

THE LUMBERJACK

"AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL"

VOLUME I.

* MIGHT IS RIGHT *

ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1913.

* TRUTH CONQUERS *

No. 5.

BULLDOZER "GUS" BUTTS INTO MERRYVILLE STRIKE

Report of S. S. 44.

Sentenced to Stockade.

A few days ago while riding on a train operated by one Ripley, better known as the Santa Fe R. R., two negroes were arrested and were taken to the small two-by-four hell-hole called a jail, by a man named T. J. Coggins, an imported scab-herder from Texas. These two negroes were taken up before "Hizzoner" J. Mason, supposed Mayor Judge, but an American Lumber Company sucker pure and simple, and the two negroes were fined Three Dollars or three days and, when asked if they had money to pay their fines, they said no, and there and then he said they must work it out, so Kinney Reid, Jr., and Imported Fred Hamilton took them both and put them in the "pen" to work out their fines. That is the dirtiest, rottest case of peonage that has ever been pulled off in this part of the country for a long time. The "idea" of men being fined by a municipality and run into a private corporation's bullpens to work it out.

Solidarity of Women.

After all the greatest thing that ever happened in the South is the solidarity of the women. They started doing picket duty every morning and night, getting up at 4:30 a. m. and then going on again at 6:00 p. m. until 7:00 p. m., and their work has been so effective that today only about two hundred and fifty "hard shell" scabs remain. Those that remain after all this are the rottenest imported Texas scabs that can be found; they were born peons and always will be peons, when they can not listen to the appeals of the women and children.

Gunmen Patrol Town.

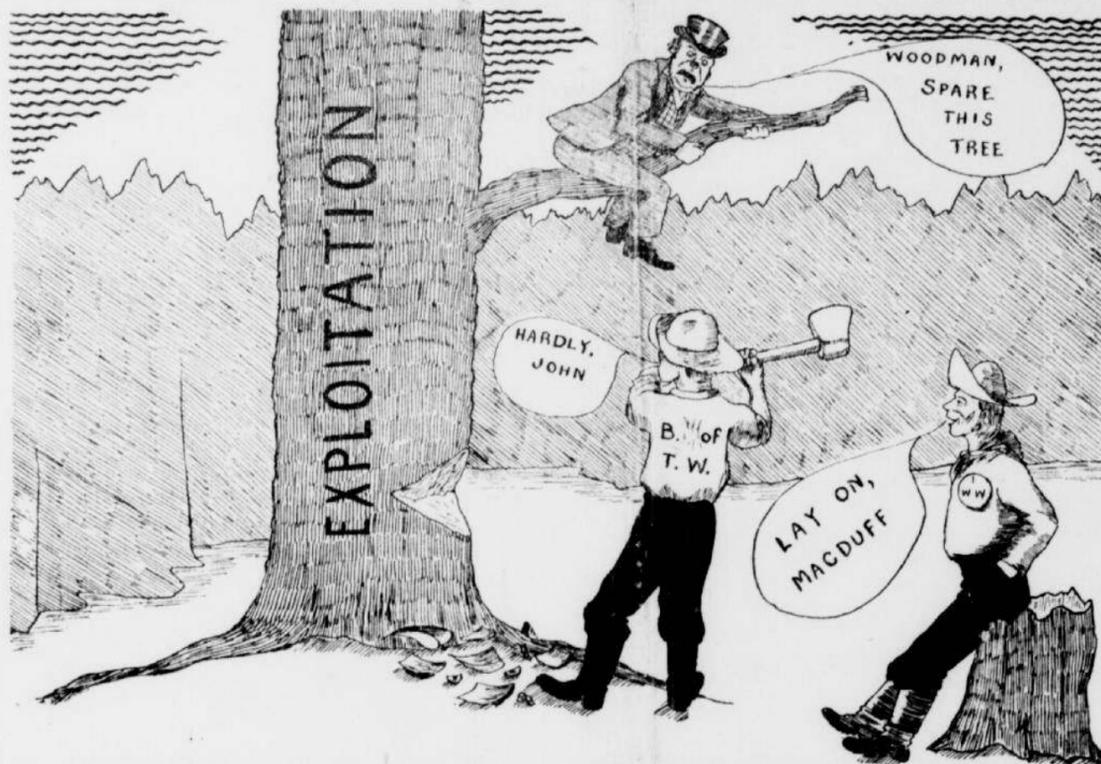
Last night, the 1st of February, was one of the best for the Forest and Lumber Workers and a very hum one for the American Lumber Co., or it seemed that way, for all night the imported Texas thugs and gunmen were patrolling the streets to see if they could catch any of their convicts making a break for liberty. But to the great surprise of these Sherlocks they were not the "gunshoes" for the job, for, the Company had presented its peons with a bill for \$8.80 for expenses from Baton Rouge here, \$4.95 for one ticket when the fare is only \$4.45, and meals 35c and cash 25c, and \$3.25 for merchandise, this all while en route from Baton Rouge here, and it was more than they could stomach.

In the first place, it costs the Santa Fe **nothing** to import scabs, and if two sandwiches and a cup of coffee cost 35 cents, give me \$1.75 worth of lunch. One negro was heard to say such outrageous highway robbery was never heard of before and, **believe me**, 25 negroes who know what-is-what, will never stand for it again. They are on their way back to Baton Rouge as fast as they can go, and that is the reason that all the thugs were patrolling the streets so much last night.

Since last report we got out 22 negroes and 25 on Saturday night makes 47, and 9 white men, which makes 56 in all—and more coming.

Report of S. S. 11—Human Mud-Cats.

You know the Boss must be getting desecrate when he gets a fellow like Y. C. L. Willborn to circulate a petition for suckers in the Union to sign, repudiating the I. W. W., alleging as a reason therefor that said signers had joined the Union not understanding the motive and construction of the I. W. W.



ON TO MERRYVILLE!

HELP CHOP DOWN THE PEONAGE-TREE!

and that they "did hereby repudiate same and all agitators." For thus being "good" and "loyal" to the Boss, Willborn and the "Good Citizens League" promised such singers to "intercede" with the Southern Lumber Operators Association and get their names taken from the blacklist. "so they could go away and get jobs without being haunted by the fear of being fired because they were Union men." Six men (?) only signed up. We will send you in their names later. Their loss is a good riddance to the Union, however, for men (?) who have so little sense as to believe in the promise of "Good Citizens Leaguers" have not brains or manhood enuf left in their carcasses to be Burns Defective and the sooner they get out of the Union the stronger it will be. Everything is going fine, as this move shows.

Our Rebel Mothers.

