

LABOR UNITED IS LABOR TRIUMPHANT.

This is Number 51

Organization  Is Power

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THE VOICE of the PEOPLE

VOLUME II

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1913

MIGHT IS RIGHT

Open Letter on Cline & Rangel Case

Also Wherein We Touch On Land Steals and Forest Thefts.

New Orleans, La., Dec. 20th, 1913.

Honorable _____,
Washington, D. C.
Dear Senator:—

Yours of the 13th. just received. Your information re the cases of Cline, Rangel and their companions is partially wrong. Absolutely no credence can be given the reports of the affair in the Texas papers for they are all owned or completely dominated by the gang of despoilers of the South that is lead by John Henry Kirby, chieftain of the Lumber Trust, ex-Senator Bailey and the heads of the Santa Fe R. R. System, which is a British corporation and which is heavily interested in Mexican "concessions," or its principal owners are. This gang is also heavily interested in Timber, Desert and Marsh lands in the Southern States, and these lands have been practically stolen from the Public Domain. Many men in Western Louisiana have in the last few years sought to homestead certain lands down here but in every instance they have met with determined resistance from the land officials of the State and of the United States. The Long-Bell Lumber Co. of Kansas City, Mo., holds thousands of acres of land around the town of Deridder, La., to which its "Title" is said to be so rotten that it cannot pass deeds to prospective purchasers.

There is now a bill before Congress, I believe, to confirm the title to these stolen lands, the "Pacific Railroad Grants Bill," it is called, I think. So this gang is fighting for an empire. It is also driving the South into armed rebellion by its infamous suppression of the most elemental human rights. The notorious Pat Calhoun of San Francisco is I am told, one of Kirby's partners. The great lockout of the Louisiana Forest & Lumber Workers, one of the most cruel and shameless ever ordered, which began in the first part of July, 1911 and lasted until February, 1912, at the end of which thousands of men, women and children were reduced to the dire extremity of holding their bodies and souls together on meals that consisted of only cornbread and molasses, and of which lockout you have doubtless heard, (but garbled as are the reports coming from the Texas cases to-day)—this brutal lockout, I am convinced was brought on, not so much to "crush the Union," as was boasted, but to allow the Southern Lumber Operators Association to clean its yards of surplus lumber and at the same time to relieve it of the necessity of feeding the thousands of families whose very lives it had destroyed by its nefarious system of peonage, than which that of Mexico under Diaz was no worse. In fact, Kirby is said to have boasted that he once visited Diaz and that the old Werewolf was so taken with him and his ideas that he urged him to stay and help "develop" Mexico on more up-to-date lines. Not only did the terrible lockout of 1911 enable the Operators Association to clean out its yards without any responsibility of feeding its destitute slaves, but it also enabled it to hold up the consumers of lumber for famine prices, which it proceeded to do and—to lay it ALL on the Union. These pointers I drop you that you may know the forces seeking the victimization of Cline and Rangel. Cline is nothing but a boy and is to be victimized for his part in the defense of the "Grabow Rioters" and the great strike of the Forest and Lumber Workers at Merryville, La. Rangel is an old veteran of the Mexican Liberal Party and he is to be victimized for a like crime—that he fought the good fight of human liberty against the rapers of Mexico and Dixie. It is false that the revolutionists "in turn hunted the Sheriff's posse"—they did all in their power to avoid a conflict. It is false that they "captured the Sheriff himself"—the men captured being deputy sheriffs Ortiz and Buck who are, from all accounts received, two of the greatest scoundrels that ever went unhung. A Mexican

