in the Constitution of this so-called republic, but remember that this guarantee is NOW NOTHING more than a JOKE.

Protection is for the powers that be. God looks after the STRONG, the devil takes care of the WEAK. QUIT talking unionism and Socialism unless you understand it and can answer any question put to you.

QUIT belly-aching about conditions unless you are taking a hand in trying to improve them.

In short, QUIT making a dam-fool of yourself. QUIT affiliating with any co-called union or compromising outfit and get into the ONE BIG UNION.

The definitions for a "scab" are various. From observation coupled with experience I would say that a "scab" evolved from the tumble-bug. He then lives a while doing all the dirt toward his fellow-man he can. Then he DIES. No buzzard will bother him, as they use a little discretion relative to their menu. After he decomposes other bugs take the dirt, roll it up and make MORE tumble-bugs.

MOTHER OF THE POTBELLIES.

"They're all alike, those capitalists," Mother Jones continued in the deep, booming voice that shows the astonishing triumph of an ageless spirit over age.

"They're all Christians in China and India and savages in their own country. The reason they all give so much money to foreign missions is because they want to keep Christianity where it can't do any harm—where it can't interfere with BUSINESS. BUSINESS IS THEIR GOD! They all worship it."

"I tell John D. Rockefeller and all others like him that the men Christ scourged from the temple, the money-changers, were men LIKE HIM and MORGAN, and CARNEGIE. And I warn them that another scourging of the money-changers is close at hand!"

You cannot kill an ideal! For an idea is good it lives in spite of all opposition, and if it is not good it dies in spite of all attempts to keep it alive.

A DREAM.

(By W. H. Lewis)

(Air—Oh What a Weeping and Wailing)

I dreamed that the great day of Freedom
Had dawned and the master had flown,
I dreamed that the workers, united,
Had won for each other a home—
I saw the One Big Union
As it swept over land and the sea,
And swore, with its million hands upraised
A slave was no longer to be!

CHORUS:

Oh what a weeping and wailing,
When the boss was told of his fate;
He cried, "Oh workers have mercy,
Don't make me the object of hate."

I saw old Ball and his gunmen,
His spies and his damned scabbing crew,
With the gang who indicted our brothers,
Get hit with a big wooden shoe.
I saw the sleek preying Parson,
With his cargo of bull-con and bunk,
With his offer of a Heavenly mansion,
If we'd live here on earth like a skunk.

Oh what a weeping and wailing
When Fat was deprived of his swag;
He cried, "Oh workers have mercy,
Be loyal to country and flag!"

The widow was there and the orphan,
And the girl that lives on the street—
No more will they see dark sorrow—
Freedom to them was so sweet,
I saw the One Big Union,
With its cry of free homes and free land,
Which had won for the workers their freedom
And vanquished the parasite band.

Oh what a joy and a pleasure,
To work for a movement so grand,
To free all the slaves in creation
And give them the wealth of the land!

The success of most doctors depends on his number of patients and how long he can keep them sick. This does not apply to sawmill doctors.

LUDINGTON "SALVATION": TWO-BITS PER SOUL.

I pulled out of De Ridder a few days since, after finding that none of the workers there would make even one poor little public protest about the wanton murder of poor young Crowel by the cowardly gunman, Sturgis, and his alleged trial, which was a damn farce. Overton told Sturgis "that he had a perfect right to fire at any fleeing figures if he thought any one (an officer has no such "right" under even Louisiana's rotten laws.—Ed.) of them committed the misdemeanor charged." What do you know about that? And still De Ridder workers remain like sheep. All they seem to worry about is the election of some "polly god" to whom they can lazily look for emancipation. O, Hell!

This is a fine place for po' white trash and low-down niggers. When you apply for a job you've got to look like one or the other, give a history of your life, and say you are from either Georgy, Alabam, East Miss, the Carrylinys, or the tenant section of Texas. I failed to land, but have been hanging around "waiting for a job," and taking in the many benefits (?) and improvements made for the cowardly slaves of Parson Long. The town has been painted where it can be seen from the trains, and is being painted further back. There are about 180 houses here, and the average rent is \$8, was \$5 I am told, under the management of "Uncle Ike Stevenson," who did not indulge in paint, and was what is called a "good boss," and just as short on "efficiency" as Parson Long is "Long" on it.

