

MIGHT IS RIGHT

Organization  Is Power

TRUTH CONQUERS ALL THINGS

THE LUMBERJACK

"AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL"

VOLUME I.

ALEXANDRIA, LA., THURSDAY, JAN. 9, 1913.

NUMBER 1.

THE STRIKE AT MERRYVILLE

The strike at Merryville is still on. It has been on sixty days now. The boys still have the plant closed down tight. Nothing but starvation can whip them, and this is the game the Association is trying to play.

TO ARMS, YOU REBELS!

This strike at Merryville is a battle to maintain rights older than organized society itself. In forcing it the Lumber Kings have challenged civilization itself, for the strike was brought on by the order of the American Lumber Company discharging every man who was in any way, *even as a witness*, connected with the defense in the Grabow trial. For this order the Union-hating Santa Fe Railroad is responsi-

ble. It is backing the Southern Lumber Operators Association in its savage war to destroy all labor organizations, regardless of affiliation, in the South. Therefore, we contend that the fight being made by our Union at Merryville has become the concern of every Labor Union on earth, of every working man, woman and child, of every lover of human liberty in the world.

ARISE!

Don't let these splendid fighters at Merryville be starved back into submission. Don't let the Union-haters and liberty-crucifiers re-establish the old race-destroying peon system in Western Louisiana. Help these fighting lumberjacks to

win the fight for liberty through all the South. Hear and heed their call for help for, mingled with it is the cry of the child peons in the cotton mills and canning factories, the sob of the baby convicts of the cruel Southern Oligarchy! Brothers and sisters of our Mother Labor, we appeal to you to *act*, and *act at once!* Rush funds and provisions into Merryville *today*. Do not put it off until *tomorrow*, for tomorrow may never come! **DO IT NOW!** Send all funds and provisions to Lee Lovejoy, Financial Secretary, Merryville, La.

Register all letters containing funds, else they may never reach destination, for the law-abiding Lumber Kings are sabotaging our mail.

Get Busy! United we stand—divided we fall!

PEONAGE AT MERRYVILLE

We understand that certain imaginary officials of the imaginary State of Louisiana have denied that anything even savoring of peonage exists at Merryville, so we submit to the people of the world the following affidavits, which need no comment to prove our contention:

STATE OF LOUISIANA,
Parish of Calcasieu.

Before me, James C. Meadows, a Notary Public in and for the Parish of Calcasieu, State of Louisiana, on this day personally came and appeared Joe Jones, who, upon his oath deposes and says: That he was approached by a colored man on Orleans Street, Beaumont, who told him that they wanted hands at Merryville, La., for a new job; he was told that he would receive his pay every Monday night, but Monday night is passed and no pay.

That when he came to Merryville, La., he was put to work in a mill that was inclosed in a plank wall about eight feet high; that he and others worked under an armed guard; said guards kept watch on them everywhere they went, and at night; that he was sick and wanted to come in town to get some medicine; that one of the guards at the gate told him he could not get back without a pass, and they (the guards) would not let him come out till he worked a while and until they found out he was sick. After getting out he would not go back. He said they certainly made them work hard for the price of \$1.75 per day, and that they charged them \$4.00 per week board.

He said that you could not get out of the inclosure unless you had a pass.

Attest:
J. A. MARTIN,
H. T. PENSON.
His
JOE X JONES.
Mark

Sworn to and subscribed before me in the presence of J. A. Martin and H. T. Penson, lawful witnesses, this 18th day of Dec., 1912. JAMES C. MEADOWS,
Notary Public.

STATE OF LOUISIANA,
Parish of Calcasieu.

Before me, James C. Meadows, a Notary Public in and for the Parish of Calcasieu, State of Louisiana, personally came and appeared R. L. Aycock, who upon his oath deposes and says that he was helping to fire at night at saw mill "B." That he was working between the 17th and 16th day of November, 1912, after the strike at Merryville, when during a conversation with one of the guards, he (the guard) said "he would be glad if some of them g—d d—n B. of T. W. would start something; he would like to kill some of them, to set an

example, like they did at Grabow." He says to me, "you see George Gardiner or Jim Estes and be sworn in and help us kill them." George Gardiner would get us out of it.

