

TO THE VICTORS BELONG THE SPOILS; TO THE VANQUISHED, HELL NOW AND FOREVERMORE!

One Union of the Working Class.
Free Land, Free Industries
the World Over.

Organization  Is Power

THIS IS No. 79
IF No. 80 In opposite your name on address label,
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THE VOICE of the PEOPLE

Owned by the Rebel Lumberjacks of Dixie  An Injury to One is an Injury to All.

VOL. III—No. 27.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, TUESDAY, JULY 14, 1914.

MIGHT IS RIGHT



"THE DAMN THING."

—The Masses Cartoon Service.

"One of the most terrible parts of the Ludlow massacre," Judge Lindsey said, "was when the associated militia took the corpse of a boy, shot and burned, to his father and said, 'here, take the ——— thing.'"

Oil Workers, Attention!

We, the workers in John D's favorite business, in order to secure for ourselves a shorter workday and an increase of pay, do hereby send out this appeal to our fellow-workers of the Oil Industry throughout the land. We have established at Drumright, Oklahoma, Industrial Oil Workers Local 586, I. W. W., and propose to establish a National Industrial Union of Oil Workers as prescribed by the Constitution of the Industrial Workers of the World, an organization of wage workers organized industrially, instead of by crafts. Now, by uniting *industrially*, we can change and uphold the conditions of the working class and by shortening our work day we can give employment to a great number of our class now unemployed, thereby giving them an opportunity to make a living, as well as insuring for ourselves our job. Now, fellow oil workers, in whatever part of the United States you

are working, or in whatever department of the Oil Industry, we ask you to write to the Secretary of Local 586, Forrest Edwards, at Drumright, Okla., or to National Headquarters, 164 W. Washington street, Chicago, Ill., for information in regard to this big Union of Oil Workers. Let us unite in ONE BIG UNION. Let us cease to be pitted against each other. Let us realize that we are all of one class and that by solidarity of actions we can realize the emancipation of our class. Now, all together! Get busy, organize Locals everywhere. Write Forrest Edwards, Secretary Local 586, Drumright, Okla., for date of the first convention of Industrial Union of Oil Workers. Hurry up! Get your Local started. Don't be late for this first convention.

Remember, the shorter workday means increase of pay, and increase of pay means more of the good things of life. Let us get both, and the ONE BIG UNION is the only way. Oil workers, let us hear from YOU.
A. W. Rockwell.

LOOK OUT FOR JEWELRY PEDDLERS.

All Locals and Rebels in the Southern District are hereby warned to look out for JEWELRY AND GLASS PEDDLERS who are now going around the Lumber Belt. All Lumberjacks and Working Farmers and their families should boycott everything except their regular merchants. Also no Rebel should deal with a member of the "Good Citizens' League" under any circumstances and should do all in his or her power to prevent other workers from dealing with this lawless gang. All Union men of all organizations are requested to act in accordance with this warning. "An injury to one is an injury to all." By order of
The Clan of Tail.

It is better to die fighting than to die slaving, in a prison than in the slums, on the gallows than in the chain gang, with our backs to the wall than on our knees.

Free Person or Fight!

SABOTAGE will put another "kirb" on Kirby, will take the "caw" out of Bodcaw, the "cad" out of Cady and the "all" out of Ball. It will make Bridge-water gentler than Jesus, Fred Martin a preacher of non-resistance, Jim Estis a gentleman and Dr. Knight a man. It will even transform the great Trisheriff-skate so completely that "Bloodhound" Gus, "Bull-meat" Henry and "Pussyfoot" Ben will actually begin jailing "Good Citizen Leaguers" for murdering Union men. Therefore, turn loose the SABCATS!

THE "BLANKET STIFF." He built the road, With others of his class he built the road, New o'er it, many a weary mile, he packs his load, Chasing a job, spurred on by hunger's goad, He walks and walks and walks and walks And wonders why in Hell he built the road.

Might is Right, but might without right never did, does not, and never will exist.

THE WORLD WILL

By Covington Hall.

Hear me, ye who sit in purple splendor 'round old Mammon's throne!
Fear me, all ye sons of Moloch, ye who make the race to mourn!
Hear me, too, ye tinselled marshals heading their embattled slaves!
Hear me, too, ye pand'ring statesmen guarding where their black flag waves!
Hear me, all ye hireling teachers, all ye priesthoods who have sold
Truth, the Holy Spirit, and have turned Life's glowing words to gold!
Hear me, all ye House of Mammon, all who bend at Moloch's shrine,
We, the workers, soon are coming in a fury all divine!

Heart-aflame and by love driven, nation-parted now no more,
We are gath'ring for the battle that the seers foretold of yore;
From all peoples we are coming, far and wide the world around,
And the fight shall not be ended till the last slave's freedom's found;
There shall be, when we have finished, for all children home and hearth,
And the songs of happy mothers shall be heard thruout the earth;
There shall be no fallen women, there shall be no broken men,
There shall be no homeless outcasts on the broad earth's bosom then!

All the steel that now surrounds you, naked-handed we shall break;
All the laws that now protect you, these as nothing we shall make;
All the words of your false prophets unto you shall be as dust,
And the spider seal the temples where your stricken idols rust;
All your gilded, glit-ring savagery our hands shall sweep away,
And the maidens ye have ruined shall demand of you their pay:
All your monstrous art shall perish from the earth's insulted plain,
All your reeking hovel cities shall go back to hell again!

There shall be no king above us, there shall be no slave below,
There, in Labor's grand Republic, only freedom we shall know!
We are gath'ring, we are coming, far and wide the world around,
Truth, the northstar of our legions, all the earth our battleground!
Arming, coming in love-anger, marching forward by its light,
Coming, coming hungry-hearted for the long expected fight!
Coming, coming from our thralldom, coming victors over all!—
We have heard the World Will speaking, we have heard the Race-Soul call!

The Voice of the People.

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

Published Weekly by National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers, Southern District. District Headquarters Alexandria, La. Jay Smith Secretary

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION:

520 POYDRAS STREET, NEW ORLEANS, LA. COOVINGTON HALL Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

UNITED STATES: 52 weeks, \$1.00; 26 weeks, 50 cents; 13 weeks, 25 cents.

CANADA.....40 weeks, \$1.00; 10 weeks, 25 cents.

