

Labor Day Come and Gone.

By J. T. Doran.

Labor Day, that one day in the year when labor is supposed to show its thousands understand the significance of the day.

The average slave looks backward to Labor Day as a date upon which Jimmie Slughard bested Tommy Ivoryhead in twenty rounds of fierce fighting, or else the day upon which the Knights of the Giggie Gingle held their annual outing at Moonstone Beach. Recollections of the day embrace, Picnic's, Fights, Tournaments, Contents of one kind and another, brawls, a drunk, and anything and everything but what Labor Day was instituted for. THE PRIMARY PURPOSE IN RESERVING A SET DAY FOR LABOR WAS TO IMPRESS UPON A FORGETFUL WORLD THE FACT THAT THE WHOLE WORLD AS IT STANDS TO-DAY IS DEPENDENT UPON LABOR FOR ITS SUSTINANCE. Labor is the most important thing on this earth because it is as a result of labor that the necessities of life are procured for a needy mankind. On that particular day labor is supposed to impress society with its dignity and importance and to show to the world at large the power of the workers.

The A. F. of L. in Los Angeles, Cal. together with some Socialists had a grand time. On the day preceding Labor Day, a Sunday in the Churches of this city the clergy offered up prayers for the benefit of the working class. Think of it! The producers of the wealth of the country permitting the followers of that system of superstition and fear mumbling their chants in the interests of a class that are enslaved as a result of the ignorance and fear that has been propagated for centuries by these fanatics. The greatest curse with which mankind has been afflicted, the thing that promotes a condition of slavery for the toiler and a position of master for those who rob the producer of the wealth of the world, of the dignity of labor—rot—bunk—and then more bunk.

Labor Day as now set aside by capitalists is not a day on which labor is glorified but a day on which organized labor is offered up on the altar of ridicule, publicly praised and surreptitiously scoffed at. It is nothing more nor less than a day set aside by the capitalists, not by labor, and labor is supposed to disport itself on that day in accordance with the wishes of the capitalists. In many instances the organized man, to say nothing of the unorganized, is denied the freedom of even this day because they would be unable to run the things which are conceded to be necessary to the daily existence of society. This means of course the water systems, light and power plants, railroads, means of telephone and telegraphic communication, in fact every thing that labor has anything to do with, and that is about everything that is necessary on earth or sea. DO YOU SUPPOSE A LABOR DAY ON WHICH EVERY MAN WOMAN AND CHILD THAT WORKED THREW DOWN THEIR TOOLS AND QUIT WOULD ILLUSTRATE THE DIGNITY OF LABOR AND ITS POWER? Suppose now that not only were this to be peculiar to the United States but that it was to take place on a certain date all over the world! Can you see any need for the "sky screeching gentry" to PRAY for labor under these conditions?

Thirty-three years ago the organized labor of this country took a dose of reaction, administered by the American Separation of Labor and since then the whole labor movement has been in a cataleptic state. The only progressive organization in the labor movement is represented by the I. W. W. and as such is being consistently fought by, not only the capitalist institutions, the press included, but by that same element of the A. F. of L. that has for years been preaching the mutual interests of those who work and produce wealth and those who do no work but who legally rob the workers of the fruits of their toil.

The I. W. W. and all international

revolutionary bodies have decided on an international Labor Day that will mean something to the wage workers of the world. MAY FIRST of each year is to be a day on which labor will bring to the attention of the world the fact that society is absolutely dependent on it for its continued existence. A Labor Day set aside by LABOR, not CAPITALISTS, and a day not of jags, parties, picnics, races and fights, but one on which ALL who work will cease their toil, thus proving their POWER to take from capitalist society that which belongs to labor. Such a Labor Day will not be a day of frivolities, but one on which a severe lesson is to be taught, and will be as a test weapon before the final battle between labor and capital. EVERY worker in the world to stop, sit idle but alert, and not with a booze befuddled brain. THE INTERNATIONAL LABOR DAY, SOLIDARITY, CLASS CONSCIOUSNESS, THE I. W. W., AND EMANCIPATION.