R. L. AYCOCK.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of Dec., A. D., 1912. JAS. C. MEADOWS.
(Seal)

Statement of N. T. Smiley and Wm. Marsh Under Oath.
STATE OF LOUISIANA,
Parish of Calcasieu.

A Mr. Smith came to me (N. T. Smiley) and my friend (Wm. Marsh) and asked us if we wanted to work at Merryville, and we said yes, we would work. And then we asked about the conditions at Merryville and he (Smith) said there was no strike and no trouble at all and also said there was no stockade to put us in after we got there. In order to verify his (Smith's) statement he taken us before Gus. Martin (deputy sheriff) and had him tell us that everything Smith said was true. They then taken us on a train at DeRidder to come to Merryville, and then the train stopped at a cut some place between Neal and Merryville and he (Smith) told us to get off; so we got off and were met by some strikers who told us the strike was on, and after Smith strapped a big long six-shooter on him, we told him he told us a lie, and he said nothing, so we went on to town and found the conditions just the opposite of what Smith told us.

And a man who said he was a deputy sheriff and had charge of a gate to the stockade, said no man could go in or out without a pass issued by one James L. Estes for the Am. Lbr. Co.

NATHAN THOMAS SMILEY,
WILLIAM MARSH.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of Dec., 1912. JAMES C. MEADOWS,
Notary Public.

STATE OF LOUISIANA,
Parish of Calcasieu.

Before me, James C. Meadows, Notary Public, in and for the Parish of Calcasieu, State of Louisiana, on this day personally came and appeared E. B. Sanford, who upon his oath deposes, and says: That he came to Merryville about 10 days ago and that he got a job with the American Lumber Co.; that he received a pass from said company entitling him to pass at any point in the work day or night. That they told him that the wages paid was two dollars per day and up, but that they paid him \$1.75 and down to \$1.50 per day. That

they had guards all over the works; if you wasn't busy at work, you would have to show your pass to every guard you met. That they did not fail to work a man for his money.

E. B. SANFORD.
Sworn to and subscribed before me, James C. Meadows, at Merryville, La., this 31 day of Dec., A. D., 1912.

JAMES C. MEADOWS,
Notary Public.

Merryville, La., 12|12|12.
Before me, James C. Meadows, a Notary Public in and for the Parish of Calcasieu and State of Louisiana, on this day personally came and appeared Dec Sampson, who upon his oath, deposes, and says: That he was approached by one Williams, on Orleans Street, Beaumont, Texas, who asked him if he did not want to go to Merryville, to saw mill, that he would receive \$1.75 or \$2.00 per day, and that if he was a good man he would receive a raise. That he in company with others got aboard at Beaumont and came through to Merryville. That about two miles from Merryville a man came through the train and fastened down the windows and locked the doors. The conductor asked this man why he locked the doors; he answered, to keep any one from coming into the coach and talking with them; then the conductor told him that if he wanted his men he would have to guard them. This man then unlocked the doors. When the train was pulled beyond the station or between stations, when he with others was taken off the train and guarded with guns into the stockade with guns.

Hsi
DEE X SIMPSON.
Mark

Attest:
ED. LEHMAN,
C. T. BELT,
J. C. FRUZIA.

At the same time and place Louis Olande, who upon his oath says that the above statements are true and correct, and that in addition to above, says, J. L. Estes told them not to be afraid; that before any harm could come to them there would be some shooting done, and when they were placed inside the stockade, he told them they were safe.

That during the time he was in the stockade he saw the guards whip two colored fellows because they wanted to get out.

Attest:
ED. LEHMAN,
C. T. BELT,
J. C. FRUZIA.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of Dec., A. D., 1912. JAMES C. MEADOWS,
Notary Public.

STAND PAT, BOYS!

Chicago, Ill., January 4th, 1913.

Mr. Covington Hall,
Alexandria, La.

