

THE LUMBERJACK

"AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL"

VOLUME I. * MIGHT IS RIGHT * ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1913. * TRUTH CONQUERS * No. 4

GUNMEN DESECRATE CHURCH AT MERRYVILLE

Merryvillains Desperate.

Steal bell clapper from I. W. W. church in effort to silence the One Big Union.

Price of scab herders advancing, but scabs still scarce.

Old nesters getting restless; want to know by what right Kirby and the British Plunderbund send armed thugs into Louisiana, and why they are commissioned to hunt down, starve and murder our people. Jim Estes and his Grabow heroes getting uneasy. So are the scabs and a strike of the strikebreakers would surprise nobody. Company's escaped convicts say they would rather be on the levees than in the Santa Fe's bullpen. Mills still "running," sawing "holler" logs, and shipping imaginary lumber. Santa Fe's veteran strikebreaker on the job accuses I. W. W. of furnishing scientific scabs to the American Lumber Co. Said, when Kirby desired the awful accusation, that "the damn scoundrels acted like it anyhow; took four of them to do one man's work, and then it wasn't half done." It's awful. But, cheer up, old hoss, the worst is yet to come!

"Curfew Shall Not Ring."

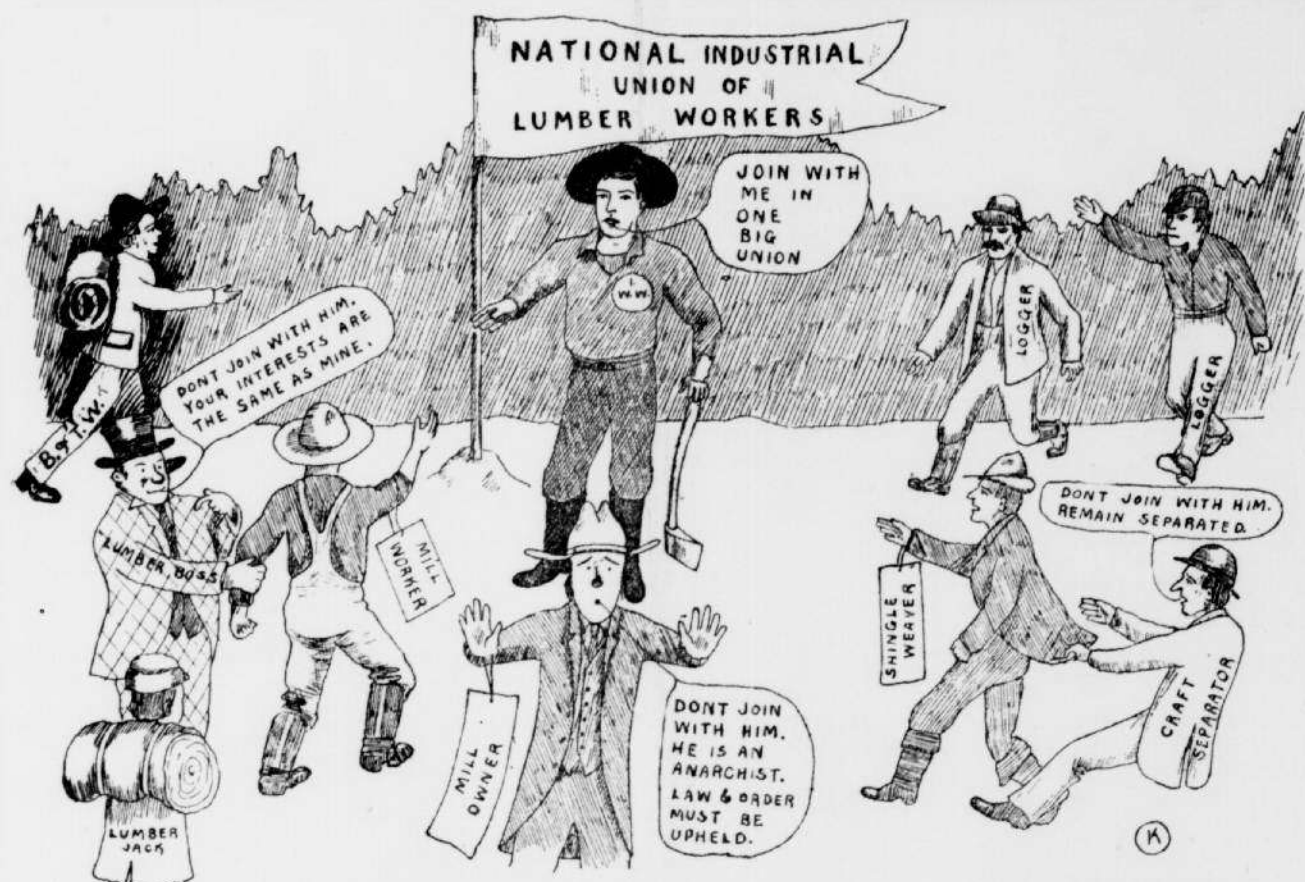
Report of S. S. No. 33: "Last Saturday night the grand and noble Jim Estes assisted by the bright ideated officials of the American Lumber Co. evolved another great scheme to silence the One Big Union, and had some of their 'Good Citizens' League' donkeys steal the clapper out of the bell in the church where we hold our meetings, so we would be unable to call the faithful to their daily prayers; but, though the tocsin was silenced, our Father I. W. W. heard the voices of his children and many sinners have been converted, many scabs have been made into men, and have left the convict camps swearing to return no more, but to carry the gospel of the One Big Union to all such as dwell in the outer darkness of Mississippi, the cypress swamps and in all places where-soever from now on they may hobo."

A company sucker, acting the role of Bessie in "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight" must have been an entertaining sight, but this latest stunt of the geniuses of the Association came near succeeding in its dark design—the I. W. W.'s nearly laughed themselves to death and THEN, SURE ENOUGH, the American Lumber Co. would be singing harder than ever: "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me, But You Never Saw Me Saw." You had better be careful, Cheeld Gardner, and not make us laugh that way any more. Please, sir, don't. The I. W. W. wants that mill to run, and means to run it, but if you kill us off how can we help you? And if we don't run it, the mill will rot on its foundations, and then the Santa Fe will fire YOU and the poor gunmen and detectives, and the "Good Citizen Leaguers" will starve to death, and just think, what a terrible calamity THAT would be. Dear, dear Cheeld, we pray of you to be more careful of the interests of the Bandit-bund.

Report of S. S. 44.

Bribes of all kinds are in evidence. The American Lumber Co. is telling the skidmen and loaders whom they have that if they will stand by the company they will pay them a bonus so the "officials" and "peace officers" have been "instructed" to pay some men \$50 and some \$100 to be "trustful servants" and, lo! and behold! the "trusted servants have left for lands unknown, much to the discomfort of the American Lumber Co.'s pocketbook.