MINERS OF "MON" VALLEY VICTIMIZED.

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burg Coal Co., Pricedale, Pa.) went on strike to have this rule enforced. The district union officials were notified, one of them, John O'Leary, of Roscoe, Pa., came. The first thing he did, as they always do, was to tell the miners they must not strike, it being against the agreement to do so, even if Pittsburg Coal did break it, which they are doing yet. With this official in the hall, the miners voted for a strike. After it was decided to strike, this same official begged and prayed for the men not to strike, to rescind it, but to no avail.

Union Officials Oppose Men.

When asked if he would come back next day, he said it was no use, he having done all he or any other official could, that is advised the men to go back pending an investigation, (their long suit is investigations, notwithstanding their knowledge of conditions, they having been notified time and again.) But he saw the men were determined, so he came back, also the Hungarian-Slavish interpreter, Geo. Gussi, who also advised the men to go back to work until the officials could straighten things up.

We could mention several instances of miners striking without notifying the union officials, but as soon as they, the officials, found out about it they soon had a representative on hand to try and start the mine up without considering the miners demands, claiming it was against the agreement to do so, which it was. In most cases, however, the miners were justified in the action they took.

The mine committee with sub-district President John O'Leary, who said he could do nothing for the miners while they were on strike went to see the superintendent (Thos. Easton) who promised he would do all in his power to give the two loaders two places according to the agreement, but which is little changed, if any at the present time. The miners are naturally sore upon the U. M. W. of A. officials for seeming neglect of duty. The same officials also refuse to let the miners do anything on their own hook, that is independent of them no matter how much they are justified in doing so.

If they do so, they are threatened with non-support by the district officials or with the revokement of their local charters.

However there is one good sign and that is the awakening of the miners to the fact of solidarity, both industrial and politically.—"JUSTICE." Thus saith THE VOICE: O You borers from within! Yea! Verily! BORE, DAMN YOU, BORE! Put on more steam, or to hell with you!

W. E. Upshaw Killed.

Friends and relatives of Fellow-Worker W. E. Upshaw will be grieved to hear that he was killed by lightning at Quinlan, Texas, on Sept. 9th. He was buried at Quinlan and his family is requested to write Mr. V. E. Smith of Quinlan as to what disposition to make of his belongings, which Secretary Jay Smith has asked him to hold until further notice.

HOP KINGS' VICTIMS.

(Continued From Page 1.)

deputies and workers wounded, occurred within ten minutes after the camp delegate from local 71 had arrived at the hop yards. The reason of the murderous attack of the deputies upon men, women and children was to prevent them organizing in the I. W. W. Now these ten are held on a charge which will be murder. The District Attorney admits that he has no evidence against some of the men exposed to syphilis and consequent misery and insanity, but he holds them because the I. W. W. has not yet been given the funds necessary to make a strong fight. For instance the man now held as secretary of the striker's meetings in the hop fields cannot read or write, but he has been kept for thirty-three days now in absolute danger of his life and reason.

Local 71 has already engaged Austin Lewis and his partner, R. M. Royce. Lewis is the author of the "Proletarian and the Petty oBurgois." This local has instructed him and the men in jail have agreed to this order, that the lawyers shall make no apology or excuse for their right to organize. When the trials come on we intend to put it to the court that these meetings will be held on every job possible and that if lawless deputies get hurt that is their look out. Although we are compelled to go into the courts for the defense of these men it is expected that the I. W. W. will be proud of the men engaged. Lewis and Royce both believe in the Revolution. Lewis would be an I. W. W. if he were not a lawyer. He left the Socialist Party shortly after the organization of the fighting bunch and has spoken for us wherever possible. Royce is a red Socialist, who still hold his card because he thinks the workers in the Socialist Party may soon gain control of that organization and he wants to be on hand to help turn the Socialist ship over to proletarian officers. No rebel will be ashamed of the fight made to defend the hop pickers. It will be a straight out battle of the workers. Help us with funds. We have only appealed to the I. W. W. as yet and expect to get enough to run this fight without going outside the organization, but if any Reds see this article and want to come through they may be assured that the funds will be appreciated and are greatly needed. Send all moneys to Andy Barber, Secretary Local 71, I. W. W., 1119 3rd street, Sacramento, Cal.

