

REBEL CLANS, ALL HAIL! THE VOICE GREET'S YOU!

This is Number 52

Organization  Is Power

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THE VOICE of the PEOPLE

VOL. III I. N. 52.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1914

MIGHT IS RIGHT

THE SOCIAL WAR.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas Rebels report that the last issues of THE VOICE showing up the dirty work and persecutions of the "Law and Order" mafia caused a stir in that community of consumptive robbers. "Sheriff" Tobin is said to have had a bad fit of hydrophobia and every manhunter in the alleged civilized state of Texas swore THE VOICE was a liar. By the time we get thru with these hellions they will be shown up to all the world in their true colors. They will yet learn that the rebel press is a power to be reckoned with even by the werewolves that infest the deserts of Texas. Here is one form of juicy graft put over on the fool taxpayers of Texas by their guardians, the politicians. Says one of the rebels: "The fee system keeps the San Antonio jail full all the time. Some are put in with the most flimsy evidence ever put against a man to keep him in jail. But, the Persecuting Attorney gets \$25 for each indictment; \$50 is the most he gets for a conviction, from that on down; \$15 for a habeas corpus proceeding. Here is an example of how the taxpayers are flimflammed: A salesman of "Blue Sky" had thirteen indictments returned against him and one of these human money grabbers (Lawyers) turned in fifteen habeas corpus, costing the county \$16 on each case for the Persecuting Attorney, and \$5 each case for the Judge. They sent to St. Louis for this man and up to date this case has cost the county \$3,000, with no earthly chance of conviction. "It is no wonder that all the "authorities" of Texas are so strong for "law and order." There is nothing like raising a hue and cry against somebody else when it is wished to distract attention. The boys in San Antonio go to "trial" (?) January 1st, so now or never is the hour to aid them. Here is from another letter: "Jesus Gonzalez who was convicted in Cotulla, Texas, has been kept in his cell for 5 to 6 days on a stretch, his jailors not even opening the door and passing in his food on a plate; all the light he sees is thru a hole 3 inches in diameter. This is a savage twentieth century." It surely is. General Sherman once said, "If I owned Hell and Texas, I would rent Texas and live in Hell," and Sherman knew what Hell was for he is the same man who said, "War is hell," and proved it. YOU, it is up to you rebels to save these victims from the Huertaistas of Texas.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., McKelvey, Loux and Wilmont of the M. T. W. were to go up on Dec. 19 for "sentence" for assaulting some scabs. Here is an account of Mc's. assault on a policeman: "During the strike (of the Longshoremen and Boatmen) I was going down to one of the piers at the foot of Reed St. I was met by a police sergeant whose name is Joseph Peoples, and who refused to permit me to go further. After questioning his right for awhile I was placed under arrest. When in his hands he proceeded to manhandle me, which caused me to fall to the ground face forward. All this time he held me by the shoulder with his left hand and, when I went to the ground, he very readily applied the blackjack. I for a time lay on the ground unconscious, entirely at the mercy of the thug. On recovering my senses I found myself lying in the middle of the street at the end of a pile of iron. I then made a request to be permitted to sit up. This Peoples endeavored to deny. After the first attempt to extricate myself from the position he held me in, which was (he is a man over 6 feet tall and weighs about 275 pounds) by keeping his knee on my back and, when I raised my head, he would proceed to ram it into the ends of the iron with the entire force of his hands. When I was booked at the police station, the charge of "inciting to riot" was entered; later this was changed to "assault and battery." I was convicted and sentenced to 60 days in jail." This is not the case the boys were to go up for sentence on the 19th., but these cases are about on a par with the one described. But glory to the God of Rebels, here is the way Mc. ends his letter: "Our real crime is our success in raising wages and making better conditions in general. The bosses want to break us. The men are organized and fighting to maintain the Union. We will come out of this stronger than ever. They, the bosses, started the ball rolling. We will keep it going and more and better organizations will result."

LOS ANGELES, Cal. Dec. 26th., according to press dispatches, the unemployed gathered in the plaza of Los Angeles to demand relief. The police assaulted the assembly, injured hundreds of workers and killed one man. The City Council and "Welfare Committee" exonerated the police, as usual. The starving asked for bread; they were given cold steel and lead. Listen unto me, O ye Councils and Committees, the day is when ye shall answer for your crimes and your Masters with you for even so did the French "Nobility" turn loose the "wrath of oGd" upon themselves and on their "order."

