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

Organization  is Power

THIS IS NO. 97
IF NO. 98 is opposite your name on address label,
your subscription expires next week.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Owned by the Rebel Clan of Toil

An Injury to One is an Injury to All

VOL. II—NO. 45

PORTLAND, OREGON, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1914

MIGHT IS RIGHT

Marine Transportation Workers Show Solidarity

STOCKTON, Cal., Nov. 21.—The Vehmeyer Transportation Company, of Stockton, came to the conclusion that their slaves were getting too much money and decided to cut their wages 10 cents on the hour.

The barges were then being loaded at the docks.

The secretary of the transport workers told the representatives of the company that the slaves would give the company until 4 o'clock to change their minds and the work continued. Meantime one of the barges was loaded and ready to haul out, but no word had been received from the company.

The company meantime, thinking they were putting one over on the slaves, prepared to move the barge, but, instead of having a lot of whining unorganized scizzorbills they were made to realize a few things.

For one thing, they realized that solidarity was a very efficient weapon in the ranks of the workers.

The bosses have been practicing solidarity so long themselves they might have known how it would work.

Then there's the sab cat. Imagine with what trembling the call of this ferocious animal would be heard.

But the bosses, although we must give them all due credit for their intelligence, still have a lot to learn. The signal was given for the barge to leave but, lo and behold, every transport worker to the dock walked off the dock. They didn't walk away, however, for the boss was right behind them.

The wages are still the same as they were.

PRESS COMMITTEE.

PANCNER DEFENSE

Fellow Workers: The Pancner Defense Committee is sorry to say to those of you who have helped to raise funds for the appeal, that we have concluded to give it up, owing to the industrial depression throughout the country and no money in the hands of those who are more than willing to see justice done to our fellow workers and comrades in the prisons of this and other countries. We have had many letters coming in every week telling us how the members of all crafts are out of work and the rest only working quarter time and empty treasuries. Then, we have had some who say there are so many other workers with the nose too close to them to take up Pancner's case. Eighteen months for him is not as hard as being imprisoned for life, and there are a few of these fellow workers who hope that the workers who read this will surely come to their assistance as speedily as possible. Will have report account of funds in next issue of Voice. Have been raffling watch to help defense. Drawing on November 25th.

Yours for freedom,

MRS. MAURICE ABBOTT,
Secretary Treasurer Pancner Defense.

MAN, HUNGRY, TAKES 3 ROLLS; SENT TO JAIL

Nearly Starved and Jobless, He Steals From Porch—Is Given 10 Days.

Because he stole three rolls—to satisfy his hunger after he had not eaten for four days—Frank Hoffman will have to spend 10 days in the house of correction.

Hoffman was employed until two weeks ago when he was laid off. "Work is slack," he was told.—Milwaukee Leader.

Will he be any better off after the 10 days are up?

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The Los Angeles Propaganda League has moved into its new hall at 245 E. 2d street. Secretaries, and members coming this way, take notice. Address all mail to Thos. Fitzgerald, Fin. Sec.

BUTTE, MONT.

Nov. 21.—(Special.)—The joint trials of Bradley, McDonald, Shannon, are on. All the evidence is in and the case has gone to the jury.

The prosecuting attorney of Jefferson County is a brother of Atty. Gen. Kelly, and, like his brother, takes all his orders from Con. Kelly, president of the Amalgamated Copper Company.

They use the same tactics that they have used in securing witnesses for the coroner's jury for years.

This jury was secured in the same way. They sent a trusted man around to feel out every farmer in the county, and those that they knew would deliver for the company, were drawn as jurymen.

A prominent man very near the company made the statement in the presence of several men that he had always been with the company till now, but could no longer stand for the rotten tactics they used in securing the jury to try these men.

Jessie Roote visited Dan Liston's saloon the other evening and, after loading up on old Scotch, he told Dan that McDonald would get about three years and also told him that Noble, Malone and others would get long terms for destroying public property.

This last charge cropped out of a broken chair found in one of the cells. B.

NEWS FROM BUTTE JAIL.

People who read Berkin's version of what occurred in the county jail remember reading a statement by all the prisoners, published in the papers shortly after the military arrived in Butte, protesting against the fearful conditions in this jail.

All the contentions were confirmed by a commission of captains appointed by Major Donohue, and recommendations were made for bettering the sanitary conditions, some of which were carried out. The jail was painted, prisoners were allowed the freedom of the corridor at night, which is absolutely necessary, as at times there are 6 men to a cell 6 by 8 feet, and, with the door locked, makes a situation that can be left to the imagination of any one; how bad the air must be, especially when some of them are sick, principally due to the shortage and sameness of the food furnished twice daily, also a shower bath was installed which helped to keep down the vermin.

Now that the military has left, conditions are worse than when they arrived. We are locked up again at night, and not allowed to bathe. When the attention of the militia was called to the diet our contentions were not considered unreasonable, as they fed all prisoners arrested by them, by a cook detailed for that purpose, 3 times per day.

All protests made to this human monster Berkins falls on deaf ears and is met with vile names.

Parties making protests are locked up in the dungeons, and there have been cases of suicide in this jail growing out of the vile conditions which men have had to endure as high as 6 months on flimsy charges preferred by the present County Attorney.

NEW POLICEMAN TO LOOK AFTER DOGS AND HOBOS.

E. C. Cole, formerly dog catcher of the city, has been hired by the council for a month to look after dogs and hobos. The council, at the suggestion of E. B. Parks, chairman of the police committee, voted to employ him in view of the fact that dogs are getting quite numerous and robberies are more numerous than for some time past, due doubtless to the fact that there are more idle men in the city than before.—Eugene Register.

How do you like that classification?

A skunk by the name of Robert McGowan, formerly gunman for the A. C. M., was killed by a fall of rock last night at Anaconda mine. Everybody smile.

