

THE BOURGEOIS' GOD=\$

This is Number 50

Organization ★ Is Power

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THE VOICE of the PEOPLE

VOLUME II

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1913

MIGHT IS RIGHT

The Seamen's Pill: Can You Swallow It?

Larkin Unmasks Havelock Wilson.

N. Y. Longshoremen In Revolt.

Along the New York waterfront the Marine Transport Workers have a new joke.

When you pass them you hear them sneeringly speak of the "Seamens' Pill." That is the name they have given to the now famous "Seamens' Bill," which has not yet been passed by Congress.

The star of tin-god Furuseth has gone down. The men are sick and tired of him and have lost confidence in him, his international union and his fake bill.

And well they might.

In the meantime Furuseth, who is now parading his meek philanthropy over in London, getting on good terms with the master class by trying to smooth over the class struggle. At the same time he and his pals are busily trying to hide the defeat of the men and the failure of craft unionism: they collect dues from, through nervously laudatory articles in the "Coast Seamens' Journal" and in "The Seaman," the official organ of the "Nat. Sailors and Firemen's Union of Great Britain and Ireland. Greedily they are appropriating all the praise and flattery showered upon the bill and Furuseth personally by capitalist politicians and others in the capitalist press.

It is a case of trying to hypnotize the seamen into believing that everything is going to be lovely now, and that they have no kick coming. Some of the seamen, of course, get hypnotized, swallow the "pill," rub their shrunken stomachs, and try to imagine that it makes them feel good.

But you cannot fool all the people all the time. Here in New York the seamen refuse to take the pill, however rich the old leaders try to sugarcoat it. The Furuseth Union has tried to organize here in New York for quite some time, maintaining a staff of organizers, or delegates. They have their shingle hung out on the waterfront, but nobody goes near their sign. When it takes 20 years of dues-paying to get one Furuseth pill, they do not think it worth while to keep it up.

The sentiment is growingly in favor of the ONE BIG UNION, the Nat. Industrial Union of Marine Transport Workers, I. W. W. In every vessel that we visit the demand is for solidification of labor's forces, but it takes some time for that sentiment to crystallize into mass-section. In the meantime the longshoremen are stirring. Meetings of four different nationalities among them will take place here in New York within a week with a view to joining the ONE BIG UNION.

We shall soon have the pill-manufacturers where we want them, that is, on the retired list.

The workers have got to know that anything that is made lawful by the ruling class is no good to the workers. No laws are good for the workers except those the workers make and enforces themselves through their organization. The real "Seamens' Bill" will be made when the seamen, united into ONE BIG UNION, refuse to work under the present conditions. Then the ship owners will have to swallow the "Pill," manufactured for them by the ONE BIG UNION.

Yours for organized action.

C. L. FILIGNO,
Nat. Sec'y-Treas.,

NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL UNION OF MARINE
TRANSPORT WORKERS.

214 West St., New York, N. Y.

Addenda By The Voice.

To the above sound article on the "Seamens' Pill" THE VOICE adds the following ripping attack by JIM LARKIN on Havelock Wilson the English M. P. Labor Faker, who, when appealed to

by the Seamen in the Port of New Orleans, during their fight on the United Fruit Trust, to prevent the Chinese scabs from leaving English Ports handed the New Orleans Unions the usual dope dished out by the political smotherers of united working class action and did absolutely nothing to help win the struggle, rather it seemed that he was with Furuseth, Bodine & Co. praying for the defeat of the rebellious allied unions here. Larkin's attack on the International Faker follows:

LARKIN FLAYS HAVELOCK WILSON.

Comrades,—Throughout the last thirteen weeks, the men, women and children in Dublin have through my personality, been attacked in the most insidious manner by certain Labor leaders. One gentleman farseeing Mr. Havelock Wilson, by letter and by the spoken word has continually imputed certain despicable actions to myself. During the negotiations carried on in Dublin Castle, at which Mr. Wilson was present by the courtesy of the men elected to represent the workers, I never felt sure what his line of action was. But on the Friday night previous to the close of the enquiry it was agreed by the men representing the workers to draft a written reply to be handed in at the close of my verbal reply to the paid apologists for Murphy and Co.

That statement was drawn up by the person appointed to draft the reply, Mr. James Connolly. Before being officially typed, each and every line was discussed in all its bearings, and all present agreed that it embodied the minds of the men, and in consequence, a general Trade Union policy. It was signed by all present, Mr. Robert Williams (secretary of the Transport Federation), Mr. Wilson (of the Sailors' and Firemen's Union), substituted in place of the local secretary, Mr. Connolly, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Daly, and myself, representing the Parliamentary Committee of the Irish Trades Union Congress, Dublin Trades Council, and Irish Transport Union.

Declined to Sign.

On the Saturday morning, the final day of the inquiry, Mr. Wilson, who had been stopping at the Shelborne Hotel, before we entered the conference room, declined to allow the document to be put in with his signature attached thereto. That compelled his colleagues also to withdraw their signatures, but the representatives of the Irish Unions and Dublin Trades Council decided that they would submit the approved document. That document has already been printed in the columns of the "Herald" and the "Citizen." I have possession of the original with the signature of Mr. Wilson attached thereto.

We wonder what made him change his mind. We are still wondering, but Mr. Wilson at the close of my remarks at said inquiry got up to state the case, as he put it, for his own Union.

I will not pause to comment upon the position taken up by him, but from that hour until now he has continuously by innuendo suggested the repudiation of the Transport Union and the betrayal of the Dublin workers.

Wilson's Tactics.

On my release from prison, I made a public statement. Without hesitation and without enquiry from me as to whether the statements attributed to me by the Press were correct or not, Mr. Wilson immediately made a public pronouncement condemning me for something that I had not said. He went further. He sent out to every branch of his Union a type-written resolution asking the paid officials to get the resolution passed condemning me in all the moods and tenses. Even then I refused to be drawn into a discussion with him. He

Held Incommunicado.

Under date of Dec. 10th, we received the following letter from Judge Hudson:—

"The case of Rangel and others is set for trial in the District Court of Bexar County, 37th District, for January 4th, 1914. I can see no hope of getting this case continued but it may be that we can succeed in having only one of the men tried, which will give us more time for the others.

