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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. 42.

PORTLAND, OREGON, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1914

MIGHT IS RIGHT



THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST
—Reproduced from the Journal.

AT THE FRONT

It is a noteworthy fact that of the men selected to redeem Butte, three men stand out prominently, the sacred trinity, as it were. Another rises into view momentarily but will fade from sight quickly, not being a real honest to God's missionary like his three superiors.

The Trinity are Donohue, Root and Conley. The lackey to whom reference was made is John Berkin, acting sheriff, usually Knight of the Chamber of Con Kelly. These Evangelists to whom has been delegated the task of purifying Butte of iniquities far worse than those of ancient Sodom and Gomorrah are actuated by motives as great as those which led the prelates of other days to torture and maim thousands of infidels.

In those days and today the object was and is to make the infidel bow to the boss. No scruples which might impair their usefulness in this high crusade they are engaged in, are felt by these apostles of light.

A single lofty ideal unites them; a sacred zeal to crush all opposition to Company rule inspires them at all times.

Let us first consider Donohue, head of the Trinity and Major of Militia. His is a martial spirit and his ancestors were all fighting men. He is descended from the Irish Kings of Kill Boes at whose castle of I Want War it was always possible to see the head of the family engaged in quelling insurrections, domestic or otherwise.

Daniel early manifested a capacity to endure unmoved the sight of barrels of blood and could always be found nearby when his father killed the annual pig which was to supply them with meat until the next killing.

The future Savior of Liberty soon found that he must find a vent for his enthusiasm to cut and thrust and so studied surgery. Later he became a horse doctor and still later a dentist—always later. Soon finding the limits of his native hand too cramped, Daniel set sail for Glendive and soon after landing he introduced the famous Donegal Military Bill in the State Legislature, where it was passed midst martial music and the clank of Dan's broadsword.

When that terrible cataclysmic outburst occurred in Butte no other man could be considered to lead the forces of outraged Justice? General Von Klueck ran second to Dauntless Dan of Donegal. Every drop of his blood cried out at the insult to the flag of his country, the beautiful harp set in a green field, and he swore by the whiskers of Brian Born to avenge that insult if it took him sixty days.

He set forth at the head of his trusty cohorts and rode into Butte ere he sun had set, and his eyes they were gleaming with furious light. His men he deployed round the top of a hill, his cannons at hand should the enemy come.

Next day he moved down to the court house and sternly he took it in hand, his men he disposed on the floors, in the rooms, in the halls, on the roof, in the basement. His guard lines

(Continued on last page)

NEWS FROM BUTTE

It is now quite evident to all those who are in on the "know" that the recent so-called jail break in which Sheriff Berkin estimates that nine prisoners escaped, was nothing more nor less than a "trap."

In the hope that McDonald, Bradley, Evans, Ross and Malone, would take advantage of the situation and try to escape, soldiers were stationed at advantageous point with instructions to shoot to kill any or all of these should they so attempt.

Having failed in this they became even more brazen and the officer in charge was heard giving orders to the effect that should either of the aforementioned prisoners show himself at his window he was to be shot, and a squad of soldiers were placed in the yard to carry out these orders.

Fortunately these orders were overheard and the men were cautioned in time to avert a tragedy.

That the "Butte Miner" had advance information concerning this plot seems quite reasonable in view of the fact in the Sunday issue, Oct. 18, under large flaming headlines they attempted to prepare the public mind for what was about to occur.

Captain Morse, a fourth rate pug and would-be bad man, was heard to make the remark early last week, "That he would like to shoot the cans off that bunch" meaning the members of the Mine Workers' Union now in the jail. He has been drunk for a week, and on Wednesday, Oct. 24, tried to make good his threats by firing four shots through the window of a cell occupied by some of these men. He was not successful, however, in "getting" anyone on this occasion, due, no doubt to the fact that the orgy from which he had not fully recovered had impaired his usefulness as a "sniper".

Again on Sunday evening, Oct. 25, because the boys were singing and did not obey the order given by this scum that they "can it", he and other paid assassins fired more than thirty shots through the windows, the company sheets claiming there were only four (?) shots fired.

CLINE JURY DISAGREES

Two Lives Saved in the Rangle-Cline Cases
Three of the four principal Rangle-Cline cases have now been tried and no death penalty has been pronounced.

At the special term of the court in September, Charles Cline was tried. Instead of the rapid work which marked the earlier trials, the jury in the Cline case was out seventy-six-and-a-half hours and finally disagreed.

The beliefs and labor affiliations of the defendant were injected into the case, giving the attorneys for the defense an opportunity to make what is said to have been the first fight in court for labor which has occurred in San Antonio. It is said that the jury at no time stood for the death penalty.

The trials of Cisneros and Alzalde followed at once in the regular session. It was understood that the death penalty would also be asked for these two. Instead, Cisneros was given a life sentence of 99 years, and Alzalde but 15 years. If the activities of the defense committee have saved the lives of these two men they have certainly justified themselves.

Rangel will be tried later. If the comrades in the movement will make it possible, by contributing funds, the Rangle-Cline Defense Committee proposes to appeal the cases and do all that is possible to secure the ultimate freedom of the prisoners. The attorneys for the defense believe it possible to quash the whole indictment because of the illegality of a prosecuting witness being a member of the indicting grand jury.

District Attorney Linden fought fair, as the rules of capitalist courts go, and altogether the outlook is improved. The San Antonio

Ed Evans was struck in the leg by a glancing bullet, but as no one was permitted to see him today we have no idea as to the extent of his injury.

Fellow-worker Carey was struck by a piece of flying glass and slightly cut.

That Major Donohue knew of this dastardly plot to murder these men and refused to be a party to it accounts in a measure for his being absent at this time and also in Captain Sargent's reluctance in assuming command.

Sheriff Berkin is quite busy these days deporting workingmen who happened to be poorly dressed and without money. Marshal Conley, not to be outdone, is picking up and running out of town those whom the sheriff happens to overlook.