DEER LODGE STRIKE WON

Fellow Worker Editor: The strike that started at Deer Lodge, Montana, against the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway has finally been won. The contract has been turned over to the Montana Power Co., and they have agreed to pay the linemen \$4.25 and the groundmen \$3 per day and eight hours to constitute a day's work. Better and cleaner living quarters and good sanitary conditions. Better food and plenty of it. Now, fellow workers, this victory has been won through the solidarity and tactics of the One Big Union. All members going to work for the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul in Montana when the work opens up, should see to it that none but members be allowed to work, thus creating that feeling of solidarity which helped to win the strike. Yours for the Revolution,

BREN THE GAEL.

LABOR BODY IS BACK OF FORD AND SUHR

San Francisco Labor Organization to Petition Governor Johnson for Pardon of Convicted Hop-Field Slayers.

By Frank R. Havenner.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 14.—The San Francisco Labor Council has decided to petition Governor Johnson to pardon Herman Suhr and Richard "Blackie" Ford, who are serving life terms in San Quentin for their participation in the Wheatland hop field riots.

Both Ford and Suhr were convicted of manslaughter at the celebrated trial in Marysville last year.

Waiters Favor Pardon.

The resolution to seek a pardon for them was presented by Waiters' Union No. 30, of San Francisco, and endorsed by the Council.

It is proposed to prepare a monster petition, bearing thousands of signatures, for presentation to the Governor. Last week the State Supreme Court denied the petition of Ford and Suhr for a new trial.

Claim Men Innocent.

Before the Labor Council decided to seek a pardon for the two men it was announced that the hop grower of Marysville were contemplating a request to the Governor that the sentences of the men be commuted to 10 years, but this program was rejected by the Council on the ground that both men were innocent and should be set free immediately.—The Sacramento Bee.

THE MORAL OF THE STORY.

The kindergarten teacher recited to her pupils the story of the wolf and the lamb. As she completed it she said:

"Now, children, you see that the lamb would not have been eaten by the wolf if he had been good and sensible."

One little boy raised his hand.

"Well, John," asked the teacher, "what is it?"

"If the lamb had been good and sensible," said the little boy, gravely, "we should have had him to eat, wouldn't we?"—New York Times.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR IN NO. 96, SCANDINAVIAN MANIFESTO.

There was a mistake in the address of the Scandinavian Branch in Seattle. The correct address is Ed Mattson, Sec'y, 515 E. Thomas St., Seattle, Wash. One figure had been left out, making it read 15 instead of 515 as it should be.

"Thou shalt not kill"—but if you must take life, take it easy.

IN THE "SUNNY SOUTH"

By Covington Hall.

I have been here in New Orleans nearly two weeks. Found everything dead or dying but the Suppress howling "prosperity" in every issue, this despite the fact that the entire lumber industry is practically shut down and the cotton crop without a market. What this last condition means to the Southern States only those who live here and depend for their existence on cotton can fully appreciate. But it means the financial and industrial paralysis of far the greater portion of these states, the ruin and throwing into the army of unemployed of tens of thousands of tenant and working farmers, the expropriation of thousands of "freeholders" and the extension of the peon system over still wider territory.

The failure of the cotton market further means the bankruptcy of shoals of cockroach merchants and bankers, and these are already perishing by the hundreds, unnoticed and unsung by that very press that was wont in other times to laud them as "the cream of the nation." But cream separated from money will soon learn that it isn't cream at all. On this line, several sons of "prominent families" have been arrested in New Orleans within the last few days and actually jailed for holdups, thefts and such common things as only the "bummer" is supposed to live by. All the phosphate mines of Florida are closed down, throwing thousands of men out of work.

The European war has, from all we could learn in Tampa, where I spent several pleasant days with the rebels, completely prostrated the "Republic" of Cuba, shutting down the entire cigar industry there, so the cigarmakers were drifting into Tampa and Key West, despite the fact that the factories there were laying off from one-quarter to one-third of their forces, and Tampa is mainly a de luxe cigar manufacturing city.

This condition, of course, flares back on other industries and forces shutdowns or curtailments all along the line, making the state of the workers ever worse and enabling the infamous Lumber Trust to cut wages and lengthen hours in the few sawmills that are still running on a three-day week basis. And the "Christian gentlemen to whom God in his infinite wisdom (?) has given our forests," are pitilessly taking advantage of the hunger and destitution of the workers. So are all the rest of the "Christian gentlemen."

As far as New Orleans is concerned, it is deadlier than I have ever seen it, and I had the pleasure of tramping its streets all during the panic of 1893-96 seeking and begging for work, so I feel fine down here these days, flat broke. Yet with all this, the workers here are not moving for themselves at all. The craft unions are moribund and even the Political Socialists seem unable to "come back," but this last is undoubtedly due to questions the European war has posed for the Polities to answer, and which they will have to answer or quit the arena of politics.

The carrying of the Third Congressional District by the Progressive Party in no way represents a revolt against existing conditions in the far South, only that the great sugar planters had about all the "free trade" they could stand. Insofar as labor is concerned, it will get the same progress from the "Progressives" of Louisiana that it got from Johnson and his loud-mouthed gang in California—progressive persecution and stronger-armed methods, for these great sugar barons are among the very worst exploiters of labor to be found anywhere on earth, not even excepting the lumber kings, to whom they are full twin brothers when it comes to the fine art of despoiling the workers. And so it goes through all Dixie, and everywhere else I have been for that matter.

Yet there are a few signs that the workers won't starve to death as peaceably as the capitalists and landlords seem to desire. Every-

(Continued on last page)

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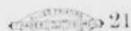
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CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS.



The papers announced last week that an unemployed parade was to be held in Portland November 24. The parade was to be entirely respectable; the I. W. W. and the unemployed from the North End was to be rigidly excluded.

This morning (Nov. 24) the papers inform us that the parade has been called off. The reason given is the fear that the I. W. W. and the non-respectable unemployed would take charge of the parade and cause trouble.

The I. W. W. and the non-respectable unemployed had absolutely no intention of interfering with proposed parody of an unemployed parade. The I. W. W. is not in the habit of interfering with the amusements of the respectable citizens.