deputy sheriff in Texas is about on a par with the Negro gunmen of the Lumber Trust—about as low a brute as ever took the form of man. Further, the "smugglers," even according to "deputy sheriff" Buck's own testimony, treated the prisoners kindly and Ortiz was killed against orders by the man who had him in charge when he persisted in trying to hang back in order to waste time and enable the Sheriff to overtake the hunted men. It is said Ortiz was bound at the time, but it is also true that the man who killed him was himself killed, so that ought to square accounts, as it was taking the life of a man for the life of a beast. It is further true that the Sheriff's posse fired upon these men without warning or even demanding that they surrender. The hunted men did not return the fire until several of their companions had been shot down and killed in this infamous manner. For the crime of defending themselves against as merciless a gang of Rurales as ever cursed the earth, the infamous "sheriffs ring" that has been organized to hold the "conquered South" under the iron heel of Northern and British Carpet-Baggers and Southern Scalawags, these men, most of them not only but boys fired with the glorious spirit of human liberty, are being railroaded to the hellish inhuman penitentiaries of Texas, there to suffer bodily ruin and soul-assassination. Further, when the "smugglers"—(John Paul Jones was also a "smuggler of arms," I believe)—surrendered, the "officers of the law" sat around them in council and debated "whether or not they would lynch them." You will say that "such things are impossible." So once, too, did I think—until I saw with my own eyes the "sheriffs ring" in action and the Burns Detective Agency and the Attorney for the Southern Lumber Operators Association attempt to take possession of the Court at Lake Charles, La., to railroad Emerson of the Forest and Lumber Workers Union and his comrades to the gallows, an attempt which was only desisted in when that infamous Agency began to fear for their lives and the Lumber Trust to fear an insurrection.

Well, this can but tire you and nothing you can do can prevent the railroading of these men to the gallows or the galleys of Texas—nothing but the WORKING CLASS can now save these victims from the murderers of human liberty who have held too long already the once great, fighting State of Texas in their grafting grip.

But I thank you for all you have tried to do and think always kindly of you as the only high placed public man I know who has even offered to raise his voice in behalf of human decency and justice.

With best wishes to you and yours, I remain,
Yours to the last for human liberty,
COVINGTON HALL.

Defense Funds Notice.

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

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

PORTLAND MEETINGS.

The Portland, Oregon, locals will hold regular propaganda meetings twice per week in the hall at 309 Davis St., during this winter. New stereopticon installed. Good speakers needed for meetings in hall and on the street. Everybody welcome.

B. E. NILSSON,
Sec'y Portland Locals, I. W. W.

Emerson Starts Birthday Celebration.

Fellow-Worker Arthur L. Emerson sends in the first donation to our Birthday Celebration Fund. We received the following letter from him to-day, Dec. 18th:

"Dear Hall:—Just received THE VOICE. See your call to celebrate its birthday. Enclosed find \$2.00, one for one more year's worth and one as a Birthday Present for that red young fellow, THE VOICE. May it never die but live to carry on until the end the great fight it has made for the emancipation of the Lumberjacks and all the workers. I would send more but I am unable just now as I have been working under disadvantages ever since I came here. I also broke my ankle some time ago and am just getting so I can walk on it a little. I think a great fight is about to come on all over the country and that we will need THE VOICE worse than ever and tell all the old guard I say—LET'S KEEP THE VOICE GOING NO MATTER WHAT THE COST. If every man of us would send one dollar apiece, ONLY ONE, and do it IMMEDIATELY we would save the paper and it would go on a big boom in the Spring, I fully believe.

Remember me to all the boys and love to all of you from one who hopes to be with you all again in the great fight that is coming.

Yours for the success of THE VOICE,
A. L. EMERSON."

THE VOICE thanks one he has always loved for the helping hand extended in this hour of great need and more for the spirit shown in the above letter. NOW that he has started the ball rolling, WHO will be the NEXT to say, "THE VOICE SHALL NOT DIE!" Altogether, boys, and we win hands down! Let's show the Lumber and Shipping Trusts that they haven't whipt us yet and NEVER WILL.

Yours in the fight for Freedom,
COVINGTON HALL.

Ball Front Out.