The women are still doing fine picket duty; 80 or 90 meet the train every day now, rain or shine, as an effect of which the Boss is sawing bigger "holer" logs than ever. Besides this, they are picketing all three gates leading into the bullpen, getting on the firing line at 5 a. m. and sticking on the job until the sundown whistle blows. They sure are a wonder, these militant rebels of the "weaker" (?) sex, these mothers fighting for the freedom of the children of their class. More than all other signs, this marching of the women to the battleline presages the triumph of the I. W. W. and the worldwide liberty of the working class, for, all history shows that when the women begin to fight, the old order has become unbearable and is done for. The New Age is at hand.

Beautifying a Scab.

Also, last week, Fellow Worker Parham overheard a nigger say something slighting about our brave women, and proceeded to knock hell out of him. For this chivalrous deed that the political spellbinders and Southern "Aristocrats" and capitalists are so fond of popping off when Fourth of Julying about the South and its women, Fellow

Worker Parham was promptly jailed, and, after being in the jug several hours, was haled into the Santa Fe's court and fined \$5.00, which was paid. How's this for a clincher on our I. W. W. doctrine that the "white supremacy" dope handed out by capitalist pulpit, press and other bullconners, is a delusion and a snare? Had the case been reversed, there would have been no fine and, had one of our Negro Fellow Workers said anything about the prostitutes they are hauling up and down the line, he would probably have been lynched. There is a vast difference between a nigger and a negro, we have found out—the first is a scabby cur; the last is a MAN, a UNION MAN, an I. W. W. But we have them on the run and there is great enthusiasm and solidarity. Send in your help, you I. W. W.'s, and Rebels! Arise and let us regain our freedom and lose our chains.

Arrest Them.

Late news from Merryville is to the effect that T. J. Coggins, a late addition to the Santa Fe's army of imported thugs is advising the arrest of all our colored fellow workers for the crime of meeting in the same hall with their white fellow workers, this tho we, to give these thugs no chance to start trouble, have always been separated in the hall, just as in theatres or other public places. Again, we and they are fully aware that Union men of all races meet and have met for years in the same halls in New Orleans and hundreds of other towns in the South, so let them start their arresting. The moment it begins, tho, we call on all foot-loose rebels to head for Merryville and give the Parish of Beauregard 5000 or 10,000 men to jail. Also, you who can't come, begin to take it out of the hide of the Santa Fe.

REST ON YOUR ARMS UNTIL THEY MAKE THEIR LAWLESS BREAK; LET THEM, AS WE ALWAYS DO, STRIKE THE FIRST BLOW—THEN, INTO ACTION!

Bulldozer "Gus."

Also, his fraudulency, W. A. ("Gus")

Martin, Sheriff of Beauregard Parish, by virtue of commissaried vote of Bon Ami, Carson and Longville, is reported to have inflicted the Peonity with his presence, called Filigno and Cline off to one side and advised them that he "would hold them personally responsible in the future for anything unlawful" committed in his rotten jurisdiction. This because some "unknown person," somewhere, some night shot at a locomotive engineer somewhere along the line of the Santa Fe.

We hereby notify "Gus" that we are not, as he well knows, depending on anything "unlawful" to win the Merryville strike; that, in the face of great provocation from his imported and deputized hellions, our conduct of this strike has been and will continue to be peaceful and, therefore, that he will be held personally responsible for any harm or injury that may come to Fellow Workers Filigno, Cline, Eastman or Kelly at the hands of his imported and deputized thugs. And we hereby call on all Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma and Arkansas rebels who are tired of being gunned into peonage, to be prepared to back up the Hobo army when the Santa Fe and its sheriffs issue the call to action.

Bulldozer "Gus" is also reported to have called Fellow Worker Filigno a "damn Dago from the Northwest," and to have said he "would see that the mills here will run without you strikers."

Will he, Hosts of Labor, will he?! Well, the SOLIDARITY OF LABOR has prevented the whole Santa Fe-Association gang of riot-makers from running those mills now for twelve long weeks and more; men, women and children, all Southern born and bred, have fought for nearly a hundred days in as heroic a struggle for justice as the world has ever seen; they have fairly and squarely whipped the Santa Fe and the Association, and we hereby call upon the people of Louisiana to rise against these lumber trust-elected sheriffs, who are disgracing their State in the eyes of a civilized world, and see

that justice is done the heroic band of Southern working men and women who have fought so long against the British Plunderbund, there at Merryville! In Freedom's name, Sons of the South, arise!

THE SPARTACHI.

WAIL OF A BONEHEAD.

Under the heading: "Beware of Promises," the editor of The Lumberjack has received the following letter:

"Dear Sir: Please allow me space in your paper for a few lines. I will try to explain a few facts about capitalist promises. I was working at a Lumber Mill near about this place and they brought their paper around for all of us to sign. They said sign it or we will fire you and see that you can't get work anywhere else. But told me if I would sign it and stay with them they would give me a better job and that I would have a job as long as they had a saw mill. At that present time I was getting \$2.00 per day, and I signed it and done all I could for the Company and got most of my friends, and the Bosses would come around and slap us on the back and laugh and talk with us and treat to the cigars. It wasn't long before they got enough boneheads like myself to start the saw mill and in a few days they had a full crew, so the Bosses quit watching us so much and all the old boys came back and got from 10c to 25c raise on the day. In about 30 days they raised me as they said they would, from \$2.00 per day to \$1.75. I raised a kick. They said if the wages didn't suit, just quit and they would give me what I had coming less 10 per cent discount on the dollar. And finally they switched me around on the hardest job they had and raised me again—from \$1.75 to \$1.65. I worked on because I wasn't able to quit. Finally I got in debt so on each article I secured I had to do something, so I quit and went off. Came back to move and found my folks all sick and when they got well I didn't have any money to move on, so I went to them for work and they said they had orders not to work me at all. That is what you will get from the capitalists if they get holt of you. Beware of their promises. My advice is to hold your head high if you dies hard. It can't be any worse dose than I got. Beware all imitators.

Sign no job. If you can, print this without signing my name, or I get my jaw nut tore off. A. Bonehead."

Moral: Don't be a bonehead, "beware of capitalist promises," and join the National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers today, not after the Association has used you as a tool and played you for a sucker. This man's experience is the experience of thousands of other workers who were fools enough to swallow the "good fellowship" racket of the Bosses and help them break strikes called by their fellow workers. The Boss loves you only for what he can get out of you. Take his pats and cigars today, but, hold him up for higher wages, shorter hours and and better conditions tomorrow, and keep on holding him up, just as he does you, every chance you get. Don't be a bonehead. Stand by your fellow workers. Be a man, a Union Man, an I. W. W.

BOOST THE LUMBERJACK

THE LUMBERJACK

Education
Organization
Emancipation



Freedom in
Industrial
Democracy

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PLEASE NOTE.