WHEATLAND, Cal. The bestial reign of terror inaugurated by the hellions of the Hop Kings and managed by the infamous Burns Detective Agency will be flowering into perfection when this paper reaches you. With all the sickening mockery called a "trial under the law," the doomed men will be brought into court during the first part of January, there to go thru the gastly farce of a "fair and impartial trial" at the hands of merciless and vengful foes. One of the victims has already been third-degreed into suicide, another into insanity, and still another to attempt to take his life, and yet the Constitution of the U. S. "guarantees" against all "unusual and barbarous punishments." Listen, Hiram Johnson and ALL you damned "Reformers," YOU are but the Girondists of the Social Revolution, you, too, shall have your wild St. Just—you damned fat-bellied, smug-self-righteous Pharisees, the curse of Liberty be upon you!

Saboteurs! for every ounce of torture inflicted on the victims of Wheatland, take you a ton of gold out of the pockets of the Hop Kings! In the meantime, back the Defense Committee in every way and by every means in your power.

CALUMET, Mich. President Moyer of the Western Federation of Miners was brutally slugged, dragged thru the streets, shot in the shoulder and then deported from Hancock by a mob of "Citizen Leaguers" and Copper Mine Officers and henchmen. Moyer said that when the mob carried him from the hotel to the station last night, Dec. 26th., James McNaughton, general manager and vice-president of the Calumet and Hecla mines, drove up and said to him: "You get out of this country forever. If you ever come back I'll hang you." This was the REAL government speaking, just as the despised I. W. W. has tried to tell it to President Moyer, and this was the language it used to him despite his mealy mouthed speeches thru out the Strike Zone. We hope that President Moyer will heed well the lesson and be less slow in the future to join in the hue and cry raised by the enemies of labor against the hated I. W. W., for, behold, the Capitalist Class has proclaimed open war upon the Working Class and death to every Union that in any manner stands in its way. All President Moyer's talk of being "fair" to the employers cannot change this grim and bitter truth with which the Preamble of the I. W. W. opens: "The Working Class and the Employing Class have NOTHIN IN COMMON."

KANSAS CITY, Mo. A free speech fight is on in this Middle Class Heaven and Working Class Hell. An appeal for MEN and what financial help that can be given has just been received from the I. W. W. Committee. The chief of police is banking on not enuf I. W. W.'s. answering the call in order to carry thru his attempted suppression. Eighty-five men are now in jail. None of the funds are being used for lawyers, and will not be, says the Committee. The men in jail are conducting the fight. Sooner or later both Kansas City and Denver must be conquered or broke. The fight was brought on by the arrest of five members of L. U. 61 and the handing to them of 200 days on the Municipal Farm for holding a meeting in behalf of the Wheatland victims. The capitalists are class-conscious, alright, also THEY practice DIRECT ACTION and SABOTAGE. Nuf sed. Address J. P. Cannon, Secretary No. 61, 1022 Garfield Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

J. STEINER, NOTICE.

Please communicate with Sectary of Local 45, Vancouver, B. C., at once.

A UNOION OF UNIONS—this we MUST have, this MUST be accomplished, with our "leaders" co-operation if possible, without it if not, for, for the Working Class, it is UNIVERSAL UNITY OR UNIVERSAL SLAVERY. This is no hour for bal-lotboxing. It is a time for all lovers of their Class in all REAL Labor Unions to take up the fight for UNITY and to send out thru all North America the call to all the workers to rise against this new tyranny in a SOCIAL GENERAL STRIKE. Might IS RIGHT, and so long as the workers refuse to use the tremendous MIGHT that is theirs by the very fact that they FEED, HOUSE, CLOTHE, WARM and TRANSPORT all society in defense of their assaulted fellow-workers and for the freedom of their Class, just so long will they be forced to endure the insults and outrages that are being heaped upon them from one end of this Continent to the other to-day by the pimps and gunmen of the Capitalist Class. You men of Labor, you dare not stand much longer with folded arms and watch the annihilation of the Unions of your Class. You are not MEN if you do not accept the challenge—if you do not answer the TERROR WITH THE SOCIAL GENERAL STRIKE!