All Woodsmen at Ball's Front, La., are out on strike, demanding the DISCHARGE of a SLAVE-DRIVING FOREMAN. All Woodsmen take notice and warn all workers to stay away until fight is won. For the information of would-be SCABS we will state that the country surrounding this Front is VERY UNHEALTHY for blacklegs and that the Woodsmen and Working Farmers around there hate a SCAB worse than a rattlesnake.

If the Woodsmen at Grace and Elton would follow the Ball Front rebels and also walk out against their slave-drivers, and the Woodsmen everywhere follow suit, the Southern Woods would pretty soon be cleaned out of these Egyptian-like taskmasters. The more you stand from these slave-drivers the more you will have to stand, so whenever one of them appears on a job let every Woodsmen on it walk off until he is discharged. Go to it. Keep the good work started by the Ball Front Woodsmen rolling until every last one of these man-killing slave-drivers is put on the bum.
GO TO IT, NOW, TO-DAY.

New Zealand Labor War.

One of the greatest Labor Rebellions of modern times is on in New Zealand, the politicians "Paradise." The capitalist papers there are holding the I. W. W. responsible for the upheaval, and denouncing it as "anarchy imported from America!" But a glorious spirit of solidarity is holding the workers together against the Bosses and all the indications point to victory. Lack of space prevents us giving this great rebellion the space it deserves and also prevents publication of many fine articles on hand.

Fellow-workers! Let's get together and turn the Continent of North America over, too! We can do it! We will do it! We shall do it! We MUST do it! Unite!!

"The Great God Bel"

The god of Babylon, the greatest city of the ancient grafters, was "The Great God Bel." Some of his children seem to be living still. Comrade J. L. Grossenbacher of Elton, La., called on us when passing thru the city on his way to exile on the 18th. He states that the slaves working in the woods for the Bel Lumber Co. near Elton have nothing on the slaves of Bel of Old. He states that the price for long cutting on this rotten job is 40c per thousand, BUT, that by a wonderful system of scaling (?) prevailing in that neck of the woods (elsewhere as well) anywhere from around 1400 feet and sometimes more constitutes a 1000. A slave-driver by the name of Tom Hewitt, he says, is foreman on this stomach-robbing job. He will stay there until the boys at Elton get up enuf backbone to walk out of his hellhole and stay out until he is discharged.

Comrade Grossenbacher tells us of other miracles worked by the descendants of Bel in and around Elton. One of the best of these being the moving of a house on which a court hand granted Comrade Grossenbacher a lein for repair work done on it by himself and his boy, a little lad only 14 years old. Another story is of a peice of land he sold and found still in the name of the U. S. Government when later he was looking over the land records there. When land stays in the name of Uncle Sam or the States, the owners thereof don't pay taxes on it. This was a scheme put across on different parishes by the firm of Wisner & Dressner, dealers in "marsh" lands, and their allied pillies. He says that many acres of land were bought, sometimes timber and all, from people ignorant of their value for 75c to \$3.50 per acre, which is about the prices at which the Lumber Trust "bought" all its Southern Forest lands held by individuals. For the State lands, they made even better bargains with the polities. Nothing makes the Lumber Kings and Land Sharks more nervous than a mere mention of how their sacred titles to whole counties came about, but, between them and the politicians interested with them, they have succeeded in keeping the lid on pretty tight up until to-day. Against a Lumber King, a Land Shark or a Railroad a would-be "Homesteader" in Louisiana has had about as much chance of getting anything from the "Public Land Offices" as a snowbird has of flying thru Hades. But however, this may be, WHY don't you Woodsmen at Elton get up off your knees and copycat the REBELS at Ball Front?

YOU haven't got anything to lose but a rotten job at the worst. LOSE IT, OR MAKE THE SLAVE-DRIVER LOSE HIS.