Please get your men to work as it is very important to have funds with which to defend these men. I go home to Pearsall to-morrow.

With best wishes, and assuring you that I have pleasant recollections of my interview with you, I am, Yours very truly,

R. W. HUDSON.

Late news from San Antonio is that the "authorities" are refusing to allow the friends of the boys admittance to the jail. Rebels, of the World, arise! into action! Save these soldiers of liberty from the red-handed Huertaistas of Texas! Let every rebel do his DUTY, NOW, TO-DAY.

What say YOU? Will YOU stand idly by and see these boys rushed to a doom that is far worse than death by the hellish state of Texas, without a fight? If not, GET BUSY!!

I Am the Captain of My Soul.

Out of the night that covers me
Dark as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever Gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced or cried aloud,
Under the bludgeoning of fate,
My head is bloody though unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears,
Looms but the horror of the shade
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how straight the gate
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

—William Earnest Henley.

"Precedent breakers are the men who live to-day; not the faint, carbon-copies of real live men."

went further. He sent out letters to his secretaries with instructions that they were not to appear upon any platform nor support me in any way. This gentleman, while openly up to a certain point expressing his support of the Dublin men, has been negotiating with the employers in Dublin through Mr. Barry, manager of the British and Irish Steam Packet Company. He has advised members of his Union that we are in the wrong, and practically suggesting that they should resume their work.

I intend to deal with this gentleman's conduct in a more detailed way officially. It suffices to draw our readers attention to one prominent fact. The scabs at present in Dublin are supplied from the Shipping Federation by Mr. Cuthbert Laws, Secretary of that Federation. Cuthbert Laws is known as a Strike Breakers' Organizer. Yet lo and behold, this pure minded and intelligent and honest Trade Union Leader wines and dines with Mr. Cuthbert Laws and others belonging to the Shipping Federation at a banquet in London. "You can not touch pitch without being defiled." Perhaps Wilson will explain his connection with Cuthbert Laws and Runciman, Vice-President of the Shipping Federation. And we wonder, did he express his opinion of the importation of scabs to Dublin to his friend Mr. Cuthbert Laws? We hope the Members of the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union will take some notice of this, which is one of many interludes in Mr. Havelock Wilson's eventful career.

We leave Wilson here and proceed to do our work.—James Larkin, in "The Daily Herald," of London, England, of Nov. 28th, 1913.

Pollies "Paradise" On Fire.

All exchanges coming from New Zealand, that "glorious land" so long held up to the world's workers by the Political Socialists as the "Paradise" of labor, tell of a great rebellion of the workers and everything happening there is proving Marx's statement that "The State is nothing but the Gen'l Committee of the Capitalist Class" true as it is proving the editor of "The Timber Worker" a liar when he states as he does in his editorial columns, issue of Dec. 6th., that "They (the Forest and Lumber Workers) will, naturally, realize their strength in the political field, for there lies the root of all the injustices that are heaped onto the working class. They will realize that in order to secure better working conditions they must remove the cause that brought about these conditions. And this can only be accomplished by electing men to national, state and municipal offices from their own ranks." All this statement and more, the New Zealand and British Working Class rebellion is proving a damned lie of the worst stripe, as it is also proving Jay Fox's sloppy praise of the A. F. L. in the same issue of "The Timber Worker" (?) a damned lie, for everywhere the workers have had to first wreck A. F. of L.-ism before it was possible to make headway. Again, all the news coming from England, Australia, Italy, South Africa, Ireland, and every land on earth PROVES that the I. W. W. and Straight Syndicalist Unions the only real working class organizations on earth and that only by acting on the principles laid down in the great PREAMBLE is there any hope for, especially, the UNSKILLED WORKERS. To show you how bitter is the labor war raging in New Zealand we quote the following from "The Industrial Unionist" of Nov. 6th. The whole country is ablaze.

Says The Unionist:

"New Zealand is ablaze with strike and talk of strike. Never before in New Zealand's working class history has the spirit of conscious revolt and industrial solidarity been so manifest.

From north to south and from east to west the same feeling and purpose is to the fore. Unions, bodies, and groups of workers who appeared as sleepy as the owls at night have torn the economic bandage from their eyes, and stepped forth to take a hand in the grim fight of the working class against tyranny, despotism, and exploitation.

To the student of proletarian science this is not to be wondered at in the least. The Old World features (capitalistically speaking) are so glaringly and preponderantly manifest that the wonder is New Zealand's working class have not long since made a mighty kick at Capitalism's cruel yoke. The scene changes, however. What was yesterday, will not be to-morrow.

As the masters of bread increase in wealth and power, so, too, do they show their arrogance, and assert their fiendish propensities, till their victims and slaves can withstand no longer. So, then, in New Zealand to-day the workers are faced with the self-same proposition as the workers in other countries. The same issue is at stake, the same fight has to be faced. AND NEW ZEALAND'S WORKERS ARE FACING THE ISSUE NOBLY AND GRANDLY AGAINST TERRIBLE ODDS.

And what of the swinish bourgeoisie? They, like all other ruling classes who have battened and fattened upon the fruits of other men's labor, are drunk with riotous living and wasteful, useless lives.

Yea, it is these who own and control the newspapers that poison the minds of our country brethren, who dictate the school curriculums, hire preachers to ladle out slave ethics and preach a creed pregnant with superstition. It is they who cry "We must maintain law and order," and at the same time resort to the lowest and vilest methods to cause bloodshed and misery, chaos and even murder. There is nothing so vile and mean and so did for the bourgeoisie of New Zealand. Their god is surplus value; their ambition to live without working."

○
"Yesterday is in the dim past; to-morrow is in the dim future; get busy, for to-day is short."

The Voice of the People.

(Formerly "The Lumberjack.")

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AN INJURY TO ONE, AN INJURY TO ALL

Education

Organization

Emancipation



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Defense Funds Notice.

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

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

Remittance Notice

ALL ORGANIZATIONS PLEASE REMEMBER THAT REMITTANCES FOR THE PAST MONTH MUST REACH "THE VOICE" NOT LATER THAN THE 10th OF THE SUCCEEDING MONTH PLEASE ACT ACCORDINGLY.

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100 Locals and Rebels to Put up \$1.00

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THE VOICE

MAINTENANCE FUND

"Shedding tears over spilled milk only adds more water to it."