Allow me to paint the picture of the unemployed parade as it was intended to come off. A moderate number of perfectly orderly citizens, dressed in immaculate dress suits and wearing snow-white kid gloves and smoke-stack hats, carrying a bible in one hand and a prayer book in the other, marching with the utmost dignity through the city's streets. Such an unemployed parade would be a credit to "our fair city," and a good advertisement for "our" real estate.

The parade did not come off. That was because the garbage wagon took the remains of the kid gloves and the smoke-stack hats to the city crematory long ago, and the dress suits are accumulating interest for "Uncle Ike" at the rate of three per cent per month. And, of course, it won't do to have an unemployed parade unless it carries all the earmarks of respectability.

The professional saviors of society are busy with the unemployed problem again. This is about the usual time of year for them to solve the unemployed problem, and, as the number of jobless and penniless men is much larger than usual, the solutions offered are also more numerous, more conflicting and more wild and ridiculous than usual.

The unemployed problem is not really a problem at all. At least, it should not be to anyone over 10 years of age.

These millions of men are idle now because they have already done all the work there is for them to do. They have built the railroads, and skyscrapers, and public roads; they have cleared land, and they have slaved in forests and mills and mines and factories until the things they have made can no longer be sold at a profitable price. Their wages were so small that they could only buy a small part of the things they made; and the employers' share was so large that they are unable either to use it or waste it. The workers must therefore go unemployed and hungry and homeless until the surplus product is wiped out, partly by "Christian charity" and partly by the natural process of decay.

That is all there is to the unemployed problem, and the only solution there can be is to force the employer to give up a larger share (or all) of the products of labor, to the laborers. There will be unemployed just as long as the employers take a larger part of the products of labor than they know how to get rid of.

But that question is not to be settled with charity soup and free lodging houses, and it can not be settled when there is no work to be done. It must be settled by men who have a job, and it must be settled on the job.

The problem that confronts us now is how to get food for hungry stomachs.

The very first step is for the unemployed to get in touch with each other, so that they, and everybody else, may know how many there are. This in itself will go far towards making the property-owners realize that food and shelter must be provided. Effective tactics must be decided upon and used to keep the slumbering bourgeois consciences awake.

The taxpayers and other respectable citizens are not going to like it. They don't like the unemployed anyway. They will with some degree of justice set up a howl that the proceeds of industrial exploitation did not go to them. Which is mostly true. Very little of the profits of modern industry gets into the hands of the average taxpayers. They don't steal much for themselves, but they do help to steal for the big employers. They provide policemen and militia and soldiers and jails and penitentiaries and courts with which workers are forced to submit to the robbery and tyranny of the big employers. They don't get any of the stolen goods, but they help to do the stealing, and maintain all the institutions that protect the big thieves, and they must pay the bill.

They, the taxpayers and the respectable citizens, must feed the unemployed somehow and somewhere. It may be in such places as the auditorium was last winter, or it may be in jails and penitentiaries. That depends on what kind of a deal the unemployed will stand for.

It may be that some of the unemployed will quietly go off into a corner and starve to death. Others may be killed in their attempts to get food and shelter. But it is safe to say that the vast mass of the unemployed will get food some way.

Also, unless there is a rapid and radical change in conditions under which men work in the big industries, it is quite certain that the unemployed will increase with every year that passes, and this increase will come from the ranks of skilled labor and from the ranks of the middle class, as well as from the ranks of the unskilled workers who happen to have a job this winter.

A correspondent writes: "We of the I. W. W. will have enough to do to feed our own unemployed without feeding a lot of men who won't do anything to make this world fit to live in."

We learned our lesson last winter. Who was sent to prison? Was it the scissorbill, or the Wobbly?

There is much food for thought in that. We do get the worst of it sometimes when we try to do things for those who will do nothing for themselves. There is undoubtedly a lesson in it, but what?

To my mind the lesson is that the I. W. W. must not try to lead the workers any faster or farther than they can be induced to follow. It is the function of the I. W. W. to lead the workers, there can hardly be any question about that. Or else the I. W. W. has no function. The only question is how far in advance of the great mass the I. W. W. can afford to go.

There isn't much to be gained by railing at the great mass of workers because they hesitate and move slowly. The thing for us to do is to learn just how fast they can travel, and how far they are behind, and gauge our own speed according.

There is no safety for the advance guard when it gets out of touch with the main army.

We must aim for Solidarity first, and revolutionary action afterwards. We can not get Solidarity on a true revolutionary basis until the great mass of workers have been educated to the revolutionary viewpoint.

We can not get united action on the part of the great mass of workers when they believe that our demands and aims are impossible—and without united action all our aims are impossible. We must strive for the things that can be brought within the mental horizon of the workers, in order to get their support. If we don't, they will refuse to follow our lead.

The Czar's appeal to the Polish people, with its promises of Home Rule after the war, concluded with the pious hope that the "sign of the cross" would shine upon the country. The sign of the cross is already shining in all the countries at war. Probably after it is all over another sign will shine—the three balls of the international pawnbrokers.

British troops at the front, we are told, do not sing hymns as their forefathers did when they were marching to battle. Such music-hall ditties as "It's a long way to Tipperary" have altogether superseded "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood," and yet how much more appropriate would be the latter.

Anyone who has studied the press and the yarns it retails of the victories of the Allies, will have no difficulty in understanding how it is that the many are deceived and exploited by the few.

COLORADO.

(From "In Dear Old Colorado.")

In dear old Colorado
Where her treasure vaults kiss the sky
Of coal, gold and iron
She holds the world's supply,
But it takes the brawn and muscle
Of the sturdy working class
To unbolt the doors of nature
With the giant dreadnaught blast.

CHORUS.

There in a dungeon
In those dark damp mountain holes,
The miners wear their life away
Digging out our coal,
Getting out joy rides
For the idle capitalist class;
For themselves a bare existence
In the Master's rented shacks.

There is blood on dear Old Glory
In Colorado State;
Blood of women and children;
Blood of her workers great.
The Hell-gift of the system,
Greed's tribute to the toiling race.
Oh, ye insane moneyed twilights,
Your goading may have its reward
In France the Idle Rulers
Were fed in the streets to the dogs.

