

LONG LIVE THE GENERAL STRIKE!

An Injury To One

Organization ★ Is Power

An Injury To All

THE VOICE of the PEOPLE

[OWNED BY THE LUMBERJACKS]

VOLUME II

"MIGHT IS RIGHT"

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1913

"TRUTH CONQUERS"

NUMBER 44



Imprisoned Labor Lifting The Last Stone Barring The Way To Life, Liberty And The Pursuit Of Happiness.

We Face a Crisis

THE TIMES THAT TRY MEN'S SOULS ARE WITH US ONCE AGAIN.

LEGERE'S, BOCCHINI'S AND BOYD'S SENTENCES MUST BE QUASHED.

Haywood and His Companions MUST not be Allowed to go to Trial on Trumped-up Charges Without a Bitter Fight.

Cline, Rangel and their Fellow Victims MUST be Saved from the Huertaistas of Texas.

Wheatland's Victims MUST be Defended to the Last Ditch.

The Power of the INDUSTRIAL DESPOTISM to Imprison and Murder the Soldiers of Liberty MUST be Challenged by the INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY. In every one of these Cases the Capitalist Class has thrown down the Gauntlet to the entire WORKING CLASS and Challenged it to battle.

WE MUST "FIGHT OR QUIT!"

THEREFORE: Send your contributions to the DEFENSE FUND to VINCENT ST. JOHN, General Secretary-Treasurer of the I. W. W., 164 Washington Street, Chicago, Illinois: Your PROTESTS to the Governors of New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Texas, California, and to the President of the UNITED STATES, if you want to waste time appealing to hearts of stone, and send your SYMPATHY TO HELL.

DEMAND, too, the freedom of the IRON WORKERS—of ALL LABOR'S sons imprisoned for resisting SLAVERY.

SONS OF TOIL, ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE!

TURN THE SAB CATS LOOSE!!!!
AND—
ON WITH THE PROPAGANDA OF THE WORLD-WIDE GENERAL STRIKE!!!!

Free Vancouver Miners!

To all Organized Labor:

Fellow-Workers:—

We, the workers are face to face with a situation in Canada which demands the immediate action of all organized wage-workers, irrespective of their affiliation, craft or label.

The conditions of the striking coal miners of Vancouver Island and the lengths to which our masters are going in their efforts to suppress them, has reached such a stage that we hereby call on the whole of organized labor to take such action as will force the release of those awaiting sentence and those already sentenced, and we hereby notify the rest of organized labor that the I. W. W. locals throughout Canada are already prepared to co-operate with them in any way which will effect the release of these victims of capitalist oppression, and we hereby call on the rest of organized labor to either take such steps or forever lay down at the feet of the masters.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?
PRESS COMMITTEE.

Industrial Workers of the World, L. U. 322, 34 Cordova St. West, Vancouver, B. C., Oct. 24.

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 employes 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 all delegates or organizers shall be allowed to visit camps and mills.

We demand that injured workmen be given immediate attention.

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 pure, wholesome food be served at company boarding houses.

Cooks and other employes 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.

GET BUSY!

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.

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:

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

The Voice Maintenance Fund

October Donations.

DeRidder, La., Rebels	\$ 7.50
C. L. Filigno	3.50
John Dorve	1.50
Phin. Eastman	1.00
J. J. F.	1.00
L. U. 587	1.00
E. K.	1.00
H. Baar	1.00

Total \$17.50

THE VOICE thanks his Fellow Rebels for the above aid which was badly needed and is greatly appreciated.

There are three courses open to the paper in order to keep it going through the dull months, viz.: First, the Organizations and individuals owing the paper for bundle orders to pay up at once the full amount due by them and to thereafter pay promptly at least Bi-weekly; or, Second, to cut the paper to about one-half its present size; or, Third, to get more advertising, and we are opposed to advertising in THE VOICE; or still a Fourth course might be followed, but it takes ACTIVE co-operation all along the line, and that course is to immediately start a campaign to secure INDIVIDUAL SUBSCRIBERS, who can be gotten far more easily than you think; often all you have to do to get a sub is to ask the fellow-worker working right along side of you for it and the deed is done, but HE won't know YOU want it until you ask for it. Suppose you try it on him to-day? Again, THREE prepaid six months sub cards will cost you only \$1.10 and you can sell them for \$1.50. Why not order three and try it? Or, if this won't do, why not five fellow-workers on a job chip in \$1.00 and take a bundle of five copies for 13 weeks? That wouldn't break any of you Woodsmen, would it?

Lastly and generally, PLEASE, Rebels, send us short NEWS articles of the happenings in your territory. Remember, we have no wireless service and the only way we can print the labor news is for you to send it in, but please mark all articles sent to THE VOICE, WOODEN SHOE and SOLIDARITY, other than for Defense purposes, "duplicate," as readers object to seeing the same articles in all three papers. Remember also that you get THE VOICE and SOLIDARITY, or WOODEN SHOE, for only \$1.50 a year, or all three papers for only \$2.25 a year, which is the greatest bargain ever offered since Adam sold Paradise for an apple. At all times and everywhere, BOOST the I. W. W. press ahead of all other papers, which suggestion we request the "Effete East" to especially note and act on. And, please note Bill Cook's advice that US editors aint begging U for a damn thing; also his payment notice in Wooden Shoe. Bill's got more gall than "ME unt god" combined. At the fare-U-well please remember that these lastly remarks are only general and are not intended for U, for U are doing your duty; they are all meant for the "other fellow." AND, PLEASE SEND US THE NEWS, especially the news of the LUMBER and MARINE TRANSPORT INDUSTRIES.