Fellow Worker:

Your wire of the 3rd inst. at hand and contents of the same carefully noted. In reply will state that a special appeal has been sent to all locals to make an extra effort to send funds into Merryville local. All Haywood Meetings West, are to be used to collect funds. With best wishes, I am

Yours for Industrial Freedom,

VINCENT ST. JOHN,
Gen. Sec'y-Treas., I. W. W.

A New Year's Call

To All Members of Forest and Lumber Workers.

Fellow Workers: For weeks and weeks the brave Lumberjacks have been on strike at Merryville, La. They have stood together as one man against Peonage and the Black-list of the American Lumber Co. The strikers aim to win and they will win the Merryville strike if only you will answer their call for help to feed their hungry wives and babies. They do not beg you, they Appeal to you for funds to keep them from actual starvation and they will carry this strike on to victory. Call a meeting of the members of your local, call on all workers who are not members, give them all a chance to contribute to the strikers. Form committees on every job for the purpose of raising funds and sending the same to the fighting Lumberjacks at Merryville. Remem-

ber, an injury to one is a concern of all; every struggle won by workers is one step nearer industrial freedom. Send donations to Lee Lovejoy, Secretary Strike Committee, Merryville, La.

JAY SMITH,
Sec'y Southern Dis't.

Trees don't care who fell them. They make just as good lumber when felled by the hands of a negro, a Hindoo, or any other race, as when coming from the hands of a white American citizen. In hiring men, employers pick according to muscle and skill, not nationality. The interests of all who work in the woods and mills are the same.—The Industrial Worker.

Boost "The Lumberjack." Subscribe today.

THE LUMBERJACK

Education
Organization
Emancipation



Freedom in
Industrial
Democracy

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NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL UNION OF FOREST AND LUMBER WORKERS—Southern District.

District Headquarters.....1194 Gould Avenue, Alexandria, Louisiana
A. L. Emerson.....General Organizer Southern District
Jay Smith.....Secretary Southern District
A. L. Guillory.....Treasurer Southern District

EXECUTIVE BOARD SOUTHERN DISTRICT:

Ed. Lehman, E. E. Shaw, E. L. Ashworth, P. M. Collins, D. R. Gordon.

Application made to enter as Second Class Mail Matter, January 9th, 1913, at the Post Office at Alexandria, La., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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.

EDITORIALS

SALUTATORY.

"The Lumberjack" is here. It comes to give voice to the interests of the Forest and Lumber Workers, to uphold their cause always and everywhere; to work for the overthrow of peonage and to establish Industrial Democracy throughout the South and Continent. It is owned and published by the Southern District of the National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers by and in behalf of its membership, but will champion the cause of all labor, recognizing that an injury to one is the concern of all. Its watchword shall be: "Education, Organization and Emancipation." Its dream, a free and happy race. It shall be a paper of the workers, by the workers and for the workers. As such, it appeals for your support.

THE "DEAD BROTHERHOOD."

The Brotherhood of Timber Workers is "dead" again! The New Orleans, La., "Daily Item" says so, and this time the screaming lady really tells the truth, but, as usual, only a part of it—a half truth, the worst form of lying on earth. The Brotherhood is "dead," but a stronger and mightier Union than ever was is here, for ere they "died" the Brotherhood and the Lumber Workers Industrial Unions of the Northwest begat a son called the National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers, whose dominion already stretches from Louisiana on the Gulf of Mexico to British Columbia on the Pacific Sea. The Brotherhood is "dead!" May it die some more! One more "death" that is as strenuous as the *thirteen* it has already "died," and the Southern Lumber Operators Association and its kept writers and its gunmen and detectives will all be in the bughouse, where they belong, or on the levees in the nice Zebra suits.

The Brotherhood is "dead!" Long live the National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers, the *One Big Union* of lumberjacks!

THE REBEL FARMERS OF THE SOUTH.