Several members of the Mine Workers Union are being held in jail charged with the crime for the law and order sheriff and his Mine Workers to deport Company gun-men, scabs and stool-pigeons, why is it not also a crime for the law and order sheriff and his gang of hirelings to deport honest men whose only offence is in not having money.

How can the worker be expected to have any respect for the law when he knows from many bitter experiences that the law means one thing when the interest of the masters are assailed, and something else where his interests are concerned?

One would think from the actions of these usurpers of powers that the Constitution was an anarchist document, rather than the creation of the immortal Jefferson whom they pretend to revere.

There is no longer any such thing as "inalienable right to free speech and free assemblage", guaranteed to each and every person by the Constitution; and as to "the right of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness", this applies to the rich only.

If you, Mr. Worker, attempt to exercise any of those rights you are an anarchist and undesirable citizen, and you are either thrown in a vile hole called by courtesy a jail, shot down by murderous yellow-legs, company gun-men, or deported by a criminal sheriff and deputized thugs as in Butte, a-la-Berkin. B.

Socialists were keenly interested and helpful. The union labor officials there were delighted with the speeches for labor in court. Mrs. Ida Crouch Hazlett, Socialist soap-boxer, spoke for the prisoners on the San Antonio streets.

THE ROWAN-BARRET CASE

Rowan's case of vagrancy was heard Tuesday, the 27th inst., in the court of appeals at Athabasca Landing.

The case arose out of a discovery of murder made by accused last July. Upon reporting to headquarters of the mounted police, Rowan was arrested, charged with vagrancy, convicted and sentenced to six months' hard labor. It was against this decision that we appealed last Tuesday. After some heated argument the case was settled in favor of the appellant. Rowan is thus cleared of the vagrancy charge, but he still faces a more serious charge of murder. This latter case will probably be called in January or February next year. Meanwhile accused is being held at Fort Saskatchewan. E. W. Barret, the man who was also arrested in connection with the murder, has since his incarceration, become mentally deranged. Other measures will have to be taken in dealing with him. We are badly in need of funds to push the case through.

Address J. G. Gaveel, Secretary, I. W. W., 47 Fraser Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

"I'm sending my boy to preparatory school."

"What do they prepare him for?"

"Unless I'm mistaken, for running a fast auto, gambling and other forms of general incompetence."—Life.



WHAT, AGAIN?

—Reproduced from the Journal.

The above cartoon indicates what the master class wants you to believe about Mexico.

Read the article below and learn the facts.

MANIFESTO TO MEXICANS

Issued by Emiliano Zapata and Signed by Him and Thirty-five Officers, August, 1914

The revolutionary movement has attained its zenith and it is, therefore, time for the country to know the truth.

The existing revolution has not made itself for the sake of satisfying the interests of any one personality, of any one group or of any one party. The existing revolution recognizes that its origins lie deeper and it is pursuing higher finalities.

The peasant was hungry, was enduring misery, was suffering from exploitation, and if he rose in arms it was to obtain the bread which the greed of the rich denied him; to make himself master of the land which the egoistic landed-proprietor kept for himself; to vindicate the dignity which the slave-driver trampled on daily. He threw himself into revolt, not to conquer any political rights, which do not feed him, but to procure for himself the piece of land which must supply him with food and liberty, a happy fireside and a future of independence and growth.

They make a lamentable mistake who suppose that the establishment of a military government, that is to say, a despotic government, will insure the pacification of the country. It can be obtained only by the realization of the double operation of reducing to impotence the elements of the ancient regime, and by the creation of new interests linked inextricably with the revolution, solidaric with it, in danger if it is in danger and prosperous if it becomes established and consolidated.

The first task, that of making it impossible for the reactionary group to be any longer a danger, is carried out by two different methods; by the exemplary punishment of the chiefs, of the great criminals, of the intellectual directors and active elements of the conservative faction, and by attacking the pecuniary resources they employ to work up intrigues and provoke revolutions; that is to say, by the subdivision of the properties of the hacienda owners and politicians who have put themselves at the front of the organized resistance to the popular movement which began in 1910 and has attained its crowning point in 1914, after living through the gallows of Ciudad Juarez and the reactionary crisis of the Ciudadola, the tragedy which the Huerta dictatorship let loose.

This subdivision is facilitated by the circumstance that the greater part, not to say the whole, of the cultivable lands to be nationalized represents interests created under the shadow of the Porfirio Diaz dictatorship, to the

(Continued on last page)

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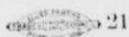
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CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS.



Wm. E. Bohn, in his "international notes" in the International Socialist Review, attempts to defend the European "Comrades."

"The Socialists did not stop the war. But no one had a right to expect them to do so. In all countries except Germany they constitute a rather small minority."

That seems to imply that Socialists are powerless to stop a war unless they are in the majority. I certainly don't agree with that. I believe that a small minority—even as small a minority as the regular members of the Socialist parties in the countries which are now at war—could prevent a war. That, however, is a matter on which opinions may differ.

But the Socialists need not have voted for war budgets; they need not have been in quite so big a hurry to join the armies; they need not have done recruiting service for the armies—and without pay; and they need not have made such enthusiastic pleas in defense of their countries.

Bohn concedes that "When the time came to vote on the war budget the Socialist Group in the (German) Reichstag went wrong. Of the 112 members of the group, 80 attended the caucus at which this action was determined upon. A strong minority was opposed to it."

That establishes the status of German Socialism. That caucus had to decide whether to stand by International Socialism or to stand by the German Kaiser. The majority voted in favor of the Kaiser.

The minority had to decide if they should uphold the interests of the Workers, or uphold the party discipline—and they choose party discipline. Which, to my mind, damns the whole bunch of them.

I don't want to waste too much time and ink on these "Socialist Leaders." There are more important phases of these matters. That is, the lessons which the workers may learn from this calamity.