CHORUS.

Listen now to reason,
Oh, scion's of the idle-bund
History may repeat itself,
The Bastille fill by your brand,
And the rulers of a nation
From throne to guillotine passed.
Your reaping clutches the masses,
You must answer to your ward's,
There comes the system's offspring,
Your homeless hungry horde.

Composed by Maxwell Gordon, late State Organizer S. P. Texas, P. O. Box 155, Kelvin, Ariz.

A German soldier, badly wounded at Louvain, cried continually, "Oh, my poor little children, my poor little children!" That is what the worker gets out of war. After all the patriotic froth and glory, the bitterness of death brings him face to face with war's grim realities, and he thinks of his "poor little children," and what will become of them without him.

The war has caught the British poets to have spasms. Rudyard Kipling has been invoking the Virgin Mary, and William Watson, in a fine frenzy, has been loading the Czar with poetic compliments. He calls him amongst other things, "the patient, silent, storm-worn Tsar." William evidently hasn't heard of Siberia, or he would know that the Czar's patience is pretty brittle, and his Cossacks very brutal.

The Catholic publicist, Hilarie Belloc, has suggested that the present military outbreak in Europe is a "war of defence against Prussian Atheism." "Prussia," he says, "is and has long been Atheist." Belloc seems to have overlooked the powerful Catholic Party in Germany, and also the Kaiser's tremendous piety.

Progress in musical knowledge has been wonderful since the war began. A few months ago to play "God Save Ireland" in certain parts of England would have provoked a riot. Now "God Save Ireland" is popular, but Lord help the man who attempts to play "Die Wacht am Rhein."

"The doctor sees the weakness of mankind, the lawyer the wickedness, and the theologian its stupidity."—Schopenhauer. And all take advantage of man's weakness, wickedness, and stupidity.

The will of the late King of Roumania expressed the hope that "his successor would adopt the principle he himself had followed all his life—all for country, nothing for self." The unselfish gent only left four millions. Goodness only knows how much he would have collared had he been greedy.

LUDLOW

A Mystery Play by Charles Hiram Chapman

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.

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.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE VOICE

November 16-21

Receipts

Bundle orders	\$19.50
Subscriptions	5.00
Donation	10.00
Cash on hand November 16	16.65
Total	\$51.15

Expenses

Marsh Ptg. Co.	\$32.40
Sanvall Engraving Co.	3.55
Wrapping paper 5	1.60
Mailing issue No. 96	3.50
Postage	2.15
B. E. Nilsson, wages	7.95
Total	\$51.15

Due Marsh Ptg Co.:

Balance due November 16	\$94.35
3000 No. 96	28.40
Mailing list	2.00
Total	\$124.75

Paid during week

Balance due November 21

Frost: Don't you think it would be a good idea, if one M. D. said an operation was needed, to consult several others and get their views? Snow: Possibly. But the more surgeons you consulted the more operations you'd find imperative.

FAMILY LIMITATION

Margaret H. Sanger is one of the bravest women in the United States. She not only takes a chance of being imprisoned; there is no change about it, it is a certainty.

Her pamphlet, "Family Limitation," tells in very plain English how the supply of child-slaves may be limited. She has done her part to make this knowledge available to those who need it.

Her reward: She will be attacked by St. Comstock, the patron saint of the United States, backed by all the wealth of the beneficiaries of child slavery.

The only support she will have must come from the rebels.

The best way to help her in the work she is doing for the women of the working class is by circulating the information she has given.

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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NOTES ON THE NEWS.

By E. L. Nelson.

THE POPE.

The Pontiff attributes the war to four causes, namely, lack of mutual and sincere love among men; contempt of authority; injustice on the part of one class of the people against another; and the consideration of material welfare as the sole object of human activity.

The first cause is undoubtedly true.

The second cause is false. It is respect and fear of authority that has caused the majority of the people to go to war. If the working men had had contempt for authority, they would have refused to kill each other when told to do so.

The third cause is true, if it is meant thereby that the capitalist class is doing injustice against the working class.

The fourth cause is one of the causes of this war if it is meant that the capitalists are out for more markets and profits. This must be it, for the workers have no material objects to gain through this war. It is true the capitalists have no higher object in life than to acquire wealth in every way possible, but we have yet to hear of the first banker, the first factory, mill, mine or land owner killed in battle. The workers, who are actually doing the fighting, bleeding and dying, gain nothing, but lose all through this rather inhuman than human activity.

An Outcast at the Christian Door

A lady reporter on the "San Francisco Bulletin," by name Miss Sophie Treadwell, was instructed by the editor, Mr. F. Older, to disguise herself as a prostitute, and thus find out if there were any people in the city who would assist her out of her assumed predicament. The pretenders were, of course, those who pose most as benefactors.

The Salvation Army Headquarters turned her away twice, in the most cold blooded and unfriendly manner, and yet these people have a standing advertisement in the daily papers, inviting girls who are in sorrow or perplexity to call on them for assistance.

The Y. W. C. A. would not under any circumstances take her in and give her board, but directed her to a cheap boarding house, not fit to live in. Some of the self-styled followers of Jesus and preachers of the gospel turned her away. They scorned her awful sins, and told her to get down and pray with them; she refused. There were but two or three who really showed their sincerity by giving her assistance and kind words.

Mr. Gray Had to Pay for His Life.

An Italian laborer of this city shot and killed a quarry owner by name Gray because he refused to pay him his wages. Lococo had long been waiting for his pay, \$17.50, and his wife and two children were starving. The last time he went to collect his money Mr. Gray told him to go to hell. Lococo, believing Gray was going to hit him, drew his revolver and shot him.

Lococo has the sympathy and support of everybody. Many have donated money, and lawyers have offered to defend him free of charge. It is very likely he will be set free.

UNLAWFUL.