FOREIGN: One Year\$1.50

SINGLE COPIES:5 cents

BUNDLE RATES:

UNITED STATES: 5 copies, 13 weeks, \$1.00; 26 weeks, \$1.75; 52 weeks, \$3.00.

TEN or more copies paid *ten weeks in advance*, 1 3-4 cents per copy.

In the United States or Canada: Orders for 10 or more copies paid *monthly*, or 50 or more copies paid *weekly* IN ADVANCE, 2 cents per copy. Orders paid for within the week they are received by purchaser will be counted as paid in advance.

Charged Accounts 2 1-2 cents per copy.

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PREAMBLE-IZE THE CONSTITUTION.

The coming General Convention of the I. W. W. should completely Preamble-ize the Constitution. The "right" of our General Officers and G. E. B. members to a vote should be taken away from them entirely and they should have no voice, except by courtesy of the Convention, save on matters pertaining to their offices and reports, on the floor.

All those sections giving the G. E. B. "power" to do thus and so "at its discretion," or "when in its judgment" it deems its acts for the "good and welfare" of the organization, should be wiped from the constitution. That is the Convention, if it does its duty, will square the Constitution with the Preamble and thus place the I. W. W. completely in control of the Local Unions, where that control belongs. See that your delegate to the Convention is so instructed.

Keep the I. W. W. true to its historic mission as the builder of Industrial Democracy. Preamble-ize the Constitution! Covington Hall.

SHALL THE VOICE MOVE?

To all Locals of Southern District of the F. and L. W., and to all Rebels south and elsewhere: A proposal has been made to move THE VOICE to Portland, Oregon. What do you think of this? Shall we move it? Under conditions existing here THE VOICE cannot much longer continue, for today we have about reached the limit of our resources. If you wish THE VOICE to stay in New Orleans or elsewhere in the South, you will have to get aid to us, which means CASH, the Almighty Dollar, AT ONCE. If this is impossible for you to do, THE VOICE will have to move or soon suspend. In Portland, it will be under control of the City Central Committee of the I. W. W. Whatever you decide please help us IMMEDIATELY with every cent you can possibly spare, for, move or don't move, the paper will need every dime you can aid it. After all our hard work during the past 79 long, hard weeks, after the name THE VOICE built up, it would be a pity to lose our paper, don't you think?

ONE DOLLAR from one hundred Rebels at once, providing the Locals who owe us will remit without further delay (a thing they are hereby urged to do), will go far toward pulling the paper out of trouble and saving it.

We will not move unless forced to. But, get busy. Let us hear from YOU by return mail. There is no time to lose. Yours to win,

Covington Hall, Editor.

PRIZE PRESS PEARL.

While such a condition is deplorable (the Butte insurrection) it is true, and there is but one thing possible that will immediately benefit organized labor and that is to watch carefully for and stamp out any tendency to intemperate action on the part of union men and put the stamp of disapproval on those who advocate any action which is not for the best interests of the American Federation of Labor. Also, constant and careful watch, at all times, should be kept on the chronic office-seeker who wishes to take upon himself the entire control of the union's affairs and those who would hold adjourned meetings on the sidewalk and in barrooms or back rooms. Above all things, remember this, the American Federation of Labor never counsels violence in any form.—Tacoma Advocate via the Trinidad Free Press.

WORKING FARMERS AND THE LAND.

By Fred Freeman.

Before making comparison of the workers of the South with the machine-using and organized agriculture of the North and West it is proper to reiterate some essential truths and basic principles that labor must heed.

Our indisputable truths, when first presented usually shock us, arouse our antagonism. The best way to present our truths is in printed form, called attention to by one who believes them. But, boys, let the reader argue with himself. The human mind is so made up that every action must have not only logical justification but actions must be justified (by at least local) public opinion.

So we, continually stating the undeniable and putting the print before others so the fact becomes fixed, do our parts. The paper is essential to us for propaganda, for organization and for acquaintance with distant workers. The first truth is that when workers neglect their paper they neglect their most effective agency.

The Voice is the only paper in America that expresses the desires and essentials of farmers as workers. It also recognizes and affirms that our purpose as united workers is to establish an industrial society. Many papers affirm such to be their purpose, but their real purpose is to get some one of their crowd into conspicuous place in the movement or in elected office. Our purpose is industrial and The Voice must be supported by workers of the farms and factories.

We of the farm, unpolished as we are, mostly know conditions comparatively. We have owned, rented, worked for wages. I was angry when first told that whoever worked for wages had a master, was a slave. I hunted up all definitions of slavery and could not deny that I was a slave subject to the will of others if I hired to others; that I paid tribute if I rented land or sold my labor product.

I contemplated injury to the first man who called us farmers slaves, and when I heard cultured city people call us peasants (which means servants), I was outraged.

But we are recognized as slaves, nothing else. If we are humble, non-assertive and take what is offered us, the employers call us "good;" they say "we know our place."

You all know the sort of man a "good nigger" is. And the "good" white laborer is weighed in the same balance.

There is no social respect but for property, and that property must have *exploiting power*. The small farm that will not give civilized maintenance has no rental value and the owner is not respected by the employing class.

The owner of the land is the master of those who use it. We, of the ever increasing disinherited workers, if we desire to share in advancing civilization, must become owners. This we can become as *collective owners*. We must deny from our number all takers of rent and interest, all who rob by direct mastery.

If any dream that those who possess power will abdicate their power to the people, the pages of history are open. There is no record of such restoration of power.

Everything stable must build from the bottom up, must start from simple formation. So brothers, if you find these statements true, and if you wish to be free, it is for you, where you are, to start simple formation. That you must do before your power can be united and strengthened by distant bodies of workers who desire to be free.

You have the power. Every one has language to tell the thing he really knows. And he does not know what he has not experienced and realized. You are the *only organizers*. You, brothers, who have nothing ahead of you but servitude on organized farms if you continue as farmers, you must get acquainted with the great truck and grain and hop and fruit and sugar and rice farms. The cannery tenements are glorious resorts for your families. It is the future for most of you.

It is written, "Servants, obey your masters!" It is not forbidden for us to be masters and in obeying the collective will to have the same power over others that each has over us, and, in obeying the collective will, obey only ourselves.

(To Be Continued)

MILITANT TACTICS.