Lesson No. 1—The revolution will not be started in the Reichstag.

If you know of any rattlebrained windbag in the revolutionary movement you may as well send him to the Reichstag, where he will be out of harm's way. But keep the real men out of there. You may need them.

Lesson No. 2—Measured in terms of human lives and in suffering, revolution is cheaper than war. Those patriotic comrades would have saved themselves the agonies of the battlefield, if they had lined themselves up against a wall in their home town and waited for the firing squad.

Lesson No. 3—Rebellion can not be lead by a "strong machine."

Both the Socialist Party and the labor unions in Germany are very strongly centralized. The rank and file only moves where their "machine" leads.

The members never learned self-reliance, they were not allowed to learn self-reliance. They depended on the "machine" to do their thinking. When the crisis came the "machines" had quit thinking; the leaders had deserted. And the rank and file were helpless, because they were not accustomed to think for themselves.

The great crime of those prominent Socialists was not their utter failure in a crisis; their really great and unpardonable crime was in teaching the workers to depend on them, both as individuals and as an organized machine. This is as true of the Unions as of the Party.

On July 25, 1914, at a secret conference in Brussels, Joubaux, secretary of the C. G. T., met Carl Legien, secretary of the International Trade Union Movement (and also secretary of the German trade union movement) in the presence of M. Mertens, secretary of the Belgian Synd. Comm., and M. Dumoulin.

Joubaux asked Carl Legien these two questions:

"What do you intend to do in order to avoid the war which is now brewing?"

"Have you decided to act?"

Carl Legien made no answer to either question.

Joubaux: "For our part, we are ready to respond to your appeal, or to act in conjunction with you, should you decide."

Translated from La Bataille Syndicaliste, by Eug. Krauss.

The above shows that the C. G. T. was at least trying to induce the International Trade Union Movement to take some action to prevent the war.

It also shows that the German Unions were not prepared to co-operate with the C. G. T. It was quite in order for Joubaux to ask Carl Legien for instructions. It was up to Carl Legien to take the initiative.

Yet I should have expected something more from the C. G. T. I should have expected it to decide upon its own plan of action, and to present that plan of action to the International Trade Unions, saying, "This is what we propose to do. What will you do? Will you co-operate with us? Or have you any better plan of action to offer?"

That would have been in keeping with the revolutionary agitation of the C. G. T. But then, the C. G. T. probably knew that it would get no co-operation from the German Unions.

The phrase "I told you so," is in bad repute, but there are times when it is in order.

In 1911, at the time when we made that misguided effort to affiliate with that International Trade Union Movement, I wrote something like this in an article in Solidarity.

"The C. G. T. believes in revolutionary unionism, yet it has affiliated with the conservative political unions of Germany and other countries, which are doing their best to stifle revolutionary unionism in their respective countries. The C. G. T. is thereby placed squarely on the back of the real revolutionary unions—while devoutly wishing they would grow."

Of course I was wrong. Everybody told me I was wrong.

But, what has the C. G. T. ever gained by being hooked up with that International Trade Union Movement? What results have been obtained by the C. G. T.'s boring in that great Social-Democratic corral of voting cattle?

Carl Legien's silence is a very eloquent answer.

Recognition by the comparatively powerful C. G. T. would have meant life and growth to the struggling revolutionary unions in Germany and in other countries. It would have meant co-operation between real revolutionists in all countries. Such co-operation might well have turned a war between Nations into a war between Classes.

At any rate, it would not have left the anti-military element without efficient leadership. Moral: Don't worship numbers.

DE KIDDER, LA.

Livingston, one and a half miles from here, had a mass meeting of the negroes last night, called by the bosses. The negroes were all advised to trade with (Us) the company, and not at De Ridder, as the company sold as cheap as they could afford; and gave them work. The speakers also told the negroes (it was a meeting just for negroes and bosses) that this was a time when (we) want you to stick to (us) and (we) will stick to you.

Just had a report that Langrille laid off 100 men, Fullerton 125, and that Elizabeth will run four days a week with one crew, and four nights with another crew.

Nearly all mills in this section have cut wages 10 to 15 per cent and are working part time or intend to soon.

Strong, able bodied men are on the bum and can't do better. Yours to win,

W. E. H.

LUDLOW

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This booklet contains a forceful portrayal of the Ludlow Massacre, which entitles the author to a place in the first rank of dramatic writers. Sample copy 25 cents. Price for larger quantities will be announced in next issue.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE,
309 Davis St., Portland, Ore.

Since the war began the sanest occurrence was the destruction of 5,000 German soldiers by German soldiers.

PRISONER'S LETTER

Butte, Mont., Oct. 25, 1914.

I feel that it is my duty to acquaint the public with the frightful conditions which we have to put up with under Sheriff Berkin's regime. Realizing the penalties I may have to pay while at the mercy of this inhuman monster Berkin has proved himself to be, for voicing these truths, I am willing to go before a notary public and swear to the following facts: Twenty-seven men were locked up in one corridor containing four cells each 6x8 feet in diameter. Some of us were refused blankets. Upon calling the attention of the jailer to this unbearable condition, we were threatened with the dungeon. The fireman let's the steam die out every night, we assume at the behest of the higher-ups who no doubt think we will contract pneumonia and die, thereby saving them many thousand dollars which we believe they will have to pay us for false imprisonment and unlawful convictions. We get two meals per day consisting of, in the morning, one-fourth loaf of bread, mush, mutton stew, and black coffee. At 2 P. M. we get a small piece of meat which smells to high heaven, something called soup, a small piece of bread with either rice or beans, a pie plate and tea. No. 1 corridor is supposed to be set aside for dope fiends. One or two of these fiends are allowed to go out with our money to secure morphine for as many as 15 men. How they secure this dope, which is expensive, I will leave to the sheriff to answer. One of these men who is charged with robbery was allowed to go several days ago. Upon another occasion when he wished to go out, Captain Morse asked him what he was charged with and upon being informed he hesitated about letting him go. The sheriff no doubt felt he wouldn't come back and told him of his capabilities. This man was recommended to the officials as a good one to bring home the bacon. He was turned loose by Driscoll and failed to return. Before the troops arrived these unfortunates were only able to secure dope with the few pennies their comrades had in their possession when arrested, or as previously stated. But under the Berkin regime there is more efficiency as it were. Men who are not addicted to any drugs, mostly foreigners, who have money when arrested, are herded in this corridor with these wrecks. After thoroughly searching these individuals and failing to find any money on them, the jailer is asked how much money the victim has in the sheriff's care. The man is then compelled under threat of punishment to sign an order on the sheriff to turn over as much as \$5.00 to corridor No. 1 for the purpose of buying dope. When these snow-heads are in a pleasant frame of mind, due to an unusually large and prosperous number of victims, those who are not addicted are invited to join them in the use of the drug.

