

ALL THE "POLLY" SAITH IS LIES.

This is Number 49

Organization ★ Is Power

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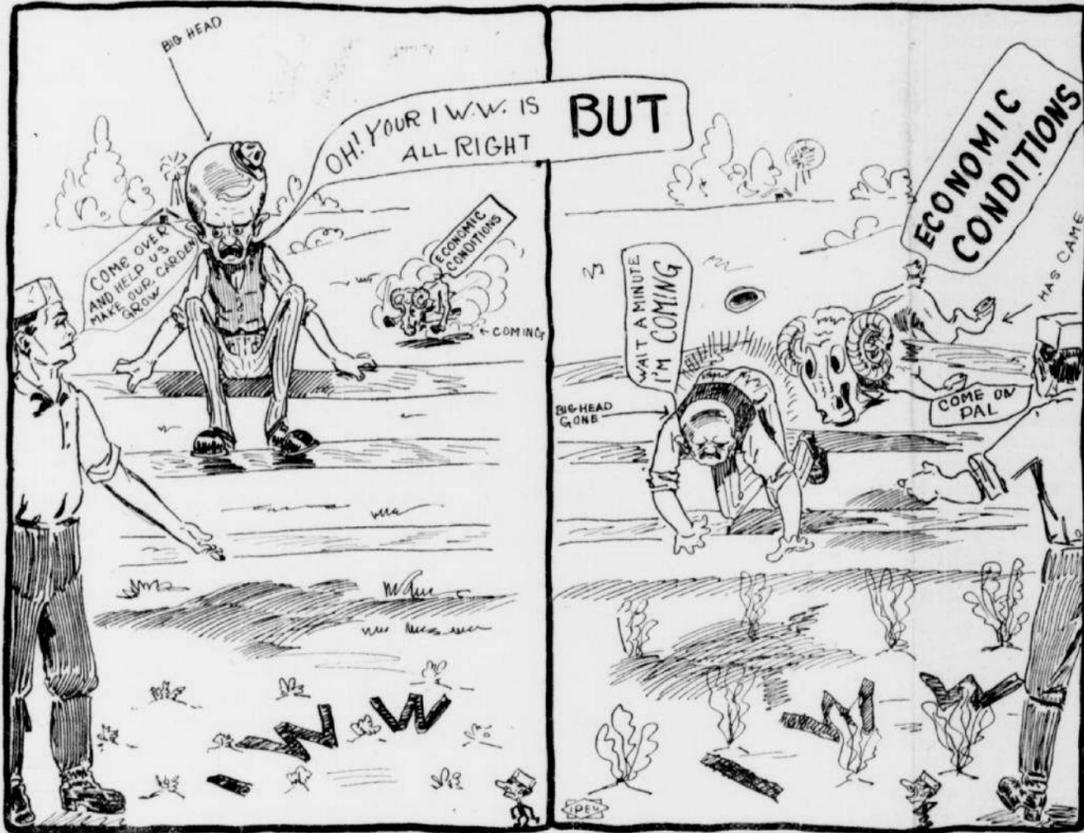
THE VOICE of the PEOPLE

VOLUME II

"MIGHT IS RIGHT"

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1913

One Dollar A Year.



Getting His Goat,

Or Unskilling The "Skilled" Worker.

Celebrate The Voice's Birthday.

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

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

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

Lumber Workers and Working Farmers of Dixie, Organize! Revolt!

By Covington Hall.

"This afternoon" (Dec. 3d.), said Professor Taggart, "I observed the Luce harvester cut, top and strip cane for a distance of about forty feet. It worked well from start to finish. * * * * * The machine can top cane almost as well as by the hand method, and it is very promising."

Now, many will ask "What has a cane harvester got to do with Lumberjacks and with Farmers who dont cultivate cane?" At first glance one would be inclined to say, "nothing." But let us see. Is it not a fact that only a few years ago the vast majority of the men now working in the sawmills, white and colored, were all on the farms, many of them small working farmers themselves or the sons of working farmers? If so, then what put these men in the mills to be the peons of the Longs, Kirbys and Downmans? What is it that has stripped the immense majority of the American people of all interest in the country, that has, in less than fifty years, reduced them from home owners to peons and tenants? There can be but one answer to these questions—THE MACHINE.

Now, they who own it, speak of it as the "Labor Saving Machine," and it is, to them; but to the workers, whether wage workers or working farmers, it is not a "labor saving" but a LABORER DIS-PLACING MACHINE. That is to say, and this statement I am about to make is borne out by the greatest Scientists in the world, THE GREAT INVENTIONS OF THE LAST 200 YEARS HAVE NOT LIGHTENED THE TOIL OF A SINGLE WORKER ANYWHERE ON EARTH, but have on the contrary, actually lowered the standard of living among millions of the world's workers, have expropriated millions of working farmers from the soil and millions of once independent handicraftsmen from their tools into factory wage slaves. Yet the inventors dreamed their work was to free the race and fill the earth with boundless plenty, and the dreams of the dreamers will not be in vain, for Liberty, Equality and Fraternity will be born of the MACHINE.

THE MACHINE IS GOOD.

The Machine is good. This may sound strange, after I have shown all the human misery that followed on the introduction of machine production, but the evil lies not in the Machine, but in the ownership and control thereof. Did the workers own the Machine, were they organized to CONTROL it, then the Machine would be a blessing and not a curse to them, for to control the Machine is to own the tremendous flood of products that flow from the mills and factories to-day, and which production Free Labor could increase a thousandfold, for Free Labor would have no need, would hold it an infamous crime to destroy a million and a quarter sacks of rice, for instance, as the Louisiana-Texas Rice Trust is now proposing to do, in order to bring on famine prices. But Free Labor we have not yet, and never will have until the World's Workers unite in the ONE BI GUNION, which is the I. W. W., and seize the Earth and the Machinery of Production and Distribution they have placed upon it. Under Private Ownership the Machine spells expropriation, hunger and slavery for the workers, but under Common Ownership it means a Free Race in a Free World. To illustrate: Take the cane harvester; in the hands of the Sugar Barons it simply throws out of work and in competition for your job the army of workers that must go into the Sugar Belt every Winter to cut the cane: In the hands of these same workers it would mean higher incomes for their labor and shorter hours of work for all, instead of as now longer hours and lower wages for the workers and expropriation of the little farms of the working farmers. It is for pointing out to you these great basic truths of the Labor Movement that we, I. W. W., are so bitterly hated and cursed by the Capitalists and Landlords. They fear that too many toilers will be awakened for them and their infamous gunmen to resist.