Whenever a strike of any consequence is in progress, the Prostitute Press tells the public in big headlines of how much the strikers are losing in wages. Some workers really swallow this bunc and believe that they lose money while on strike. It is not so.

The workers have never lost a strike and never will lose one. The working class as a class have nothing to lose but their slavery. Every strike against the boss is of benefit to the working class; sometimes more, sometimes less, all of which depends entirely upon the kind of tactics used. For instance, it would be foolish for the Ice Wagon Drivers to strike in the winter, or for the Coal Drivers to strike in the summer. The proper time to strike is when the boss needs you the worst; the less notice you give the better for the strikers.—The Toiler.

DON'T "SAVE."

When the ideas of an individual become inexorable, or fixed, then it takes a truly dynamic force to dispel such acquired illusions. Ofttimes no amount of logical propounding will crown the class conscious and tireless worker with victory; such has been the experience of divers organizers in pursuance of their economic proclivities.

One instance in particular do I recall. A restaurant worker, slaving 12 hours a day, 7 days a week for the munificent wage of \$16.00 more or less a week, contends that there should be no reason for any worker issuing complaints against existing conditions of society in general. Having gone thus far, he launched further, his philosophic spasm of man's sole salvation and ultimate regeneration.

His scheme of life summed up in total amounted to this: Learn a trade! become proficient so as to comply with labor competition, having done this, save your wages (!!!) and if the unemployed and their deteriorating influences no longer fit you to compete, quit work, enjoy the remaining span of life on wages saved.

"No reason for complaint," you say. Yet one must needs be very dense not to know that the very essence of all progression is and has always been that of dissatisfaction. As for learning a trade, the modern machine of today discards the laborious hand tool of yesterday. Industry is certainly no respecter of trades—as it advances the trade is obviously lost in the wake of industrial progress; thus the skilled tradesman of today may become the common laborer or a raw recruit of the unemployed tomorrow. So much for the nefarious germ of complaint: man's achievements in the present state if industrial perfection and social uplift (little tho it is) is due solely to the discontent!

You vaguely bear in mind that efficiency is a potent factor in the competition of the labor market True, yet know you not that it derives its origin from the unemployed hosts who in their dire necessity naturally work cheaper and longer hours and thereby undersell you and your type who happen to be on the job, and, when you are no longer able to meet the pace set by your competitors, you propose withdrawing, as it were, your labor-energy from the field of labor, providing, of course, you are capable of holding in reserve sufficient "worldly goods" you so strenuously attained at the cost of brain and brawn?

Your argument is decidedly weak, weak when taken from a working class viewpoint. Saving wages, dreams of retirement are useless palliatives—the very embodiments of a slave morality. Humanity, by the very nature of itself does not enjoy privation, and abstinence of all that which makes life endurable or worth living.

Your views reveal the very kernel of inconsistency. Your individualistic tendency betrays a useless dogma that is incompatible to working class ideals in so far as they are entirely at the mercy of economic forces and help largely in the perpetuation of our present social system.

Economics, that science which treats with the production, distribution and saving of wealth, also teaches that "poverty is the result of superabundance." The workers' wages, it is proved, can only buy in return 15 per cent of the commodities his labor power has produced. Therefore it follows that the 85 per cent remaining portion of the commodity becomes surplus value, or profit, out of which grew our system of capitalism, exploitation, and all the social evils of present and past ages.

You and I as mere economic atoms in a class society cannot hope to alleviate present day conditions. Only thru a one big unioniversal union of the working class can we hope and strive for the elimination of capitalism and its class society. Organize on the job, demand shorter and shorter hours until we finally vanquish the unemployed and, as the working day becomes shorter, necessarily will profits diminish and labor come to its own. By joining the Industrial Workers of the World you are paving the way for working class emancipation and industrial freedom.

Louis Melis.

BUBONIC PROSPERITY.

The reporters of THE VOICE have seen some strange things of late in New Orleans, the strangest being that of policemen having to stand guard in front of Captain Meredith's home to keep the Captain from being mobbed and kept awake night and day by an army of "White Supremacy Democrats" who were competing with each other for jobs as bubonic rat and flea catchers and killers. At the City Hall police had to be detailed, it is said, to keep the "White Supremacy" aspirants for jobs as rat and flea killers from killing each other in fights for first places in the line into the Health Department's employment office.

On top of this it is reported that the "Reformers" are going to kill all the buzzards—the bird-buzzards—not the human-buzzards in the employ of the Lumber Trust—and going to clean up everybody except themselves.

It is also reported that Mr. Crawford H. Ellis of the Fruit Trust heads the committee that is to clean us up, not the fo'cas'les of his own filthy junk. Crawford is said to be a past master at the art cleaning other people up.

Prosperity, O prosperity, what crimes have been committed in thy name!

THE OLD-TIME POLITICS.

By W. M. Witt.

(Air "The Old-Time Religion")

'Tis the old-time politics, 'tis the old time politics, 'tis the old time politics, and it's bad enough for me.

It was bad for our mothers, it was bad for our mothers, it was bad for our mothers, and it's worse for me.

It makes me skin everybody, it makes me skin everybody, it makes me skin everybody, and it's bad enough for all.

It has damned our fathers, it has damned our fathers, it has damned our fathers, and it will damn us all.

'Tis the old-time bunc, 'tis the old-time bunc, 'tis the old-time bunc, and it's bad enough for me.

It was bad for our mothers, it was bad for our mothers, it was bad for our mothers, and it's bad enough for all.

It was good for Prophet Daniel, it was good for Prophet Daniel, it was good for Prophet Daniel, but it's bad enough for me.

It is good for Browns and Foxes, it is good for Browns and Foxes, it is good for Browns and Foxes, but it bad enough for me.

It was friend in the furnace, it was friend in the furnace, it was friend in the furnace, and it's done enough for me.

It is good for Vic and Bobbie, it is good for Vic and Bobbie, it is good for Vic and Bobbie, but it's bad enough for me.

'Tis the old-time bunc, 'tis the old-time bunc, 'tis the old-time bunc, and it's bad enough for all.

It was bad for our mothers, it was bad for our mothers, it was bad for our mothers, and it's hell for all.

FOR A JEWISH I. W. W. PAPER.