The difference on the rents, not counting the \$2.05 monthly insurance and doctor fees, for a year, will easily do all the painting, and then leave a nice profit. The streets have been graded and a fine church built on Second avenue, with a regular Jesus Screamer in charge, and slaves are assessed 25 cents a week to pay for both. The abject slaves here point with pride to our (?) fine mill town and church. Well, the profits wrung from their hides did build the town, and the church, as well as the whole damn cheese, but they play hell having a title to it. The "Parson" has attended to that little matter for the "glory of God." Whatever measure of betterment these slaves have had "thrust upon them" was brought about by the fighting lumber jacks, and small farmers, working under the banner of the F. and L. W. Union, an organization which is viewed "with horror" (by orders of the boss) by some of these excuses for MEN, whose front hair and eyebrows are "all in one piece." Still I find some fellows here who are ripe for the teachings of the O. B. U., but it will take a native fellow worker to bring them into the fold.

This place is a fine and dandy field for Sab cats, and a bunch of them turned loose around here would educate this thieving outfit to a fare-you-well, and also the po' white and nigger cowards, and either make them fight for more wages and shorter hours, or put 'em on the road. The union can THANK the Long-Bell Company for one thing anyhow, and that is the fact that it is putting The Good Citizens' League cockroaches of De Ridder on the bum by underselling them, and in this way showing these backstabbers of labor—their only support—just how their services of last year are REALLY appreciated. All cockroaches in De Ridder are selling out, whenever a sucker can be found, and those who have not sold out, have their eyes peeled for "come-ons." We should worry.

TOM CASON.
\$8 Monthly rent on 180 houses.....\$1,440
\$2 Doctor fee and insurance on 500 slaves.... 1,000
Total\$2,440
Times 12\$29,280
Subtracting a liberal allowance for doctor
and upkeep of houses 6,000

Leaves a nice little yearly STEAL of\$23,000
Oh! You "niggers and po' white slaves and cowards! And 'member, this does not include robbery and boarding house rake-off.

LOUISIANA FLIMFLAMMERS IN SESSION—The Louisiana Flimflammers, otherwise known as the "State Legislature," is in session and cursing this already law-ridden, trust-owned territory with still more laws. Every fool proposition from disarming everybody except the Gunmen of the Truts and Railroads to "eugenic marriages" is up for a law. One jackass, two years after the "riot at Grabow," is trying to pass a law to say the Lumber Companies must pay off every two weeks and actually pay in cash. This after the F. and L. W. Union has already FORCED a weekly payday thruout West Louisiana and is preparing to FORCE it everywhere else. The Lumber Kings will, therefore, have their Pollies "compell" them to do it so they can say "the damn Union never made us do it." But we did just the same. Capitalism cannot be mended, it must be ended.

"MIGHT IS RIGHT." Send us \$1.00 for FOUR 13-week or TWO 26-week PREPAID Subcards, and we will send you a copy of this great "gospel of the strong," FREE. The book alone 50 cents.

Why some people can pose as prohibitionists depends on their ability to drink on the Q. T.

JOE HILL CASE.

Fellow-worker Ed. Rowan, Secretary of Salt Lake Local, being unable to give the proper attention necessary to the defense of Fellow-worker J. Hill, a defense committee has been elected to handle the Hill case. We call upon all fellow-workers who have any money to spare to send funds to the treasurer.

GEO. CHILD,

28 S. W. Temple St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

The case simply stated is this:

Last January two masked men went into a grocery store owned by an ex-policeman and shot the proprietor and his son, both dying of their injuries. J. Hill was arrested in Murray, a suburb, where he was living at that time, because he was suffering from a gunshot wound. J. Hill claims to have got it in a fight over a girl, but will not drag the girl into the case. The police have found out that J. Hill is an I. W. W. man and are trying to fasten the crime upon him. They have got to have a victim on account of the many holdups during the winter. The police claim the deed was done in revenge, the ex-policeman having had trouble with some holdups eight years ago and are trying to prove that J. Hill is the same man. Any fellow-worker who knew Hill and his whereabouts in 1908 will confer a favor by communicating with the defense committee.

Every fellow-worker who sang any of his songs ought to contribute, if it is only a dime. Let every I. W. W. man be a committee of one to collect funds and send them in. Hill's case can be won if there are necessary funds. Of course, if we were sufficiently organized we could free him by a strike like in the Herve case in France, but as we are not we have got to do so in the capitalist courts, and this takes money.

GEO. CHILD, DAVE JERGAR, GEO. LOOFT,
Defense Committee.

FREE FORD AND SUHR OR BUST HOP KINGS.

