

THE LUMBERJACK

"AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL"

VOLUME I.

* MIGHT IS RIGHT *

ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1913.

* TRUTH CONQUERS * No. 12

ADVERTISE DE RIDDER

ALL REVOLUTIONARY PAPERS OF THE WORLD—ADVERTISE DE-RIDDER! DE RIDDER, WHOSE "LEADING BUSINESS MEN" DO NOT BELIEVE IN FREE LABOR, WHO HAVE ORGANIZED A BANDIT LEAGUE TO OVERTHROW RIGHTS OLDER THAN ORGANIZED SOCIETY ITSELF, LIBERTIES RESPECTED EVEN BY BUSHMEN AND HOT-TENTOTS!

ADVERTISE DE RIDDER!

DE RIDDER, IMAGINARY STATE OF LOUISIANA, EMPIRE OF THE SAWDUST RING, UNITED TRUSTS OF AMERICA.

ADVERTISE DE RIDDER!

ASSOCIATION TO MEET.

The Southern Lumber Operators Association will meet in Alexandria or Shreveport some time next month for the purpose, we suppose, or "civilizing" us lumberjacks some more. They are going to grant a state wide two weeks' payday and other "reforms," then proclaim that the "damn Union had nothing to do with it," and expect you, the lumberjacks, to let up on them and not get the higher wages, shorter hours, better living conditions and other "reforms" they PROMISED you back in 1907 when they cut your wages and soaked it to you variously and otherwise, besides.

And they are going to do this because lumber is now selling at the highest price in twenty years and because the building of the San Francisco Exposition is calling for MILLIONS of feet of lumber and they want to get in on this fat graft.

BOYS, TO WORK! Build up the NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL UNION OF FOREST AND LUMBER WORKERS AND GRAB ALL YOU CAN OF WHAT YOU ALONE MAKE.

Remember, your POWER to grab like theirs, is only limited by the strength of YOUR UNION, YOUR SOLIDARITY ON THE JOB.

BOYS! you have got the Association where the wool grows short, despite all their "labor leaders," pumpgunmen, preachers and politicians—PULL IT TILL THEY COME ACROSS WITH THE PORK CHOPS AND CHAMPAGNE! LONG LIVE THE I. W. W. ON WITH THE GENERAL STRIKE!

FAKE-UNION WARNING.

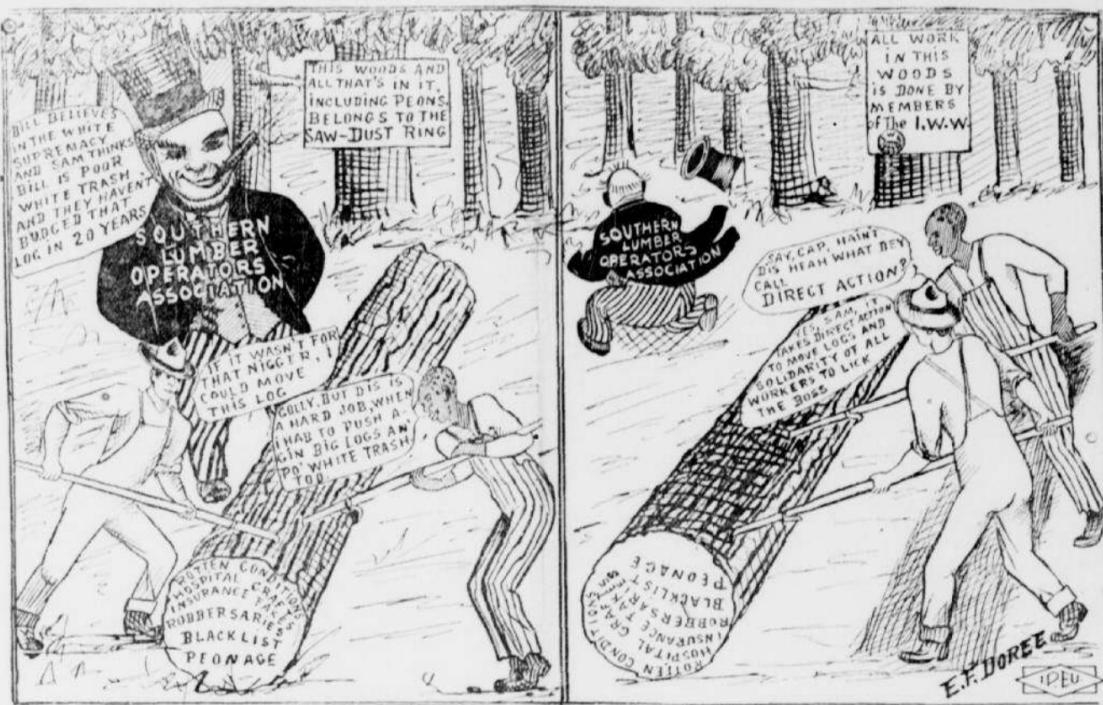
News comes from A. F. of L. Reds that the main reason for the Association meeting in Shreveport is to secure the aid of the Gompersite machine in their efforts to crush the N. I. U. of F. & L. W. Watch out and beware of fake Unions and organizers. Make all parties claiming to be Union Organizers and agents show credentials signed by Jay Smith, Secretary, Southern District.

A. L. EMERSON, District Organizer.

Notice!

Send all funds, clothing and provisions for Merryville strikers to: Mrs. F. Stevenson, Box 106, Merryville, La. Be sure to register all letters containing funds. Rush help! The strike will be won!

I. W. W. STRIKE COMMITTEE.



NOTICE—Let all white MEN and Negro MEN get on the same side of this rotten old log and roll it over the white-trust and niggers. By order of the ONE BIG UNION of LUMBERJACKS.

Merryhellville News

Merryville, La., March 24, 1913.

A good many threats being made. A large amount of squirrel whiskey keyed up the nerve of the sluggers here, and they ran an old man 60 years of age out of town, beating him with a stick, breaking one of his ribs. That took "nerve," didn't it? Then they disarmed a boy who had been hunting, emptied his gun, gave it back to him, and beat and kicked him. Still another one was run out; a man who owned his home here; born and raised in this parish. Still, after all the low down things they do, they can not run the mills. Jim Estes says he has the town pretty well cleaned out now and can breathe freely. Does he, though? Kinney Reid told the bunch that threatened to clean up the town to drag the women out of their beds and horse-ship them; that he would put the whole damn lot in jail. But they kindly went to sleep instead. They only got 25 gallons of whiskey Saturday. Seabs are all over town all the time, because the mills blow off at about 10-200 a. m., if they start at all. The Santa Fe officials were here two days last week and some of the mill men got jacked up good and plenty. They tried to excuse themselves all they could; promised they would get more work out of their seabs if they had to beat the life out of them. The guards had a funeral Friday. A negro was killed (no one seems to know how) and they went out in the woods and started a graveyard of their own by digging a hole and, without the ceremony of clean clothes and a coffin, they buried him. "Good enough for a seab," they said and so it was. The machinery inside that mill runs backward just about as often as the right way. Ignorance reigns supreme.