The working farmers of the South, the farmers who farm the farms, have always been a rebellious breed. They have never tamely submitted to tyranny and enslavement, as witness the fierce fight made by the Kentucky and Tennessee tobacco farmers against the Tobacco Trust and the splendid record of the Louisiana and Texas farmers in support of the lumberjacks in their long two years' battle against the Lum-

ber Trust. They are, these working farmers, a splendid breed, filled with a deathless love of liberty and zealots in the cause of true democracy. There will be no finer legion in Freedom's army that is now marshalling for the conquest of the world for the workers than these working farmers of the South. This is and has always been the belief of the writer. Like the Forest and Lumber and Oil Workers, they truly have "nothing but their chains to lose." When they find that the I. W. W.'s land motto is: "Whose the sweat, theirs the land;" that it has no hifalutin scheme of salvation to be imposed on them; that, while aiding them all it can in all their struggles, it will leave to farmers the solution of farm problems; that it considers no one a farmer except the man who tills and cultivates the soil; that it seeks to establish a free market between the workers, a system of exchange where the parasite cannot rob the producer; that all it asks of them is to take their place as an Industrial Union of Agriculture in the *One Big Union* of the Working Class and march on with all the children of Toil to industrial freedom in an Industrial Democracy, the working farmers of the South will be in the vanguard of the world's rebellious toilers. They are my people. I know them. This is my faith in them. They have never yet been found lacking or hanging back when human liberty was at stake, and so I say the place of the farmer proletarian of the South is in the *One Big Union*.

KIRBY BEATEN.

Editor Lumberjack:

Some time ago Fellow Worker Cline and yours truly went to Kirbyville, Texas, to hold a meeting, and in spite of the protestations of Kirby's suckers and hirelings we held the meeting and aroused great enthusiasm.

Some time about a week later the cockroach capitalists and Kirby suckers of Kirbyville got together and passed resolutions against the I. W. W., and in their petition they stated that the Socialist Party had repudiated the I. W. W., and declared themselves against its methods and principles.

The petition itself was a delusion and a snare, and when the working people learned that the I. W. W. was liable to put Kirbyville on the map, by starting a free speech fight and filling their jail, they began to renig, and wanted their names taken off. This action was opposed by company sucker Herndon, on the grounds that it was intended to keep any profane language from being used on the streets and not to hinder any man's right to free speech, but this veil was too thin, and a great number of the workers succeeded in having their names withdrawn. The seed sown by Fellow Worker Cline and myself had fallen on good ground and the sole topic of conversation among the workers in John Henry's mill has been the *One Big Union* and the question: "Are you going to join?" is on almost every tongue.

The workers in all of Kirby's mills are waking up to their economic interests and learning that being one of Kirby's "pals" does not mean more beans and bacon." Rumors have filtered out of Merryville, no doubt, that being a good citizen is not very profitable. The Good Citizens League here have been badly stung, and are neither fowl, flesh nor fish; the company has failed to appreciate their good work and are sending to Fort Worth and Beaumont for food supplies for the scabs; we have been hearing daily reports of dissatisfaction among them, and several have hinted that they were sorry for their mistake, and anxious to get back into the good graces of the Union boys. But the strikers, like the company, will not have anything to do with them, and I am afraid their membership in the Good Citizens (?) League is going to prove a costly investment. The boys are standing solidly and are determined to win this fight.

We wish for the greatest success for the newly born Lumberjack, and pledge our support in its editorial policy, and with it we expect to fight for complete Industrial Emancipation and the *One Big Union*.

Yours with Rebel greeting,

J. W. KELLY.

KANSAS MAID WILL HAVE RACE TRACK.

Kansas City, Dec. 3.—Miss Louisa Long, daughter of R. A. Long, a millionaire of this city, has announced that her father will build a private racing plant to cost a half million dollars on his 1200-acre farm near this city.

A half-mile race track will be made and the infield will be fitted up for polo. The plans include a large tan-bark area, where Miss Long, who is prominent in horse show circles, expects to exercise her horses.

A large country house will be built on the place. Miss Long said the improvements would be completed early next summer.—"Town Talk," Alexandria, La.

Race tracks and religion; gunmen and gospels; detectives and divinities; peonage and philanthropy—Carpenter of Nazareth, what a combination to be worked "in thy name!"

FINANCIAL REPORT.

