

For President—H. V. Deke, of In
For Vice President—Emil Seidel,
of Wisconsin.

The great appear great to us only because we are on our knees — LET US ARISE

HALLETTSVILLE, TEXAS, AUGUST, 17, 1912.

T. A. HICKY, Editor and Owner
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Fearless Words from Prison:

A. L. EMERSON.

Lake Charles Jail, Aug. 7, 1912.

To the Officers and Members of the B. of T. W. and to the People of
The South:

On the advice of my lawyer I have been silent ever since my confinement; but as the days pass by I am brought to feel that it is my duty to send to you a message.

We are innocent men held on charges that have been manufactured by the Southern Lumber Operators Association. In the time that has passed since I came here, this association has kept busy buying and hiring evidence on which they wish to take from my fellow-workers and me our liberty. The dastards will stop at nothing and stoop to anything to accomplish their purpose.

ers. Think not for a moment that they care for human life. Think not that they care for the life of the orphan child. Think not that they care for the tears of wives, sisters, sweethearts or mothers. They could squeeze the last drop of blood even from the widow and her child. They could drink from the cup of blood until the bottom was dry, and never would a pang of sorrow pierce their callous hearts.

To accomplish the ruin of the B. of T. W. these thieves of the forest will commit any crime. They will if they see fit take from any of you your fathers, brothers, friends, or yourself if permitted by you. They will leave your homes broken up, with your women and children thrown upon the world, which is too full now of unemployed to struggle with conditions which men like the Lumber Oper-

Many a tear will be shed, and many a prayer will be offered up for the fight, all to no avail unless you put your feelings and prayers into service and see what you can do yourself.

For the purpose of crashing out the R. of T. W., a devilish plot had been formed for over a year. Efforts after effort had been made to bring me before the federal courts, but without success. The only way they have left is to charge me with the murder of a Negro. After they have done this, they will have no more trouble with me. For the double purpose of crashing the R. of T. W. and murdering me, they planned the trouble at Gradow, July 7, 1912. This was first staged to come off at Round Lake, where the Gradow Club has a house. The plan was to have a picnic. The dogs were to be going from place to place holding meetings. But their work and plans were so coarse that some of our men saw through them and so trouble was avoided. The dogs were sent to Gradow. When it became known that we were going to Gradow to hold a meeting it so enraged these human wolves that they went mad, for once they had been deceived. They realized then, the "game" was up and they had to proceed themselves.

By telephone these devils then informed the Galloways that we were coming, and some of the mad men—things—from Carson and Bonami, went on horseback through the woods to Grabow, and hid themselves in the arseal and office of the Galloway Lumber Co. When we arrived they were there concealed and ready to shoot us down at the proper signal. Murder had been planned by the woves and murder must be done. So when we came to the place to speak, without any provocation whatever they fired into our assembly. Shot after shot rang out until the smell of powder was mingled in the fresh pine laden breeze of the sunny south.

war had been gone in seven days, or proclamation. No word of warning came from the office in which these villains were hid. The first warning was the ringing out of shots and the singing of bullets. Man after man went down, some never to rise again. Mother earth drank of the blood that flowed from the hearts of men who while living, moved and breathed for right and justice and as the sun went down they passed into the hope—a better beyond.

Mother earth today holds the bodies of two martyrs who fell for
 the cause of right. One home with a sweet, loving wife and a beauti-
 ful innocent child is broken up never to be assembled again, and
 one is robbed of a loving son and brother. The sorrow in the
 hearts of the survivors cannot be assuaged and the places of those that are gone
 never be filled.

This is not all. The operators have staged that more homes shall
 be made fatherless and without brothers and husbands. How many
 we know not, but this we do know: There are sixty men confined in
 this jail. This means that sixty homes are either without fathers or
 brothers or husbands. This means that the Operators Association has
 gone to try to send one or all of these men from their homes per-
 manently.

Paul R. Kelly: Let your answer be known.

Can it be? Yes, unless you, the people say "NO."
Money is going to be spent and spent freely by the Operators.
False evidence will be introduced, and all kinds of tricks will be as

tempted. Some of these may work, unless you, the people, show them you have your eyes on them.

Give them to understand, you know right from wrong, and that work for cure must be done. Do this by circulating literature and newspapers that show our side and by making donations.

Chas. J. H. Williams, a number of years ago, and the industry has prospered for the various time of murder, but actually for the benefit of the few owners of a labor organization.