To say that something is unlawful is not necessarily to say that it is wrong, but merely that it is contrary to the opinions of some modern, mediaeval or ancient law-making power. In order to discover whether an unlawful thing is also a wrong thing, we must analyze both it and the law it contravenes, in the light of common sense, modern desires and present conditions. Good old laws become bad as the conditions which demand them disappear. The reputation of lawmakers rests upon their ability to make good laws, and the number of good laws is never large enough to make such reputations any too secure. When one mingles with lawmakers, moreover, and listens to their hollow-sounding oratory, one marvels how they can be right as often as they are. When lawmakers become so feeble and so out of harmony with their time that only a small minority of their laws are right, thus giving righteousness to the large majority of unlawful acts, a revolution ensues, during which a new set of lawmakers is installed.—E. O. J. in Life.

We hope E. O. J. is mistaken about a new set of lawmakers in this present instance. The idea is too discouraging.

THE RULES.

By Peter Bell.

They gathered all in a marble hall
To see which one would rule;
To the masters they whispered a word or two,
Then they whispered to the fool,
"Justice!" he cried; and away he ran
To boast about his right,
But the masters jeered as the poor fool cheered,
For they knew that might was right.

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

The kindly (?) people of Stockton, determined not to be outdone by other charitable folks in aiding the starving masses of Belgium, are simply falling over themselves in an effort to get their names in the papers as philanthropists. Not satisfied with making asses of themselves in the struggle to bask in the light of publicity, they also bring their slushy sentiment into the public schools. There they have a fine field to work upon. Children you know don't understand much about wars (thanks to their teachers and the book trust) and it is a simple trick to work upon their sentiments.

Heretofore the teachers have never been disturbed in their ravings. They have been able to put it over on the little folks in many ways. There's not many children who understand economics and when teacher says their country is the best in the world, the guardian of liberty, the home of the brave, etc., she neglects to inform the young hopefuls that it is also the home of the hobo, the bull pen and misery. The children will learn all that in time as their future schools, the mills, mines and factories, teach many truths—to those willing to learn.

There is an old saying, "Charity begins at home." Most of us have heard it at one time or another but like most sayings or proverbs it is placed upon the shelf of oblivion only in such cases as suits the capitalistic press, then it is brought to the front.

Moses is credited with saying, "a little child shall lead them," and it so happens that old Moses was right in one instance at least. The teacher in one of the public schools at Stockton, after a fit of sentimental ravings, told the children that they should bring something to school for the relief of the suffering Belgians. Anything "good" would do but it must be something good.

"Teacher," said a little fellow, "There's a lady in town whose husband has been sent to the penitentiary because he tried to better the conditions of the working class. Her name is Mrs. Suhr and if I get anything good to give away, I shall give it to her."

Now ye highbrow mental prostitutes, let's hear from you. This is a lovely little story for you to theorize upon. Go ahead and tell 'em how the teachings of "anarchists" upon our city streets have even permeated our institutions of learning.

There is one you, the teacher can't make a patriotic out of, and where there is one there's a hundred others spring up.

More power to the little fellow. Let the good work go on. PETER BELL.

ON THE ROAD.

YONCALLA, Or., Nov. 16.—(Special.)—A wonderful brand of solidarity was demonstrated here the other day by a small but steadfast and rebellious bunch of unemployed slaves. We boarded a train, 35 strong, at Drain, but no sooner did we get on when Mr. Shack, unscrupulously locked the door on us. Ten minutes later a hole was cut in the door and the latter was opened. The next stop was Yoncalla, and when the bunch found out that the car was to be left here they unloaded, to the great surprise of the train crew. We were unable to make the train again to Roseburg, so we decided to camp over night at Yoncalla.

A meeting, or as some of the boys pleased to term it, "a counsel of war," was held. At the suggestion of one of the men a committee was sent to interview the town Mayor about some supper for the hungry unemployed men. Half an hour afterward the men returned with a big supply of food; about 5 large packages of biscuits, 6 pounds of butter, half a sack of spuds, a few loaves of bread, onions and a great quantity of coffee was the stuff received.

Some of the men were members of the I. W. W., but the rumor circulated around town and the reports sent by the station agent to Oakland were that the I. W. W. invaded the village and that the latter intends to carry out some ill-gotten plans.

The above episode goes to prove what concerted action, on the part of the unemployed men can do. Let this serve as a gentle hint to the rest of the unemployed armies the country over.

A few of the stiffs, possessed by yellow streaks, deserted the bunch, but this is so much the better as there is no room for the coward and weak-kneed individual here. All the boys are determined to eat by any and all means and are manifesting wonderful solidarity, worth emulating by all hungry slaves. Come what will, but eat we must!

Direct action on the part of the unemployed—vigorously applied—is the only effective and efficient weapon wherewith we shall get the goods, and ultimately free ourselves from social parasitism.

WM. MORRIS,
CAM MILES,
C. H. JOHNSON,
Jungle Committee.

PARSON LONG'S PRAYER.

"Our Father, who art in Heaven, I beseech thee, for I am in despair and need thy help, for evil has befallen me, and I don't see no way out. You know I have built as fine a house of God in Kansas City as there is anywhere, you know I have given many a dollar to charity (the hell with how I got the dollars); you know I praise thy name in public places, (it don't pay when there is no one to see me) and I am doing all I can to get people to believe in you. Now Lord, I am going to implore you for help for my working men in the Southern timber belt are getting unruly. They first organized in what they called the Brotherhood of Timber Workers and caused me lots of trouble and money. But then, oh Lord, good Lord, along came an anarchistic thing called the I. W. W. Why, it started to preaching 'All the workers in one big union,' 'the working class and the employing class have nothing in common,' 'solidarity' and lawlessness (sabotage) and I don't know what all, and the workers joined it. Now, good Lord, Almighty Lord, nice Lord, and all other nice things I can call you, don't let the workers become class-conscious. Oh Lord, do not let them realize that their power lies in organization. (Paul Kirby in the corner: "Amen, amen, amen.") Oh Lord, do not let the board of health remove the garbage or else my workers will have nothing to eat. Oh Lord"—just then some worker turned the sabbat loose on the prayer's pocketbook. So he pulled his hair out, stamped with his feet, made a face worse than a monkey on a grind rock, cursed by note and lost all his religion.