The next issue of "The Lumberjack" will contain Treasurer Guillory's report for the year 1912 in full. Report of the Grabow Trial will follow. Keep posted. Read "The Lumberjack." Subscribe today.

Boost "The Lumberjack." Subscribe today.

Arouse, slaves of Lumber. Take that which belongs to you; ask for higher wages and shorter hours.—"The Free Press."

THE NEW AGE

The following article is Chapter XV of "THE RUINS OF EMPIRES," by C. F. Volney.

Scarcely had he finished these words, when a great tumult arose in the west; and turning to that quarter, I perceived, at the extremity of the Mediterranean, in one of the nations of Europe, prodigious movement—such as when a violent sedition arises in a vast city—a numberless people, rushing in all directions, pour through the streets and fluctuate like waves in the public places. My ear, struck with the cries which resounded to the heavens, distinguished these words:

What is this new prodigy? What cruel and mysterious scourge is this? We are a numerous people and we want hands! We have an excellent soil, and we are in want of subsistence. We are active and laborious, and we live in indigence! We pay enormous tributes, and we are told they are not sufficient! We are at peace without and our persons and property are not safe within. Who then, is the secret enemy that devours us?

Some voices from the midst of the multitude replied:

Raise a discriminating standard; and let all those who maintain and nourish mankind by useful labors gather round it; and you will discover the enemy that preys upon you.

The standard being raised, this nation divided itself at once into two bodies of unequal magnitude and contrasted appearance. The one, innumerable, and almost total, exhibited in the poverty of its clothing, in its emaciated appearance and sun-burnt faces, the marks of misery and labor; the other, a little group, an insignificant faction, presented in its rich attire embroidered with gold and silver, and in its sleek and ruddy faces, the signs of leisure and abundance.

Considering these men more attentively, I found that the great body was composed of farmers, artificers, all professions useful to society; and the little group was made up of priests of every order, of financiers, of nobles, of men in livery, of commanders of armies; in a word, of the civil, military, and religious agents of government.

These two bodies being assembled face to face, and regarding each other with astonishment, I saw indignation and rage arising in one side, and a sort panic in the other. And the large body said to the little one: Why are you separated from us? Are you not of our number?

No, replied the little group; you are the people; we are a privileged class, who have our laws, customs, and rights, peculiar to ourselves.

People: And what labor do you perform in our society?

Privileged Class: None: we are not made to work.

People: How, then, have you acquired these riches?

Privileged Class: By taking the pains to govern you.

People: What! Is this what you call governing? We toil and you enjoy! We produce and you dissipate! Wealth proceeds from us, and you absorb it. Privileged men! A class who are not the people; form a nation apart, and govern yourselves.

Then the little group, deliberating on this new state of things, some of the most honorable among them, said: We must join the people and partake of their labors and burdens, for they are men like us, and our riches come from them; but others arrogantly exclaimed: It would be a shame, an infamy, for us to mingle with the crowd; they are born to serve us. Are we not men of another race, the noble and pure descendants of the conquerors of this empire? This multitude must be reminded of our rights and its own origin.

The Nobles: People! know you not that our ancestors conquered this land, and that your race was spared only on condition of serving us? This is our social compact! this the government constituted by custom and prescribed by time.

People: O conquerors, pure of blood! show us your genealogies! we shall then see if what in an individual is robbery and plunder, can be virtuous in a nation.

And forthwith, voices were heard in every quarter calling out the nobles by their names; and relating their origin and parentage, they told how the grandfather, the great-grandfather, or even father, born traders and mechanics, after acquiring wealth in every way, had purchased their nobility for money; so but very few families were really of the original stock. See, said these voices! see these purse-proud commoners who deny their parents! See these plebeian recruits who look upon themselves as illustrious veterans and peals of laughter were heard.

And the civil governors said: these people are mild, and naturally servile; speak to them of the king and of the law, and they will return to their duty. People, the king wills, the sovereign ordains!

People: The king can will nothing but the good of the people; the sovereigns can only ordain according to law.

Civil Governors: The law commands you to be submissive.

People: *The law is the general will; and we will a new order of things.*

Civil Governors: You are then a rebel people.