"The Unemployed Army,"

Fellow-Worker T. J. O'Brien writes from Stockton, Cal., as follows:—"We went on another rampage here. We started an "Unemployed Army" and they are marching south to Los Angeles making the cockroaches come thru with the chuck, etc., showing the scissorbill the Power of Organized Begging, and so on. There are thousands of workers begging as individuals, and getting run around and out of the towns and cities, who can take this hint if they want to as it is free. The name of this outfit is "The Unemployed Army," but it can be changed at any time. There is a great chance to work among them now: if they wont come to you, go among them, is our motto, to deliver the goods and we will have no trouble getting them when they get a job, and need them for something else."

Some stunt that. It makes us wonder what would happen to this crazy system of society if the millions of unemployed ALL began such a march, DEMANDING BREAD? The Philistines would either have to GIVE it as a "charity" or it would be TAKEN as a NECESSITY. Yes, we wonder what would happen?

"The workingclass is going to possess the world. Possess it and run it so that all may have life, education, recreation, travel and work. Do you get us?"

The Voice of the People

(Formerly "The Lumberjack.")

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Address To Tie Makers.

By W. H. Lewis.

Why they should join a Union and why that Union should be the N. I. U. of Forest and Lumber Workers of the I. W. W.

A few years ago, when timber was plentiful, and of the best quality, when wages were fairly good, when food was cheaper and more plentiful than it now is, the tie makers were the most independent class of the Forest and Lumber Workers, and had not the need of organization as they now have.

But now things have changed. The timber is all culled over, the grub is rotten and wages are lower, why? You know the answer to the timber part of it. You know that the increase in the necessities of life, has caused you to pay more board than formerly, while the quantity and quality of your food has been reduced. You men who have families know that you are forced to make five to ten more ties a day to purchase the same food and clothing that you once did. And last but not least, where there has been no actual reduction in wages they have remained stationary. Let us look for the cause.

According to the law of supply and demand we should be receiving five times as much wages as we now do. I have in mind one Railway System that requires 3,000,000 ties per year to keep its track in a bad state of repair. The supply of timber is limited while the demand for ties is greater than ever. So the cause is NOT here.

MACHINERY.

Machinery has some bearing on the situation, as we shall see. There has not as yet been a machine made that will produce a tie cheaper than the hand tools. "Then," you ask, "how could the machine possibly have any bearing on the situation?"

The machine has, in various industries, displaced thousands of workers. Throwing these thousands of workers out of employment, it is but natural that they must look for a new master to sell their labor power to. It is not optional with them, they MUST work or starve, so we see them coming to the woods with a broad axe on their shoulder and patches on their pants. And, as time goes on, this army of unemployed will steadily increase and, thru labor labor competing against labor, our standard of living will go ever lower and lower, until at last we are driven into blind, unorganized revolts.

THE CONTRACTOR.

The contractor is another parasite that helps to milk us dry. The one I am working for was once a tie maker himself. He came out to the camp the other day and some of the boys jokingly asked him if he intended to make any ties. His answer was frank and to the point. "Not as long as I can get you fellows to make them." We are making a sap pine tie for 10c. When asked if he would pay more than 10 cents, he said, "If I can't get them made for a dime, I will make them myself." When asked if he could make enough in a year to supply that railroad that requires 3,000,000 per year, he said, "No, of course not, I admit that you fellows have the power to put me to work, but pshaw, you will never do it." Will we?

I have been on jobs where there were three and four of these little jumpingjacks between me and the "buzzy" boss. Men of the woods, you who work in cypress swamps and cane brake, you who make it possible for trains to run, you, who are out in all kinds of weather, and have nowhere to lay your head, you who buy lying capitalists papers from time to time, you who are chasing up and down the country from one job to another, what are you going to do about it? WHAT?

THE REMEDY.