Yours in the fight for the World for the workers.

COVINGTON HALL.

CLUBBING LIST.

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

LOST CREDENTIALS.

Notice to Secretaries and members of the I. W. W.: Chas. Clinton lost between K. C. Mo. and Pratt, Kan., a wallet containing Organizer's Credentials issued by Local No. 65. De, credentials, unused part of ticket Bisbee to Chicago and return and other personal papers. Any I. W. W. member finding these will take them up and notify Secretary No. 65, Box 203, Bisbee, Ariz., as they might be used to the detriment of the organization.
CHAS. CLINTON.

THE VOICE of the PEOPLE

(Formerly "The Lumberjack.")

Education

Organization

Emancipation



Freedom in

Industrial

Democracy

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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.

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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.

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NOTHING IN COMMON.

By Covington Hall.

The more one looks into the facts at the base of the labor movement, the more he is compelled to render homage to the clear, keen insight, the dauntless courage, the glorious genius of Karl Marx, the greatest and grandest intellect of the nineteenth century, a man without fear and without reproach, without guile and without superstition, a man fitted by every quality of heart and mind to be, what he is, the captain general of the social revolution. "The working class and the capitalist class," he declared, "have nothing in common." This, like all else he said, is true. Labor has never disregarded, save at its own peril, the fundamentals laid down by him.

All the ships of compromise and revision alike have been wrecked at last upon the rock of his truth-founded reasoning, which reasoning builds from the facts and not from the fancies of life. And so the working class and the capitalist class have NOTHING in common.

Hear it, you "Bergerites," hear it, you "Gomperites;" hear it, you "Christian Socialists;" hear it, you politicians, priests and preachers of all creeds and kinds; hear it again, lest you forget it. The working class and the capitalist class have NOTHING in common. NOTHING IN COMMON.

All the self-interest of the working class is opposed to ALL the self interest of the capitalist class.

It is to the self-interest of the working class to raise wages ever and ever higher; to the self-interest to the capitalist class to press them ever lower and lower; of the working class to shorten and ever shorten the hours of toil; of the capitalist class to ever and ever lengthen them; of the working class to keep its children out of the sweatshops, of the capitalist class to keep them there; of the working class to produce food, clothing and shelter to the utmost limit of abundance, of the capitalist class to restrict the production thereof, not to allow an abundance, lest that very abundance wreck their system and ruin their thrones.

It is to the self-interest of the working class to allow science a free hand everywhere, to the self-interest of the capitalist class to cripple its hands, to see that it serves only the famine-producing game of profit.

It is to the self-interest of the working class to unchain the mind of the teacher and to force secular education through modern schools on all children, to the self-interest of the capitalist class to prevent this at all hazards, since, in free schools, the truth always abides.

As in the domain of self-interest, so, too, in the field of ethics, the working class and the capitalist class have nothing in common. Their gods are not our gods—their God is nothing but the chief of police, the Pinkerton of the skies, a brutal and incarnate fiend—our God, the one that gave us birth, from whom comes all things we have or ever will have, who is punishing us now for our violation of her shrines, is our MOTHER NATURE.

Their morals are not our morals, for to the working class the restriction of the productive forces of nature or the wasting thereof must forever be a criminal operation, since it spells for us but want and hunger, yet is it moral to the capitalist class since it conserves profit and tends, by hungerfying the workers and otherwise, to bolster up its reign. So, too, child labor, and any toil that saps the mother-strength of our women, is immoral to the working class, since it violates the love-instinct and by so doing weakens the class in body, heart, soul and mind, yet it is for this very reason moral to the capitalist class, since it makes the work of exploitation easier.

Nor is their law our law, their legality our legality, and for the reason that we cannot make a move anywhere, in any direction for

the protection and advancement of our interests, material of ethical, without violating their law, since the law, like all things else, is born of necessity and is always written by the owning class for the safe-guarding of its plunder. Wherefore it is impossible for a labor union to make a contract with the capitalist class without committing treason against the working class, since such an instrument must violate all the interests and therefore all the law of the working class. The "SACRED CONTRACT" of the John Mitchells and their ilk is in reality but a poetical name for scabbery, and scabbery is and must be, as treason ever is, the crime of crimes, the immortality of immortalities, the sin of all unpardonable sins, to the working class, while he or the union that commits it is and always will be "respectable," "safe and sane" and "heroic" to the capitalist class. The attitude of the two classes toward the scab shows more clearly than any other one thing that they have NOTHING, materially or ethically, in common, for to one he is the vilest traitor, to the other he is a "hero." As the workers hate and despise the individual scab to-day, so they will learn to far more hate and despise the scabbing union to-morrow. And at the last, their STATE and our UNION have NOTHING in COMMON, for the STATE is a PLUNDERBUND and the UNION a COMMON-WEALTH.

The STATE is of, deals with and is the servant of property; the UNION is of, deals with and is the servant of MAN. One is the legitimate child of robbery, the other of industry.

The STATE is a political organization of property holders evolving toward a world-wide INDUSTRIAL DESPOTISM; the UNION is a social organization of workers evolving toward a world-wide INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY.

Their organization, interests, aims, hopes, laws, morals and gods are antagonistic to each other everywhere and at all points even to-day, and as time goes on the breach between them must widen and deepen with every hour until at last they challenge each other on the field of revolution for supremacy and the ownership of the earth and all the wealth that the genius of labor has placed thereon.

Hear it again, ye who seek to revise and compromise the master's teachings—the WORKING CLASS and the CAPITALIST CLASS HAVE NOTHING IN COMMON.