I claim if Berkin allows the present state of affairs to continue in the county jail, Butte will soon be over-run with dope fiends. I suggest that instead of trying to scare timid people with the I. W. W. bogymen, chasing working men out of town and trying to make believe that every man unfortunate enough to be out of work is an awful (?) I. W. W. that he apply some of his cleverness to the duties which the taxpayers are paying good money for.

FINANCIAL WRITERS

Some time there will be a day of reckoning for financial writers when they will have to come forward and justify their existence. It is a very serious matter to keep on covering acres and acres of good white paper to no apparent purpose.

Is it the sincere intention of financial writers to bring clarity into the fiscal field? If so, why doesn't one pop up here and there who is able to carry out this intention? Or is it their aim to perpetuate our confusion upon this polyhedral question? This is the most obtrusive suspicion, but why should they wish to confuse us? To whose interest could it be to have us in darkness? Woe unto you, financial scribes, if you are still so foggy when the great day comes.—Life.

AN INAUSPICIOUS PERIOD

The reports that crime is increasing on account of the war would seem to illustrate one of those eccentricities of human nature for which there is no accounting.

We beg those who have in mind any large crimes to wait until peace is declared and we have settled down into the usual routine. Then the newspapers can advertise the perpetrators properly and do justice to the crime.—Life.

NEWS WANTED.

Don't forget that members and other workers want to know what is happening in your part of the country. Send us the latest news about things that concern the workers.

HOW MUCH CAME TRUE?

By Wilby Heard

To you who have toiled since your childhood day,
And visioned sweet dreams in the far away,
And hoped that your labor so earnestly sewed
Would yield in your noontide a rich harvest load;

You figured returns as all planters do—
Now tell me, how much of it ever came true?
You dreamed as you toiled of the sweet scented wood

Of the warbling bird and the dove that cooed,
You longed for the streams and flowers aglow,
And the skies of blue with their clouds of snow,

You longed to enjoy them as all children do—
Now tell me, how much of it ever came true?

And then as you waned into later years,
You could have vowed you'd avoid bitter tears,

You felt in your bones Love's blossoming force;

Planned to sail smooth o'er its life filling course,

New dreams then awoke as Love's visions do—
Now tell me, how much of it ever came true?

You labored and trusted, faithfully prayed
The God of your sires beseeching his aid.

You gave to your master your brain and your hand

In hope that some day together you'd stand,
But you drifted apart, all opposites do—

Now tell me, how much of your prayers came true?

You labored and thirsted, hungered and sought,

While your masters did maw all that you wrought.

Your God never answered pleading proved vain,

The thieves have the riches you have the chain.

But still you slave on as all good slaves do—
Now tell me, you wage slave, say, isn't this true?

The forest, the bird, the dove and the streams,
The flowers, the skies, and the clouds of your dreams,

The love of your youth, and the visions it bore
Are still within reach, and waiting in store

For those who'll rebel, who'll dare and who'll do—
Just try it you toiler, you'll find this is TRUE.

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.

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NEW REVIEW

80 Fifth Avenue, New York

WANT JOB? GO TO IMPERIAL VALLEY AND PICK COTTON

2000 Laborers Needed to Help Harvest Record Southern California Crop

"Wanted—Cotton pickers for the Imperial Valley."

The Southern Pacific Company has received this call from the California cotton fields, where a record crop is now being harvested, and all agents in this locality have received instructions to assist in securing enough cotton pickers for the Imperial Valley.

According to the information received at the local railway offices, fully 2000 laborers are needed in the various sections of the valley.

The cotton crop of the Imperial Valley is estimated at conservatively 60,000 bales. This means that approximately \$210,000 will be expended for labor in the harvesting of the cotton.

The above clipping was taken from the Los Angeles Examiner, October 27th. It shows how the city fathers are trying to keep the slaves on the move. The truth is there are more men there than there is work for, at the price of cotton picking, which is 75 cents per hundred weight. If you know anything about cotton in this valley you know that is starvation wages. There are more men in this valley hungry and broke than ever before, but they cannot see their way clear to pick cotton, wear out their clothes, and have nothing in the end. When the men get through one place they cannot get their money. If they have anything coming, they must take it out in groceries. The banks will not let the grower have any money to harvest his crops with. So where does the wage slave get his?

Yours for the O. B. U.
Members of the Brawley Local.

THE UNEMPLOYED

The unemployed situation, especially on the Pacific Coast, developed with a rapidity that was surprising last winter.

Though unprepared to meet the emergency, the I. W. W. assumed, especially in the big centers, control or at least a dominant influence. The sentiment of the men in the several unemployed armies was strongly pro-I. W. W. Despite the I. W. W. influence on the personnel of the armies—and the armies themselves—the remarkable opportunity for education and organization work slipped by, no members being initiated except a few (very few) who joined on their own accord. Will it be the same old story this winter? Or will the membership pull themselves together long enough to carry on a campaign for new members that promises to give the control of the labor situation in the United States.