Some few days ago, to the great surprise of the "boss," after the small mill started up at 7 a. m., at 8 p. m. it blow-



RALLY ROUND THE FLAG BOYS! ON TO MERRYVILLE!

SONG OF LABOR.

By Frank J. Hayes.

Arise from your couch of slumber,
And fetter your limbs no more,
For the loss of time is a social crime
When the wolf stalks at your door.
Out of the mill and workshop,
Out of the deadly mine,
In a solid array, take heart today
And march on the firing line.
For the world is moving forward,
And the cringing slave is dead,
And the blood and tears of a thousand years,
Mark well the goal ahead;
And the dream of the martyr'd teacher,
And the prayer of the ancient sage,
Shall live again in the hearts of men,
In the light of the coming age.

liver to the hirelings. As for the breach in the wall, it was broken down to the ground and, after a street meeting last night, with a large majority of the scabs present, which meeting was purely educational for the scabs, we see a great calamity for the boss, for those who understood saw light and say they will not scab on any one any more. In speaking of free men and contradicting any and all statements given out by Judge Overton, District Attorney Edwards, Sparks, the gunman, and all suckers belonging to the Progressive League of Merryville, we wish to state that if they are free men who are being employed by the American Lumber Co., why did they bring their gunmen up to guard all the negroes on the Company gallery and forbid any of them to come anywhere around the meeting? All this being done by the gunmen makes rebels ten times faster out of the scabs than anything we could ever do. Thanks for this little game of cards, for we saw their hand and exposed it, too. Now that we have the scabs thinking and trying to guess what side of the fence they are on, all we have to do is wait for results. Since last report we got out 79 negroes and 12 whites, and the boss can't get any more. No wonder they want to compromise. This is the time when the light shines brightest for us, when it darkens on the Am. Lbr. Co.

FRAUD NOTICE!

All Forest and Lumber Workers of the Southern District take notice! I hereby warn you to beware of men who claim to be representatives of this organization unless they show credentials with signature of Secretary and Seal of this office. It is reported to this office by good authority that one J. T. Barrett is traveling through the northern portion of this State reinstating old members of the organization for \$1.50 each. It is also reported that he is taking subscriptions for the Rip-Saw and giving music on the side. He also claims that another man named Kelly, who is in Ruston, La., is also an organizer. Neither of them are agents of this organization. Pay them nothing.

The only man by the name of Kelly who represents this organization is J. W. Kelly at Merryville, La., and J. W. Kelly has credentials with signature of Secretary and Seal of this office as his authority for organizing or working in other capacities.

All Workers Beware of Frauds.

Pay no money to any one who cannot show credentials with the signature of Secretary and Seal of this office on it. Send the names and description of all men and women who are trying to collect initiation fees and dues, or who are claiming to be organizers or agents for this organization, and who can not show credentials signed and sealed at this office.

NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL UNION OF FOREST AND LUMBER WORKERS

Jay Smith,

Sec'y Southern Dist.

A SUCKER'S PRAYER.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Boss my job to keep;
And tho' I die of overwork,
I'll show the Boss I'll never shirk;
And tho' he ties on me a can
I'll never be a Union man;
For, wrong or right, his is the Rum,
And I am nothing but a bum.
Amen.

REBELS!

Don't forget the boys on the battle line at Merryville, that their families must eat while they are fighting.

Stand by and help win a great victory over peonage!

Send all funds and provisions to C. CLINE, Secty., Merryville, La.

PORT ARTHUR LABORERS STRIKE

To All Members of Organized Labor and Others Whom It May Concern:

A controversy has existed relative to conditions of employment and wage scale between the Texas Company and its employees at the Canning Plant of said company in this city.

All efforts have been put forth by the organization affected. Local representatives and general representatives of A. F. of L., to adjust the matters in dispute, by conciliation, or conference by both parties involved, all propositions offered by the representatives of Organized Labor, have been denied by the Manager of said plant representing the Texas Company.

Mr. Drake, the manager above referred to, has taken the position, at each interview, that there is NOTHING TO ADJUST. His contention is that the Company intends to treat all grievances through the different foremen and individual employees, DENYING THE RIGHT OF THE EMPLOYEES to be represented through a Committee, or any other Representative of Organized Labor, therefore leaving the employees without any protection from their fellow workmen, or their Union, and absolutely at the mercy of the foreman of each department.

Representatives of Organized Labor requested Mr. Drake to put the men who were discharged back to work, which was denied. He was also requested to take the matter of a Wage Scale and adjust various reductions that had been made with a committee of his employees. THIS ALSO WAS REFUSED.

Therefore it is evident this Company does not intend to treat its employees in the spirit of FAIRNESS AND JUSTICE, nor to recognize Organized Labor in any way when a grievance occurs in its plant.

We take this method to notify all Union Men, and all other Workmen, to cease work at this plant and stay away from the same plant, and advise their friends to do so, until this trouble is satisfactorily adjusted.

We ask the assistance of all Organizations in the City of Port Arthur, and elsewhere, to aid and assist financially and morally (and all others who sympathize) the members of Local Union No. 12,943, to help win this fight.

Organized Labor stands ready and willing at any time to meet with the representatives of this Company and adjust by conciliation or arbitration the matter in dispute.

By order of LABORERS' PROTECTIVE UNION NO. 12,943.

Approved by Port Arthur Trades and Labor Council.

J. T. ALLISON,
President.

EDW. CUNNINGHAM,
Special Organizer A. F. of L.

C. B. MAITREJEAN,
President Trades Council.

Send contributions to AL. RICH
Box 442, Port Arthur, Texas.

THE LUMBERJACK

Education
Organization
Emancipation



Freedom in
Industrial
Democracy

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A. L. Guiliory.....Treasurer Southern District

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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.

PLEASE NOTE.

In sending money for the paper do not mix it with monies intended for the organization, as the paper carries a separate account. Cash must accompany all subscriptions and bundle orders. Make all checks and money orders payable to The Lumberjack.

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 the 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 the same 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.

TO ALL MEMBERS.

Pay no money to any one for Dues or Assessments unless a stamp is placed on your membership book therefor. The stamp is your only receipt for Dues and Assessments, and your only evidence that you are a member of the Union. Unless your book is correctly stamped up to date, you will not be recognized as a Union member, either in the Southern or Western District. All Local Secretaries have, or should have, on hand a supply of stamps. Insist that your book be stamped for every time you pay or have paid your Dues and Assessments. A book is the only evidence you have paid your Initiation fee.