"If mistakes were crimes, most of us would be in jail."

"Machine Made Farms."

"Ten years or so ago, an epoch in Western development was marked by the introduction of the steam plow upon the great farms and ranches of the West. However, coal is heavy and cumbersome and in many regions water is scarce and precious. So the application of the gasoline engine to farm purposes was hailed as a triumph of inventive genius. But the great objection to the gasoline engine on the farm is that gasoline is an expensive fuel. So the American inventor perfected the oil-burning engine. Oil is the cheapest and most perfect of all fuels. The latest type of oil-burning engine is as efficient as the gasoline engine and can be operated much more economically.

It now seems reasonable to predict that the oil-burning engine will work as great a revolution in American agriculture as was worked by the automatic harvester.

One writer has stated the situation thus: "With horses, every plow needs a man but with a good engine two men can operate eighteen plows and hold controlled in their hands the power of eighty horses that never tire."

On some of the larger ranches the power plowing machine is run night and day, with only a change of men. At night a headlight like that of a locomotive shows the way. Sometimes the number of plows is reduced and grain drills and harrows are attached behind the plows. The land is thus plowed, seeded and harrowed with one passing of the engine. Then, when the grain is ripe, the same engine may be hitched behind from three to six combined harvesters. The engine threshes and winnows the grain and is sometimes used for hauling it to market, easily drawing from seven to ten heavily loaded farm wagons. If agriculture is to score the same progress that has been made in almost every other line of human endeavor and if the rise in the cost of the necessities of life is to be checked, power farming of this description must become the rule instead of the very rare exception.

The only valid objection to the general use of mechanical power on the farms is on the ground of the cost of suitable traction engines. Some of the steam traction engines now used for plowing on the great plains region cost \$2,500 each. They are similar in construction to freight locomotives and will climb steep hills with ease. None but the owners of great ranches of thousands of acres are justified in putting so large a sum of money in a traction engine, even though, unlike the horse, it "eats only when it works."

Mechanical power is employed in the West and Southwest to a greater extent for farming purposes than in any other part of the country. For several years a large ranch in Montana has dispensed with horses entirely, employing power-driven machinery for all purposes for which horses are usually considered necessary. It is truly a "horseless farm." The problem of the world's food supply for centuries to come involves no question of a scarcity of land or a shortage of fertilizer. It is solely a problem of the economical and efficient application of mechanical power."

COMMENT: By Covington Hall. The above is part of an article evidently sent out by the press agent of U. S. Government's "Department of Agriculture" and was taken from the magazine section of the New Orleans "Daily Item" of Dec. 7th, title and all, only the title ran on to assert that "Machine Made Farms" were to reduce the cost of living, a thing they most certainly will not do as long as the LANDS and the MACHINES remain the PRIVATE PROPERTY OF THE FEW, for under Capitalism the machine only "saves labor" for the Capitalists and, by so doing, throws millions of work on the breadline, where, were the "cost of living" only ten cents a day, they would starve to death, where they have starved to death and where they are doomed to starve to death by increasing millions unless they, the WORKERS, ORGANIZE and SEIZE the EARTH and the MACHINES as the COMMON PROPERTY of the entire RACE. That is the ONLY WAY OUT.

Bearing out the above article and my statements in commenting thereon I quote you the following statistics taken from a fine article by Frank Bohn in the International Socialist Review for December Says Bohn: "In the decade ending 1910 the number of farm owners increased 8 1-2 per cent, while the number of farm tenants increased 16 1-2 per cent. Meanwhile, the number of mortgaged farms increased 18 per cent. While it is perfectly true that a section of our farming population, especially those owning good land within easy transporting distance of adequate markets, are earning money it is equally true that the great mass of our farmers are in a stationary or receding position economically. The number of actual wage workers on these farms (the great ranches and plantations of the West and South) is now colossal and is growing annually. Everywhere west of the Allegheny Mountains real capitalist farming is becoming the order of things. As the gasoline engine displaces the horse, the mule and the hired hand, a great army of tenant farmers, mortgage-ridden farmers and small farmers generally, will be crushed down into the ranks of the wage workers or turned into a serf class that will rent its machines as well as its farms. In the South and Southwest this is already largely the case."

On top of this Tom Hickey, probably the greatest authority in the country on the Southern land problem, states that 100,000,000 of acres of arable land is being held out of cultivation in Texas alone by land speculators and land lords and that one can witness the strange sight of whole counties of "farmers" moving from one county and state to another every year; in other words, there is already in the Southern States a vast army of men and women who can correctly be called "hobo farmers" and the whole farming system of the West and South is rapidly developing into a gigantic system of Machine Made Agriculture where the farmers are to be herded in "the quarters" and driven to the fields by the gunmen of the Farm Trust just as the Lumber and Sugar Barons now drive their peons.

The "corn patch" working farmer can no more resist the onward sweep of these great, all-conquering machines to-day that could his kinsmen, the free English weaver resist the power loom of yesterday.

Nothing but the UNITY of the entire Working Class against the Capitalist Class, a UNITY AIMING AT THE OVERTHROW OF CAPITALIST SOCIETY AND THE SEIZURE OF THE EARTH AND THE MACHINES AS THE COMMON PROPERTY OF THE RACE, can avert the absolute enslavement of the WORKERS by the alleged owners of the natural resources and machinery of production and distribution.

On which side will YOU fight? Which will YOU choose, Capitalism and Slavery, or the ONE BIG UNION AND A FREE RACE WORKING ON FREE FARMS AND IN FREE WORKSHOPS THE WORLD OVER?

THERE IS NO OTHER WAY OUT.

Celebrate The Voice's Birthday.

