

Slaves Or Men, Which?

By C. Havens.

I have a question to ask. I find the hypocritical church members and preachers fighting the I. W. W. everywhere thru here, so I want to ask the preachers if their Bible does not say: "Thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not murder; thou shalt not lie; thou shalt not commit adultery?" And I want to show that the preachers in upholding the system we are working under to-day are upholding a system of thievery, for everyday I work the Boss steals two-thirds of my product; he is stealing bread from little children's mouths; he is stealing the life blood of the workers. The Boss is starving men, women and children to death, the most sorrowful death a human being can die. But not only that kind of murder does he commit, but the Government keeps a standing army of murderers and when the Magnates say: "Kill that mass of workers, they do it, or try to do it."

As for lying. To get along in this Capitalist World, you have got to be an unmitigated liar. You have to lie to be even a good Bum, for you have to tell many things that are not so to get a mouthful to eat. You have to be a good liar to hold a good job as a salesman or a lumberjack, and all politicians are natural born liars. And YOU are a liar when you say you are the "laborers friend" yet fight the I. W. W.

As for adultery, this system is the worst promoter of prostitution I can think of, for it starves the men and women into unnatural relations, as thru the starvation wages paid the workers the men hardly get enuf money to provide a license, much less a home, and to be really married a man and woman must have a home. The working men are the worst of cawards when they stand for it. Not only that but starvation wages have put many women to the bad, so bad that nothing in all history can be compared to this terrible traffic of to day, this frightful crime, this awful injustice against the mothers of the race.

I am not writing this to sincere Christians but to the apostates and hypocrites. For my father has been a man of prayer, a man of truth and a man of honesty, but and so he has nothing to-day but a white beard and bad health, and fourteen grandchildren, and nothing to leave them, and one son-in-law laid up with rheumatism, and one son who has worked himself to death trying to get a start, so for all my father's hard praying you can see what he has gotten. And he has another boy, who signs himself C. Havens, and he **don't** work only when he **has to**, for he sees there is nothing in it for him but a slave's existence and worse, and so he fights the system by fighting for the I. W. W. and takes, like thousands of other rebellious hoboos, whatever comes knowing that there has never been a revolution in the history of the race without a struggle, and that this is a struggle for the freedom of the working class. And here I will say that the man or woman who wont help win their own freedom need a wooden shoe to stir their brains with so they will get to work. Give your hands a rest now and then and put your brain to work on the job and see how fast things will improve over present rotten conditions. And you workers who say "the Union is all right but I am going to wait and see," you are pretty looking workingmen. The only way to help is to join the Forest and Lumber Workers Union and pay your dues so we can judge at all times how strong we are and thus know when the time has again come when the Lumberjacks can make a winning fight against Boss for a MAN'S life in all the forests. But we can talk until that "great day comes when Gabriel blows his trumpet," yet if you workingmen and women wont come and help, we who are blacklisted will have to fight that much harder, and it is your fight as well as ours.

You Lumberjacks of the South, YOUR place is on the battleline of Labor. What is going to be your answer to the World's Rebellious Workers? Will they call us SLAVES or MEN, which?

AGITATE! EDUCATE!! ORGANIZE!!!
"The fight is on—on with the fight!"

"Sooner Than We Think."

Despite the paradoxical and deathful nature of our capitalist civilization, despite the industrial insanity and spiritual chaos, a new world is surely forming; dimly may we discern the white pinnacles and the green gardens of the gathering city of man. There is approaching—and it is not so far off as it seems—a world arranged by the wisdom hid in the human heart; a world that is the organization of a strong and universal kindness; a world redeemed from the fear of institutions and of poverty. Even now, derided and discouraged as it is, socially untrained and inexperienced as it is, if the instinctual and repressed kindness of mankind were suddenly let loose upon the earth, sooner than we think would it ensphere itself; sooner than we think would we be members one of another, sitting around one family hearthstone, and singing the song of the new humanity.—George D. Herron.

Earthy Land

(Depicting the tribulations of an immigrant.)
(Air: "Beulah Land.")
By R. L. Meek of California.

I've reached the land of prunes and wine;
Its many riches can ne'er be mine,
Because the Boss purloins my pay;
He robs me every blessed day.

FIRST CHORUS:

In Freedom Land! In Freedom Land!
Here on starvation's brink I stand.
I came afar across the sea,
Found hovels here prepared for me,
On "Sunny California's" shore,
Which Master owns, yea, even more.

He owns the mansions on the hills;
His are the factories and mills;
He speeds me up to beat the band—
Can this be Heaven's Border Land?

Sleek preachers come and talk at me,
Say sweet contentment there must be;
Although your Master be a knave,
"Servant obey," remain a slave.

SECOND CHORUS:

In Lemon Land the Grafters Band
Are some religious—ain't it grand
To gaze afar across the sea
While Master's busy skinning thee
On "Sunny California's" shore,
Which Master owns, yea, even more.

Methinks the mansions in the skies
Are builded with hotair and lies—
The Saints do not make haste to go,
They rather linger here below.

That sweet perfume upon the breeze
Is shut from us by factories;
Those flowers never, never grow
Near toilers hovels here below.

The Labor Press it brings to me
Good news of SOLIDARITY;
ONE BIG UNION is the cry—
Live HERE and NOW, not by and bye.

THIRD CHORUS:

The Master class Sky Pilots try
To dynamite the needle's eye:
They can't get thru, what must they do?
Well we should worry—that is true—
Freedom and life we'll have, and more,
When Master hits the Golden Shore!