This notice is issued because the General Organization and its Local Unions have lost hundreds of dollars thru the members failing to insist that Secretaries place dues and assessment stamps in their book at the time payment was made. Cease this loose method. Demand a book when you pay your Initiation fee and a stamp every time you pay Dues and Assessments.

N. I. U. of F. & L. W.

By Jay Smith,
Secy. Southern District.

EDITORIALS

WE MUST HAVE SHORTER HOURS.

The reason why is plain. Improvements in methods of production are the cause of unemployment. The establishment of a *National eight hour work day* would not only tend to reduce the army of unemployed, and the opportunities for the boss to get strike-breakers, but it would also tend to abolish bread lines, Charity institutions, Rock Piles, Chain-Gangs, employment office sharks, and all other scab herding institutions. The workers would enjoy more time for education, entertainment and pleasure. Competition for jobs would decrease, the wages would increase, and the living conditions of all workers would improve. How? By class action. In order to act together as a class we must organize into One Big Union without regard to race, sex, flag, age, politics or religion, and set a day for action. We must ignore the boss entirely and just begin to *work eight hours only* when that date arrives. We will not go out on strike unless we have to. If the employers declare war we will then be *organized* and no power on earth can make effective war on an *organized* working class. When? The I. W. W. has decided to carry on an agitation until sufficient power can be developed to enforce it with the *ONE BIG UNION*. It depends upon our own preparations and action. We, the workers, have got to do it ourselves. Not trust to misleaders. *GET BUSY. GET POWER. JOIN THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD.*

"EDUCATION" OR "LEADERS."

Perhaps the most deplorable fact which confronts the workers today is their desire to be led. On every hand comes calls for organizers and speakers. "We want some one to show us what to do," is an every-day declaration of the working class that wishes to free itself from industrial bondage. There seems to be forever that desire to be led.

This is the thing that has been fatal to many labor unions. A labor union that does not educate its own membership is surely not able to educate those who know nothing of the organization. The organization that wins is the one that educates its entire membership until each integral part can lead itself in such a way as not to conflict with the other part.

A member should so train himself that he can act in harmony with every other member, and know why he acts, and the other member should be able to know what is being done without asking. This can be done and is done with an intelligent membership. For instance, in case of a strike, and pickets are needed, it shouldn't be necessary to call meeting or see a picket captain. The member should instinctively go to picketing and send for another member to relieve him. This with an intelligent membership, is easy; with an uneducated one, an impossibility.

Again if some grievance exists in the shop or mill, the members must be able to handle the situation themselves, and not wait for any organizer, as the wait may mean a lost strike and possible victory gone entirely. But to blunder out and strike without knowing how or when and what effect it will have on the organization in general is a crime, as it may destroy, not only the local, but the possibility of organizing other locals in that section.

The membership must acquaint themselves with the every-day workings of the organization and the fundamental principles underlying the organization, and have the ability to judge their own strength in their locality.

No body of men combined together can get concerted action unless each one understands why and for what they are combined. No person can listen to one, two or ten labor speeches and learn the entire principles of the organization of which they are a part, nor can one, two, or ten organizers control the actions of a thousand workers. Nor is an organizer with the experience of dozens of strikes as valuable to an uneducated membership as he is to one that understands.

It is the workers on the job that must win the strikes, and they must be educated to win. These things are absolutely necessary: Read the Preamble of the I. W. W. until you understand it. Then read as much as possible on the class struggle. Read such pamphlets as, "Why Strikes Are Lost and How to Win;" "The History, Methods and Structure of the I. W. W.;" "The One Big Union;" "How Capitalism Has Hypnotized Society;" "Value, Price and Profit;" "Anti Patriotism," and other standard pamphlets on "Industrial Unionism." Subscribe to "The Lumberjack" and know of current events in the South. Know what is doing in labor circles. Then, if you can, get the "Industrial Worker," P. O. Box 2129, Spokane, Wash., and "Solidarity," Drawer 622, New Castle, Pa., each \$1.00 per year. Learn what labor is doing. That is your duty as a member. Learn the fundamental principles of the I. W. W. That is your duty as a member. When a speaker is billed for your place, advertise it. That is your duty as a member. When a man wants a card, see that he gets it. That is your duty as a member.

Educate yourself so you can educate others, so they can educate others; then it will be easy to win our strikes.

An intelligent membership can win. An ignorant membership can not win with a hundred organizers.

Educate yourself, it's your duty.

ITA EST.

The difference between the man who steals a junkpile of old clothes from a hotel and one who steals a forest from the commonwealth, is—Three years on the levees for the first, six years in the United States Senate for the last.

My son, when you steal, steal like a gentleman, not like a criminal, for "the hand that swipes the boodle is the hand that rules the world."

Seest thou the statue of blindfolded Justice on top of yon courthouse? Verily, verily I say unto you, it is a good thing for the judges she is in the fix she is.

HEAREST THOU?

Hearest thou the voice of "Red Tom" Hickey Rebel-ling up from the plains of Texas, calling on you to rise in One Big Union of Agricultural Workers and syndicate the farms before the Land Lords syndicate you, ye Renters and Cotton Pickers? Yes? Well, damn you, rise! Do it today. Tomorrow you may be but breakfast for the worms. Rise!

HAIL PORT ARTHUR LONGSHOREMEN!

Press dispatches state that the Port Arthur, Tex., Longshoremen have refused to handle the shipments of The Texas Company (Standard Oil) until that concern settles with its striking Laborers. That's the way to do it, boys! To stand by your class as the capitalists stand by theirs. To stick together, to fight as one,—THAT, and not a piece of paste-board called a "union card," THAT is what proves us UNION MEN. THAT, all the workers, standing by each other all the time in ONE BIG UNION, THAT is the

mission and the dream of the I. W. W. THAT'S the "direct action" that will get the goods and send the capitalist class on its knees begging for "terms!"

NOW let the Railroad Trainmen prove THEIR right to be called UNION MEN—LET THEM QUIT SCABBING ON THE LUMBERJACKS AT MERRYVILLE—LET THEM REFUSE TO HANDLE THE PRODUCT OF THE AMERICAN LUMBER COMPANY UNTIL IT QUITS FIGHTING THEIR CLASS—OR LET THEM KEEP LOSING IT.

Hail to the fighting Longshoremen of Port Arthur! for they indeed be MEN, UNION MEN, MEN whose place is in the I. W. W.!

I'D LIKE TO BE A SAVAGE.

By Notgnivoc, The Barbarian.

