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THE VOICE of the PEOPLE

"AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL."

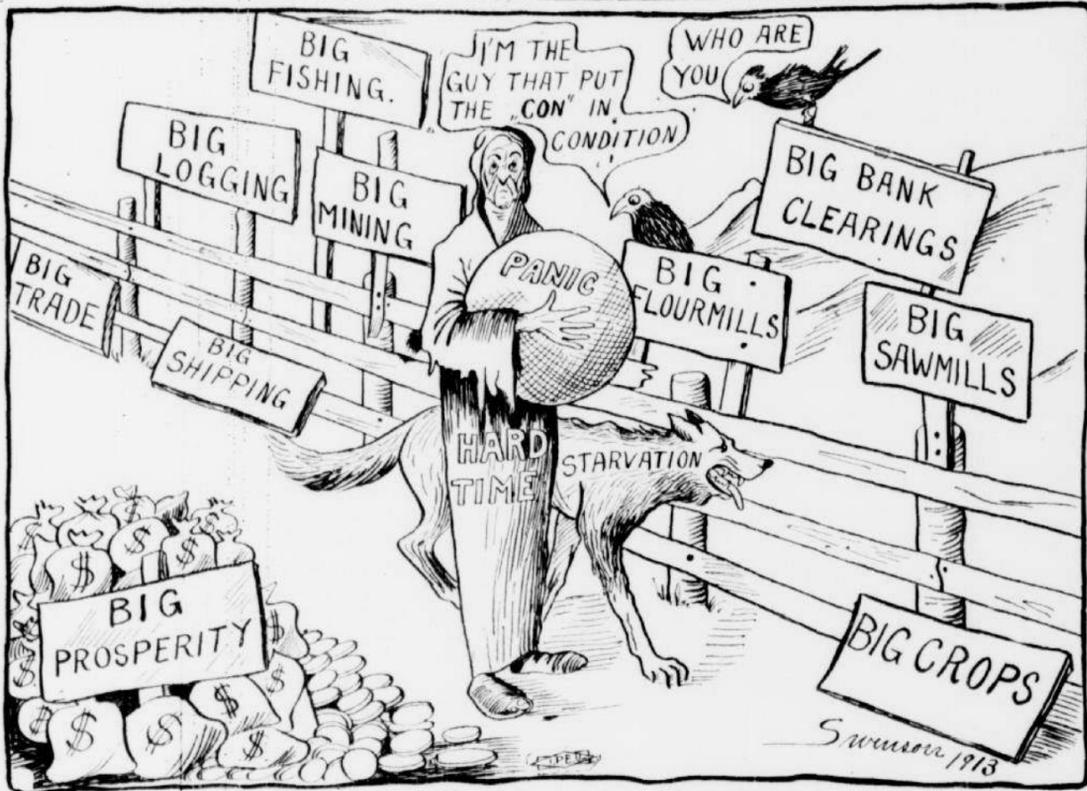
VOLUME II

"MIGHT IS RIGHT"

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1913

"TRUTH CONQUERS"

NUMBER 41



The Hag of Hunger And Her Wolf-Dog, Expelled From Mexico, On Their Into The United States And Canada. Unite! And Bar These "Refuges"!

Rebels! Save Cline, Rangel and Companions From The Huertaistas of Texas.

SOLDIERS OF LIBERTY!

FOURTEEN GOOD MEN AND TRUE are being railroaded to the horrible penitentiaries of the savage State of Texas, there to suffer shames and tortures Torquemado the Accurst could not improve upon.

FOURTEEN MEN ARE ACCURSED of the impossible crime of committing murder by killing a Texas Deputy Sheriff. Serrato already has been railroaded for TWENTY-FIVE and Luis Gonzales for SIX YEARS to worse than a living hell. Cases must be appealed.

CLINE'S LAWYERS AND ALL HIS FELLOW VICTIMS not only praise him but declare him innocent of the frightful lie that he had "offered to turn state's witness," which is said by men posted on the case to have been spread by a human buzzard acting as a reporter for the San Antonio "Express," who, it is said, when reproached EVEN BY the ASSOCIATE PRESS CORRESPONDENTS for the lies he was sending out, intimated that he had to have a sensation, even if some man had to pay for it with his life or liberty!

REBELS OF THE WORLD, TO THE RESCUE! Remember, these fourteen men are not being railroaded, doomed to a worse than living death in the heinous dungeons of the savage State of Texas because any one of them killed one of those human fiends called a Texas Deputy Sheriff, but because they are soldiers of HUMANITY and in this mighty service they were thwarting the will of the Timber Wolves and LandComorants of Texas as well as

of Mexico; that their real and ONLY crime is that they strove against the infamous SYSTEM of PEONAGE and TENANTRY that has so long, so long cursed and blighted all the States of Mexico and Dixie with its awful and dehumanizing reign. THIS was their REAL crime. They committed no murder, for, to commit murder, one must first kill a human being.

I. W. W.'s., TO THE DEFENSE! It is true that these fourteen men were not in the service of the I. W. W. when they were seized by the Huertaistas of Texas, but it IS true that they were in the army of the DAWNING AGE, THE AGE of FREE LABOR, and therefore it is our BOUNDEN DUTY to go to their defense. As we cried the Scarlet hands of Huertaistas as of Dixie off the throats of Emerson and his comrades, let us pry them off the throats of Charlie Cline and his endangered companions. Louisiana and Texas Rebels! remember the good work Charlie Cline did in defense of Emerson and your kinsmen; remember that it is partly for this work he is now in danger of worse than a living death, that he and his companions are facing terms in the blackholes of Texas, where men are smothered to death, where boys are beaten on the feet till the flesh falls off and the living tendons show thru and, in this condition, they are forced to work barefooted in the fields, where men with great heavy chains around their necks, as wild beasts chained, are guarded and driven by four and two-footed bloodhounds. Remember! and, if you have a drop of Rebel blood flowing in your veins, arise and rescue Cline, Rangel and

their companions from the Scarlet hands of the Huertaistas of Texas!

FELLOW-EDITORS OF THE REBEL PRESS! I appeal to you to join me once again in a battle against the Diazes of the South! I appeal to you to turn your flaming pens and mighty batteries upon the Huertaistas of Texas! AND THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE.