ON THURSDAY, JANUARY 1st., 1914, THE VOICE WILL BE ONE YEAR OLD—IF WE GET THERE, WHICH WE WILL MOST SURELY DO IF YOU REBS STAND BY US AS YOU HAVE IN THE YEAR GONE BY. HOWEVER WE GOT AS FAR AS WE HAVE, WE DONT KNOW, BUT WE DID ALL THE SAME, AND, IF WE CAN PULL THRU THE HARD WINTER MONTHS, THERE IS EVERY INDICATION THAT THE VOICE WILL BE SAFE AND BEGIN TO BOOM, AS ALREADY WE ARE BEGINNING TO GET SUBS AND ORDERS FROM PLACES NEVER HEARD FROM BEFORE. JUST LOOK, YOU REBELS—YOU HAVE ALREADY DONE THE "IMPOSSIBLE" WITH THE VOICE, FOR YOU HAVE KEPT AN I. W. W. PAPER GOING IN THE SOUTH, WHERE IT IS MOST BADLY NEEDED, FOR A WHOLE YEAR NOW DESPITE ALL THE GREAT ODDS AGAINST YOU. ALREADY YOU HAVE DONE A WONDERFUL WORK. LET'S CROWN OUR YEAR'S HARD TOIL WITH COMPLETE AND TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS. LET'S SHOW THE LUMBER TRUST AND ITS ALLIES THAT WE ARE HERE TO STAY AND THAT THE FIGHTING I. W. W. NEVER WAS AND NEVER WILL BE WHIPT.

THEREFORE, I APPEAL TO YOU TO HELP US CELEBRATE THE BIRTHDAY OF THE VOICE IN A BEFITTING MANNER, AND TO THIS END I MAKE THE FOLLOWING SUGGESTIONS:—LET EVERY LOCAL AND REBEL WHO BELIEVES IN THE VOICE AND ITS WORK SEND IN ONE DOLLAR, EITHER AS A DONATION TO THE MAINTENANCE FUND, OR AS A RENEWAL OF THEIR SUBSCRIPTION, OR AS A FUND FROM WHICH THEY CAN ORDER PAPERS TO BE SENT TO THEM AT A LATER DATE, THIS DOLLAR TO BE MAILED SO IT WILL REACH THE VOICE ON ITS BIRTHDAY, JANUARY FIRST, 1914.

POSTSCRIPTUM.

What do you think of this? If you can't spare a Dollar, send less or more. We could not celebrate in a more effective way and, remember, many subscriptions will begin to expire in next January, so that many of you will only be making sure that you will not miss a copy of THE VOICE, and we promise you all that it will be worth reading and worth the money during the next several weeks for we are about to spring a few sensations on the enemies of the working class that you wont want to miss.

COME! let the croakers who are saying "it can't be done" go to Kirbyville, and let us Do It. Altogether with the old-time passionate, fighting I. W. W. spirit, altogether, and we win hands down! The fight is on—on with the fight! Death to peonage! Death to tenantry! On with the One Big Union! Up with the crimson banner of Industrial Democracy! Freedom on all the Continents, on all the seven seas, Freedom for all the world's workers!

And so I appeal to you Rebels who have stood behind us in all the dark and bitter days of the year gone by to help us to fittingly celebrate the Birthday of your paper, for by you alone it exists to-day. YOUR PAPER—THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

Yours in the fight for the World and all that on it is for the Workers of the World, COVINGTON HALL.

CASH UP QUICK.

You can't print a paper without funds. There's a lot of money owing THE VOICE for bundles. See if YOUR LOCAL has paid up, and if not, why not. We cannot pay our printers with promises.

BLUNDERBUNDS OF THE WORLD UNITE.

Washington Press dispatches of the 14th, state that the new immigration bill to be adopted by the Congress of the United Trusts of America debars all "militant suffragettes," "anarchists," "illiterates," Asiatics and all who believe in the "destruction of private property" (this last being admittedly "aimed at the Industrial Workers of the World") from entering this glorious land of hunger and slavery. Under this law every member of the "Boston Tea Party" was an undesirable citizen and the "embattled farmers who fired the shots heard round the world" were criminals of the worst stripe. With the entire English speaking world seething with revolution, this stunt of the Allied Blunderbunds of London and Washington is enuf to kill the God of Fools, but thanks be for one thing—the Donkocracy has at last caught up with the Gooseocracy, alias the Socialist Party of America.

But we would advise the Weary Willies of Pollydom that if by the "destruction of property" clause they are aiming at the Saboteurs they have another guess coming, for the VERY WORST FORMS OF SABOTAGE INVOLVE NO DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY WHATSOEVER. Wonderful intellects! Stop a World Wide ECONOMIC REVOLUTION with ink, paper and hotair! Wonderful! Wonderful!!! Wonderful!!! Hail to Asquith and Wilson, Captain Generals of the world's greatest Blunderbund, all hail!

ON WTH THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

"He who cannot reason is a fool; he who will not reason is a knave; he who dare not reason is a slave."

"Workers of the World, unite! We have nothing but our lives to lose, and they aint worth a damn, anyhow!"

The tendency of the working class to adopt the methods of Direct Action in place of Parliamentary futilities is becoming more and more alarming to the capitalist class every day.

Pat: There was never a strike won, except the strike at the ballot box.

Sam: Sure Pat, but I had to build the darn thing in the factory.

When the working class organization is strong enough to raise wages on the job, THEN the working class will make the laws in Congress.

Political action is the ideal of a grafter.

We wonder what his ideal would be if he was working on the job?

Judge Lynch Reigns in Wheatland

The motion for a change of venue in the Wheatland Hop Pickers cases has been denied. The cases will therefore come up for trial in Yuba County, where the wage and living conditions which caused the strike touch the pocket books of the entire ranch-owning population, and where the animosity of the prosecution and of the press has been proven to be so bitter toward the men in jail that a fair and impartial trial is a sentimental dream.

At the threshold of the trial, it is learned to what extent Edward D. Stanwood, district attorney of Yuba County, has lent himself to violence and intimidation of witnesses.

Earl R. Cokely had the misfortune to earn his living and that of his wife and child in the Durst hop fields. Because of that he was arrested at Lodi, September 5. From that date until November 28, Cokely was held in jail by District Attorney Stanwood, and all that time counsel was denied him. Several times he was brought before Stanwood and the gang of Burns men who took part in the torture of Suhr, the beating of Alfred Nelson at Martinez, the driving of Allan M. Johnson insane, the "suicide" of Nels Nelson in the Yuba County Jail, the "disappearance of sixteen-year-old Edward Glaser. On these occasions Stanwood refused even to allow Cokely to send a letter to his people in Los Angeles.

Stanwood permitted Burns men to call Cokely a "God durned liar" because he would not swear to their lies about Suhr.

