

Wilson Prays. Rockefeller Preys. The Invisible Government Slaughters--Labor Pays

ONE UNION OF THE WORKING CLASS.
FREE LAND, FREE INDUSTRIES
THE WORLD OVER.

Organization  is Power

THIS IS NO. 87
IF NO. 88 is opposite your name on address label,
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THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Owned by the Rebel Clan of Toil

An Injury to One is an Injury to All

VOL. II—NO. 35.

PORTLAND, OREGON, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1914

MIGHT IS RIGHT

Last Bulletin From Wheatland

Wheatland, Sept. 2.—The picket line which has been maintained at Wheatland since August 10th disbanded on the morning of September 1st. During those three weeks most effective work was done by some 100 odd re-blooded I. W. W.'s and other organized workers. Out of 1100 pickers on the Durst ranch over 700 were pulled off the job by incessant agitation our side. The foreign races, appeared to most readily grasp the idea of industrial solidarity, and most of them refused to scab on men in jail. The American scissor-bill ran true to form and scabbed to the limit. His cry was "I'm getting mine." Perhaps he will get his in a different way soon. All things considered it is the general feeling among those who actively engaged in the strike "that it was a success in every sense."

Some \$500 expended by the workers made Durst put a plaster of \$125,000 on his property; "that is putting a center shot" in the bosses' pocket book, alright. Our efforts must now be centered on continuing the struggle for the release of Ford and Suhr. Any relaxation on our part would be fatal to ultimate success. So let's go forward more determined and confident of gaining our just demands. To all those who helped with funds or on the picket line we extend our appreciation. After the decision of the appellate court is handed down, a complete statement of receipts and expenses will be compiled and mailed to all locals and subscribers.

HOPKICKERS DEFENCE COMMITTEE.

Don D. Scott has resigned as secretary. Send funds to Harry Burlingham, Secretary Defense Committee, 114 Eye street, Sacramento, Cal.

A BUGLE RINGS IN BUTTE

Sept. 5th—I arrived in Butte at 8 o'clock and was very much surprised at the quietness and stillness of the streets, although the powers that be had proclaimed martial law. The Miners are, in my belief, making a huge joke out of it; they are moving along the streets, all tense, hardly speaking to anyone, just as if they were hypnotized and always expecting something to start from the gun men who are now in possession.

I call it sabotage, pure and simple. All the saloons are closed tighter than a drum, the owners are kicking like hell against the action of the Militia heads. They say now that they can't see the reason for martial law. The gun men are stationed all around the new City Hall with two machine guns, all ready to send their messengers of death upon those that dare to question the power that might make right. Upon Granite street, if you stop for a moment or two, a uniform savage with fixed bayonet will tell you to move on, that is, if you are a working stiff, but if you are a business man you can stop as long as you want to. Right in front of the Fraternal Brotherhood's Building, while those unions are holding their regular business meetings, (and you can imagine a union man getting upon the floor to make a motion along the old conservative lines now), when, all of a sudden, the blast of a bugle rings, filling the room with the sounds of his master's voice—it certainly makes him the joke of the season.

They still keep arresting those who are not prominent citizens and driving them out of town. Well, old boy, I think you can find out how things are going on and what a military machine can do with the help of the big mining companies. You see, our old friend, Frank Conley, the keeper of the precious key of the Royal Order of Penitentiary, has the bands playing, "We'll never Haul the Old Rag Down," and lots of other noises that sound like pure unadulterated bull.

All papers under strict censorship, but political aspirants running wild.

Bren, the Gael.

Facts Regarding Butte, Mont.

Butte, Mont., Sept. 4th, 1914.—I am writing you a few facts about the situation in Butte. The militia arrived on the ground Tuesday afternoon and immediately took charge of city and county affairs.

Dan J. Donohue, the father of the infamous militia bill which the union men of the state defeated some time ago, is in charge with the rank of Major and the Conley, warden of the State Penitentiary at Deer Lodge, has been appointed Provost Marshal and is running the police department.

As soon as the soldiers were settled, the company got busy signing W. F. of M. scabs as gun-men to protect their property and keep the delegates from the new union away from the mines.

D. Gay Stivers, a fourth rate lawyer, is recruiting officer and has as his chief assistant and adviser John C. Lowney, the executive board member of the W. F. of M. The Federation scabs now acting in the capacity of deputy sheriffs are busy serving warrants on the active members of the new union; they grabbed four men from the office of the new Butte Minne Workers Union on Wednesday; the next morning at 2 a. m. they raided the I. W. W. hall for the purpose of confiscating the records and books but were outwitted. Then to get even, they arrested seven fellow-workers who were sleeping in the hall and tried them, that same morning, before their military court. Three were turned loose and the other four were given jail sentence of three months and 100 fine, sentence to be suspended if they left town within 12 hours; one of these four men has lived in Butte for three years and has worked in the mines continuously, yet he is considered a vag.

Attorney General Kelly was heard to say that he would rid the town of all I. W. W.'s. President Muekie McDonald and Vice-President J. E. Bradley, of the Butte Mine Workers Union or the new union, so called, have left town, for the present, to avoid arrest. Jos Shannon and several other fellow-workers were arrested on a kidnapping charge and are being held without bail.

No one is allowed to communicate with them in any way.

The fellow that was deported as a scab, O'Brien by name, was brought back by the Sheriff and is now serving his master as a gun-man.

Con F. Kelly, Vice-President of the Amalgamated Copper company, and a bunch of his hirelings in the Citizen Alliance had the sewer rats brought in here when the town was as quiet as a country church-yard. Governor Stewart had given orders for the mobilization of the troops at Helena and everything being so quiet and peaceful, he was about to order them home again, when foxy got busy and pulled a dynamiting job in the yard of the Parrot mine, the place where the prospective slaves must go for their Rustling cards before they can even ask for a job.

They took the watchman away to another mine and exploded probably half a box of powder near the front of the office where they have been dealing out the rustling cards to the victims for the past year or so; the noise of the explosion at that hour, 1:30 a. m., naturally aroused everyone around for several blocks and caused intense excitement; the company immediately offered a reward of \$10,000 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the perpetrators of this "dastardly outrage."

We have evidence to the effect, however, that the reward item was set up and locked in the forms at both the Anaconda Standard and the Butte Miner offices before the fake explosion took place.

The company has continually stated that they were not concerned in the fight between the B. M. W. U., and the W. F. of M., but as soon as the new union began to assert its jurisdiction and attempted to compel all under

ground workers to join and also compel recognition of a set of working rules, they got busy and made their plea for the militia.