There's a hot race on between the law and the strike in California concerning the future imprisonment of Ford and Suhr, convicted to life imprisonment because they voiced the demands of the workers for humane conditions in the hop industry. Courts and lawyers say they will review the Marysville verdict some time this summer. Workers say, "If you hold Ford and Suhr in prison hops will cost five dollars per pound this summer."

Who will get them out, the lawyers or the strikers? News from the various delegates who are preparing the strike is highly encouraging.

What faith can be placed in the strike is shown by the invitation through a hop baron hiring for the defense committee to meet a committee of the growers in Oakland and discuss the calling off of the strike on the basis of granting the demands for conditions but sacrificing of Ford and Suhr. This was refused.

Meantime Ford and Suhr suffer in a jail superheated by the weather of the Sacramento Valley, which from now on during the summer will range above 100 degrees. They are confined without a chance to get a breath of fresh air. Ford has spent 270 days in a dark cell. His cage is made of two-inch flat bars of steel, so closely latticed that two fingers of a woman's hand can barely squeeze through the holes. The only light comes from two small clouded glass windows 30-odd feet away. There is a courtyard in this jail, free and airy, but Ford has never been allowed to set foot in it. He has not been permitted a ray of direct sunlight since his arrest last August.

Out here the workers are preparing blightly for the strike in the hop fields. Hop growers imprisoned them in spite of law, decency or testimony. These barons can free them when their pocketbooks bleed sufficiently. On August 1st the fun starts on Durst ranch and all others. Come! All ye who love a good fight. It will be great doings this year. Ford and Suhr must be free to enjoy them. Help, all ye who cannot come. Send all funds to Don D. Scott, Secretary, Hoppickers Defense Committee, Box 1087, Sacramento, Cal.

SOME FIRE.

IOTA, LA.—The FARM, five mules, two wagons, two buggies, harness, implements and feed supplies belonging to Guillaume Pousson, three miles southwest of Egan, were destroyed by fire Sunday. The loss is \$2500.

The above astonishing news item is from the "Daily States." A whole FARM burned up—must have been one of the famous "marsh land" variety. Wonder they didn't lay it on the I. W. W.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

We would like the following men to get in touch with the secretary of this local in behalf of the men sent over from here:

Gus Bronke, Rhinehart, Joe Young, Auley Hoffman, Zing, McCary, Miller.

Yours for action, WILL BARTLETT,
FLOYD PARKS, Secretary.

SUBSCRIBE TO THE VOICE.

The Voice of the People.

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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. DAN GRIFFIN, Secretary. P. YASSI, Asst. Secty.

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MERRYHELL AND HER KING DEVEL THE HONORABLE J. L. ESTIS

J. L. ESTIS and a few of his tricks that he has plaid on the people of Merryville. It being agens't my policy to call a dirty CUR "Mr." I would just say ESTIS com to Merryville in 1906 or 1907 and sune afterwards MUDERD a boy by the name of BROWN, from BRIGGS, TEXAS. The boy had not been in town only one day and was leving when shot by Estis, and for this COWERDLY ACT he was told by the garden Angil of old Calcasieu parish to kill four or five more dam sun of B—, and they would have a quiet town up there, and him being a depety shirff he taken thear usual corse by doing everybody as dirty as possible and finly SHERIFF D. J. REED taken his comision away from him and he had made a falur out of the hotel busness, so he had to go to the saw mill and there is where he started to get even with everbody as he turns it, and he has certinly had som good succsess at it to for he has used the citisons as a cat's paws to help break themselves up with. He taken charge of the mill as sune as him and Dr. J. A. Knight succeded in get Mr. Parks routed out of it, and then they proceeded to organize thear so-called good citisons' league to drive the strikers out of town with and promised them a good class of citisons, and they proceeded to drive and force people to sell thear homes and leve Merryville; ever since then they started to organize that Dam citisons' league up at Erit. Nicklos house more than two years ago, and they have certinly furnished them a high class of labor, as they went to Baton Rouge and got negroes that had been used-as Peons the most of thear lives and brought them here and bit a wall around the negro quarters and put gards at all of the gates and proceeded to make thear negros trade where they wanted them to or leve, and as they kep two crues they always had plenty to spar, and if he got too unruly they just used thear privet graveyard that was in the swamp below the mill a ways. Yes, J. L. Estis told these same people in 1908 that he was a goin' to make it so dam dark around the mill that they counten see in day time without a electric light; that ment all negroes and his host has been made good, as today they ore praetly all black. And they kep about two crues so that Dr. Knight can get a doctor fee rak off from all of them and the Company an insrence take off. But they have got to go to the Mississia rivor cane firms to to even get a negro that is ignorant anuff to be robbed in that way any more and when they get through with the sucker there is nothing left for the dumb leaguers, and I don't think they belong to have it anyway. J. S. Lasitor, the flat-wheeled old stiff, wont let a union man cut wood for him; he is the same dam thing that goes around here on a leg and a pece that was going to put De-Quency on his map.