YOU WHOSE DUTY it is to help, gather, IMMEDIATELY, all the funds you can and send them to Eugenio Alzalde, Chairman Defense Committee, care Judge R. W. Hudson, Pearsall, Texas. And Be SURE to REGISTER all letters containing funds. In writing Cline, Rangel or any of the other prisoners, address them care of Judge Hudson, who is their leading council. The committee elected by the prisoners to oversee and account for the Defense Fund are: Eugenio Alzalde, Chas. Cline and J. M. Rangel. A full accounting will be made. The prisoners are: Pedro Perales, Luis R. Ortiz, Doming R. Rosas Leonardo L. Vasquez, Luis Mendoza, Bernardino Mendoza, Eugenio Alzalde, Luis Gonzalez, Miguel P. Martinez, Chas. Cline, Jose Serrato, Jesus Gonzalez, Abraham Cisneros and J. M. Rangel. Their lawyers are Judge R. W. Hudson and Messrs. J. L. Pranglin and Magus Smith.

These are the Fourteen who have asked me, Covington Hall, to appeal to YOU, the Militants of Labor thruout the World, to defend them from a doom that is worse than death—years of torture in the horrible penitentiaries of the Huertaistas of Tex-

A Rotten Job.

WORKINGMEN, STAY AWAY FROM MIDLAND BRIDGE CO.'S JOB AT HARRISONBURG, LA., UNTIL HUMAN CONDITIONS ARE FORCED THERE.

The Midland Bridge Co., of Kansas City, Mo., is building a lock in the Ouchita river, near Harrisonburg, La., for the United States government. Here are a few of the things charged against this concern by its escaped peons: The men say they were hired in New Orleans by one Little, said to be labor agent for Midland Bridge Co., who promised them "free transportation," but that the company deducted transportation from their wages on payday. That they were charged \$20.00 a month for board about on a par with that the Lumber Trust furnished the Grabow prisoners in its attempt to wreck their lives. That 50 men were put THREE BUNKS HIGH in a bunkhouse about 30 by 50 feet in size. That they were forced to buy their own mosquito bars or do without. That hogs were as thick as men in and around the bunk boarding houses. Toilets, practically inside the bunkhouses, were filthy beyond description. The work on this rotten job is described as nothing short of killing labor, but the wages are only from 25c to 40c per hour, which amounts to nothing if the men are forced to purchase their supplies from the company. Many men brought to this hole of the damned find themselves stranded on payday, are refused transportation home and, so, are compelled to beat their way back or die in the swamps.

Our advice to workingmen is to stay away from this rotten job until the U. S. government sees fit to place it in human hands. We suppose it is under the supervision of army engineers. If it is, it proves what we have been telling you all along—that the army gives the working class nothing but hell. Moral: Join the I. W. W. Be a MAN and help wipe these manslaughterbunds off the map.

Kinder Massmeeting

Secretary Jay Smith of the Southern District of the Forest and Lumber Workers' Union, I. W. W. will speak at Kinder, La., Sunday, October 19th. Other speakers expected. Everybody invited.

as. You can free them all if you will act, AND ACT TO-DAY.

WILL YOU DO IT? REMEMBER! It is the INDUSTRIAL DESPOTISM clutching at the throat of the INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY. REBELS OF THE WORLD, TO THE RESCUE!

I. W. W.'S PICKED TO DIE.

Just as we were going to press, we received news from Pearsall saying that the "State of Texas" (?) was making special efforts to hang Cline and Rangel because they were I. W. W.'s. The Kirbyites are in all probability after Cline for the work he did in western Louisiana and it is up to all rebels to show this gang of civilized savages that Huerta is not yet supreme lord of this whole Continent. Up and at them, Soldiers of Humanity!

Philadelphia M. T. W. Still Winning.

New York, N. Y., Oct. 9, 1913.—I have returned from Philadelphia, where I have been helping the boys there to settle up some difficulties with our beloved masters. Local No. 8, Branch No. 4, was organized on the 17th of last July, and since then they have continuously carried on an agitation to organize all the men that were working on the lighter ships, which carry coal to all the coal yards in the city (as all the coal yards are on the river front), and coal all ships as well. They have been working for the big sum of twelve dollars per week, and, naturally, as soon as they organized 95 per cent. of the slaves (I have been told), claimed the wage paid to them was not what it ought to be. So the goldarned rascals called a special meeting, and what do you think—Lo and Behold—rape-cotte and patate-crude: They elected a committee at that meeting to draw a new wage scale to take place immediately, with a proviso that it should be increased not less than three dollars per week. Hoke poke "let them vote" said the employer. "Nay, nay Paulina," said the workers, on Friday, October 3rd, "we will give you until tomorrow noon to come thru with that three dollars per, or your boats will not run after 12 G. M. Some of the bosses said in my presence that the men were taking advantage of the short notice, and they (the employers) had to give in because they were up a tree. B-U-T, considering what the men had done, there would never be a friendly feeling like in the past. A man by the name of Kelly (who is an old veteran in the wobblers from Aberdeen and San Diavolo, or Diego, or some other foreign name like that) was serving on the committee. Say, Hall, by the Holy Rollers, it almost took the breath out of my—lungs—when this rough-neck of a workingman told the boss that he would take his friendly feel-ings in the shape of three dollars more per week. Why, Hall, I would have given the price to purchase the printing press for the VOICE to have you there. It must have been the first time that his men had ever spoken to him according to Hoyle. He must have been patriotic because he turned into the national colors many times, his jaws got locked, his brows were wet with cold sweat, and his eyes lost that lustre of olden times. The cat jumped on the desk upsetting the ink bottle, the dog jumped out of the window, an automobile got all its tires punctured at the same time, and the trolley got off—the street trolley wire. All this was within my sight, and I saw it myself. Who knows what happened in the different parts of the earth at that same time? Anyhow, out of the seven companies engaged in that kind of work five came thru on demand. The remaining two companies were paralyzed completely, as not a single boat moved. After two days of strike the largest of the two companies holding out gave in, and I suppose that the remaining company has given in by this time. C. L. FILIGNO.

JOIN THE N. I. U. OF FOREST AND LUMBER WORKERS TODAY. FOR FULL INFORMATION: ADDRESS FRANK R. SCHLEIS, SEC., WESTERN DISTRICT, BOX 886, SEATTLE, WASH. JAY SMITH, SEC., SOUTHERN DISTRICT BOX 78, ALEXANDRIA, LA.

THE VOICE of the PEOPLE

(Formerly "The Lumberjack.")

Education
Organization
Emancipation



Freedom in
Industrial
Democracy

Published Weekly by National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers, Southern District.
Office of Publication:
335 Carondelet Street, New Orleans, La.
COVINGTON HALL, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Yearly, United States	\$1.00
Six Months, United States	.50
Foreign, Yearly	1.50
Bundle Orders, Per Copy (in Canada)	.02 1/2
Bundle Orders, Per Copy (in United States)	.02
Single Copies	.05

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 orders.

NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL UNION OF FOREST AND LUMBER WORKERS—SOUTHERN DISTRICT.
District Headquarters 1194 Gould Avenue, Alexandria, Louisiana
Jay Smith Secretary Southern District
EXECUTIVE BOARD—SOUTHERN DISTRICT.
J. N. Phillips, W. E. Hollingsworth, D. R. Gordon, E. L. Ashworth, Fredonia Stevenson.

SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRATIONS.

Your subscription expires with the issue number opposite your name on wrapper. If you do not wish to miss a copy you should renew your subscription at least two weeks before expiration.
Please notify us if you do not receive your papers regularly.

Entered as Second-class Matter July 5, 1913, at the Post Office at New Orleans, La., under the act of August 24, 1912.



EDITORIALS

THE SONG THE I. W. W. NEVER SINGS.

By "Old Reb."

I want to be a campram and with the camprams roam,
A gunman for my saviour, a bullpen for my home;
I want to be a member of that free, untrammled band,
A ballchain on my ankle and a hymn book in my hand.

I want to be a Y. M. C. and hear the "Parson" sing
The praise of "honest labor" while the big bluewhistlers ring;
To cheer old fox "Pal" Kirby till my empty insides bust,
And be a Company sucker till my ragged form is dust.

RAMBLING THOUGHTS.

If a mere handful of I. W. W. men in any locality even though they are not on the job, but through the correctness of their propaganda, can prevent the bosses from cutting the wages of their employees, what could not all the men on all the jobs do if they were to investigate and become I. W. W.s.—(take the jobs).

I wonder what the workers of Los Angeles (or New Orleans) would or could do if the bosses took it into their heads to cut the wages of their employees? Well, they would have to accept the inevitable.

But what would or could the bosses do if the employees were I. W. W. men and they took it into their heads to raise their wages and cut the hours? Well, they would have to accept the inevitable. Moral: Become I. W. W.s.

\$3.00 a day and eight hours for common labor means more food, fun and leisure than \$2.00 a day and ten hours.

The bosses are putting forth their best efforts to offset the propoganda of the I. W. W. though the press and the church, trying to make the working class believe they are too respectable for the I. W. W. Hence, religious meetings ever anon in and around the mills and factories. Isn't it wonderful what interest the bosses take in the welfare of their employees, and still its strange they never suggest shorter hours and higher wages; but then the preachers say the workers will get their reward after they are dead. Moral: the sooner they die, the less work they will have to do for that mansion and harp in the sky.

Can the editor of the Wooden Shoe inform me if there was ever a harp in heaven before man invented them in Ireland?

Also, if there really was a fire in hell before some cave man discovered fire on earth? And why did the architects when making the blueprints of heaven give it such a semblance to human habitations by putting golden stairs, when as a matter of fact the angels never walk but fly?

If it is a fact that preachers are always waiting for the day when they can see God face to face, why are they so thoughtful of their stomachs? Good food means a long life.

NELSON, in "Wooden Shoe."

MEXICAN "CONCESSIONS."

When American and other plutocrats bought Mexican land by the hundreds of square miles did they ask what right the vendors had to sell it? Did they ask how it was that a few were able to dispose of principalities? Of course they did not. They took

their alleged titles knowing them to be absolutely rotten. They knowingly made themselves partners in one of the most gigantic crimes on record. By every principle of justice they should be punished. Most certainly they should not be upheld by American bayonets.—"Regeneration."

CONFESSIONS OF A KEPT EDITOR.

I am paid \$150.00 per week for keeping my honest opinion out of the newspaper I am connected with. Others of you are paid similar salaries for similar things. Any one who would be so foolish as to write his honest opinion would be out on the street looking for another job. The business of the journalist is to destroy truth, to lie outright, to pervert, to vilify, to fawn at the feet of mammon, and to sell his country and his race for his daily bread. We are the tools and vassals of rich men behind the scenes. We are the jumping jacks; they pull the strings, we dance. Our talents, our possibilities, and our lives are all the property of other men. We are intellectual prostitutes."—John Swinton, well-known New York journalist, at newspaper banquet.

I WON'T WORK.

Starr E. Bountar, in Solidarity.

There they are, the whole pack of them, the bloodhounds of the capitalist household. Their noses close to the ground, their tongues lolling, falling over one another in their eagerness and zeal, they follow hot on the trail of the I. W. W. rebel, in their war of extermination.

Hideous is a master, brutal, inhuman is he who lives and fattens on the sweat of the blood of his fellowmen, monstrous is he who wields the whip of want and starvation over the bent backs of his brothers.

Infinitely more hideous, desperate, inhuman, are those servile bloodhounds who for the sake of a bone thrown to them by the master, cringe, yelp, howl, sink their blood-stained fangs into the flesh of a noble knight of a new humanity.

Here they come. What familiar figures. The priest, the statesman, the lawyer, the yellow journalist, the corrupted writer, the prostituted man of science—here is the whole pack of them, frothing at the mouth, whipped into a frenzy by their masters. "Sick 'em! Drive the I. W. W. rebel out of his hiding, present him in his true light!"

Bow-wow! Plebian! Infidel Sansculottes! Beggars! Scum proletarian! Bummery!

But all these deprecating cries of the past lost their sting and were accepted as badges of honor, and in their desperation, they stand in a circle and pointing their noses to the moon they howl.

What is the I. W. W.?

"I won't work!" they answer in chorus, their voices trembling with pious awe and condemnation.

You, and work. What a dissonance. What a mockery and hypocrisy.

You, the priest. Ever since primitive humanity was split into masters and slaves, into exploiters and workers, ever since the unscrupulous strong put his foot on the neck of the credulous weak, it was you, who for the price of a tile sanctioned by your holy presence, every step of tyranny and oppression, it was your black shadow that hovered over human history, burning, crucifying, reviling, hounding all the noble spirits that dared stand up for a better humanity.

You, the politician—the statesman, ruler, law-giver, law-enforcer and dispenser. It was you who stood at the cradle of slavery, who with infinite cunning and depravity built the slave pen and prison, tangled us the oppressed in a network of legal maxims and sophistries, it was you who raised private property and exploitation into a sacred institution and put "Thou shalt not steal" into the commandments.

You, the man of letters. The flower of the human intellect, the product of the toilsome, upward climb of the race, you were destined to be the torchbearer of progress and freedom, the harbinger of a new future. Instead, you sold your birth-right for a pot of porridge, for the privilege of a life in idleness. You turned your pen into a servile lancet in the hands of the oppressors, your intellect into tentacles of the social octopus.

You, and your ilk, you dare to speak to me about work, the worker.