It is a certain fact that railroads MUST have ties. It is a fact that they MUST have somebody to make them. Put these two thoughts together and what do they suggest? This. They need ties, but they can't get them without YOU. Then you hold the key to the situation. But singly and in small groups we can do nothing. The remedy? All the workers in the lumber industry in One Big Union. The day of individualism has passed. We are living in a collective age. Industry runs into industry everywhere. Alone we, as tie makers, can do nothing. To illustrate what ONE BIG UNION of Forest and Lumber Workers could do: The tie makers are not satisfied with the wages they receive; they go on strike; the contractors, if they can't get scabs to make them, place their orders with the saw mills; our brothers in the mills refuse to saw any ties. Mr. Contractor is up a stump. On one hand no labor power sold to him at a beggar's price, on the other hand the railroad demanding the ties.

We of the lumber industry have all in common. Those of the Southern Lumber Operators Association and tie contractors, in fact all exploiters of labor, have NOTHING, ABSOLUTELY NOTHING in common with us. When will you take the step? How can you go "home" (?) to your loved ones seeing them in their wretchedness, without it arousing at least a spark of manhood in your breast? If you are a MAN you will hesitate no longer, but will give your application to a qualified organizer or you will write Secretary Jay Smith of the N. I. U. of Forest and Lumber Workers, 1194 Gould Avenue, Alexandria, La., for full particulars of how to organize, and he will furnish it to you.

Saboteurs, Attention!

It seems as though firing men is getting to be quite a past time in this neck of the woods. Mr. Henry Chandler, the woods foreman at Grace, La., is playing this game overtime. Several days ago some of his slaves had the gall to attend an I. W. W. meeting for the purpose of organizing against "his majesty;" for said offense quite a number of men went down the road minus a job. Was it to Mr. Chandler's personal interest to throw these men out of employment? Not on your life. He is only a slave driver for the Bodcaw system.

Why do men who boast of being free, tolerate such acts as this? Because you fear losing that 12-hour, dollar and a half a day job? You slaves had just as well get rid of that fear for if signs don't fail, there is now being reared in the national nursery a baby panic and from the row it is kicking up it must be almost grown. When the industrial Bosses see fit to turn it lose on you peons, then your jobs are gone, and what power have you got to bring 'em back? The Boss has enuf of what you produced to live in luxury while you and the woman you vowed at the marriage altar to protect must take your little children and shiver in the cold. Oh you suckers of the Sunny South! It is now up to you Rebels to see that the right kind of scabs get on these jobs where scabs are demanded and teach these Bosses that it is much cheaper to let us alone than to fire our men for organizing. And you "God and country men" that are too "pious" and love the Boss too well to join the I. W. W., if you are anxious to know just what hell is like, without drinking a bottle of Carbolic Acid, just come to Grace, La. We've got the real place up here, pure and undefiled, there are but few noticeable differences in the two places. They tell us it is nice and warm down there, while up here in these old tumbledown shacks, that neither turn rain nor wind, 'tis impossible to keep warm. They also tell us that scabs are not in demand down there, while up here they don't want anything else. All together, boys, let's put such jobs as this off the map. S. S. 23.

BUTTE SOUL (?) CHASERS "INSULTED."

All the soul chasers of Butte are in revolt and highly insulted. As usual the I. W. W. is all-blamable. The great rebellion came about thiserway: The rebels of the League cast about for some scheme to raise a few shekels for the Patterson victims. Then thus up and spake a certain Wise Guy, saying: "behold now, this is the reason of God will on earth, as well ye will observe by the many pots boiling on many corners, wherefore therefore let us likewise set up unto our fellow-workers in trouble a few pots and it may happen that there be many workers who will make the chingaling music therein rather than in the pots of the Philistines." And as the Wise Guy spake even so it was done. Wherefore and before Sec'ty John Low did call on our Comrade Duncan presiding as Mayor of Butte and ask a "permit" to set up said pot, which "permit" our Comrade granted forthwith. Then, having all things legally ready, did the P. L. set up the first pot, and over the said pot they all did inscribe this legend:—"WE DO NOT COLLECT FOR JESUS." This was blasphemy in the 33d. degree, especially as the pot took in \$12.00 the first day, making \$12.00 the soul chasers did glom. There was wailing and gnashing of teeth therefore in all Christendom and all the sky pilots did with one accord appear before our Comrade Duncan demanding that he cause said offending sign to disappear, but our Comrade, himself a sky pilot, did nobly answer then, saying: "The Salvation Army and Volunteers of America tell on their signs what the money is for. The I. W. W. tell what theirs is not for. They say it is not for Jesus. If they want to say this, then let the devotees of hell place their money in their kettles." O U Lamb of God! The officers of the Starvation Army and God's American Buncoteers were the wrothiest of the wroth, saying, this sign, "we do not collect for Jesus," is an especial insult to our organization. Well, no one of US ever said they were collecting for Jesus or anybody but themselves. And here endeth a story which proveth Marx's wise saying, "The Church will stand an attack on all the 39 articles of its faith with more equanimity than it will an attack on one 39th. of its income."—Amen.