Fellow-workers—The necessity of an I. W. W. Jewish weekly paper is so great that simultaneously locals in different centers have started a movement to establish such an organ, without which the organizing work and agitation among the Jewish workers cannot bring any proper results.

The mere fact that this movement started in such centers as New York, Boston, Paterson, Providence, etc., proves the realization of the idea—to establish a Jewish weekly—is not only desirable but also possible, with one condition, of course, and that is if all the members and sympathizers of the I. W. W. will work in harmony in order to reach this aim.

For this purpose branch No. 2 of Local 179 of the I. W. W. decided to call a convention at which delegates from different locals will not only agree upon the question of ways and means to secure the existence of this organ, but will also decide upon when the publication will actually be established.

We therefore suggest to all the locals of the I. W. W. interested to express their opinion regarding the question as to where and when shall this convention take place.

According to our opinion the best place would be New York, because it is a center with the greatest number of Jewish workers. The best time would be the end of July or beginning of August.

Correspondence on this matter should be addressed as follows:

N. Merif, or Sasha Schatsberg, 58 Avenue B, New York City.

P. S.—Locals that are not able to send delegates to the coming convention can send written recommendations on this matter at the above address. Their recommendations will be forwarded to the convention for consideration.

Secretary of the publication committee, Sasha Schatsberg.

TENANTS OF THE DARK.

Ours a social system won from countless years, Passionate with pleading, wet with women's tears; Terrible with travail, black with blited hope— Yet thro' its dismal murkiness how proudly do we gaspe!

Satisfied with tributes that Judas might have spurned, If Judas the Betrayer such loathsome tributes earned! Ours a cursed contentment, repudiating acts That probe into the Gist of Things and marshal Mighty Facts.

Many life-long lessons Hist'ry gave to us, Wed with Pleasure's minus, dread with Sorrow's plus Did we heed the prompting? Did we even hark? Oh, no!—we scoffed, and dragged our chains still further down the dark! E. J. Cassidy.

THE VOICE IN CLUBS OF FOUR (4) OR MORE, FORTY (40) WEEKS, FIFTY (50c) CENTS. SEND IN A CLUB TODAY.

The workers alone can save the workers.

ON MAKING REBELS.

By Fred Freyr.

Urged by the will to freedom we educate and organize, organize and educate—ourselves, our class—to break the chains of wage slavery, to become free from masters and free from want. We get ready for the harvesting and after, the harvesting of the revolution. She is gestating. Each new labor-saving method, each new laborer-displacing machine hastens her coming. As the number of the unemployed increases, the economic pressure rises and man moves. To move right, he must have knowledge of way and goal, for revolutions propel onward and upward only in proportion to the number of men who know. Therefore education is the urgent need. So is agitation. Fanning vague discontent and sentiment to a class conscious furnace it prepares the hospitable heart, the receptive mind toward revolutionary education and organization. But all these efforts really do not make rebels—they but raise a rebel embryo to a full fledging.

The real makers of Rebels are the men who lay the axe to existing society by giving us new and better methods, new and better tools to work with—they who eliminate waste and friction, take up economic slack and organize production and distribution on a more efficient basis. They confiscate jobs and bread, they make increasingly larger numbers of slaves unemployable, they make Rebels and make them move.

This process is spoken of as automatic. Yet we can willfully hasten it—we can be prime movers toward the revolution.

A number of slaves sent away last winter for 21 barrels of salt cod. It was distributed among them at cost, and their co-operative way of buying saved them 10 cents a pound, as against cockroach prices. Their wages were not cut and the saving was actual. The good success of this social buying of "oats" suggested extension and repetition. Since then hundreds of shipments from the big central capitalist stores and farmers' unions have been distributed with smiles and good cheer.

The well-fed cock roaches squirmed and fumed and feared—the haggard slaves smiled satisfied and hoped—no, not of solving the social problem as consumers, but of driving the cockroach out of business, confiscate his source of living and make of him a recruit for the army of discontent.

Those few class conscious, revolutionary fellow-workers thru their buying were simply assisting evolution to take faster strides toward the overthrow of the system. Instead of watchfully waiting for Rebels to be turned out automatically they took a hand in consciously, willfully, planfully making them. They are prime movers toward the revolution.

Coupon clippers, members of the learned (?) professions, etc., as such make no inventions of machines, methods and processes to speak of. That is done as it has been done by those whose daily lives are the web and woof of production and distribution. Often a Mr. Scissorbill talks of his inventive genius and its born or unborn children. If asked why he does not use his "talent," he will answer: Oh, what's the use, they beat me out of it and I myself got nothing.

A class conscious Rebel differs. If he has perfected a better method of doing things that will jar the skilled slaves' thinker by putting him on unskilled rations or confiscate his aristocratic job altogether—he lets his light shine. If he has the stuff in him to make a better tool or has one already he will tramp ten thousand miles and give it to some capitalist rather than let it rust—knowing full well that man moves not unless he IS moved. Thus he becomes a prime mover, a maker of unemployed and of Rebels.

Just as the cockroach must become a Rebel once his base of life is knocked from under his feet, so thousands of the learned (?) professions can be made recruits for the army of discontent. The lawyer and the skipper are rather safe from our assaults on their financial foundation, seeing that they are one with the capitalist trinity of hirer, liar, preacher, butcher. But the medical doctors are easily starved out of their job by ourselves gaining knowledge on the simple laws of health, as being spread by magazines of the "Physical Culture" and "Stuffed Club" type. In stopping to make asses of ourselves for the financial benefit of medical doctors by our looking for health in bottles and pills instead of obeying the simple laws of health—we again make Rebels. So all along the lines.

Let each of us take a hand in leading evolution, in making Rebels, in increasing the economic pressure, which is the parent of agitation, education and organization for the overthrow of the wage system.

"MIGHT IS RIGHT." Send us \$1.00 for FOUR 13-week or TWO 26-week PREPAID Subcards, and we will send you a copy of this great "gospel of the strong." FREE. The book alone 50 cents.

More miracles have been worked out of the Laws of Nature by modern science during the last fifty years than have been incanted out of the supernatural by all the priests, preachers and rabbis of all the religions of the world since time began.

"Know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

JACK LONDON—GENTLEMAN.

