

WHOSE THE SWEAT, THEIRS THE LAND AND MACHINES.

IMMEDIATE DEMANDS:
A SIX HOUR DAY.
ONE DOLLAR AN HOUR.

Organization ★ Is Power

THE GOAL:
A FREE RACE.
IN A FREE WORLD.

THE VOICE of the PEOPLE

"AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL."

VOLUME II

"MIGHT IS RIGHT"

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1913

"TRUTH CONQUERS"

NUMBER 40



Saith The Soul-Sprite: "You're after me! You're after me! But I'm off for Tex-Layana for to help my Florryana! Bye Bye, my Western Bol!"

General Strike In Italy.

A Proof That Solidarity Wins.

The strike in Milan in the month of August was due to the dismissal of five workingmen (hodcarriers), the 6,000 members of this union went out with them. The hodcarriers were bitterly fought by the reformist unions. After a few days appeal to the Metal Trades Unions, 50,000 or more responded in sympathy. The bosses seeing the strike was expanding were willing to take back the five dismissed workingmen but did not want to recognize the Syndicalist Unions of Milan.

After a week there was a great meeting at which the workers voted for an unlimited general strike. On the 4th of August, according to capitalist newspapers, there were 90,000 strikers in Milan. From 750 street cars only 24 were in operation, under police protection. The 5th of August the strikers were 120,000 and the 6th 150,000. On the 7th of August the strike was general, except in the Typographical, Bakery and a few trades of minor importance, who were guided by reformists.

The Government suspended the annual Military maneuvers and sent 38,000 soldiers to Milan. The fights are general every day between strikers and soldiers. The police, the army, the carabinieri are wild, they are crazy. The wild instinct is born again in them, and the fear in them was more dangerous than their brutality. The arrests are made by the thousands. There are hundreds of injured on both sides.

Before this attitude of the Government the United Syndicalist Unions of Milan have made appeal to the whole Italian proletariat and Sunday, August 10th, they put out an appeal for the General National Strike. At the same moment the socialist or reformist unions have advised their members to not participate in the general strike. The Socialist Party, directed by ITS revolutionists, if you please, have seconded this cowardly maneuver, and in spite of all this treason the General Strike was complete.

Twenty of the most important towns, including Rome and Naples, every center where we have penetrated, had responded to the appeal. The number of strikers on the 11th and 12th of August was nearly 500,000. This is without counting the 200,000 strikers of Milan and suburbs. There was a general strike in all Italy, especially in Rome where one workingman was assassinated by the police.

By this time that I write there are meetings going on between the workers and bosses, I am not able to see the result as yet, but one thing certain, Italian Syndicalism has come out of this fight more strong and has shown to its multiple enemies that it is a power that they have to reckon with.

This way an organization without money being fought by the political powers, by strong association of employers, and with all the treason of the Socialist reformers, has been able to come out big and fearless. In four months the Syndicalist Union of Milan has been able, without counting

the small strikes, to pull out two big professional strikes of 8,000 workers and lasting 40 days; the second one 70 days. Two general Strikes of the Metal Industries, comprising each time 50,000 workers, the first one of the duration of 12 and the second one 17 days. Two General Strikes of Solidarity each time 200,000 strikers, one of three days duration and the other of 10 days duration. A General Strike of Protest in Milan of four days and at last a National General Strike of Solidarity, comprising 700,000 workers.

The Italian Syndicalism that has succeeded in reviving so many beautiful energies and to attract the admiration of its enemies, that are not blinded by their class interests or by the Party spirit, can register with pride its first page in history.

P. S.—As I am writing this a solution has been obtained satisfactory to the workers. All demands having been conceded, and their conditions made the best in Italy. The way the great fight of the Syndicalists of Milan has been terminated, has resulted, not only in an economic advantage, but rendered a moral advantage of enormous benefits.—A. De Ambris, in "la Vie Ouvriere," Sept. 5th, 1913.

From "The Unionist" (A. F. of L.) COMMENT—The above proves that yellow unions like the A. F. L. MUST be junkpiled before the workers can be victorious. THE VOICE.

Hands Off Mexico

Bisbee, Ariz., Sept. 29, 1913.—A Socialist (?) leader here in this town said that he wished that the U. S. A. would go into Mexico and pacify that country. In the name of liberty we, Local 65 I. W. W., appeal to You to work against any such move on the part of this government. If need be let us keep this government busy at home, whenever it sends its soldiers and citizens as scabs and strikebreakers to foreign countries. Mexicans are on strike against the same conditions as we have to contend with on this side of the borderline. Then instead of organized labor clamoring for intervention they ought to assist the Mexicans with all the power at their command. At least let the I. W. W. show the helping hand to the peons battling for life and liberty, for the virtue of their women, yes for the very right to human consideration. The masters in Mexico can do their pleasure with any young girl who happens to catch their fancy. If the father protests he will get what is coming to him. Conditions like these have forced the peons to fight. It does not matter who is elected president, the peon will keep on fighting until he gets the land and machinery, and gets full control over his own life and existence. The Guggenheimers have been taking out \$750,000,000 a year for 12 years and of course they

(Continued on Page 4).

Street Car Men Done at Salt Lake.

Permit Members to Join Militia—
Raised Bill Mahon's Salary and
Refused Pratt a Hearing.

The national convention of the Amalgamated Association of Street Railway Employees concluded its convention after fifteen busy sessions interspersed with entertainment at Salt Lake City last week. The nature of the organization grew progressively conservative as a result of the convention despite the desperate efforts of the enthusiastic Socialists to see "growing democracy and industrialization" as a result of the national meeting. The actual character of the organization was best revealed by the action of the convention in overwhelmingly refusing to hear a statement by Clarence O. Pratt who brought upon himself the prosecution of President Mahon because he precipitated the general strike at Philadelphia about two years ago.

Clarence O. Pratt Turned Down.

On the fifth day, the appeal of Clarence O. Pratt, representing the suspended Philadelphia local, requesting a hearing was defeated.

Members May Become Scab Herders.

On the seventh day the resolution to prohibit the members from joining the militia or volunteer military organizations was defeated.

Arbitration was established at the basic principle of the Amalgamated in the settlement of disputes.

Raise Salary of Officials.

The salary of national officers was raised to \$9 a day and expenses while in active service with a railroad and organizers were raised to \$6 a day and expenses. The salary of the president was raised to \$6,000 a year.

—From "Justice."

COMMENT—What do YOU \$2.50 A DAY Motormen and Conductors think of THAT? SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS a year for President Ma-

(Continued on Page 4).