LUMBER KINGS MEAN TO HOLD LANDS.

If you Working Farmers will look down into the Sugar Belt and out on to the great ranches of Texas and the West, you will KNOW that the Lumber Kings have no intention of really selling the vast tracts of land they now possess by virtue of as gi-

gantic a fraud as was ever perpetrated on a conquered people, as they call us Southerners, for by holding lands and working them as Taft is working his ranches down in Texas with the most improved machines and scientific processes, things you working farmers can never hope to possess in but one way, IN COMMON with all other workers. they, the Lumber Kings, can add millions on millions of dollars to their ill-gotten gains by forcing you to become, as their class has forced millions of other so-called independent workers before—SLAVES OF THE MACHINE.

The writer hereof KNOWS of what he is speaking; he is not taking his knowledge from books and colleges; he has been there; he has seen the Machine System sweep over the Sugar Belt in less than twenty years, seen the Central Factory expropriated by the hundreds the small planters and farmers; seen the populations of whole parishes swept into slavery to a handful of Sugar aBrons and Lumber Kings—his people were among the EXPROPRIATED. What happened there, is about to happen in the Corn and Cotton fields, and for exactly the same reason—the MACHINE is marching on YOU as it marched on US. Thousands of your boys are already in the sawmills working at wages a savage would disdain, wages that prevent them buying up the products you, their fathers working on the farms, produce, which means that to-morrow you turn your little patch over to the Landlords and go out into the world in your old age to become their tenants or to beg the Lumber Kings for a job in the mills, and old men are not wanted by the Masters of the Machine—they want not YOU, but your boys and your GIRLS to hitch to their machines to grind into profits and throw on the scrap heap before they reach the age of forty years. YOU they have, or think they have already destroyed.

THERE IS BUT ONE WAY OUT.

There is but one way out of the terrible slavery that is staring the workers in the face, and that way is the ONE BIG UNION, the Industrial Workers of the World, the only Syndicalist Union on the North American Continent. For there is

but one way the Workers can free themselves from the intolerable conditions that now beset them, and that is for the Workers to get together in the Union Hall, pass there what laws they want and go out and enforce them DIRECTLY ON THE JOB. All our lives (is not this true?) we have been voting for this party and that party and looking to this or that set of politicians to do something for us, and they have—every last one of them have handed us a lemon marked "with the compliments of our masters, the Capitalists and Landlords," and as long as we look outside of OURSELVES, stay out of our OWN ORGANIZATIONS, we are going to get the same old—lemons—only if we keep on accepting them the Capitalists and Landlords are going to order the politicians to fill the lemons with cayenne pepper just for the fun of hearing us bellow when we get burnt. The time for stuffing ballot-boxes past into history forty years ago, for the Political State became a useless thing when the Standard Oil Company was born. It has but one real function to-day, and that is to issue Deputy Sheriff Commissions to the gunmen of the Trusts, and the Capitalists and Landlords are relieving it of even this "patriotic" duty, as the struggle in the Louisiana Timber Belt and all over the land bears me witness. Wherefore, then fool with a dead thing and waste the precious time and funds of the Workers on political machines and politicians of any breed or party when with the same expenditure of time and money you could be building up an organization that no power on earth could resist—the ONE BI GUNION, THE I. W. W.?

There is no other way out. Which do YOU chose—PEONAGE and TENANTRY for you and your children and your children's children, or the I. W. W. AND A FREE RACE WORKING ON FREE FARMS AND IN FREE WORKSHOPS THE WORLD OVER?

BE MEN, not peons and tenants. Begin to-day organizing the workers in your section into the N. I. U. of Forest and Lumber Workers, I. W. W. Twenty workers can organize a Local Union; five or ten form a group or branch. For full particulars write Jay Smith, Secretary of the Southern District, 1194 Gould Avenue, Alexandria, La.

The Voice of the People.

(Formerly "The Lumberjack.")

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AN INJURY TO ONE, AN INJURY TO ALL

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Organization

Emancipation

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Remittance Notice

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

SHALL THE VOICE SUSPEND?

Unless we can get in immediately remittances for last month's orders, THE VOICE will never reach its Birthday, as our printers insist that our bill shall not run beyond a certain amount. It is up to you to say whether the paper shall live or die. We would hate to see THE VOICE go under just as its work was beginning to tell here in the South, but without your support we can do nothing else than suspend as we have already capitalized our gall to the limit. However, if every Local and Rebel will do their duty, the paper will yet be saved. Please, therefore, you Locals owing THE VOICE, RUSH us amount due at once. Don't leave it ALL to "The Other Fellow." C. H.

Wanted Immediately

100 Locals and Rebels to Put up \$1.00

Each on

THE VOICE

MAINTENANCE FUND

Machine Hits Alaska Fishermen.

The Alaska fishermen are being crushed by the juggernaut of industrial development and the evolution of capitalist society.

In the "Coast Seamen's Journal" for Nov. 26, there appears a communication, signed by Mr. Gibson, Secretary-Treasurer, of the Southeastern Alaska Fishermen's Association, being a copy of a communication sent to President Wilson and to all the Senators and Representatives at Washington, D. C.

In this communication the Fishermen complain that the large Alaskan salmon canneries are getting the best of the fishermen and of the natives through the introduction of fish-traps, which threw the men out of work and exterminate the salmon. According to the estimate of the fishermen—5-6-7—fishermen with a seine might catch 20,000 salmon in a day, while a trap that requires very little attention catches 60,000 salmon in a day.

This plainly indicates that the only right way to fish salmon is to do it with a trap. And when the time comes that we, the workers, have control of the industry, we would not think of doing it in any other way. It would be a useless waste of human energy to do it any other way. The fish-trap has come to stay, and no lobbying and political begging is going to abolish it. The politicians belong to the capitalists, and they are not going to legislate against themselves. If they did belong to the workers, which they never will, we would not abolish the fish-trap anyhow. It is criminal and stupid to fight inventions and discoveries, as is the habit of craft-unionists. Take warning from the Seamen's Bill, which is now being flim-flammed upon you. The fishermen may bet their bottom penny, that they are not going to beat the fishing companies by lobbying in Washington.