UP AND AT THEM, CLANS OF TOIL!

WOODSMEN, ATTENTION.

Fellow-workers and all slaves, stay away from Sweet-Home, La., Front. Local 275 on strike. The strike was called to keep one of the Company's old tricks off, trying to break the Solidarity and driving the workers.

But, as always, the I. W. W. got wise and beat them to it. The job is tied up right, not a man working. So all workers help keep it so by staying away until we drive the boss into submission, and make another step toward the GOLD.

Yours for victory,

PRESS COMMITTEE, L. U. 275

"THE SCARLET EMPIRE."

By Covington Hall.

In Pennsylvania's valleys, where Carnegie's Homestead stands,
We have seen our brothers falling 'neath the Scarlet Empire's hands;
We have seen its drunken gunmen over baby bodies go,
In the dark streets of St. Louis the blood of women flow.

We have seen it in Louisiana in the cloak of justice hide
To drink the blood of Emerson and the comrades at his side;
In Calumet and Paterson we have felt its vip'rous breath,
And on the plains of Texas seen our brothers done to death.

Over West Virginia's mountains we have seen its minions ride
"Till the swollen streams were crimson with the rebel's red heart-tide;
And where California spreads her smiling gardens to the sun,
We behold the blood of workmen thru the streets in torrents run.

On the cliffs of Colorado, in the vales of Idaho,
We have seen the blood of comrades running red across the snow;
We have seen our best and bravest, North and South and West and East,
Hunted down and murdered by a Serpent and a Beast.

We behold the hero, Ferrer, standing there beside his grave
For the crime of urging freedom on the bondman and the slave—
We have heard his ringing message—we are answering his calls—
We have girded on our armor 'till the Scarlet Empire falls!

NOTA BENE LOCALS.

If you do not get your bundle this week, and you owe THE VOICE, it is because we cannot pay for papers you don't pay for.

MARK TWAIN ON REVOLUTION.

The ever memorable and blessed revolution which swept a thousand years of villainy away in one swift tidal wave of blood—one; a settlement of that hoary debt in the proportion of half drop of blood for each hoghead of it that had been pressed by slow tortures out of that people in the dark stretch of ten centuries of wrong and shame and misery, the like of which was not to be mated but in hell. There are two reigns of terror if we would but remember it and consider it; the one wrought murder in hot passion, the other in heartless cold blood; the one lasted mere months, the other lasted a thousand years; the one inflicted death on 1,000 persons, the other upon 100,000,000 but our shudders are all for the horrors of the minor terror, so to speak, whereas, what is the terror of swift death by the axe, compared with the lifelong death from hunger, cold, insult, cruelty and heartbreak? What is swift death by slow fire at the stake? A city cemetery would contain the coffins filled by that brief terror, which we have all been so diligently taught to shiver and mourn over but all France could hardly contain the coffins filled by that older and real terror which none of us has been taught to see in its vastness or pity it deserves.

CONSTRUCTION WORKERS, ATTENTION

Fellow-workers: Local No. 334 Construction Workers of Sacramento, Cal., has begun to build up the organization again, and we ask ALL members or any construction worker who had any connection with this local, when it was working some time ago up in Colfax, to communicate with Andy Barber, Sec'y, 114 "I" St.

Here in Sacramento and vicinity is a good field for Action in this line of work—let all live construction workers take notice and transfer to the nearest local, if you are working anywhere around here. A good many live workers have begun to build up this local.

Here is a good hall with two big stoves in it; propaganda meetings are held every night, getting big crowds—five and six hundred.

Say, old "Sac" seems to be waking up and if we keep it up, we will soon have Job Control around here.

For Local 334.

James H. Vandevort, Nils H. Hansson, Jas. Boylen, Press Committee.