De Ridder.

"The Lumberjack" went well this week. Boys got them at 10 a. m. Saturday and at 8:30 p. m. three were left. There are scores of people, like myself, can't hardly wait until the paper comes. The names of the "Orderly Lawless League" is what took the people's eyes.

A man came in from Merryville yesterday and said that the whole damn thing was down. Both engines in the ditch and just as one was being raised the cable broke and wrecked it worse

than ever, mashing one man's arm seriously. The saws in the mill are getting too soft for the knots in the logs.

Good Friday was exciting here. One "Good Citizen" from Merryville had taken his wife to the one o'clock train and on his way back to the hotel saw his shadow and dodged into a post, bruising his eye pretty bad.

W. B. Wilson is under bond for "assault and battery" and "attempt to murder."

The "Good Citizen" told one man that night that he did not know who it was smashed him. "He was tall, slender, with blue serge suit. It is rumored, he first intended to accuse Charles Deeney, who had just come over from Bonweir, but found out Deeney stayed at Rosepine that night, so took Wilson instead. The Constable and one other man got out, also. From all reports it was a free for all red-eye fight.

The Rev. Reese left Friday night, without settling this trouble. The workers were wise and set down on him. Even the A. F. of L. members were not shown papers as to who he was.

I hear that one of our merchants, who has already felt our power before, said his business has fallen off half in two weeks. He is one of the L. & O. members. De Ridder looks deserted; all "transient people" are leaving.

Yours to win, S. S. 39.

HELP SAVE THIS HOME.

The "Ladies Aid," I. W. W., of De-Ridder, La., appeals to all true rebels, especially rebel women, to help them save the home of Mrs. Decatur Hall, who is the widow of Fellow Worker Hall, who was one of the men assassinated by the Lumber Trust's thugs at Grabow on July 7th, last. She has one child and her home can easily be saved to her. She owes only about \$650 on it, which can be paid in installments of only \$11 a month. Let all who can give only a little and this little mother's home is saved to her and baby.

Send all funds to Secretary L. U. 386, I. W. W., W. E. Hollingsworth, De-Ridder, La.

Mrs. Joe Ferro.

The District Office has some money on hand for Mrs. Joe Ferro, which it is unable to send her on account of not being able to locate her whereabouts. Any one knowing her present address, please notify Secretary Jay Smith, Box 25, Alexandria, La.

TAKE NOTICE, HOBOES!

The hellions of the Santa Fe Railroad at Merryville, led by one Kinney Reid, Jr., are beating up and slugging in the most merciless fashion every hobo who happens to light in that drunken peonity and won't seab on his fellow workers by going to work in the stockades of the American Lumber Co., which is a subsidiary concern of the Santa Fe Railroad. High officers of said road have been in Merryville recently so they can not plead they "do not know" the inhuman deeds their infamous guards and "Citizens" are committing. One old man of 60 years of age was clubbed until his ribs were broken. Men are beaten and ordered out of the peonity "under penalty of death if they ever return." All this and worse is being done against you and your class, and the SANTA FE RAILROAD IS RESPONSIBLE FOR IT ALL.

You should, therefore, hold the Santa Fe to full account for these crimes. The Governor, Sheriffs and other officers of Louisiana will do nothing to protect you and your fellow workers; on the contrary they have the supreme gall to arrest and jail working men who dare resist the beasts in the employ of the Sawdust Ring. It is up to you to civilize the Santa Fe Railroad, the Southern Lumber Operators Association and their Black Hundreds. The only souls the Santa Fe and the Association have is their pocketbooks. You, the Hoboes, have always been the vanguard of progress and all power is today in your strong hands.

CHAIN GANG LABOR.

Going up town the other day I counted twenty-two men, white and black, in the chain gang sweeping the streets. The labor of those twenty-two men was being stolen by the City of Alexandria. Not one of them had really committed any crime, save that of being out of work or drunk. In every city, town and county of the South this stealing of men's lives and labor is going on every day, is a common sight on every highway of the land. Interminable graft, graft piled on top of graft, is bound up in this shameless robbery of the defenseless, this burking of men's self respect by law, and this savagery shall end, for so declares the I. W. W.

Subscribe for "The Lumberjack."

Lost: One "Investigation"

FINDER WILL PLEASE RETURN TO "UNCLE GUS," THE LANKY SHEPHERD OF THE BUMGUARD BAPTISTS, OR TO LITTLE LUTHER E. HALL, IMAGINARY GOVERNOR OF THE IMAGINARY STATE OF LOUISIANA, BATON ROUGE, CAPITAL CITY OF THE SAWDUST RING, AND RECEIVE A COMMISSARY CHECK SIGNED BY THE SANTA-FE-LONG-BELL-KIRBY HOLLERLOG LER. CO. FOR A FAT PUICY LEMON WHICH HE CAN GIVE TO THE ORDERLY LAWLESS LEAGUE WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE I. W. W. BY ORDER OF THE S. S.

J. HER-man McMahon.

Says the Lake Charles American-Scissorsbill of the 3rd, 19th: "Clerk of Court J. Herman McMahon of Beauregard was a visitor in Lake Charles Tuesday. * * * Mr. McMahon also spoke his mind on the question of Emerson and Haywood's proposed future talks at De Ridder or Merryville, saying that these speeches would not likely be made."

Well, we will see about that. The I. W. W. is talking in a hundred cities, towns and counties whose alleged "public officials" spoke like J. HER-man, what he hasn't got, their "mind" to the contrary. Also, for J. HER-man's information, ninety-five per cent of said smart-Alecks are on the bum on the balance headed for the overalls. Think of a man who makes his living by shooting off a mouth detached from grey matter assuming the right to deny to real men the right of free speech! Hell!

LOW WAGES CHIEF EVIL.

T. G. Norton, Santa Fe Attorney, Urges Higher Pay for Workers.

Galesburg, Ill., Feb. 22.—At a Washington birthday celebration here tonight T. G. Norton of Chicago, general attorney for the Santa Fe railroad, urged higher wages for the working classes.

"In my opinion there is no greater wrong existing now than the inadequate compensation which is doled out to the working people for their services," he said. "No sober and frugal person who works six days in a week in a country with the abundance of ours should ever want for anything. When he does it is simply evidence of an unjust distribution of the fruits of nature and of the Press Dispatch.