Everywhere, in tones of thunder, necessity is proclaiming the need of the industrial unity of the working class and, in propagating the mandates of necessity, the I. W. W. becomes the voice of the living truth, which is why no power on earth has been able to crush it or ever will be.

Hear it again: THE WORKING CLASS AND THE CAPITALIST CLASS HAVE NOTHING IN COMMON.

BATTLE HYMN OF TOIL.

By Covington Hall.

Onward! Onward! Onward!
Till the toilers all are free!
Forward! Forward! Forward!
Death! Death! Death or Liberty!

Lo! the little children hung'ring midst the plenty of the earth;
Lo! the mothers agonizing that they ever gave them birth;
Lo! the slaughter of the lovely and the murder of the just,
And the blinding of the soul-sight by the lords of Greed and Lust.

Onward! Onward! Onward!
Till the toilers all are free!
Forward! Forward! Forward!
Death! Death! Death or Liberty!

We, the miracle performers, working wonders with our toil,
We are strangers in our countries, we are aliens on their soil;
We are hoboes, tramps and vagrants, and we live and die a slave,
Tho the treasuries are bursting with the wealth our labor gave.

Onward! Onward! Onward!
Till the toilers all are free!
Forward! Forward! Forward!
Death! Death! Death or Liberty!

Let us rise and march, my comrades, to the song that Freedom sings;
Let us hurl a MAN'S defiance in the ashen face of Kings;
Let us rise as one and gather 'round our war flags, flaming, red,
Till the whole world shakes and trembles to the thunder of our tread.

Onward! Onward! Onward!
Till the toilers all are free!
Forward! Forward! Forward!
Death! Death! Death or Liberty!

THE INTERNATIONAL SYNDICALIST CONGRESS.

By Caroline Nelsion.

It was feared that the congress would have been a failure on account of its poor management. But when it opened in Holborn Hall fourteen countries were represented, viz.: Argentina, Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Cuba, England, France, Germany, Holland, Poland, Sweden and Denmark.

Jack Wills of England was elected chairman. He is a member of a city council, and when that was found out there were several representatives who wondered why a politician was chairman over a convention called by workers who wanted to free the workers from political influence. Michelet from France wanted to know the why of this. It brought on a lively discussion that lasted nearly all the forenoon. Wills explained that the council he was a member of had nothing to do with politics, that he did not believe that the workers could gain their freedom by voting members into the parliament.

But he had to leave the chair by a majority vote. This brought the congress to a crisis. The delegates from Holland declared that

they now did not know whether they could take part in the congress or not, as the syndicalist principle was political neutrality, and that what Wills was outside the organization, did not matter, as long as he acknowledged syndicalism. The Holland delegation, however, gave in, and Jack Tanner took the chair.

All Monday afternoon, Tuesday and Wednesday was taken up by reports, that gave a general world-wide view of syndicalism to date.

A committee formulated the following resolutions:

1. The congress declares that the workers throughout the world suffer under capitalist tyranny, political as well as economic, and it therefore stands for the class-struggle and international solidarity, and for the workers' organizing themselves in free organizations.

2. These organizations should have for their purpose the immediate material and intellectual unfoldment, and finally the overthrow of the capitalist system.

3. The congress declares that the class-struggle is a necessary outcome of private property of the productive means and their distribution, and that this can only cease by socialization of the industries through the upbuilding and evolution of the labor organizations to the point where they can take charge of them in the interest of the whole society.

4. The congress also declares that the international labor organizations can only succeed in this undertaking, when they cease to stand apart through religious and political beliefs, and hold that proletariat can only wield an effective influence on the state through direct action.

5. The congress consequently calls upon all workers in all countries to organize themselves into independent, industrial organizations, and unite in international solidarity to reach final freedom from the capitalist world-power.

It was now found that the committee against its will had placed itself on the social-democratic ground by using the phrase, political tyranny or slavery is an outcome of the industrial, and the congress had only declared against the industrial slavery, therefore the committee had to correct its mistake in paragraph 1.

Paragraph 4 was changed to read: The congress declares that the international labor organization can only succeed in this undertaking when they cease to stand apart through political and religious views, and explain that the fight is an economic fight, which means that it is useless to remove it to the government or its officials, as only the workers through their direct power can free themselves on the economic field through their organized strength.

Then came the discussion about the building up of a new international. The German and Holland delegates wanted a new international, but most of the delegates had no definite instruction on that subject. Demoulin of Belgium was against forming a new international secretariat, as against the one now situated in Berlin, Spain wanted to put the formation over to next congress, and to form an international commission now. The French syndicalists organization belongs to the old international secretariat and could not join in with the new one. In England and in many other countries the syndicalists bore from within the old unions, which excludes them also from joining.

Bernado of Argentina was anxious to have a new international formed now.—The whole of the South American movement would join it, and before very long they would be in the field with a membership of six hundred thousand.

After much debating it was finally decided to form an international bureau in Holland. This bureau may be called a syndicalist correspondence bureau. Its duty is to regularly keep up a correspondence with the different countries, and to publish a Bulletin giving statistical information about the movement and other notices of interest, and to co-work in all movements for international solidarity, and to organize next congress. Its expenses are to be met by five francs for each 1000 of the belonging membership.

So the world's workers have laid the foundation for a new, red international. All luck to the new-born child!

NEW INVENTION TO WORK REVOLUTION IN COTTON SPINNING.

Barcelona, Oct. 25.—A public trial has been satisfactorily effected of a machine simplifying cotton-spinning, invented by a workman at Sabadell. The inventor claims that his device allows the material to proceed direct from the stubbin-frame to the self-actors, thus dispensing with two and sometimes three intermediaries. Experts consider that the invention will revolutionize cotton machinery and will effect economies in capital, space, time and material.