W. O. W'S. CHAINGANG.

A few weeks ago the W. O. W. "dedicated" their new hall or temple, or whatinhel they call it, here in New Orleans. Under whose authority and by what right it was done we do not know, but that temple of "fraternity" was cleaned up and prepared for the self "elect" by victims on the City's Chaingang. When one considers that most of the W. O. W's. are working men, and then considers the fact that chaingang labor is one of the lowest forms of robbery perpetrated on the workers by the capitalist class, he no longer wonders why Jesus wept—he must have had a vision of Y. M. C. A-ized "charity" and W. O. W. "fraternalism." "Charity" thy name is Fraud. "Fraternalism" thy fame is Bunc.

Defense Funds Notice.

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

The Voice of the People

(Formerly "The Lumberjack.")

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SEND A DIME

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

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UNITE! UNITE!

(Tune: The Red Flag.)
By B. E. Nilsson.

Masters:

The hops are ripe! The call goes 'round;
They must be picked; must be found,
The more that come, the cheaper they—
Free shipmen to the fields to-day.

Slaves:

Unite! Unite! For better pay;
Unite to bring a brighter day,
Demand a wage to buy your bread,
Your clothing and a roof o'erhead.

Masters:

Come, servile tools, whose souls we bought;
The slaves a lesson must be taught.
We paid your price; now earn your pay;
The slaves rebel—and you must slay.

Slaves:

We asked for bread—you gave us lead.
We paid our toll in martyred dead.
The slayers in their turn were slain.
It is but "life for life" again.

Masters:

Rebelling slaves! Their fate must be
The club, the jail, the third degree,
'Til torture wrings from their lips a lie;
For slaves must cringe—or they must die.

Slaves:

Unite! Unite! For Might is Right.
Unite to-day to win the fight.
They make the law who have the might.
Ye rebel toilers, Unite! Unite!

TWO LETTERS.

THE VOICE has received these cheering letters from two staunch rebels. The first is from Fellow-worker E. Chapman, Sec. of L. U. No. 1, I. W. W., Auckland, N. Z., who writes: "Enclosed please find \$2.50 Please continue prompt forwarding of bundles. Paper continues to grow in demand and popularity." The second is from Fellow-worker L. S. Willis of Osborn, La., who writes: "Here comes an old rebel. You will find enclosed one dollar for which you will please continue THE VOICE to me. My subscription is not out yet, but I see the paper needs funds in to keep it in the field, and we rebels MUST keep it on the firing line to educate the slaves. Long live THE VOICE and victory to the Rebels." More than words can say, brothers, we thank you. On with the fight!

AND A POSTSCRIPT.

To the above letters THE VOICE adds this closing paragraph taken from an editorial in "The Unionist" of St. Louis in which that rebel paper describes its struggle for existence. Says "The Unionist": "If our friends support us as consistently as our enemies fight us, we will be able to overcome the great obstacles in our pathway and be of great service to the cause of revolutionary unionism.

There can be no peace between the INDIRECT ACTIONISTS and the DIRECT ACTIONISTS. Therefore DOWN with the POLITICIANS. Up with the UNIONS. That, too, is where stands THE VOICE.

NOTICE TO I. W. W. LOCALS.

Some time ago the National Industrial Union of Marine Transport Workers sent out to all I. W. W. Locals a circular, which on account of their location, can get in touch with the Marine Transport Workers. A circular entitled:

"An Inquiry into the conditions of the Marine Transport Workers of the United States and Canada, instituted by the N. I. U. of M. T. W., I. W. W."

Up to date a large number of these circulars have not been filled in and sent to our office as requested.

The material we have obtained through this inquiry proves exceedingly valuable to the I. W. W. propaganda in our industry, but it is imperative that the material should be as complete as possible.

For this reason we urge the locals who have not yet responded to do so immediately. We must have the information, especially for use in a pamphlet we are about to issue.

Locals take notice and please attend to the matter immediately.

C. L. FILIGNO,
Nat. Sec'y-Treas., M. T. W.
214 West St., New York, N. Y.

DITTO DIANTODONIA WANTED.

Information regarding the whereabouts of Fellow-worker Ditto Diantodonia, who was imprisoned in Salem, Ore., some time in 1910 or 1911. The inquiry, comes, in an indirect way, from his parents in Italy. Please send any information you may have to Secretary of No. 90, I. W. W., 363 Bergen St., Newark, N. J., or to Secretary of No. 92, I. W. W., 309 Davis St., Portland, Oregon.