These rules to which there was so much objection provided for better air, better ventilation in hot places, the establishment of toilets on each level, the discontinuance of blasting at noon, and also instructed the men not to tolerate any bulldozing from bosses as in the past.

While on this subject, I want to tell you that up to the present time there has been no toilets of any description in some of the mines and it is only recently that they have taken the trouble to remedy this bad feature. If a miner asked to go to the surface or was caught in the act of answering Nature's call anywhere below ground, he was instantly discharged.

You can probably imagine what these conditions led up to in a Hell hole confining 2000 or 3000 men. Butte Local No. 1, Western Federation of Miners signed two contracts in the past eight years which have saved the company at least \$50,000,000 in wages alone, as there was an overwhelming sentiment at that time for a substantial increase in wages.

The stool pigeon, however, were on the job on both occasions to protect the interests of their masters, and, by packing the meetings at the small hall and herding the ignorant suckers, succeeded in putting them over.

They also permitted their members to testify for the company at every coroner's inquest and in personal injury suits against the company, with the result that every man who meets death in the mines was a victim of his own carelessness and the company has yet to lose in a personal injury suit. The leading attorney of this county has repeatedly stated in public that it is not possible to secure a verdict against the Anaconda or Amalgamated Copper Company.

There is a movement now on foot to try and get all the Butte unions to go out on strike and shut the town down.

B. Lorton, Fin. Sec., B. P. L.

CLASS STRUGGLE IN KANSAS CITY

Kansas City, Mo., September 3rd, 1914.—The class struggle is being felt pretty hard by the wage slaves in this part of the country; the slaves are coming in to Kansas City at a rate of 500 a day and the same amount beating it out again when the slaves see that the slave market is job-less.

The streets are full of job-less slaves looking for a master and it keeps the police going all the time to keep them on the move.

The only job that is going on in or around Kansas City now is the big terminal station.

This work is railroad work of the lowest kind; that is, the places where the slaves eat are rotten and between the rotten grub and the slave-driver making the slaves dig in on the job, all the slaves can make is about three or four days, then they come back to the slave market looking for another master.

But the jobs are few, and the first thing the slave knows he has eaten up his few cents and the only place he can get a job again, if he is in luck, is at the terminal.

The wages paid at the terminal is \$1.60 a day for ten hours work; \$3.50 a week for board.

Local No. 61, of Kansas City, has done good work this summer carrying on organization work in the harvest fields of Kansas, as well as in this city. The local has a good headquarters for the coming winter, and the way things look now it will not be long before the I. W. W. will have a foot-hold all thru here.

Subscribe for The Voice of the People—help us to realize the ideal—a world of useful men, women and children. Each for all, all for each.

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

The shortest way is the best. Read, think, then act.

A German Hobo's Dream(?)

A patriotic German hobo on his way to New York passed through here to fight for the fatherland. On his way West he said, he passed through Seattle, Detroit, Mich., Chicago and Buffalo, N. Y. While he stood at the Niagara Falls, in Buffalo, he looked across the river into Canada, which belongs to Great Britain. He still sees the fertile wheat fields and he continued his journey to New York to catch a steamer for Germany so he can join the reservists which have been called upon. As he lands in New York he will find himself broke and he meet many of his countrymen in the same plight, who want to go across to defend the Fatherland. Since the war started all shipping to Germany and Austria has stopped. Thousands of reservists are stranded in the city; industry is paralyzed, and the workers starving by wholesale, on account the war, in the midst of plenty. The next day he reads in the daily papers that Canada is shipping grain, all kinds of foodstuffs and 30,000 soldiers to Great Britain to fight Germany and, hearing and reading this, and being intensely patriotic, it gets on his nerves and he said to himself, knowing that there are about four million reservists of Germany and Austria-Hungary in this country, and realizing what a force in regard to the population of Canada with its four millions inhabitants, what this means,—Canada being so near New York and having a boundary line of 3,000 miles long, line the United States could not protect, as it would not have enough soldiers to keep these FOUR MILLION reservists of these countries out of Canada—he dreams they could lick it with even their bare fists, take it and hold it by sheer numbers, armed or, if necessary, with even their bare fists by storm, as the boundary line is over 3,000 miles long and there are thousands of ways and places, cities, hamlets, villages, and especially woods, in which the invading hordes could assemble and move simultaneously on Britain's granary—and what could Uncle Sam do to prevent such a calamity? Remember he said, patriotism is apt to sweep these fellows off their patriotism since they are starving in the midst of plenty in New York, and winter is approaching, and nothing to do, and no ships are running.

At the same time the possibility would exist he said that the militia and the United States regulars will get more to do than break strikes and act as a strike breaking agency for a bunch of discarded and discredited bunch of W. F. of M. officials.

Denver Charlie take a hint, it seems you are getting pretty well known.

Was the German hobo on'y dreaming? Time alone can tell. The world has often and often been changed by just such dreamers.

INDUSTRIES OF CANADA WRECKED

Conditions here, in Edmonton, are even worse than last winter. All work practically closed down because of war. Slaves are enlisting by the tens of thousands all over this country to go out to the front to fight Germany. We know what kind of patriotism is behind this, alright—the patriotism which is caused by an empty stomach. What this winter will bring forth I don't know. But it seems to me that a bloody revolution all over the world is in store for us in the near future. A revolution which may be accelerated by this war. If Canadians go on here the way they have been going lately, hell is bound to break loose.

Rowan is doing all right in jail. Just got a couple of letters from him. Barret is as good as insane, probably due to strain. As you know, trial will come up in October, around the 1st, and we have got to be prepared. We are doing all in our power to save the two men.

G. G. GAVEEL.

Wage slaves put all your efforts in economic action.

The Voice of the People

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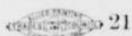
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CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS



REBELS!
The Voice Needs
Your Help!

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE VOICE

Week ending September 5, 1914:

Receipts

Bundle orders \$47.70
Subscriptions 12.00
Donations 7.00
Total \$66.70

Expenses

August 31—Typewriter supplies \$ 0.85
Nilsson, on account wages 1.50
Nilsson, money refunded 3.50
Solidarity, 52 w. comb. sub. .75
Mailing issue No. 86 3.56
Wrapping paper 1.10
Stamps 1.15
To Strike Bulletin, 26 w.s. .25
Express wagon .50
Cov. Hall, account wages 11.00
Nilsson, account wages 2.00
Marsh Ptg. Co., balance No. 85 14.05
Marsh Ptg. Co., account mail list 2.20
Marsh Ptg. Co., account No. 86 20.50
Total \$62.85

Recapitulation

Receipts for week \$66.70
Expenses for week 62.85

Cash on hand \$ 3.85
Balance due Marsh Ptg. Co., account mailing list \$27.60
Balance due Marsh Ptg. Co., account No. 86 11.65

Total \$39.25
Cash on hand September 5th 3.85

Net deficit \$35.40

THE MACHINE GUN

I speak with the voice of men and devils. My messengers sped their merring flight to countless hearts. I work between two voids—back of me a pile of empty shells, in front of me a widening circle of empty hearts. I am no respecter of persons.