I'd like to be a savage fer a little while agen,
En go out in the forests where there ain't no business men;
Where I'd never hear the clatter uv their factories and things,

But jest the low, soft buzzin' uv the hummin's crimson wings,
The dronin' uv the bumble bees, en ol' behwhite's luvin' call
To his mate acrost the medders when the leaves begin to fall.

I'd like to be a savage, ur a barefoot boy agen,
A-roamin' thru the clover, where there ain't no business men;
Where the whole derned tribe is strangers, en their dollars en their dimes

Don't never 'sturb the music o' the gurgling water-rhymes;
Where a feller's heart kin nestle close to Mother Natur's breast,
En the orioles en redbirds sing his tired soul to rest.

I'd like to be a savage, en uncivilized agen,
A member uv a nation where there ain't no business men;
Where no wimmen folks ain't driven to the sweatshops every day;

En the children don't do nuthin', 'cept run en romp en play;
Where the dollar ain't ez mitey ez the song the mockin' sings,
En a feller's heart ain't hurted when he stops to think o' things.

WHAT UNION HAS DONE.

"What has the Union ever done?" This question is often asked of Forest and Lumber Workers, especially and eagerly by their enemies, the Bosses and their stool-pigeons. It is a companion to their old worn out declaration "The Brotherhood is dead." Both the question and declaration are, of course, interested to discourage the workers from joining and aiding in the upbuilding of the Union. All workers should remember this in the future. If the Union had never done anything for the workers, why are the Bosses fighting it so and why are they so anxious to prove it "dead?"

"THERE'S A REASON."

Let us see what it is, why the Bosses want you to believe the Union is a failure. This is what the Union has done:

First, It has forced the Association to advance the wages of "common labor" 25c a day and more thru out West Louisiana and East Texas and the fear of it has stopt the progressive lowering of the wage rate that was being practiced thru out the Southern Timber Belt and has started an upward tendency everywhere.

Second, It has cut the work-day down to ten hours over a wide territory where before it had been eleven, twelve and more hours long.

Third, It has forced a big reduction in rents, commissary prices, insurance, doctor and hospital fees, even having abolished, in many places, the last three grafts entirely.

Fourth, It has forced a two weeks, and in some places a weekly, payday and compelled the Companies to ease up on the discount graft.

Fifth, It has advanced the price for log-cutting and forced a more honest scale thru out the "infected territory."

Sixth, It won the Grabow trial, freed Emerson and his associates, and defeated every politician who belonged to the Pujo Persecution, except "Gus" Martin, and it hasn't forgotten him.

Seventh, It has held the Southern Lumber Operators Association up before the eyes of the civilized world and is forcing it to abandon its system of government by assassination.

Eighth, It has brought light where there was darkness, hope where there was despair, and has doomed peonage to destruction. This, not to say anything about "free barbecues," "free flags," "free excursions" and "free John Henry orations," nor to mention the army of gunmen, detectives and kept writers it has caused the Association to employ, this is partly what the Union has done, and this, and what it will do in the future, is why the Bosses are so anxious to make you believe it has never done anything and is "dead." They don't want you to join it and get \$3.00 per day in United States money for an eight hour day, as you can easily do in less than two years if you will join the One Big Union of Forest and Lumber Workers and stand up and be a man—a Union man—an I. W. W.

A BARGAIN.

"The Lumberjack" and "The Industrial Worker," both, for \$1.50 per year. Or "The Lumberjack," "The Industrial Worker" and "Solidarity," all three, for \$2.25 per year—the three greatest labor papers published in America. Keep posted on labor's fight for liberty.

THE PRETORIUM MUST BE DESTROYED

"Gompers Gives Views of I. W. W."

Washington, Jan. 21.—[The interview had been pounding along for an hour or more toward the last question. He was smoking a thick, dark cigar, the odor of which suggested Porto Rico, or it may have been Connecticut.

"Where," I asked, "did the organization known as the Industrial Workers of the World originate?"

"In a lunatic asylum," said Samuel Gompers, "the grand old man of labor," as he is called. He stopped, and looked at me across his orderly desk, but went no further at the moment.

A little earlier he had said: "The socialists hold out the hope of wonderful things in the sweet bye and bye. Union labor wants a taste of heaven now, today."

"The socialists," another person in the audience had previously observed, "are like a certain kind of pickles and preserves—they are split into fifty-seven varieties. And what have they ever done constructively? Nothing up to the present time. They tried to run Milwaukee, failed, and the voters turned them out."

"You referred to the Industrial Workers as an organization," Mr. Gompers presently said in continuation of his answer. Smoke hung over his head until he looked, shoulders upward, much like a smudging brush heap of early spring. "It is not an organization; it is a conglomeration. Union labor believes in the doctrine of natural evolution. The socialists look off and into the future, and think they behold an ideal state of matters for the enjoyment of coming generations. The Industrial Workers of the World seek to upset everything—labor, capital and government."

"Union labor is constructive; the Industrial Workers are destructive. Union labor builds on what is now in existence, seeing a better day when the world shall be a perfectly splendid place in which to live. But," and the Gompersian jaw, huge and warlike, burst through the smoke like the prow of a ship in a fog, "union labor maintains that the physical, material, political, moral and social uplift of American workers should begin in the present and not be postponed until those who are living and battling are dead."

The above "interview" with "the grand old man of labor," appeared Jan. 22d, in the Lake Charles, La., "American Press," one of the official organs of Congressman Puke-O and the Sawdust Ring.

"Gompersian Jaw."

Thus, after "pounding along for an hour or more," saith "the Gompersian jaw," The Industrial Workers of the World originated "in a lunatic asylum." "The Industrial Workers of the World is not an organization; it is a conglomeration." "The Industrial Workers of the World seek to upset everything—labor, capital and government." "The Industrial Workers are destructive." Whew! Gee-whiz! Ker-bang! Good-gawd-a-mitey! Dat sho' is some jaw-namiting!

Asleep in a Fog.

You will note, however, gentle reader, that, as usual, "the grand old man of labor" was seeing things "through the smoke," while "he looked, shoulders upward, much like a smudging brush heap of early spring," which, however, should not be construed as an insinuation that "the G. O. M. L." is trying to blow smoke in the eyes of the awakening workers, but rather as an insinuation that "the Gompersian" system is suffering from a bad case of senile debility, complicated with acute egomania and muttitis.

On Second Thought.

Gompersian Jaw, you are right—the I. W. W. did "originate" "in a lunatic asylum." Men who were afraid of losing their minds and guts completely if they stayed in your crazy house any longer, got out of it and organized the Industrial Workers of the World, which is "a conglomeration" only to "labor leaders" who do not believe the rank and file have sense enough to act for themselves and whose "generalship" has resulted in a series of "brilliant victories" for,—the Bosses.

"Forward! Backward!"