The ranks of the unemployed permeated with I. W. W. card men with a clear understanding of tactics and purpose, the I. W. W. locals operating as a machine to guide and back them up, the armies working as corps or divisions of the whole to back one another up in demands for necessities of life. Behind all—to finally eclipse all—an agitation for and a refusal to work more than eight hours a day. On our ability to influence the unemployed this winter depends to a great extent our ability to lead them in an eight-hour strike. Our influence among them this winter depends entirely on the campaign we carry on the next few weeks for members. The spirit of Spokane and Fresno, Lawrence and Patterson, to the rescue once more and the U. S. A. is due for the biggest time it has ever seen. James Rohn.

SWEET HOME NEWS

There is great rejoicing over the freedom of Carl Person among the I. W. W.'s and those who sympathize with the I. W. W., while the scabs hang their heads low to think that the masters of the money cannot always rule.

The Sweet Home bunch of scabs is scattered like sheep on the mountain and they can't get back to the flock since the great company went busted.

There have been found goat hides and other things, and it is all laid against the loafing wolves, as the citizens call the jobless scabs. All the scabs thought they had a lifetime job. But the job died—and the loafing wolves were born.

I guess when Lord Jim gets them all on the poor farm the loafing wolves will stop. Poor mutton heads—may they open their eyes some day. They are sure an object of pity when you see them anywhere away from home.

The union men are shouting for Carl Person and the victory won by the working class.

SOAP-BOXERS WANTED

A good soap-boxer—one who can speak on Industrial Unionism—is wanted in Stockton. Address, Phil McLaughlin, Box 845, Stockton, Cal.

Heredity and Environment as Relative Influences in the Development of the Criminal LECTURE BY

Clifford B. Ellis

10th AND YAMHILL LIBRARY HALL PORTLAND, OREGON
WEDNESDAY, NOV. 11

Being the second of a series of five lectures to be delivered on succeeding Wednesdays

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE VOICE

October 26-31, 1914

Receipts	
Bundle orders	\$28.00
Subscriptions	4.50
Donations	1.25
Political Socialism	2.50
Cash on hand October 26	1.60
Total	\$37.85
Expenses	
Oct. 26—M. O. to House of Gowrie	\$ 1.00
Oct. 26—Marsh Ptg. Co.	5.05
Oct. 29—Mailing issue No. 93	3.50
Oct. 29—Postage	1.70
Oct. 29—Express wagon	.50
Oct. 29—100 Pol. Soc.	1.50
Oct. 29—Express charge	.50
Oct. 31—B. E. Nilsson, wages	8.00
Total	\$21.75
Cash on hand October 31	16.10
Amount Due Marsh Ptg. Co.:	
Bal due October 24	\$62.85
By 3000 No. 93	30.60
By mailing list	1.75
Total	\$95.10
Paid during week	5.05
Balance due October 31	\$90.05

GERMANY

By James Rohn

At the close of the Reformation, Germany, like England, had broken the absolutism of the Papacy. Unlike England, however, not having been effected as heavily as England by the "confiscation" of church property, nor having developed a merchant marine, could not play a part in the pillage of Spanish possessions. With no stimulant, the commercial spirit remained undeveloped till the middle of the nineteenth century.

Five hundred years of military history, of what is now Germany, reveals countless petty wars. The end of this epoch can be marked by the consolidation of the German states in 1834. The annexation of Schleswig-Holstein and persecution of the inhabitants followed. The addition of Alsace Lorraine and five billion francs from France in 1871 firmly established the bourgeoisie as competitors of England. The conquering of territory in Africa, and valuable concessions in China, the tremendous growth of factories at home necessitated a merchant marine, which in its turn, called into existence a navy to protect it.

The world's markets, not being extendable indefinitely, would be controlled by the nation best able to protect its merchant fleet. That point will be known at the close of the present war. What is and what is not of concern to the commercial class, fighting and scheming for their existence,—the right and wrong, the ethics involved,—the honesty and morality of the German capitalists was made evident by Wm. II. when he informed the world that a treaty is but a "scrap of paper."

One Fellow Worker sends in three subs and ends his letter as follows: "More subs will follow. Send me some sub blanks and I will do what I can. I don't want the Voice to go down; it is too good; and besides, we slaves need it. Keep at it. Everybody work for the Voice—we are working for ourselves and for freedom when we do."

That is a mighty good example to follow.

PATRICK BOYLE

Charles Boyle offers \$5.00 for the address of Patrick Boyle, who was last heard of at Renton, Wash., two months ago. Address Charles Boyle, General Delivery, Seattle, Wash.

Patriotism is in the saddle, powder and gun-makers are happy, royal degenerates are recouping their fortunes from the tip and bribes of war contractors.