My victories lie in a horizon of homes. Hell inspired me, man created me, women and children pay for me. Each day of battle I prepare a feast of bodies, with Death as the host.

With my blackened wand I touch the breast of man, and forthwith there springs the incarnadine river of death.

I turn but an inch, and the lives of maidens are blasted, mothers and sisters mourn, and a hundred babes are fatherless.

Science, Christianity and Civilization stand sponsors for me.—Life.

Contented wage slaves are like contented cows; they are profitable.

Capitalist editor—a mental prostitute. Stay away from the "district."

One union, one enemy—stay out of the enemies' ranks.

YAKIMA VALLEY HOP AND FRUIT GROWERS SABOTAGE WORKERS

North Yakima, Wash, Sept. 4th, 1914—Arrived in Yakima last Sunday with the intention of getting a job and then buy a ranch, and saw that there were thousands of my kind who arrived before me, but didn't even land the job.

The Hop growers and Fruit growers got together and advertised in the Seattle papers that thousands of men were wanted to pick fruit and hops in the Yakima Valley. The migratory workers, believing the same, rushed in and flooded the city. About the time peach picking started there were enough men for every tree.

Last year the men were getting from \$2.25 to \$2.50 (mostly \$2.50), for the reason the men wouldn't work for less, as there wasn't so many men. This year they are working for 2.00, \$2.25 and \$2.50 (mostly \$2.00). Here and there a person hears the remark, "When is the I. W. W. going to start something?"

There are more peach ranchers going out of business this year. A vast amount of them are letting the peaches rot on the trees, as the commission man indirectly owns the ranch. The farmer complains. The hobo sees another man forced into his ranks. Maybe another rebel. Most of the ranchers are Political Socialists. Sure. Didn't the Socialists tell them they they would get their taxes lowered and thereby get rich.

The Hop growers are still running an ad in the Seattle papers for 1,500 hop-pickers. At the same time there are over 5,000 men in town who are without a job waiting for work. The hop grower makes it known that he wants families and not hoboes. He wants families because the family cannot pick up their bundle and look for another job. He is afraid the hobo is an I. W. W. But still there is hope, as the I. W. W. label is not stamped on every Wobbler's face. And yet some I. W. W.'s have families. And some can act the Scissorbill. So, all I. W. W.'s coming this way, don't say much until you land a job, as every other person is a citizen. And you can imagine what a citizen of North Yakima would be like.

Now anybody can talk on the streets in Yakima. Anybody, get me? But—a Wobbler. That's one thing they won't stand here. A pimp or politician is alright, but nary an I. W. W. Fellow-worker McCormick got on a box last Monday and was talking a little against the church. The police told him he would have to quit. Therefore McCormick came back Wednesday and had an Anti-War meeting. He was allowed to go thru with his meeting. The police told one of the Socialists that they "wouldn't stand for no I. W. W.'s." I really think there could be more effective work done on the fields.

A person can start an argument on the street and he can get more to listen to the argument than a street speaking. The sentiment for the I. W. W. and Solidarity of the Workers are good. I think if some free literature could be given away here it would do wonders.

A card was found here belonging to one, Joe Kinnear, who joined in 1909 and paid up to date. If the same will write to Harry Feinberg, General Delivery, North Yakima, he can get same. But must be able to describe contents of pocket case and card.

Well, I guess this will be all for this time, if anything should pop up, I will write and let you know.

Harry Feinberg

MALE HELP WANTED

Wanted—Male Help. Owing to recent tendencies in New York religious circles, we can offer attractive positions as ushers in Fifth Avenue churches. No namby-pambys need apply. In addition to immaculate apparel, applicants must be stalwart and muscular, able to cope with and eject at a moment's notice all disturbers, such as I. W. W. men, visiting clergy who desire to ask questions of officiating pastors, and the like. Must be able to distinguish objectionable intruders from money-changers and other desirable communicants. Steady employment and plenty of excitement. Nominal salary may be eked out through tips on the stock market inadvertently revealed by wealthy members of the congregation who talk in their sleep during services. Address Religious Supply and Employment Concern.

—Life

The attitude "war for defense only" is meaningless, and of no value to the revolutionary movement. Every government is prepared to prove that it is only engaged in a war of defense. The only revolutionary attitude towards war and militarism it is to refuse to assist, directly or indirectly, in any kind of war.

There is really no such thing as a patriotic revolutionist in our time.

DIXIE IN RUINS

Letters coming to us from friends in the South give account of terrible conditions already prevailing there as a result of the European War and "overproduction." Vast armies of unemployed are already in the field and being added to every hour. Cotton has fallen to six cents a pound, which means the eviction, and the adding to the starving armies, of tens of thousands of working farmers. Like a blast of living death the INDUSTRIAL PANIC seems to be sweeping all Dixie into ruins.

Under the heading of the different cities and towns I give you the gist of what the correspondents say.

ELLISVILLE, ARKANSAS. Thousands of men thrown out of work thru out the State and more mills closing down every day. Over TEN THOUSAND cases of pelagra in the State and the terrible disease still spreading. The working class will either ORGANISE or PERISH like cur dogs, by the thousands.

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA—Considerable building is going on but the A. F. L. has scabbed itself all to pieces. Men are working for scab contractors, nine hours a day for from \$2.25 to \$2.75 a day, while the rate is \$3.00 and eight hours. Along the wharves it is awful to see, when one of the M. and M. boats comes in or a Clyde liner, the workers run over one another to get the \$1.25 a day. There are several hundred sleeping in and around the parks, with the bulls running them in and giving them 10 to 30 days on "the farm." I also hear that they are going to cut down the number of jailors at "the farm" and get a big ball and chain and put it on the workers' legs, as this will "save money."

Old Fleishell (Fleishell was the notorious Jew Lumber King who, at Fullerton, La., armed his suckers, scabs and gunmen-deputies with shotguns loaded with ball and incited them to kill members of the B. of T. W.) is figuring on getting the Carpenter and O'Brien sawmill started by the first of the year; he is going to employ only married men and niggers, have a robbersay, and has applied to the superintendent of schools to give him a school at his town. Thus he has it all framed up, how nice it will be for the workers—\$10 to \$12, for three and four room shacks—extra for lights.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Two fellow-workers write: Everything dead here. City on its back. Cotton gone to six cents and whole country facing ruin. John M. Parker (Landlord) came back from Washington, D. C., awhile back and announced that the President said he would fix everything, including the world war, alright, and for us "not to worry." Fine!