Stanwood himself has threatened Cokely with a charge of murder in the first degree, unless he is a good and docile witness for the prosecution of Cokely's fellow-workers. And these facts Cokely will swear to, regardless of Stanwood's power. This in itself should be proof enough to those who have heard what "Stanwood's power" means to these Wheatland strikers.

Yet these are only parts of the violence and intimidation practiced by Edward Babson Stanwood in his high and responsible office of District Attorney of Yuba County. And Stanwood, responsible though he is to his own conscience, his fellow-men and his country for his best conduct in these cases, is but a reflex of the shoddy minds, the avaricious fingers, the dull and ungenerous hearts of the ranchers of Yuba County and the members of the Hop Growers' Association.

Philip Leonard, an old prospector who has spent his life in constant and active production of necessary wealth, has had an experience similar to Cokely's. It is said that the old prospector's response to the abuses of these representatives of the law was that he would rot in jail before he lied about innocent men.

Stanwood has as his Assistant District Attorney Ray Manwell, son of the District Attorney who was killed in the riot. What more could be said to show the indecency of conduct on the part of the prosecution!

With this situation, it is no wonder that the presiding judge and the District Attorney have refused a change of venue. They cannot afford to have this trial heard in a community unprejudiced and unconnected with the facts and the economic situation back of those facts.

Of the seven men now held, four—Suhr, Ford, Cokely and Malouf—are married men. They have spent their lives in toil. And their families—Mrs. Suhr and her two children, Mrs. Ford and her two children, Mrs. Cokely and her child and Mrs. Malouf—are now destitute because of the arrest and long imprisonment of the fathers of these families; or the women are obliged to let their children suffer neglect while the mothers are away from home earning the pittance paid to the woman who works.

Marysville papers call these men "fiends," these fathers of working class families—hurl the epithet "fiend" at them on the eve of their trial. And yet Marysville claims to be an unprejudiced community. Judge McDaniels claims to be an unbiased judge. Ray Manwell, son of the man who was killed, he too claims to be unbiased.

Under such conditions do these men go to trial in Yuba County in the highly progressive state of California. They go to trial for having the courage to protest against conditions which would debauch, deprave and physically destroy the women and children, as well as the men, of the working class. What is the working class going to do about it?

The agent for the receipt of money in the San Francisco Bay Region, appointed by the Wheatland Hop Pickers' Defense Committee, is David Milder, 1384 Sutter St., San Francisco, who is secretary of the International Workers Defense League. Money may be sent to Milder direct or through your councils. Unions and persons outside of the San Francisco Bay Region should send their contributions to Andy Barber, Secretary, Wheatland Hop Pickers Defense Committee, 1119 Third Street, Sacramento, Calif., which has direct charge of the cases.

LATER:—Word has just been received that the cases of Ford, Suhr, Beck and Bagen have been consolidated and postponed to January 12. Malouf also will be tried some time in January.

WAR, WHAT FOR?

By Kirkpatrick.

**Capitalists Want War.
Politicians Declare Wars.
Preachers Pray for Victories in Wars.
Workingmen Fight the Wars.**

Says "Life:" War is progressing. During the latest French manoeuvres the generals of each opposing army were located from twenty-five to fifty miles in the rear. By means of the wireless telegraph, aeroplanes and various mechanical devices showing the disposition of troops, they set back in easy chairs—at their elbows bottles, siphons and Havanas—and fought their battles even beyond hearing of the distressing intonations of the guns.

The harrowing spectacle of some valuable general charging the enemy at the head of his troops, having horses shot under him every other minute and liable to lose his own precious life, has now become a thing of the effete past. The heads of the army have joined the great statesmen who, securely entrenched in their respective capitals, bring on the war in the first place.

The soldiers (that is to say, fool workingmen. C. H.) are still doing business at the front. But that is, of course, a mere detail.

Moral hereof: Let Hearst, Broussard, Otis & Co., go to Mexico and furnish the buzzard food.

Likes I. W. W. Best.

A little Italian girl striker of the Patterson silk mills says: "I want always to go back to Italy, but since the strike I am more happy here," with an unconscious gesture toward her heart. "We are all together. We stand solid. My father he says there will always be bosses. I say, 'Yes? Then we'll boss.' "Yes, I am still a Catholic. These days I feel different. You go to confess and the priest he tries to find out all about the strike and he scolds us that we belong to the union. I like I. W. W. better than God. God, he don't talk for me like I. W. W." "Yes, said Terressa after the strike, 'for me it has paid me. I get 25 per cent. increase in my wages. All of us at Bamford's get a raise, and no more children in the mill, so then there will be no more contract system after we have finished our contracts and got our back pay. Nor do they holler at us so. The labor inspector is on the job, too, since the strike. You should see how he makes Bamford's take a brace. There are guards on dangerous machinery. There are rattling fire alarms, and there is whitewash all over the place.' "Will this last, do you think?" we asked. "I don't know. If it don't, we strike again."

To the Unorganized Toilers

By I. J. Blocher.

There are a few questions that are in my mind to ask the unorganized, and some of the craft Union organized as well. They may seem fool questions, but the incompatibility of the situation would force any thinking person to ask questions that would seem fool questions to the unthinking. My first question is:

Do you realize you are entitled to more of the good things your labor of long and weary hours creates, but which you do not get? Would more wages and shorter work days burden YOU? Would you oppose the Boss if he were to attempt to reduce the hours of your labor and raise your pay? What would you fellows do in such a case? Would you organize against shorter work days and more pay and better conditions?

I can hear you all say, No! That you would not, that you would appreciate the aforementioned things. Now, let's see how you stack up; first, your know that the Boss is not affected with any philanthropic heart disease that would really do you and your class, the working class, any good. You say you would not organize for less pay and more hours of work: Do you realize that by not organizing, or not organizing right, for the things you do want—shorter work days and more pay—that you are simply by that act organized for that which you do not want—long days and short pay?

So, why not be consistent, organize right, organize into the Union of your class—the working class—organize into the Union that recognizes no craft division, organize into the Union that bars no sex, creed or color, and last, organize into the Union of none but actual wage workers; for the working class and parasites have NOT interests in common; if they had they would be workers and not shirkers. None but actual workers can possibly have interest in common.

The hatred the parasites and their tools and mouthpieces show toward the principles of a labor Union is only a badge of honor to that organization, and further verifies the fact that they have not interest in common with the working class.