Good!

Now, why not start the "higher wages" at Merryville, or Elizabeth, or Oakdale, or Silsbee, or Bessemer, or Kirbyville, or any other old Santa Fe-ized hellhole? Words butter no parsnips and neither does "Washington birthday" hot air, but they do show the Bosses are uneasy. KNOW the nation is in rebellion, and will come across with better conditions—JUST AS SOON AS YOU GET IN THE I. W. W. AND MAKE THEM!

EMERSON ADVANCE ROUTES.

Under the dates given A. L. Emerson will speak in the following towns: Lake Charles, La., March 28 and 29, Sulphur, La., March 31, De Quincey, La., April 1, Starks, La., April 2, Singer, La., April 3, Mystic, La., April 4, Hamons, La., April 6.

THE LUMBERJACK

Education
Organization
Emancipation



Freedom in
Industrial
Democracy

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NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL UNION OF FOREST AND LUMBER WORKERS—Southern District.
District Headquarters—1194 Gould Avenue, Alexandria, Louisiana
A. L. Emerson—General Organizer Southern District
Jay Smith—Secretary Southern District
A. L. Guillory—Treasurer Southern District

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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.

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Please notify us if you do not receive your papers regularly.

EDITORIALS

MASTERS AND SLAVES.

Scott Nearing, in Everybody's Magazine.

Was Industry made for Man or was Man made for Industry.

If Man was made for Industry, then it is just that Industry should be the Master and Man the slave. It is just that five hundred thousand men and women should be killed and injured annually while they minister to the industrial deity; it is fair that women toil long hours for a pittance; it is right that humanity writhe in agony under the goad of the industrial taskmaster.

If, on the other hand, Industry was made for Man, then it is just that Man should be the Master and Industry the Slave. It is fair that any calling which crushes men's bodies, destroys the souls of women and little children, or takes a toll of life and joy greater than its contribution to the happiness of the community, should be reformed or abolished.

Two thousand years ago Jesus rebuked the Pharisees and justified His disciples—who had picked corn on the Sabbath day—in these words: "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." The world listens for the modern prophet who shall proclaim: "Industry was made for Man, and not Man for Industry."

THUS SAITH THE I. W. W.

"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.

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."

No organization in the history of the Race has, in so short a period of time, so vitally affected social thought thru out the World, as has the I. W. W. in the eight short but glorious years of its existence, and its eighth year will not be rounded until June, 1913.

And this mighty work the I. W. W. was able to accomplish because dauntlessly it proclaimed its final aim to be the freedom of the WORKING CLASS in INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY; because everywhere, on all occasions, it has raised the cry: "INDUSTRY WAS MADE FOR MAN, and not man for Industry."

LUMBER.

Lumberjacks make lumber. Lumber is made out of trees. Trees grow in forests. Forests come out of the earth, which labored thousands of years to grow the forests. For-

ests, like all things untouched by the Profits, are beautiful. A great peace and quietness, found nowhere else, reigns in the forest. There "the Comforter, which is the Spirit of Truth," broods and abides, in the forests. The forests once belonged to all mankind, regardless of creed or color, just as did the boundless plain, the sea, the air, the light, the mines and waterfalls. But that was in the days before the Profits. Now, like all the rest, the forests are no longer free. They have become private property, "holy, sacred, divine, vested rights," and no one may enter them without the consent of the Profits. How the Profits got their "rights" to the forests, we will tell you later on. Now we are dealing with lumber. Lumber is a marvelous substance out of which useful and wonderful things are made by the lumberjacks for the Profits. As, for instance, many houses are built out of lumber, yet the lumberjacks own not nor live in houses—they only camp in rented shacks.

Many carriages and Pullmans and automobiles are made from lumber, yet the lumberjacks have none of these—when they ride they ride on iron crossroads. Much furniture comes out of lumber, many things to please a good wife's eye, yet the wives of the lumberjacks possess them, as their husbands get their "hospital benefits,"—only in their imaginations.

Also many fortunes have been and are being swiped from lumber, yet the lumberjacks who make all the fortunes are poor, but—*men who cannot or will not organize themselves have always been peons and tenants of the men who could and did, for organization, and organization alone is POWER, and men without POWER count for nothing.*

For instance, there are nearly 700,000 lumberjacks in the United States and less than 50,000 Bosses, but the 50,000 are strongly ORGANIZED and so have everything that comes out of lumber, while the 700,000 who made it, have nothing, because they are unorganized. Again, to show you that ORGANIZATION IS POWER, the 25,000 men and women in the NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL UNION OF FOREST AND LUMBER WORKERS, the ORGANIZED lumberjacks are the only lumberjacks anybody, South or West, pays any attention to. For over four years in the West, for over two years in the South, all the power at the command of the Corporation and State has been used to crush this UNION, and has failed. For over four long winter months the handful of MEN and WOMEN at Merryville have held the American Lumber Co. down and kept the mills from running, despite the strenuous efforts of the Santa Fe-Association-Cutthroat League to the contrary. In this, alone, the lumberjacks at Merryville have won a signal victory for, win or lose, the strike, they know now what their POWER is, where it lies and how to use it. They have quit forever the camp of the jobcrawlers and Boss-godders. Instead of YOU "waiting to see if they win" why don't YOU get in and help them win? In doing so YOU only help YOURSELF. Did Kirby wait to see if the Santa Fe American won before he joined his union, the Association? Did Long-Bell? Did Frost-Johnson? Nix. They got together and moved heaven and earth to crush the Union at Merryville while YOU—"waited?" did nothing? watched while they fought your FELLOW WORKERS with the savagery of wolves? Well, that's the reason YOU are poor and they are rich. That's all the "waiters" and "watchers" get—rags and poverty. SAY, WAKE UP! Kick in! Join the brave men and women on the battleline! Do it NOW, TODAY! Help build up the Union. Help prepare for the GENERAL STRIKE. LET'S THROW THE POWER OF THE 700,000 LUMBERJACKS, WHO MAKE ALL THE LUMBER, AGAINST THE POWER OF THE 50,000 BOSSES, WHO MAKE NOTHING BUT HELL, AND LET'S SEE WHICH POWER WINS!! UP AND AT THEM, BOYS! FALL IN! ON WITH THE GENERAL STRIKE!!

US THE HOBOES.

By Covington Hall.

We shall laugh to scorn your power that now holds the world in awe,

We shall trample on your customs and shall spit upon your law;

We shall come up from life's desert to your burdened banquet hall,

We shall turn your wine to wormwood, your honey into gall.