Look at my hands. Rough, disfigured, it is they who made civilization what it is, who created all the wealth, who for countless centuries toiled and slaved for you and your masters. Look at my muscles, they swell, palpitate with surging, living sweating energy, in them are the seed of new world to come, of the future work of humanity.

Work! I was born to it, bred to it, dipped into it. And it is because of my love for it that I raise my voice in protest and condemnation against your social system that turned this flower of human spirit, this bubbling fountain of eternal life into a curse and a shame.

Work. In your fields, factories and mines, millions of human beasts of burden toil under the lash of want and starvation, getting in return barely enough to keep body and soul together. Thousands of women and children, robbed of youth and happiness, slave to create wealth for the masters and their hirelings. In your steel mill, men, my brothers, cast cannon and guns, make ammunition and bullets, create monsters of destruction and murder to be turned against them and their fellow sufferers. In your cities workers build palaces for their masters, and shacks, tenements, prisons and poorhouses for themselves. In all the length and breadth of your so-called civilized world men, enslaved, brutalized, forge their own chains, dig their own graves, work their own destruction.

Enough. The spell is broken. No more will I be deceived by your hypocritical babble about the nobility of work, the community of interests and the sacredness of established institutions. No more will I defile myself with my task, give myself away to the music of labor under the whip of a master. Your prosperity is not my prosperity. Your laws and morality art not my laws and morality. Your order is chaos to me.

A fair day's work for a fair day's wage, you tell me. Nonsense. A wage in itself is unfair, is a badge of slavery and dishonor. No wage, however big, GIVEN to me by you can pay MY day's work. I want the whole product of my labor, and I do not want it to be given to me by you, or your benevolent state, either.

I am out to take it, to expropriate it, to own and mange it, in common with my fellow workers.

Under duress, driven by hunger and want I may be compelled to slave in your industrial prisons. Grudgingly, unwillingly, I may have to sell you my labor power, and sacrifice on the altar of your greed some grains of my energy. But my heart, beating the war-song of the coming social battle, my brains, brimful with the vision of the coming day, my love and inspiration, I deny you, masters of my bread. These I consecrate on the altar of the Coming Age, the Industrial Democracy. No scientific management, no profit sharing or state capitalism schemes, products of your cowardly intellects, will open that source of life, loving, creative human energy without which your whole system will crumble to dust.

A day spent in your workshops and factories is a day wasted. It is only the hour of rebellion that counts, it is only the moments spent in undermining by intelligence and education your citadel of oppression, that makes life worth living. And it is only the energy expended in bringing the message of industrial freedom to the toiling millions, in preparing for that universal cry—"I won't work"—the social general strike, that is spent to a purpose.

I accept your challenge.

To you and your masters, I, the plebeian, the beggar, the scum proletarian, the hobo and the bum, say: "I won't work, until I shall have made you work or eat dust"

So spake the Free Footed Rebel.

Note—The above tremendous defiance, The Voice considers one of the greatest prose poems yet written by an I. W. W., and, so republishes same for the benefit of its Southern readers.—C. H.

THE QUESTION OF DECENTRALIZATION.

(5)

Centralization and the Militant Minority.

It is an incontestible fact that the real driving force in the labor movement of every country is a small minority of comparatively more interested, intelligent, capable, and vigorous workers. In times of peace it is these militants who unremittently carry on the monotonous but invaluable routine organization work. They are those who work unceasingly for the benefit of the union while the great mass of members indifferently refuse to even attend the union meetings. During strikes they are the daring pickets, saboteurs, orators, etc., who make tremendous efforts, even to the willing sacrifice of their lives, to help and stimulate the more timid and sluggish mass of workers to fight and win their battles. These militants, as a class, are known as the "militant minority"—a term imported from France, where the militant minority is clearly recognized as a powerful factor in the labor movement.

Since its inception the I. W. W. has accepted and advocated the absurd Social-Democratic theory of equality, that is all members of the union are of equal value to the union. But now the minority theory of natural leaders is coming to be vaguely understood and appreciated, and some centralists, with a smattering of knowledge of it, are characteristically twisting it into a defense of centralization. They claim that if the militant minority is to function vigorously it must be given arbitrary power; that it must be armed with constitutional provisions, etc.; that centralization is necessary.

This contention of the centralists is based on a misconception of the principle upon which the militant minority operates. Instead of being helpful to the growth and functioning of the militant minority, delegated power is directly antagonistic to it in a number of ways. Let us briefly examine a few of these:

The militant minority derives its leadership from its natural power; that is, from its superior vigor, intelligence, courage, boldness, powers of expression, general forceful interpretation of the workers needs; and leadership in their battles. Its members are the most intelligent, courageous and vigorous of the working class, and in the degree they possess these qualities they naturally, without outside aid, become influential. The ability to make good for the union is the sole condition of entree into, and the source of power of the militant minority. It is a naturally selected group of individuals best fitted to advance the interests of the union.

But when arbitrary power is conferred on union officials this is all changed. The basic principle of the militant minority is set aside. No longer is the good of the union the sole means to acquire influence. The official positions become much more desirable and the qualifications for them different. Unscrupulous political machines are built to capture and hold them. Consequently, many men, who have only the virtues of the politician, worm themselves into influential positions and by virtue of their delegated power, maintain themselves there, even though they are doing the greatest damage to the union. Not only is the union turned into a contemptible battle ground for peanut politicians, but its control often passes into the hands of all kinds of incompetents, cowards and crooks who use it to further their own petty ends. The labor movement presents many such instances.

In a decentralized union, on the contrary, the official positions do not confer any considerable power on their incumbents. If a man has influence it depends on his own value. When he ceases to be useful he loses his power. He has no machine nor constitutional power to defend himself with. Consequently the militants are kept on their mettle continually, as they must be if the militant minority is to properly function.

This one effect of delegated power, the encouraging and protection of incompetency, crookedness, etc., is often enough to cancel the efforts of the real militants. But there are other evil effects of delegated powers. It also encourages most harmful tyranny and conservatism. In a decentralized union a militant has to be diplomatic and progressive in order to have influence. But give a militant worker power in a centralized union and, no matter how sincere he was, he will almost always turn into an arrogant, small-souled conservative despot. His attitude toward the rank and file changes. He feels himself to rule by a sort of divine right. Instead of presenting his ideas on their merits, and changing them as occasion demands, he immediately closes up like a clam on those ideas he has and tries to force the rank and file to conform to them. The progressive influences in a centralized union are almost always outside the official machine. Consider the I. W. W. for instance. Here we see the bureaucracy of tried revolutionists tenaciously clinging to the outworn Trautman dogmas and refusing to accept a single new idea, while the progressive decentralists, advocates of stronger district councils, etc., are battering away at them from the outside. The official machine in the I. W. W. is a decided hin-

drance to the progress of the organization instead of a help to it.