In Deep Water With D. & C. C.

.....This is what our reporter saw. Few Foremen particular about Demanding Union Card; great majority work any body that comes along, except when they see the Walking Delegate-chairman-of-the - Executive - Committee-President standing around, when a few of this majority look at cards held up twenty-feet away and the balance don't care a consarn who's around—just keep on hiring any old body they please, card or no card.

Men forced, IN VIOLATION OF UNION RULES AND CONTRACT AGREEMENTS, to begin work at from TEN to FIFTEEN minutes to 7 A. M.; to start again at 10 minutes to One o'clock, and then forced to put on hatches AFTER knocking off time at Six P. M. Putting on hatches takes from five to twenty-five minutes. In this way "union (?) foremen" beat union men out of from one-half to three-quarters of an hour's time every day. Be it said to their honor, there are a few foremen who don't do this dirty, cheap stealing for the Bosses, but the majority have no conscientious scruples against doing the done.

Things getting so on River Front that no one knows where a union man begins and scab ends.

Privileged "Two-Card" men can jump a cargo boat and go to a cotton boat any time they please, but a "One Card" man is hauled up before the "Executive Committee" if he dares to even think about jumping a boat. This is tough on the "One-Card" men and one of the stung was heard to remark the other day: "When in hell is us 'One-Card' men ever going to get this Levee straight again?" And a little bird whispered: "Not until you have sense enough to all get into the Marine Transport Workers' Union of the I. W. W., old hoss." An' dats de gospel truf."

And that was what our reporter saw and heard in "deep water" for this time. He will see and hear more "as the days roll by, Jennie."

Remember Wheatland!

The Voice Of The People—Your letter on hand. Raise B. O. to 100 copies. We are making arrangements for big mass meeting for Wheatland Victims.

J. Ed. Morgan will speak at the mass meeting, and I am betting the office furniture that we collect \$100.00. I collected \$25.35 for Wheatland without any preparation on Sept. 13. Send all donations for Defense Fund to Box 845, Stockton, California.

Yours for the Revolution,
JAMES ROHN, Sec'y Local
No. 73, I. W. W.

Cravens Crying For Flatheads.

"We want flatheads," is all the cry you hear around here now. O, you Boss! What's the matter? They sent a Company thug after some NEGROES but failed to get them. They said they were not "niggers." All old flatheads, I am told, have left this place, and left "greenness" in their stead. You know "greenness" takes any old kind of scale and packs it home every night.

Slowly, but surely, the slaves are waking up, white and colored, and the ONE BIG UNION of Forest and Lumber Workers is silently pushing its way back into the mills and camps. O, you Boss! Just watch our SAB CATS eat your bloodhounds up!

S. S. A. No. 1.

The Voice Maintenance Fund.

October donations:

DeRidder, La., Rebels.....\$7.50
C. L. Filigno, Act-Sec. M. T. W 3.50
John Dorve, San Pedro, Cal..... 1.50

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(Formerly "The Lumberjack.")

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Organization

Emancipation



Freedom in

Industrial

Democracy

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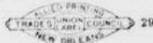
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EDITORIALS

THE QUESTION OF DECENTRALIZATION.

(4)

Strike Funds.

Recent events show that our short strike theory does not work well in practice; that strikes stretch into months in spite of us, and that, in consequence, better arrangements must be made to finance them than now exist. The question of strike funds is a live one and may well give us pause. Shall a national strike fund be established and placed under control of the G. E. B., in accordance with centralist principles, or other methods be used? Let us first consider the proposition of a national strike fund under the control of the G. E. B.

It is as true of labor unions, as of other organizations, that whoever controls the finances controls the union. The French and German movements furnish striking examples: In the French movement the local unions retain about 75 per cent. of their income, giving their national office about 25 per cent. In the German (Socialist) movement the proposition is reversed, the local unions retaining 25 per cent. and giving their national office 75 per cent. The result of the French system is that the local unions have the necessary funds to carry on important local work, such as strikes, propaganda, etc. They don't have to beg permission and funds from some far off and unsympathetic committee. The locals are free and the movement is able to correctly express itself. The result of the German system is to throw their local unions absolutely under the control of their national committees, who naturally use their power to further their own interests. So poverty stricken are the local unions that they can't initiate a strike movement or even hire an organizer without the sanction of their national committees. Consequently the movement, instead of taking the natural course of the French unions, is warped and prostituted by a few dictators into an adjunct of the Socialist Party. Innumerable instances might also be cited to show how the American craft union national committees similarly coerce the local unions through their control of the funds.

In view of these facts, would it be advisable for us, by giving it custody of the strike funds, to place the control of the power to strike altogether in the hands of a G. E. B. that must necessarily be incompetent and might easily be corrupt? Already, according to the constitution, the G. E. B. has most dangerous powers in this respect. Let us briefly review them:

(1) Declaration of strikes. The G. E. B. has full power to call out any part of the organization it sees fit to in support of a strike. Consequently, to maintain its prestige, the G. E. B., in case of unendorsed strike, would be forced to use its power to prevent sympathetic strikes. Labor history is full of instances of such action. And, as the G. E. B. has full control of all organizers, the official papers, and "the entire affairs of the organization between conventions," etc., its opposition would have a tremendous, if not decisive effect.

(2) Financing of strikes. The G. E. B. has the power to levy strike assessments "if it sees fit." This gives it the authority to starve out all unendorsed strikes. What guarantee have we that it would not use this power when we see other G. E. B.s constantly using it in the craft unions? Again, no funds shall be given from the Defence Fund (a rudimentary strike fund) without the sanction of the general organization—which means, if anything, that the G. E. B. has charge of this fund.

(3) Settlement of Strikes. The G. E. B. has the power to pass on all strike settlements before they are valid. This means the G. E. B. will be able to dictate the terms of the same—otherwise it won't endorse it.

Thus in the inaugurating, financing and settling of strikes the G. E. B. has almost complete control. To give it charge of the strike funds would make this control complete. If the G. E. B. has so far failed to use its wide constitutional powers it is because

all our strikes to date have been spontaneous local uprisings preceded by but little organization. A machine had not yet had time to form.

Needless to repeat that to put the G. E. B. in complete control of strikes would be to invite certain disaster. It can't, therefore, be given charge of the strike funds. Some other plan must be adopted. Doubtless the best extant is that in vogue in the German Syndicalist unions. This plan is briefly as follows:

There are no national strike funds. In case of a strike the local unions involved send to the national secretary full details regarding their membership, etc., and ask for a national assessment, whereupon the national secretary, without further ado, assesses the general membership accordingly. He has no authority whatever in the matter but must levy the assessment. The assessment is voluntary. But those bodies not paying it are not given financial support when they in turn strike. To prevent wildcat strikes and impositions on the general membership each local union, to be entitled to the national assessment, has to maintain a strike fund equal to one week's wages of each of its members. Only when this fund is exhausted is a striking local given the national assessment.