Nor are they going to win out through their affiliation with the seamen's union. As sure as the sun rises and sets that union, with Furuseth at the head of it, is going to Scab it on you, if you go on strike. The marine engineers will run the engines, the firemen will fire the boilers, and the sailors will tend the wheel on the steamers that carry supplies to the canneries throughout the season and on the steamers that carry the season's pack out of Alaska.

You know this is so, and you will not deny it. You are beaten, but you are slow to admit it to yourselves, and in order to let yourselves, and especially your officials, down easy you are throwing it off on the politicians, who will gladly avail themselves of the opportunity of posing as the people's champions, well knowing that it is all poppy-cock. In the meantime you will find an excuse for not undertaking anything of your own accord. Your energies will be spent in kicking over the politicians.

Your case is absolutely hopeless unless you strike out in another direction.

The fish-traps are all right, but the fishermen must take control of them and the whole fishing industry through their own organization. It will enable us to fish all the salmon needed in a short workday. The trap will shorten the hours of labor.

This is the way to go about it, if you really mean to make your living as fishermen, and I guess you have no choice.

1. At every cannery you must have a local union, and in that union you must take in everybody that works at fishing or canning, men, women and children, Chinese, Japanese and Indians. You say the natives are getting civilized and demand the vote. Then they surely are good enough for your union also. As for the Japanese and the Chinese, we all know that they make the very best kind of unionmen. Such a union is what we call an Industrial Union. These local unions should be united in a National Industrial Union of Fishermen, comprising the whole country. Then you have already quadrupled your power, and the companies will be quite tame.

2. You must cut loose from the craft union with which you are affiliated. It does you absolutely no good, but is sure to scab on you, as indicated above.

3. Your National Industrial Union should become part and parcel of the I. W. W. In that manner you become as closely connected with the National Industrial Union of Marine Transport Workers of the I. W. W., as if you belonged to it as individuals. For we are all in ONE BIG UNION, one big happy family, intended to embrace the whole country, and ultimately the whole world. "An injury to one, is an injury to all" is our motto.

4. You must quit lobbying in Washington. It creates vain hopes among the workers in your industry, it puts them to sleep and spits them up into factions.

5. Use your influence among sea-faring men and longshoremen to join the locals of the National Industrial Union of Marine Transport Workers, I. W. W., or to go over to the I. W. W. in a body.

6. When you have organized in the I. W. W. there is not any more scabbing. There is INDUSTRIAL SOLIDARITY. We shall, OURSELVES take control of the industry, dictate our own living and working conditions and manage the industry to suit ourselves and the needs of the world we live in.

This advice we give you free gratis and for nothing. Follow it!

If you know of a better way, in fact, if you know of ANY OTHER WAY to do it, please notify us by return mail, as we are now busily engaged in organizing the Marine Transport Workers along the lines of the principles indicated above.

Yours for Industrial Solidarity and Organized Action.

NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL UNION OF MARINE TRANSPORT WORKERS.

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

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

Defense Funds Notice.

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

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

P. S.—And don't forget to sick the Sab Cats on the Hop Kings and Kirbyites.

What Is A Contract.

By C. G. Anderson.

A contract is a written agreement between two human beings, or group of human beings, where one or more than one, agrees to sell their bodies, or the power that their bodies contain, or the product that their labor power produces, be it the product of their brain power, or their muscle power, or both, to some other human being, or group of human beings, that own, or control certain things that are necessary for the other party's existence and maintenance of life. The members of the privileged class, and the privileged class as a whole maintain that it is necessary to have the contract, where there is a limited supply of labor, or where labor is organized, and that is a self-evident fact.

They naturally must insist upon the contract, and to use any and all means they have at hand, in order to force the workers to live up to same. Therefore they have framed laws, made by their law-making bodies, that make it a crime to break contracts—when they are broken by the workers. Whereas the privileged class, or the members of the same class can break these laws whenever they see fit, and with impunity. Why? Because the laws were made for them, by that law-making body that is hired or bought by them. This law, we must understand, is for their protection always. So that they may be able to keep their power over the workers. Now, on close scrutiny, we find that as long as the workers respect those laws and fear the same, by living up to their contracts, holding them as sacred, just so long will the master class keep control of the necessities of life and keep the workers in subjection and slavery. Therefore, the workers must, after they become organized, cease to live up to contracts, and stop fearing, or recognizing their laws. It then logically follows that the controlling class will, as a natural result, lose the control or ownership over things economically, viz.: Land, machinery of production, and distributing. And from then on, as the workers become stronger organized it will only be a matter of a very short time when they will be able to take the control away from the class that holds it at the present and run the industries themselves.

This is equally true in regard to the contract between two human beings of opposite sex, the marriage contract. If we go back in history, we find that the marriage contract came into existence at the same time as the private property idea entered society. Therefore, we see to-day, by looking back, women at one time were regarded as a mere piece of private property, just the same as a cow, a horse or a plow; she was the weakest of the two sexes, therefore, she was dependent upon man economically. But the contract served also as a fence that kept the other man away, or out, so that she would not be taken away from the particular male. who took her first under his wing, to use her as he saw fit.

We see exactly the same condition to-day under the Capitalist system, or system of competition, regarding the workers, where one employer is competing against another to a certain extent still, (though they are ceasing to do so more and more every year), where the workers, or to be more exact, the workers' labor power, is regarded as private property, as soon as the workers have agreed to let them have the use of their labor power.

There is at present, one consoling thing regarding the marriage contract in the proletarian class. The sacredness of that contract is disappearing, it is only matter of form, that they must go through in order to mate, on account of the private property laws. The female of the proletarian class being no longer economically dependent upon the male of the same class, would not need, to enter into any contract with the male, if it was not for the pres-

ent laws, that forces her to do so, laws based purely upon private property.