Judge J. L. Mason is just simply hell on a union man, as he wont even let them Duddle Donikers for the city; however, that is a seab's job any way; a seab and a dam leager is a funny sort of a anamel, he gets about on two legs sorto like a man, but on ax-aming you would find that he looks just like a dog in the face and his axcins is that of a dog to as himself is all that he ever thinks of; they seldom look at you when one does look at you it maks you feel just like that you had caught a hog theif as oneucum is nothing more than a dam theaf, for the seab Gunman and dam leagur dont only steal your hog—he would steal your liberty and your life if he gets a chance to, and he always gets all his graps from ambush, he never comes in the open to do any thing, and he never does anything for himself, it is for the boss that he works and there is nothing to dirty or sneaking that would he not do for the boss.

All poweful nations prepair for WAER in time of peace. And now is the excepted time, for to-morrow it may be to late; the best peace maker nown is a man behind a good gun with plenty of amination, a strong finger and a good eye. YOU lumber JINNES just as well to com on and be lumberjacks for we ore a going to win anyway; it would just take a little longer to do it, for we have the farmer with us. I would tell my dream that I had about Merryville next week. The I. W. W. is the Union for me.

Yours to win. MAXCEY WOPEZ.

THE DICTATOR HUERTA—The "Dietator" Huerta is an angel of justice compared to some of our own "civilized" governors if what the refugees say of him here is true. A friend of The Voice met a friend of his the other day who was refugeeing, and this friend introduced him to many other refugees. All were unanimous in voting the New Orleans press the palm of glory for news suppression. "For instance," they said, "your papers tell that Huerta placed Americans in jail and there they stop. Sure he did, and he had to surround the jail with soldiers to protect us from mobs. Again they tell you of the outraging of American women by Mexican soldiers, and there they stop; they do not tell you that Huerta gave this company of soldiers the option of surrendering the guilty men and when it refused to give them up, he lined the company up against a wall and shot dead every man in it. This, while Chase, Hamrock and Linderfelt of Colorado are still alive, not even arrested." Yea, verily. Capitalism cannot be mended, it must be ended.

Defense Funds Notices.

WHEATLAND: Send all funds for the defense of the Wheatland Victims to Don D. Scott, Box 1087, 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.

"SABOTAGE." Send us 50 cents for TWO 13-week or ONE 26-week PREPAID Subcards to THE VOICE, and we will send you a copy of "Sabotage" by Pouget & Giovannitti, FREE. The book alone 25 cents.

Portland Meetings

The Portland, Oregon, locals will hold regular propagan'da 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.

"THOUGHTS OF A FOOL." Send us \$2.00 for EIGHT 13-week or FOUR 26-week PREPAID Subcards, and we will send you a copy of this sweeping satire on the "ethics of today." FREE. The book alone \$1.00.

To All Locals and Members I. W. W., Southern District:

Fellow-Workers—For the last three months I have been working most of my time in the field among the locals, and in new territory in the interest of our papers and magazines, and I wish to state that I shall continue to work in the field in the future with a better program, if possible, than I have in the past.

I shall work in new territory during this month, then I expect to make the same round among the locals again, lecturing and demonstrating on the question of "MAKING A LIVING" as before.

Now with the co-operation of each local and every member and all the small farmers all along the line, we can make this second trip a splendid success from every angle.

I expect to add new features to the already convincing program, and with the assistance of the workers this can be done without any burden.

I wish to state that all locals and members will continue to keep up their correspondence with me by addressing me at the same old stand; P. O. Box 78, Alexandria. I always have my mail forwarded to me on the road.

Send in your orders for supplies as usual and same will have prompt attention just as before. Members belonging to Local No. 282 can send me their books by mail as usual. I will stamp them up and return same.

I have an assortment of good revolutionary literature on INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM which should be in the hands of every wage-worker and small farmer in the South. A pocket library of this literature or three months subscription to The Voice of the People, Solidarity or International Socialist Review for 25 cents. The illustrated lecture and entertainment goes as a premium to subscribers or purchasers of a pocket library.