ED LEHMAN.

P. S. Would love to hear from some of the rebels from everywhere. Especially from those I spent four months in Lake Charles jail with, as I have been sick for eight months and my life is on the scales, one way or the other, by spring.

ED LEHMAN.

R. No. 4, Box 23, New Braunfels, Texas.

PREAMBLE

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with the employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interests of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members, in any one industry, or in all industries, if necessary, cease work wherever a strike or lockout is on, in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wages for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every day struggle with the capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

CHEER UP

It is one of the tragedies of the I. W. W. that the members seldom think of writing to the paper unless someone is in jail, or dead, or near dead. The result is that, to one who occasionally reads one of our papers, or listens to one of our soap-boxers, our whole agitation seems like one long and loud wail of defeat. You might as well go out on the street corner and say: "Come and join the I. W. W., and we will help you to get in jail, or get your head caved in, or something equally cheerful.

We should not deceive the workers. But we do deceive them by making them think that a man can not belong to the I. W. W. without having the police boring a continuous tattoo on his head.

Please be more cheerful once in a while—and send cheerful news to the paper sometimes for a change.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

It is said that 25,000 to 45,000 men are out of work here. There are eight automobile works here, three closed down, the others are working not over one-third of force. Other shops about same condition. Norman Automobile Works has laid off 1000 men in the last two months, and cut wages 10 per cent. The only places doing much are the packing houses. Socialists had lots of speaking before election. They said, "We are going to fool them this time." But when the votes were counted they were the ones that were fooled. The Socialist vote fell off 1500 in this county.

NOW AND THEN.

By Peter Bell.

In the primitive jungle dark as night
The cruel beasts roared in their terrible might
And the weakest died in a hopeless fight,
For there in the jungle might was right.

Now in the jungle of laws and men
The same is proven time and again,
And the slaughter feasts on a battlefield
Only proves that justice to might must yield.

The Twentieth Century with its law
Takes the place of the wild beasts jaw,
And the facts of life are hidden from sight
So the workers won't learn that might is right.

MY CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS.

Martial law is lifted, and once more I guess I'm free

To exercise the right the Constitution gives me,
So I'll endeavor to compose a line or two for fun,

To let you know my feelings towards the man behind the gun.

Discretion is the better part of valor, so they say,

That's the reason that I waited till the patriots went away.

I was at the depot early to inspect the motley crew

Of so-called patriotic sons of Major Donohue,
And I wondered what would happen if the Kaiser had a chance

To lease the patriotic guys who wear the khaki pants.

'T would be curtains for old England,
France and Russia'd have to scoot,

If the Emperor made a dicker
With his honor, Jesse Root.

The West Side bunch were out in force

With Conley in the lead,
To see the scissorbills away

And wish them all good speed.
Sheriff Berkin and his deputies

Were also there I swan,
If you did not bear a martial mien

You were told to move along.
The train pulled out midst great applause,

And the highbrows did disperse,
So I hied me to my little shack

And there composed this verse.
—Dublin Dan Liston.

ATTENTION.

All good rebels will be welcomed to Oakland locals. We have moved to a new up-to-date hall. Electric lights, hot and cold water and baggage room. All rebels coming this way stop over and help us put Oakland on the I. W. W. map. Address, 338 5th St., cor. Webster St., Oakland, Cal. BEN KLEIN,
Sec'y Joint Locals.

We are not "under socialism," neither do we have an Industrial Republic, but "Comrade" Carnegie has generously "donated" to most cities a magnificent library building, a good assortment of books, a well heated and lighted room, etc. Now if words are merely the clothes for ideas, the medium by which one animal of the human species conveys his ideas to another, it strikes me that more time spent in the libraries, acquiring the necessary knowledge of words and HOW to express our ideas, and less time spent in plain loafing would better fit us to be of help in fighting the battles of the class war.

A corner lot at Martin street and Broadway, owned by the city and valued at \$40,000, is being rented to the Standard Gas Station Company reported to be a branch of the Standard Oil Company, for \$31.35 per month, about equal to the rent of the half of a duplex flat.—Milwaukee Leader.

"Ask and it shall be given unto you." The Standard Oil Company never asks in vain for charity.

An American mechanic is already in the field with a supply of artificial limbs for maimed warriors. He is floating a company, and expects to make a huge profit after the war.

IN THE "SUNNY SOUTH."

(Continued from first page)

where the workers cheered loudest those speakers who uttered the boldest and rawest calls to them not to submit in peace to starvation and degradation. The "Night Riders" have already appeared in East Texas, South Arkansas and North Louisiana, where they have burned several cotton gins, etc., belonging to those who disobeyed their orders "not to buy cotton at less than 10 cents a pound." This last action is, of course, "foolish," but from all I can hear the condition of the working cotton farmers is terrible and growing more desperate every hour, so, like all men, they strike out at what seems to hurt the first and most directly. News comes that a great "free speech fight" is brewing in Oklahoma, where it seems the capitalists and landlords are trying to head off effective organization among the oil field workers and tenant farmers and, in hope of doing this, are trying to suppress all public meetings of the workers, who are showing a disposition, thank whatever gods that be, not to be suppressed.

If the Land of Dixie ever blows up, it will be some blow. It, this blow-up, is long overdue. Let us hope it won't be delayed much longer.

Of one thing I am more convinced than ever, and that is that unless the workers drop their chasing after isms and quit internal rows and rapidly get together in the REAL ONE BIG UNION, we are doomed to soon suffer under the most terrible and degrading form of slavery the race has ever fallen into. It is up to every man and woman, especially to all members of ALL UNIONS, to work as they never have worked before for the SOLIDARITY of the forces of labor into an organization that will, not only have the power to serve the immediate needs of the workers, but to SEIZE and HOLD the WORLD for the WORKING CLASS.

Through REVOLUTION is the ONLY WAY OUT.

HENEY CONSTRUCTION COMPANY.