While realizing that in organization and unity of action there is power to control your destiny, why then not organize on the plan of unity of action,

plans on which the principles of the ONE BIG UNION, the I. W. W., is built? With the motto: An injury to one worker is the concern of all we can whip the parasites off the earth in less than five years.

Know first that you are of the working class, then come join the ranks of your fellow-workers in the battle for what YOU WANT RIGHT NOW—LESS WORK AND MORE PAY, and eventually all your labor produces and INDUSTRIAL FREEDOM AT THE END. Come, study the principles of the ONE BIG UNION idea and the way to Industrial Freedom will be clear to you. Come, join the ranks of your battling fellow men if you are not a coward. Come join to-day. Why not BE A MAN INSTEAD OF A SLAVE?

Southern District Demands

**Wage Scale for Loggers and Saw Mill Workers.
Join the One Big Union.**

Initiation Fee, \$1.00; Dues 50c Per Month.

National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers, Southern District.

Demands:

We demand an eight-hour day.
We demand that eight hours be the working day from calling out in the morning until return at night.

We demand abolition of discount system.
We demand that all men shall be hired from Union Hall.

We demand that \$2.50 per day, or \$50.00 per month and board, shall be the minimum wage for all employees in the logging or railroad camps.

We demand 75 cents per thousand, or \$4.00 per day per man, 11,000 feet to constitute a day's work, for log cutting, stumps 36 inches high.

We demand a 50 per cent. increase in the pay of Tie Makers, Stave Mill, Turpentine, Rosin and all other workers in the Lumber Industry and its by-product industries.

We demand that overtime and Sunday work shall be paid for at the rate of time and a half.

We demand that injured workmen be given immediate attention.

We demand that pure, wholesome food be served at company boarding houses.

Cooks and other employees shall not be allowed to work on a percentage basis.

There shall be one waiter or waitres for every 30 men at the table.

We demand that maximum price of \$5.00 per week for board shall prevail.

We demand that the double deck bunks be taken out of all the bunk houses and that beds with springs and mattress be installed in their places.

We demand that dry rooms and bath rooms be installed in each camp.

We demand that the pig pens be kept 300 feet away from the cook houses or bunk houses, and that up-to-date sanitary systems be immediately established in all lumber towns and camps.

We demand that the hospital fee be paid to the Union and that the Union shall take care of all the sick and injured through this fund, or that the men be allowed to elect the doctor and have a voice in the management of the hospital and insurance fund.

We demand that all settlements for injuries shall be conducted in the presence of a committee from the Union.

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

GET BUSY!

Begin Organizing NOW and make a report each month of members in good standing at each Local and the vote of all UNION and NON-UNION workers, white and colored, native born or foreign in favor of these demands, and a GENERAL STRIKE to enforce them. DOWN WITH PEONAGE!

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

HOW TO ORGANIZE.

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

JAY SMITH, Secretary,
Box 78, Alexandria, La.

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SOLIDARITY	One Year	\$1.50	
WOODEN SHOE	One Year	1.50	
I. S. REVIEW	One Year	1.50	
THE REBEL	40 Weeks	1.00	

VANCOUVER WANTS SECRETARY-SPEAKER
Wanted, a speaker who can act as Secretary and organizer at the same time. Write to Local 322, I. W. W., Vancouver, B. C.

J. TOMPHSON,
R. WILSON,
Propaganda Committee L. U., 322 I. W. W.
34 Cordova St., West, Vancouver, B. C.

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THE PREAMBLE.

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

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

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

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

Instead of the conservative motto: "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword: "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the everyday struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



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

**POLITICAL SOCIALISM
CAPTURING THE GOVERNMENT."**
.....Something Every Worker Should Read.

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Have you read that great book, "Might Is Right" by Ragnar Redbeard?

If you have not you have missed one of the most tremendous books ever printed. Boldly, aye savagely, Redbeard challenges the maudlin sentimentality and hypocrisy of this slave-made world, proclaiming:

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"The race IS to the swift, the battle to the strong"

THE VOICE for 30 weeks and a copy of "Might Is Right," both for only ONE DOLLAR; or the book alone for FIFTY CENTS. Send in your order to-day. You will never regret so doing. Address: THE VOICE, 520 Poydras Street, New Orleans, La.

LARSON DYING, NEEDS HELP.

To all Members of the I. W. W. Fellow-Workers:—
We, the Press Committee of Local Union 327-3, wish to bring the condition of Fellow-Worker Larson before you to see what action you will take.

Fellow-Worker Larson has been an active member in Canada for the past two years; he has started three locals; he has traveled the railroad grades here in the northwest organizing, sleeping out in the snow, lots of times without anything to eat because the BOSS, knowing what he was doing, would refuse to sell him food, although he has been at the point of death all this summer with Consumption, he still fought on for the ONE BIG UNION until he finally collapsed this fall at Fort George, B. C. I received a letter from him last week saying that it was just a matter of time until he has left us. Members that know him know that he has always been an active member on the firing line and that he has spent all that he has both in body and financially. He is now among strangers and about to leave us and the least the membership can do is to get him to where a local is and take care of him in his last days. He has put up many a hard fight against the BOSS and won, although it cost him his health. So it is up to us to stand by this old fighter in his last hour and try to make them easy for him.

All of us should get together and do the best we can. Each local should try and do something. It must be done and done quick. Let's show this good old fighter that we appreciate his efforts and the good work he has done for the ONE BIG UNION.

Yours for Solidarity.
(Signed): George Nelson, Thos. Haly, Patrick Kearns, Press Committee, L. U. 327-3, Kamloops, B. C.

WRITE JOHN MONTGOMERY.

I was instructed to request THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE to publish the fact that John Montgomery, who has been sick in the County Hospital, Hunch Camp, Stockton, Calif., wishes to get in touch with Julius Jensen, Jack Mellen, Robert Troy and Jack E. Fell.

Address John Montgomery, County Hospital, Hunch Camp, Stockton, Cal.

Yours for Industrial Solidarity.
THOS. WHITEHEAD,
Sec'y C. C. C., Seattle, I. W. W.

WRITE YOUR FATHER AND SISTER.