In co-operation there is life. Let us co-operate and do our duty by going on the job and get new subscribers for our papers and magazines. Let us make 1914 a booster year for our papers, and in so doing we will make life eternal for the ONE BIG UNION.

Jay Smith, Secretary Southern District.

I. W. W. PHAMPLET IN SWEDISH.

The Scandinavian Branch of Local No. 322 has printed a phamplet called "Loneslavens Organization" written by S. G. Johanson.

It is written for workingmen in the camps. Price 10 cents. To Locals 5 cents a copy. Send orders with cash to Gust Hihill, P. O. Box 511, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

THE STRIKE BULLETIN.

Every railroad worker should read The Strike Bulletin. We will send you The Voice for One Year and The Strike Bulletin for Six Months for only One Dollar. One of Person's great editorials or "Jail Reveries" is alone worth the price at which we offer both papers. Put a Dollar Bill in an envelope attached to your name and address, direct same to The Voice, and if you don't say these two Rebel papers are worth more than the price, then you don't know good reading when you see it. Send in YOUR subs TODAY.

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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.

I. W. W. PREAMBLE.

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

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

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

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

By Ezra Bo, Secretary

The Clarion is pleased to note that the firing of the boys on the Transylvania—as a timely warning to the Powers That Be to let well enough alone—freed a sufficient number of intelligent auditors to make up a quorum at last night's meeting of the local Literary and Debating Society. Of course the men quit voluntarily and of their own accord, after the receipt of their walking papers, and marched in imposing array amid the buzzes of the Associated Millmaids' Union to the place of gathering—the famous Little Old Red School House on the Corner.

Hon. Lawrence Rawlins occupied the chair in his usual graceful and dictatorial manner and called for the business of the evening. After that was disposed of and the financial treasurer's report accepted, showing a balance on hand of \$3.07 and a postage stamp, the chairman announced the subject of the debate: "Is the Free Will Free?" Affirmative, Squire William Trooth; negative, Mrs. Welland Goodfix.

"As there has been some criticism of the phraseology of the debaters by some squeamish dudes in the county seat," he said, "let the speakers beware of using terms not found in Webster's unabridged or in Hoyle's on the Bridge. Ladies and gentlemen, scissorsbills and homeguards, it gives me great pleasure, mingled with some pain, to introduce you to the Short Slippery Hawtree of the Wabash, Squire William Hunt Trooth!" (Applause).

"Mr. Chairman and Fellow Citizens and Females: The gentleman has said something about the roughness that has characterized a few of these debates; we must deplore that fact, but it seems to be an unavoidable concomitant of an open forum. We stick to calling a spade a spade even if some one does get his eyes blacked for doing so. We find on investigation that heads are broken and limbs are lost for much worse causes than the right of free speech, and we, the sons of Hoosiers who took both sides in the civil war, will not so besmirch our heritage as to backwater at the first whistle of disdain from the pimps and prostitutes of the capitalistic and associated presses. Our name, the Podunk Corners L. and D. Club, is on the map; we put it there by dint of hard words and soft blows; all I can say is, let any classified geographer of the metropolis try to remove it if he dares! (Cheers and applause). We have dealt with men who endeavored to persuade us to change our courses and become a so-bunk society, but we let them know in their own words 'nothing doing!' The subjects of debate they suggested were such insignificant ones as these: 'Who is the Greater Benefactor of the Parasitic Classes, Wilson or Roosevelt?' 'How Will Socialism Reduce the Price of Champagne and Other Working Class Necessities?' 'Is Life More or Less Bourgeois than Harper's?' 'Which is the Greater Genius, the Decentralizer or the Pie Card Artist?' These are the samples over which we are asked to spend our Saturdays in thoughts and our other weekdays in oughts by the slimy, slippery spittoon filosofers of the East!

"Now about this free will business. Does anyone force you to take money when you don't earn it? When the boss gets tired of seeing you turn out so much work don't you quit working so as not to prove a hindrance to his salvation? You all realize the comity between worker and boss, between the gringo and the greaser; can you complain of involuntary servitude when you kill yourself for your master, your god and your country? The will is free. Dr. Pangloss, one of the greatest thinkers in the world, said so, and why shouldn't I fall for his stuff as well as for the usual misquotations from Dietzgen, Marx and Laeckel?