The excellent feature of the plan is that, besides preventing automatic control of the locals power to strike, it puts the expression of financial solidarity upon a scientific basis. The usual unsatisfactory, haphazard plan of soliciting financial support by a campaign of begging is abandoned. Each union knows that it must do its share if it is to have co-operation extended to it when it needs support. As a result strike dues are paid punctually.

So far this system has worked well, and the I. W. W., which will soon have to adopt some orderly method of financing its strikes, will do well to study its details thoroughly. No doubt, with some modifications the system could be readily transplanted into this country. At any rate the fatal mistake must not be made of giving the already too powerful G. E. B. still more power in the matter of the strike. The local unions must have absolute liberty to strike when and how they see fit. No G. E. B. can be trusted to direct them.

PAUL DUPRES, Ottawa, Can., Sept. 10, 1913.

THE "DEPUTY SHERIFF."

By Satan.

When God had created Harrison Greywolf Otis, Alden Jackal Blethen, "President" Diaz, Harry Orchard and Ortie McManigal, each after his own kind and each with the soul of a hyena, he said: "What now else can I send down on the planet earth to DRIVE the workers into Revolution? I have done my dearest, but they, the Earth workers, verily they are THE suckers of the Universe." After thinking long and hard God decided he would try an experiment in cross breeding instead of a direct creation. So he penned up a he-hyena and a she wolf and, when they had bred, he took their pups and extracted from them their terrible life or soul-stuff. This soul-stuff he ordered to be given to a drunken devil who had just returned from Earth, where he had won honor as an "expert" in the service of a great Defective Agency, with instructions to return to Earth and inject the frightful dehumanizing virus into the veins of certain of the picked men who the capitalists had chosen from among the workers to do their duty work.

In great joy over the task assigned him, the fiend returned to Earth that very night (which was on the day after "Reconstruction" had fallen in the "Sunny South"), and the next morning men who had gone to bed just ordinary human brutes woke up, endowed with blind tiger courage and honkytonk ethics, to become the white Apache called the "Deputy Sheriff."

THE POWER THAT MOVES THE WORLD.

By W. M. Witt.

"Money moves the world." "Labor creates ALL things." These two phrases are OFTEN used but by MANY people who LITTLE understand them. Money alone could move NOTHING but when centralized and in control of a FEW and used to exploit the workers, who are NOTED for their poverty, ignorance and general stupidity, it becomes a RULING rod.

Money in its final analysis is MERELY a time certificate representing hours of toil performed by the producing class. Strange as it may seem to some, these time checks called money, are NOW MOSTLY in possession of a limited number of parasites. Their title to these checks known as currency, and representing metallic money, is DUE to their INGENUITY in outwitting the workers who SLEEP upon their rights.

The possession of money NO matter how achieved is permissible under the present system which is based on GRAFT, including profit, interest, and rent.

But, "Labor creates ALL things." Therefore, after ALL, it is REALLY labor that moves the world, and keeps "the pot boiling."

COMPLETE organization by the workers into ONE BIG UNION would be the GREATEST force on earth. But unorganized they are as "chaff before the wind" and SIMPLY tools in the hands of the exploiters.

After ALL that can be said or done, money MERELY represents the stored up capital of the working class, which is labor.

The capitalists can NEVER give the workers anything in exchange for their services, because what the capitalists have, or claim to have, ALREADY belongs to the laboring class who produced it.

The so-called wage that the worker receives today is ONLY a fractional part of the values he produced yesterday. Therefore, it is apparent to ALL intelligent workers that they receive practically NOTHING for their toil. This so-called wage is JUST a polite name for physical nourishment sufficient to keep strength in their frames in order that they may be able to create MORE wealth for their Masters. This so-called wage is handed RIGHT back to the class who gave it in exchange for food, shelter and clothing, made NECESSARY by civilization.

When the workers are ALL united or a majority organized into ONE BIG UNION, they can then take a hand in slicing the "cheese" which they AND THEY ALONE produced.

Of COURSE the POOR should expect NO comforts or pleasures on earth. From time immemorial it has been a custom of the ruling class and their henchmen to teach the POOR that their reward awaits them in some future existence, (provided of COURSE), that they do their Master's bidding here below. It's a BEAUTIFUL promise and to those NOT posted, it might assist in making "life's walk EASY."

But, the man or woman who gets NOTHING but that myste-

ous reward has one consolation, and that is, they will NEVER be troubled with indigestion or stomach complications, DUE to excessive indulgence in things that tickle the palate. And they will NEVER have pneumonia caused by a SUDDEN or careless change of dress. On the other hand, they may become SO toughened by hardships and exposure that with the aid of a little nourishment they will be able to eke out a LONG lingering existence.

But poverty is a passport to heaven. If you are the HAPPY possessor of one of these you will find the "Pearly Gates" ajar, and old Peter waiting to THRUST a crown of "jewels" upon your sun-burnt brow. However, my advice would be to not waste your time in day dreams of some "sweet bye and bye" but use your influence in assisting to make SWEETER the ALL important NOW and NOW.

"DECENTRALIZED LOCALISM."

So the malady (mixed locals) has continued within the I. W. W. until now at the Eighth Convention we find it assuming the form of a conflict supposedly between "centralization" and "decentralization." In reality, this is a conflict between INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION according to the present requirements of capitalist development; and a REACTIONARY LOCALISM, which ignores capitalist development, and would therefore, result in the complete disintegration of the I. W. W. This fact was clearly brought out in the debate at the Eighth Convention, on the proposal to abolish the General Executive Board. These delegates from the mixed locals, for the most part were found to have very crude conceptions of the structure of industrial organization, while many of those from purely industrial unions were able to outline the form of organization, from the branch to the G. E. B. This question of "mixed" locals will be dealt with more thoroughly in future numbers of Solidarity. Suffice it to say, that the Eighth Convention seems to be grappling with this problem in such a way as to admit of its early solution. As it is more deep-seated than the other mentioned "diseases," it may not be possible to rid the organization of it completely at this time. But already the Eighth Convention, at the date of writing, has taken a decisive stand for industrial organization, against "decentralized localism," and we have hopes that it may go to the root of the matter. The separation of purely propaganda bodies from the administrative affairs of the industrial union proper is now seen to be necessary, if our organization is to move forward in its development. The disease of the "mixed" local must be eradicated, in order that the I. W. W. may take a vital hold of the industrial problem, and organize definitely for the overthrow of capitalism and the substitution of the Industrial Commonwealth.