Centralization offers another serious check to the operation of the militant minority in that it produces rigidity of organization. The militant minority functions best in that type of organization possessing the greatest flexibility; that type in which each part has autonomy to freely act and develop. In this decentralized form of union its progressive ideas and the more readily incorporated into being. But in a centralized union where the dogged opposition of a strong machine has to be overcome before even the slightest progressive measure can be adopted the militant is working under a serious if not fatal disadvantage.

From whatever angle it is considered centralization is detrimental to the militant minority. The latter is an institution fully capable of standing on its own legs. It don't need any constitutional crutches, and any attempt to furnish it with them will only hamper it. It is fully competent to secure the co-operation of the workers on the strength of its "dope." It don't need nor can it use coercion. To subsidize it with delegated power is to ruin its efficiency. The careful solicitude of the centralists for it is unnecessary. All it needs for full development is a fair field and no favor. Conditions that it can have only in decentralized unions.

FILIGNO EXPLAINS MURPHY VOTE.

In regard to Murphy representing the M. T. W. with the 42 votes so much spoken of, I want to say this. It's an injustice to call anybody a "mutt" when the fellow is very little known; everything would have been alright if he had one or two votes. The roll call was taken twice, and the second roll call which was to decide whether we would do away with the G. E. B. this same fellow refused to vote.

You know that the M. T. W. didn't hold a convention and consequently there was no delegate elected to represent that body at the general convention, you know how I happen to be here, and I certainly wanted the M. T. W. to be represented. I had no time to have the membership nominate and elect a delegate. I knew at the same time the financial standing of the organization and here I was, what was I to do? No money in the treasury, no delegate, and the convention to take place in a few days. The local in Philadelphia was the only local in good standing with the National Union, except the locals on the Pacific Coast, which have a very small membership. So I took one of the two credentials sent to this office to Philadelphia and turned the same to local No. 8 of the M. T. W., and told them that they could elect one of the delegates at the convention, proving they paid the expenses of same, and I told them also that they were taking chances in getting their delegate seated. I went before the convention and told them the whole truth just as I am telling it to you now. My only object was to have representation for the M. T. W. When Murphy was elected delegate there were six nominated, three declined, and three ran, and Murphy was elected by two-thirds of the total vote.

I want to say to all rebels that this proposition of defaming everybody's character has got to be stopped. There will always exist different ideas, but that is no sign that just because I don't agree with you that you are a crook nor that I am one. I tell you it's not the spirit of a real revolutionist.

With best wishes to you and the reds, I am,
Yours for victory,
C. L. FILIGNO.

COMMENT:—Steadfastly THE VOICE has refused and will continue to refuse to allow in its columns the defaming of any Fellowworker, and its editor regrets that he ever allowed to get by him the calling of Fellowworker Murphy a "mutt," for, personally, he was not to blame for holding 42 votes in the Convention.

THE VOICE offers its sincere apology to Fellowworker Murphy.

COVINGTON HALL.

EBERT DECLINES NOMINATION.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE:—Please announce that I decline the nomination for Editor of Solidarity. A practical printer and publisher, as well as writer, is required for the position.
Brooklyn, N. Y., October 4, 1913. JUSTUS EBERT.

FLYNN ADDRESSES I. W. W.

N. Y. District Council Headquarters, 2205 Third Avenue.
New York, Oct. 8, 1913.—Fellowworkers:—Having been nominated for Secretary-Treasurer of the I. W. W., at the late Convention, principally through the influence of a communication which came from New York in the last days of the Convention, I feel that, regardless of any chances that there may be of election, I should state clearly where I stand and then, at least, no one can say he voted for me under a misapprehension. Briefly stated, I hold: That the Secretary-Treasurer should confine himself to his functions as a Secretary, and as a Treasurer, as laid down by the Constitution. The General Organizer should attend to the organization work and be responsible for it.

The Secretary-Treasurer should refuse to pay any wages to G. E. B. members as organizers, for the Constitution forbids the employment of the members of the G. E. B. in that capacity.

He should refuse to pay wages and expenses to any G. E. B. member going into any territory unless in response to a specific demand from the local bodies in that district over their seal.

He should refuse to pay wages to any National Organizer going into any district, except in response to a specific demand from the local bodies in that district.

The General Office should act in harmony with and be subservient to the local bodies.

Fraternally,
THOMAS FLYNN.

"LONGVIEW" AND LONGHELL.

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all other things shall be added unto thee."

I guess that is what R(ober) A. Long of Kansas City did. Say! You lemon colored, wrinkled faced, humped-backed empty-gutted "Bone-Heads" of Louisiana, how would you like to enjoy some of the comforts Long is providing for the cattle, horses and hogs on that million dollar farm called "Longview?"

You could stand the fresh air he pumps into the cattle stalls because you are used to plenty of that, as you live in shacks with

holes often large enough to chunk a cat through. But, those other modern conveniences would likely disagree with you.

But, you have no show to ever experience any of these sanitary measures, because you are merely a two-legged ram of the piney woods and not a cow, bull or horse. You will first have to evolve back to the time when you crept around on your all-fours, which many scientist claim was man's original way of moving around.

But, aint it funny that one of the most devilish lumber concerns in Louisiana has for its head a big churchman? Lord, help us! It makes us dwell on that time-worn phrase "consistency thou art a jewel."

This Long-Bell outfit used to not pay a man at all between their regular pay-days without a discount of 10 per cent. on top of \$2.00 per month for "pil-driver" and some hospital probably located some where in the skies. They discounted my time on two occasions and I am very glad that their method of doing business enabled me to donate so generously to that million-dollar farm surrounded by nine miles of white fence made of heart cypress. It must look real nice.

The "Bone-heads" of Louisiana and Texas live in Longhell and many of them will never rest their optics on a place like "Longview."

Folks like Rob-em-long never did me any harm. By himself he could not. But, ably assisted by "Bone-heads," "Brush-Monkeys," damphools and "suckers," he has.

You peons of Long and others will never be surrounded by a cypress fence painted white, but look out they don't get you in some bullpen painted black by the crimes of gunmen who are upheld by members of "law and order leagues," God forbid.

But, these are wonderful times. The workers pay hospital fees for years and then learn it's located at Kansas City and especially for horses, mules and cows.

Some "Brush-monkeys" and some fairly intelligent people are wondering what will become of the poor in Louisiana and other states when the timber pirates finish destroying the balance of the forests. Don't worry, old Master will find employment for you, because upon your eternal toil depends his existence.