P. S.—Also it will increase the army of unemployed. The only way to save YOUR (?) job is to get in the I. W. W. to-day.

END OF I. W. W.

"When all our monuments are dust,
When there's an end of every trust,
When aviation's safe and sane,
When bankers cease to work for gain,
When justice and the law agree
And get along in harmony,
When strikes and lockouts are no more
And there's an end of bitter war,
When all of us shall have our share
Of food and clothes and pure, fresh air.

THEN the I. W. W. will "die," but not before.

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.

SMALL BUNDLE RATES.

United States: 5 copies, 13 weeks, \$1.00; 10 copies, 10 weeks, \$1.50; 15 copies, \$2.25.

Canada: 4 copies, 13 weeks, \$1.00; 8 copies, 10 weeks, \$1.75; 15 copies, \$3.00.—ORDER TO-DAY.

Letters of a Japanese School-Boy

When Is A Newspaper?

To Editor "Weekly Life" whose reporters are all Mark Twains,

Dear Sir:—

I am confused. I read so much truth in newspapers which is a lie that I am disabled to tell how much.

Formerly of yore I imagined that these Printing Presses was manufactured to publish murders, divorce, finance, politics and other crimes just like they happen, so we could enjoy them for breakfast when too busy to go see for ourselves. Now I suppose otherwise.

This is how I deranged my former opinion.

Sydney Katsu, Jr., refined Japanese of Harvard intelligence, has obtained job of reporting on "Evening Parasite," where he writes Japanese football and other etc. Last Wednesday he approach up to me with eyewink, American salute.

"President of Metropolitan Insecurity Distrust Co have just stole 151,000,000\$ worth of franchises," he report for excitements.

"Congratulations! That will make delicious news to print," I exclaim.

"It will make delicious news not to print," he yellup. "That Metropolitan Distrust Co own valuable shares in "Evening Parasite."

"But are you not there to print news about crimes?" I require peevely.

"Stealing franchises are not crime. It are a transaction," reciprocate Sydney. "Besides, there are sufficient evils to publish without dragging in Big Business. Some things, too, are kind of sacred. If we should stop up believing in Wall Street, who knows what? Maybe we should begin snubbing God and the Constitution."

"But if your paper never print disagreeable truth, how can it be entertaining?" I ask it.

"There are plentiful news to find outside of our Set," depose Sydney. "For instance, a delicious riot have just broke out from I. W. W. in Patterson, N. J. This will make splendid front-page excitement for scared-head type, 'MURDEROUS BOMBERS KILL US.' We are very stern about all organizations what are too poor to advertise. Nothing is too wicked for them to do. We manufacture smart editorials, 'Do Anarchists Own Us? They Do Not!'"

"They could never afford to, at your price," I suggest.

Sydney make no intellectual reply to this.

"Are your paper not often fearless in politics?" I ask to know.

"When speaking of the Democratic Party we are dreadnoughts," he narrates. "We are Republicans. But even then we can be reasonable like a Sherman Law. For instance, in the rabid dementia of political campaigns we frequently and often write columns full of shock to tell how sinful Hon. Nero McTammany, state Dem boss, must be. But Hon. McTammany have lent Hon. Proprietor of "Evening Parasite" considerable loan at very Christian per cent. Therefore we permit that Hon. McTammany one slightish favor."

"What should that be?" I negotiate like an airship.

"We permit him to read proof of those abusive articles."

"So he can cut out the abuse?" I suggest.

"Ah not!" say Sydney. "So he can cut out the truth."

Last Satday evening p. m. Hon. Frank Ichimoto, Japanese butler, were discharged like gun from home of Hon. J. W. Soapstone, rich-wealthy Department Storer of this location. During that transaction Hon. Soapstone picked up a furniture chair to teach Hon. Frank politeness and stroked that poor Japanese over top-head so strongly that he made bumptious fall down staircase, bursting his collarbone where he sat. Hon. Frank layed down in backyard to finish dying till Deceiving Hospital wagon took him there to enjoy operation.

Mr. Editor, would you not think that would make good news to print it? Yes. Yet no reporter come to Frank, who feel entirely lonesome.

"I shall go and tell your bruised condition to all news-offices so you shall be entirely famous tomorrow," I say to that ill Japanese. So I do so.

Firstly I go to office of "Daily Pharsee." Reporting Editor come out.

"Dear Mr.," I corrode, "last night some news happen. Hon. J. W. Soapstone, rich-wealthy Department Storer, seriously salted Japanese butler with chairs."

Hon. News took talented pencil and wrote.

"Last night our eminently steamed fellow townsman and churchworker, Gen. J. W. Soapstone, narrowly escaped sassinataion from Japanese butler, drunk from reading Progressive literature. Gen. Soapstone were standing helplessly in million dollar doorway of his famus country home, 'Graftmore,' when savage Oriental, without a word of premeditation, began to murder him."

"O stop up!" I holla. "It were Hon. Soapstone who did all the murdering."

"Impossible!" dib Hon. News. "He are one of our most important advertisers."

I elope away. When I took that crime to office

of "Morning Whitewash" I meet Hon. Office Boy who say, "Soapstone? What he does goes in Society Column." So he rung for gentlemanly lady who approach with typewriter and wrote:

"A delightfully quaintish Japanese tea-party was gave by Commodore and Mrs. J. W. Soapstone last evening at Semaphone-by-the-Sound. After supper of rice wine Commodore Soapstone gave pretty exhibition of Jew jitsu with Prof. Frank Ichimoto of Tokio. Hon. Prof. was defeated with great politeness."