Some few years back I was pleased to read Jack London's "What Life Means To Me." On every page we see Jack London, the discouraged wage slave, the non-respecter of property, the looter of fishermen's boats along the river banks, the law-breaker, the tramp, the hungry, homeless outcast, the rebellious slave awakened to the full realization of the injustice done to the man of the shirt—the working man, by the property owners who so readily exploited his labor and prevented him and those of his class from enjoying the full product of their toil. In no mild terms he denounced the business men as roughs who produce nothing and baton on the product of the worker. The soldiers of the government he boldly calls "JUST MEAT" to feed cannon.

These were the sentiments and respect to the defenders of the government of Jack London, the wage slave, thief, outcast, the GENTLEMAN of the SHIRT—the man who installed the spirit of revolution in me and made me abandon the political new rattle of the socialist brand.

Today before me lies Jack London's article in the Collier's of June 19, 1914, "THE TROUBLE MAKERS OF MEXICO." On every page we see Jack London, the smug property owner, gentleman of the pen, of theories, of speculation, man of books made tame with the learning, made satisfied by the accumulation of property, himself, now the exploiter of land, writes now of other discontented slaves, who are trying to free themselves from exploitation in Mexico. He says in part: "What I see is a torn and devastated Mexico in which twelve million peons and all native and foreign BUSINESS MEN'S interests are being destroyed by the silly and selfish conduct of a few mixed breeds." HE further states, "These breeds, 'gentlemen of the shirt, on the backs of stolen horses, eat out hacienda after hacienda as they picnic along on what they are pleased to call wars for liberty, justice and a square deal."

Poor business men, poor haciendas, and yet more, poor Jack London! Who some two years back after one day's picnic on the battle field of Mexico had found that it took more courage than the smug possess to enjoy the picnic of the "breeds" who are doing precisely what the discouraged slave Jack London was talking about, and what all the working class will have to do—CONFISCATE the property, wet with the sweat of their fathers and blood of their comrades, just as the half "breeds" are now doing in Mexico, of whom London writes as "gentlemen of the shirt, on the backs of stolen horses," who to London's sad regret are shaking so rudely the sleep of the contented million peons, and devastating the property of the capitalists.

No, Jack London, "gentlemen of the shirt," the "breeds" are not running a race with "Tammany." They leave this to one of your brand. Your civilization can show no object lesson of peace and square deal to the "gentleman of the shirt;" there is HELL if there is no war in your rich country of America so capable of supporting millions in happiness unspoiled by the "breeds" picnic of war.

Yes, there is hell despite the government in all the civilized nations, and the "breeds" will not go through a hell of war to build a hell of a civilized brand. London is paid for saying of Mexico, "I see a great and rich country capable of supporting in happiness a hundred million souls being smashed by a handful of child-minded people playing with tools of death." What have the human geniuses of London's type done but play with human patience and despair! But there is hope. If a handful of "breeds" can make the world sit up and take notice, the Workers of the World will not prove too weak to live nor too cowardly to die. Onward march, you GENTLEMEN of the SHIRT! On the back of stolen horses against the gentlemen on the backs of you, your women and your children!

Adelaid Kassovsky.

THE "ITEM" AND THE I. W. W.

Not satisfied with the gross falsehood that the I. W. W. "was responsible" for penning women and children in a burning mine in Colorado (a thing that never happened) the unspeakable N. O. "Item," a sheet that did all in its power to help the Lumber Trust and Burns Defectives to railroad Emerson and our boys to the gallows, now comes out, on July 8, with an editorial wanting to know what attitude the "sturdy" (yesterday we were "anarchists" of the worst stripe) Louisiana lumber workers, who joined the bad I. W. W. instead of the nice A. F. of L., are going to take in regard to the bomb explosion in New York City that killed a man named Caron. Well, little voice of the Lumber Trust, these men not belonging to the I. W. W., the organization having nothing to do with them nor their work or methods, our attitude is going to be one of supreme indifference. We are not responsible if men and women are going insane over the horrible mistreatment of their class by your class. You are, little voice of the Lumber Trust, terribly shocked over this episode in New York City, but your finer sensibilities did not seem to suffer much when our boys were treated worse than wild beasts in that infamous Lake Charles jail, nor over the dastard deeds done at Merryville, nor over the holocaust at Calumet, nor did your noble and gentle heart grieve when the hell-bound Militia of Colorado committed at Ludlow the most atrocious massacre ever

committed on the North American continent, that is, not so any one could notice it.

As to what the attitude of the Lumber Workers and Working Farmers of Louisiana is going to be, I think I can safely say for them that they are going in the future to meet your goddam masters' gunmen with guns. Your side of the house, the House of Have, started this thing; our side, the House of Want, did and is doing all in its power to avert washing out the sins of society in blood, but we are just a little tired of being the only dead. Lastly, you won't have to keep up much longer your insulting references to the I. W. W. before the Rebels thruout West Louisiana put a boycott on you you will wish you had not hunted for.

BLOODY LUDLOW.

By Lone Wolf.

(Air: "The Red Flag")

The miners brave in Ludlow town,
By scabby gunmen were shot down,
When hunger's pangs made them rebel
Against their daily, living hell.

CHORUS:

Oh! workers, rally to their aid!
Honor the stand the miners made!
Shall all their efforts be in vain
And gunmen's bullets end their pain?

The gunmen poured in by the score
To welter in the miners' gore;
With rifle, torch and galling gun,
These murderous thugs did riot run.

They murdered babes and women, too,
Those hell-hounds, cursed, the pirate crew;
While Oily John, with smile benign
Said: "God is good to me and mine."

"I own this country," said John D.;
"Back to the mines and slave for me!
If you dare go on strike for bread
My brave Militia will feed you lead.

"I own the land, I own the mines,
Rail, steel and oil, the sun that shines,
I own the Press, the Church, the State,
From exico to the Golden Gate."

The miners now, in bitter strife
Are fighting hard to maintain life.
Come workers now, from every land,
And give our Comrades there a hand.

Let Revolution's dawn awake!
The world for the workers' take!
Let "Colorado" be our cry:
The time has come to win or die.

STRIKE NEWS.

Deer Lodge, Mont., July 5.—On the 29th day of June we, the workers in the electrification department of the C. M. and St. P. Railway, went on strike, on account of poor food and sanitation. Eight of us in the crew, all showing solidarity, and we have up to the present secured 15 new members. The labor sharks shipped 35 men from Seattle. All refused to work and we made it possible for them to get transportation back to Seattle.