"I have no patience with those who won't believe me when I state that the workingmen have no interest in the question as to where the dividends go, whether to the original stockholders or to the gudgeons who have been fooled into paying hard money for watery paper. Capital is stored-up labor and it is entitled to interest for its use; if any financier wants to return you your original investment and 1200 per cent besides, that's his foolishness and labor better keep its mouth shut. Course it looks better on the face of things to issue a car load of certificates and keep the dividends down to 4 or 5 per cent, but there's the trouble of renting additional safety deposit boxes to keep the stock in. For the sake of economy and room, I favor the other way, the Standard Oil way, you might call it. Besides has not the Mobipolitan Magazine shown that with higher dividends the cost of living falls and wages, too, and consequently the higher the dividends and the lower the wages the better it is for the working men? As an advocate of long hours for coupon cutters, I should favor the usual way of manufacturing more stock whenever the dividends approach the zenith, but I have seen instances of poor widows and orphans getting wrist cramp on melon day, and in their behalf I call a halt upon the nefarious practice of watering the oil. However, as the will is free, I suppose people will go on doing as they like so long as labor sticks for it. Not that I think the proletariat's opinion on finance amounts to anything in the marts of trade, but their talk arouses some timidity, and we all know how an anarchistic some speechifiers of the lower classes are.

"Of course there is not the least danger in the world of the producers forming One Big Union, or of their adopting sabotage, or putting Direct Action into effect! But when out of perversity a few leaders make the bluff, it throws suspicion on the doctrine of Free Will. And when a manufacturer raises wages and cuts into profits, he raises the same doubts. Certainly he gains in speeding 'em up and in getting free publicity, but some may think he was coerced and the thought is disturbing to our doctrine.

"When a rich man acquires the gout, sues for a divorce, locks out his men, increases working hours, cuts down wages, declares dividends, waters his stock, imports thugs, and exploits kids, he does it because the will is free; and when a poor man cuts down his rations, loses his wife, meets a barred gate, sticks for a 12-hour shift, accepts half pay, rolls up millions for parasites, gets his skull cracked and his kids killed, he does it 'cause the will is free!" (Applause and cheers).

The effect of Squire Trooth's oratory was not lost on his opponent; she roused herself to a high pitch to meet his arguments and, the evidently realizing her impending defeat, she made a creditable rebuttal. We give the gist of her speech.

"There is no such thing as free will—that is an exploded superstition. We do and act according to our birth, our heredity, our education and our environment. Most of us are slaves to our appetites, our passions and our prejudices; some never free themselves from this servitude in the least degree; others by heroic efforts succeed in achieving for themselves a bit of liberty. Freedom can't be purchased, it must be conquered. He who gains for himself a small measure of emancipation is termed a genius, out of a sense of despair rather than out of respect. It is in the nature of those who lack courage to make the fight, to denounce the bravery of those who do; until the struggler has won an indisputable victory, the slavish minded point him out as a fool. 'Tis on'y when he has wrung a hard fought victory from a grasping world that he will be thought sane, but his sanity reflects so hardly on the others that they dub him Genius to regain their own self-respect. They choose the weapons best suited to their use—lies, calumny, insult, abuse; when they find these impotent, they try neglect; but after this has failed, they fall back on words that beg the question.

"Ibsen, whose career illustrates every word I have said, ended his strongest and most cheerful play, 'An Enemy of Society,' with these words:

"You see, the fact is that the strongest man upon earth is he who stands most alone."

"I don't care what a man calls himself—socialist, radical, free thinker, infidel, agnostic, industrialist, anarchist, syndicalist, monist or what-not, unless he be master of himself under all temptations and in all circumstances, he will prove untrustworthy. Selfhood precedes leadership.

"There are men who rise to the top under exciting circumstances. They act well and manfully their part when the minds of all are stirred up to the highest pitch; their deeds even become poetical. But so soon as the stimulus dies out, they drop to a lower plane. These are useful, yet they who act well their parts in sunshine as well as in storm are the ones who do the most for the world's progress.

"Let me give you a picture of future society. Men will tend to find an equilibrium, where every act will be creative benefit. Progress is the march from wasteful energy—to the conservation of force. The elimination of useless deeds and their replacement by socially helpful acts will mark the oscillation of the beam of civilization. The earth must become first homogeneous before the heterogeneous forces of its individuals will all tend, or more largely tend, to stability.

"Much of this has been said before. Let me add one new thought; Science will lighten the journey, and parasitism will seek to darken it."