Port nearly out of commission. Giddy and Castile, the two seawolves, who threw the charter of the Eastern and Gulf Association (Furusetth Union) into the Mississippi when they were trying to run the rotten Bodine outfit here and afterwards, when the outfit stuck itself to death, begged for their E. and G. charters back again, are still trying to bluff the seamen of this port and still lying about the I. W. W. But they have never called or held a meeting nor do their membership know what is being done with their money. But Castile and Captain Rose (United Fruit Co. wharf captain and gun-man) are still holding private conversations behind boxcars. Whether it is to their detriment or not their sheep-like membership will never know as they have not got the guts to force Castile and Giddy to call a meeting of their (?) union. If the employment of two such sharks as Castile and Giddy is the best Andrew Fureseth can do for the seamen of the Gulf, the sooner the Pacific Coast Seamen force Fureseth to resign, the better it will be for all concerned. Next time the United Fruit Company has to have the police shoot us down they will be alright—they have become an "American citizen." It paid. Amen.

TAMPA, FLORIDA—Two of the largest phosphate mines are closed and others are working on less than half pay; hundreds of men out of work on account of this in Mulberry, Fort Mead, and Punta Gorda, Florida. Tampa is dull; houses vacant; many places on Main street have out signs "for rent." All collectors are complaining. The local newspapers are talking prosperity for the coming winter in Tampa from the tourists, who will flock South. We will see. I think other people will have as little money to travel on as have we. This will be the worst winter ever.

DE RIDDER, LA.—Everything dead around here. "Good Citizens League" on the hog, thank God. About half the sawmills shut down and the rest talking of closing soon. Wonder what the suckers who were "afraid to join the Forest and Lumber Workers Union because they would lose their jobs" (?) will do now? Starve to death, I guess, as they haven't got guts enuf to either fight for the right to live or to commit suicide. Merryville is deader than the last hog Jim Estis raised and about the only industry left in Leesville is Ben Lyon's

shanghai'd chaingangs. Great is "Christian Civilization!" Let us pray, as dear old Parson Long so well advises, then we won't be hungry any more. We'll be dead.

MISSISSIPPI—A rebel Farmers' Union being organized, which it is intended, shall take in all WORKING farmers in the country. They have a paper started already. This is something that has been needed for many years. When the working farmers start organizing INDUSTRIALLY the end of Bossism is in sight. Working farmers in rags and working-men walking the tracks hunting that elusive job. Empty bellies make social revolutions.

TEXAS—Everything gone to hell. Kirbyism completely vindicated. Bloodhounds still after Cline and Rangel, but sabcats reported on trail of Santa Feans. Let all the kittens get busy and quick!

OKLAHOMA—A free speech fight is expected at anytime now, in and around Drumright. O. K. Organizer A. A. Rice has had a delegation of Honiyawks meet him. Well, A. A., start her rolling! The harvest is about over and the rebs will soon be starting South. The time is opportune and we will have to have it out sooner or later with the southern division of the Oil and Lumber Trusts armies. We have delayed too long already. Come on, rebs! Sab their pocketbooks! Death to their gunmen.

THREATENING THE WORKERS

A few days ago the Portland "Journal" quoted the Chief of Police as having issued an order to the force to run all unemployed men out of the city or swear them thru the Police Courts onto the rockpile. This is nothing strange. The invisible government back of the armed forces of law an order is most probably issuing this order in every city and county in the United States and Canada today. This also is nothing strange. The invisible government has always so acted. That is, it has always cut its own throat. The fool "Commissioner of Public Safety" in New Orleans issued an order not long ago to have all unemployed arrested and jailed as "loiterers". The jails were soon so crowded and the growls began to grow so loud, however, that this fool, himself a member of the invisible government that has governed all Dixie, into rags, backed off. But coming back to the orders of Portland's invisible government. Every sign of the times indicates that before this winter is over more than half the Nation's working force, 15,000,000 men and women at the lowest estimate, will be thrown out of work by no fault of theirs, but by the direct INCAPACITY of this invisible government, the Lords of banking, business and high gance, to manage this industry well enuf to keep the race from starving. Then, after their own criminal incapacity to manage industry has been confest to the utmost, when they have thrown millions of men, women and helpless babies out into the ice and sleet on horrible bread-lines of charity, this dog-in-the-manger aristocracy orders policemen and soldiers—themselves the sons and brothers of workers—to assault with deadly weapons and streams of frozen water the workers the invisible government has robbed of all save death in life. And the Christless Christians applaud the savage deeds. And the workers are not MEN if they stand for any more of this rough work from the pickhandle Johnsons and their ilk. And the police and soldiers are not MEN if they do not MUTINY against such orders to commit such social crimes upon the bodies of workingmen and the hearts of their mother's sisters. For the invisible government, the Capitalist Class, is responsible for the running of the industries, and it should be FORCED to either RUN them or FORCED to give way to men more EFFICIENT, with more human instincts in their minds. A people that tamely submits to have its industries shut down and itself starved by a set of rapacious social vultures, is a degenerate people, is a people fit only to be peons. Have the working people of the United States and Canada reached already this last worst state of nations? Their capacity to ORGANISE and ACT for themselves and theirs alone can answer this question.

For ORGANISATION is LIFE, and the ORGANISED WORKING CLASS IS THE ONLY POWER ON EARTH TODAY THAT CAN NOW BRING ORDER OUT OF CHAOS. Neither "riots", "threats" nor "chaingangs" can abrogate ECONOMIC LAWS, and the class that tries to club a starving nation into order by that act proclaims its incapacity to rule and signs its own doom. "If this be treason, let them make the most of it."—C. H.