Will the following Fellow-Workers please communicate with their father and Sister, respectively, who are anxious to hear from them. W. Cyril Hopkin to Mr. W. Hopkin, 789 High St., Armadale, Melbourne, Australia, and W. B. Davis to Mrs. W. F. Everett, Jr., 4003 Freret St., New Orleans, La.

HERMAN KUBOW,
Secretary No. 439, Brawley, Calif.

WHAT IS A SCAB?

The man who holds aloof from his fellow-workers and refuses, from sordid, narrow or selfish reasons, to take part in efforts aimed at the good of himself and his associates, is what is known as a scab.

Some years ago a union man was tried in one of the courts of London, England, for intimidating a "scab" for going to work on a strike job. In summing up the case against the prisoner the prosecuting counsel said:

"According to these unionists a scab is to his class what a traitor is to his country; and, though both may be useful to one party in troublesome times, when peace returns they are detested alike by all, so, when help is needed a 'scab' is the last to contribute assistance and the first to grab a benefit he never labored to secure. He cares only for himself, but he sees not beyond the extent of a day, and for monetary and worthless approbation would betray his friends, his family and his country. In short, he is a traitor, who first sells his fellowmen and is afterward sold in his return by his employer, until at last he is despised by both and deserted by all. He is an enemy to himself, to the present age and to posterity."

THE WORKERS MUST FREE THEMSELVES

By Ed. Lehman.

Why don't the I. W. W. do something? Why don't the I. W. W. raise wages and force better conditions? This is the cry of the workers all over the country. Always waiting for someone to do something for them, always expecting something for nothing. I want to ask you workers who are asking these questions, a few questions. Do you belong to the I. W. W.? Are you paying dues monthly to the I. W. W.? Are you supporting the I. W. W. press? Are you explaining and teaching the principles of the I. W. W.? Are you trying to organize the I. W. W.? Or do you know the principles and aims of the I. W. W.? "No, I do not." the most of you will have to answer. Well, what in the hell are you kicking about? You surely do not expect something for nothing? When you want wages, where do you get them? Don't you go on the job and work for them, or does the Boss hand them to you whether you work or not? If you want food or clothing, don't you buy them (if you are able and, if not, you do without them) or does someone give them to you? The I. W. W. is a wage workers organization and it depends on the working class for its maintenance and the explanation of its principles and aims. And so, if you are not doing these things YOU have no kick coming. You have been waiting for years for somebody to do something for you and that's why you have never got anything but hell, that's why you are always living from hand to mouth or doing without something in order to even exist. If you are interested in helping yourself and don't know how, write to Secretary Jay Smith, 1194 Gould Ave, Alexandria, La., and inquire about the I. W. W. I tell you though, before you write, that the preamble of the I. W. W. boldly proclaims that the "working class and the employing class have nothing in common," which means what's good for you is not good for the Boss. The I. W. W. will teach you your interest and not the Bosses'. So if you are not satisfied with your conditions and want to better them, write to the above address and send one dollar to Covington Hall, 520 Poydras Street, New Orleans, La., for a year's subscription to THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE, a paper that will always give you your money's worth in education. So learn your economic interest and learn how to kick, and quit kicking because somebody else is not doing something. DO SOMETHING YOURSELF to help yourself and then you know you have done something to free yourself for the only way you will ever better your conditions is for you to better them. Carry the propaganda of the I. W. W. all over the earth. Teach the workers how to free THEMSELVES. Let your watchword be SOLIDARITY. Work out your own destiny and you will realize your gain. You have a world to take, a prize worth fighting for.

WELL DONE.

By Covington Hall.

Sons of the brave on kingship's grave
A million deep you lie;
A million deep you heroes sleep
Beneath Right's clearing sky!

Lo! o'er the roads made by your swords
A thousand nations come;
A wakened race takes up its mace,
Loud rolls Truth's battle-drum.

The peace you sought, for which you fought,
Is dawning over earth;
The vision dreamed, by you, has gleamed
Its light on every hearth.

From serfdom's grooves the whole world moves,
From slav'ry breaks away—
All empires shakes—all Islam wakes,
All China stirs to-day!

The Persians rise, and India's eyes
Are fixed on Freedom's star;
Thruout the night of earth, a light
Is flashing swift and far!

North, South, East, West, in every breast,
A glowing spirit flames—
At last! At last! Man leaves the past,
His heritage he claims!

From land to land a challenge grnd
The priest and master hears;
The crashing stones of falling thrones
Make music for our cheers!

Man! Man! Man! Man! Shakes off the ban,
The curse that held him down;
The races rise, with soul-flushed eyes,
Democracy to crown.

Well done! Well done! The fight is won,
The waking of the slave!
Well done! Well done! The fight is won,
All honor to the brave!

It is time for the Workers to give a few Orders.
We have Obeyed too long already.

St. Louis A. F. L. Crushed

By J. Gabriel Soltis.

During the past six months, St. Louis has been a "place de revolution." The revolution, however, has been all on the side of the rotten rich and the suffering, as might be guessed, on the side of the wretched poor. This year has stirred the labor of St. Louis, to the very depth of its bleeding heart.

A series of strikes have been called, and every strike was a bitter and gruesome defeat. In June last the Telephone girls revolted, under the ragged banner of the F. F. of L. Their defeat was almost instantaneous, and in the struggle, not a few girls had their heads battered by the yellow dogs—the police.

Then came the Waiters' strike, presumably a revolutionary group, and they, too, after having a few of their men sapped and murdered by the gunmen sank into ignoble defeat. They were in the A. F. of L., also. During the same sad period, the Garment Workers were on strike. Miss Josephine Casey was their deliverer; she is the author of mental picketing, a new hymn to defeat. After a super-human struggle against monstrous odds and a stream of blood spilt, these garment workers were defeated. Their battle was the saddest, the most pathetic, as among them were a large number of tiny girls, who, be it said to their eternal honor, displayed a deal more courage and pluck than did the men among them. They all fell, however, under the crushing blow of united capital. For the workers were a big organization of unorganized toilers. To-day St. Louis is a tombstone of fallen and crumbled trade unionism.

Now, in their desperation, the "officials" of the whipped workers, called a great meeting, on Friday, Nov. 21. This significant meeting of protest "against the brutalities of the police" was held on the eastern lawn of the temple of rapine and murder, the City Hall. Fully 18,000 workers were present, a great event, indeed! A mighty protest of words, without effect, or design, against the iron hand of economic tyrants who mangle liberty and freedom, whimsically!