People: A nation cannot revolt; tyrants only are rebels.

Civil Governors: The king is on our side; he commands you to submit.

People: Kings are inseparable from their nations. Our king cannot be with you; you possess only his phantom.

And the military governors came forward. The people are timorous, said they; we must threaten them; they will submit only to force. Soliders, chastise this insolent multitude.

People: Soldiers, you are of our blood! Will you strike your brothers, your relatives? If the people perish who will nourish the army?

And the soldiers, grounding their arms, said to the chiefs: We are likewise the people; show us the enemy!

Then the ecclesiastical governors said: There is but one recourse left. The people are superstitious; we must frighten them with the names of God and religion.

Our dear brethren! our children! God has ordained us to govern you.

People: Show us your credentials from God!

Priests: You must have faith; reason leads astray.

People: Do you govern without reason?

Priests: God commands peace! Religion prescribes obedience.

People: Peace supposes justice. Obedience implies conviction of a duty.

Priests: Suffering is the business of this world.

People: Show us the example.

Priests: Would you live without gods or kings?

People: We would live without oppressors.

Priests: You must have mediators, intercessors.

People: Mediators with God and the king! Courtiers, preachers and priests, your services are too expensive; we will henceforth manage our own affairs.

And the little group said: We are lost! the multitudes are enlightened.

And the people answered: You are safe; since we are enlightened we will commit no violence; we only claim our rights. We feel resentments, but we will forget them. We were slaves; we might command; but we only wish to be free, and liberty is but justice.

Volney's book was written in 1788. This method of forcing concessions from the capitalist class is exemplified in the arguments for industrial unionism; showing clearly the necessity for constructive education; for a literature of sterling worth in the industrial knowledge of taking over the industries of the world.

The chapter points out clearly that when the working class stand together as a class, and make their demands for the earth, no power now known can prevent the transformation, to Industrial Democracy.

Our advice to the workers is, "Unite, now for victory, into ONE BIG UNION of class-conscious toilers and get ready to own the earth.—"The Free Press."

WHAT'S A SCAB?

By W. M. Witt.

The "scab" is a tool of the Master class,
He acts with less sense than a young Jackass.
He'll work from six to half-past eight;
He's what is know nas a cheap labor skate.

His boss will jolly him and maybe give him a drink;
Then the Ass he feels *big*, that's because he *don't* think.
He is *easily* managed by the people who rule,
And they know how to handle *just* such a fool.

Some "scabs" wear white collars and some overalls.
They tremble in their boots when the boss calls.
They are *ready* to lick the boots of their boss,
To do so with them is *not* the least cross.

When the "scab" is *deeply* buried, improvements you'll see.
He's a curse to his country and *always* will be.
When he's dead and forgotten the world will be *brighter*.
Conditions improve and our burdens grow *lighter*.

Of the "scab" I suppose I've said *quite* enough.
Should I say any more some might think me too rough.
My opinion of the "scab" in words I *can't* tell—
Suffice it to say, his home is in *Hell!*

PSALM "23," MODERN VERSION.

The politician is my shepherd. I shall not want for anything during any campaign. He leadeth me into the saloon for my vote's sake. He filleth my pocket with good cigars; my cup of beer runneth over. He inquireth concerning my family, even unto the fourth generation. Yea, though I walk through the mud and rain to vote for him, and shout myself hoarse when he is elected, yet straightway he forgetteth me. Although I meet him in his own house he knoweth me not. Surely, the wool has been pulled over mine eyes all the days of my life and I shall dwell in the house of a chump forever.—"The Rebel."

THE FIGHTING PRESS.

In the great battle to save Emerson and his associates from judicial murder and in the titanic struggle to overthrow the infamous peonage system the Lumber Kings and Land Lords have established in the South, six great papers deserve special mention, thanks and praise. They are:

The Industrial Worker,
Solidarity,
The Rebel,
The International Socialist Review,
The Rip-Saw,
The Coming Nation.

But for the fierce fight put up by these great "voices of the people," the Southern Oligarchy would have been able to commit once more the deeds it has so often done in the dark in years gone by. Brothers of the New Age, we salute and thank you!