In sending money for the paper do not mix it with monies intended for the organization, as the paper carries a separate account. Cash must accompany all subscriptions and bundle orders. Make all checks and money orders payable to The Lumberjack.

THE 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 in employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest 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 whenever 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 wage 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 everyday struggle with 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.

TO ALL MEMBERS.

Pay no money to any one for Dues or Assessments unless a stamp is placed on your membership book therefor. The stamp is your only receipt for Dues and Assessments, and your only evidence that you are a member of the Union. Unless your book is correctly stamped up to date, you will not be recognized as a Union member, either in the Southern or Western District. All Local Secretaries have, or should have, on hand a supply of stamps. Insist that your book be stamped for every time you pay or have paid your Dues and Assessments. A book is the only evidence you have paid your Initiation fee.

This notice is issued because the General Organization and its Local Unions have lost hundreds of dollars thru the members failing to insist that Secretaries place dues and assessment stamps in their book at the time payment was made. Cease this loose method. Demand a book when you pay your Initiation fee and a stamp every time you pay Dues and Assessments.

N. I. U. of F. & L. W.
By Jay Smith,
Secty. Southern District.

EDITORIALS

WHAT IS THE I. W. W.?

By Jay Smith.

The I. W. W. is a latest form of labor organization. The I. W. W. is the only labor organization big enough to take into its membership all the workers in all the Industries without regard to color, religion, politics or nationality. The I. W. W. is the only labor organization claiming to represent the whole working class. The I. W. W. is the only labor organization claiming that the working class and the employing class have nothing in common. The I. W. W. is the only labor organization that has the structure upon which the Industrial Democracy can be built. The I. W. W. is the only labor organization that is working to organize the Labor Power Trust. The I. W. W. is the only labor organization educating its membership to be their own leaders. The I. W. W. is the only labor organization dreaded by the Capitalist Class. The I. W. W. is the organization that made Judge Gary say: "Unless we do something for the poor immediately, the I. W. W. will be in power." The I. W. W. is the organization that made H. G. Otis say: "We would be powerless if the workers organized into an organization like the I. W. W."

The I. W. W. is the organization that made Prosecuting Attorney Atwell say: "The I. W. W. has swept the country like a wild fire and we are powerless to stop it." The I. W. W. is the only labor organization seeking to control the jobs by direct action. The I. W. W. teaches the workers to de-

pend upon themselves to get better conditions. The I. W. W. teaches that striking on the job is the only way to raise wages and shorten hours. The I. W. W. is the organization teaching that folded arm sare mightier than the sword. The I. W. W. is the organization that made John Henry Kirby and his hired hellsions take their hands off the throats of Arthur L. Emerson and his associates in the Grabow trial. The I. W. W. is the organization that gained \$15,000,000 annually for the women and children Textile Workers of the New England States, and then saved the lives of Etor, Giovanitti and Caruso, whom the Woollen Trust would have electrocuted for leading the Lawrence strikers to victory. The I. W. W. invites you to read its literature on Industrial Unionism, then, if you are a wage worker and do not become a member of the I. W. W., it's because you are not capable of thinking and learning.

Y. M. C. A. SELF-EXPOSED.

The following letter was received by an Alexandria merchant who, however, failed to see why he should chip in and help pay the spiritual "policemen" who are "insuring" the Lumber Trust against a thinking working class. The letter follows:

"Tri-State Executive Committee of Y. M. C. A."
(N. B.—Nearly one-half of this "Committee are Lumber Kings.—Ed.)

Birmingham, Ala., January 29, 1913.

Mr. _____
Alexandria, La.

Dear Mr. _____
Knowing that you are interested in the best welfare of the young men and boys, we are writing to ask earnestly your support for the work of supervision and extension, carried on by the Tri-State Executive Committee of the Young Men's Christian Associations of Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana.

The results that have been secured under the direction of the State Executive Committee during the past year have been exceedingly gratifying. Investigations have been made at twenty lumber mills in co-operation with the International Committee, in answer to a request from the Welfare Committee of the Yellow Pine Manufacturer's Association. This has resulted in the promise of six Associations, plans for these buildings are already out and two of them are now under way. New buildings have been erected at Birmingham and Huntsville, Alabama, and Tupelo, Miss., and the Community Boys Work has been inaugurated at Meridian and Greenwood, Mississippi, and Shreveport, Louisiana.

Our year ends March 31st, 1913. Including our present indebtedness it will require \$3,500.00 to close this year free of debt. We enclose a subscription book and trust you will enter your name for as generous an amount as you can contribute. The gift may be paid now or before March 31st, 1913.

Please return the book within three or four days, using the enclosed envelope, that we may send it to other friends. Make checks payable to C. H. Moorman, State Secretary. Thanking you in advance for this financial, I am,

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) C. H. MOORMAN,
State Secretary."

Read the above letter again and then read the following, which is taken from the "subscription book."

"President Ingals, of C. and O., said:
Before we opened the Y. M. C. A. work on our line, it cost the Company \$1,000 per day for careless breakage and wreckage. After three years work of the eleven departments our books show this sum has been reduced to \$68.00 per day, a saving of \$932 per day. Of course it pays to keep the R. R. Y. M. C. A. on our lines."

NOTE—Ingals is one of the biggest slave drivers in the world. Then read this from the last page of the "subscription book":

"A BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

The appeal, which the Association from time to time makes to business men, is not, and ought not to be regarded as an appeal for charity. It is, instead, the asking for an expenditure on the part of those to whom the request is addressed, as legitimate to the furtherance of their business enterprise as that which is incurred for police or fire insurance, or any other outlay which has regard for their PROPERTY INTEREST.

The man who fails to give heed to the call of the Association, after once being made acquainted with its merits, makes so grave an error as to reflect upon the soundness of his business judgment.—Ex-Comptroller of the United States Currency."

(The italics, but not the caps, are ours.—Ed.)

Then read this leaflet that was also inclosed in Secretary Moorman's letter:

"We have two branches of the Association, one at our logging camp and one at Laurel, and are pleased beyond expression with the results of our experience. I hope that many other manufacturers may become interested."

EASTMAN GARDINER LUMBER CO.,
Laurel, Miss."