From "Solidarity" (editorial) of Sept. 27, 1913.

COMMENT, by Covington Hall—The retention or abolition of the Mixed Local has absolutely nothing to do with the question of Decentralization, which is FUNDAMENTALLY, an attempt to throw all real power into the hands of the membership at large and to reduce to its utmost limit DELEGATED power. Therefore, the abolition of the Mixed Local could in no way affect nor settle the question now disturbing the I. W. W., and all other organizations functioning for whatsoever class within the body politic.

There is no "LOCALISM" about it, for it is a world-wide issue. Everywhere, in all lands, climes and nations, THE PEOPLE are struggling to take back to themselves their SOCIAL POWERS and are more and more strenuously every day denying the right of "Authority," delegated or otherwise, to say what is and what is not for the general public good.

The "disease" within the I. W. W. is NOT the Mixed Local per se—it is the gigantic machine formation attempted to be foisted upon it in the beginning by the authoritarian socialists who presided at its birth and who immediately left it to shift for itself as best it could when the "ungrateful child" insisted that it didn't need and didn't want the army of wet-nurses that had been so considerably provided for it by its great midwives.

That the I. W. W. must take on the true Industrial form of Organization before it can ever move forward, no thinking man denies, but that Industrial ORGANIZATION and DECENTRALIZATION of POWER are antagonistic is proven untrue by the French Confederation of Labor, which is, as has long been known, DECENTRALIZED as to POWER but which is probably the greatest fighting working class ORGANIZATION in existence today.

The abolition of the Mixed Locals has no more to do with the question of DECENTRALIZATION than has the abolition of the G. E. B. DECENTRALIZATION deals essentially with the right of the Locals to CONTROL themselves and through their combined wills to run the General Organization, and this right they, being the life of the Organization, the cells on which it rests and must depend—this right they will without any doubt conquer.

The General Officers of the I. W. W. and its G. E. B. have no more right to a vote in the General Convention than I have, and I have none such right whatsoever. They represent no one except themselves and, even under capitalist laws, judges must recuse themselves when a question comes before the court in which they are interested. This right (?) should be taken away from all officers of the I. W. W. and its constituent bodies, for it is a remnant of the "divine right of kings" and has no place in a Democracy.

Then the method of electing and organizing the Convention should be changed to somewhat on the lines in use by the C. G. T., which Paul Dupres gives as follows:

"THE C. G. T. SYSTEM IS TO GIVE TO EACH LOCAL UNION ONE VOTE. DELEGATES MAY VOTE FIVE PROXIES. INDUSTRIAL UNIONS, DISTRICT COUNCILS AND GENERAL OFFICERS HAVE A VOICE BUT NO VOTE. THIS SYSTEM THROWS THE CONTROL OF THE CONVENTION INTO THE HANDS OF THE LOCAL UNIONS, WHICH ARE RECOGNIZED AS THE BASIS OF THE LABOR MOVEMENT."

With a Convention organized on that system, Godamity himself could not organize a governing or any other kind of machine, for SUPREME POWER would always be in the hands of the rank and file, where it should ALWAYS be in a DEMOCRACY.

DECENTRALIZERS, CENTRALIZE your efforts on these creative ideas, and make the old I. W. W. the greatest fighting working class machine on earth! Build up all the Locals and put life and virility in all the City Central Committees and District Councils.

For around the great PREAMBLE we can ALL—UNITE!

Rejuvenation of Eugene

Local 88, Eugene, Oregon, is maintaining open headquarters at 57 East Sixth St., has just passed through one of the periodical skin-sheddings which are events in the lives of all good locals. The old covering of lethargy and don't-give-a-damness has been discarded and the local has emerged resplendent in its new garb of Do Something. Workingstiffs are cordially invited to call. Sincere welcome and democratic atmosphere guaranteed.

We maintain a surgical department for the treatment of those unfortunates afflicted with scissor-bilitis.

Back Numbers Wanted

All Locals or Individuals having back numbers of THE LUMBER-JACK and THE VOICE which they can spare from their files, please forward same to us at once for filing purposes.

Tom Mann's Dates

PORTLAND

October 22 and 23, 1913.

At Socialist Hall, 128 1/2 Fourth Street.

Under auspices I. W. W. C. C. C.

SAN FRANCISCO

October 26, 1913.

At Dreamland Rink.

A Telephone Girl's Story

By Jane Street.

Dear Mother—I don't know why I am writing to you. Maybe it's because you're the only friend in the world that I have. That word, "friend," is a strange word. It means loyalty and sympathy. Perhaps I turn to you because in my little corner in this big world, there is such a total absence of loyalty and sympathy.

Perhaps though I'll never send this letter to you. I love you too much. Why should I cause you pain? Why should I shock you, or disappoint you? Why should I add to your gray head the burden of your daughter's sorrow? Maybe though it is my justification—my defense against your disapproval—against your denunciation of those sentiments which are the only thing that keeps my blood warm in this cold blooded struggle for existence.

Maybe it is better that you should go on in darkness. You belong to another age. Maybe it's better that you, and other people like you, should go on condemning and misunderstanding me and others like me; and that we should stand by with a smile on our lips, silent, and bitter, and headstrong. When people are ground down to utter hopelessness, a new hope bursts into being—the rebellion against outrage—the abandonment of battle. A new consciousness is awakened in me, mother. I am conscious of hating—of hating something that ought to and must be hated—things—and people along with things—for Principle is worth more than People. All these revolutionary ideas, mother, shock you. They are in conflict with your church-going ideas of peace. But forgiveness is a sign of strength. With the last faint glimmer of hope, forgiveness flees from the human heart. These things are not awful. They are glorious. Down into the deadness of my being, unknown to anyone, and into that of thousands and millions of others, there is a slow fire burning, like a clinker, that all but puts itself out, waiting to be poked by some Master Rebel into a great destructive blaze.