A vote proved that the lady was wrong in her remarks, for the affirmative was overwhelmingly sustained. Several shaky ones stated afterward they would have cast their ballots for the negative, but they didn't like to see a woman win against Podunk's greatest orator.

Next week's debate will be on the question, "Which Juice Is Deadlier—Grape or Cannon?" Si Plunkwell, the proprietor of the Emporium Saloon, will speak for the grape, and Rev. James Brine of Twin City will stick up for the cannon.

BYE-BYE TELEGRAPHERS—The Illinois Central Railroad, alias the "Old Hog," is installing telegraph-typewriters in its offices. The first of these machines goes in the New Orleans and Memphis offices. The machine in the Memphis office works automatically, thus doing away with one operator at each end of the wire. Pretty soon there won't be any use for workingmen and women at all, then we guess the Bosses will order all the unemployed shot on the ground of "efficiency," and that the dampools will stand for it rather than lay their starving hands on sacred property. Capitalism cannot be mended, it must be ended.

A "Labor Leader" is human; honest he is. Of course I know that some don't think so, for they act as though they felt that he was a first cousin to God Almighty.

WORKING FARMERS, ORGANIZE!

At various times there have appeared organizations of farmers, such as "truckers' associations," "unions," etc.

For awhile they flourished mushroom-fashion and then would die out with the same rapidity.

There is a reason for their failure, tho perhaps it has never been understood by the very ones who should understand.

Some will say that the farmers won't stick together, that the dues were too high or too low, etc., etc.

There is but one reason (a scientific reason) for their failure, and that is that they did not reflect the economic interests of the farmers, for the reason that the economic interests of various groups of farmers conflict.

They organized, not on class lines, but rather on mass lines. They organized those who had an identity of opinion, when they should have organized according to identity of economic interests.

Again, they permitted politicians, merchants, and what not to hold some of their most important offices, to conduct their offices for them, when they should have done so themselves.

As before mentioned, the economic interests of various groups of farmers conflict. Let us give one illustration which will suffice for this time.

The small farmers such as croppers, renters, and those who own, say 80 acres, and are all self-employers, cannot hope to plant, grow and harvest farm products as cheap as the large planter, who exploits labor, cultivates thousands of acres, has the privilege of holding his product until such time as he can get what he considers a fair price.

Not so the little patch farmer, he works from dawn until dark, keeps his wife and children in the field with him, and by the time the crop is harvested, and he pays the merchant and landlord, or the interest on the mortgage, he is in the same (if not worse) condition he was at the beginning of the season.

The writer will admit that the various farmers' organizations reflects the economic interests of the large planter, but he emphatically denies that they reflect the economic interests of the small farmer.

"Then where," you will say, "can we find an organization that reflects the economic interests of the small farmer? Is there such an organization?"

There is. The I. W. W. reflects the economic interests of the wage worker and the small farmer, who hardly if ever makes as much as the wage worker who is steadily employed. The writer is at this time receiving \$4.00 per day for his labor, and he has his doubts about the small farmers product bringing him that much.

Other organizations are organized to petition. The I. W. W. is organized to demand. Other organizations at the best preach only reform. The I. W. W. does not teach or preach reform, but practices revolution.

Other organizations have no historic mission to perform. The I. W. W. Preamble says "It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism." That "the army of production must be organized not only for the everyday struggle, but also to carry on production after capitalism shall have been overthrown."

"Twill not be very long until there will be no need of a union of Lumberjacks, for there will be no more timber. But the working class will be here and it will need organization just the same.

"Twill not be many years until the small farmer will be completed out of existence if he does not organize into the ONE BIG UNION and be prepared to TAKE the land back; the land which was stolen from his fathers.

You, you small farmers, MUST organize or be reduced to the most damnable, hellish, inhuman slavery the world has ever known.

Let your battle cry be that of the Peons below the Rio Grande: "Land and Liberty!"

DE BACKSLIDIN' BRUDDER.

By Covington Hall.

(With Apologies to an Unknown Poet)

De hoodoo howled fum de ole barn lof',
You done gone scabbed sence you done swore off,
En you gwine de way whar de Boss man stay,
En ole Sab gwine ter git you at de judgment day!

En de ole hant call fum he ole chu'ch wall,
You dus so triffin' dat you had ter fall!
En you gwine de way whar de Boss man stay,
En ole Sab gwine ter git you at de judgment day!

En de sperrits all 'lowed, you ain't worf a dam!
You throwed down de Union fo' er blindtiger dram!
En you gwine de way whar de Boss man stay,
En ole Sab gwine ter git you at de judgment day!