It was a wondrous gathering of workers who had felt deeply the vicious sting of capitalism. As I stood in the midst of this seething crowd, I was swept by a wave of terrific power that exuded from them in a lavish torrent. I knew that it was just such a crowd, and perhaps, gathered by the same circumstances, that gave noble birth to the French Revolution, and other similar uprisings of history. But what happened here? NOTHING!

David Kreyling, secretary of the Central Trades and Labor Council, who years ago asserted to me that he was for Industrial Unionism, recited to this grand audience how the Unions had appealed to the Police Board, the Mayor and the Governor, "to protect the toilers from the beastiality of the yellow dogs, but without avail. Then he asked THESE workers to vote the Socialist ticket!!! What an infernal insult, to ask the workers to vote different when the election is three years off, and a myriad of workers out of jobs!! Great!!

And then Miss Casey spoke. She, poor, little soul, had the audience pledge that they would write nice little postal cards to the various political chieftains of St. Louis and Missouri to the effect, that they would use their "prestige" and "influence" in behalf of the workers and, then, Brandt Secretary of the Socialist Party, spoke, a party that has a black record of compromise after compromise in Missouri and told them how nice it would be, if the Socialist Party was in power!

But it remained for a capitalist, strange to say, to arouse the crowd to their real power, Dr. Boyd, He came out plainly for the eGneral Strike, and a Revolution. This capitalist knew more about the economic power of the working class than the whole outfit of "labor fakirs" that spoke at this great meeting.

The meeting amounted to a grand protest of words. Involuntarily my mind contrasted this meeting with the great meetings of Paris and Berlin. There the workers asserted their power and went on record to stall the wheels of industry if International war was declared. But the great meeting of St. Louis was merely a beggar's plea for mercy.

JOKE NO. 1.

"Socialists should not resort to strikes, or violence, ours ought to be a quiet conquest at the ballot box. Remember, until we win by the ballot, we will have to submit to things as they are." From "THE Southern Light," official organ of the disfranchised S. P. of Louisiana.

JOKE NO. 2.

Speaking about rare, juicy gems of humor the following is the best yet. Apropos of obvious inaccuracies in press reports "Leslie's Weekly" says: "Once in a while, inaccuracies are alleged to exist in even the dispatches of so careful a news-gather as the Associated Press. * * * The facts have to be collected in a hurry, it is no wonder that errors sometimes creep in."

LUMBER TRUST GOING ON STRIKE.

By J. M. Wall.

The strike is on. The stave mills have all gone on strike, are shutting down on the market, the Bosses are striking for higher prices for the product of their mills, claiming that present prices are not paying expenses and that they are actually losing money. They are ACTUALLY laying off all labor and completely paralyzing the workers' business and bringing their families to suffering, bankrupting their "homes." Say, why not get out an injunction and stop them from shutting down the mills and ruining your business? That's what they do when you go on strike when the wages they pay won't pay your expenses or give us a profit to live on thru the "rainy days." If it's a law for one, why not for both?

Scabs and suckers, answer this question:—The Lumber Companies are talking of a complete shutdown on account of lower prices, thereby taking the bread from the mouths of thousands of women and children, which, according to the law as they expound it to you when the Union calls a strike for living wages, is a terrible crime and the Union men should be forced back to work at any old wages they choose to pay, if needs be shot into submission by the militia. That's the law as they expound it against strikers. Now, you idiotic scabs and suckers, can't you see that they are violating their own law and that you should immediately get out an injunction and force them to keep the mills running, if need be have the Governor call out the militia and force them to run the mills, as they are ruining YOUR business? Why not? We are not responsible for lumber and staves falling to prices that won't give them a profit.

On with the injunction! Out with the militia! The Governor is always ready to send them to back up injunctions. Can you see the point, or would you know what a point was until it jabbed your stomach out with hunger? Say, wake up!

On with the real injunction! On with the Revolution! Let's break these everlasting strikes and shutdowns by organizing in the ONE BIG UNION, the I. W. W., and taking the lands and machinery of production into our own hands, where it all belongs, as we created it all. On with the Revolution until Labor comes into possession of its full product and the wage system is forever dead—on with the Social Revolution!

S. D'S. "FARMERS."

THE VOICE is asked the following question by Fellow-Worker John Johnston of Vancouver with the request that we answer same, viz:—"Are there any tenant farmers in the N. I. U. of F. and L. W. of the Southern District?"

There are no farmers in the F. and L. W. of this District other than the following: Those who work in their patches part of the year and part of the year in the woods and mills; or those whose children work in the woods and mills; or those blacklisted lumberjacks who are now scratching a living out of a patch of ground somewhere in Louisiana or Texas. None who employ labor can, under any circumstances, join the Union. Most of these men are freeholders, and not tenants.

Farmers, as such, are not urged to join the Union of F. and L. W. Tenant Farmers are urged to join the Renters Union with headquarters at Hallettsville, Texas. Most of these farmers are worked most to death and most of them can stand on the northwest quarter of their farms and spit fifty feet over the southwest line. They are married and inter-married with the Forest and Lumber Workers all thru the Southern Forests, hence the fight on the Lumber Trust in the Southern District has and will take on the aspects of a SOCIAL WAR, always. C. H.

ITA EST.

The Workers are the ONLY People—the rest are only PARASITES.

"War is hell."—Let the Capitalists go to hell. If, however, there must be war, if the Working Class must again shoulder the guns made by the Working Class, let them cease the crime of shooting down each other. If there must be war, let it be a Worldwide, International, Inter-Racial War of the People against the Parasites. If they must die in battle, if they must shoot, let the Workers die shooting their way to freedom.

With Burns Detectives in charge of the Court-houses, with the Judges but recording the will of Mammon, with Justice openly for sale to the Highest Bidder, the End is near, for these have ever been the signs preceding the fall of the Reigning Order.

Fraud, Theft, Violence, the Holy Trinity of Capitalism, the three sources of its One and Only God-head, the Almighty Dollar, whose other names are Interest the Father, Rent the Son and Profit the Holy Ghost, which proceedeth from both the Father and the Son. Thus can be summed up the "Religion" of Capitalism.