SEND IN FOR A SUPPLY OF 13-WEEK PREPAID SUBCARDS TO THE VOICE. FIVE (5) FOR ONE (\$1.00) DOLLAR. 26 WEEK CARDS, FIVE (5) FOR TWO (\$2.00) DOLLARS;

THE KU KLUX KLAN

By Covington Hall

Often you have heard the name of this "terrible klan" but seldom have you ever heard the truth regarding the organization that bucked the United States Government and overthrew the "reconstruction" in the South. In every history it is upheld to you as all-terrible and all-evil. All-terrible it most certainly was. All-evil it most certainly was not. Like all social and revolutionary organizations the Klan was born out of ECONOMIC CONDITIONS. It represented, in fact, a counter-revolution against the conquerors of the South. It came into being as the result of an attempt of Northern Capitalists and their Southern allies, called scalawags, to expropriate the Southern planters and farmers of their lands under the guise of legality. Except as a tool, the negro had very little part in this great war that lasted for nearly ten years. The Klan then won and —LOST. It won in that its "political arm," the "democratic" party came into possession of the State government of the South. It lost in that it failed to see that capturing the political government did not mean ECONOMIC safety. For no sooner had the "Democratic" party come into power than its politicians, most of them men who had never toted a rifle in the titanic struggle, began to raise the cry of "nigger domination!" and, hiding behind this false race issue, maintained all the highly centralized and infamous machinery of government that had been invented by the "reconstruction" politicians and, so, in the end sold out for a song by the most devious and fraudulent methods, the land of which they loudly proclaimed themselves the "saviours." By the violence cunning they, the "Democratic" politicians, succeeded in doing what all the rifles of the alien conquerors could not accomplish. The great Klan itself was turned into an engine of persecution and its mighty name made a synonym for outrage by these same social buzzards who foul all things whatsoever they touch—the POLITICIANS. And so the great Klan won and lost.

But what interests me most today, is not so much its social history, but the marvelous manner of the organization of this Klan of my fathers. It never in its own name held a public meeting. Never made a speech. Never published a paper. It was known to be there but was never seen. The negroes called it the "invisible empire." Most of its membership were young men, many nothing but boys, for it take a boy to dream great dreams and do great and daring works and deeds. And not only boys, but girls were in the Klan. The very child-like woman a United States officer might be flirting with was reporting back to her comrades in the Klan. So the Klan always knew all things. Each company, so one of its old captains told me, was composed of not more than twenty men. No one but the captain knew the names of the members of the group. If their names got into the hands of the "reconstruction," the captain was held to answer for it with his life. At all meetings the Klansmen appeared masked, so never could the stool-pigeon swear positively to the presence of any one person. Then the Klan made the life and work of stool-pigeons so dangerous that few cared to run its risks. Once a man was proven a stool or detective it became impossible for him to live and breathe anywhere in the South. The arm of the Klan was long and strong. Not only did it say, "The Klan never forgets nor forgives," but practiced it as well. Its members were "sworn to swear to a lie wherever a brother member was concerned," and they swore it. Few Klansmen were ever convicted in the "courts of justice." If they were, armed and masked bands often rode into the county seat and took the endangered man away from his captors. The Klan recognised the enemies courts only as Courts Martial, and so refused to submit, except by superior force, to their verdicts. In such cases, facing superior power, the Klan, seemingly, laid down, but woe to those who appeared against it when the army was gone. Then came the might of the social and economic boycott, the terrible ostracism and—"a dead man in the road." That is to say, the Klan met "the terror" with "the terror." It was ten years of guerilla war without quarter asked or given. And the Klan won and lost.

But it is mainly hated today because for so long it kept the greedy, bloodstained hands of the Capitalist Class out of that immense treasure house of nature called the "land of Dixie," or made their operations therein absolutely unprofitable. This is the real reason of the hatred of this great Klan of the Southern people, not because it killed a few "niggers," for the Lumber Trust alone has killed, deliberately and in cold blood, and for the purpose of striking terror into the workers, more white men in the State of Louisiana alone than the Klan killed in its ten years of war. The real crime of the Klansmen was that for so long they made Dixie unprofitable to the

Capitalist Class. So then the Capitalists, failing in "the terror", or, rather, being out-terrorized, called in the politicians. The "Democratic" party captured the machinery of government. Monuments were raised, not to the Klan, but to the "White League", and a saturnalia of robbery never witnessed this side of Mexico was begun that enthroned the present buzzard-like Ruling Class in the South, a class that is yet, by its infamous deeds, to call the great Klan or something greater yet into existence and with it the Social Revolution in the South. Let us hope that never again will the Southern workers be led astray by the fatal idea that they can win their freedom by simply "capturing the machinery of government" and that all other worker everywhere will study more the history of the great Southern Klan and likewise learn what lessons may be learned from its history. There are lessons there it were well that the workers learned at once.

NOTICE

We have been requested to furnish the United States Industrial Relation Commission with information about the free speech fights in which the Industrial Workers of the World have been involved.

Believing that the publicity to be gained is worth the work it will entail, we have concluded to gather all available data of occasions where police authorities have interfered with free speech, free press, free assembly and where the writ of habeas corpus has been denied.

Facts in regard to these important issues will make a permanent propaganda document of great value.

This report should include every city and town where a free speech fight has occurred, wherever, possible giving names of Mayor, Chief of Police, Sheriff, Policemen, Deputies, Detectives, also names of politicians, members of Citizens Alliances and other thugs.

The locals that have been involved should make a general statement. The individual members that have taken part in free speech fights anywhere in this country are requested to write the facts in detail covering their personal experiences. Write your story in your own way, giving dates, if you can, manner of arrest, prison treatment, trial sentence, etc.

Send in any circular pamphlets, bulletins or reports bearing on the fights for free speech. Send all communications to General Headquarters, 307 164 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill. Vincent St. Johns, Gen. Sec'y-Treas. Wm. D. Haywood, Gen. Organizer.

To All Southern Rebels:

I suggest that each of you AT ONCE send in reports to our General Officers of all the infamous outrages that have been committed against the workers of the South giving the names of every sawmill manager, superintendent, foreman, every sheriff, deputy and gunman, every "good citizen leaguer," who have been guilty of crimes against the workers. Write only on one side of the paper. Get busy. Yours in the fight for freedom,
COVINGTON HALL.

FROM LOCAL 61

Kansas City, Mo., September 4th, 1914.
Local 61 at the last business meeting, Aug. 31th, 1914, instructed delegate Bourg to present the following resolutions to the Ninth Annual Convention of the I. W. W. at Chicago.

- Resolved: That General Headquarters be asked to issue leather card covers.
- Resolved, That the Convention be asked to raise fund of ten thousand dollars for special organization purposes; by issuing special assessment stamps to be used to concentrate on some industry. Said stamps to be a voluntary assessment.
- Resolved: That provisional G. E. B. be elected by membership at large.
- Resolved: That The Voice of the People be taken over by the General Organization.
- Resolved: That all matters not pertaining to the propaganda of the Organization be kept out of the papers, and published in a special monthly bulletin.

PRESS COMMITTEE
Stuart St. Johns,
Wm. Ford

G. J. Bourg, Financial Secretary, Local 61.

As long as we submit to exploitation, we may expect the exploiters to quarrel about the spoils. Stop exploitation, and there will be no war, because there will be nothing to quarrel about.