The county attorney gave them a letter to the Labor Commissioner of Washington, stating there was an entire misrepresentation of conditions at this place.

Our demands are: Wages \$3.50 for ground men; 8 hours to constitute a day; time and one-half for overtime and double time for Sunday and all holidays; not over \$5.25 per week for board; all wooden bunks removed and iron beds with springs and mattress installed, also necessary bed clothing; clean and wholesome food and plenty of it, prepared by a clean and healthy cook; cook to pass inspection by a physician; abolition of hospital fees; no discrimination against any of the men now on strike.

We are sorely in need of funds. All business transacted through Butte Propaganda League.

Committee—F. G. Dalton, J. T. Wills, Pat Brenner, P. S.—J. Wysling of Local 272, Phoenix, Ariz., lost his card between Deer Lodge and Butte. Finder please return to Butte Propaganda League, 115 1-2 Hamilton Street, Butte, Montana.

Industrial Unity spells POWER and VICTORY for the Workers.

Texas had no land renters in 1860, she had a few thousand in 1870, tens of thousand in 1880, crossed the hundred thousand mark in 1890, has a quarter of a million in 1914. What will she have in 1916? Don't all answer at once.

"THOUGHTS OF A FOOL." Send us \$2.00 for EIGHT 13-week or FOUR 26-week PREPAID Subcards, and we will send you a copy of this sweeping satire on the "ethics of today," FREE. The book alone \$1.00.

NAIL HIM TO THE CROSS!

Don't tell us that the Mexican revolution is not an international educator. Look at the bulletin put out, June 12, by the Socialist Party Press Service, hitherto almost completely indifferent to the land question. It has discovered that the governmental figures of concentrating land ownership are "startling" and that "the United States is in as great need of land reform, recommended for Mexico by President Wilson, as is Mexico herself."

What we like best of all is that, after giving lists of most convincing figures, the letter asks Wilson straight what he is going to do about it, inasmuch as all he condemns in Mexico exists in an even more exaggerated form in these United States. If, as Wilson says, "the day will come when the Mexican people will be put in full possession of the land, the liberty and the peaceful prosperity that are rightfully theirs," what has he to say about this country's own disinherited, its own unemployed?—Regeneracion.

The Chicago Tribune says: "One million boys and girls failed to answer the school bell recently because they had to answer the factory whistle." That's capitalism.

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THE STRIKE BULLETIN.
CARL E. PERSON, EDITOR.

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INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

SPAIN.—The miners in the Rio Tinto district are at present much dissatisfied because the mine barons want to break the agreement they have with the workers. The town of Nerva, located in the Rio Tinto district, has been declared under martial law. The Secretary of the Miners has been arrested; the workers' publishing bureau has been closed up, and the men working in there arrested. All this has been done in the Rio Tinto district just because the Miners there have officially declared that if the authorities, or in other words "The Government" (just imagine us asking the government to help us out—but what don't go here might help some there), didn't make the mine companies keep their agreements with the workers, they (the workers, mind you) would put the mines under—not martial law, but—**SABOTAGE.** (How about the hop fields?)

RUSSIA.—From St. Petersburg comes the message about how working women are constantly dying and dropping down by the hundreds in the Russian-American (fine combination, isn't it?) rubber plants in St. Petersburg and Riga and in other parts of Russia. The 25th of March 200 out of 1000 women rubber workers dropped down in the plants at Trugolvik, and 10 of them died.

It is the deadly poisonous odor of the rubber raw material which there, as well as everywhere, takes the workers' lives. In November, last year, 20 working women died in the rubber plants in Riga. As the workers then threatened a strike, the rubber kings did not use the dangerous raw material for some time, but a few weeks ago it was brought back into the factories, and as a consequence the first day 30 women were carried out half dead, the next day 70 more dropped and became unconscious. In spite of that the "Boards of Health" (?) there didn't make a move.

The factory owners declare that the women would get used to it in time and that those who couldn't stand it could go. But when the figures of those that drop down went up as high as 100 in one of the first days then the rubber kings began to scratch their heads. But still they let the work go on, and after a little while 300 more unconscious women were carried out from the factory. Then the workers of the town began to gather outside the factory and police whips and clubs surring through the air landed on the mass of workingmen.

About 11 o'clock that day the workers left the factory, carrying with them the unconscious ones. A meeting was held in the factory yard as a protest against using this dangerous raw material. The workers in another plant were soon out, too, and 15,000 people were now filling the yard of the plant. When these workers left the yard they were met by the Cosacks who used their bayonets on the mass. A great many were wounded in this battle, and seven workers were killed.

When this spread the whole of St. Petersburg's proletariat was soon agitated to a fury, and the strike was soon on in full blast, involving more than 100,000 workers. (Who said that they were not organized in Russia?)

Besides this all the universities and high schools had to close because all the students were for two whole days holding protest meetings against the rubber kings. (How would you like to see the students do that in America? Here they will scab on you! This country must be a damn site worse than Russia.)

HOLLAND.—In the Congress or the Parliament of Holland, a Social-Democrat (elected by the working class), Spiekmann, after a heroic fight, has succeeded in getting Parliament to pass a law that hereafter certain categories of longshoremen shall not be allowed to work more than 24 hours at one time, or without rest or stop.

Isn't that law-making business glorious? How could it be possible that the workers could get along without it? Perhaps then we would have to work 48 hours in ONE day? Let us make our own laws in the union hall, that we shall after this not work more than eight hours a day, and let us enforce it, too, right where we work.

Nils H. Hansson.

UNION NOTICES.

SEATTLE, WASH., C. C. C.—The post office address of the Seattle Local is: Box 85, Nippon Station. Hall address: 208 1-2 Second Avenue, South. All Secretaries and members please take notice.

Thos. Whitehead, Sec. C. C. C.

DES MOINES, IOWA.—All communications for L. U. 577 should be sent to John E. Nordquist, Sec., 1731 Lyon Street.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA.—The Omaha Industrial Propaganda League has opened headquarters in the Bromley Building, Room 303, corner 13th and Douglas Streets. All Rebels please take notice.