For years the white man employed in the lumber region of the South has been the lowest paid and least respected of the workers of the timber trust in this country and good word so far as the timber trust is concerned has been the province of greenbacks, silver, nickel, copper and gold coming from the pockets of the lumber trust and its agents and paid out in scrip and punch cards, that are not redeemable in cash. The New Orleans mist was ignored. The Houston printing

probability that every timber trust in America for would be well unorganized. The timber trust is a whole story of timber grabbing in a story of fraud, that is so well known to the timber trust that it migrates in the United States without exception can be placed in a class with the timber trust. These were the crimes against organized labor. This publication is a story of the timber trust, that of organized labor. Hence, the desperate determination of the timber trust to suppress an organization that has the power to bring within its grasp the timber trust with its plan to bring their lives and taking their very lives. The timber trust is a story of these lumber trust business the timber workers union is a story of the timber trust and that with out delay.

men received their pay. "To break their grip upon the workers," the union decided to sign a petition to stop the company from paying its employees in company stores. To limit this pay setup once a month was the first step. The union was very good in the striking company stores that the lumber trust owned. The workers knew they were able to charge three times the prices for their commodities and to get the same quality. When they found in a number of their towns, made their strike non-violent, they were able to win the right of all competition and set back the company stores. The union is organizing in the fact that the men and their families were not allowed and children were always ten days from the poor farm.

their next move was to dock the men for hospitals that were near the mill. The men had to sleep in two-room shacks, some of them discarded box cars, with established infestations of rats and roaches. The men were not allowed when proceeded to play the colored against the white worker, with the result that the only solidarity was between the black and white labor power—steadily sank in value and poignance as thorough as in the rest of the world. The men, the tyrant of the men, who at risk of life and limb produced the lumber in the finished product down the river, were in the black.

In the Southland

powered them to form if they so desired. For several months the men were not allowed to determine the men to organize. He remained as solid as adamant. When a timber mill opened up again, the men were told that Smith conducted their splendid work of organization. It was an organization that the timber trust became desperate. They realized that they were not fighting an impotent craft union but a militant industrial union. They were up against the real thing in the form of a militant industrial union whose slogan was: "An injury to one is an injury to all." In their desperation they resolved

Tearing children like these, it was as natural that men should organize as that water should flow down a hill. A native born Southern man, A. L. Emerson who had been to the Northwest and found the workers in the timber industry organized there, returned to the home of the fathers and preached the gospel of indus-

"If you take a hair from your head and with a delicate instrument remove the pith you can put the souls of forty thousand of

South as well as their brothers in the Northwest had done where they had been, and they were to do the same here. The men listened readily to this reasonable argument and as they had a right to be, they agreed to do as they were requested to do. With the result that hundreds of local organizations sprang up in Louisiana and East Texas. This did not end men like John H. Kirby of Houston, Mr. Long of Louisiana and East Texas. They were men who by the way is a Billionaire, since Rockefeller's. The lumbermen and the oil men were the richest of those men to organize. It was not alone the reduction in hours that was the cause. It was the fact that they could not get their dividends that caused a thrill of fear to shoot to their hearts. What did want to be done was to form a new organization of working men in their midst a campaign of education and enlightenment. The papers to be started and the

A fair trial with true evidence is all we want. This will clear us. We want no favors from the courts, but we want no favors given the other side.

All we ask of the brotherhood is to do your duty. Meet your assessments, give what you can to the defense fund and get others to give. Send all donations to Jay Smith, general secretary, box 78, AI.

ORGANIZE! ORGANIZE! ORGANIZE ALL THE TIME!
Yours for freedom or death.

A. L. SIMMONS,
President N. of T. W.

[illegible]

stood above that the killing of Grant was a crime against New York, and in cash case the police power stood behind the killing. The killing was the wildest flights of imagination imagine such a sacrifice of human life being arranged for, unless the Government was to be taken from Governor to Congress. From Governor to Congress the law enforcing powers of the Government were taken to the people, and the people stood at provi and provi in Louisiana and East Texas. Consequently the tragedy happened—the men who were the cause of the tragedy are peaceable talk. A. L. Emerson, is now languishing in the prison of the State of Texas. The man over his head and the man in front of him, and we say as we look at this impending tragedy, the words of James Russell Lowell:

While rendering immediate assistance

TRUTH FOREVER ON THE
SCAFFOLD,
WRONG FOREVER ON THE
THRONE.

UT THE SCAFFOLD SWAYS
THE FUTURE."
—And so it has come to pass that
Imerson is indicted for murder

the man who with naked hands
stood out in the soft sweet cool
southern air in the quietness of

Coming.

We are coming. "brother" Kirby, we are coming in our might—

Hear the thunder of our legions now emerging from the night!—
We are coming, "brother" Kirby, we are coming good and strong,
To take back the rights that were once yours, and to give them to the poor.

And the day isn't instant when you sing another song!

We are closing in on Marionville and Oakdale good and strong,

And the day is't distant when you'll sing anotear song!

We are coming, Brother Pickett, Brother Stevens, Brother Jack,
To Bonami, to Cravens and to Carson coming back;

The crews that run your forests and your mills to us belong,
And the day isn't distant when you'll sing another song!

We are coming, "brother" Fullerton, to see your wondrous flag
To eat your buncombe barbecues and to hear your "flashy" brag

The clan of toil is closing on your citadel of wrong,
And the day isn't distant when you'll sing another song!

We are coming, "brother" Cady, we are coming, "brother" Ball"—
We're showing you no favors, for we mean to get you all—

We are coming, preacher Kirby, we are coming, parson Long,
And the day isn't distant when you'll sing another song!
"Old Reb."



Monday at Floydada. Lecture