STOCKTON, Cal., Nov. 21.—The Heney Construction Company is like most other companies, doing all in their power to make revolutionists of their slaves.

Some slaves, of course, have to be knocked down and kicked for falling before they wake up, but the Heney Construction Company is doing the necessary. They allow the slaves to keep \$2.50 from his daily production and he, of course, feels grateful; upon quitting the job the foreman, B. Heidemann, presents him with a piece of notebook paper with the amount of time he worked, and deductions of board, and whatever commissary he may owe.

The victim is not told where the office of the company is located (if they have any) and the slave has a walk of from twenty to thirty miles after his pay—which is directly against the laws of the State of California.

Below is a copy of the pay check the worker receives:

"James Murphy has worked in gravel pit 2 days and 3 hours and had seven meals and tobacco 20c.
B. HEIDEMANN."

While on the job the slaves sleep (perhaps) 20 of them in one tent which measures 12x12 (and they have no bunk, not even a double decker. A little straw thrown on the damp ground suffices for a bed. There is no water with which to wash their face and hands, and some of them have not washed in two weeks.

This job is seven miles from Tracey. Men suffer these miserable conditions, for what? Just for the sake of a job. This is the kind of workmen that they call the horny handed sons of toil. Workmen who would suffer such indignities must be calloused in their minds as well as upon their hands.

For the scissorbills' information, it is not foreigners who are working on this job, but free American citizens. If it were foreigners there might be a repetition of the Gray affair of San Francisco. PRESS COMMITTEE.

SPOKANE, WASH.

Richard Brazier has been elected secretary of Spokane locals. All rebels passing through Spokane are invited to stop off and help the local along. Address all communications to Richard Brazier, Sec'y, 115 Brown St., Spokane, Wash.

An English writer has written a war poem entitled "The Man Who Keeps His Head." The title is suggestive. The man who keeps his head will stay away from the war. The man who loses his head will go to the war, and risk losing it for good.

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;

TO MARINE TRANSPORT WORKERS.

Fellow workingmen, now is the logical and most important time to put some facts before you. You men that follow the work of water transportation know some of the conditions that have existed in the past and exist today. But you know it, perhaps, only in your own locality and not in a general way. We who have made a study of the conditions as they exist throughout the whole marine transport industry, are therefore, more competent to point these facts out to you. To begin with, we will take the Atlantic Coast. For some twenty years the craft unions have been in existence over there, and in that time they have not been able to improve the condition of the workers in the ships one iota. On the contrary, the craft union officials have time and time again made the workers so hopeless that the older generation has lost all faith in organization. How? By running away with the treasury whenever a small amount was accumulated.

Second. By leaving the workers in a state of ignorance regarding organization and the function of an organization, satisfying themselves with merely paying dues and initiation fees, and the rest were left to the officers. As a result, upon their heads fell the responsibility of doing the fighting for the workers. They, not being able to do it, went along the lines of least resistance, i. e., they beat it with the treasury, while the beating was good, and, as the workers had been educated to believe that the only way to fight the boss was to stay away from the ships and picket the same, and by doing so starve the shipowner into submission, the workers then not having anything in the treasury were unable to fight them even at those medieval tactics, except at rare instances.

The sailors employed on the sailing ships were able to maintain what is called a decent wage back East, not, as some craft union fakir will tell, because they belonged to the union, but by virtue of the skill that they possessed. The sailors' union in the past examined every applicant when he joined, as to his ability to perform the work required on the sailing ships, thereby guaranteeing the shipowner good and efficient men. The shipowner was not slow in recognizing the profitable function that the Sailors' Union served for him, and as a result the Sailors' Union got control of the shipping in the sailing ships. So by analyzing that situation we find that the union, instead of being for the benefit of the workers, was actually a benefit to the shipowners.

Further, when men were needed by the shipowners the craft union officials were notified and they proceeded to the best of their ability, that is, through their system of picking men, they always, whenever possible, picked the most efficient worker, also the most servile and willing worker, and as a result fine discipline and fine profits were realized by the shipowners. Therefore the official of the craft union functioned only as an employment shark. We leave it to you to decide, but you can hardly come to any other conclusion.

But now we come to the era of steam. The steamboat taking the place of the old-fashioned windjammer, a great change has taken place in water transportation, but do we see any corresponding change in the craft unions to meet it? Not at all. As a result the shipowners, not being in need of skilled men to any great degree, cease to patronize the Sailors' Unions, but proceed to pick up their men anywhere, paying wages according to the law of supply and demand. That is, if there were lots of men on the beach, the wages would be accordingly; sometimes as low as twenty dollars a month, and the craft unions were powerless to do anything to prevent them from doing it.

Finally they took heart in the year 1912, on account of the victory of the English Transport Workers. They decided to fight the shipowners for an increase in wages. Most of you are familiar with that strike. You know how they stuck together, that is, the sailors, the firemen and the cooks and stewards ceased work. What happened? The shipowners, realizing the inability of the craft unions to stick, offered the firemen, the most needed men on board a coal burning ship, an increase of five dollars a month, and they went back to work. The sailors being no longer skilled men, and the shipowners no longer being in need of skilled men, replaced the strikers by college punks, and the strike, as far as the sailors and cooks were concerned, was lost. The sailors, those who were able to go to work after this long period of time living on free lunch and sloppy beer, had to go to work under worse conditions than ever existed before. This is well known fact. But now we enter the period of I. W. W. propaganda, and on account of the uselessness of the craft unions on the Atlantic Coast, it gradually commenced to show results. What happened? The shipowners, again seeing the necessity of the craft union fakir, naturally turn to him in their time of need. By giving the fakirs a preference in supplying him with men, the fakir proceeded to organize (?)