A leader is a relic from looking up to a god. Look neither up nor down, look straight ahead.

TACOMA RESOLUTIONS ON VOICE

To the Members of the Western I. W. W. Locals:

Whereas, There is at present some misunderstanding regarding the "Voice of the People," which has resulted in some locals cutting of their bundle orders with the paper, and caused more or less kicking around the halls of the I. W. W., all of which is detrimental to the life of the paper; and if let run is liable to put the paper into such financial straits that it is liable to lose the support of the members. So, therefore, we, the members of Locals 338 and 380 of the I. W. W. in Tacoma, do offer the following as a solution to the present difficulties:

- The "Voice" to be under the control of the Western Locals, viz.: those situated in Washington, Montana, British Columbia, Idaho, California, Texas, Utah, Nevada, Arizona and New Mexico.
- That all Locals have one vote regarding all things on the paper, except in referendums which is for all members in good standing in the aforesaid Locals.
- That an election of editor and assistant editor be held as soon as possible; furthermore, that the proposed new names of the paper be put to the ballot, and in that way getting the will of the members on the matter.
- All internal affairs to be left out of the paper, and that it contain news of the labor world, and the I. W. W. fight with the master class, also, that it shall contain propaganda, such as is propagated by the organization as a whole.

Resolution passed by the members of No. 338 and No. 380 on August 30, 1914.

A. R. DOUGLAS,
Secretary, I. W. W.
110 So. 14th St., Tacoma, Wash.

Comment: The Tacoma fellow workers evidently overlooked the interest of the Louisiana Locals in The Voice. As long as it lasts and until they re-establish a Southern paper, their rights in its management continue.

COVINGTON HALL, Editor.

SYNDICALISM VINDICATED

From the midnight blackness that today pallis all the nations of the earth, one ray of blazing glory breaks,—the defiance of the patriotic war gods by the syndicalist organizations of Italy, England and Spain. It is only in those lands where syndicalism is strong that a shadow of resistance has been made to the last and most colossal crime of the Political State. Seek to hide it as they will, but so far the syndicalists of Italy, Spain and Portugal have prevented their motherlands from entering the world-shambles. Those of England and France are not "volunteering" as the cut-throat "statesmen" hoped they would, nor do the soldiers of France and England show near the savage desire to slaughter as do the troops of the "greatest socialist nation on earth," Germany. This is written, veiled, uneasily, in every recent dispatch in the black press of capitalism. Clear and plain the record stands, the record written in deeds of blood. "Not by your words," O ye Socialists, "shall ye be judged, but by your works shall ye be known and by your works shall ye be judged."

Dead is the Political State. Dead is this Christless Christian civilization. Dead is the Socialism of the ballotbox. Dead, living-dead, rotten in its heart, bones and soul is all capitalism. Dead! Drowning in seas of human blood!

Face to face with starvation in the midst of boundless plenty stand all the nations and races of the world. Workers! Will you let a dying beast deny to you and yours the right of life? If you must, why not die with the revolutionists of life instead of for the revolutionists of death? In the name of life, liberty and love, arise! Death to the revolutionists of death! Long live the revolutionists of life!—C. H.

EDWARD SLEPPA

This fellow worker is hereby urgently requested to communicate his present address right away to T. G. Gaveel, Secretary Local 339, 47 Frazer avenue, Edmonton, Alta., Canada, as this is of the greatest importance, also those having knowledge of where the above fellow worker is at present kindly write to the aforementioned address, T. G. Gaveel, Secretary Local 339.

All Railroad Workers Should Read
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CAPTAIN BOYCOTT MOBOLIZING ON BUTTE

Butte, Mont., Sept. 5—Things seem to be progressing as well here as can be expected. As announced the gunmen are here and have taken charge of the city. They have placed the notorious gunman, Frank Conley, Warden of the State Pen, in charge of the city police and county sheriff's forces and, the other night, he ordered the raid on the Wobbler hall. As a result got myself and several other fellow workers, seven in all, and took us up to the can. It was just five minutes to 2 a. m. when they made the raid; they took us to the can and kept us there until 3 p. m. that afternoon, when they took us over to the court house for the court martial before his honor (?) Judge Root, where we were tried and four given a sentence of \$100 and three months in jail if they did not get out of town in 12 hours, and the other three were turned loose.

The business men are already hollering about the troops and, to make matters worse, we are announcing in the papers that we are organizing a league to send for all supplies to Montgomery, Ward & Co. We have got them going. In a previous letter to "Solidarity," I said that Mayor Duncan was playing a slimy part and I wish to make the following correction: it seems that he has been fair after all as, when a bunch of businessmen went to him and asked if they could not do anything to get the troops out of here he said that it was the businessmen that got them in here and they could get them out again, as he did not intend to have anything to do with it—he had washed his hands of the matter.

The reason that Conley, the gunman, is sore and ordered the raid is because that he tried to interfere with the fellow workers on strike at Deer Lodge, where he is the mayor of the town, warden of the pen, and runs a butcher shop, but the boys used the woden shoe on him and made him behave. He was afraid the boys would expose him and his methods, as, it is said, that he is now and has become a millionaire since he became warden of the pen some 20 years ago by his genius for finance.

The judge said on the bench that there was no appeal from his court but the socialists are busy and have ordered the governor and the whole bunch to appear before a Federal Judge to show cause why the troops are here.

F. L. TIFFANY.

MY POEMS

Word just received from the Illustrator says that the poems will be out in time for the holiday season, that is the volume will come out in November or December. The title of the book will be: "Songs of Love and Rebellion," and it will contain several poems never before published anywhere, such as "The Last Message," "Night," "My Woman," and other songs. The cost will be about 50 cents a copy, but don't send me any money until book is advertised as ready for sale; just let me know how many copies you want and your address.

COVINGTON HALL.

WAR IN EUROPE—WHY?

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CANNON VERSUS CONGRESSES

It is now about forty years since the revolutionary working class movement was shunted off on the political field. "Let us start a political party and take part in the conflicts of the political arena. We will then air our views in public, perhaps even teach our economic doctrines in the legislative halls of every civilized country." That was one of the arguments in favor of politics. The best argument. The cleanest argument.

Socialist parties were formed everywhere. Socialism was taught in public. The party gained members and votes until socialists were elected to the law-making bodies and to administrative offices. "We will enter our protest against war when we get elected," said the socialist candidates. "Elect a socialist mayor, or governor, and he will use the police or militia for your protection when you go on strike," so sang the socialist chorus at election time.