"Such lie literature!" I holla. "That were not a tea-party Hon. Soapstone gave. It was a murder."

"You are talking garbage!" she otter. "Hon. Soapstone buys 6 pages weekly advertisement in this paper."

"When can I tell truth about my friend?" I snagger.

"When you can buy more advertising than Hon. Soapstone," she narrates with Tuxedo smile.

Mr. Editor, because you are a Comic, maybe you are not afraid to tell what is. It will help Hon. Frank's bursted collarbone to know he has been published among other crimes.

Also send 1 doz. oranges and 2 years subscription to "Life Magazine" to Deceiving Hospital where he is bed-riding. Frank are quite Y. M. C. A. and say,

"Newspapers are very human-natural and enjoy many noble thoughts. See how anxious they are to reform politaics in Turkey and China!"

"Human folks is like telescopes," I permit. "We see spots most clearest when they are too far off to hurt business."

Hoping you are the same.

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO,
(Per Wallace Irwin.) In "Life."

District Councils

By John Panener.

According to the Constitution wherever there are five local unions of the I. W. W. they can form a District Industrial Council. The Charter fee for a District Council is \$10.00, and a flat rate of \$1.00 per month is paid by the Council to the General Organization.

What is the function of a District Industrial Council? It is to bring about Solidarity in a given district or locality, i. e., to form a fighting machine, to centralize the energy of the local unions of that District. And finally to construct an Industrial Commune for the future society, an administration for local affairs. While the District Industrial Council can hire organizers for that district that does not stop the local industrial unions, or the national industrial unions from having organizers in the same district; the Council carries on agitation for the General Organization, while the local union organizes its own industry.

The hardest problem is the question of funds. A few years ago some of the District Councils were allowed to handle the regular dues stamps, but for some reason it did not seem to work.

There are several ways, however, to finance a District Council.

1st. Have special per capita, or assessment stamps printed to sell to each member.

2nd. Each local pay a flat rate to the Council.

3rd. Let the local unions give all the profit of all literature sales to the Council, also hall collections, proceeds from dances, smokers, etc.

Unlike the French labor movement where the unions and the Councils have separate conventions in the I. W. W. the local unions, National, Industrial Unions and District Industrial Council meet in one General Convention of the ONE BIG UNION. There is no reason why Industrial Councils could not be organized in all the large cities on the Pacific Coast, i. e., Seattle, Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

HOPE

By W. M. Witt.

I do not allude to "the Hope that passeeth all understanding," neither do I refer to "the Hope eternal." They are brands of which I am NOT familiar.

I will speak BRIEFLY of the common EVERYDAY HOPE, the kind that saturates the majority of human kind.

NOW, this Hope taken individually is equivalent to NOTHING. But, as most people have it, it becomes in a measure collective. And used collectively it is the force that holds the world together. I mean by that, that it prevents thousands' from committing acts that would plunge the universe into a vortex of crime. They Hope for BETTER conditions. Therefore, Hope becomes their sustaining power.

Now, fellow-Workers if you REALLY hope then prove it by action. Hope alone is FUTILE. Only by concerted action on your part, and that action directly applied to the industries wherein you are employed can any of your hopes ever be realized.

But, hope is FREE, so take your FILL. It and

good advice are the ONLY REAL free things. Sunshine and air aree often denied those who are thrown into the bastiles erected for you by the master class.

Hope is FREE with one exception. Sometimes hope is found standing behind prison bars, but advice is ALWAYS FREE and found giving Hope advice EVEN through these bars

In the heyday of life Hope may fool you by whispering beautiful promises into your tender ears. But when the sundown of life arrives and the evening shadows thicken around you this Hope will take wings and fly leaving you a Hopeless Hopeer. DON'T be a MERE Hoper, be an ACTOR. Make yourself a FACTOR upon the industrial field. Enroll your name with those who are fighting for freedom. Get into the ONE BIG UNION. Be a MAN. If you pass away before your CHIEF Hope is realized and NOTHING but a pine slab marks your resting place, live so your friends can mark thereon, "Here lies a MAN, a UNION MAN. If you are a working man, THAT will beat any LONG epitaph. It would be the GREATEST possible tribute.

A CRIMINAL

By Alexy Gromor.

Translated from the Slovak by J. Gabriel Soltis.

"Oh, no, Judges, No! I am not guilty. You have imprisoned me saying that I have committed a terrible crime. You brought me before the Court so that you could punish me.

But, is it really so, Judge? Have I committed a crime?"

No—a thousand times No! I merely committed a good deed, when I killed my children.

I freed them from horrible pains.

Oh! How I loved them.

But, listen, I will explain to you how it happened.

I was without work, and we were living "black days." It was necessary to work if we were not to die of hunger.

But, what? I suffered and did not sleep nights. My wife was failing lower from day to day. She had consumption.

The children were continually asking for bread.

I reflected, How am I to help myself, but help never came, until my wife died. I loved her irrepressibly and her death affected us even more than the hunger.

When she died, it was evening. The wind was cracking, sweeping and with great gusts it blew unmercifully, pinning us in our hut.

It seemed as if he wept with us—it appeared as if he was chanting a sad hymn to a dying mother. In the hut, it was terribly cold. Three hungry, crying children surrounded the dead mother.

Oh! Judges, judges, if you could only have seen their faces! How much suffering they mirrored! They were so haggard that hardly a vestige of life remained in them.

The dying mother with a scarcely audible voice asked that they kiss her.

The children, one by one, touched her lips which were misted with the pale of death.

She closed her eyes for a moment, and then opened them for the last time, gazing at me and the children. Two large tears rolled down her cheeks. She died.