If nothing better offers, you might by raising black-eyed peas on shares for old Master, chase rabbits and bull frogs at night, and go fishing on Sunday.

Whatever you do don't "jine" the union, you might lose your (?) job. Don't read, write or think, or do anything displeasing to your boss.

For as quick as you quit work that day you will starve. It is quite unnecessary that I tell you to do these things because you will do them anyway.

US THE HOBOES.

By Covington Hall.
(Republished by request.)

We shall laugh to scorn your power that now holds the world in awe,

We shall trample on your customs and shall spit upon your law;
We shall come up from life's desert to your burdened banquet hall,
We shall turn your wine to wormwood, your honey into gall.

We shall go where wail the children, where, from your race-killing mills,
Flows a bloody stream of profit to your cursed, insatiate tills;
We shall tear them from your drivers, in our shamed and angered pride,

With the fury and the fierceness of a fatherhood denied.

We shall set our sisters on you, those you trap into your hells
Where the mother instinct's stifled and no earthly beauty dwells;
We shall call them from the living-death, the death in life you gave,
To sing our class' triumph o'er your cruel system's grave.

We shall strip them of their epaulets, the panderers who fight
Your wars against the workers for a bone on which to bite;
We shall batter down your prisons, we shall set your chaingangs free,
We shall drive you from the mountainside, the valley, plain and sea.

We shall hunt around the fences where your ox-men sweat and gape
Till they stampede down your stockades in their panic to escape;
We shall steal up thru the darkness, we shall prowl the wood and town,
Till they waken to their power and arise and ride you down.

We shall send the message to them, on a whisper down the night,
We shall make the warrior women drive the ox-men to the fight;
We shall use your guile against you, all the cunning you have taught,
All the wisdom of the serpent to attain the ending sought.

We shall come as comes the cyclone,—in the stillness we shall form—
From the calm your terror fashioned we shall hurl on you the storm;
We shall strike when least expected, when you think toil's rout complete,
And crush you and your hessians 'neath our brogan-shodded feet.

We shall laugh to scorn your power that now holds the world in awe,
We shall trample on your customs, we shall spit upon your law,
We shall outrage all your temples, we shall blaspheme all your gods,—
We shall turn the old world over as the plowman turns the clods!

TO POLITICAL PLEADERS.

By Phineas Eastman.

The October "International Socialist Review" contains an article by Frank Bohn, entitled, "The State of the Party," in which he severely criticises the action of the last S. P. convention in adopting Article 6, Section 2, and beseeches those members who were alienated from the party by this assinine action to forget

this insult, and to come back into the folds of the party.

He says: "I sat in Tomlinson Hall and saw the majority of the convention worked into a fever of excitement, bitterness and fear of something that did not exist, until the time was ripe to write Article 6, Section 2, into the platform." Now it occurs to me that this writer, in his efforts to cement the gap between the Reds and Yellows, lacks courage.

Why did he not name the prime movers in this "Fever Working Conspiracy?" Why leave a great many of the unthinking and half-educated party members in the dark as to the identity of the big yellow leaders and their political henchmen who were the fathers of this dirty move? Why continue to shield these traitors to the working class, who are directly responsible for the loss of 5,000 dues paying members? The real fact of the matter is, that if Berger, Barnes, Spargo, Hilquitt, et al, had increased the party membership by the insertion of this meddlesome clause, which was an open invitation to the progressives and other "Neverlutionists," to join the party, there would have been no articles written bewailing its adoption instead there would have been much rejoicing—and derision for the I. W. W. and direct action.

It is quite useless for Bohn and other Socialist writers to beseech the Saboteure to come back into the Socialist party because they have had their fill of political opportunists. It is easy to say, "for the time being forget article 6, section 2, because the day will come when those responsible for its passage realizing their mistake, (Bohn says shame) will vote to repeal it." Of course they will, because it had just the opposite effect intended. The harm to the S. P. has already been done and, in my opinion, there is only one remedy for it, and that is for the S. P. to go back to first principles and be a real party of the working class, and kick the opportunists and the Petit Bourgeois over to the progressives. I have been a socialist for ten years and have become thoroughly disgusted with politics and yellow leaders who wish to use the workers votes to place themselves in fat offices and, then, "To hell with said workers."

Being a member of the I. W. W., I bitterly resent the contemptible methods used by these yellows in misrepresenting the the Only Real Labor Union in America. Down here in the South little 2x4 Socialist Party speakers, under instructions from the Higher-Ups have made it a point to visit places, where the F. & L. W. of the I. W. W. have local unions and preach against Industrial Unionism, the General Strike and Sabotage; and have succeeded in persuading unthinking vote-loving members to quit the union. These speakers use the failure of the Merryville, La., strike as an instance to prove the futility of Direct Action; some of these "Dear Comrades," in their zeal to serve Berger, et al, begged their audience to cease contributing funds for the defense of the Grabow prisoners as well as to the Merryville strikers and to rely only on the ballot box. Such talks caused us to lose some union members for the time being, but those who are sticking have lost all faith in political action, and ten to one are lost forever to the Socialist party. Economic conditions will force the "Voters" back into the Union.

The Pure and Simples realize now, that they have been using a two-edged sword, and by far the keenest edge is directed against themselves.

If the S. P. continues its present policy it will have to be rechristened—"The Intellectual Party of the Middle Class," and on its banner will be inscribed: "Down With the I. W. W.!" and, "To Hell With the Proletariat!"

In their frantic appeals to the workers to support the party, the Political Socialists call attention to the fact that the police and militia are now used by the Boss to intimidate and even murder strikers, and PROMISE to stop this procedure when they—the S. P.—get into power. Taking Article 6, Section 2, and the speeches and writings of their acknowledged leaders as a criterion, we Direct Actionists place no confidence whatever in these promises.

The thing for the Proletarian in the Socialist party to do, is to join the I. W. W., do this TO-DAY, and thereby hasten the day of the Emancipation of the Working Class.

PREPAID SUB CARDS.

Send for a supply of SIX MONTHS sub cards to THE VOICE. In United States: THREE for \$1.10; FIVE for \$2.00; THIRTEEN for \$5.00; FIFTY for \$17.50. Cash in advance.

Special Canadian rates on application.

This is a bargain that will increase your local's literature sales and put money in your treasury.

ORDER TO-DAY.

ITA EST.

"Call no man Master; neither call you any man Father." The Rebel Carpenter of Nazareth.

"This is a mighty good world to graft in, To lend or to spend or to give in, But to beg or to borrow, or to get one's own, 'Tis the poorest world that ever was known."