them again. In other words, the shipowner allows the craft union to organize the sailors, the firemen, the cooks and so on. Why this sudden friendship for the craft unions? The same unions that the shipowner just previous to the strike refused to deal with? Simply because under an open shop the I. W. W. were able to educate the workers, not only theoretically, but by actually putting some of their theories into practice, and as sabotage interferes with profit, the master decided to get more efficient workers, i. e., more ignorant workers, more servile workers, and therefore more profitable workers. The craft union fakirs having demonstrated in the past their ability to furnish same to the shipowners, were again appealed to. The ships are again carrying union crews, and beware, you workers, if you dare to protest, your lot will be the blacklist and your last resort will be the free lunch forever. The same has been true of the Pacific Coast. The workers have been sold out time and time again. Take for an example the last strike of the sailors, firemen and the cooks, in 1906. The Sailors' Union declared a strike on the steamboat, where they were less able to shut off their labor than on the sailing ships because it required less skill on those boats than on the sailing ships; and mark you, while they were striking on the steamers, they kept on working on the sailing ships, and an individual shipowner or an individual company was owning both sail and steamships. There we find a situation where about 50 per cent of the union members were on a strike three months suffering hardships of all descriptions, while the other 50 per cent were working and making profits for the same shipowner that their fellow members were striking against. Can there be any rarer deal than that? We don't believe it. The shipowners seeing that the fakirs here also served a function that was profitable, they awarded them a five dollar increase per month, providing they would continue to serve them faithfully for a number of years.

So far they have kept their promise. Today the conditions are worse on the Pacific Coast than they ever were before. Speeding up is the general practice. If you rebel, you are weeded out. All kinds of degrading conditions are forced upon the workers, and if you refuse to submit to them you are weeded out, a humbler slave is given your place and you are gradually starved into submission, until the workers as a whole are forced into lower and more degrading conditions. Your labor politician has been able to delude you for a number of years, by promising you a number of beneficial laws. So far they have failed to materialize. How long are you going to keep on paying dues to a coffin club such as that? They cannot even give you the job any longer that they promised you. Rise up, you men, and get into a fighting organization. We want more than a measly job.

We want wages first at least equal to the longshoremen. We want quarters at least equal to the second cabin passengers. We want an eight-hour day at sea and in port, but in order to get that we must be organized for the purpose of taking it. You can't do it in the craft unions. So let us all line up in the National Industrial Union of Marine Transport Workers, an organization that takes in all the workers who are employed in that industry. For instance, in the Port of San Francisco, the Longshoremen is Branch No. 1; the Sailors is Branch No. 2, the Firemen is Branch No. 3, and the Cooks and Messmen is Branch No. 4. All the branches together make the local Industrial Union of Marine Transport Workers, and all the local industrial unions make the National Industrial Union, organized in such a way that we can tie up all the ships in any one port or in all ports if necessary, and by doing so we can force the shipowners to come through with our demands and we can also nullify any of their maritime laws at any time. That is the only possible solution. We leave it to you.

C. G. ANDERSON,
Fin. Sec'y, Local No. 2, M. T. W.

"When old King William of Prussia was on his death-bed he sent for his grandson, the present Kaiser. His last words to the future ruler of the German people were: 'Keep in with the Czar of Russia.' And now—well, well! I wonder what grandpa, looking down from above, thinks of the situation."—G. R. Sims. This gem, suggesting that a former ruler of Germany is up above, will doubtless shock the non-conformist conscience in Britain. Every British Christian patriot knows that the enemies of Britain are sweltering down below.

The Archbishop of Canterbury considers the military situation, "the work of the Devil." This is rough on those bishops, clergymen and statesmen who have shares in the War Trust.

Vox Populi, Vox Dei, the Voice of the People is the Voice of God—but God isn't speaking above a whisper these days.

JESSIE B.'S VISIT TO DUBLIN DAN'S.

I'll first inform you who I am,
P'raps some of you will sneer;
My name's just plain "Dublin Dan,"
And I peddle booze and beer.
I happened to get pinched here once
And got behind the bars
For expressing my opinion
Of the glorious Stripes and Stars.

A patriotic citizen
By the name of Johnie Shea,
And an ex-militia man at that,
Was at my place that day.
I asked him to go bid bood bye
To the boys in khaki pants,
But Deputy Marshall Taylor
Didn't give poor Jack a chance.

A half an hour afterwards
A thing who's called a man,
With the help of five big scissorbills,
Arrested "Dublin Dan."
They closed my place of business,
And with five men on my trail,
I marched with Sheriff Berkin
To the lousy city jail.

Securing my release on bonds
From the city jail of Butte,
I was ordered Monday morn
Before his "Honor," "Jesse Roote."
The case was set from day to day,
And believe me, that helped some,
For "Maury" in the meantime,
Put the soldiers on the bum.

Then last Monday evening early
An expounder of the law
Paid a visit to my place of business
With my son-in-law.
His face seemed quite familiar
And I thought, "O, Holy Gee,"
When my friend Joe introduced me
To his "Honor," Jesse B."

After taking several shots of "Crow"
His tongue began to wag,
And he shouted like a sailor
With a homeward-bounder's jag.
He spoke about the prisoners
Who at Boulder would be tried
And it seemed to me the verdict
Is already cut and dried.

He came down here to buy a drink
And pose as a good fellow,
But when I shot a look of hope at him
He showed a smy of yellow,
The same as all the rest of them,
There is not one exception,
They all take water since they've lost
The "National Guard" protection.
—DUBLIN DAN LISTON.

TRAM'S COMMANDEER TRAIN; EATING HOUSES RAIDED; 93 ARRESTED

San Bernardino, Nov. 16—After having taken possession of a Salt Lake freight train at Otis on the desert Sunday, ninety-three hoboes were arrested in this city early this morning when the train pulled into the city. They were occupying several of the cars at the time of the arrest by the sheriff's posse.

According to Deputy Sheriff Bright of Otis, whose telegram to the sheriff's office here arranged for the posse and arrest, the men, numbering 103, boarded the train at Las Vegas bound for Southern California to spend the winter.

The men rode on the tops of the cars and were very peaceable until the train pulled into Caliente. There they raided the largest eating house in the town. At Otis they again proceeded to raid the restaurants.

As the ride on the car tops had been chilly the men broke the seals, railroad officials declare, and found comfortable sleeping quarters among cans of condensed milk, wheat and merchandise.—Redlands Review.

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