Yours for Industrial Freedom,
B. E. NILSSON,
Sec'y Portland Locals, I. W. W.

HOW SEAMEN ARE ROBBED.

Robbing their seamen is a sport which the ship-owners and others have indulged in since time immemorial.

And it is done today, in broad daylight, as much as ever. The British Consulate here in New York is largely maintained by such pilferings. Perhaps there even is a profit left. We have not access to the books of the Consulate, so we cannot give exact figures, but sailors say that from 400 to 500 seamen are paid off there every day.

Now, those seamen are forced to accept a "discharge" certificate, for which they are charged 50 cents. For the sake of appearances, masters of English ships demand these certificates, thus keeping up the illusion of the necessity of the procedure. Simple as this flimflam game is, it seems to be too much for the average sailor-brain, and he pays this black-mail without protest, and proceeds to the nearest saloon. In a year the Consulate collects from \$50,000 to \$75,000 in this manner from sailors. But that is nobody's fault except their own. They should join a union that is good for something and put a stop to it.

A coarser form of robbery is practiced against foreign seamen, who are practically defenseless, because they cannot speak English. Several such cases have come to our notice of late, and are taking up good deal of our time. Some of them we have settled, others not.

The method used against these defenseless foreigners consists in taking advantage of them when they for one reason or another want to leave the ship. They are either given a small part of their wages, just to get rid of them, or they are flimflamed with promises which are not intended to be kept. It is a cheap Jerry sneak game that the officers are playing. And they do not keep the money themselves, as a rule. They are simply carrying out orders.

The officers would do better by taking the side of the men and organizing in the same union. Thus they could jointly dictate to the company. Officers are powerful, if united with the men. Officers do not grow on trees.

One of the most flagrant cases of this kind of robbery occurred here in New York the other day. A Chilean coalpasser had 22 dollars coming to him for his work on the Steamer Kansas of the American-Hawaiian Co. The Captain, disclaiming all responsibility in the matter, made an appointment at the office of the company, advising us to "throw ourselves upon the mercy of the American people." Accompanied by the coalpasser, the Secretary went to the office with the Chilean fellow-worker and asked that the company pay the 22 dollars due him.

The Manager of this wealthy company, blusteringly called the poor Chilean boy a "deserter" (which was a conscious lie) and told us to get out. Of course, we did not.

After some more mercy—that is abuse—the Secretary saw that there was no money in sight and mildly told the chief that the coalpasser's union would take it out of the company's hide. Then the trembling petty robber struck the Secretary with both hands in the chest. It was more amusing than dangerous, but the fact remains that these shipowner's answer with violence when they are caught in their dirty game.

When they have struck the Secretary, they have struck every member of the union and should be treated accordingly. Otherwise the Secretary could not remain at his post. There is no recourse at law.

Poorly organized as we are we have no way of stopping these robberies and getting moral compensation for such indignities except by Sabotaging the company in question, as well as other companies who will not do the right thing by us. That will put "the fear of God" in them.

Of course, if we were well organized we would only have to command in order to be obeyed. Therefore, strengthen the organization. And on with the guerilla! At least that is the opinion of
JOHN SANDGREN.

HELFFIREANDAMNATION.

"Card of Thanks to the Wm. Cady Lumber Co., McNary, La.

Sirs:—We, the colored employees, hereby desire to express our genuine and heartfelt thanks and gratitude to you for giving of Christmas presents to our children on last Wednesday morning. We wish you could know just how much happiness and joy you brought to their hearts by reason of your unselfish and magnificent generosity. It was indeed the true and exalted spirit of charity and "good will" as well as an exemplification of the fundamental principles of Christianity. "As much as you did it unto the least of my little ones, you did it unto me." We wish your company unprecedented prosperity in the year 1914. We shall, by honest labor and toil, help to bring about that prosperity.

Signed: Will Parks, H. L. Bascom, Amos Lewis, H. Thompson, P. J. Leblue, C. C. Raymond, Committee.