Whenever I think of you, mother, I think of love. (I wish someone could say that to me). My youth, you know, that I spent near you, was all love. Those day dreams I used to have then were as pure as those un-fountain of eternal youth. I used to sit on your front porch and build air castles—you know, people then had houses. We had a little cottage then, you know, and a big yard with trees and flowers in it, and everyone else in our neighborhood had a little house of his own. Here in this

200 girls working, and not one that I know of owns, or has parents who used to sit on our front porch and own, the house she lives in. Well, I rock and look up at the patches of blue sky through the leaves on the trees in front of me, and build air castles for the future. I used to picture my lord of love and the home we would have some time. I never thought of the house we would live in. I never got down near enough to earth for that. Then I met Jim. Jim was my lord of love. He was every thing I wanted. You know, he was a printer. Well, it bothered me at first that he should have dirty hands. Maybe my judgment was faulty, to be living in this twentieth century, but I didn't let a small thing like dirty hands stand in my way. He was a brilliant boy. I couldn't understand it then, but I have since found out that it isn't ability that draws big wages. His \$18.00 per week didn't keep me from marrying him. Perhaps the instinct of motherhood and vanity keep pace with each other, and I was lacking in both. For that isn't enough to raise a family on.

We found that out before the baby came. And poor Jim used to work overtime until 11 o'clock at night trying to save up money. But it cost more than we had reckoned on and we got into debt. Then Jim kept on working overtime in order to get out of debt. Debt is an awful thing. It is a sort of volutary but unavoidable bondage. And when poor Jim lay dying, we were hounded by the furniture company to pay for the very bed on which he lay.

You know a home, they say, is wherever love is. Well, then we had a home, I guess. It was a house we were struggling for. We had been buying a lot on which we hoped some time to build a house. But we were obliged to sell our equity in that lot in order to be able to pay another man to live in his house, and in order to pay on furniture to put into that other man's house. That's one of the jokes of modern life—so ridiculous—if it didn't come home to me. That was ten years ago, and I have worked industriously and economized shamefully ever since, but I have never been able to own even furniture.

I don't know why Jim died. They say people get sick because they break some law of nature. The only law that he ruthlessly transgressed was the law that requires rest for the human body. He had been working overtime for nearly a year when he died.

And poor little Jim—he grew to be such a round, rosy, roguish little rascal. It wasn't doctor's bills I worried over, nor debts—for I moved into one room. Money didn't mean nice clothes to me, nor a good time. It was a sort of independence I always looked forward to. I felt as if we were the objects of people's charity. Not that I accepted anything for nothing. But always, mother, always as long as he lived, I had to have someone take care of my own little boy. How it used to hurt! I would pay them, of course, what little I could. But I always knew they did it because they were sorry for me. You know how children are. After awhile people would get tired of him, and I would have to get someone else.

It was the same way about living in the house with people. After a while he would worry them, things were not pleasant, and I would move.

One time we roomed in a third flat with some people and there was a dingy little back yard for Jim to play in. I had a dispute with my landlady about that little back yard. I remembered how, when I was a youngster, I used to dig worms in our big yard, and put cracker crumbs on he ant hills for the ants to carry in, and climb trees, and pull weeds, and step in your flower beds, and swing on he gates. And how I used to long for a home for him—yes, that's the right word after all.

And, mother, there are lots of women up here in the telephone office who have children. And what is sadder—children, working, who have mothers. Some of the women have husbands, and are working—who knows?—to get out of debt. I know of pregnant women working here in this industrial

hell, going through all the strain and torture of it, and taking the insults of some uncaged she-hyena in the form of a supervisor or chief operator. But if she has a husband, she has to lie about it in order to get a job. Married women don't make good wage slaves, the company found out—they are too apt to go home and rest awhile.

And to give the impression that they employ single women, they have a rule by which every one is called "Miss ————," whether she likes it or not. The principal of the telephone school had the audacity to tell me that the reason for such a rule was so that the married girls would not go around telling of their experiences in married life to their single or unmarried companions. The Telephone & Telegraph Co. is very conscientious and particular in looking after the morals of its women employees, whom it is paying at the rate of \$1.10 a day. What a farce and mockery and a hypocrisy it all is, when it is thrown into your very face.

Some perverted mind, who regards the necks and arms of women as immoral things, even devised the rule of having all of the instructors in the telephone school wear high necked collars to their waists—those unhygienic articles of clothing properly called "chokers;" and to wear long sleeves, and tress their hair in as plain and unfrouzeled a manner as possible, in order to set a good example for the students starting in on their career as telephone operators at \$1.10 a day, so that the latter might not spend all their earnings on foolish, vain, and expensive clothings.

Well, I struggled along with little Jim. You know you would have cared for him if you had been with me. You lived nearly across the continent, but in these days of modern transportation, you could have covered the distance in 5 or 6 days. But we might as well have been living in the Middle Ages, for neither of us had enough money to get to the other.

About that time I started working for the Telephone Co., because it was something I could work at at night and be at home with the baby in the day time. And I was not the only one. There are lots of girls right now in the night offices, sailing along in the same old leaky boat. I've seen them many a time with their blood shot eyes and drawn faces. Sometimes one would say, "I washed to-day; I didn't get only about an hour's sleep."

Poor little Jim! I did it for his sake. And then, with my nerves all unstrung, I used to be cross with him. I was always such a sleepy head, you know, mother. I thought I could sleep through anything. But no. I never, actually got sleepy at all (except sometimes at night). I would simply go to pieces. In the morning when we got out, sometimes the sun would be creeping up over the house-tops—about the only chance we had to see the sun—but more often it was the fog we went out into, but it was a dear, old, welcome fog, after the night work, and the fresh air made even me glad I was alive. Then I'd go home and get the baby's breakfast. And then after having worked all night and been awake for over 18 hours, I'd stand, with wide open eyes, staring at the bed, and argue myself into performing the duty of going to sleep. And I'd lie down like some one who was living on a diet that he did not relish.

One day I was startled out of my sleep by someone where I lived practicing on the piano. It was a series of discordant noises that grated on my uncovered and quivering nerves like a rusty saw drawn over the tip of one's tongue. I got up and wrung my hands and cried from the sheer torture of it. And yet—you know me, mother—did you ever know a woman less hysterical or nervous, ordinarily, than I am? It was the loss of sleep that made so.

The all night girls start work at 10 P. M., and quit at 7 A. M., and are paid \$1.40 a night—or \$8.40 a week. That is 9 hours. There is an 8 hour law in this state. It is true that we are given a relief period, but our time during that period is not our own. We are locked into the company's building, are forbidden to sleep, for-

bidden to play on the piano, etc. It is usually too cold to read in the room with comfort.