THE PSEUDO DUKE

Sometime ago a smelterman
Paid a visit to our town,
He rustled round to get a job—
But as usual got turned down.
He racked his brain for some slick scheme
Whereby to get a feed,
Then happened on to Dick Kiljoy,
Who furnished this great need.
Assumed an English accent,
And of course poor Dickie fell;
If you listen just a little while,
This story I will tell:
He was a nobleman by birth
A nephew of an earl—
But traveling incog, doncherknow,
To escape society's whirl,
He came to purchase 'orses
For His Majesty, the King
And incidentally view the troops
Under Major Jesse's wing.
Then to the court house marched Kiljoy,
With his distinguished guest,
And introduced the officers
At his Highness's request.
"Twas "Captain" this, "Lieutenant" that,
And "Major, how do you do!"
"Delighted, chawmed," exclaimed the duke;
"They answered, "Same to you."
The Duke remarked, a finer group
Of men he'd never seen—
They'd make a splendid bodyguard
For Her Majesty, the Queen.
He says, "I cannot spare the time
To entertain you right,
But I'll give a little banquet
At the Leggatt Thursday night."
Kiljoy was then consulted
As to whom should be invited
In return for which th earl would see
That Dick Kiljoy was knighted.
This being the only nobleman
Whom Kiljoy had ever met,
He thought the guests should be
Selected from the most exclusive set.
Which was nothing more than natural
And I think that Dick was right
When he sent out invitations
For the blow-out Thursday night.
It must have been a stirring scene
When Major Jesse G.
Arose to toast a nobleman
Who came from o'er the sea.
The hospitality of the state
And county, too, I ween,
Were extended to His Highness—
A descendant of the Queen.
When the supper was all over
And the guests began to sing
Major Jesse took another shot
And toasted George, the King.
Of course it now was Jesse's turn
To entertain that earl
So he proposed that they should at
The golf links take a whirl.
The duke was quite an expert
At this most refreshing game,
But could not play at present
As his shoulder was quite lame:
While in India playing polo
His bally pony fell
And since that fatal day
His shoulder hasn't been quite well.
The pseudo duke has had his fun
At somebody's expense;
It makes the brother mucker laugh,
It's certainly immense
To think that one poor working stiff
With nothing left but wit
Could entertain the upper ten—
And make them pay for it.
The Duke has been sojourning
In the county jail,—a vag
Because he broke his shoulder
Wheeling out a load of slag.
But the best part of this joke
Did hit the high brows hard
For sewed inside his shirt he had
A paid-up wobbly card.

DUBLIN-DAN LISTON.

The craziest feature of the war is the arrival of the Red Cross at the battlefields.

EFFICIENCY

Gillettes hand-book of Cost Data contains the following rough definition of engineering: "Engineering is the art of doing that will with one dollar which any bungler can do with two dollars after a fashion."

The dollars in the above definition serve as a symbol and measure of energy.

All the accumulated knowledge of physics, mechanics, and engineering is really little else than an accumulation of accurate records.

It is the keeping of records that has developed industry, and made engineering an exact science.

Generally speaking, the industries in which the most accurate and complete records are kept are also the most highly developed; while industries in which record keeping is neglected, are proportionally out of date in every other respect.

A complete record (or cost) keeping system includes everything that has any bearing on the cost of production, and on the results of the time, money, and energy expended.

Cost keeping can be applied wherever energy is expended in order to produce results.

The value of cost keeping depends on:
1—How continuous and frequent the expenditure of energy is.

2—On the accuracy and completeness of the records.

3—On the correct entering of all the data obtained.

4—On the convenience of the filing system used.

The first step in cost keeping is record blanks, to be filled out by those who do the work (or by someone in close contact with them.)

The second step—which is not always necessary—is to transfer these data to more permanent or more convenient records.

The third step is to file all the data so that they are instantly available.

The difference between book-keeping and cost-keeping lies in the object in view. Book-keeping is used in order to discover how much money has been received and paid out, and if there has been received and paid out, and if transactions. Cost-keeping is used primarily for the purpose of discovering if all expenditures of money and time and energy have been judicious; whether they brought the results they ought to bring. Book-keeping tends towards honesty—cost-keeping towards efficiency.

The labor movement knows a little bit about book-keeping—at least the need of book-keeping is recognized by all labor unions. Cost-keeping is not known in the labor movement at all—no one seems to even dream that it could be of any use, nor have the faintest idea how cost-keeping could be applied in the activities of labor unions.

SCISSORBILL PHILOSOPHY

"This war in Europe had to come sooner or later and it is only proper that we should feed them while they are at it."

"We have a chance now to revive our merchant marine."

"This is the only country I have and I will not be dictated to by a lot of foreigners."

"You would have done the same in Colorado as Rockefeller did."

"The Butte Miners Union ruined the City of Butte." No use for me to comment on these things, because all readers of the Voice are thinkers.

We are a lot of insane disruptors anyway.
BILL SHEARS.

To make an Idol of a book,
Is poison for the brain;
A dying God upon a cross
Is reason gone insane.

The most hopeful thing of the war is that all the sincere patriots may be killed.

WAR IN EUROPE—WHY?

It's cause, and what it really means.
By James O'Neil.
Price 10 cents, postage paid; 100 copies, postage paid, \$5.00

This pamphlet, by a widely known writer on social science, treats of the War in Europe in a manner vastly different from writers in the capitalist press. Its economic interpretation is startlingly intense. The veil is torn from the Invisible Government behind the thrones. Appeals to every type of reader, wage worker, student, scholar.

Address, James O'Neil, Box 28, Station C, Los Angeles, California. (X99)

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MANIFESTO TO MEXICANS

(Continued from first page)

grave injury to the rights of a multitude of natives, small proprietors and victims of all kinds, who were sacrificed brutally on the altars of the ambitions of the powerful.

The second task, that of creating powerful interests akin to the revolution and in solidarity with it, will be brought to happy conclusion when the natives, individually and in their communities, receive back the innumerable tracts of which they have been despoiled by the great landowners; and this great act of justice receives its complement, out of consideration for those who have nothing and have had nothing, in the proportional repatriation of the lands given to the dictator's accomplices or expropriated from the idle proprietors who do not choose to cultivate their heritages. Thus there will be satisfied both the human demand for land and that appetite for liberty which is making itself felt throughout the Republic as the formidable reply to that savagery of the hacienda owners which has maintained, even in the twentieth century and in the heart of free America, a system which the most unfortunate serfs of the Middle Ages in Europe would hardly have endured.

The Plan of Ayala, which translates and incarnates the peasants' ideals, satisfies both terms of the problems, for, while it treats the sworn enemies of the people as they deserve to be treated, reducing them by expropriation to impotence and innocuousness, it establishes, in articles 6 and 7, the two great principles of the return of stolen lands (an act of imperious justice) and the splitting-up of the expropriated cultivable lands (an act required alike by justice and expediency.)