The children cried over the body of their mother striving with shouts to wake her again.

But I, gripped with an irrepressible pain and sorrow, did not weep.

I sat silently in the dark corner gazing at the children and the dead, beloved wife.

The children, in appalling, moaning sobs, hugged with their weak arms the dead flesh of their mother.

Then, they buried her.

The children cried incessantly and asked for their mother, especially the smallest one who was mournfully calling, Mama—Me—Mama—and then from me they asked bread.

They suffered with a terrible hunger. Death was roaring in our hut, flapping his black wings loudly. I felt his cold breath.

My heart was breaking at the scene of those children.

I decided to free them from their pains.

I could not bear to look on their terrible slow death.

I killed them.

And, you, Judge, call my deed a crime!

If they felt physical pain in the moment of murder, it was however only a moment, and what is that in comparison to the slow torturing death of hunger?

My conscience is peaceful.

Well, now, of what does my crime consist, Judge?"

Inifamous Texas

CHAINED TOGETHER LIKE WILD BEASTS, Charlie Cline and his comrades, guilty of no crime not even yet having stood trial, are marched into prison in San Antonio, Texas, with all Huerta's pack of white-skinned Apaches trailing and howl-

ing at their heels. And THIS is done in the sacred shadow of the ALAMO! And WE are told that WE must "respect the courts and the law!"

You are not asked to take our rebel word for it either but hte word the San Antonio "Daily Express," one of the most "respectable" of all the kept press that serves the Governmnt of "Sultan Pal" and "Whisky Ring" Oscar. Says the "Express:"

"Chained together, the eleven members of the band of smugglers, ammunition-runners, alleged to have killed Deputy Sheriff Ortiz and wounded ex-Sheriff Buck last month near Carrizo Springs, arrived in San Antonio yesterday afternoon in charge T. H. Poole, Sheriff of LaSalle County. They were brought to San Antonio on a change of venue granted by the district judge at Cotulla.

The prisoners were met at the train by Sheriff John W. Tobin, Deputy Sheriff Alfonso Newton and other deputies. They were marched to the County Jail and there locked up.

District Attorney W. C. Linden, who will be associated with the district judges of LaSalle and Dimmit counties in the prosecution, said that no trial could be given the alleged smugglers until after January 1, as the criminal settings of the Thirty-seventh District Court have been made up to that time. It is planned to try the men separately.

CHAINED TOGETHER! And yet convicted of no crime, only under charges of being guilty of committing the impossible crime of murder by killing a Texas "deputy sheriff," one Ortiz, a member of as merciless, unscrupulous and corrupt a force of Rurales as ever cursed the earth, those hired assassins of the Land, Lumber, Fruit, Sugar, Oil and Railroad Kings, whom the Scalawags of the "Democratic" party have commissioned to protect the loot plundered from the "Conquered South" by British and Yankee Carpet-Baggers—assasins armed by traitors to their native land to keep the Southern Working Class forever in the bonds of Peonage, forever in the rags of Tennyancy.

Working men and Working Farmers of Texas and the South, we are no longer MEN if we let this crime against these soldiers of Humanity and Freedom be committed in the shadow of the Alamo!

OFF YOUR KNEES!

You have nothing but your chains and rags to lose and one of the richest lands on earth to gain!

His 'Onner Uses Sabotage in B. C.

Saturday, Oct. 25.—Seeing that Revelstoke was a good place to install a local on account of the Canadian Pacific double tracking and the building of a thirteen mile tunnel which will take about six years to complete, fellow-worker G. Nelson was sent down to try and get a hall; this was easier said than done; although there were lots of empty buildings in this tinhorn town; as soon as we told them what we were going to do, use it for an I. W. W. local, that was enough. The real estate shark immediately pointed us out to the police and fellow-workers Mike Bronen and Munroe got arrested. We at once went to police headquarters and wanted to know what they were charged with, which they would not let us know but told us if we wanted to find out we could come around to morrow morning at ten o'clock as they would be tried next morning. We telephoned the chief asking what time court would begin; he told us at ten o'clock; we got there at ten minutes to ten; in the meantime the fellow-workers were taken out and kangarooed; being taken out about 9 o'clock and tried for Vagrancy; they both had money when arrested. Munroe got three months and Bronen three months and one month for contempt of court. The same morning twelve others were charged with being drunk and vagrants and were told to leave town. We are going to put this jerk-water town on the I. W. W. map.

Yours for Industrial Freedom,

J. LENTY.

To All Men in Canada and Elsewhere.

Fellow-Workers:

The Miners Liberation League, was formed for the purpose of releasing our fellow-workers, 160 of who are being sent to the penitentiary for daring to strike against the intolerable conditions under which they were forced to work in the Vancouver Island Coal Mines.

This League is composed of the combined labor bodies of Canada who realize that Solidarity of our class is necessary to effect the release of these victims of capitalist oppression.

The I. W. W., locals of Canada being a part of this league, we wish to notify our members, who have not already received special instructions, to prepare themselves and to watch for the sign and signal of their silent committees. See that your wooden shoes are already, and, until further notice, stay on the job. Stop, look, listen, and prepare to do your duty.

Yours for action,
SPECIAL GUERRILLA COMMITTEE.

Reflections on Sabotage

By Fred Freyr.

It is really tragic, this economically determined inability of the Bourgeois to justly value Sabotage that makes him cry against it as cowardly and dirty and sneaky. We laugh at him, because he cannot hurt us who have learned to stand upright, and they stand afar while they hurl their anathemas. Yet there is one, the would-be-intellectual, who has grasped the modern class struggle in some phases and whom we therefore give a place to speak, telling us that the practice of Sabotage is destructive of character, will react to our dereliction upon ourselves, for, says he (and looks important) 'once you grow into the habit of destroying, you will be its slave, when times require the opposite characteristic.'