"Right! Left! Forward! Backward! Split in two! March both ways!"

This order was given by a Spanish American war militia colonel to his regiment when he met an express train coming down a track the regiment was going up and he didn't know how-in-hell else to avoid the unheroic death he had generated the patriots up against. The regiment, of course, didn't know what in the devil to do and went all to pieces, each man, squad and company, all, as it were, made separate contracts to get off the track within the quickest possible time limit, and they gat, each man for himself and the Mogul take the hindmost. That order "G. O. M. L." reminds me of the orders that are being issued by you and your lieutenants in the crisis now confronting society to the regiments of labor that an Unwise Providence has unfortunately placed under your command.

There was some excuse for the militia colonel, for he was a politician, and was drunk when he gave the order, but, can as much be said for you and your subalterns?

The "57 Varieties."

If, as your end man chirped in, "the socialists are split into fifty-seven varieties" and, therefore, couldn't even "run Milwaukee," which, by the way, your apologists, the Bergerlists, and not the Socialists, tried to run, then how in the name of Cholly Moyer can you speak of the American Separation, divided into 116 varieties of craft unions, two-thirds of them dead and the balance commanded by bughouse politico-religio,—economic militia colonels, as "Union labor?"

How, in the name of Billy Sunday's syndicated God, if the "57 varieties" of Bergerlists couldn't run the famous Bierhaus, how can 116 varieties of craft-cardists run the North American labor movement?

A New Science.

"Union labor believes in the doctrine of natural evolution." Some new science that. Jawn Hoohoo Kirby in the wildest flights of his Florrytine flub-dub, never beat it. Its the greatest discovery made since Feethajar found out that "murder is murder," the most revolutionary doctrine proclaimed since Hilquitt doctored Marx, since Job Harriman jobbed the jobhunters.

"Natural evolution?" Say, Sam, is the Buncebund locoed or dus daunphools, which?

Beat It!

"Take down your sign! It should no longer hang, You locoed leader of a locoed gang!"

Ann-ork-ists, Py Golly!

"The Industrial Workers of the World seek to upset everything—labor, capital and government." That is a goddamlie. You well know, you Hannaized old fossil, that what the I. W. W. seeks to "upset" is the Separation of labor, the Capitalization of toil, the Government of the workers by overseers and gunmen for Pretoriums and Plunderbunds,—you know it, and that's what's "upset" you, you old locoed natural evolution of the missing link. The whole gang of you must be looney, must think you have sabotaged the thought-tanks of the working class beyond repair and put its mental machinery on strike forever when you dish out guff like that to the Associated Press Polluters to be telegraphed to the voices of the Trusts to be used against the ONE BIG UNION.

Keep it up. The workers are fast learning to love the I. W. W. for the enemies it makes in its effort to unionize and free the proletariat.

Is It?

Is it because of this, this growing love and loyalty of the workers to the ONE BIG UNION, that your agents are now going among the Railroad workers and telling them that the organization they are trying to fool them into is "just the same as the I. W. W."—is it?

Holy Smoke.

The League for the Damnation of the I. W. W. is composed of the following liarcrafts, held together by the

cohesive power of public plunder: The Textile Child-murderbund, the Steal Trust, the Sawdust Ring, the Gompersian Machine, the Bergerlist Party, the Railway Manslaughterbund, the Burns Defective Agency and the Christless Militia. Holy Smoke, what "a conglomeration!" What a "lunatic asylum" is the Pretorium and the Plunderbund, especially when they are trying to "upset" the upsetting I. W. W.!

"Constructive" Destruction.

"Union labor is constructive," you say, and by "Union labor" you, of course, mean the Gompersian system of dividing the workers into as many warring, autonomous crafts as are necessary to make places for all the members of the Pretorium. But we will pass by sneering truths, "G. O. M. L." and deal only with cold, hard facts. The word "constructive" means:

"Having the ability to construct or form," that is, to build up. Now, for more than 30 years the American Federation of Labor has been in existence; during all that time, excepting one term, you have been its President, and you have formed, you have built up,—what? Beyond the Pretorium, nothing; but in the Pretorium you have formed one of the most effective machines for the constructive destruction of Union Labor the world has ever seen. If, as has been often charged, Andrew Carnegie furnished you the money with which to start your organization, he has received usurious compound interest on his investment. The first "constructive" act of the Pretorium was by scabberies that would make old Farley blush with shame, the destruction of the Knights of Labor; its next, and of this you have openly boasted, the wrecking of the American Railway Union, in which piece of "constructive" work your allies were Grover Cleveland and the Pinkerton Detective Agency; then Estes' Brotherhood of Railway Employees came in for a share of the Pretorium's "constructive" work; then the Cigar Makers of Tampa in their Resistencia, to destroy which the Pretorium furnished the bestial authorities of Tampa with "union gunmen;" then came the I. W. W., for the idea of solidarity is instinctive in the workers, the rank and file of labor will always stand by each other if but given half a chance, and again the Pretorium got busy and, what it could not do directly, it had its Bergerlist politicians attempt, but this time it was the Pretorium that failed. The workers had begun to see. It is true that its agents in the Western Federation of Miners succeeded in fooling the metal miners out of the army they had done so much to build and, by so doing, turned the W. F. M. into a coffin-fund; it is true that at Goldfield it succeeded in scabbling our unions, that had raised the wages of "common labor" there to \$5.00 per day, out of existence; it is true that its "International Brotherhood of Woodsmen and Sawmill Workers," going thru the forests of Montana with gunmen of the Lumber Trust, broke up the I. W. W. Forest and Lumber Workers Unions in that State; it is true that by fraud its agents disrupted our Union that had whipped the Steel Trust at McKees Rock, Pa.; all this, to say nothing of its attempt to destroy the United Brewery Workers Union, is true, but it is also true that it has not destroyed the I. W. W. This time it is the Pretorium that is billed for destruction.

But back to the "constructive" work of the Pretorium. We have glanced at its work outside the American Federation of Labor, now let us glimpse at what it has done within. There are more than 30,000,000 wage workers in the United States alone, not including Canada, where the A. F. of L. has membership, yet, at the Atlanta Convention of the A. F. of L., the Pretorium boasted of a membership of, in round number, 1,750,000—boasted that in over thirty years it had organized (!) less than ten per cent of the workers of this continent.