When I first went to work we used to sleep during our rest hour. The company had found it expedient to provide couches in the rest room and a bed in the hospital room. On New Years and on election day, when there is an extra special rush of work—like speeding up an engine until it will rip right off the track—sometimes the girl's faint or go into hysterics and have to be carried out. And they have mild attacks every day in the year. Well, as I was saying, at first, we night girls made good use of these "gifts" of the company. And that sleep that we'd snatch in the middle of the night was to us like a drink of cold water to a lost traveler on the desert. Then a new rule came that we should not sleep. No one is allowed to question the why or the wherefore of the company's rules—or she loses his job. I know because I have tried it. The night chief operator said that those were the orders she received from the man above her, and that he said that the telephone company was not going to run a lodging house. I know he came into the office late one night and stood with his hands in his pockets and his neck stretched forward, looking us over as if we were so many animals under a keeper. And while I watched him out of the corner of my eye, unbeknown to the chief operator. I reflected on the success in life of deserving men; and it occurred to me that any man who would make that sort of rule, under the circumstances, respecting a group of women, deserved to be tarred and feathered—whether official or paid hireling of the company.

You asked me once, mother, why I didn't ever rise to any higher position than that of ordinary operator. Adversity has taught me many things. It has broken my spirit and made me submit without protest to insult and outrage. It has made an automaton of me. But it has never taught me to be a toady. Those women over us are eternally nagged at by people higher up, and they prostitute, for the sake of a few dollars more a week, what little sweetness of disposition they may have had, along with their loyalty of heart to their sister slaves.

And that word, "slaves," isn't an exaggeration. Let me prove it. They make us sharpen pencils at night for the girls in the day time to use. One night I sharpened 210 pencils. Outside of the unpleasantness of the task itself, there are other objections to be raised. The building always gets cold in the early hours of the morning, and most of the girls wear sweaters—some of the girls white sweaters. To sharpen pencils you must either get your sweater dirty or take it off and sit in the cold. And then you get your waist dirty. And the time that it takes a girl to wash and iron her waist, she gives gratis to the company, over and above the nine hours for which she is paid \$1.40, all because the company that, it is said, makes \$4,000,000 a year off the people of this city, is too penurious and greedy to hire a janitor or office boy for a few extra dollars a week. Every girl knows this up here. Every girl knows she was never hired to sharpen pencils. She also knows it takes time to clean her clothes and that she needs sleep. And yet she will sit and sharpen pencils by the hour and never open her mouth in protest at the injustice of it. She dares not. Isn't that a good deal like a slave?

And then again. The telephone lately introduced an Employees Pension Scheme—another "gift" of the company—designed in reality to spare the company the damage suits of the electrical workers. And the girls in the night office, after having given to the company its illegal nine hours, were obliged to wait from 7 A. M. to 8 P. M. in order to hear that wonderful and complicated scheme expounded and to sign cards making ourselves parties to it. And we waited because we were told to wait and knew that we would lose our jobs if we didn't. Is it an exaggeration to say we were slaves?

You know what happened to little Jim, mother. I had a girl to sleep with him, but she was across the bay

and hadn't got in yet. There were other people in the house but they thought she was home, I guess. The call came in to me that night—Park 4381—the Fire Department—and I listened in. It was my own house that was afire! I threw off my set and ran down stairs. The door was locked, and when I got it open and ran home, the fireman was carrying him out smothered, and scorched, and dead! Mother! Mother!

LUCILE.

Terrible Accident to Olsen

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 2.—A telegram bearing the frightful news of a terrible accident that befell Fellowworker Olsen of Minneapolis, Minn., was received at general headquarters this morning. Olsen was on his way home from Chicago, where he was a delegate to the Eighth Annual Convention. He left here last night, about 4 miles north of La Crosse, Wis., he fell off the train he was riding, and badly injured his left leg, which, according to the telegram, will have to be amputated above the knee.

SOLTIS.

For Free Press.

The action of some of the West Coast locals in withdrawing their support from the "Worker" is to me absolutely wrong. Then on top of this comes the Minneapolis locals with a reduction of their bundle order of "The Voice" because that paper stands for what they are pleased to call "disorganization." Why don't you take advantage of the offer of "The Voice" and tell the membership why centralization is organization and decentralization is disorganization, instead of withdrawing your support from the papers? You evidently do not believe in a free press.

Fellowworkers, lets have a discussion of the question in our papers, so that we of the rank and file can decide whether centralization or decentralization is the most progressive form of organization. Then lets vote on the question and abide by the will of the majority, thus settling the question for the time being at least. If we fight among ourselves, howinhell can we fight the Boss? "The Voice" has offered its columns, and I am sure the "Worker" and "Solidarity" will follow its lead. Refusing to support our papers and saying all kinds of sarcastic things about each other will lead nowhere but to disorganization, which is just what the Boss wants. Surely we can lose nothing by a discussion of the question, and if we are imbued with a spirit of fairness we will welcome such discussion. Lets talk it over and then vote. We must support our press if we are to achieve success, even in the distant future. It's a damn shame the way some of us are acting, and I am sure we will have cause to regret such action. Let's act like Revolutionists.

Yours for the I. W. W.,
W. H. LEWIS.

Law and Order at Moose Jaw, Sask.

A new way of filling the coffers of a bankrupt city just came to my light the other day. Two men came into the city looking for work in the harvest fields. They went into the bar and had two drinks, when two bulls came in and hustled them out at the back door and threw them into an automobile that was waiting there for them. They were fined \$4.50 each. They both happened to be dead broke so they were handed over to the Employment shark. The shark set them to work on the Roman Catholic Church at 30c an hour, to work off their "fine" of \$4.50, and \$1.00 shark fee.—A Canuck Rebel.

In Sending Stamps

Don't send them if you can possibly avoid it but, if you cannot, please wrap them in oiled paper, as this climate down here would make a red flag stick on Vic. Berger, much less postage stamps to ordinary paper.

HANDS OFF MEXICO!

(Continued From Page 1.)

hon. NINE DOLLARS A DAY, rail-want to keep up the existing conditions there as well as here. Can you blame them? Do not let us be fooled by their talk about danger to American citizens, as the majority of Americans down there have taken out their Mexican papers. They deserted this country for the gruel of Mexico and now let them stand by their decision. You can not talk to the Mexican peon about political action as a remedy, as it is through political action that he has been robbed and oppressed. He will shrug his shoulders and tell you that Diaz and the Gringos took his land from him and now he is going to take it back or die in the attempt. That is simple enough. He is like the hungry donkey. This donkey gave the wise man, who told him to go a round about way to the hay, the biggest and loudest haw haw in history. Nothing like that for the peon in Mexico. He goes the shortest and most direct way to his goal.