FRANK LAW, WRITE YOUR BROTHER.

The-whereabouts of Frank Law who is a member of the Coast Locals, is wanted on a matter of IMPORTANCE. Anyone knowing his whereabouts, please communicate with Mr. Law, his brother, 1405 1-2 1st. Ave., Seattle, Wash.

HARRY A. LA BRANCH,
Sec'y L. U. 382.

"THERE IS NO DIGNITY in a bent back—no glory in a perspiring brow—no honor in greasy copper-riveted rags. There is nothing very delectable in picks, shovels, and calloused paws. 'Dignity of Labor!'—Dignity of hell! 'Cursed is the brow that sweats—FOR HIRE, AND THE BACK THAT BENDS TO A MASTER'S BURDEN!'—From 'Might Is Right.'"

FELLOW-WORKERS.

To the Membership of the I. W. W.

The Press Committee of Local 339 I. W. W., has been instructed to make the following appeal.

We have received a communication from the editor of "THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE" which states that unless stronger support is immediately forthcoming, the paper will go down and out.

There is no use discussing the why of this. That is well known to the average member. What is needed now is the immediate assistance of every local and member who believes the paper should be kept in the field.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE has been an invaluable factor in educating the Southern wage slave to his class interest. Without it we shall be almost entirely cut off from news of I. W. W. activity in the Southern States.

We appeal to those who want the paper to live to get busy immediately. Support is needed. We are not going to tell you how to act. You know as well as we do. So don't delay.

ALBERT B. PRASHNER,
For Press Committee.

Edmonton, Alta, Canada, Dec. 16th, 1913.

THE VOICE received the above appeal with a request to publish same immediately. This we do thanking the edmonton Rebels for it and all past aid.

WHY OF A TWO-PAGE VOICE.

THE VOICE appears this week cut half in two. There is but one explanation to give, and that is that those owing the paper for orders did not remit on the 10th instant as we had notified must be done if the paper was not to be endangered. You cannot run a paper without funds, neither can you pay printers with promises, so if you rebels want the paper to live it is up to you to see that amounts due THE VOICE are paid immediately, that the Secretary of your Local rushes us a money order by return mail. Remember always that we never call on you until forced to do so, that we never raise the cry of "wolf!" when there is no danger in sight. There is no more to say. It is simply this: If you Rebels want THE VOICE to stay in the field, IT WILL STAY, for there is nothing impossible to you, and if you don't it won't. If you want it to live, tho, GET BUSY AT ONCE. We cannot run the paper without funds, neither can we pay our printers with promises. Our back is to the wall but we are yours in the fight to the finish.

COVINGTON HALL.

"This germ (scabbery) is nothing but the father of individual effort and the mother of craft unionism."—From "The Strike Bulletin."

DIRECT ACTION: Action BY the workers, IN the industries, THRU their OWN organizations.

"ON SUNDAY the cross—on week-days the DOUBLE-CROSS." Yea, verily, verily I say unto you, the Church can hear its Master's voice (\$) the spoken in a whisper so low the dictagraph could not catch it. "OLD REB."

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THE VOICE

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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.