Think of it! Think of boasting over

a failure so colossal! Only the Pretorium could be equal to such an occasion. But this is not all. There were once unions in the Meat Packing, in the Steel, Iron and Tinplate, in the Tobacco, in the Sugar and other Trustified Industries,—where are those unions now? Either scattered to the four winds of the earth or absolutely impotent for good to the workers. Add to these the wreckage that until very recently called itself the Structural Iron Workers Union and the Railway Shopmen's Federation, as fine a bunch of fighters as ever drew the breath of life; add to this the loss, thru gross mismanagement of the Iron Workers trial at Indianapolis; add to this the fact that for 27 years its militia colonels of the Textile Industry never did a thing for the child and woman slaves that had been trapt by that Murderbund, but who did rush to the aid of the Bosses as soon as the I. W. W. organized the Lawrence strike; add to this the news just announced that it intends to spend \$30,000.00 in an effort to do what the Lumber Trust has been unable to accomplish in four years of war, to disrupt the National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers; then add to all this record of infamy the fact that the standard of living of the American working class has steadily fallen during the thirty year long reign of the Pretorium, and you will have a bird's eye view of the "constructive" work of the Pretorium, a definition of the new science of "natural evolution," which means to stand still while your enemies shoot you to pieces and make slaves of your women and children.

The record of the Pretorium is a record of "brilliant victories" for the Bosses, of disaster and defeat for the Workers. Every Union that has ever fallen under its malign influence has had its spirit castrated or been destroyed when it refused to submit to the operation. If "President" Gompers has ever "led" the workers anywhere, it has been on a retreat that has lasted for over thirty years. It is time to call a halt. It is time the workers turned on their foes and turned the rout to victory. It is time the Pretorium was destroyed. How?

By "Destructive" Construction.

To be constructive you must first be destructive; that is to say, before you can construct a railroad you first clear the right of way, before you can make a farm you must first destroy the jungle, and, before they can have a real UNION the workers must destroy the Pretorium,—they must learn to act as a Democracy, that is to say, on their own initiative, for themselves. For this purpose, to organize the workers democratically and against Pretoriums, the I. W. W. came into existence. It was born at Chicago in the summer of 1905, that is, less than eight years ago. In that brief time its propaganda has swept around the world, vitally affecting the labor movement of England, France, Scandinavia, Italy, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand, stirring the heart of all labor and bringing a new and glowing hope into the prisons where so long have dwelt the Workers of the World. Fought with all the forces at the command of the Pretorium and Plunderbund, it has never been allowed, this "ever-victorious legion" of labor, to rest for a single day, yet it has never lowered the Red Flag of Toil or ceased to send its war cry: "Workers of the World, Unite!" ringing thru the convict camps of capitalism.

It is this deathless spirit, blind to everything but the interest of the working class, deaf to all pleas of compromise, that recognizes no defeat,—it is this that has finally "upset" the Captain General of the Pretorium; it was winning while he was losing, growing in spite of all his friends could do to stop it. While the Pretorium was leading the Railway Shopmen to defeat, the I. W. W. was winning the victory at Lawrence that added more than \$15,000,000 a year to the wages of the New England textile workers; while the Pretorium was talking "natural evolution," the Southern and Western

lumberjacks united in the I. W. W. and are surely, if slowly, fighting their way to a sweeping and tremendous victory; while the Pretorium was "generalizing" the Iron Workers into the penitentiary, the I. W. W. was turning E-tor, Giovannitti, Emerson and their associates free; while the Pretorium was sneering at the "ignorant" construction workers, the I. W. W. was organizing them and 7000 of these same "ignorant" workers are now on the Canadian Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad, like the 1300 lumberjacks at Merryville, showing the World of Labor an example of solidarity that has never been surpassed and seldom equaled; while the Pretorium is begging for laws to "protect" the working class, the I. W. W. is calling on the workers to make those laws for themselves and showing them how,—in the Union Halls, enforced by direct action upon the job, by the might of folded arms, in One Big Union that acts upon the principle that "an injury to one working man, woman or child is an injury to all the working class."

This, solidarity of labor, this is the power that is making the I. W. W. and upsetting the Pretorium and the Plunderbund. It, the I. W. W. does not believe in splitting the Railroad Workers, the Forest and Lumber Workers, or any other division of the army of toil into 116 "autonomous" companies, each acting for itself and therefore against itself and all the others; it does not believe any section of the working class has a right to make a contract to scab on another section; morning, noon and night it proclaims the doctrine of the UNITY of the working class, the ONENESS of the interests of labor and, so proclaiming, it holds anything that destroys that unity to be treason, anything that promotes it moral, just and right. It is, the I. W. W., not a "dual union"—it is an entirely new form of Unionism, INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM, the most effective ever organized. Its organization starts with the Local Industrial Union, which is composed of all the workers in a given industry in a given district; then to the National Industrial Union, which is composed of all the Local Industrial Unions in that whole industry; then to the National Industrial Department, which is made up of closely Allied Industries; then to the Industrial Workers of the World the ONE BIG UNION of the Working Class, the Labor Trust. Its paid up card guarantees you the right to work in any industry organized under its jurisdiction,—you do not have to pay a new initiation fee every time you change your work from one industry to another. Once a member of that UNION, always a member.

Briefly and roughly, that is the outline of the structure and principles of the I. W. W., the organization that is so badly upsetting the Pretorium and the Plunderbund.

A Definition.

Pretorium: "The general's tent in a camp; hence, also, the council of officers who attended the general and met in his tent." i. e. "The Inner Circle."

One Last Word.

One last word to you, the Workers: When a man who poses as a general of labor and his council of officers have, for over thirty years, aided and abetted in the destruction of every real Union of Labor; when they boast that in all this time they have succeeded in organizing (!) less than 2,000,000 of the thirty odd million workers in this country; when they hand you the wrecks of the Knights of Labor, of the American Railway Union, and finally, now of the Federation itself, don't you think it is about time you were doing some thinking for yourselves? Why is it that whenever a real Union gets the Plunderbund up a tree, the Pretorium always rushes to the scene, not to aid the fighting workers, but to damn and down if it can the Union that is winning for the Workers? Why is it?

Take up the cry: "The Pretorium must be destroyed!"

And

"Workers of the World, Unite! You have nothing but your chains to lose! A World to Gain!"

UNION SCABS AND OTHERS.

By Oscar Ameringer.

There are three kinds of scabs—the professional, the amateur, and union scab.

The professional scab is usually a high paid, high skilled worker in the employ of strike-breaking detective agencies. His position is that of a special officer in the regular scab army.

The amateur scab brigade is composed of riff-raff, slum dwellers, rubes, imbeciles, college students, and other undesirable citizens.

Professional scabs are few and efficient. Amateur scabs are plentiful and inefficient, and union scabs are both numerous and capable.

The professional scab knows what he is doing, does it well and for the sake of the long green.

The amateur scab, posing as a free-born American citizen, who seems to be fettered by union rules and regulations, gets much glory (?), little pay, and when the strike is over he is given an honorable discharge, in the region where Darwin searched for the missing link.