W. Saiter, Sec.

NEW YORK CITY.—The N. I. U. of Marine Transport Workers has opened another hall at 32 Old Slip, which is on the south side of New York, about a quarter of a block from the East river. All communications for the N. I. U. of M. T. W. should be sent to this address.

C. L. Filigno, Nat. Sec. Treas.

ALONG THE RIVER FRONT IN NEW ORLEANS

Again the owners of "Our Publicly Owned Wharves" in New Orleans have begun to fear that the I. W. W. is going to get back at them after the battles they had with them last year, in which some of our men were killed and many wounded by those same two-by-four "heroes" like Captain Rose and the lackeys who are working for him as willing slaves, ready to club or shoot anyone they don't like the looks of—for the miserable sum of \$1.50 a day for 12 hours' watch.

Knowing that the I. W. W. is growing fast in this town, and that the Ocean Slaves are coming in by the bunches into this revolutionary organization. Captain Rose (the Head Gink of the greatest part of the New Orleans river front), has now decided that no I. W. W. delegate can either go on board the ships or make himself present on the "Public-Owned" (?) wharves of New Orleans as far as his authority goes; and has himself for the last few days made it his business to chase them off of there, promising that if they get too fresh he would shoot hell out of 'em.

Sounds nice, don't it? What do you think about it, fellow-workingmen along the front of New Orleans? Are you going to let ONE MAN run it just as he pleases—and right against your own interest? (On our (?) "Public-Owned" wharves, too?)

To Mr. Rose I will say that, for every man that you are able to chase off the wharves there will be ten others in his place; and furthermore, that it doesn't matter if you take advice from the two grafting A. F. of L. delegates, Castile and Giddy, or co-operate with them, for the I. W. W. will, in the very near future, dominate the water front anyway. It is only a matter of a little while that the colored and the white men will join hands against you and your likes and make you keep your "hands off." It seems as if you were always looking for trouble, and if you go far enough you are going to get it. Remember my words. A revolutionary organization is not going to be bulldozed, and if you have followed the waves of discontent which are sweeping both land and sea, you would have known that by this time. The only way you can keep the I. W. W. from organizing your galleys is to better the conditions for the men and raise their wages, and in that way keep them from being dissatisfied with the things as they are today. Keep that in mind next time you chase the I. W. W. delegates off the boats or the wharves.

The old split-up organizations along the front which still exist and which are playing on their last notes, are certainly a joke. Castile and Giddy are sucking Captain Rose' — in advising him how to chase the I. W. W. off the wharves and stop them from organizing; telling the men that Rose says that if it wasn't for the I. W. W. the United Fruit Company would sign an agreement with the old union, and so on, and so forth. Now what is the old Sailors' and Firemen's Union here? It is nothing. It hasn't got 30 members in the whole port and those members it has got have never held a meeting or been through the books. Castile and Giddy get the money from them as long as they are foolish enough to give it to them, and what do they get? The laugh, because they are such good suckers.

New machinery is being introduced along the front here as well as everywhere and the old longshoremen's union believes that they can stop it from getting in here.

Say, you men with the hook along the front, you are mistaken if you think that you can do anything against new labor-saving machinery being introduced to do your work. It has been proven thousands of times all over the world that the only thing the workers can do against such machinery is to organize so strong that whenever there is a new machine put in to take your work you can raise your wages and shorten the hours of your drudgery. So, for instance, if they should put in enough machines along this front so they could lay off half of the men here, you should have an organization including not only the longshoremen, but all the men on the boats also—all transport workers—an organization strong enough that if half of you got laid off you could make the masters pay you just as much (and more, because "short hours and long pay" always go together) for half as long hours, or just as much for six hours work as you got for 12 hours before.

This is the only thing you can do against the new labor-saving machinery of production. It is to shorten your hours and raise your pay, so you will get just as much if they fill this water front up with new labor-saving devices as if there was none at all. If you all get together in ONE BIG UNION of Marine Transport Workers you can do it, too, and get away from the old slave-binding contracts between you and the boss. Remember, a contract is nothing but a piece of paper, and if you stand together it will fall to pieces.

S. S. 73.

"SABOTAGE—Make it too expensive for the boss to take the lives and liberty of the workers. Stop the endless court trials by using the Wooden Shoe on the job." N. B.—Durst and his fellow Hop Barons can free Ford and Suhr, if they want to. Kirby and his fellow Lumber Kings and Landlords can free Cline, Rangel and their companions, if they want to, and so can the Santa Feians, if they want to. Make them want to worse than a baby wants the moon!

FOR FORD AND SUHR, FOR CLINE AND RANGEL, LET THE SABCATS PREY

Ford and Suhr are serving life time imprisonment, because they organized the workers; in Texas the authorities are hanging and railroading men for the same offense (?); Rangel and Cline and many others are there waiting for either a hanging or long terms in the Pen; they are charged with the same great crime, the only real crime of today—the crime of daring to organize the workers against the organized employers.

Not long ago came the horrible cry from Colorado, from the little tent colony of Ludlow, that defenseless women and children had there been murdered by the scores, and after they were murdered the hired lackeys had piled them together and burned their bodies; so afterward it should be impossible to find out just how many had been slaughtered. Just a little before that came the heart-breaking story from Calumet, Michigan, where 72 human beings, mostly small children, had been stamped to death because of a false fire alarm that had been sent into the big mass meeting by one from our enemies' camp.

Any more? O, yes, there is lots more yet. There are thousands of instances where the Workers' blood has flown in streams the last few months or the last few years. But let us hope that the above mentioned is enuf to make your blood boil, fellowmen. If you can stand more than that, then go over in the enemies' camp, because that is where you belong. If you can see Ford and Suhr STAY in jail; if you can tolerate what Texas justice is doing to Rangel and Cline and their companions, then go over in the enemies' camp, and never again say that you are standing on the workers' side, or that you always stick up for your rights.

But if you have red blood in your veins then don't hesitate to go to the hop fields in dear old "Cal." Be a GOOD hop jicker, but let the hops be picked with kid gloves. No, I mean with the claws of that great invisible animal, commonly called the Sab-Cat.

Let us ALL go to the hop fields and there enjoy the "picnics" which the hop fields are advertised to now be; let the big hop barons pay ALL our expenses while we are there.