We see now that this law must be upheld at any cost by the master or property-owning class, in order that they may enslave the female for sexual purposes, as well, as enslave both female and male, for wealth-producing purposes. Such being the case the real woman movement lies in the overthrow of the whole Capitalist system, where every woman as well as every man, that works for wages can do their share, by getting into an ECONOMIC, INDUSTRIAL, CLASS ORGANIZATION; where we can stand shoulder to shoulder, and strike at the point where we are being robbed, at the point of production, and proceed to gradually exterminate the parasite class that fattens upon us while we are enslaved, wearing our shackles, and our lives away.

Our FREEDOM must come as soon as we realize that we have the power, which we have, if we will only cleanse our minds from this law-fearing hypnotic shell that we are suffering from to-day.

New York Notes

I am directed by the New York District Council to write THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE and report that we have held a very successful meeting. Sunday, Nov. 30th, at New Stare Casino, under the Paterson Defense Conference, which has been organized by the I. W. W. of New York and other fraternal bodies.

The success of this meeting has impelled the Conference to continue these meetings and there will be another in a short time.

The Conference meets at 2205 Third Ave. and the Secretary, Miss Jennie Corliph, may be communicated with at the same address.

Our organization work is reviving greatly. We are getting together a splendid body of Hotel, Restaurant and Club Workers, and also we have just applied for a charter for a very promising body of Clothing Workers.

A general meeting of all the locals of the I. W. W. in the City of New York, will take place Dec. 17th, 8 p. m., at No. 85 East Fourth St. The object of the meeting is to discuss ways and means of extending the work of organization in New York. This meeting is called by the New York District Council. The Council meets every Thursday at 2205 Third Ave. at 8 p. m.

The entire organization in New York must get busy and work together for the success of the organization. Fraternally,

T. FLYNN,
Secretary N. Y. District Council.

"SHOW ME."

(Air: "Beulah Land.")

By R. L. Meek of California.

Show me the land of corn and wine;
They tell me there the climate's fine
And everything up there is free—
That listens mighty good to me.

First Chorus:

Oh come along and go with me,
I'd like to have your company;
We'll ramble to a mountain high
And take a peek into the sky.
Our mansions there we'll surely see,
They are prepared for you and me.

Ah there is plenty there to eat;
The accommodations can't be beat;
Nothing to do but stick around—
For Paradise we're surely bound.

Ah, brother, this is what will count;
We are atop the highest mount,
Looking about on every hand,
But—cannot see "Sweet Beulah Land!"

Second Chorus:

"My gracious sakes alive," said he,
"You've gone and went and buncoed me!"
I stood agazing in the sky;
My brother hit me in the eye;
He gave me such an awful biff
I nearly fell me off the cliff.

Oh, woe is me! how can it be
That not a blessed thing I see?
I look me East, I look West—
Nothing doing—I'll be blest.

I'm in the land of "Dago Red;"
I have no place to lay my head—
Rode thru Moroni on a mule—
Must have been a cussed fool!

Here in the Land of Uncle Sam
Some folks do not care a damn—
My graft is spoiled, I cannot skirk—
Ye gods! I'll have to go to work!

Seattle Notes.

By Walker C. Smith.

Perhaps a few notes on affairs in Seattle may be of interest to the readers of THE VOICE, as this city can furnish the usual assortment of humor and pathos, tragedy and comedy, oddities and commonplaces, that go to make up life.

The A. F. of L. convention claimed first place in the attention for a time. There was evidence of a sprinkling of real rebels on the floor, also a larger measure of political socialists with less power than at previous gatherings of the Federation. Some of the red delegates voted for the ultra-conservatives rather than for the yellow socialists, preferring to take their medicine undiluted. This was noticeable in one contest where a yellow, Wheeler by name, was turned down by some socialists, while others refused to vote on roll call for either candidate.

No doubt there will be talk of this convention having made great strides toward industrial unionism and the partial adjustment of the jurisdictional dispute between the Teamsters and the Brewery Workers, in which the latter were given control over certain teamsters in their industry, would lend a semblance of truth to the statement. But there were several minor cases where industrial union principles were turned down when the same claims were presented by small organizations. The secret lies in the fact that the Brewery Workers have once before maintained a separate existence and threatened to withdraw unless concessions were made. The teamsters were in no position to make threats. But the matter furnishes an instance of the loose federationism of the A. F. of L. for under the same roof can be found every shade of economic thought and development. As a whole it can neither be termed revolutionary nor non-revolutionary—it is simply a sort of labor hash.

Max Hayes and Forrest Edwards met in debate in the I. W. W. hall to discuss the relative merits of the two organizations. Hayes' talk consisted mainly in ridiculing the small numbers of the I. W. W. and their lack of a large treasury to finance strikes. Edwards showed up the A. F. of L. At the conclusion of the debate it was evident that the I. W. W. held first place in the minds of the crowd that were jammed like sardines to the very doors of the hall.

On Nov. 22, two days after the debate, Edwards was arrested at Fourth and Pike Streets, just as he was about to mount the stand in order to speak. Floyd Hyde took the platform and spoke unmolested. Edwards was jailed on a charge of disorderly conduct. Inquiry brought forth the news that the bail was \$50, and this amount was quickly raised. Edwards left the jail but had not proceeded 20 feet before the police again seized him with the remark that the bail was \$250. This was secured and Edwards appeared in police court with an army of witnesses that blocked all entrance to the court rooms. The interest in the case appeared to be too keen for the powers that be, so the bail money was returned and trial set for December 16. This practically amounts to a dismissal.

In the same court came up the case of Harry Feinberg who was arrested on a charge of selling literature without a license. The charge was preferred by some of Danny DeLeon's disciples of the "real" I. W. W. of Hatrack, Michigan. A few copies of "Sabotage" had been sold at the "Dirt-riots-facts-shun" meeting, but it so happened that Feinberg had not even had a copy of the pamphlet in his hand that whole evening. The S. L. P. man went for a detective in plain clothes and pointed out Feinberg and another member, warning the plain clothes man to watch out for the guns of these desperate criminals. Feinberg was bailed out at once and the other member turned loose by the police as being a mistaken arrest. When Feinberg came to trial, being among the last of a docket of 143 prisoners for the one day's session, he furnished the court with a hearty laugh while giving his testimony. He told the court that after the regular I. W. W. meeting was over he had gone over to the other meeting to be amused by hearing the speaker call the I. W. W. such names as "chicken thieves, dynamiters, bummers, hefty Louies, and Gyp the Bloods." A roar from the entire court room came at this point in the testimony. The judge asked the S. L. P. bunch if they were not selling literature without a license and the "civilized planer" replied, "Yes, Judge, your honor. But our literature is socialist literature of the real I. W. W. with the political clause at Detroit, Michigan. We don't sell bummy literature, nor anarchist literature, nor Sabotage literature, please, Judge, your honor." This human joke then demanded that a copy of "Sabotage" be produced in court, but the Judge dismissed the whole case with a laugh.