The union scab receives less pay than the professional, works better than the amateur scab and don't know that he is a scab.

He will take a pattern from a scab maker; cast it in a union mold, hand the casting to as lousy a scab as ever walked in shoe leather and then proudly produce a paid-up union card in testimony of his unionism.

Way down in his heart he seems to have a lurking suspicion that there is something not altogether right in his actions, and it is characteristic of the union man who co-operates with scabs that he is ever ready to flash a union card in the face of innocent bystanders.

He don't know that a rose under any other name is just as fragrant; he don't know that calling a cat a canary won't make the feline sing, and he don't know that helping to run a shop while other workers bend all their energies in the opposite direction is scabbing. He relies on the name and seeks refuge behind a little pasteboard card.

When a strike is declared it becomes the chief duty of the organization to effect a complete shutdown of the plant. For that purpose warnings are mailed or wired, to other places, to prevent workmen from moving to the afflicted city.

Pickets are stationed around the plant or factory, or harbor, to stop workers from taking the places of strikers. Amateur scabs are coaxed, persuaded, or bullied away from the seat of the strike. Persuasion having no effect on the professional strike breaker, he is sometimes treated with a brickbat shower. Shut down that plant; shut it down completely, is the watchword of the striker.

Now, while all these things are going on and men are stopped in ones and twos, a steady stream of dinner pail parades pours through the factory gate. Why are they not molested? Oh, they are union men, belonging to a different craft than the one on strike. Instead of brickbats and insults, it's "Hello, John; Hello, Jim; howdy, Jack;" and other expressions of good fellowship.

You see, this is a carriage factory, and it is only the Amalgamated Association of Brimstone and Emery Polishers that are striking. The Brotherhood of Oil Rag Wipers, the Fraternal Society of White Lead Daubers, the Undivided Sons of Varnish Spreaders, the Benevolent Compilation of Wood Work Gluers, the Iron Benders Sick and Death Benefit Union, the Oakdale Lodge of Coal Shovelers, the Martha Washington Lodge of Ash Wheelers, the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Oilers, the Engineers' Protective Lodge, the Stationary Firemen, the F. O. O. L., the A. S. S. E. S. Societies have nothing to do with the Amalgamated Association of Brimstone and Emery Polishers.

At the next regular meeting of those societies, ringing resolutions endorsing the strike of the Amalgamated Association of Brimstone and Emery Polishers will be passed. Moral support is pledged and \$5.00 worth of tickets are purchased for the dance given by the Ladies' Volunteer and Auxiliary Corps for the benefit of the Amalgamated Association of Brimstone and Emery Polish-

ers.

The whole thing is like beating a man's brains out and then handing him a headache tablet.

During a very bitterly fought molders' strike in a northern city the writer noticed one of the prettiest illustrations of the workings of plain scabbing and union scabbing.

A dense mass of strikers and sympathizers had assembled in front of the factory waiting the exit of the strike-breakers.

On they came, scabs and unionists in one dark mass. Stones, rotten eggs and other missiles began to fly, when one of the strike-breakers leaped on a store box and shouted frantically: "Stop it, stop it, for Christ's sake, stop it; you are hitting more unionists than scabs; you can't tell the difference."

That's it. Whenever scabs and union men work harmoniously in the strike-breaking industry, all hell can't tell the difference.

To the murky conception of a union scab, scabbing is only wrong when practiced by a non-union man. To him the union card is a kind of a scab permit that guarantees him immunity from insults, brickbats and rotten eggs.

After having instructed a green bunch of amateur scabs in the art of brimstone and emery polishing all day, he meets a striking brother in the evening and forthwith demonstrates his unionism by setting up the drinks for the latter.

Union scabbing is the legitimate offspring of craft organization. It is begotten by ignorance, born of imbecility and nourished by infamy.

My dear brother, I am sorry to be under contract to hang you, but I know it will please you to hear that the scaffold is built by union carpenters, the rope bears the label and here is my card.

This is union scabbery.

NOTES FROM FULLERTON.

The only model city in the heart of the pines, Dear Lumberjack, is veiled and shrouded in a funeral myst; gloom blacker than the shades of Erebus hangs over the Y. M. C. A. and all our (?) guards are weeping in their tents, trying in vain to bottle up the poignant microbes of their grief; the 36x24 foot starry striped banner that was wont to wave so proudly over this penal farm, now trails, half-masted, sadly on the listless breeze; even the mocking birds are mourning and all nature weeps, for HE is gone! Fleishel has quit! Fullerton and Stables will see his beautiful, shiny form never again! O tempora! O mores! O hell! Let me get my onion so I can weep some more. Gone, Fleishel, the Great Reformer—gone! And now, O Gawd, what wil we do!

While in our midsthe loved us all regardless of color, and regardless of color, we stood by the Gulf Lumber Co. and betrayed our fellow workers who had been locked out, regardless of color, for demanding better conditions. We respected him so that, regardless of color, we refused to have anything to do with a Union that took into its folds negroes and foreigners, and allof us, regardless of color, niggers and white trash alike, insisted on full operation of the entire plant and rendered personal assistance whenever opportunity afforded. And he never forgot us for showing this splendid example, this solidarity of labor for the Boss, and, on the Fourth of July, to celebrate our dependence, he gave us a free barbeque, made us a speech and presented us with the aforementioned starry banner. And he maintained peace. And he improved everything he touched. As, for instance, his peace-persuader, which is a shotgun loaded with cartridges carrying a ball as big as a marble and guaranteed to tear the insides out of any working man, Union or otherwise, who becomes possessed of the hallucination that the doctrine of "equal rights to all and special privileges to none" was intended to apply to the working class and is something more than a platitude. He was a wonder and his influence for the higher civilization will be felt as long as Sullivan reigns in the Free State of Bogalusa. But he is gone, Flashy is gone,—gone to Florida!

God help Florida! S. S. 99.

PITKIN THUGS ASSAULT HAVENS AND EDWARDS.

While Fellow Worker C. Havens was speaking at Pitkin, La., last Saturday night, he was assaulted by a bunch of Association thugs; one of the thugs, whiskey-loaded as usual, struck Havens on the head with a quart bottle of squirrel whiskey, knocking him senseless and injuring him badly. When Fellow Worker Edwards caught the bully by the collar to make him release his hold on Havens and prevent him from striking the senseless man, a two-bit capitalist slammed a gun in his ribs and ordered him to "Get loose," which he did. Two of Sheriff Lyons' deputies were on the ground and one of them held his gun on the handful of Union men and said: "Let this thug really cash in; give Havens what he needs." The other deputy, when asked why he did not stop the slugging, said he "did not dare to."