For the benefit of those who perhaps have never been around Sacramento Valley (in which the hop fields are located), but who are halfway thinking about going there, I will state that the heat there is often as high as 116 and sometimes over 120 in the shade—and the hell of it is that there is no shade there. Then, in this terrible heat, comes sometimes a wind, going steady for several days, and when it comes to the third day you can smell your hair burning off if you forgot to put on a big hat. For miles and miles on many places there is not a tree nor a brush, except around houses. It don't rain in that valley for ten months some years, and everything is dry as dust. There is so little water one can't find any to drink for many miles in some places. Of course, in case of a "picnic" around there, we will always get drinking water—no danger of that at all. What I mean is that in case there should be too many Sab Cats, why it will be mighty hard to do as it has been done on some places against us. Yes, it will be hard to turn the fire hose on us to scatter us out around there.

For God's sake, let us have that picnic! I just had a letter the other day that hop pickers were coming way down from New Orleans. Must be a good hop season, alright when they will go that far to get there. Come on, boys, all around the country, follow their example. Lots of nice orchards that need to be worked, too, in Cal., so you needn't be afraid that you will starve to death before the hop picking commences. God bless you. Let the Sabcats prey for Durst, Kirby and the Santa Fe.

Nils H. Hansson.

N. B.—Don't forget to send what cash you can spare if you can't come to the "picnic," to Don D. Scott, Sec. Hop Pickers' Defense Committee, Box 1087, Sacramento, California.

For Rangel-Cline defense, send all funds to Victor Cravello, Sec., Room 108 Labor Temple, Los Angeles, Cal.

"NOBODY'S TO BLAME."

By W. H. Lewis.

Come into the district, you virgins of gold,
Come where death is living—death, clammy and cold;
Come see your poor sister in hunger and shame,
Then write on the skyline—"Nobody's to blame."

Come see the young baby, its father unknown,
Come see the young mother, weeping alone;
Come into the hellhole, where death gives no pain,
Then shout from the house-tops, "Nobody's to blame."

She once was a wage-slave, this poor working lass,
She now is a sex-slave of the damn ruling class;
Once she had honor attached to her name,
Now she is hungry—"Nobody's to blame."

Of all the damn horrors existing to-night
Nothing can equal the prostitute's plight;
Of all the damn creeds, is the lisp of Cain,
"My brother's his keeper—"Nobody's to blame."

Out of the darkness, into the light,
Comes the ONE UNION armed for the fight!
Telling the woman why virtue is slain,
Telling the workers—"THE STATE IS TO BLAME!"

THE REASONS FOR A REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT

By B. E. Nilsson.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT.

Whenever an effort is made, or even suggested, to better the conditions of the workers there is always someone who will tell about such attempts to level out class differences in the past, and how these attempts failed; and the conclusion, whether it is so stated or merely implied, is that the present movement is of the same kind, and must therefore also end in failure. This argument is so simple and plausible that it is readily accepted, although it is neither truthful nor conclusive. It is doubtful if any attempt to better the conditions of the workers was ever a real failure; and it is still more doubtful if any progress toward better conditions, or towards greater freedom, was ever made except as a result of persistent efforts and determined struggle. But these are questions which require a close study of history, and they have only an indirect bearing on our present subject. What we must study is the conditions which create the present discontent and unrest, and the present struggle for more freedom and a better living for the workers.

The growth of the industrial system of production has created certain new conditions which make the present working class movement widely different from any of the earlier movements for reform or social change.

The carpenter of 100 years ago began by serving as an apprentice a number of years; he was then required to work as a journeyman another period; during this time he was instructed in all the work that belonged to the carpenter trade; he could go into the forest and cut his timber, saw it up into lumber, and transform it into a house, a wagon, or an article of furniture, according to the orders he had to fill. If he was reasonably sober and industrious he was likely to marry his employer's daughter and inherit the shop, the tools and the good will of the customers.

The carpenter trade has grown since then, and as it grew it was sub-divided into logging camps, saw-mills, planing mills, sash and door factories, furniture factories, wagon factories, box factories, and a number of other sub-divisions; and the all around carpenter of 100 years ago is not needed anywhere. The carpenter of today does not take the timber out of the forest and bring it through all the stages of production until it is put on the market as a finished product; a great number of workers take part in that process. And neither the carpenter, nor the logger, nor the sawmill worker, nor the factory worker, is at all likely to marry his employer's daughter and inherit a shop or a sawmill or a factory. The employer's daughter does not intend to marry one of her father's employees; if she did, she would only marry one—the law would not permit her to marry them all. So far as social and economic relations are concerned, the vast mass of workers have no reason to hope that they will ever meet their employer as an equal, unless the employer should happen to lose his place in the employing class.

A similar change has taken place in all the industries; the workers are being organized in an immense system of co-operative production; and the separation between the workers and the employers is definite and permanent.

This development of the methods and the machinery of production was necessarily accompanied by a corresponding change in the means of communication, transportation and distribution. There was not much of a postal service 100 years ago, and such as it was, it was a luxury which only the wealthy could enjoy; now it is the most thoroughly established and most universally used of all the public utilities. The same may be said of the products of the printing press—books, newspapers, magazines, etc.—they have come within everybody's reach. The telegraph and telephone are among the products of the last century, they were not even thought of 100 years ago. The ox-cart has been put out of business by railroads and automobiles, and the old-time sailing vessel by great steamship lines. The news of the world is in the daily newspaper, and products from all parts of the world find their way into the corner grocery.

(To Be Continued)

MOYER WILL FORCE MINERS BACK.

Butte, Mont., July 6.—(United Press)—Mayor Duncan is recovering from his wounds, inflicted by Eric Lantala. Lantala died last night. President Charles Moyer of the Western Federation of Miners, is working on a plan to force the seceding miners back into the Western Federation. He proposes to have the smelters' union refuse to handle ore unless mined by Federation miners.

The above, headline and all, is from the U. M. W. A. journal, the Trinidad (Colo.) Free Press. Looks sorter like Charlie would have a sorter heluva job doing the "force" act, that is that's the way it sorter looks from down here in the swamps. If you succeed, tho, Charlie, we recommend that you hire the great non-intellectual Anarcho-Syndicalist Jay Fox to edit the Free Press, for what you will need then for your slaves will certainly not be education, and the Jay can hand them the demagogery, which you will need, alright.