I don't know how many socialists there are in the German Reichstag, and the English Parliament, and the French Chamber of Deputies. I have been told—often—that there were more than enough to prevent either of these countries from engaging in any serious war. There were socialists in the armies and navies of all these countries, and I thought these international socialists would at least refuse to kill each other.

That was all a beautiful dream. All Europe is at war. German socialists and French Socialists greet each other with shot and shell and bayonet. And the roar of cannon has silenced the parliamentary peace orators. Why?

It is simple enough. The political candidate is not satisfied to speak on street corners and in rented lecture halls. He wants to speak in the halls of Congress or Parliament or Reichstag, where he believes he can command the attention of a whole nation. But he must first win the support of the voters. He must be careful not to offend the voters. He must moderate his speech and his creed, or he won't be elected. "The end justifies the means."

The party must have prestige. A political party soon becomes a joke if it fails to get its candidates elected. Votes are more important than principles—for the time being. "We can resurrect our dead and buried principles after we have won the members and votes."

That is why the great socialist leaders—those who had been elected—were so modest in their opposition to militarism. They were, of course, very much opposed to war, except in defense of their country. They, who claimed to represent the propertyless and outlawed proletariat, had a country which they felt bound to defend. Sure. They expected to capture that country as soon as a few more socialists were elected. Why should they not defend it? It was soon to be theirs.

That war-for-defense-only attitude is quite meaningless. All wars are wars for defense, according to the information you get in time of war. Even the craziest jingo will cheerfully subscribe to the war-for-defense-only policy. Every warring nation in Europe claims that it is engaged in a defense war. That is why the socialists are now cutting each others' throats. Their anti-militarism was ineffective—because it was meaningless.

And how about that military protection for the workers in time of strike?

There is a socialist mayor in Butte, Montana. The militia is also there, not to protect the life and the living of the miners, but to protect the profits of the mining companies. And the Butte police force is also placed at the mine owners' service. Why? Why does the socialist mayor allow the militia to enter the city at all? Why is the police force at the service of the mine owners? Why are not laws and constitutions upheld—to say nothing about socialist principles?

The fact is that neither laws nor constitutions nor courts nor mayors nor governors count in time of war.

War is declared in Europe—and leading socialists go to defend their country.

The mine owners declare war in Butte—and their socialist mayor has nothing to say about it.

The political government always ceases to function when war is declared.

The silver-tongued orators are silenced by the roar of cannon. Ballots are futile as a defense against bullets and bayonets.

The dream was beautiful, but it is time to quit dreaming of peace when canons roar and bullets whine.

Wake up and take a squint at the world as it really is—in Belgium, Europe, and in Butte, Montana. B. E. N.

Sabotage is immoral because it destroys property. What about war?

Three cheers for the Hague Peace Congress. All together, now!

ONE BIG UNION IN LUMBER INDUSTRY

By W. H. Lewis
Logging Railroad Workers

The workers of the logging roads have, as a rule, held themselves aloof from the workers of other parts of lumber production.

The nature of their work is some measure responsible for their attitude. They are on a little higher wage than most of the others, and are in a way (excepting section workers) skilled workers.

The engine crews are looking forward to the time when they may obtain employment on a main line road, hence their seeming apathy when approached on the subject of Industrial Unionism. They are in some instances already members of the railroad unions, and, if not, expect to join when they have toiled the sufficient amount of time to be efficient slaves. None but skilled workers can join the railroad unions.

The engine and train crews are a small fraction of the workers of the lumber industry. The other workers are as essential (if not more so) to the production of lumber than they.

But all have the same economic interests: better working conditions in the form of more wages, shorter hours, better houses, purer food, etc. All work for the same employer. Logically, all should be in the same union, for the following reasons.

First, the object of the strike is to better the condition of the workers; to gain these better conditions it is necessary to stop production. Second, this cannot be done while some are at work scabbing on the others. Third, the greater number involved in a strike the greater the prospect of winning and the shorter will be the duration of the strike.

Inasmuch as all workers have interests in common, they must organize on the basis of this community of interests. Such an organization is the Industrial Union, whose motto is "An injury to one is an injury to all."

Now, what are the conditions under which the logging road workers toil? First, the tracks are not safe for a hand car, much less a locomotive without air and log cars without brakes.

Second, Long, uncertain hours.

Third, Many times engines have no head lights. Of course there may be a "law" against this practice, but it is never enforced until someone has been killed and then it is soon forgotten.

Fourth, The use of condemned boilers which at any moment may blow those near them into "Kingdom Come."

Fifth, Rotten grub, and not much of it.

Sixth, Unsafe tressels and other things too numerous to mention.

These conditions can be changed only by an organization strong enough to get the goods. An organization that will make and enforce its law on the job.

If the logging road workers do not make common cause with the other workers of the lumber industry, the day will come when these other workers will scab on them.

They are constantly looking forward to the time when they may get a better job.

The remedy for such scabbing is to make them feel they are scabbing.

Organized in craft unions they do not feel like scabs when they take the road man's job. Why? Because they are in different unions!

Organized in One Big Union they, belonging to the same union as the road man, will know they are scabs if they take his job. One Big Union is the logical weapon of the working class. One Big Union will get the goods. One Big Union wins because it is organized in such a way as to win.

One Big Union in the lumber industry will increase wages 100 per cent by reducing profits 100 per cent.

One Big Union is the only way out. Thank it over!

TWAIN'S "WAR PRAYER"

Mark Twain pictures a regiment gathered in a church on the eve of departure for the front. The "War Prayer" is offered as follows:

"Oh, Lord, help us to tear the soldiers of the foe to bloody shreds with our shells; help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale forms of their patriot dead; help us to lay waste their humble homes with a hurricane of fire; help us to wring the hearts of their un-offending widows with unavailing grief; blast their hopes, blight lives, water their way with their tears."

It was recently said by a real estate shark that the I. W. W. was a menace to the Pacific Coast.

Make the I. W. W. a menace to the parasites of the world.

Workers, for freedom, look not to a leader.

DOINGS OF TRAITOR MOYER'S ALLIES

September 4—The Drama of Butte! Butte, the big camp of the mining industry, has belched forth. Butte, the centre of the largest prostitution district of any city in the world of its size. Butte, the city of at least five funerals a day, miners worked out, blinded, maimed, and killed, by that black scourge—Capitalism.

The Anaconda Copper Mining Company, with the help of the traitors, and misleaders of the Western Federation of Miners, and under the watchful eyes, and ominous barrels of guns, is trying to bring the miners to their knees, and the old card system.