Read the above "Business Propositions" over again, couple with them the fact that all the literature sent to the Alexandria merchant is couched in Business Terms, then consider along with all this the fact that the Y. M. C. A. is behind the "Boy Scout" movement, which is an attempt to poison the child-mind with the military spirit, i. e., gunman-ideals, and then add to this the further fact that the Y. M. C. A. is joining in the strenuous campaign to lure young men into the Navy, and, then, if you can't see the game of the Yellow Pine Manufacturers Association, alias the Southern Lumber Operators Association, and its spiritual "police" and "insurance" agents, the Y. M. C. A., which is to do to you lumberjacks what the Association and all its politicians, gunmen and kept writers have been unable to do—keep YOU from

THINKING and ACTING for YOURSELVES in the ONE BIG UNION of your class—then you have lost all capacity to think, are fit subjects for the "ennobling" influence of the Y. M. C. A., and should join the Sawdust Ring's spiritual "police" force today and help the blacklisters, the man-hunters, the motherhood-murderers and baby-starvers to emasculate the soul of your class. But if you have a grain of manhood, a flash of intellect left in you, you will resent being classed as "Products" along with "Coal, Iron, Steel, Cotton, Lumber," etc., as "Investments," to be declared into "Dividends" by the Y. M. C. A. for the Lumber Trust, and, instead of being sheep shorn by a lot of guntoting shepherds, you will be men, join the National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers and march with your brothers to a MAN'S victory over these peonherders and Christ-syndicators. Don't be a sheep. Don't help these modern Judases, who have not the shame to go hang themselves, to syndicate, sell and recrucify the rebel Carpenter of Nazareth.

Be a MAN—A UNION MAN—AN I. W. W.!

JESUS CHRIST.

I.

Then they seized you and they crowned you with a burning crown of thorns;
Now, the Masters bow before you and a servile priesthood fawns;

In a far and distant Eden, in a hidden, gold-kept shrine,
They have buried all the treasure of the truth that was divine.

II.

On the cross they built for labor, lo! they hanged you in the night,
And the jeering preachers cheered it as a deed for good and right;

But the workers gathered 'round you, and the Revolution spread,
And the priesthood and the Masters for a moment were afraid.

III.

Down the high-road of the ages marched your resurrected soul,
And the pagan powers trembled as their strong hands lost control;

But the priesthood and the Masters they were ever full of guile,
And they re-enchained the workers with a promise and a smile.

IV.

Yea! they built you divers temples, and they took you from the sod
And set you up in heaven as an Emperor and God;

And they read a mystic meaning in your pure and simple creed
To the foolish workers dying on the battlefields of greed.

V.

'Round your white and splendid altars they have reared a ghastly pile,
Copied from the Roman Masters, imitations weak and vile;

Where they hide you from the workers, where they rave at all who come
Seeking for the priceless truths you uttered ere your lips grew dumb.

VI.

Superstition-blighted knowledge—prison upon prison piled—
And the brazen creed of profit—thus have Master hands defiled

All the mighty work you fashioned in the ages long ago,
When you lead the hosts of labor and when labor loved you so.

—Covington Hall.

"ONLY A NIGGER."

One day last summer, while they were firing men at Bon Ami for having attended a Union mass meeting held on the outskirts of that fold of sanctified guntoters, a petty boss walked into the hotel and discharged a white worker who had been guilty of said crime. Then the boy who was waiting on the table took off his apron, laid it on the back of a chair and said: "I reckon you had better let me go, too, because I, too, am a Union man." No, Florence, the boy who showed that splendid spirit of solidarity was not a "supreme white"—he was "only a nigger."

The "supreme white Anglo-Saxons were the ones who beat tincans and saws to disturb and break the Union's meetings and then whined: "I had to do it or lose my job." That's what they did, Florence. Guess that's one reason why they hate the "damn nigger" so. I've always noticed that it jars this "cream" of our "superior" race to have a member of the "inferior" races make a demonstration of nerve while his "superiors" are down in the mud licking boots for a job they haven't even a rent title to. And, he was only a boy—
ONLY A NIGGER.

ITA EST.

"A workingman spilling his blood for his master's pocketbook is enough to stagger the intelligence of a lobster. That is just what war is.—The Rip-Saw.

"We need free bodies and free minds—free labor and free thought—chainless hands and fetterless brains. Free labor will give us all wealth. Free thought will give us truth."—Robert H. Ingersoll.

A BARGAIN.

"The Lumberjack" and "The Industrial Worker," both, for \$1.50 per year. Or "The Lumberjack," "The Industrial Worker" and "Solidarity," all three, for \$2.25 per year—the three greatest labor papers published in America. Keep posted on labor's fight for liberty.

"STOMACH EQUALITY."

By E. F. Dorée.

Perhaps the greatest question confronting the industrial unionist today is the foreigner and race question. In each section of the country we find the American born shouting himself hoarse against the Italian, Greek, Sweed, Russian, Jew, Jap, Chinese or Negro. That the writer was American born he does not deny, but that it was due to his good judgment prior to birth he takes this occasion to deny. So if some of us were born here it was because our fathers and mothers came here and were damn foreigners in our stead. But in the South the great issue is not "the dago," "hunkie," "slant-eye," "round head" or "blue nose"—it's the "nigger."

What are we going to do with him? He saws logs, he works in the mill, he piles lumber, produces turpentine—well, in fact, in and on almost every job you find him working side by side with a white man. You must admit that he is a wealth producer and as such deserves recognition.

The working conditions of the South are in a terrible shape. Long hours, short wages, hospital, insurance, and doctor fees, two roomed shacks set in a swamp to live in, unprotected machinery to work around, in the winter the rain and mud, and the summer hot and dusty, with its mosquitos and fevers. The working conditions of the Southern Lumber Operators Association is Hell. The object of the I. W. W. is to change these conditions and in order to get the economic power necessary to force this change it is incumbent upon us to organize the negro.

But some say, "I won't belong to a union that takes in 'niggers.'" I should like to ask what good a union would be in the South that didn't take him in. With the negro in one union and the whites in another, all you would have accomplished would have been to create race wars, after which your wages would not be raised one cent, but, instead, in all likelihood, if you fight one another hard enough, the boss will cut your wages and make you like it. Your forces are divided.

There is one thing self-evident: Labor must be organized as compactly as possible. The American, the foreigner, the Jap and the Negro must be organized in the Union as they work. If they work together, organize together.

You ask, "Shall we meet in the same hall at the same time?" Do you meet in the same mill at the same time? If so, "Yes."

But, even at that, the I. W. W. has made provisions for branch locals whereby one race or nationality can meet at one time and place and the other race or nationality at another place and time. But this is not so concrete as meeting together. You may not like it at first, but if you can work with a negro for ten and eleven hours a day, you can surely meet with him one hour a week to make plans by which to get more wages or fewer hours of labor or other concessions from a common master. You may call this "social equality," but we call it "stomach equality." If the I. W. W., which is the result of 5,000 years of triumphs and failures in the labor world, will not take the unqualified stand for the solid organization of all races, there will appear, as surely as the sun shall rise in the morning, another organization that will and it will supersede the unions of today, because of our failure to unite all of the workers together.