We shall go where wail the children, where, from your race-killing mills,

Flows a bloody stream of profit to your cursed, insatiate tills;

We shall tear them from your drivers, in our shamed and angered pride,

With the fury and the fierceness of a fatherhood denied.

We shall set our sisters on you, those you trap into your hells

Where the mother instinct's stifled and no earthly beauty dwells;

We shall call them from the living-death, the death in life you gave,

To sing our class' triumph o'er your cruel system's grave.

We shall strip them of their epaulets, the panderers who fight

Your wars against the workers for a bone on which to bite;

We shall batter down your prisons, we shall set your chain-gangs free,

We shall drive you from the mountainside, the valley, plain and sea.

We shall hunt around the fences where your ox-men sweat and gape

Till they stampede down your stockades in their panic to escape;

We shall steal up thru the darkness, we shall prowl the wood and town,

Till they waken to their power and arise and ride you down.

We shall send the message to them, on a whisper down the night,

We shall make the warrior women drive the ox-men to the fight;

We shall use your guile against you, all the cunning you have taught,

All the wisdom of the serpent to attain the ending sought.

We shall come as comes the cyclone,—in the stillness we shall form—

From the calm your terror fashioned we shall hurl on you the storm;

We shall strike when least expected, when you think toil's rout complete,

And crush you and your hessians 'neath our brogan-shodded feet.

We shall laugh to scorn your power that now holds the world in awe,

We shall trample on your customs, we shall spit upon your law,

We shall outrage all your temples, we shall blaspheme all your gods,—

We shall turn the old world over as the plowman turns the clods!

THE JOB.

By E. F. Doree.

The one and foremost thought in the mind of the average worker is how he is going to hang to his (?) job or how he is to get one.

Always that one thought and topic—job! job!! JOB!!! that noble, that beautiful, that all-inspiring, that all-saving, that unattainable JOB. How the workers do strive for that JOB.

Some buy them, some beg for them, some pay bribes for them, some some fight for them, some die for them—THE JOB.

To hold these jobs some men speed up, some work longer, some strive to become more efficient, some cut their own wages, some bribe foremen, some spy on other workers, some kill their fellow workers to keep—THE JOB.

The JOB—the center of attraction of the mass of wealth producers, yet, they say, "the workers won't work."

We have seen them go to employment agencies and pay for the information leading up to a job, and we have seen them go quietly to the mill and mine office, we have seen them pass examinations of efficiency, we have seen them do everything imaginable to get that JOB! JOB!! JOB!!!

But among the struggles of the struggles for the job, is the Struggle of the Banana Carriers in New Orleans. The pay is 15c per hour. The men work on a trot, sometimes breaking into a run, always is their gait lively. And, they struggle for the JOB, the chance to work, and struggle to keep the job at 15c per hour, day or night.

And, the struggle to get the job! Words were not made to describe it.

Just before the boat lands at the dock, a man, dapperly dressed, rises on a low platform with his back to a refrigerator car, in his hand he has a number of tickets, these tickets entitle the men who get them to the right to work unloading the vessel.

As the man with the tickets rises to the platform a whoop goes up like that of a band of Apache Indians on the war path, and with that hundreds of workers, black and white, native and foreign born, surge forward with their hands stretched forward and upward toward that ticket. They crowd, they rush, they push, they grab the hats of the men in front of them and throw them to the rear in hopes that the more fortunate workers will go after them and leave more room for him. So is the struggle.

The rushing of men for seats at a base-ball game or the fight for first place at the table in a grading camp or the rush of women to a department store sale is tame in comparison to the struggle of the Banana Carrier for a job.

The reaching of hands would remind you of the scene "In the Pit," in the Play "The Pit," or the scene in Dante's Inferno where the multitude is begging for mercy.

And men go through these performances just for a job, a poor miserable 15c per hour job, and they say we "won't work!"

The job as a Banana Carrier is supposed to pay 25c per hour, and men are promised it, but they never expect to get it. The men are discounted for each time they stop, not just for the minute they stop, but the stop is called an hour. These are a few instances: One fellow worked three hours and received 35c; another from 12 a. m. to 12 p. m. and got \$1.75, in other words, when the ship is unloaded the masters pay just what they like. Why shouldn't they? The workers will be back again for the job.

Now, Mr. Banana Carrier, one word. You don't like to struggle and work that way and you don't have to. There are hundreds of you and you are in demand. Fruit must be unloaded and you must do it. If you don't, no one will, so get next to yourself and organize into the ONE BIG UNION. Quit rushing for the job. Make the BOSS come after YOU. He needs you. If you don't work it is his fruit that rots. Organize and work a system of shorter hours so all will have a chance and more wages, so all will have something. Organize and make the Boss pay you all you work for. Cut out this foolishness and organize into ONE BIG UNION regardless of color, creed, race, politics or nationality.

Make the man with the ticket come to you. ORGANIZE! Don't be a willing slave!

Be a MAN, a UNION MAN, an I. W. W.!

"THE FALSE GODS MUST GO."

"Since the publication of the article entitled 'The Revolutionists of the I. W. W.' in its issue of March 8, The Labor Herald has been in receipt of much violent vituperation slung this way by members of the Industrial Workers of the World, as well as sympathizers with this radical and irresponsible organization.

The redoubtable Lumberjack of Alexandria, official Louisiana organ of the I. W. W., threw one large cataleptic back-flip; screaming billingsgate against what it terms the "Yellow-Unionist combine for the prevention of working class SOLIDARITY."

According to The Lumberjack, Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, is "Sam the Union-Wrecker," while Eugene Victor Debs, late nominee of the Socialist party for president of the United States, is "Vic the Boss of Slunderbund." Furthermore, all working men who admit allegiance to either of these leaders, are to be classed as members of the "Cockroachocracy," whatever that startling combination of syllables may mean.

This was to have been expected of The Lumberjack. Any person or publication that dares to speak of the anarchistic methods of the I. W. W. must expect to get the full benefit of The Lumberjack's rich and amazing vocabulary of abuse. All labor unionists and all political socialists that do not subscribe to the I. W. W. principles of sabotage—the destruction of property—the right to strike at any time, with or without cause, and the immediate and forcible expropriation of the tools of industry, are going to be classed with the most heartless and cold-blooded vampires of industry. The scribes and speakers of "the one big union" have orders to flay all such weak-kneed mollycoddles alive.

On the other hand, we were rather surprised to see The Socialist Light of Shreveport lead off with an editorial endorsement of the I. W. W. strike leaders last week, and a vicious crack at The Labor Herald for showing up the principles and methods of the organization.

While we do not wish to get into any wrangle with the socialist paper, all we will say is this:

The editors of The Socialist Light are going to find themselves in rather deep and muddy water if they continue to take the side of the Industrial Workers of the World in the present labor war in Central Louisiana. We will attribute their present state of mind to plain, unadulterated ignorance. But ignorance never saved any one yet, when it came to a show-down.