As the court was packed there were a number of members standing outside listening. Fellow-Worker Extall was arrested on a charge of "disorderly person" for looking in the window. The charge was later changed to "wilfully idle" but Extall was discharged, when brought to trial the next morning.

In the same session five young men, fairly well

dressed and apparently above the average of intelligence, were on trial for having eaten condemned food from the garbage cans in various alleys in the prosperous city of Seattle.

The Seattle locals are now in their new hall at 208 Second Ave. South. This is the best hall they have ever had in the city. It occupies the whole space above two stores, and a fine front entrance makes it the best labor hall on the coast. It has the advantage of being right in the heart of the slave market. Despite the rain that is an ever-present feature at this time in the year the street meetings continue to be successful. Hall meetings will be started as soon as the interior remodeling is finished. All rebels should drop into the "hot-bed of revolution" when coming this way.

Bunc Failed to Work.

London, Dec. 6.—Many of the 1,200 employees of the Great Western Railway who have been on strike since Wednesday refused to-day to comply with the terms of the agreement drawn up yesterday by the union leaders at a conference with representatives of the board of trade.

The men regard the conditions of the agreement as unnecessarily onerous. Besides providing that neither James, the locomotive engineer who started the strike by refusing to haul merchandise which had been handled by Dublin strike-breakers, nor Reynolds, another prominent agitator, shall be re-employed, the terms insist that all the men must express their regret and subscribe from 25 cents to 60 cents each to the Swindon hospital. The employers are not required to pay them for the time they were on strike.

The strike was never sanctioned by the union officials.

COMMENT: The above juicy gem of unconscious rumor on the part of the "Grand Chiefs" of the English Railway Unions was taken from the "Item" of even date. And the day is near when the American Railway Workers will longer refuse to be ordered into scabbery by the Hammer'en, Down Garretts and Safety Valve Lees, who are now working overtime blackguarding Secretary Carl Parson of the Shopmen's Federation for trying to bring about unity of action of the Railway Workers against the Railway Plunderers. Wake up, boys!

ON WITH THE ONE BIG UNION!

WHAT A "LOST" STRIKE WON.

Having passed through since the Lumber Workers Strike in Washington, I noticed the conditions of the Samish Bay Lumber Co.'s Camps have changed. They have new bunk houses and new cots and springs, and have the Cook Houses in a better condition; it seems to pay to go on strike for better conditions. Before the strike the conditions were old rotten Bunk Houses, double deckers and no accommodations, in Cook Houses and no springs, but boards and mouldy straw and no ventilation.

WM. VANHORN.

BOND REINSTATED.

Local 439 I. W. W. at regular business meeting Nov. 30, after carefully considering the record of John B. Bond, voted unanimously to reinstate him to membership.

(Signed): John Gunn, Fred Curran, Tom Mason, Fred M. Hofman, Press Committee.

THE STATE!

"The State! Whatever the State saith is a lie: whatever it hath is a theft: all is counterfeit in it: the gnawing, sanguinary, insatiate Monster, it even bites with stolen teeth—its very bowels are counterfeit.—Nietzsche.

A SOCULIST'S LAMENT.

(Dedicated, with apologies to Louis Blake, to the mountebanks masquerading Marxians. By Voc The Barbarian.)

I'm a big Yellow Soc,
But I can't help that.
I'd rather be a Soc
Than a bad Sab Cat,
Or a shanghai'd sailor
In a Fruit Trust pen,
Or an I. W. W.
In a Burnshound den.
I'd rather be a Bull Moose
With a golden dinner pail,
Or a Tammany Tiger
With a long, sleek tail,
Or a Gompersite, a lion,
Or a Jabberwock!
But I never can be nuthin'
But a derved old Soc!

Subscribe to The Voice

The Man on the Job.

By Fred Freyr.

Fellow-Workers: We are all agitators, teachers from soap-box rostrum, in paper and on the job from man to man—wherever and by what means the revolutionary message is spread and it is of equal importance, because it is—"Work that's Got to be Done. But preceding all other methods is the agitation on the job, the education of the slave I work with. Here is the foundation, the root-stock that must be planted, before there can be any fruit.

I work in the lumber industry and know it fairly well from A to Z. Lumber by its nature doesn't herd the toilers together as closely nor in as large numbers as does cotton, steel, coal, etc., therefore small communities, one-horse towns with the lumber baron as God.

A rebel drifts in, lands a job, begins to talk of Revolutionary Unions, starts in where some time ago another fleet-foot left off or breaks entirely new sod, prepares the furrows and scatters as much seed of Industrial Solidarity as he is able until he gets fired, kicked out or deported.

Now, who follows him and when to keep the good work moving? Seed and soil left to chance give poor results. This is not method, not organization. A farmer acting thus heedlessly wouldn't see half of his seed even germinate, part of the growing would be choked to death by weeds or starved and he himself would land in the ditch.

We have a much bigger job on hand. Taking possession of the earth and running it for the benefit of all.

A few individuals can't do it, neither small groups—we must have an all-industries-embracing powerful organization and we had better hustle methodically with system, to get a few more plowers to break up hard-pans, some rock crushers, weeders and seeders, otherwise there won't be much of a harvest. We've got to do it.

Go, you say? Alright, my suggestion is simply this: Never let up, keep the ground worked steadily, where one fellow-worker is compelled to leave off, the next must take up, immediately if possible. Thus we can make our forces count.