Call this anything you like, but this is what labor must do to win. Now all you workers, white and colored, get into the One Big Union, the I. W. W. See your closest Union Secretary, or write Jay Smith, P. O. Box 78, Alexandria, La. The initiation is \$1.00; dues are 50c per month. Kick in—be one thing, a man, a union man, an I. W. W.

ATLANTA NOTES.

This job is still about as rotten as anything in the Imaginary State of Louisiana. For instance, since the boys struck about a year ago and forced the wages of "common labor" up to \$1.75 for 10 hours, and the squaw-men took it but refused to get into the Union

and sat down and allowed the Company to fire all the fighters, the squaw men being unable to protect themselves, the Company has advanced wages back to \$1.50 a day. Electricians and engineers get from \$2.00 to \$2.50 per day; men in the machine shops get from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day; flatheads are averaging only about \$2.50 per day, and so the wages go all over this bum joint. The boys in the woods are forced to pay \$1.50 a month rent for the cars they live (?) in, these cars being made out of waste lumber and roofed with paper, so that when it rains the men's wives have to set buckets and pans all over the floor to help the roof shed the rain. The men in the mill are compelled to buy all their fire wood from the Company and they are subject to fine and discharge if they are caught carrying a pine knot home. From the conditions existing in this meningit's incubator and the wages paid there it can be clearly seen that the "skilled (?) workers don't need any Union" and why "the men to whom God in his infinite wisdom has confided the business interests of this country" hate the I. W. W. so—because it means to change, and is changing, and is organizing the overthrow of the present cannibalism. Boys, don't be a bone-head. Join the National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers, and join it today. S. S. 13.

DE RIDDER NOTES.

We are without a home to meet in now, as the store that we meet over burned down last night about 10:30. Think it was accidental, as the fire started from inside. We will try and get to meet with the carpenters.

I am writing Smith about reports that circulate here every day that the strike at Merryville has been settled, or that it will be settled in a day or two. Now I think that a lot of this is started by our people to create confidence, but it also checks funds, as no one wants to donate to a won cause. Our local appointed a man here and one for Ludington to collect funds and they have got about \$15.00. I think it would be more if the people did not think that the strike was over or soon would be.

Hoping you will consider this, and if you see fit warn the members not to hold back funds on such reports, I am,

Yours to win,

W. E. HOLLINGSWORTH,
To All Members:

Do not believe anything you hear about the Merryville strike until you get official notice thereof, as many of the above reports are deliberately spread by the Association to cut off help from the boys.

JAY SMITH,
Sec., South, Dist.

AWAKE, YE TOILERS!

Awake, ye Toilers! take your stand!
Cringe no more—this is our land!
At the capitalist's demand!
Awake, my brothers, give your hand!
Union opens wide the door
To free all slaves forevermore!
If ye will only heed the call,
We shall be free, not one, but all!

—M. W. Strother.

CRAVENS NOTES.

Fellow Worker C. Havens was out in and thru this section collecting funds and provisions for the Merryville strikers and he carried three wagons loaded to the brim back with him. He met but few with stone hearts who refused to donate, but we will win without them or their donations.

Scabs here are still taking the sucker's oath, but some of them sucked so hard they have been kicked loose from the titty. The mill managers know scabs are no good as well as we do; that they are a degenerate class that will not stand up for their rights; that they will lie on a good man to get his job and take jobs for what no sensible man would work for, and they despise them tho they use them.

All good horse-sense men know the Union, the I. W. W., is right, so, all who toil, just stop for one moment and think how rotten it is to scab against your class and be men and join the

Union that's going to win the world for the Workers, the I. W. W. When the Boss at the mill wants a thing done, he don't say "come on"—it's "go on;" he don't say "let's do a thing"—it's "damn you, do it yourself." Stand up face to face to him until you are a free man and big in the heart as he is, and to hell with his jobs. That will mean like talk and Mr. Boss will like you better. If he winks at you or hands you a cigar, wink back, smoke the cigar, but don't think he loves you—he has only got a job for you at half its value. That is his whole aim in a nutshell. So be a man and join the Union, the One Big Union of the working class—the I. W. W.—and take the full value of your work.

J. R. STROTHER.

THE WORKINGMAN.

He makes everything.
He makes butter and eats oleo.
He makes overcoats and freezes.
He builds palaces and lives in shacks.
He raises the corn and eats the husks.
He builds the automobiles and walks home.
He makes kid gloves and wears mittens.
He makes fine tobacco and chews scraps.
He makes fine flour and eats stale bread.
He makes fine clothing and wears shoddy.
He makes silk socks and wears cotton ones.
He makes good cigars and smokes two fors.
He builds electric plant and burns oil.
He makes dress shirts and wears flannel.
He produces fine beef and eats the soupbone.
He makes carriages and pushes a wheelbarrow.
He makes broadcloth pants and wears overalls.
He makes meerschaum pipes and smokes clay.
He makes stovepipe hats and wears cheap derbies.
He digs the gold and has his teeth filled with cement.
He builds fine cafes and eats at the lunch counter.
He makes fine patent leather shoes and wears brogans.
He builds baseball grand stands and sits in the bleachers.
He makes the palace cars and drides in the side-door sleeper.
He builds the grand opera houses and goes to the nickel shows.
He makes silk suspenders and holds his pants up with a nail.
He makes fine furniture and uses cheap installment stuff.

And the Lumberjack:

He pays Insurance and has no policy.
He works this month and gets his pay the next.
He works for U. S. money and gets Commissary checks.
He pays hospital fees and has no hospital.
He pays road tax and only smells the auto.
He pays rent for a house and camps in a shack.

He Does, And He, too:

Makes the shrouds, the coffins and tombs and when he dies he sleeps in the potter's field.
Workers, wake up! Join the I. W. W. and stop all this graft!

"DAMN FOREIGNERS."

On the day we Unionists were first timeanned at Bon Ami and Carson, La., I witnessed sights that will live as long as I have memory. The bunch that left De Ridder was only 15 strong. When we neared Bon Ami, where we had no intention of speaking, we were met by a deputy sheriff, an officer commissioned by the "State of Louisiana," but owned by the Long-Bell Lumber Co., who asked if we were the "Union crowd," who "the speaker was" and if we "were going to speak in Bon Ami." Tho which we answered that we were the "Union crowd," that I was the speaker and that we did not intend to speak in Bon Ami, but at Carson. He then whirled his horse around and drove rapidly back into Bon Ami. When we reached the

town we were met by a mob led by this officer, whose name is Kelly, and Mr. Fred Martin, foreman of the mill at Bon Ami and a leading member of the Baptist Church. This mob had a large circular saw rigged up in a cart, which fell in behind the vehicles in which we were riding, and six or seven men in the cart, using long bolts, began to beat on the saw, while other members of the mob followed along on foot beating tin cans, small saws and iron shields, which last had been made especially for the occasion. This they continued doing until we were about half way to Carson, when Chas. Smith, who was killed from ambush by Deputy Sheriff Del Charlan and his posse near Merryville last September, got in one of our wagons and ordered them to stop their infernal racket. This order was immediately obeyed and the silence of fear reigned until we reached the outskirts of Carson, where Smith left us and we were met by another mob armed with the same kind of noise making instruments and led by General Manager Morrison and Superintendent Crawford of the Central Coal and Coke Co. About 150 Union men and women also met us at Carson.