The miners rebelled and started a new union, known as the Butte Mine Workers' Union, and enrolled 9600 men, under an industrial preamble and a militant constitution, and started to visit the mines at the starting of a shift; those not belonging to the union, were given a chance to do so and upon refusal were ushered out of town, but the Parrot mine, owned by the A. C. Mining Co., still held on to the old, fossilized system of card rustling, and here is where the A. C. M. Co. saw a way of creating prejudice, involving the State and bringing in the yellowleg thugs, called militia.

On Sunday morning at 1:32 o'clock, the employment office of the Parrot mine was "wrecked," special care being taken that only the door and some cheap office fixtures were demolished, the foundation, walls and roof are intact; care was also taken that the watchman, 73 years old, should be up near the Original mine, so he could blow the mine whistle there; at 1:34 o'clock the whistle blew. I would like to ask the mine company how a man 73 could travel three-fourths of a mile in two minutes? And another question, how could "Bull" Con F. Kelly, vice-president of the A. C. M. Co., get out of bed, view the ruins, make an inventory, give the same to the subsidized newspapers of three cities, and have the regular issue of the same papers, not "extras," out at 2:15 o'clock in the hands of newsies on the streets of Butte? "Bull Con" Kelly, please tell us how you done it!

After the militia had taken charge of the court house, city hall and other spots of injustice, they started to censor the news, and gave a full report to all newspapers, telling them how and when and why they were there, to "protect property" and "life" and the "integrity of the community," and "other things." What does that mean?

They visited the B. M. W. U. headquarters while hunting for "Muckie" McDonald, Joe Bradley, president and vice-president of the union, and, while there, arrested four men, all of whom have been charged with carrying guns, one of these men, Ed Ross, is an I. W. W.

Thursday morning at 2:30 a. m., the militia knocked on the door of the Propaganda League of the I. W. W., and arrested seven members, who were given a court martial in all military gravity, in front of a pious legalized murder, Major Root, charged with "vagrancy," given a kangaroo trial, and then ordered from town.

Then comes a brief outline of our Provost Marshall, no other than Frank Conley, the warden of the Deer Lodge State Penitentiary, who hates an I. W. W., like rat-poison; he has ousted "Booker" the socialist city judge, has taken charge of the entire police and city force, and has patriotically and reverently raised, "Old Glory," over the city hall.

Today, the entire socialist administration, is over in Helena, the capital, appealing to Governor Stewart, to put them back in power in Butte.

Permits have to be asked for from this man, Conley, to hold a business meeting, in your own hall. The reason he is so prejudiced is that some men who were employed installing electric line poles on the Milwaukee Railroad saw fit to strike right in Conley's penitentiary town and had guts and red blood enough to make Conley like it after he went in cahoots with the Miwauksee to drive all the pesky strikers out of town, which he could not make stick, for the men are still camped there and beat Conley at his own game; this is the type of a man (?) they have in Butte as Provost Marshal.

Root, the Major and Judge Advocate, is the military and political mameluke of the interests connected with "Bull" Con F. Kelly, and the Anaconda Copper Mining Company and will stop at nothing.

Today, Friday 4th, "Muckie" McDonald and Joe Bradley have not yet been taken, but, as they were officials of the union, they will be charged with anything from murder to vagrancy.

Over all this serene gathering of imbeciles and legal murders, looking after their "spiritual welfare," and blessing and holding high-mass over any murder they, the militia, may commit, is the state chaplain of the Knights of Columbus, and chaplain for the militia, the "Right Reverend Father" McMullen.—Spike.

REDBEARD-ISMS

This age of ours wants men above all things—"men of spirit"—men ever ready to look into the eyes of death, without winking. Behold! Post up this new proclamation: "The man who made justice was a liar."

The principles that govern a "hold-up" are the self-same principles that govern government. No government on earth rests on the consent of the governed.

Verily! Verily! A new nobility shall be born unto thee, O America! A breed of terrible commanders! of grim destroyers! A nobility unpurchasable with the minted tokens of money-changers—a nobility of valor, of power and of might—a nobility honorable, clear-sighted, clean-skinned, unconquerable!

When not thwarted by artificial contrivances, whatever argument nature promulgates is—right. The farther man gets away from nature, the farther he departs from right.

"Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden," and those who obey are sure of—hell.

Even as I write (1890-1896)—with wrecked civilizations lying around me, cold and chill—outraged nature is preparing her whirlblasts of wholesale avengements. Europe is a vast powder magazine, with a strident maniac in the middle waving a burning torch; and from Asia is wafted the odorous stench of plague-smitten billions. Any day, and hour, "civilization" may be startled from its hypnotic trance, to gaze upon the mightiest drama that has ever been unrolled when "the tempest flings out its banner of lightning," and great nations groan, and reel, and surge, and rock, beneath the thunderous tread of trampling legions, drilling for the savage shock. Military arsenals are preparing in every city, and floating defiantly on seven seas are the steel-clad fortresses of rival might. Foolish and blind (or mad) are they who think the struggle for existence ended. It is only begun. This planet is in its infancy, not in its decrepitude. The "end of all things" is afar off. The kingdom of heaven is not at hand.

Alas! Alas! O Gallilean! Thou art neither the way, the truth, nor the light!

(If you would like to read more of Redbeard's sayings, send us one dollar and we will send you The Voice for 40 weeks and a copy of his truly great book, Might Is Right.)

SAYS A REBEL

All must pull for the common good. If a coyote goes into a bunch of cattle and bites a calf, there is no referendum or other complicated machinery to grease and crank, but every one of the bunch that hears that calf bawl will come running.

That is class consciousness, and that is the first need. The next need is a paper that will make the bawl carry to the limits of the bunch.

War is more unreasonable than it used to be. There was a time when it was easier for a people to steal a living in other lands than to stay at home and work for it. It is not so now. Modern wars are nothing but quarrels between exploiters.

The money-changers won't go to war and get killed, but some of their most loyal slaves will.

Industrialism—The economic expression of an ever-growing mass who, having nothing to lose, are not afraid of the fire.

The doctrine of "Identity of Interests"—Trying to mix oil and water.

The impossible—Harmonizing master class and working class ethics.

Socialism—Vote for me.

Sabotage—Putting overalls on the boss.

NOW IS THE TIME

TO READ B. E. NILSSON'S PAMPHLET

"Political Socialism Capturing the Government."

It will be sold to Locals and speakers at \$2.50 per hundred copies, postage prepaid, as long as they last. Single copies five cents. Profits made on orders sent direct to us will go to the maintenance of The Voice. "Capturing the Government" gives a pretty clear idea of why the political socialists are now fighting so fervently for their "Fatherlands" in Europe. Read it before your "Fatherland" calls you to arms, then you won't be fool enough to respond.