"The fight is on,—on with the fight!"

Yours for Industrial Freedom,

ALL THE LUMBERJACKS.

Boost "The Lumberjack." Subscribe today.

THE WORLD WILL

BY COVINGTON HALL.

Hear me, ye who sit in purple splendor 'round old Mammon's throne!

Hear me, all ye sons of Moloch, ye who make the race to mourn!

Hear me, too, ye tinsel marshals heading their embattled slaves!

Hear me, too, ye pand'ring statesmen guarding where their black flag waves!

Hear me, all ye hireling teachers, all ye priesthoods who have sold

Truth, the Holy Spirit, and have turned Love's glowing words to gold!

Hear me, all ye House of Mammon, all who bend at Moloch's shrine,

We, the workers, soon are coming in a fury all divine!

Heart-aflame and by love driven, nation-parted now no more
We are gath'ring for the battle that the seers foretold of yore;
From all peoples we are coming, far and wide the world around,

And the fight shall not be ended 'till the last slave's freedom found;

There shall be, when we have finished, for all children home and hearth,

And the songs of happy mothers shall be heard throughout the earth;

There shall be no fallen women, there shall be no broken men,

There shall be no homeless outcasts on the broad earth's bosom then!

All the steel that now surrounds you, naked-handed we shall break;

All the laws that now protect you, these as nothing we shall make;

All the words of your false prophets unto you shall be as dust;

And the spider seal the temples where your stricken idols rust;

All your gilded, glitt'ring savagery our hands shall sweep away,

And the maidens ye have ruined shall demand of you their pay;

All your monstrous art shall perish from the earth's insulted plain,

All your reeking hovel cities shall go back to hell again!

There shall be no king above us, there shall be no slave below.
There, in Labor's grand Republic, only freedom we shall know!

We are gathering, we are coming, far and wide the world around,

Truth the northstar of our legions, all the earth our battle ground!

Arming, coming in love-anger, marching forward by its light,

Coming, coming hungry-hearted for the long expected fight!

Coming, coming from our thralldom, coming victors over all!

We have heard the World Will speaking, we have heard the Race-Soul call!

THE PROLETARIAT'S PRAYER.

Oh! Mother Nature, thou bountiful provider of all the good things of life, we approach thy throne today, not in meekness and humility, as do the ignorant and the hypocritical, when they offer homage to their brutal and inconsistent Deity, but with uplifted head and proud seeing eye, our vision undimmed, even though a veritable rain of BULLICON has been (and is yet) falling in our midst for thousands of years, designed by our enemies, the CAPITALISTS and the Preying Preachers, and Cruel Fawning Priests, to obscure our vision of the only fact that concerns us, THE ECONOMIC QUESTION.

We beseech thee to open the eyes of our unseeing Fellow Workers, through your agents, the I. W. W. Organizers and Jawsmiths and Rebel Writers, that they may realize your unstinted generosity in the way you have distributed your stores for their entertainment, and cease allowing a set of well organized and cruel parasites, to rob them of all thy gifts, in the name of that mythical Deity of the Capitalist's creation, whose blind worship by our empty headed Fellow Workers, has caused so much suffering, and the perpetration of so many cruel deeds upon the Working Class.

In the name of the first Revolutionist and leader of the down trodden, the Carpenter of Nazareth, whose very history has been falsely chronicled by the Despoilers and their historians, who have falsely portrayed him as a Son of this Brutal God of Gold, in order to deter any other from imitating him in an effort to free the working class, we beg of you to inculcate a spirit of reprisal into the Workers, that they might rise up in their might, put their torture on the tobaggan of destruction, and take possession of the machinery of production and thy rich gifts that are scattered about us in such abundant profusion.

All of this and more do we ask in the name of the I. W. W. and the Revolutionary Working Class.

Let them inscribe on their banner the revolutionary motto of the great agnostic, Thomas Jefferson: "The world belongs by right of use to the living." Amen.

PHINEAS EASTMAN.

Boost "The Lumberjack." Subscribe today.