We stopped our wagons on the public road on the outskirts of the town and tried to hold our meeting, but, when I rose to speak, the officials of Bon Ami and Carson gathered their mobs around the wagon and drowned out my voice by yelling and beating saws, cans and shields. Seeing that we could stop their violence only by violence, we ceased trying to speak and, instead, began a sort of circus parade thru the town, us drivin' up and down the streets cheering for the One Big Union and they running along after us and trying to drown the I. W. W. in a sea of noise. It was while this mob of Managers, Superintendents, foremen, deputy sheriffs, gunmen, office men, commissary soldiers, "skilled" craftsmen and a few working class suckers, all "free-born supreme white American citizens," was following us on the public road thru Carson, that we first ran into a bunch of "damn foreigners." They were the Mexicans working at the mill. They came filing thru the woods from somewhere. Not a man of them was beating a circular saw. Not one of them joined the shameless mob. Quietly they filed on until they came opposite our wagons, then, taking off and waving their hats, they shouted: "Viva el Brotherhood!" And we Union men shouted back: "Long live the Brotherhood!" Not a Mexican was fired, for there were no job-cowards in that crew—only men, only "damn foreigners."

Here at Carson, too, the Negroes waved their hands to us as we passed by the quarters, and they had, on another occasion, offered to cook and serve food for the Union girls who were with us when the "white" boarding house keepers, on orders from the Company, had refused us anything to eat. But this the Negroes were prevented from doing by a "white" deputy sheriff, who told them it was "against the law for a colored restaurant to furnish white people with food;" and, so, the girls would have gone hungry had not an Indian farmer come to our aid, who brought them a supper, saying: "You are my people; my house is yours; come in and eat, and let the mill owners do to me what they will."

But, after marching thru Carson, we turned and started back home to De Ridder. The mob followed us all the way to Bon Ami, three and one-half miles, as it had to Carson. When we reached Bon Ami the mob redoubled its noise and insults, so we decided to demonstrate thru that town as we had done thru Carson. Up and down and around the streets, we drove, us cheering for the One Big Union of Forest and Lumber Workers, and they running along beside us shrieking and beating their saws in an effort to smother the message of the I. W. W. Up and down and around we went and then turned into the road home, where we ran into another band of "damn foreigners," about 25 or 30 of them, gathered on the gallery of a house. This bunch were all Italians. When we reached the front of the house, every man in the crowd began to wave hats and handkerchiefs to us, and all were cheering for the Brotherhood, and we cheered back: "Long live the Brotherhood!"

And not an Italian was fired, either, for there were no job-cowards on that gallery—they were all in the shameless mob of native born Americans who were that day, at the behest of drunken overseers, disgracing their revolutionary forefathers. And, so, whenever I hear a "native born American" talking about "damn foreigners," I think of that day at Bon Ami and Carson, and know that what's troubling him is that his pride has been hurt by some bunch of "foreigners" setting a pace he did not have the nerve to follow.

Looking back at it all, I only pity the mob of "freeborn supreme white Americans" who dwell at Bon Ami and Carson, and I sincerely hope the Association's spiritual "police" force will find the body of the one who fell at Grabow in defense of his Master's "rights" and, keeping from her the truth of how he died, send it home to the mother grieving for her boy, there, in Michigan.

DONCHER KNOW.

The Pacific Coast blanket stiff (we call this eighth wonder of the world a sucker down South.—Ed.) is a queer piece of work. He likes to make a burro of himself so that the boss can make more profit out of his hide.

When he comes to town after working a few days and has a few drinks, he goes to a doggerly and gets a couple of snorts of panther juice; he then tries to dance the California bear and the Texas bunnybug at the same time.

He thinks he looks swell. Oh, yes. (Like hell.)

He then grabs his dirty roll of blankets and hikes, looking for a job; or he may go to some fat employment shark and pay for a job if he has the price left. He is the wise gink all right. He don't like the I. W. W. because they are nothing but bums. He is some class, doncher know.

He is a sample of the free and independent American working man. He prattles about flag and country and freedom and liberty.

He is forever dreaming about how he is going to Alaska or South America; or some other far-away country, where gold nuggets fall like raindrops. He don't seem to know that he is nothing but a walking log of merchandise.

It is a tuf job to organize that breed of pups.

But the I. W. W. is trying its best to wake him up and they are getting some of their eyes open with much hard work.

"HEMLOCK SAVAGE."

I AM!

Or Echoes from a Sucker and Answers
to a Class-Conscious Slave.

Sucker: Labor could not exist without capital.

Slave: Poor, ignorant fool, you mean capital could not exist without labor.

Sucker: I saw a lot in De Ridder a man bought seven years ago for seven hundred dollars, and now he is offered two thousand dollars for it. Now, tell me, what labor had to do with that?

Slave: Sir, Labor had everything to do with it; if Labor had not developed this country that lot would not be worth the money paid for it seven years ago, and you take the Labor from this town for one year and the owner of this lot will give it to some one for a potato patch. Now, Mr. Sucker, you just have a little heart to heart talk with yourself and ask yourself this question: Am I a Capitalist? Do I attend any dog weddings? Do I dance the turkey trot? No, I don't. And I must be a worker, and my interests are the same as all wage slaves, regardless of creed or color, and I am in this class struggle, and I am going to be a man, and no longer a sucker, no longer a peon, I am going to get into the fray and call for higher wages and the eight hour day. I am going to belong to the ONE BIG UNION that does things.

CLARENCE H. EDWARDS.

THE AMERICAN COSSACK.

"The man on horseback" has always typified despotism. This means "Silence!" to all opposition. He is the assassin of discussion and the destroyer of democracy. Historically he has usually been the ambitious general usurping political powers and becoming an autocrat. He has always been dreaded by all who have worked for the progress of freedom. "The man on horseback" has ceased to be a myth in America. He has been recreated by the Neros of American capitalism whom he proudly serves for rations and flattery, the pet of the "captains of industry."

The Tsars of Russia have used the Cossack and recommended him to all the rulers of the world.