This dastardly outrage was committed by drunken thugs in the "dry" parish of Vernon, whose parish seat is Leesville, whose lawless mayor, Watson, has issued a proclamation abolishing the Constitution of the United States in that Sawdust Ring-ridden burg, yet no troops have been rushed there by Kirby's vice-governor to "protect life and property," and won't be, but they will be rushed to Merryville again as soon as the Association decides it is necessary to use violence to break the strike there, and it is reported that it has been recently "conferring" on another "conspiracy."

Come to Louisiana, you farmers and workingmen they are trying to bunco into buying cut-over and marsh lands at forty times their real value, and get a taste of its government of the people by overseers and thugs for the Blind Tigerbrand. And, lastly, will the S. S. please send in the names of these Pitkin thugs and "deputies," with their pictures, if possible, and a full description otherwise, so we can give them and this hellhole the advertisement they so badly need, which will be a good one, as this paper goes all over the United States and Canada and is quoted from by many European papers. Get busy. Help advertise Louisiana's advantages.

DE QUINCEY NOTES.

Eight of the boys at Feilds logging camp were fired off the job this week for donating to the strikers at Merryville. This is a declaration by the Latcher-Moore Lumber Co. that it is a crime for working men to help keep women and children from starving. It also shows how all the Bosses stand together and stop at nothing to gain their point. If the workers would do the same, they would soon have the Bosses, Railroad Barons, Lumber Kings and all boosting wages and howling for mercy to beat the band. If all the loggers would apply the Latcher-Moore system to Feilds and put that hellhole on their blacklist for a while, coupling with these capitalist taught tactics a little scientific scabbery, the Latcher-Moore Lumber Co. would either reform their convict camps or go broke. Try it, boys; play "copy-cat" with the capitalists and use your brains as well as your hands on this rotten job.

Also some of the business men of De Quincey are not in love with the I. W. W. or any other Union. But there is one thing sure, we will not beg them to love us nor will we beg them to sell us their goods now or in the future, but we will wireless their names down the nesters union grapevine telegraph and the auctioneer'll git 'em if they don't look out. S. S. 23.

SALIVATING BON AMI.

"Y. M. C. A. Building Nears Completion.

Lake Charles, La., Jan. 25.—The new Y. M. C. A. at Bon Ami is almost ready for occupancy. This is the first institution of that nature to be erected in Southwest Louisiana. The membership of the organization is constantly increasing. The new structure is very handsome and will be equipped with all modern appointments. The King-Ryder Lumber Company did much to help in the building of this new club. R. A. Long, the millionaire lumberman of

Kansas City, also contributed liberally. A special director has been engaged to take charge of the Y. M. C. A."

The above news item from the New Orleans "Item" of the 26th instant has just been handed to ye scribe. Let us prey. Just think of it, boys,—free salvation in Bon Ami!! Another great victory for "the dead Brotherhood!"

Now the crippled souls in Bon Ami, and it is full of spiritual wrecks, are sure of salvation and complete mental eunuchisation! Glory be to the rebel Carpenter of Nazareth who all his splendid life long hated hypocrites and suckers!

There is one thing that bothers us, however, and that is: Where did the "liberal contributions" to this soul-sanatorium come from,—out of the "hospital fund?"

But, say, ye Rebs, won't that Y. M. C. A. make a perfectly lovely Union Hall some day soon!

Hallelujah!

"But if you kick against their dope,

And swear you will have none,

They shoot you full of Gospel
With a sawed-off gun!"

WHAT IS THE TRUE BASIS OF CIVILIZATION?

By J. J. Eager.

But few people realize the fact that labor is the true and only basis of civilization. But for labor there could be no civilization. I assert that there is not an institution, political, educational, religious, financial or industrial, that is not based on labor. I further assert that there is not a necessity, convenience, or luxury that is not produced by labor. Therefore it necessarily follows that labor is the keystone to the arch of civilization; in fact, it is civilization itself! I further assert that no civilization has ever been destroyed by labor, but the pages of history are replete with the stories of civilization that have been destroyed by grafters, known as the Master Class, by taking their outrageous tolls from the working class in interest, rent and profit.

Right here is where the clash comes between Master and Slave. The Slave is trying to preserve the semblance of civilization that has been attained in spite of the fact that he has been exploited to the degree of Servitude by the "useless," worthless class that never adds one penny's worth of wealth to the world, but exemplifies its power by filling the world with misery, want, ignorance and crime. But in spite of this hindrance the working man has had a glimpse of the star of hope that leads to a higher and more perfect civilization than has ever been, or can be, attained while there is Master and Slave, in which all will be workers and none shirkers, where wealth will be created for use and not for interest, rent and profit.

This degree of civilization can never be attained except the workers of the

world combine their forces in One Mighty Union and say to the shirkers, "Get off of our backs; we will carry you no longer." Then "Old Mother Time" will be delivered of a child, and its name will be "Civilization"—a civilization in fact, as well as in name; a civilization that will carry out the mandate of the Spirit of Life: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread all the days of thy life."

One Big Union for the Workers of the World will bring this to a realization, but politics—NEVER! Ingersoll caught a glimpse of the civilization that Workers of the World have in view when he gave utterance to these beautiful words in his vision of the future:

A Vision of the Future.

I see a world where thrones have crumbled and where kings are dust. The aristocracy of idleness has perished from the earth.

I see a world without a slave. Man at last is free. Nature's forces have by science been enslaved. Lightning and light, wind and wave, frost and flame, and all the secret subtle powers of earth and air are the tireless toilers for the human race.

I see a world at peace adorned with every form of art, with music's myriad voices thrilled, while lips are rich with words of love and truth—a world in which no exile sighs, no prisoner mourns; a world on which no gibbet's shadow falls; a world where labor reaps its full reward; where work and worth go hand in hand; where the poor girl in trying to win bread with the needle—the needle, that has been called "the asp for the breast of the poor"—is not driven to the desperate choice of crime or death, of suicide or shame. I see a world without the beggar's outstretched palm, the miser's heartless, stony stare, the piteous wail of want, the livid lips of lies, the cruel eyes of scorn.

I see a race without disease of flesh or brain—shapely and fair, the married harmony of form and function—and, as I look, life lengthens, joy deepens, love canopies the earth; and over all in the great dome, shines the eternal star of human hope.—Robert G. Ingersoll.

JOIN

The National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers

TODAY

For full information, write: Jay Smith, Secy., Southern District, Box 78, Alexandria, La., or Frank R. Schleis, Secy., Western District, 211 Occidental Avenue, Rear, Seattle, Washington.

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