The above is from the Alexandria, La., "Town Talk." Can you beat it? If not see "The Timber Worker's" account of how the Shingle Weaver's Union is allowed to stick a broom up on the mill where the crew breaks the shingle producing rec-

ord, that is, how Union men (?) act as voluntary pace setters. O tempora! O Moses! O hell! Let us prey. "Our father who art in McNary, Bill Cady be thy name, thy kingdom come with a jug of rum, give us this day our daily commissary cat, and skin us to the limit, for verily we are suckers. Amen." "Dear Jack Lumber," you are a jackass.

"MIGHT IS RIGHT."

Have you read that great book "MIGHT IS RIGHT" by Ragnar Redbeard? You will not agree with all he speaks, but, he will make you THINK—think outside the beaten sheep-paths. You will, probably, gag at this: "He fed the hungry"—but to what end, I say? Why should a famishing multitude be fed by a god? And that, too, in a land said to be flowing with milk and money! Would not such a mob be far better dead? Would not Napoleon with his cosmic "whiff of grape-shot" be just the right man for such an occasion? From the harmonious nature of things, it is clear that men were intended to feed themselves by their own personal exertions or perish like dogs. He therefore who "feeds the hungry" is really encouraging poltroonry (which includeth all other crimes) FOR MEN WHO QUIETLY STARVE WITHIN REACH OF ABOUNDING PLENTY ARE—ALL POLTROONS. * * * * * They waste their lives pursuing shadows; and for hire build their own tombs. Their minds are below freezing point, nay! below zero! Crippled souls are they.

Courage, I say! Courage that goes its way ALONE, as undauntedly as when it marches to "victory or death" amid the menacing stride of armed and bannered legions. Courage, that never falters—never retreats! That is the kind of courage the world lacks to-day. * * * * * That is the kind of courage that has never turned a master's mill. That is the kind of courage that never will turn it. That is the kind of courage that will DIE, rather than turn it."

If you want to read this tremendous Epic of the Strong, send us a DOLLAR and we will send you a copy of "MIGHT IS RIGHT" and THE VOICE for 30 weeks; or we will send you the book alone for FIFTY CENTS. Address THE VOICE, 520 Poydras Street, New Orleans, La.

"THOUGHTS OF A FOOL."

This is another great book I bet YOU have not read. Saith the Fool: "There were swords an' bludgeons. Caps and gowns and books. Reformers, Social Settlements. Successful Business Men, Christian Scientists, and prostitutes. Virtuous women (no woman, virtuous or otherwise, ort to read this book) corsets, clubs, law and order, Bibles, and crucifixes. And all these made up the monster, Prejudice. I realized that I was now alone. I heard as from a thousand raucous throats a great cry, addressed, I knew, to me: 'Thou fool: thou art ostracized.'" Laugh with this wise Fool at all the sacred things of Bourgeoisdom. Send us ONE DOLLAR and we will send you a copy of the book and THE VOICE for 20 weeks. You will never regret it, neither will your girl if you make her a present of a copy.

Says an editor: "When after a recent dusty spell, we left the "n" out of windows, and stated that all the widows on Main Street needed washing, we had our own troubles in our town."

HELP GUST LARSON.

Fellow-workers: We desire to call the attention of the membership at large to the condition of Fellow-worker Gust Larson. This fellow-worker has taken a very active part in building up the organization in Western Canada. He has given all he had for the cause of Freedom in time, strength and money. Now he is broken down and dying in the last stages of consumption.

He spent his last remaining energies in trying to start a local at Ft. George, B. C. The local was a failure and Larson is now at Fort George, spending his few remaining days in abject poverty, among strangers. He is unable to leave Ft. George as the railroad is not within fifty miles of there, and in his weak state he could never walk that distance. Larson has never received any help outside of this local. We have done what we could for him but our financial condition is such that we are unable to give him the care and attention which would make his last days at least bearable. We cannot allow him to remain in his present condition; he must be taken out of Ft. George and brought to some place where he can at least end his days like a human being. In order to do this we are compelled to call upon the assistance of all other locals.

There is no man in the organization who is more deserving of support than Fellow-worker Larson. He was always to be found doing his part among the active rebels on the firing line.

Now that he is about to fall from the ranks we must not desert him.

Send all contributions to James Rowan, Sec. Local 339, 47 Frazer Ave., Edmonton, Alta, Can. James Rowan, Albert B. Prashner, Press Committee, Local 339.