The Socialist Light claims to be a bona fide organ of the Socialist Party of America, yet by endorsing the work of the I. W. W., which is headed by Wm. D. Haywood, (Vincent St. John, and not Haywood, is the chief officer of the I. W. W.—L.J.) it goes directly counter to the action of the Socialist party, which has but recently recalled (by Saffron Sabotage—L.J.) Haywood from the National Executive Committee of said party, and repudiated his policies of "direction" and sabotage.

The author of this editorial in The Socialist Light is not himself affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, so it may be natural for him to refer to the official organ of the American Federation of Labor in Shreveport as "prostituted," inelegant as that term may sound.

The Labor Herald's attitude in this trouble must be as plain as day to any one who has taken the trouble to read its expressions of opinion. We are for the timber workers of Louisiana, first, last and all the time, so long as their efforts to improve their condition are carried out along sane lines, which will harmonize with the time-tested principles of social and industrial reform, particularly as expressed by the American Federation of Labor.

We want to see the timber workers of Louisiana organized under the auspices of the A. F. of L., and their affairs carried on in such a way that public opinion will be conciliated, instead of being antagonized or flouted by violent and irresponsible fire-eaters, as is often the case at present. We hate to see the long suffering wage workers of the timber

belt misled by false gods, which they most certainly are when they turn over their destinies to Haywood and his fellow-exponents of "direct action."

Lumberjack Comment.

The above juicy gem is taken, headline and all, from a little Yellow Unionist squirt-gun ally of the Sawdust Ring which mooches it way thru the United States mails under the high-sounding title of "The Shreveport Labor Herald," issue of March 22nd, 1913.

It is hard to tell whether this journalistic cross between "The Merryville News" and the Missing Link is hopelessly afflicted with assinty or is only suffering from a bad case of goddam-liarities or not, but one thing is SURE—the piebald fossil that rattles around in the editorial columns of "The Labor (?) Herald" and thinks he is thinking, has found out that he kicked into a nest of united bull horns when he editorialized, on March 8th, on "The Revolutionists of the I. W. W." It is not for this, for proudly he plead guilty to being REVOLUTIONISTS against this Working Class robbing, child murdering system of society—it was not for this that we flayed the wool off this It was for his midnight flank attack campram of the Yellowation of Labor, upon the Forest and Lumber Workers while they were engaged in a life and death struggle with one of the most infamous enemies of Union Labor, Craft as well as Industrial, that the world has ever known, that causes us to train the cannon of "The Lumberjack" on this hootowl roosting in the tomb of Gompersism; and this we would not do had he not hooted in such a way as to allow us to use his sawdust filled hatrack as an anvil on which, with the hammer of facts, we could flash a few truths to the Working Class, which we will now proceed to do to the best of our "rich and amazing" ability.

Sam the Union-Wrecker.

This shot hit straight home, else why did the pollywog try to twist our other center shot, Vic the Boss of the Slunderbund, to apply to Eugene V. Debs? All well informed people know that Debs is never referred to by his middle name, that Vic, always means Victor L. Berger, Boss of the Wisconsin A. F. of L., Kiuk of the Saffronist Party and Lieutenant General of the Pretorium of Union-Wreckers. Sam the Union-Wrecker—that's just what he is—as the whole history of the American Labor Movement from the time it fell under the baneful dictatorship of the Pretorium, which is a cabal of Saffron political and Yellow Unionist "leaders," a "combine for the prevention of working class SOLIDARITY," as is amply proven by all their action, past and present, and by the midnight flank attack made by "The Labor (?) Herald" on the Forest and Lumber Workers.

Cockroachocracy.

So ignorant is this editorial squonk that he doesn't know the meaning of Cockroachocracy! Well, polly, it means, cockroach, a little parasite, and ocracy, to rule, ergo, the rule of the petty parasites or little business men, as is exemplified by the "Black Hundreds" of De Ridder and Merryville. YOU are not a cockroach—YOU are not even a mollycoddle—YOU are nothing but a "House Guard."

As to Sabotage.

"Sabotage," it says, means "the destruction of property." Awful! It does not necessarily mean any such thing. The most terribly effective forms of sabotage involve no destruction of property whatsoever. The forest workers could, once organized into a militant industrial union, force their every demand from the Association by soldiering on the job and messing things generally in the Lumber Industry. The Railroad workers, once organized into the same kind of union, could, by simply enforcing orders to the letter, tie up in less than a week the entire transportation system—could strike and draw pay at the same time and win all their demands, without walking out and starving for a year and more like the Harriman System Shopmen have done.

As a matter of fact, the I. W. W. neither believes in nor advocates except as a last resort, a strike that involves the workers leaving the shop. It eternally teaches them not to walk out, but to use their BRAINS as well as their hands on the job and, by so doing, force the Boss

to come across or squeeze the last drop of profit out of his juicy melons. Yet, day and night, we insist that "the right to strike at any time, with or without cause," is a right inherent to the workers, and to them alone; they are the best judges, the workers affected, of the necessity of a strike, we say, and the moment they surrender their right to act for themselves to any body of "leaders," in that moment they have overthrown DEMOCRACY and are in danger of betrayal, as the whole history of Gompersism and Bergerism proves. To force concessions from the Boss in the shortest possible period of time, with the least injury and suffering to the workers—that is the aim and intent of sabotage, and we don't care a damn whether the "public opinion" of the Southern Lumber Operators Association, the Santa Fe Railroad, and their "Black Hundreds" and "Labor Lieutenants," "conciliated" or not. So long as the Working Class is benefitted, the I. W. W. doesn't care a continental what "opinion," either "public" or private, the capitalists and cockroaches and their bootlickers may hold regarding its actions.

As to Direct Action.