En de squeech owl squeech fum de norf en de souf,
You drinked dat dram en you smacked yo' mouf!
En you gwine de way whar de Boss man stay,
En ole Sab gwine ter git you at de judgment day!

**DON'T FORGET
VOICE MAINTENANCE FUND.**

PAMPHLET A GREAT AID.

Beyond a question of doubt, B. E. Nilsson's pamphlet "Political Socialism Capturing the Government," has been of inestimable value to the I. W. W. propagandist of Portland in their endeavors to show the slaves the futility of political action. Several thousands of these pamphlets have been sold off the soapbox here, and of all the I. W. W. literature it is the most widely read and discussed in Oregon.

The necessity of the writing of such a booklet was forced on the mind of Nilsson by conditions in Oregon. In this State everybody is trying to regulate everybody else by legislative means. Here most every man and surely every woman one meets is advocating the passing or repealing of some law. Here "direct legislation," the initiative and referendum, flourishes in all its glory. One can seldom walk down the street without being requested to sign a petition for a referendum or a recall at least a dozen times. And all the brands and varieties of Socialists and their soapboxes hold forth; likewise many free lancers. It is not to be wondered at if the slaves, in such an environment, begin to believe that they can do something on the political field. The I. W. W. soapboxes are forced to take heed of the situation and direct some of their efforts to combating the insidious influence of politics. In this work this pamphlet of Nilsson's has been of great aid.

The pamphlet is of true literary worth, written in the clear, simple style of the author. We are pleased that this pamphlet has drawn comment from many of the big guns on the coast. One of the big Comrades, while acting as chairman at a big meeting, attacked Nilsson's ideas bitterly, and stated that while he, the comrade, was unable to do it, yet, some one ought to expose the fallacies of the arguments advanced in "Political Socialism." They have all had a try at it but none have been very successful.

To any one having the least faith in political action, either to accomplish reforms or a revolution, we can recommend "Political Socialism." After reading it he will have received some new and original ideas on the matter and he will possibly change his mind.

"Political Socialism Capturing the Government," by B. E. Nilsson. Per copy 3 cents, express prepaid. Send orders to

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

Or, if in the Southern District, send 5 cents to The Voice and we will send you a copy of this unanswerable pamphlet.—C. H.

NEVADA NEWS.

The flying squadron arrived in Tonapa, Nevada, May 2d, and spoke to a crowd of 500 people; sold a hundred songbooks in 15 minutes. We stopped here one week and organized a propagandist league of about 40 members. We are now in Goldfield, where there is a good chance of organizing a local. The masters of this State have given the slaves an idea that the I. W. W. was a dead one, but we are the liveliest dead ones they ever saw. They started to fire rotten eggs at us, but that didn't last long, when about 100 big miners got after them. The newspapers of this State, namely, The Goldfield "Spittoon," the Tonopah "Banana" and the Reno "Gizzard," have been telling the slaves that the I. W. W. met its death in 1906, and when the A. F. of L. scabbed us out of existence in this State, but since we have come back and started two locals they have not said a word; there is nothing left for them to say and our great labor union, the A. F. of L., that got the workers to scab the I. W. W., out of here—what did they do for the workers? The cooks and hotel help in this State were getting from \$3 to \$5 a day for eight hours' work when the I. W. W. was here. What are they getting now? They are working 12 hours a day and getting about \$2. But the workers here have learned their lesson and we hope in the near future to see a locat of cooks and waiters in both Tonapah and Goldfield, and when we get them organized, I'll bet they don't work 12 hours a day. The Flying Squadron will stay in this State another month hand then leave for the East. There's lots of work to be done for the O. B. U. out here in the wilderness, and some of you main line Rebs are wanted to help put this State on the I. W. W. map. Come on, boys, let's give them hell!

H. E. MCGUCKIN.

FORD LAYS OFF 6000 MEN—Press dispatches of the 17th state that Automobile King Ford has been compelled to lay off 6000 men on account of "the dull season." He is expected to lay off still more but will "give preference" to married men, letting the unmarried men and women out first, this because married men and women are generally tamer than the unmarried, we guess. Capitalism cannot be mended, it must be ended.

How many organized men would let the officers do their thinking on the job? You won't permit the officers to think for you when you are working in the interests of the boss. Then why let them do your thinking for you when your own interests are at stake?

Says Doctor Clifford: All our liberties are due to men who, when their conscience has compelled them, have broken the laws of the land."