The American Cossack has been on duty for several years in some parts of the United States. He is shameless, dangerous, effective. He will probably be multiplied by thousands, in numbers, and by infinity, in insolence—within the next ten years—in the United States. **He must be understood—by the working class.** Here is a sample:

In the anthracite coal strike of 1902, 145,000 miners whose average income was \$1.29 per day, struggled for a few pennies more for their toil with which to feed and clothe themselves and their families. In that strike the following brave deed was done by a mounted militiaman, an American Cossack, in the service of the tyrants who own the vast stores of anthracite coal.

A mounted militiaman, armed with a modern rifle and a powerful revolver, a double row of cartridges and a club in his belt, rode pompously through the street of a mining village, bravely daring the unarmed toilers and heroically glaring at the humble women and the helpless little children at the cabin doors. **READY**—with him fed, petted, armed, mounted and brutal—the CAPITALISTS were **READY**, ready though the capitalists were a hundred miles or ten thousand miles away. That AUTOMATIC TUSK of the capitalist class was on duty. Suddenly he cried out to an old man, a "mine helper," on strike, an old veteran of the Civil War:

"Halt!"
Then, pointing down the dusty road, "the man on horseback," the American Cossack, said to the hungry old man: "Mareh! Git! Damn you—git! Right down that road right now—and keep marching—straight ahead of me! Mind you—I'll be right behind you, you damned lazy scoundrel. Walk pretty—damn you! If you make a misstep or even look sideway, I'll put a bullet through you! Now march!"

The march began at once. Thus this well dressed, well mounted, well armed young working man, an American Cossack, rode hour after hour—for a half day—a few steps behind the weary old wage-slave, a veteran of the Civil War—on and on in the hot sun for many weary miles, down the Susquehanna River (in the direction of Gettysburg.) Finally after a long march, the noble hero on horseback called out to the old hero on foot: "Halt! Do you see that trail over that mountain? Yes? Well, now, you damned old cheap skate—you scratch gravel over that mountain—quick, too! And let me tell you one thing—if you ever show your damned skinny face in the anthracite coal region again, we'll shoot you like a dog. Now, you old gray-headed—git up that mountain—git up that mountain and out of sight, or I'll shoot you. Go!"

Wearily the old Union veteran climbed the mountain. When he finally got away from his noble tormentor he sat down to rest—and think—to think of "our free country."

Long ago that old gray man—when in his excitable youth—had marched proudly under the "Stars and Stripes" on gory battlefields, risking all, all to defend "his country," and his dear "Old Glory." Once, he told me, the flag was reddened with his own blood, but now "Old Glory" mocked him.

Captains of industry, capitalists, industrial Caesars, had captured the flag and with the devilish craftiness used that same flag to defend their industrial despotism. Sons and grandsons of veterans of the Civil War were now shrewdly flattered and bribed into the ignoble role of Russianizing America.

Sons and grandsons were becoming Cossacks, and they cursed his gray hairs for demanding of American capitalists a few more pennies a day for ill-fed, ill-clad, ill-housed women and children in the dismal homes of the miners. —A cursing Cossack wearing khaki and flying the flag virtually spat in the old veteran's face.

When Decoration Day comes, when the Fourth of July is to be celebrated, when "patriotic" displays are to be made—at such times—bankers, big business men, politicians and statesmen—many of these—should put on black masks, wrap themselves in black flags, and sneak, (blushingly, if possible) down into dark cellars and stay there during the celebration—with their memories crowded with soldiers, widows and orphans brutally wronged—with their memories crowded with congresses corrupted, treasuries looted, lands stolen, charters, privileges and "good things" shamelessly raped from the unseeing public while brave but deluded working men agonized on bloody battlefields.

And on such days the working class should shout less and think more. "The man on horseback" should have some special thought.

And the working class are thinking today more than ever before. And, thinking, they begin to see that hand-clapping, fife-playing, drum-beating and luncheon from a prostituted orator are neither freedom nor justice, nor even the sign of such; but are, rather, just what Mark Twain called them—a "bastard patriotism." (In an address, New York, May 25, 1908.)

The motive of the young men who voluntarily join the army or the militia is possible, in many cases, a good motive. Perhaps they do not see the tricks of the string-pullers behind the scenes, the powerful motives of the industrial masters behind the curtains. **It is not always easy for the young man to realize that he is to be used to punish the half-nourished, pale-faced working class baby that vainly tugs weep-lipped at the withered and milkless breasts of the ill, fed, ill-clothed, discouraged working class mother.**

However, the cheap role of the armed protector of industrial parasites is becoming more and more clearly understood, and consequently more and more disgusting to the entire working class—including both the militia and the regulars themselves.

Light is breaking in the toilers' mind. The hideous business of standing ready to bayonet the millions of men and boys and women—this vile business is rapidly sinking below the level of contempt. Strong young fellows in the army and the militia and the Navy incline more and more to line up with their own class, the working class, and refuse to assassinate their brothers who are struggling for a few pennies advance in wages.

They see the trick.—From G. R. Kirkpatrick's "War—What For?"

NOTE—Kirkpatrick's book, "War—What For?" is one of the greatest books ever written and should be read by every worker. The infamous Pennsylvania Cossacks, however, have been gone some better by the "deputized" hellions of the Southern Lumber Operators Association, is our opinion. Confederate veterans as well as Union veterans have been hounded from home and hearth by these off-scourings gathered from the lowest depths of capitalist society and commissioned as "peace officers" by States that call themselves "democratic," but sail under the black flag of the Almighty Dollar. But the very fact that the capitalist class is compelled to use these human hyenas, is a good sign, for it is a sign that the capitalists themselves have given up all hope of justifying capitalism; it is a sign that "the most brutal and hypocritical form of slavery the race has ever known," wage-slavery, is rotten to the core and is falling of its own weight, for, when a ruling class comes to the pass that it must depend entirely on gunmen and detectives for its salvation, its reign is done, the day of its eviction from the earth is at hand. The I. W. W., the One Big Union of the Working Class, is the only force that can save human society from chaos. Join it today! Put the gunmen and the capitalists in overalls and the workers in possession of the World!

"A BUSINESS MAN" BUMPED.

Elizabeth, La., Jan. 27, 1913.
Editor "The Lumberjack,"
Alexandria, La.

Dear Sir:

I have just finished reading your last "Lumberjack," and beg leave to comment on some of the more curious features.

In my estimation your article headed "Union Demands," deserves the gold medal; with Jay Smith's "Working Class Politics," a very close second.

But those "demands," now, say, friends,—they are simply hypnotizing. Still, I wish to suggest that they should have been set forth into the customary ten articles, instead of only eight; this would give the program a more finished appearance. So I accept your thanks in advance, for supplying the two missing numbers, as follows:

(9) Every workingman's "residence" to be supplied with a self-player piano of approved model, also an adequate supply of canned melody—this last to be replenished or exchanged at the wish and whim of the "proletarian" users and without any cost whatever.