Be it therefore resolved that we, Local 65 I. W. W., appoint a press committee to keep our papers supplied with facts about the Mexican revolution and that we call upon all organized labor for a more thorough understanding of the Mexican situation by the workers.

The Constitutionalists are fighting for political power to benefit a few leaders but the ranks are steadfast in their determination to get possession of the land.

The Zapatistas are fighting for "land and liberty" and have already got full control of six states in the southern part of Mexico. They do not want the capital. They say: "We take the land, let the masters have the Capitol."

This man that I mentioned in the beginning is a man who ought to know better than to advocate turning this country into an agency of strike-breakers and scabs. They are dealing out enough misery to the rebelling workers in this country without recruiting men to serve the country as soldiers and then make scabs and strikebreakers of them. If we tolerate them to crush rebelling workers in other countries we have no business kicking when the powers use them against us.

So, Mr. Socialist (?), is advised to study a little before he talks again. He is only disgracing the Socialist movement by talking in that line. A Texas rancher knows better than that.

AL SIKES,
MURREL E. FLOOD,
Press Committee.

STREET CAR MEN ARE DONE AT SALT LAKE.

(Continued From Page 1.)

road fare and expenses for National Officers "while on duty!" SIX DOLLARS A DAY and expenses for Organizers (!)!! O, you suckers! O, you "Union Contract Labor" slaves!

Why should President Mahon, get rain or shine, DAILY, nearly TEN TIMES YOUR WAGE? The National Officers THRICE and the Organizers TWICE YOUR DAILY WAGE? Are YOUR (?) Officers of a finer clay than YOU are made of? But of such is the American Separation of Labor. No wonder Mahon and his Preatorian guard hate so bitterly the I. W. W.

O, you suckers! O, you "Union Contract Labor" slaves!

"The Vice Squad"

New Orleans has a "vice squad." The "vice squad" are he-policemen. The business of the "vice squad" is to hunt down, arrest and jail poor, but honest women, who have been forced by capitalist society to earn their living through the sale of their bodies. Up to date the "vice squad" has arrested only women, for, you know, men would be angels if it wasn't for women everlasting "flirting" with them. "Flirting" is now a crime in New Orleans, La. Foreign women please take notice. The he-virgins of the Knights of Columbus MUST BE PROTECTED.

Convention Notes.

Chicago, Sept. 27, 1913.—The most pronounced feature of the convention was the strong current of decentralization there manifested. In fact, the convention was but one long battle between the old and sinking school of centralists and the new and rising school of decentralists.

Unlike in previous conventions, when the scattering decentralists delegation came from the West, this time the strong decentralist minority came from all over the country. In addition to the West, Akron, Lawrence, New York, Pittsburg, in fact, everywhere in the East that centralism has had a fair trial in the recent big strikes, made a strong demand for decentralization. The argument of B. H. Williams, that decentralization is an idea originating in the individual type of production in the West and repugnant to the workers in the big eastern industries was smashed to smithereens. The eastern wing of the organization has had a taste of the centralism that the West has long suffered from. As a result it is taking exactly the same stand as the West. Decentralization has become a national issue in the I. W. W.

Another feature of the convention was the crudity and inexperience of the decentralists. Possessed of a red hot issue they failed to make good with it. First, because of their lack of knowledge of parliamentarianism; Second, because of their unfamiliarity with the principles of decentralization. To illustrate the first point.

A resolution which came before the house was concurred in by the majority report, provided that any resolutions not defeated by a three-fourths vote should be placed on the referendum. The minority report did not concur. To bring the minority report first for consideration before the convention (for obvious reasons). Ector moved an amendment that the word "minority" be stricken out and the word "majority" inserted. The decentralists unwisely let this be done without any serious protest. Then general confusion resulted, some claiming the report had been adopted, while others insisted the matter was still open. St. John arose "to straighten matters out" and quietly announced that the minority report had been adopted. The decentralists saw they had been flim flammed but they didn't know how, so they could not protest. They failed to see that the amendment simply changed the minority to the majority report, which only entitled it to be considered before the original majority report. It had nothing whatsoever to do with the adoption of the report. Thus the decentralists lost a chance to get everyone of their projects on the referendum.

Another mistake was not to have put up a stronger fight against delegate Murphy. After a weak protest Murphy was given 42 votes although clearly not entitled to any. (The seating of Murphy was actually decided by the votes of the G. E. B.) Later on Murphy's 42 votes swamped the decentralists several times. In spite of their unskillful parliamentary tactics and Murphy's 42 votes the decentralists would have accomplished some positive work if they had thoroughly understood the principles of decentralization. As it was, by their bizarre resolutions, they alienated much support that they could easily have controlled had their resolutions been more carefully framed.

A cardinal fault of the decentralists is that they don't clearly distinguish between centralized organization, decentralized organization and disorganization. They see some centralized institution that functions badly, and instead of carefully examining into the true functions and how to make it exercise these, they immediately try to abolish it. Instead of trying to decentralize it by removing its authoritarian features they endeavor to destroy it. In this attitude they are advocating disorganization and not decentralization.

All through the convention they paid the penalty for this destructive attitude. Time and again the central-

ists made the telling argument, "Granted this institution is afflicted with abuses, but what do you offer us in place of it?" And the decentralists had little or nothing to answer.

Take for instance, the proposition to abolish the national organizers. During the debate the necessity for some form of national organizers was made so apparent that even the proposer of resolution tried ineffectually to withdraw it time and again to remodel it. In this he was out jockeyed by the centralists who wanted the resolution to stand in its destructive form. They even used the author's efforts to withdraw the motion as a powerful weapon against it.

The fight on the national organizers was the first serious one of the convention. Had the decentralists won it they might easily have gained sufficient prestige to carry the convention and there is little doubt but that the resolution would have carried had it been so framed as to permit of national organizers who should be under the supervision of the local unions they were working for instead of the general headquarters.

The same is true of the motion to abolish the G. E. B. Had the decentralists tried to decentralize the G. E. B. (and G. E. B.s have been found to be absolutely necessary in all unions however decentralized), instead of destroying it they would have stood a good chance of success.

In passing, I may remark that the centralists also labor under the same confusion as the decentralists, regarding centralization, decentralization and disorganization, only in a reverse sense. For instance, St. John, in defending the G. E. B., made an excellent argument for an administrative organization (or decentralization) and then jumped to the absolutely unwarranted conclusion that centralized organization is necessary. The decentralists take the opposite course. They object to centralization and jump to the unwarranted conclusion that disorganization is necessary. The term "centralization" is habitually used when "organization" would be correct.