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for the workers to organize in the mine and shop; on the railroad, ship and ferry, to get the things they must have to live, it is useless for any part of the working class to use the stock in trade capitalist arguments to forestall the onward march of this awakened working class. The workers are going to emancipate themselves, and they are going to use the weapons, the methods and tactics best suited to their wishes. Unity, alone, can win.

It's a cinch to be passive, but it takes nerve to be a "direct actionist."

Industrial unionism is the logical form of economic organization for the working class. Get out on the firing line and help organize the unorganized; the organized workers will then endorse industrial organization. Reason: forced to.

THE I. W. W.

By Covington Hall.

The old order changes and passes away and, as the child is conceived in the mother's womb, grows and is born, so, in the womb of the old order, the new society is conceived, grows and is born. So moves the world in which we live, so, too, the limitless, undying universe. Cycle on cycle of everlasting change, of conception, growth, birth, of *thought, evolution, Revolution*,—the new forever being born, the old forever dying. This, *eternal change*, is the eternal law of life. There is nothing fixed. Everything is in a state of flux. You are either growing or decaying, moving upward or downward, breasting the flood or sinking on the ebb tide of the oceans of life. Nothing stands still. Nothing is motionless. Atoms, planets, stones, suns, souls, societies and systems alike obey the law of eternal change. There is no stillness, death nor darkness in the universe. Action, Life and Light are everywhere. If you would live, you must act, if you would act, you must have light.

And, so, thus begins the great Preamble:

"The working class and the employing class have nothing in common." This is the naked fact, the bitter truth rebellious "hands" have thrown into the teeth of the Masters of the World. This is the rock on which is building the One Big Union.

"The revolutionary movement of the working class," says Debs, "will date from the year 1905, from the organization of the INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD."

And revolution is but the submerged in action, seeking life, striving toward the light; it is that which is already in the womb of time struggling to be born, to obey the law of eternal change. And, so, Revolution is but the climax of necessity, the point at which the new definitely breaks from the old and becomes a law unto itself. Without revolution humanity would stagnate and society perish from inaction. It is those peoples who have the capacity to most quickly adjust themselves to the law of eternal change who have become the great people of the earth. In modern times France has been the headquarters of Revolution and, so, France is today called "The soul of the world." They who fear revolution, fear action, life and light, freedom, truth and justice. Revolution is but the child of necessity and, so, the I. W. W. was born. Thus being, it is not strange that the first words of its first proclamation drove home the hard, cold fact of the class struggle in this direct and vivid language:

"The working class and the employing class have nothing in common."

Then, boldly, follows an arraignment of the old order and all that it is. In crushing sentences Capitalism, its unions, its economies, its ethics, all are spurned and damned and, then, in a brilliant climax, its abolition is decreed and the mission of the working class proclaimed. Nowhere in that epic making declaration of principles, The Preamble of the I. W. W., is there a word of compromise or apology. Defiantly it proclaims the all-sufficiency of the working class unto itself, its *MIGHT* the *only RIGHT*, its *POWER* the final argument, itself the master of its destiny, the Supreme Architect of its fate.

That from its birth dated the birth of the "revolutionary movement of the working class" is witnessed by the unanimity with which the old order swarmed to the attack on the I. W. W. As one Business, Church and State, Capitalists, priests and politicians, of all shades, beliefs and parties, made common cause against this menace to their interests, this, the only *real Union* of the working class. There was not a single exception to this rule and there will be none, for,—the I. W. W. was and is the Society Revolution, the Industrial Democracy born, awake to all its interests, fighting for the World for the Workers.

(To Be Continued.)

Boost "The Lumberjack." Subscribe today.

ORGANIZE!

"Organization is Power." In the world of today, there is no other power. Today, you organize or perish. The day of the rifle, the club and the black-snake whip, no matter what the Southern Lumber Operators Association may do or think, is passed, and passed forever. There is no earthly force that can today resist the Power of *Organized Labor*, for all society is at labor's mercy in this organized world of today. Therefore, *Organize!* But let the workers stand together in *One Big Union* for a single week, and the New Age, the freedom of the race, is an accomplished fact! Organize!