Merryville Doings.

Everything is getting quieted down at Merryville; everything working nicely since they got Dick Goff off of their hands.

The shipping clerk and one of the scab niggers got in a dispute yesterday and the nigger ran the clerk to his home, so the Boss got his gun and shot the nigger. Think the nigger died last night. "Judge" Mason was holding kangaroo court yesterday. Of course, the Boss was "justified" in shooting the nigger. The Company has plenty of scabs to kill.

Mr. Gilbert Henigan, the Ex-Organizer and Ex-G. C. L., has decided that his business at Merryville is not what he expected it to be and he is moving to Old Fields, a place on Sabine River, near Starks, La. Everybody in that part of the country knows him and the stand he has taken against the Union. I am SURE the people in that section of the country will give him PLENTY OF TRADE.

Jim Estes says "to hell with the old nesters," just give him niggers and he will build up a town that suits HIM. And, Dr. Knight, by the looks of the crowd at the pay window last night, his wishes have been fulfilled all any man could wish.

With best wishes to THE VOICE, I am, yours to win,

"OLD RUSH."

DeQuincy Notice!

JAY SMITH WILL SPEAK AT DEQUINCY, La., SUNDAY, SEPT. 21st., 1913, ON THE SUBJECT OF INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM. EVERYBODY INVITED.

"It Is To Laf!"

The following juicy gem of an or sub-conscious humor is from the editorial columns of "The Timber Worker," official organ of the I. U. S. etc., etc., and-so-on:

"That there is a growing feeling of revolt among the men in the I. W. W. who have long been tyrannized over by the sacred few is coming more and more to the fore. The "inner circle" cannot long endure, now that the members have come to realize what labor autocracy really stands for. There is a vast difference between industrial unionism than the present idea of industrial unionism that an investigator might gather from the mouthpieces of the I. W. W.

Democracy is in the air. None are so great that they must be depended upon to act the Moses for the labor movement. The organization we are now building represents the proper ideas in both industrial organization and in the democratic rule of the membership. An organization of labor that gets its power from above, like the Oriental governments, is bound to decay and disappear. It is right that it should. Democracy should be encouraged; so far as it is possible, our own organization should be advanced along that line. To have an enduring movement, the power must come from the rank and file.

But there is something else needed. There are too many plans put forward on how to organize the working class and too little attention given to the work of organization itself. Conversation artists and spittoon philosophers may serve a purpose in the great scheme of things, but just what it is has not yet come to our attention. Get the men organized and they may be depended on to work out their salvation in a way that will ere long cause plutocracy to tremble.

We are on the right road."

NOW, "WOULDN'T THAT JAR YOU?"

Also we are constrained to remark: "Democracy, O Democracy, what crimes have been committed in thy name!" Again we would suggest that ONE purpose served by the spittoon philosophers" is to act as a thorn in sides of the heirarchy of the American Labor Movement.

Democracy within the A. F. of L.! Shades of Mahomet, will miracles NEVER cease!

But, "WE ARE ON THE RIGHT ROAD," alright, old boss. WE, US, THE I. W. W. That's why YOU are IMITATING US.

WE don't know who is worse scared of the National Industrial Union of Forrest and Lumber Workers, YOU or the Western and Southern Lumber Operators Associations.

Yes, sonny, "Democracy is in the air"—lookout that it don't swat YOU in the solar plexus!

The Masters' Skunk.