Another feature of the convention was that the I. W. W. seems about to discover and develop the district council, which has heretofore lain in "innocuous desuetude." But, as usual, the decentralists went to extremes. Heretofore the district council has been nothing and the industrial union everything. They tried to reverse this. Instead of giving both the industrial union and district council their proper spheres and autonomy, they tried to subordinate the former to the latter. Result, flat failure, instead of possible success. The decentralists would do well to study the French movement which has made a specialty of the district council for 20 years. Then they would learn the true function of the district council, how to finance it, etc.

The decentralists stand in sad need of knowledge of parliamentarianism and decentralization—a criticism that is offered in all sincerity and friendliness.

Another prominent feature of the convention was the unwavering opposition the centralists put up to the decentralists. Although the latter, in destroying the "Worker" and cutting down the per capita tax of some locals from \$3,000 to \$1,600, have definitely shown that they have serious grievances and powerful weapons, which they are ready and willing to use, to right them, they received no consideration whatever. Not a single concession was granted them, everything of import they proposed was voted down with a strong partisan vote.

"ONLOOKER."

Pacific Coast Notice.

The Southern District desires to bring John Pancker into its territory at the earliest possible date. He says he can come if the COAST LOCALS at San Pedro, Los Angeles, Redlands, Imperial Valley, Cal., and Bisbee, Ariz., will but arrange meetings to help him make his way out. For full particulars, write Jay Smith, Sec., So. Dist., Box 78, Alexandria, La.

Never Submit.

By J. R. Strother.

Do you lumberjacks mean to submit and consent to peonage, to be ground to powder and our rights and country trodden down to the dust forever? Whatever may be our fate, do we intend to violate the most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, the obligation to stand by our own and by our class against all comers until we are all free? I know we do not mean to submit, we never shall submit. Through the thick gloom of the present I can see the brightness of the future, near at hand, when men shall go singing to their work in the woods and mills and leave their mothers, wives and children singing in the homes they leave until the happy evening brings them back again. We never shall submit. To fight the war for freedom—THIS in this life is VICTORY. If we fail it can be no worse for us, but we shall not fail, for this fight is for ALL labor. YOU, for the future welfare of your little children, join the great army of the I. W. W. and help us win this fight for freedom! WE NEVER SHALL SUBMIT!

Members No. 341 Notice.

Local 341 is in a very critical condition. Its Secretary, Richard Jones, of whom we shall have more to say, as soon as we get a cut made of his photograph, stole the Local's funds. This leaves No. 341 in a defunct condition. Therefore, every member of 341, who is out on a job is urgently requested to pay up his dues, and also to contribute to a hall fund, so that this strategic local may open headquarters again.

JAMES SCOTT, Sec. Local 341.
29 S. Desplains St., Chicago.

A Good Suggestion

It has been suggested that the first brigade to go to Mexico in case of war be the members of congress, the senate, cabinet, Wall street brokers, bankers, preachers, priests and rabbis, and that they be compelled to serve without promotion in the front ranks.—"Saturday Journal."

"Plenty of Room on Top"

Income	Number	Total Tax
\$2,000 to 4,500	126,000	\$639,000
5,000 to 10,000	178,000	5,340,000
10,000 to 15,000	52,000	4,240,000
15,000 to 20,000	24,500	2,185,000
20,000 to 25,000	10,500	2,100,000
25,000 to 50,000	21,000	9,660,000
50,000 to 75,000	6,100	6,832,000
75,000 to 100,000	2,100	4,776,000
100,000 to 250,000	2,500	13,775,000
250,000 to 500,000	550	8,865,500
500,000 to 1,000,000	350	13,652,500
1,000,000 or above	100	9,350,000
Totals	425,000	\$82,298,000

The above are the Federal Government's figures on the income tax. It shows that only 126,000 persons have annual incomes of and exceeding \$3000; only 178,000 exceeding \$5000; and, then look at and study the rest of the totals and then gaze at the grand total which shows that only 425,000 people out of 100,000 have annual incomes exceeding \$3000. 121,000 persons only have incomes of and in excess of \$10,000 a year. These 121,000 constitute and own the nation. Yea verily, with 99,575,000 at the bottom, there is "plenty of room on top."

It is said that "every body hates a liar," but that is a lie, for capitalist society is one vast lie, which these figures prove, yet few there be that HATE it,—this murderous lie that degrades all humankind.

Red Cross Drug Store

Tenth and Jackson Streets—Opposite Union Depot
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Complete Stock of

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Our Prescription Department is in Charge of Skilled Registered Pharmacists, and only Highest Grade Materials Used.

Mail Orders Filled Immediately on Receipt.

Safe Delivery by Parcel Post Guaranteed.

No Order Too Small for Our Best Attention and Service.

TELEPHONE NUMBER 212

Southern District—Notice

All Southern Locals I. W. W. should get in touch with Secretary Jay Smith at once and arrange a meeting for Fellowworker C. H. Edawrds, G. E. B. member who has just returned from the General Convention of the I. W. W. and is now on the firing line for new programme of work.

Local secretaries will be able to arrange a meeting for Fellowworker C. H. Edawrds by writing to Jay Smith, Box 78, Alexandria, La.

Prepaid Sub Cards.

Send for a supply of SIX MONTHS sub cards to THE VOICE. In United States: THREE for \$1.10; FIVE for \$2.00; THIRTEEN for \$5.00; FIFTY for \$17.50. Cash in advance. Special Canadian rates on application.

This is a bargain that will increase your Local's literature sales and put money in your treasury.

ORDER TO-DAY.

SOLIDARITY

EASTERN ORGAN OF THE I. W. W.

112 Hamilton Ave., E., Cleveland, O.

1 year, \$1.00; 6 months, 50c; 3 months, 25c.

In Combination with THE VOICE (both papers) 1 year, \$1.50; 6 months, 75c.

Send Orders to Either Paper.

Marcus Bawls Himself Out.

City Central Committee I. W. W.

Seattle, Wash., Sept. 29, 1913.

The following motion went through this body:

M. & S.—That we notify "Solidarity" and "Voice of the People" that Marcus Otis has been free lancing in Seattle, against the wishes of the Seattle locals, and all other locals are warned to be on their guard against him. Carried.

Explanation:

Marcus Otis was employed by this body as a speaker as long as we had use for him, and when the time came to dispense with his services, he mounted a stand of his own and "bawled out" the I. W. W. We, the City Central Committee of the Seattle locals, warn all locals that this speaker cannot be controlled.

JOE MURRAY, Sec. C. C. C.

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