(10) A moving picture theatre of suitable size and appointments, to be built by the "Company," and operated free gratis, for the delectation of all employees and their families.

Of course, you understand, Mr. Editor, that if our lumberjacks are to labor only eight hours each day, they must be offered some means to kill time while not at their jobs, and what better means, I ask you, than these last two "demands," which would give the whole lumberjack population a chance to satisfy its artistic yearnings? The realization of your demands would no doubt gladden the hearts of all the members of your I. W. W. Union, but you must know that such a thing is utterly impossible; therefore, I consider that to fill the childish minds of ignorant laborers with such dope is plain, malicious cruelty.

The class of people whose "holy Cause" you pretend to champion, will derive no benefit from your paper, unless you can teach through its columns that the only sure way for the wage-worker to better his condition, is to apply himself more conscientiously to his job, thereby increasing his efficiency and value to his employers.

Your "Lumberjack," if it persists in its present policy, will be a mere trouble breeder; and of trouble, God knows, we already have a plenty in the Timber Belt.

I shall not comment at this time on Jay Smith's "piece," except to call attention to his opening statement that: "The politician, like the preacher, is a thing of the past." This alone stamps him as an Atheist and revolutionary Socialist; his mind is no doubt, proof against all the powers of logic and reason, therefore I ignore his challenge to all employees of labor, and remain,

Yours, etc.,

(Signed) A BUSINESS MAN.

Comment.

The above letter, evidently from some smart "Law and Order Leaguer," with its references to "ignorant laborers," "Atheists," etc., and its advice that "the only sure way for a wage-worker to better his condition is to increase his efficiency and value to his employer," shows the average "business man's" idea of a "perfect" working man, that is, he must be a perfect machine, never thinking of himself and ~~his~~ but always of and for the Boss, a la Kirby's and Frost Johnson's slaves. When he does think of and for himself, he must be ridiculed about his "artistic yearnings." But, having secured a free Y. M. C. A. at Bon Ami, we see no reason why, Mr. Business Man, we should not and won't be able to make your gang come across with a few free pianos and a free moving picture show. Christ knows the boys need some amusement in your godforsaken convict camps beside that afforded them by your man-wrecking "squirrel cider" and blind-tiger booze. And, don't worry about our eight demands not being enuf—that was just a starter and, as for "trouble," well, "God knows," we mean to keep on organizing "ignorant laborers," tho' we are, until your gang, who breed all trouble, are put in overalls and civilized by the I. W. W.

TAMPA ARRESTS.

The Recording Secretary, Fellow Worker M. Olay, of Local Union, No. 102, I. W. W., of Ybor City, Florida, and Fellow Worker Salinas, Editor of our paper, "El Obrero Industrial," were arrested and thrown into jail at Tampa, Florida, on January 23rd, under the infamous alien anarchist law, and now the "native born American" white trash that serve so shamelessly the Spanish buccaneers who own the Cigar and Tobacco Factories of that notorious slave pen, are moving heaven and earth to deport Fellow Worker Salinas back to his (?) "native land," which is Cuba, which was stolen from Fellow Worker Salinas and his people for the Trusts, just as Dixie was stolen from us, by an army of gunmen made up of American born white-trash.

We have got to put a crimp in this business of the Bosses jailing, deporting and outraging working men who stand up for the rights of their class, and we might as well start on Tampa. I often wonder what would become of Tampa and Ybor City if the working men and farmers who make up the great army of consumers would just be sure that none of their cigars, stogies, tobacco or cigarettes were made in either of these hellholes I wonder. Our Revolutionary forefathers played hell with Great Britain by just refusing to buy her products. Don't forget that an injury to one is an injury to all and, — **don't forget Tampa when you are buying cigars and tobacco.**

And let all labor organizations pour letters and telegrams of protest against these infamous arrests and persecutions in on: The Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Washington, D. C.; the Governor of Florida, Tallahassee, Fla., and the Mayor of Tampa, Fla. Demand of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor that, if he is going to deport anybody, it be the infamous authorities of the the infamous City of Tampa. Make it strong.

RAILROAD WORKERS, ATTENTION

To the Aid of the Strikers of Homestead, Pa.

Headquarters of Striking Steel Mill Railroad Men at Homestead, Pa., 215 8th Ave., West Homestead, Pa.

Twenty years of industrial oppression—unparalleled in the history of this century—has rendered the workers employed in the possessions of the STEEL TRUST timid, submissive and obedient of cruel masters.

Wages are kept at the lowest point possible. Long hours of exacting toil relate the fate of toilers in hundreds of human beings being killed every month, and by the outcry of the thousands maimed and crippled every year, and slipped back, like useless cattle, to the countries they came from. All this to increase the profits of the Rockefellers, Carnegies and other bloodhounds of our present industrial exploits.

Silence reigned supreme for many, oh, so many years, until the railroad men employed in the plants of the Steel Corporation, at Homestead, the historic battle ground of American labor, Brad-dock and Duquesne, thought that they had a right to seek redress against appalling wrongs by petition, a right guaranteed to every citizen of this country, in the bill of rights conquered with the blood and tears of millions before us.

The Steel Trust locked out the petitioners. Hundreds of men, serving long years for the corporation, were denied the right to work. But this lockout has started the war that the Steel Trust sought to prevent by the proffers of fat jobs to gunmen, detectives and cheap politicians.

This lockout has broken the ground, and hundreds of thousands of toilers are preparing in all steel mill towns to get a larger share in the proceeds of their hard exacting toil in the possessions of the corporation. All are preparing to give battle to the steel trust and other corporations so that less money be spent in useless libraries and more of the necessities of life will come into the homes of the workers.

But these men, women and children who have started the greatest struggle that the world has ever heard of, must be supported, and they must be given the chance to carry the propaganda into the hovels and huts where the underpaid steel workers are compelled to dwell, and into the pestiferous environment that the masters of the institutions for our exploitation have imposed by their economic power.

Give as much as you can! It will be well used! Pass the lists around in the shops! Five cents, ten cents, a quarter, a dollar even from each worker, will count! We are not begging; this is your fight also; therefore, we know that if we win you also will share the results.

Receipt will be forwarded, account will be given in several weekly labor papers. But, get busy, don't turn this down. Send all contributions and lists to

THE STRIKING STEEL WORKERS COMMITTEE,

215 Eighth Ave.,

West Homestead, Pa.

AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL!

JOHN McGOVERN,

Treasurer.

JOIN

The National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers

For full information, write: Jay Smith, Secy., Southern District, Box 78, Alexandria, La., or Frank R. Schleis, Secy., Western District, 211 Occidental Avenue, Rear, Seattle, Washington.

ORGANIZATION IS POWER

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