To take away from the enemy the means of doing damage, was the wise tactic of the reformers of 1857, at the time when they despoiled the clergy of its immense possessions, which it used solely for the purpose of plotting conspiracies and keeping the country in perpetual disorder through those military uprisings which bear so striking a resemblance to the last barrack outbreak, which also was the fruit of an understanding between the military and the reactionists.

As for the reconstructive work of the Revolution, the formation of a nucleus of interests which shall support the new order, this was the task of the French Revolution, which for faithful results has not had its equal up to the present day; for it divided among tens of thousands of humble peasants the vast estates of the nobles and clergy, and made the multitude thus favored such vigorous adherents of the revolution's work that not even Napoleon, with all his genius, nor the Bourbons, with their aristocratic intransigence, were ever able to root it out of the French nation's physical and spiritual life.

It is certain that the deluded believe that the country is going to be contented (as it was not contented in 1910) with an electoral pantomime, from which are to arise new and apparently honest men who are to occupy the curule chairs; the seats in the legislature and the President's lofty throne; but they who judge the matter thus appear to ignore the fact that the country has reaped, during the crisis of the last few years, a harvest of lessons it never can forget, which will not permit it to lose its road, and has acquired a profound understanding of the causes of its ill-being and of the way to combat them.

We may be sure that the country will not be satisfied with the timid reforms sketched so ingenuously by the lawyer, D. Isidor Fabela, Minister of Relations in the Carranza government and a man who is a revolutionist only in name, since he neither understands nor sympathizes with the Revolution's ideals. The country will not be contented with the mere abolition of pluck me stores, if exploitation and fraud are to exist under other forms; it will not be satisfied with municipal liberties, exceedingly problematical as they are, while the basis of economic independence is still lacking; and still less will it be possible to wheedle it with a petty program of reforms in the law dealing with land taxes, when what is urged is the radical solution of the problem relating to the cultivation of the lands.

The country wants something more than the vaguenesses of Sr. Esbela, which the silence of Sr. Carranza is indorsing. It wishes to break, once and for all, with the feudal epoch, which is now an anachronism. It wishes to destroy with one stroke the relationship of lord and serf, overseer and slave, which, in the matter of agriculture, are the only ones which rule, from Tamulipas to Chiaspas and from Sonora to Yucatan.

The country people wish to live the life of civilization; to breath the air of economic liberty, which as yet they have not known; and this they never can do while there still remains afoot the traditional lord of the scaffold and the knife, who disposes at whim of the persons

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of his laborers; an extorter of wages who annihilates them with excessive tasks, brutalizes them by misery and ill-treatment, and dwarfs and exhausts his race by the slow agony of slavery and the enforced withering of human beings whose stomachs and empty brains are ever hungry.

First a military and then a parliamentary government, with administrative reforms, in order that the reorganization may endure; an ideal purity in the management of the public funds, official responsibilities scrupulously exacted; liberty of the press, for those who do not know how to write; liberty to vote, for those to whom the candidates are unknown; correct administration of justice, for those who will never employ a lawyer—all these democratic prettinesses, all these fine words, in which our grandfathers and fathers took such delight, have lost today their magic attraction and significance to the people. The people have seen that with elections and without them; with suffrage and without it; with the dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz and the democracy of Madero; with the press gagged and with the press given the fullest liberty—always and in all circumstances it has still to chew the end of its bitter lot, to endure its miseries and to swallow humiliations that know no end. For this reason, and with abundantly good cause, it fears that the liberators of today may prove themselves like the leaders of yesterday, who whittled down their beautiful radicalism at Ciudad Juarez and in the National Palace forgot all about their seductive promises.

Therefore the Agrarian Revolution, distrustful chiefs who are looking for their own triumph, has adopted, as a precaution and as a guarantee, the most just rule that the revolutionary leaders of all the country shall be the ones to choose the first magistrate as Provisional President, charged with the duty of calling the elections; for it knows well that on the Provisional President depends the future of the Revolution and, along with that, the fate of the Republic.

What could be more just than that all those interested—the chiefs of the groups engaged in the fight, the representatives of the people in arms—should agree in the selection of the functionary in whose hands there must be placed the tabernacle of the Revolution's promises, the sacred ark of the people's aspirations? Why should the so-called Constitutionals fear the crucible of revolutionary revision or shrink from rendering tribute to the democratic principle that the candidate should be discussed freely by those interested?

Any other method of procedure will be not only disloyal but dangerous, for the Mexican people has shaken off its indifference, has recovered its courage and will not be the one to allow others to erect their own government on its back.

There is still time in which to reflect and avoid the conflict. If the Leader of the Constitutionals considers that he has the popularity necessary to stand the proof of its submission to a vote of the revolutionists, let him submit to it without vacillation; and if the Constitutionals truly love the people and understand what it demands, let them do homage to its sovereign will, accepting with sincerity and without reticences the Plan of Ayala—expropriation of the lands for the sake of public utility, expropriation of the property of the people's enemies, and restitution to the towns and communities of the domains of which they have been despoiled.

If that is not done, they may rest assured that the agitation of the masses will continue; that the war will go on in Morelos, in Guerrero, in Puebla, in Oaxaca, in Mexico, in Tlaxcala, in Michoacan, in Hidalgo, in Guanajuato, in San Luis Potosi, in Tamaulipas, in Durango, in Zacatecas, in Chihuahua, wherever there are lands redivided or to be redivided, and the great movement of the South, supported by all the country population of the Republic, will continue until, conquering all opposition and combating all resistance, it finally shall have snatched, by the powder-blackened hands of its warriors, the lands which its false liberators have undertaken to keep from it.

The Agrarian Revolution, Calumniated by the enemy's press, unrecognized by Europe, understood with sufficient exactitude by the diplomacy of North America and viewed with little interest by its sister nations of South America, lifts on high the banner of its ideals, that those who have been deceived may see it, and that it may be contemplated by the egoists and the perverse, by those who deafen their ears to the lamentations of the suffering people, to the cries of mothers who have lost their sons and to the enraged shouts of the strugglers—the strugglers who do not wish to see, and who will not see, the destruction of their aspirations for liberty and their glorious dreams of redemption for their people.