By C. Tabor.

(Dedicated to the United Gunmen of the World.)

A brute, a wretch, a cruel cur,
A fiend for blood,—naught else can stir,—
The demoned sense to maim, and slay,
And slash,—the Masters' bloody play.

A cringing, vulgar uncouth slave,
A werewolf from the Masters' cave;
A gulping, thirsting fiend of lust,—
In murder is his only trust.

A brutish braggart of the clan
That decimates the best in man.
A gun his verse—an oath his song—
This "hero" 'of the silk-clad throng.

A jeweled-jawed beast that stalks to kill—
To hurt and pain, his highest will—
A monster with what beasts are dowered,
A soul of mud, a crawling coward.

Behold the dastard, putrid pink,
An atavistic malbred gink
Only to murder full awake—
Behold the skunk, the human snake!

SUBSCRIBE TO
"THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE."

Salt Lake Rebels Fighting Hard.

Just as we were going to press we received a letter from Fellow-Worker Sam Scarlett, Secretary L. U. 69, enclosing us a copy of attorney W. S. Dalton's great speech on free speech made in defense of Fellow-Worker Morgan and his associates who are now on trial at Salt Lake City, Utah, for a crime committed by Axel Steele and his band of Copper Trust Hellions.

It is the I. W. W. against the Trust and its lackey the State, and every true rebel will back Morgan and the fighters in Mormondom to the limit of their power and then some more. UP AND AT 'EM, REDS!

Send all funds for the defense to L. U. 69, I. W. W., 118 W. S. Temple street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

A Nightmare's Nest.

By Voc The Barbarian.

(Dedicated to the American Revolutionary Labor Movement.)

"Race me a race," the race horse said;
"Hop me a hop" said the hopper-grass;

"You're junej and bugs," said the bug;

And, "You talk like an ass," said the ass.

"Quick! flip me a flop," said the flea;

"No! shoo me a shoofly," said the fly;

"Cease! cease!" said the worm, "ere I turn!"

"Ay!" the goggle-eye said, "in my eye!"

"Indite me a bull," said the bull;

"Wail me a waul," said the cata-wail;

"O rats!" said the rat, "you are bats!"

"Nay, rattled!" said the bat, "that is all!"

Yea! Yea! 'tis the truth that I tell,
They were fozzled and fumbled and fixed;

And all that they said, as I say,
It was bumbled and jumbled and mixed!"

TOOLS ON STRIKE.

(Continued From Page 1.)

DEBS, MAIMS AND CRIPPLES over ONE MILLION WORKERS each year and does it LEGALLY on the industrial field. With a million workers rendered non-productive, the number of DEPENDANTS that are forced into starvation is much greater.

We say that when economic necessity compels us to go on strike, we not only are justified in putting the machine in such shape that the scab cannot operate it, but that we are in DUTY BOUND TO RENDER THE MACHINE NON-PRODUCTIVE AS LONG AS WE ARE IDLE. Destroy that which keeps your enemy in business and you have destroyed that which is responsible for your slavery. PROFIT.—"The Wooden Shoe."

His end being the accumulation of profit, he and his law, moral and ethic,

Song Books.

Los Angeles Locals have a limited number of the San Pedro Song Books, written by J. Hill. The book is double the size of the old one. Order now, as the printer will not hold our type long unless orders come in rapidly. All profits will go to Spanish paper.

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Address W. B. Cook, Box 265, Station C, Los Angeles, Cali. Fellow-Workers:—

We wish to call your attention again to the above song books. We have 8000 on hand. This will exhaust the edition. If you wish to secure a number of the books you had best place your order at once. Several locals have repeated their order. The sale of these 8000 song books will enable us to make the initial payment on a cylinder press for La Huelga General. We have the offer of one at a close figure. Send in your orders so that we will have the money to do business with.

Yours in the fight,

W. B. COOK,
Sec'y L. A. Locals.