Poor would-be-intellectual! he thinks of General Sherman's soldiers "who got the habit;" he classes us with the hired and trained (just like a dog); murderers of the army and navy, who kill and devastate for a mess of pottage; he cannot see—and that's the tragedy—how pitiful he looks, trying to measure OUR actions by the two-foot yardstick of the capitalists, the Bourgeois' motive of petty personal hate and trickery and narrow selfishness.

And here I take also issue with all apologists of Sabotage who, with good intention no doubt, draw a parallel between the always low and dirty, more often absolutely contemptible and mean and dangerous methods of capitalists to get the filthy lucre, and the working class weapon, Sabotage, saying that the capitalist practiced Sabotage from time immemorial. Would you drag down in the mire of the capitalist or Bourgeois motive, which is crystallized in one word: Pig-Ethics, one of our weapons for the emancipation, not only of the working class, but of all mankind? I think you would not—you only forgot, under the wish of spreading the knowledge of Sabotage, that something which is ennobling, charter-building, man-making, cannot at the same time be the extreme opposite.

Yes, Emerson (whom the would-be-intellectual quotes) IS right. "Everything we do in life we do for ourselves," our thoughts and actions react upon us to the better or the worse; yes, that is just the reason why capitalism is synonymous with DIRT—under whose rule the important thing is not to be a man, but to have money, which places no value on man and womanhood beyond the price, for which it can be trampled down and crushed or bought and bribed.

Those cannibals that feed on blood and happiness of little children, that, leechlike, fasten themselves upon foreign nations (through the loan) with money coined from OUR sweat and blood, financing wars or helping a bloody beast to suppress a revolution, who cheat and steal, kill, maim and corrupt, for nothing but filthy gain.

To speak of Sabotage as destroying character! I'm glad I hear you fellow-workers, you rebels, laugh! Even the wornout gods up there in junk assemblage laugh! A hearty laugh is sign of strength and, even if it be sometimes scornful, sometimes grim, it has no hate, no spirit of revenge, or of getting even in its freeing sounds. It speaks of the vision and ideal in our mind and the never flagging determination to realize the same. We are sure, what the outcome must be, for life is on OUR side, in fact we are life itself; the "other class" is like a diseased limb, which nature is trying to save by infusion of fresh blood and building of new tissue and, if too far gone, she will saw off or amputate the rotten limb.

WE ARE THE NUCLEUS OF A NEW SOCIETY AND A BETTER ONE, and we who live in it—even now mentally—are better men than those who decry and call us immoral. AND WE KNOW IT, AND SAY IT. We can smile. We shall smile, and—SABOTAGE THE BOSS.

Hellion Hudson Rules Merryville.

Or How Congressman Aswell's Masters "uplift the Negro."

On Oct. 18th, 1913, our colored minister, D. R. Hancock, went to Merryville to attend some church affairs and personal business. Soon after arriving in Merryville he was accosted by an officer of the "Law and Order" gang whose name is Hudson. Hudson asked: "Old man, what is your business here?" In reply the minister stated that he was there "to look after some church affairs." The "Law and Order" thug then asked if he (the minister) "was in any way connected with the Union," to which the minister replied, "no."

Then the "thug" (Hudson) says: "Old man," I guess you had better get up the road." "What for?" asked the minister: "Don't matter a damn what your business may be, you better catch the hack," says the "thug." All this in presence of witnesses, colored and white. The thug (Hudson) called the minister and the man who was with the minister says: "Are you calling me?" To which Hudson answered, "No, it's that other old long whiskered S— of a B—." This same Hudson "thug" went in company with other thugs with shot-guns to the train where this minister bought his ticket and boarded the train to leave Merryville. The man with the shot gun even went so far as to climb on the train to make sure that the minister was aboard, then reported to Hudson that he was gone.

Walter Waller (colored) 192 Forsyth St., Beaumont, Texas, was told by the "Law and Order" thugs that if he (Waller) "would beat hell out of this old long bearded S— of a B—" that they or he (Hudson) would pay his fine and give him a dollar for the job.

This colored man has been a minister of the gospel for 35 years; he is well known in Newton, Tex., and all over Calcasieu, Beauregard and Vernon Parishes.

COMMENT.—The above piece of infamy is the second or third of its kind to be reported to THE VOICE on this thug Hudson within the last few months. This old colored preacher has absolutely nothing to do with the Forest and Lumber Workers Union; was on a peaceable mission, working for the "Lord Jesus Christ" and not for the terrible I. W. W., and, so, we would like to know what "Jesus" (?) Servant (?) the "Reverend" McQuiston thinks of the action of this thug Hudson of the "Good Citizens League?" Also we would like to hear a little howl from the Reverend Foster, but will we? NIT.

Further, its about time that this hellion's hand was called and that "dear Uncle Gus" be notified to take up Hud's "deputy sheriff" commission, if he has issued one to the thug, and if he has not, we demand that Sheriff Martin immediately place Hudson under arrest for his crimes.

Clansmen of the Working South, will you allow these brutal thugs of the Hudson type to assume the right to dictate what is law to OUR native land? Will you allow these murderers sent into our midst by the preying "Parson," John Henry Kirby and other alien Landlords and Capitalists to continue, without the least DANGER to themselves, their infamous role of Rurales of that British Plunderbund that styles itself the "Santa Fe Railroad System?" If you do continue to allow it there is not left in our veins a drop of the blood of the Ku Kluck Klan. Think of the insult of this tinhorn thug Hudson ordering the F. and L. W. out of existence! Think of it!!