Locals (I speak of lumber industry), or other agencies, where such have grown, should co-operate in mapping out their particular region of war, with all the mills, camps, logging-crews etc., then apportion the battle-ground with or without regard to present boundary lines among themselves, each local then drawing a large scale map on paper board of its section showing the location of the slave pens together with other necessary or convenient features such as means of communication, data, etc.; put in a locked case with a glass door and hang up in a light place.

All places, where a fellow-worker "works" are now marked with a red pin tag, bearing his red-card-number on inner side.

Now let them come to the hall, all the rebels who have just been waiting for a splendid chance to do something for themselves without being ordered about by any official or executive, all those who won't let George do it.

Can't you see them standing squarely before the map, studying the stand of the battle, then without further waiting for a leading Moses or a hanging on intellectual politician to appear and give to the secretary his red-card-number and go out to fight the boss of one of the places not honored with a red tag?

When he gets ready to leave that place, again he notifies the secretary; off comes the red tag and the next rebel will regard it as his sacred privilege to have it placed on again under his number.

This would be organization applied, this would show how much of the revolutionary spirit is "Do and Go" and how much "Talk." Words count only with militancy. Wilful action brings revolution. In its essence the modern revolution is Organization. "Hilquit-tigers on barricades belong to the past. Voluntary organization as the industrial commonwealth we wish to establish, calls for, and without which it will not be established, is only possible on the basis—devotion, obedience, discipline.

Devotion is the daily bread of our revolutionary child, devotion as a matter of fact, a free, glad, joyous expression of an inner-pressure as the result of the knowledge and feeling that the individual keeps himself only by giving himself.

Obedience to the great need of co-operation for the building of the New Society of industrial freedom within the shell of the old and running it—not to persons, but in response to the personally felt necessity of circumstances.

Discipline, no longer the lash in the hand of a master, but coming from and thru liberty make us self-willed, free-acting, responsible Units for the accomplishment of common aims.

Fellow-workers, think this over. "System ever gets there" quicker and that much quicker the revolution will come.

I heard something to-day that made my heart glad; a fellow-worker's wife, after having given birth to a child, asked: "What is it? father; a ten-pound revolutionist! mother: Down with Capitalism!"

Down with Capitalism! Up with the Industrial Democracy! On with the ONE BIG UNION!

VANCOUVER WANTS SECRETARY-SPEAKER

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

J. TOMPHSON,

R. WILSON,

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

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THE PREAMBLE.

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

POLITICAL SOCIALISM

CAPTURING THE GOVERNMENT."

Something Every Worker Should Read.

WAR, WHAT FOR?

By Kirkpatrick.

NOTE:—Send \$1.00 to Jay Smith, Box 78, Alexandria, and get a copy of this mighty book, "War,"

Capitalists Want War.

Politicians Declare Wars.

Preachers Pray for Victories in Wars.

Workingmen Fight the Wars.

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

"The Flag! The Flag! The Flag!!"

"Follow the flag!" sounds good—but strikes blind the working class. "Follow the flag!" sounds brave and grand. Very. "Follow the flag!" is wine for the brain—of the working class.

"Follow the flag!" makes millions of our class blind and usable. "Follow the flag!" stirs a savage passion cunningly called "patriotism."

"Follow the flag!" never confuses a man wearing a silk hat. "Follow the flag!" is bait laid for fools. "rot" fed to mules, by every tyrant king, czar and president at the head of governments used by the industrial ruling class.

Governments—to-day under capitalism—are composed of "leading citizens." These "leading citizen" governments quarrel over business—markets and territory. Being proud, these "leading citizen" governments pompously decide to "protect their honor"—their alleged honor—"at any cost." Lacking sufficient brains, they cannot settle their quarrel with brains. Reverting to savagery, they decide that "might makes right."

Being brutal, they decide to "fight it out." Being cowards, they decide to avoid personal danger to themselves. Knowing the working class are glibly useable, these "leading citizen" governments decide to use the WORKINGMEN as fists.

Being crafty, they decide to SEIZE THE BRAIN of the toiler—to TEACH the working class: To follow the flag—automatically—that is, patriotically. To follow the flag—blindly—tho "leading citizens" do not follow the flag into bloody danger.

To follow the flag—blindly—cheered by silk-hatted cowards: To follow the flag—blindly—NO MATTER WHERE IT GOES, NO MATTER HOW UNJUST THE WAR MAY BE: To follow the flag—blindly—tho the working class fighters are to be given no voice in declaring war: To follow the flag "patriotically"—like slaves defending masters who buy and sell them as chattels—"patriotically"—like ancient serfs defending the very landlords who robbed the serfs, insulted their wives and raped their daughters:

To follow the flag—brainlessly—like dum cattle following a "trick" bull to the bloody shamble of the slaughter house.

To follow the flag—brainlessly—as a frog will swallow a bait of red calico loaded with a deadly fishhook.

To follow the flag, automatically, to the horrors and hell of the firing line—automatically, to the flaming cannon's mouth and there butcher other workingmen and be butchered by other workingmen who are also—automatically—following another flag—like fools used as fists for cowards.

And the "leading citizens" have indeed succeeded in doing what they decided to do. They have had us taught disastrously.

Patriotically we have worn the yoke throughout the centuries—centuries sad with tears and red with blood and fire. Patriotically for thousands of years we have stormed the world with the cannon's roar—but never won a real victory for our class.

Too long, too mildly and sadly, too glibly the flim-flamed working class have broken their own hearts and wet the earth with their own blood and tears; too meekly and weakly the toilers sweat themselves into stupidity and then—like cheated children—glibly hand over the choicest culture, clothing, bread, wine and shelter to the robbers and rulers who despise them and betray them. What for?

They have the habit. O, my brothers of the working class, no matter what language you speak, no matter what God you worship, no matter how bitterly you would curse those who would teach you and rouse you—wherever you are, in barracks or in the mines, in the armories or in the mills, in the trenches at the front or in the furrows on the farm—let us clasp hands—AS A CLASS. And in talking it over among ourselves let us be frank. We must be frank. And let us be friends.

Let us remember that we are class brothers, and permit nothing to injure our friendship or class loyalty.

Some things concerning war must be said plainly—even bluntly—things neither flattering nor complimentary to anybody. Remember, too, that a flattering friend is a dangerous friend. Therefore I refuse to flatter you.