Another thing that seems to give the squonk a pain is direct action. DIRECT ACTION means action in the shop—on the job—for the workers affected to make their demands on the Boss himself THEMSELVES and quit begging "Labor Lieutenants," priests, preachers, rabbis and politicians to pray and intercede for them. It means for the workers to FORCE, to TAKE by their OWN MIGHT that which they desire, when there will be no danger of them losing the advantage gained. The only real action a LABOR Union can take is DIRECT ACTION—ACTION IN THE SHOP—ACTION ON THE JOB. Only when it becomes POWERFUL enuf to control the JOBS under its jurisdiction is a labor union able to affect social conditions elsewhere, for on the JOB ALL SOCIETY rests. The Class which CONTROLS the JOBS OWNS the earth and all the wealth upon it, for all wealth is of labor, flows from the JOB. Around this fact swings the world-wide war of the classes; on it is based all the teachings and tactics of the I. W. W.: OWNERSHIP in modern industry amounts to nothing; CONTROL of the JOBS to everything, and the I. W. W. is out after this CONTROL of the JOBS by the WORKERS and for the WORKERS, the establishment of an INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY, a system of production under which every worker shall have a voice in the management of industry, CONTROL the work of the world, receive the full product of their toil, and in which the UNION shall supersede the STATE as the GENERAL ADMINISTRATION of SOCIETY. A new world, owned and controlled by free workers, that is the mighty vision of the I. W. W.—the only real LABOR UNION on the North American Continent. DIRECT ACTION—imagine, if you can, a LABOR UNION acting effectively otherwise! If it can, then THE UNION IS USELESS AND OUGHT TO BE ABOLISHED. All the working class has, or ever will have, has been and will be gotten by—DIRECT ACTION—action in the SHOP—against the BOSS—ON THE JOB.

A Liaramous.

Liaramous is a new word coined by The Lumberjack in an effort to describe the clumsy combination of lying and ignorance for which the members and satellites of the Pretorium have become so distinguished; it means one whose fly-trap has jerked loose from the trolley of thought, one who is neither "junk, kazy or dus a damphool," as the baby said, but who is suffering from tanglefoot of the brain so badly that it puts its foot in it every time it opens its mouth. It is a two-legged featherless biped of the stone age wandering around in the Twentieth Century and hooting because the sun of progress hurts its goo-goo makers.

The one we are dealing with reshapes all the old worn out lies of the Panderbund against the I. W. W. and gives us some information that surely must stagger the historians of the Labor Movement, as, in its article, "The Revolutionists of the I. W. W.," we are informed that Haywood is "ex-president (!) of the W. F. of M.," that Daniel De

"leader" of the I. W. W.; that it, the I. W. W., "draws its principles from the anarchistic labor organizations of Europe," which will surely be some news to said organizations, as even the great French General Confederation of Labor has admitted that it never thought of the Union functioning in the manner laid down in the Preamble and Laws of the I. W. W. until it read those epic making documents; but, unlike the A. S. of L., the G. C. of L., saw at a glance the POWER the NEW UNIONISM would confer on the working class and immediately adopted it; and so did the British Unions, and advanced their wages from 25 to 75 per cent in a single year and cut down their hours of labor, besides; and so did the Swedish Unions, the South African Unions and the Australian Unions. It remained only for the squonks who BOAST that in 35 years they have succeeded in "organizing" "two millions" of the THIRTY MILLION American Workers into the most scientifically disorganized "Federation" (?) the mind of man could conceive, to get up on their hind legs, swell out their little bellies and shriek "violence," "nihilism," and all the old time-worn, Boss-made, anti-union scare-creeches at the I. W. W., as if screeching could stop the onward march of evolution, which must always end in REVOLUTION,—as if a combination of Yellow hotair and Saffron gas, a mixture of two rotten souls with but a single thought, could form a product strong enuf to stink the truth to death or powerful enuf to blow to pieces the citadel of labor's strength—SOLIDARITY!

Plain As Daylight.

"The Labor (?) Herald's attitude in this trouble," says the midnight flank-attacker, must be as plain as day to any one who has taken the trouble to read its expressions of opinion. We are for the timber workers of Louisiana, first, last and all the time, so long as their efforts to improve their condition are carried out along the same lines. (The black type is ours.—L.J.) That is to say, brother lumberjacks, "The Labor (?) Herald" is "for you first, last and all the time," until you become insane enuf to revolt against being starved, robbed, blacklisted, slugged, shot-up, assassinated, and exposed to fever, meningitis and smallpox, then your protests must not be condoned, for they "flout" "public opinion" and that worries the weary willy boys, dontcher know. What you should do is to listen to his advice and "organize," (?) like "several of the skilled crafts in Lawrence are now vigorously organizing" (which ain't true, because the workers won't have anything to do with the treason) "with the full approval of the overseers." That's it exactly. That's the brand of "Union" you want the Association to let you try on the lumberjacks,—one "with the full approval" of, let us say, Bridgewater of Elizabeth, Crawford of Carson, Fred Martin of Bon Ami,—one blessed by the "overseers" of the Lumber Kings and by that very fact not worth a damn to the lumberjacks.

Say, Flatheads, wouldn't this be a pippinero of a "Labor Union:" International Union of Shingle Weavers, Saw Mill Workers and Woodsmen of North America, Southern District, John Henry Kirby, patron; R. A. Logg, spiritual adviser; Dr. J. L. Knight, president; T. J. Coggins, general organizer; Yank Myers, secretary; Jim Estes, treasurer; official journals, "The Merryville News" (?) and "The Shreveport Labor (?) Herald,"—wouldn't it be a pippinero of a Union for lumberjacks? Yes—like hell!

"The False Gods."

"The false Gods must go," says the appendix of the Yellowation. You bet! And at the rate the good old working class is waking up and swatting them they will pretty soon be on the bum from Sam Gompers and Vic Berger up and down and back again, for which reason—

Hear the hooting of the owls,
Of the owls, of the owls of the night;
Hear them hooting, hooting, hooting,
All in vain against the light!
The owls, the owls, the owls,
Hear their hideous hoots and screeches,
As for them the arm of Justice reaches,

The owls, the owls, the owls,
Hear the hooting of the owls of the night!

The fool saith in his heart, All things shall remain as they are; but God laughs him to scorn, for He knows that the day of visitation draweth nigh.—Bible.

THE BUGGIEST BUGS.

By Covington Hall.

The devil's-horse is the strangest bug,
But the witch's-head is stranger;
The devil's-horse is a hobby horse,
But the witch's-head's a ranger.

The witch's-head is a ghoul-gee,
A regular sort of hanter;
A creepity-creepity sort of a cuss,
Hopping along in a canter.

The witch's-head's a spirity thing,
With its bulging eyes a-blinking;
It looks at you so Solomon-wise,
Like a politician thinking.

The witch's-head has a slender waist,
And a neck that's long and croney;
And its head's like a kept editor's—
Only bigger and more brainy.

The witch's-head is a buggy bug,
But there's others still more buggy;
The three I've named, and the Cockroachee,
And the Hoo-hoo, Squonk and Sannafee.

HELL-HOLE NEWS.

Cravens.