The I. W. W. Preamble

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

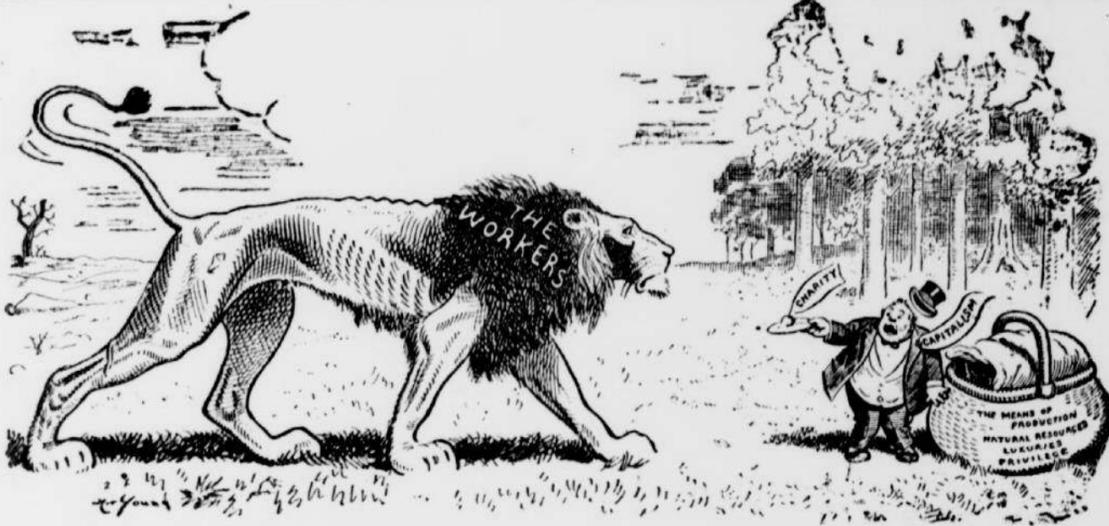
Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

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

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries, if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout 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 capitalism, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society with the shell of the old.



Adventures of the Sab Cat's Kittens.

This is from a kitty in Murderville. Us scabs is having a fine time trying to bust old "Uncle Trustie." We are having just as good a time as we CAN. We all gamble. By gosh! I want to let "the public" know of a funny thing that happened in the "quarters" last Saturday night. Mr. Finny Spied, the King of Scabs, came up into the "quarters" to catch us common scabs gambling and bootlegging booze. He found us in a little shack,

fastened up in there, and he and one more King Scab, Boe Jackassman, broke in and every last one of us common scabs run over him. He jumped up and grabbed one of us but fell down in a mudhole and lost his flashlight and so couldn't tell which way we scabs went, but he don't mean much no way. They have got some of the worst scabs in these bullpens I ever seen and I hear the great "Hog Kaiser" says he "can most see his fin-

ish," and I guess he can, 'cause this measly bunch in here would bust Uncle Sam much less the Fanta See. Kittens loose in the woods too, I hear.

Well, Old J., I will ring off and all over Finny if he tears in on us any more. We ain't scabbing for the fun of it, no, not by a damsite, by gosh. Don't old Daddy Sab Cat look hungry? His sons are sure mean not to fatten him up some.

BLACK ROBEMSOME.

Rangel Appeals To Working Class.

Your letter, or better said, your answer to Charles Cline, has our approval. Again we protest against the false versions, against the lies published by the mercenary press, regarding us.

Huerta and his lot of vassals are fighting to gain power for their own personal ambition; we are fighting against his regime, his system, going toward liberty for the humanity's sake, for the sake of our fellow-creatures, for our salvation.

Here, here it is our fault! We are not in service of this or that government; our soul is not sold to anybody; we are pledged, we are engaged to our own cause.

We have had the misfortune to fall in the hands of our enemy, but we think, we firmly believe that you and the working class, that our "Unions" will not deny us their assistance.

We are accused by our persecutors of a crime we have not committed.

Please, address everything to EUGENIO ALZALDE, who has the charge of receiving funds and to notice our "Regeneration" for the relative publication.

Yours in freedom's cause,
J. M. RANGEL.

ITA EST.

"THE GUN is not our weapon."
Neither shall the gunman be our master.

DIRECT ACTION: Action ON the JOB—AGAINST the BOSS—AT the point of production—where the stealing of wealth goes on—ACTION BY the workers, OF the workers, FOR the workers. The UNION EXPROPRIATING unto itself the SOCIAL POWERS—the working class acting OF itself, BY itself, FOR itself alone—THAT IS DIRECT ACTION.

A SAB CAT kitten can whip the biggest bloodhound, four or two-footed, owned by the Western and Southern Lumber Operators Association, for, next to the Oil Industry, there is no Industry so completely at the mercy of the Militant Minority as is the Lumber Industry.

Tom Mann's Dates

PORTLAND
October 22 and 23, 1913.
At Socialist Hall, 128 1/2 Fourth Street.
Under auspices I. W. W. C. C. C.

SAN FRANCISCO

October 26, 1913.
At Dreamland Rink.

Back Numbers Wanted

All Locals or Individuals having back numbers of THE LUMBER-JACK and THE VOICE which they can spare from their files, please forward same to us at once for filing purposes.

Southern District—Notice!

All Southern Locals I. W. W. should get in touch with Secretary Jay Smith at once and arrange a meeting for Fellowworker C. H. Edwards, G. E. B. member, who has just returned from the General Convention of the I. W. W., and is now on the firing line for new programme work.

Local secretaries will be able to arrange a meeting for Fellowworker C. H. Edwards by writing to Jay Smith, Box 78, Alexandria, La.

REVIEW AND VOICE, \$1.00

We have on hand a few six months subcards to the "International Socialist Review—the great fighting "Red Socialist" Magazine. As long as they last, we will sell THE REVIEW for Six Months and THE VOICE for 40 weeks (both) for One dollar. Order to-day if you don't miss this chance.

LECTURE

BY
ROBERT P. FLEMING

on
"SOCIALISM AND THE WORLD'S INTELLECTUALS."

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24, 8 P. M.

Under the Auspices of the
WORKERS' EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE,

314 St. Charles Street.

Rebels, Attention!

All Western and Northern rebels, who make it a practice of wintering in the South, please try to land on jobs in the Lumber districts and at once communicate with Secretary Jay Smith, Box 78, Alexandria, La. Cut this out and keep it for reference. Help us overthrow the infamous system of Southern peonage!

Pacific Coast Notice.

The Southern District desires to bring John Pancker into its territory at the earliest possible date. He says he can come if the COAST LOCALS at San Pedro, Los Angeles, Redlands, Imperial Valley, Cal., and Bisbee, Ariz., will but arrange meetings to help him make his way out. For full particulars, write Jay Smith, Sec., So. Dist., Box 78, Alexandria, La.