Stamp this on your brain: THE WORKING CLASS MUST DEFEND THE WORKING CLASS IN NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL FELLOWSHIP WE MUST STAND TOGETHER AS A CLASS IN CLASS LOYALTY.

Damn Your Charity!

We Want Our Forests.

The "Yellow Pine Manufacturers" (What THEY ever "manufactured" except rags, hunger, destitution, misery, slavery and hell, is beyond us) Association has been in session here for several days past devising new ways to keep the Lumberjacks in chains, and, among the schemes up, according to the "Daily Item" of Dec. 4th., their favorite liaramous, are the following nine recommendations of their "Welfare Committee," viz:—

"The nine recommendations are: Testing all water supply at all camps; construction of lavatories and the disposition of garbage; screening of all houses and the instruction of all employes and the families in the prevention of accidents and disease; instruction of all employes in first aid to the injured; practice of personal hygiene among all employes; instruction of domestic science in all camps and the urgent need of sufficient time for physical and mental recreation for all employes."

Will "Brother" Brush Monkey or "Comrade" Yellow Polly please lead us in prayer and join each other in singing that whiney old hymn, "What's the I. W. W. ever done" and "The Merryville strike is lost." The greatest joke of the "Welfare Committee" to our mind, tho, is the tender solicitude of the Sawdust Ring for the "physical and mental recreation for all employes," for, on reading this, our Irish lood flashed into lafter as in our imagination we saw one of Kirby's scissorbills trying to take "Mental" exercise and one of Frost-Johnson's slaves entering the Y. M. C. A. mental-opium joint after pulling a cross-cut saw for twelve hours and go to swinging dumbbells to get a little "physical recreation." Aint it great? Yea, verily, they will do anything for you Lumberjacks—except get off your backs. THERE they are going to stay until you BUCK them off. The Y. M. C. A., self-confessed "soul insurance agents and spiritual policemen" for the Lumber Trust, sometimes called by irreverent hoboes the "Young Men's Character Assassins," was also present and reported to its Masters that the Saints that dwell at Bon Ami had already sprouted wings a mile and a half long and that what little minds they ever had had been so completely educated that if their brains were dynamite they wouldn't crack an acorn hull if they were to explode.

It is understood that the Association is greatly pleased with the work of its "soul insurance agents and spiritual policemen" and that the Kink of Bogalusa is said to have remarked that even at five dollars per killing murder wasn't in it with character assassination, as the first left them with only a dead corpse to bury while the last left them something for their money, placed at their disposal a living THING capable of working and breeding but not of thinking and rebelling. Swords, Jimmy and Johnny then gave an exciting account of "how we did it to 'The Lumberjack' and what we would like to do to that damn VOICE" and then "Judge" Alexander began reading the doxology, blasphemously called the "Blacklist" by un-Y. M. C. A.-ized Lumberjacks, but just as he reached the name of John Jones of Urania (who is now Ralph Ripley of Longville) the pet Black Cat of the Hoo Hoos came yowling and screeching up the aisle with III I. W. W. Sab Cats so close on his heels that Pal fainted on Florry's bosom and the Y. P. M. A. busted up in an uproar before dear old Parson could say its prayers. But, all joking aside—if they dispose of the "garbage," what will the Lumberjacks eat? That's what's puzzling us.

And that "domestic science"—what? That's to teach wifey how to cook Commissary Cat and Bullmeat Henry's porterhouse so as to fool you into believing you are eating real food instead of garbage. And that—O hell!

DAMN YOUR CHARITY!

We want our forests back and we mean to TAKE them before you have completely devastated them. Do you get us?—DAMN YOUR CHARITY!

NOT TO RESIGN.

Reports reach me from the West that it is being circulated that I intend to resign the Editorship of THE VOICE. This is untrue. When I take any such step I will, as usual, advise the Militants thru our columns, and directly. In the meantime, swallow no reports that I am "quitting" or that they have "got me and THE VOICE." As long as you back this paper it will stay in the field despite the strange combine fighting it.

Yours to win,

COVINGTON HALL.

WHAT LUCIFER WROTE.

"Why! as I live—there's a tear in his eye, Now what in hell can make Lucifer cry? Surely the rebel is feeling his age— Look what he's writing on Isabel's page; 'Virtue is a luxury hard to afford When a girl hasn't money enough for her board.'" —Kaufman.

Rotten Texas Justice.

Everything bears witness to the fact that we are in the last days of the Reign of Capitalism, that is, of the Rule of Gold over Man, for only a class in its death throes would have so little sense as to allow the crimes against all law and humanity to be committed by its agents, in its name as are now being done in the alleged "civilized" States of Texas and California. Read the following "MANIFESTO" of protest issued by the Texas Members of the Rangel-Cline Defense Committee, which we take from "The San Antonio Express" of November 22nd., 1913, accepting the translation of the "Manifesto" by the Huertaistas as from Spanish into American as correct and true, and we then ask any man with flash of the old liberty-loving American blood still left in his veins if there is a word in it that justifies, even under the jungle laws of Texas, the arrest of our brothers, Hernandez and Garcia, for "threatening" the human cockatoo that struts, screeching and squaking, from one end of his perch to the other, as far as his chain will let him, "Whiskey Ring" Oscar B. Coliquitt, the alleged "Governor" of the alleged "civilized State of Texas?" A greater crime was never committed in the annals of American history, not even by Santa Anna, "The Accursed."

Further, these werewolves are reported to be hounding the local Defense Committee in San Antonio to such an extent that the Committee asks that all funds for the defense be sent to—VICTOR CRAVELLO, SEC., RANGEL-CLINE DEFENSE COMMITTEE, BOX 1891, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA. This is important.

The Manifesto:

Translations of the manifesto are as follows: "Manifesto: To the radical socialists, the industrial socialists, labor organizations and to the people of the Spanish language in general, to the people: In sending out the present manifesto to the public we do not do so with the intention of publishing our literary gift, inasmuch as we have none.