They are strictly turning off all the white suckers here and putting black scabs in their places. Good! They are building a nigger boarding (?) house which will contain 96 rooms, 4 niggers to the room, which calls for 384 niggers. The Negro MEN around here say that since the I. W. W. has come into this country they don't believe there are that many niggers left in the State. But, what will the white suckers do when they fill up this house? Still suck, I guess. Now I will turn to the white suckers "improvements." Where they aim for the white peons to stay, if I don't mistake, has 12 small rooms. Ain't this great odds between the suckers and the scabs? Hope the Company puts balls and chains on all of them, white and black, and locks them up at night to boot, just as they used to do in old times.

The Company intends running day and night pretty soon, I hear. Where they are to get all the labor to run all the new mills they are putting up and all the old ones double time, is beyond me to see, especially under the present low wages, long hours and hellish living conditions the Association is trying to enforce on the lumberjacks. If the boys would only get up off their knees and, white and colored, native born and foreign, get into the UNION and rush the Association, they could make them come across in less than a week. Say, boys, wake up! Quit sucking and scabbing on yourselves and wives and babies and mothers, and be MEN, UNION MEN, I. W. W.'s. Kick in! Help educate the Bosses and the Orderly Lawless Leagues. On with the GENERAL STRIKE!
J. R. STROTHER.

Tioga.

It is reported that Dr. Lytton examined several of the slaves here to find if they were suffering from hookworm, as Bob Goff had informed several Alexandrians that "the damn things were no good, could not lift a ten-pound rail." It is said the Doctor reported to Mr. Swords Lee that the profit-producers were, in reality, suffering from a disease well known in the Timber Belt and called "starvation on the job," and that Mr. Lee was so shocked he raised all wages 25c a day, one breakfast for one, with the understanding, however, that "the damn Union had nothing to do with it," which is o. k., as the Union don't care a damn about recognition. Everybody has been SO happy since the raise that all the boys are talking about getting in the Union at once and Bob hasn't "killed a nigger for breakfast" for nearly 10 days. Just think of that! Great is the ONE BIG UNION! O. U. KIDDOO.

Frank F. Vann

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Or all four papers for 40 weeks for \$2.25.

Read the Big Red Four and keep posted on LABOR'S WAR on PEONAGE and TENANTRY. Listen to TOIL'S rebellious legions emarching 'round the WORLD! Hear the NEW SOCIETY bursting thru the shell of the old!

AGITATE! EDUCATE!! ORGANIZE!!!

COMPANEROS TRABAJADORES, SALUD.

Este artículo ha dirigido a vosotros, los que con el sudor de vuestras energías amasáis el PAN para la Familia, a vosotros, los que trabajáis en todas las industrias. Para que procureis por todos los medios posible Uniros, y acabar con este odioso sistema, tiempo es lla de que termine entre nosotros todos las rensilas pasadas, y que olvidando nuestros comunes disgustos nos demos el abrazo fraternal, y juremos UNIFICARNOS para hacernos fuertes en nuestro derecho de productores.

No, abriguéis la idea, que la UNION sirva para explotarnos como lo dice la clase Patronal. No; ni por un momento deis cavida a esa idea en vuestra mente. Por que el que estas líneas escribe nunca los lo aconsejara, ni nunca se a prestado a ser ciego instrumento de la clase PATRONAL, en contra de sus Hermanos de miseria, ni se prestara jamas.

No prestéis oídos a los que os alagan, por que esos convenencieros de profesion, os benderan como bórregos a la mejor oportunidad, sin importarles un cenno que sea Pedro, o Juan, el que sufra las consecuencias, mientras ellos saean la tripa dea? Ano.

Esos bichos tienen muchas artimanas de las que con frecuencia se valen para sollar sus razones: la primera. Quela clase pobre no puede hacer nada sin la clase RICA, sierto que no; pero, preguntada a esa canalla, ¿en que parte han visto que el Rico haga algo sin el pobre?

Repasad vuestra memoria por si recordais haber visto, en el Taller, la Factoria, el Aserrado, o en el camino de Hierro, algun Millionario trabajando. No; ni nunca le vereis, lo que si se miran son señores de seros humanos enrobados por la fatiga, y la miseria: trabajando, 10 y 12, horas por el dia, para recibir un miserable salario que no basta para cubrir las primeras necesidades de la vida. Ahora: mirad el Ejercito, en ese conjunto de Honbres y Armas, vusead un Millionario y no lo encontrareis; talvez preguntareis la causa, la contestacion es bien sencilla. Por que el Millionario, no dejara las comodidades de la vida, por daros el placer de que lo veais marchar con su fusil en el hombro, y dejarse matar como un imbesil, para que lo cubran con Laureles, y lo llamen Heroe: No; ni esperéis ver un

espectaculo semejante.

Lo que si vereis a diario son nuestros hermanos, matarse unos a los otros, pero no creais que es poreal bien comun, es para que el Rico viva mejor. Otra razon que os pondran, es esta. Que somos pobres y que no podremos luchar sin perder. Pues vean Ustedes Senores Filsofos, que si no hubiera la clase pobre no habria guerras, y entos la Unificacion seria por demas dues no habria diferencia de clases, pero no es asi, La Querra de clases viene de tiempo inmemorial, y estara talvez por tiempo indefinido, asi pues, ¿a que pedir a Dios que haga un Milagro, cuando nosotros podemos hacerlo si nos Unimos? A Unirnos que: para haser valer el derecho que todos tenemos de vivir.

No temois esto como un consejo, esto es simplemente el deceso de invitarnos, para que compartais vuestra fuerza con nosotros, para la gran lucha que se prepara, en contra de la clase Patronal.

La lucha de clases pide que se nos devuelva lo que se nos robado, y nos estan robando. He aqui nuestro credo:

Abolition del sistema del salario" Estas sencillas palabras encieran un mundo de esperanzas para la clase Obrera, Leedlas, Sstndiadlas, y vereis que significan. Que el dia de la Victoria, (que no esta lejano) el Obrero sera el dueño de la Tierra, y la maquinaria de produccion, ese es el fin que perseguimos.

Esto fue un IDEAL. Ahora es un ECHO:

No temais ingresar a la Union, esto no es un crimen, es simplemente el derecho que todos tenemos de vivir, y ser libres, no ser esclavos devotos del Señor del DINERO, santo que no hace Milagros.

Antes de terminar hoy a pediros dos cosas: la primera, es que educais a vuestros hijos, no permitais que esos tiernos retinos sean Analfabetas, pudiendo educarlos, y esnarles a comprender sus derechos: la segundaes, sin baser un sacrificio de vuestra parte contrivallais al fondo para el sostenimiento de la Huelga en Merryville, La. Mandad vuestro ovolo al Señor Jay Smith, box 78, Alexandria, La. No permitais que fracasen nuestros Hermanos por falta de SOLIDARIDAD.

L. M. CENICEROS.

DE ARTURO L. EMERSON.