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SABOTAGE

By Emile Pouget and Arturo Giovannitti, a book every worker should read. Paper, 25 cents, postpaid. Address **The Voice of The People**, 335 Carondelet Street, New Orleans, La. Or for \$1.00 we will send you a copy of Sabotage and the Voice for one year. Get wise! Do it now, TO-DAY.

Red Cross Drug Store

Tenth and Jackson Streets—Opposite Union Depot
ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA

Complete Stock of

DRUGS, MEDICINES, DRUG SUNDRIES AND
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Our Prescription Department is in Charge of Skilled Registered Pharmacists, and only Highest Grade Materials Used.

Mail Orders Filled Immediately on Receipt.
Safe Delivery by Parcels Post Guaranteed.
No Order Too Small for Our Best Attention and Service.
TELEPHONE NUMBER 212

La. S. P After "The Voice".

NEWS COMES FROM WESTERN LOUISIANA concerning what we have for sometime suspected, that the socialist party politicians are carrying on a secret and vicious war against THE VOICE with the object of destroying the paper. THE VOICE certainly has gone up against a peculiar combination of enemies in its brief existence. No wonder socialist party politicians can BOAST that they can speak in Lumber Trust towns, in places where a member of the Forest and Lumber Workers Unions dares even let himself be known. We are getting to be a little proud of our record. It is up to the "Red Host" to say whether we shall go down or not and the fighting is getting warm and desperate. It is up to YOU, the Militant Workers, to whom, alone, we have appealed. One thing is SURE, if we do go down, we will sink under the crimson banner of INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY. Militants! shall THE VOICE die?

Small Bundles

MUTUALISM is the law of life. In order to give Individual Rebels and small Locals a chance to help THE VOICE spread the propaganda of the ONE BIG UNION, also to cut down the work of bookkeeping, (for there is more work now than the editor can rightly handle alone) we make the following offer on small bundle orders: UNITED STATES, 5 copies, 13 weeks, \$1.00; 10 copies, \$2.00. CANADA, 4 copies, 13 weeks, \$1.00, 8 copies, \$2.00. We would like all small bundles now \$on the books to be put on this basis as soon as possible. "The fight is on—on with the fight!"

Help the Voice

Local Unions and Individuals owing THE VOICE for bundle orders, please RUSH REMITTANCES.

We are compelled to pay all accounts in cash, so, are unable to carry accounts 30 to 60 days and will have to discontinue this practice after this month. Please act accordingly, AND RUSH REMITTANCES.

Help THE VOICE to keep up the fight to carry light into the jungles of the South. Also, it's worth every cent it costs you for your OWN entertainment. Get busy come across with the lubricant that runs this mundane sphere, the Boss of Bosses, the King of Kings, otherwise and in vulgar language known as the ALMIGHTY DOLLAR, and RUSH REMITTANCES!

Thanksgiving

(By an Honest Capitalist.)

We thank Thee. Yea, in the tone Of those who are glad of the goods they own.

We thank Thee. Yea, that Thou hast prefer'd

And blessed us more than the common herd.

We thank Thee, part with the heart's intention

But most, let us own, with the lips' convention.

"We thank Thee." Lord what a selfish prayer.

Thanks!—while a beggars breast is bare?

Thanks that our own full feast is spread

While another creature is lacking bread?

Thanks that our own full-fed blood runs warm,

While a starveling baby breasts the storm?

Thanksgiving! The word is a god-less taunt

From the "House of Have" to the "House of Want."

Until I share my uttermost crust

With sinner or saint, with jailed or just,

I will not clamor to God and raise

My complacent eyes—and call it praise.

Why, what am I, that Thou givest a feast

Which Thou hast not shared with Thy worst and least?

I look at the world and I see the yield

For all from forest and mine and field,

And because I have seized a share, shall I

Cry out Thanksgiving—and only cry?

Thanks? Nay, for though I am cloyed, I know

The taste of the hungering want. And though

My limbs are whole, I can feel the crack

Of the bloody bones on the torture rack.

I have looked in the pit and have not feared,

But I know the shrink of the soul it seared.

Yes, yes; I am even as you—of those

Who can not, will not, heal these woes,

I am what I am, but I will not be

At one with the smug-lipped, Pharisee

Who praises God for his earthly gain,

While misery stares through the window-pane.

Only Cure For Hookworms.

By M. Lambright.

The Doctor said, "You have a very bad case of hookworms." The hell U say, says I. Whyinhell don't you tell me something I don't know? Got the hookworms, yes, I got 'em damn bad. The doctor: "I don't understand you." Don't understand me? Well I'll fix it so you can understand me, so here goes. Now you say I have the hookworm very, very bad, and I agree with you. I got 'em, alright. But what is the cause of the hookworm? Doctor: "The hookworm is caused from going barefooted. You get ground itch and the first thing you know you are full of hookworms. Now I will give you some of my medicine and you will soon be alright." Say, Doc, says I, that dope aint worth a damn. What the workers want is more SHOES to keep the hookworms out. To hell with your capitalistic dope! Come across with the pork-chops and Budweiser! You can fool part of the people all the time but you can't fool all the people ALL the time. Put THAT in your pipe and smoke it. YES, we have rebelled in the South, and you grafters think all you have got to do to drive us back into the bullpens is to tell us that we, the working class, are full of hookworms. To hell with you!

Now a word to you who get your bread by the sweat of your brows. Did you ever stop to think what an insult it is to you and your family to be robbed out of the product of your labor until you are all forced to go in overalls and barefooted and then for them to have the gall to tell us, the working class, that what's the matter with us is that we are full of hookworms? Come, come, wake up and do your own thinking, for just as long as you let the Boss and his Doctors do it for you, you will remain slaves and the hookworms will keep on eating you, up alive. Wake up! Get in the I. W. W.! It has the only real remedy for the hookworm, that is, more SHOES, CLOTHING and GRUB. That is what we want. To hell with their hot air. One fat, juicy beefsteak slung into a slave's stomach will kill more hookworms in a minute than all the dope the doctors, either of medicine or divinity, can squirt into your carcasses and souls in a century. That's what WE want—fat BEEFSTEAKS and real SHOES. Get into the ONE BIG UNION, stand up for your rights, and TAKE them. Put the grafters off our backs—they are THE hookworms that are hurting YOU and ME, the working class.

RIGHT never yet was vanquished
freedom never met defeat;
The Sons of Liberty have yet their
conquerer to meet.

The Coffee that makes New Orleans Famous
GET IT AT
Creole Bakery & Restaurant
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