"The only purpose of importance is to publish the innumerable legal outrages which have been committed and which are yet to be committed under the shadow and under the protection of the existing laws in this falsely named country of liberty. We are not inspired by any desire to beg for pardon. No, pardon degrades; and when it is one of the means to which those resort who, without dignity, humiliate themselves before the despots of the world, we do not bring upon ourselves this human weakness. We in place of pardon ask for justice; we cry justice, and justice we shall find in all honorable consciences. To you, socialists of all different political hues, we call you that in these anxious moments you lend your solidarity; to you, champions of labor, indefatigable laborers, we call upon you solemnly to unite and work together for the life and liberty of fourteen laborers, your companions, they in these moments are suffering the consequences of the tyranny of capital and religion.

"Fourteen laborers who leave innumerable orphans: fourteen companions who leave parents and wives, sons and sisters, to beg their miserable bread for to-morrow; fourteen of nature's workingmen who will be grass for these low hyenas, and who have committed no other crime than that of having fought for the emancipation of the universal proletariat. Of what are they accused? What is the cry which this phalanx of free men has committed? What is the horrible crime that these men have accomplished? Ah, they are assassins, says the low press. And that they have assassinated Sheriff Ortiz.

"Even considering the act of our brother of race as a crime, with what epithets can we characterize the savage offense which 500 officers of the American dictatorship committed against sixteen free companions on the 11th of September in Carrizo Springs? How shall we brand the assassination carried out by the company of furious Yankees against the persons of our brothers, Silvestre Lomas and Juan Rincon, who were villainously shot to death? How shall we characterize the criminal offenses which have no precedent even in the history of crime in the semi-barbaric nations in the Middle Ages?

"Laborers of all the world, stand guard; the hour of justice is at hand, to set our brothers of blood at liberty, to put forth every effort that may be necessary, to wrest from the hands of these low people this group of freemen, to fight for the life of a phalanx of martyrs, who are lying in the claws of this damned trio—Government, Capital and Religion. Let us demonstrate that we are united, and that an offense against one is an offense against all.

Denounces Authority.

"To you I. W. W., to you radical socialists, to you workingmen who are in defensive organizations, and to you workingmen of the proletarian world, we make you a formal call, your grain of sand to the fight that we have begun against the low rabble. Let us take from the hands of the American Government fourteen freemen, let us return them to the bosom of their paternal homes; let us restore them to the bosom of their sacred families, that at this time are mourning their sup-

port, the only one perhaps, of parents, wives and children. Let us demonstrate by our acts that we are sane and that we are in our places to demand justice and to demonstrate to the outlaw Yankee of the American Nation and to the savage rabble of the Texs cowboys that we are living in the Twentieth Century, an age of restitution, an age of light. Let us free our brothers, even at the cost of our lives. Look at those martyrs in the grip of capitalism; look at the innumerable crimes committed against them for lack of unity. Oh, alas! Perhaps it is no crime which is committed against our brother, Jose Angel Serratos, to condemn him to twenty-five years of prison for the misdemeanor of demanding a piece of bread for his children and for the human family? Is not this an offense against wounded humanity? Is it not a crime which is committed against our brother, Lino Elizardo, to condemn him to six years of prison for the same reason? Is it not a crime to have condemned in Cotulla, Tex., the 24th day of last month, our companion and brother, Jesus Gonzales ninety-nine years and one day in prison for being a constant fighter against the tyranny of capital, religion and authority, or whatever you wish to call it? Speak. Is not this a crime?

"It is crime, perhaps, to restrain the progressive march of humanity which aspires to raise itself to a social plane to which it is justly entitled. Well, then, why not conform to this suppression of human ideals and beg perpetual imprisonment for the most self-sacrificing fighters in the cause? Why do you wish to deprive them of life? Is not this inhuman, irrational? On guard, then, laborers of all the world. To redeem our own, stand firm before our enemies. Hurl protests. Organize meetings and do everything in your power to save our brothers from death. You, laborers of San Antonio, Tex., we beg to unite and fight for our brothers. We invite people in general to help in every way possible in the cause which concerns the working people; to fight in favor of the cause of Rangel and his companions, in doing which address the committee that represents the group. 'Regeneracion, Unido,' of San Marcos, Staples and Fentress, Tex. The Committee, J. A. Hernandez, secretary, Eusstolio Garcia, sub-secretary, and E. Aleman, treasurer, P. O. Station A, Box 52, San Antonio, Tex."

That is the "Manifesto" just as "The Express" set it up. Preceding and following it, however, were the most lurid headings and subheadings the brain of an intellectual prostitute could devise, every attempt being made to so prejudice the case as to render it easy for the Huertaistas to railroad their victims to the hellish penitentiaries of the preying State of Texas. There is only one cheering gleam running thru this insane attempt to lynch men in the name of the law, and that is THE FRANTIC FEAR OF KIRBY'S PUPPYS OF THE I. W. W.

THE FIGHT IS ON—ON WITH THE FIGHT!

Might Is Right.

Have you read that great book, "Might Is Right" by Ragnar Redbeard? If you have not you have missed one of the most tremendous books ever printed. Boldly, aye savagely, Redbeard challenges the maudlin sentimentality and hypocrisy of this slave-made world, proclaiming:

"A psalm of joy I raise, a true and holy song,— The race is to the swift, the battle to the strong!"

And despite all the lies of Capitalism, lies intended to keep the working class on its knees and therefore in subjection and starving in the midst of the boundless plenty it, alone, has created, Redbeard speaks the truth, and he compels us to think even tho often we do not agree with all he says, but to make MEN THINK is truly the work of genius.

Again, he cries: "The earth and all its treasure vast in body for the bold!" "Life is not for creeping things," he declares, saying, "On earth's broad threshing floor the MEEK are beaten straw." All thru this wonderful book you feel that a man is speaking his honest thought to you, spitting out what HE THINKS, not something got by rote from colleges and creeds.

THE VOICE once owned a copy of this book but the boys borrowed and re-borrowed it so fast that it was soon worn out. It is said that once one of the meekest and most patriotic Boss Godders on a job once read a copy of "Might Is Right" and that the next morning when the Boss started in cussing and kicking him around as usual he turned on him and licked him and then went over to the Union Hall and took out a card in the I. W. W., which before he had been "afraid to join" for fear of losing his (?) job.

Believing that YOU would want to read "Might Is Right" as soon as you heard about it, THE VOICE has made arrangements with the Publishers which enables us to make you the following offer, viz:—

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