L. U. 26, DENVER.

Fellow-Worker Pat Noonan has been elected secretary of No. 26 and the Local has moved its headquarters to 1643 Lawrence street, room 37, King Block. All correspondents and rebels take notice. PAT. NOONAN, Secretary.

Rebel Machinists Call Autocracy

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 26, 1913.

To the International President and General Executive Board of the International Association of Machinists.

Gentlemen: In the September issue of our Journal, under the head "Unauthorized Circulars," appears the following: "The circular issued by Carl E. Person, of the I. C. Federation, with the object of taking a general strike vote, is unauthorized by our International President and General Executive Board and should therefore be ignored."

The members of Woodlawn Lodge No. 492 are desirous of knowing what right the International President and General Executive Board have to rule as they did in regard to this circular letter sent out by Bro. Carl E. Person, inasmuch as Bro. Person was only asking for the expression of the rank and file in case the International President and Executive Board sent out a referendum ballot asking for a general strike.

We believe in the democratic management of our association and not by a few of the individual employes who are receiving their salaries from the rank and file of this association, and that the International President and General Executive Board should endeavor to execute the will of the membership and not try to rule it with their autocracy and try to advance their own individual ideas. Therefore Woodlawn Lodge No. 492 thinks that the International President and General Executive Board should be severely censured for the haste in trying to discourage the brothers who are still on the firing line of the Illinois Central, Harri-man lines and Pere Marquette and those working on other roads who are of the opinion that nothing but a general strike will bring the pending strikes to a successful termination, because it has been clearly shown that the International President and General Executive Board have neglected to provide the necessary finances by means of assessments or otherwise, to carry on this strike.

We insist that we have the right to get an expression of opinion, and any method which strangles an opportunity to do so must result in a great injury to our members in any struggle in which they may be engaged.

We are sending a copy of this letter to our International President and General Executive Board, the Journal, the Strike Bulletin, Liberator and the Unionist.

Other locals that are of the same opinion, please take action.

O. WALTERS, President,
F. G. STEMLER, Rec. Sec.

Fred Hack, R. D. Fletcher, John Egerer,
Committee.

Machinist Lodge No. 492.

From I. C. S. F. "Strike Bulletin" of October 21, 1913.

COMMENT.—And so the battleline of Industrial Democracy advances, and so the rebellion against the Autocracies spreads. Fall in or under the line, as you will, great "leaders" of the workers!

CRY OF THE PEOPLE.

(By John G. Neirhardt.)

Tremble before thy chattles,
Lords of the scheme of things!
Fighters of all earth's battles,
Ours is the might of kings!
Guided by seers and sages,
The world's heart-beats for a drum,
Snapping the chains of ages,
Out of the night we come!

Lend us no ear that pities!
Offer no almoner's hand!
Alms for the builders of cities!
When will you understand?
Down with your pride of birth
And your golden gods of trade!
A man is worth to his mother, Earth,
All that a man has made!

We are the workers and makers!
We are no longer dumb!
Tremble, O Shirkers and Takers!
Sweeping the earth—we come!
Ranked in the world-wide dawn,
Marching into the day!
The night is gone and the sword is drawn
And the scabbard is thrown away!

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TELEPHONE NUMBER 212

WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?

By C. Taber.

Stop looking to a tin god;
Quit chasing the rainbow's line;
And stop the ten hour slave-plod,
And agitate for nine.

Then stop the Bosses' speed play,
Cut out all the time-set trait;
Just try the nine for one day,
Then agitate for eight.

Don't whine with the looney tanks,
And praise all the gods in heaven,
But march in the rebel ranks—
And kick like hell for seven.

Don't ask with a moral smile,
(For you'll only get but six)
Look round and, after a while,
Demand, not pray for six.

And when you are in a sweat,
And chained with the job-forged gyve,
With shame 'mongst the slave-warpt set,
Look up, and ask for five.

And when you've tasted nice things
Why, you'll always irk for more,
A five hour day, for sure, brings
A stern demand for four.

All wealth is got by workers,
Most any fool will agree;
Then why give to the shirkers?—
Cut down your hours to three.

And now, how can I be saved?
Why! force the parasite crew
To give back all I gave,
And then work only—two.

DERRY MEETINGS.

Meetings of Local No. 402 every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, at Derry (La.) school house; business of importance discussed and all good members will give us a hand in building up Local.

PAUL DERBONNE,
Secretary of Local 402.

A DOLLAR OR TWO.

With cautions step, as we traced our way through
This intricate world as other folks do,
May we still on our journey be able to view
The benevolent face of a dollar or two;
For an excellent thing is a dollar or two;
No friend is so true as a dollar or two;
Through country and town, as we pass up and
down,
No passport's so good as a dollar or two.

Would you read yourself out of the bachelor crew,
And the hand of a female divinity sue?
You must always be ready the handsome to do,
Although it should cost you a dollar or two,
Love's arrows are tipped with a dollar or two,
And affection is gained by a dollar or two.
The best aid you can meet in advancing your suit
Is the eloquent chink of a dollar or two.

Would you wish your existence with faith to imbue,
And enroll in the ranks of the sanctified few?
To enjoy a good name and a well-cushioned pew,
You must freely come down with a dollar or two.
The gospel is preached for a dollar or two,
And salvation is claimed for a dollar or two;
You may sin some at times, but the worst of all
crimes,
Is to find yourself short of a dollar or two.



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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.

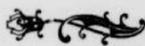
Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

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 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 with the shell of the old.



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Rebels to Put up
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Immediately.

COF UP, U!