Organizador General, dela, UNION Nacional Industrial, de Bosques Y Maderas, de la, I. W. W.

Companeros.

Estas son mis primeras palabras en el LUMBERJACK, y de ahora en adelante, bol hacer lo posible por ablar con Ustedes por medio dee estas lineas.

La Prensa del Capital trae continuamente, la Noticia de que llo estava en el estado de Colorado, mal gastando nuestro dinero, a razon de veinte y sies (\$26) pesos, por dia.

Esta es una solemne mentira; La Asociacion, save esto mejor que nadie, porque tiene un eientenar de DETECTIVES, de la Agencia de BURNS, para que me persigan y den cuenta de todos mis movimientos.

Lo que la Asociacion se propone, es huserles erer, que llo me le apropiado los fondos, ye e desertado de la ORGANIZACION.

Esta es Otra Mentira.

Estas mentiras estan fuera de uso, por la simple razon de que son muy viejas, y no hay uno solamente que las crea.

La verdad es que e estado en las Montanas de Alabama, por dos Meses, pero lo e echo por que mi Salud estava quebrantada, ahora estoy bien, me siento fuerte para la Lucha, y tengo mas confianza, porque nuestra Victoria esta a la vista. E estado exsaminando las condiciones de la Huelza en Merryville, y puedo decirles, que la Compania, se encuentra en peores condiciones, quecuando principio la Huelza.

Estan haciendo muchos gastos diariamente, y de eso no tienen ninguna utilidad, y para hacer peor la situacion, hay una Huelza entre los trabajadores que tiene la Compania, dentro de sus propiedades, esos mismos trabajadores tienen dificultades a diario con los Empleados que los cuidan, per que quieren tenerlos por la fuerza dentro de los estaeadas.

Asi pues, les advierto a todos los trabajadores que no ballen a Merryville. Los Empleados no creen haser mal con tenerlos por la fuerza, y exsijirles a trabajar en contras de su voluntad.

Por las ultimas noticias se save que varios de los trabajadores, en side heridos unos y otros muertos. Especialmente NEGROS.

Todo lo que por ahora se necesita son fondos para las familias de los Huelgistas para que no peresean de Hambre.

Mandad vuestro auxilio al Sor Jay Smith, Box 78, Alexandria., o directamente, a la Senora F. Stevenson, Box 106, Merryville, La.

(Traduccion de L. M. Ceniceros.)

IT'S ORGANIZE OR GET OFF THE EARTH—TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

New Orleans, La., Mar. 15, 1913.
Mr. Covington Hall, Editor.

Dear Friend: Last night some fellow here was reading the Lumberjack and he showed me an article in big letters, where it says: "Heil at Merryville," "Smallpox at Elizabeth," "Hydrophobia at De Ridder," and, further on, "Leading Citizens, Business Men, Lawyers, Preachers," and several other kinds of cockroaches, have united to Sabotage everything most working-stiffs love (including the I. W. W.) off the earth." Then you add, "Workers, stay away." Now what do you mean, anyhow? Stay away from what — the earth? That woud be good advice — maybe, but it comes too late for us; you see, we are not responsible for having been born, but now that we are here, we aim to stay and put up the best fight that is in us.

Yours for the fight,

SABOT-SCAB.

WESTERN DISTRICT BOOMING.

Marshfield, Ore., Mar. 10, 1913.
Covington Hall,

Fellow Worker:

Please increase Local 435 Marshfield's Bundle Order to fifty (50) copies per week. The time is nearing when the slaves will be able to see some of the other side of life.

At present the Local is lining up the slaves in bunches and this coming summer we expect to open the pocket book of the bosses and help ourselves, in the form of better conditions. The middle class and the KINGS of Coos Co. are scratching their head for a remedy to stop the slaves from lining up, but to no avail. The slaves of this section seem to grasp the One Big Union idea on the jump, and it won't take long at this rate to do something for themselves.

Yours for a powerful I. W. W.,

W. J. EDGEWORTH.

THE HISTORIC TWO.

They have stood on the centuries as they fled—

On the sands of the shifting years.

And on Pleasure's bread has the fat one fed,

And the other on human tears.

One draws a draught from a deep, deep cup,

And his lips touch gall and pain;

But wine's in the cup when he heaves it up,

The fat man of the Twain.

He crept from Slavery's slimy womb,

This toad of the drinking two,

But in Slavery's tomb there is heard the loom

That is weaving his death shroud through.

In glory over the tomb, a flag

Waves red as a rose's heart—

'Tis the Wage-man's flag, and he holds "the rag"

In the grasp that shall never part.

In the noble future there lieth a dream.

Man shall wake and shall find it true.

And its white cities teem, and its glories gleam,

For the Wage-man of the Two.

—Philip Haley.

SAYINGS OF INGERSOLL.

"Nearly all people stand in great horror of annihilation, and yet to give up your individuality is to annihilate yourself. Mental slavery is mental death, and every man who has given up his intellectual freedom is the living coffin of a dead soul.

ON WITH THE PROPAGANDA OF THE GENERAL STRIKE!!

HOW TO STRIKE AND DRAW WAGES.

If a thousand wage workers could go on strike and keep on drawing their wages just the same, they ought to win. Doesn't it look so?

Suppose they stay in the shop, but work in such a way that the boss loses money on them instead of making money? The capitalists say this is immoral. So do some Socialists. What do you think?

First you need to know more about it, don't you? That is why we have just published the new book

SABOTAGE

by Emile Pouget. This is the classic work on the subject, telling how this new weapon is used by the workmen of Europe. It was translated by Arturo Giovannitti while the capitalists kept him in jail last summer. He also wrote an introduction as good as the book itself, and that is saying a great deal. Cloth, 50c; paper, 25c, postpaid. Address Charles H. Kerr & Co., 118 W. Kinzie St., Chicago.

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TELEPHONE NUMBER 212

Subscribe for "The Lumberjack."

CONVENTION CALL!

TO ALL SECRETARIES AND MEMBERS.

Fellow Workers:—The Second Annual Convention of The National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers is hereby called to convene in the hall of the Southern District at Alexandria, Louisiana, on

Monday, May 19th, 1913

All Local Unions are requested to immediately begin making preparations for the Convention, to see that all old members are paid up and as many new members as possible initiated, in order that they may all be represented by a full quota of Delegates.

Speakers of International reputation will attend and address the Convention, which promises to be the greatest ever assembled by the Lumberjacks of North America.

By order of the General Executive Board.

FRANK R. SCHLEIS, Secretary,

Western District.

JAY SMITH, Secretary,

Southern District.

National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber

Workers, I. W. W.

Subscribe for "The Lumberjack."

The I. W. W. 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,
Secy., Southern District.