AT THE FRONT

(Continued from first page)

extended two blocks either way, his sentrys with rifles thrust forward awaited his order to fire on the crowd of rebellious women and children who lingered and laughed at the antics of amateur soldiers new to the city.

Every dough-boy that day felt safer by far with a park of machine guns around them. But Daniel the hero, felt no such depression as he rode through the town on Con Kelly's Stallion. He bravely backed Conley when Maury was dragged in a hurry to be put on the grill and roasted piece-meal. He doped up his soldiers whenever they fell ill, and bathed them with hoses inspite of themselves. He taught them to shave and strangely enough, they slowly began to take on human characteristics. We will leave Daniel at ease and turn for relief to his partner, "The Liar From Butte."

Right by Dan's side during this terrible crisis is one who was born for the position he holds—either that or Chief Jester in some musical comedy.

He is the author of that little gem "A Hop-Head's Dream of Heaven," which enjoyed a great vogue in the two Military Courts while they lasted. This ballad was also chanted once in the State Supreme Court, but Jesse had such a cold that he could not sing to form, and the Judges could not give him the credit he deserves.

Jesse Root is this missionary's name, called variously Jesse The Evenger, Our Hero, Our Saviour and characterized by Theodore Roosevelt as That Liar From Butte.

Taking all things into consideration Theodore calls the turn brilliantly. There are better liars, there are more forceful liars, but for good earnest downright willingness no liar in Montana has it on Jesse. It is hinted that Jesse is a lawyer, but it can't be true, as several prominent lawyers have threatened to sue anyone who casts such an aspersion upon the Silver Bow Bar Association.

This heroic pay-triot has been a faithful follower of the Local Powers for many years. He comes out strong for lawanorder and no more inspiring sight has ever been seen in Butte than Jess imposing a sentence of ten years and 70 cents on some mucker who has "tanked up" too much.

Jesse is said to be very lenient to dope-fiends and inasmuch as it has been told around town that Jesse "hits the pipe" himself, reference is made to that old adage "Birds of a Feather."

But the tireless Avenger is not shown at his best unless seen in the act of persecuting some member of the New Union. Then does his matchless eloquence, his masterly oratorical ability, his silver-tongued fluency rise to its greatest climax as he thunders out: "This here man is an anarchist." "He is a menace to Sassiety and Democracy."

Jesse also loves the flowing bowl, he loves to look upon the wine when it is red or the Schlitz when it is amber, and consequently he is, to use a polite term, almost always "soused." Jesse, in short, is a wonderful example of just how contemptible a man can become when he devotes all his time to it and gets a good early start.

The next of our quartette of celebrities is one whose name will doubtless go down to posterity on a par with that of Columbus, Gyp The Blood, or Callahan The Bum. This relig-

ious hero's name is Frank Conley. He fills with distinction the offices of Warden of the State School for the Prevention of Cruelty or treason to the Company, Provost Marshal of Butte, Military Censor of Socialist Papers, Inspector of Letters and Agent Provocateur for the Company. And in addition to all that he is a fighter. Oh! My! Yes.

H. L. Maury, a Socialist lawyer, is looked upon with great disfavor by the Sacred Trinity, accordingly he was surrounded by seven militia-men and haled into Conly's presence. After noting that Maury weighs about 140 pounds, Conly who tips the scales at 235 walked up to Maury and shaking his fist in his face remarked "You son of a b---h I would like to pound your damn head off." The soldiers and several detectives stood near enough to help him in case Maury should take him up. Fight! why, Conly's middle name is fight. He can take any man half his size or twice his age and whip him provided his club or shoes don't wear out.

Down in Deer Lodge where he lives his word is law. He is Warden of the State Penitentiary and by strict application to business he has rolled up about a Million Dollars. "Business" consisted in putting armies of convicts to work on his ranch. He also built houses until at the present time everybody in the Deer Lodge Valley is paying rent to Conley. He has stated that if anyone wrote anything about him, he would devour the person so infringing even if he located him in church. Owing to the fact that the writer does not frequent churches ordinarily maybe Conley wont get him. Now could anyone be any more fittingly placed than loud-mouthed Conley.

A slave-driver by occupation, a bull-dozer by inclination, and a Company Tool by acclamation.

Lastly we have a brother to the rat, John Berkin by name, acting sheriff.

Berkin possesses all those traits of character which are dear to the heart of a corporation. He is subserviant, cunning and unscrupulous.

He is noted for the thorough manner in which he beats his wife. He is also an ideal stool-pigeon, having devoted much of his time to such work. He is also acutely intelligent, for example, ten or fifteen prisoners have disappeared from the County Jail and Berkin did'nt find it out for a week, and he has not found out yet where or how they got out. He and two deputies sat for 48 hours watching a four inch water pipe. Someone told him that was the way the men got out. He is pledged to boost the Citizens Alliance here, and to do whatever else he is told.

Now lumping these 4 together is a horrible dose, but it may be just what is needed. The Local papers continually howl about outsiders running the Unions; yet when the Company wants a job well done outsiders are brought in to do it.

Donohue from Glendive, Conley from Deer Lodge and Judge Ayers from Lewiston, bear out the truth of that statement, also out of 800 militia men, only two were from Butte. There are many characters of lesser importance who will be written up in later articles, so no business men of Butte need feel slighted. He may be next.

I. M. Sure.

DECEASED

Fellow Worker Wallace Connell died in Vancouver General Hospital on August 20th after five months' illness.

He was a live rebel, being secretary of Kamloops local during part of the Canadian Northern Strike; he has also been secretary of Vancouver local.

His death was due to an abscess on the brain brought on by clubbings received from the police in his fight for Industrial Freedom.

W. J. ROBERTS,
Secretary I. U. 322.

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