SEATTLE'S NEW HALL.

Seattle Locals have moved to 208 2nd Ave. South. All rebels coming this way are invited to pay us a visit. We have steam heat; front entrance and a good location.

I remain yours for Industrial Freedom.

H. A. LA BRANCH, Sec. No. 382.

You Laboring Slaves.

By "Old Red."

Notice to all you laboring slaves: I mean you people who work in the stores, in the mills and on all kinds of jobs. You are a FOOL, but you don't know it, do you? Yes you know it, but you are ashamed to own it, arn't you? Now be honest for once. It wont hurt you to tell the truth. You people know just as much about God as any preacher or priest. Get you a little ancient history and read it with your Bible and the "laws of our country," then you will know as much as the preachers and, maybe, you can get a church and wont have to work. But since you have to work, why not get what the "Lord gave" you, the FULL PRODUCT of your toil? Yes, that's what I said. Yes, you people say the "Lord is right." I say the Lord is NOT right, for he lets so many go hungry and half naked. Go now, you good old "Christian," and see that I am right, for the Land Lord, the Steel Lord, the Oil Lord, the Lumber Lord, the Railroad Lord, and several other Lords I could tell you about, are all on earth and having a fat time of it while we, the workers, are having the hell and the hunger of it. All these Lords are here, but my Lord I haven't seen yet, but I guess I'm not as "good" as some of the people of DeRidder, for I went to church some time ago and there was a MAN spoke in behalf of the workers, and his talk didn't suit preacher Smirkins so he got up and said he was not mad but such talk could not go in his church. (I thought it was "God's church," but Smirkins said it was his.) And here was I all this time thinking I was giving my few dollars to God while I was jolted awake to the fact that I was only giving it to the preachers and priests, and I'd worked like a galley slave for it, too. O what a sucker!

Say, you WORKERS, wake up! For as long as you let the Boss and his preachers, priests and rabbis do your thinking for you, THEY are going to have the earth and the fatness thereof and YOU are going to have the hell and the hunger of it. For Christ's sake, wake up! Wake up!! Wake up!!!

Marine Workers, Attention!

It's a fact, that of all the industries, the Marine Transport Industry is the easiest one for the workers to control. No industry can be controlled unless the workers are organized, regardless of the opinion you hold, it is impossible to do anything, unless you have the equivalent in power to do it with. The more power we have, the more we are able to accomplish for ourselves, and without power we are as helpless as an ant trying to carry the carcass of a dead horse. We shall not waste any time to eulogize the good intentions of the ant, but we want to look into the possibility of the ant's undertaking. You can say that the ants could carry it away providing that there were enough of them. But enough of them it means to have the equivalent in power, or in other words, to have sufficient power to do it with.

The reason why it is stated that the Marine Transport Industry is the easiest industry to control, because you know that this particular industry must be kept running at all cost in order that food supplies, and other necessary commodities can be transported.

Now, Mr. Firemen, Sailors, Cooks, Stewards, Engineers, and all the rest of you, who work on ships, what are you doing toward controlling the only thing you have—YOUR LABOR POWER. You know that just as long as you remain unorganized, you are as powerless as the ant that would attempt to carry away a dead horse. You have the power to do almost anything, if you would only combine with the rest of the men working in that same industry.

We have a union for all the men working in the Marine Transport Industry, and this union is called "the NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL UNION of MARINE TRANSPORT WORKERS." Are you a member of this union? If you are not a member, ask yourself this question—Why am I not a member of this fighting union. You may say that the Steamship Companies have no use for this union. The shipping masters don't love it, and all the labor fakers are doing their best to keep it down. We plead guilty to all these charges. But in the name of common sense, what kind of a union would the shipping trust like? What kind of a union would the shipping master like? And what kind of a union would the labor fakers like?

The Steamship Companies don't want any union at all if they can help it, and if they can't help it, they would rather have a union that couldn't fight them with advantage, a union separated into 57 varieties like Heintz canned pickles, and then each variety signing a contract expiring at different times, so that they could lick the stuffing out of these Heintz varieties any time they took a notion to do so.

The shipping masters don't want any union for the simple reason, that they would go out of existence if the union would do all the shipping, and you cannot blame them for their antagonism, as the union would place them where they would either work or starve.

The labor faker would like a union that believes that capital and labor are brothers, their interest is identical, and where they are able to draw large salaries, so they can sit at the same table with the capitalists, to prove that capital and labor are brothers.

Now Fellow-Workers, from the very fact that all the parasites are fighting this union, it proves that it is the only union for you. It is time you waken from your slumbers, for too long you have been knocked from pillar to post, by the shipping trust, shipping masters and labor fakers. Wake up and show them that you mean business, and when you do that, you will have a different tale to tell, instead of your wages being cut five dollars as happened with the United Fruit Co. you will see the wages increase 25 per cent, in less than six months.

Join the ONE BIG UNION, and make the conditions so that you can live like a human should live.

The ONE BIG UNION is here, and now is the time to join it, not after you are dead. You can join it at the following places: 284 Commercial St., Boston, Mass.; 214 West St., New York, N. Y.; 121 Catherine St., Philadelphia, Pa.; 29 Church St., Norfolk, Virginia; 307 North Peters St., New Orleans, La.; P. O. Box 533, San Pedro, Cal.; 9 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal.; 110 South 14th St., Tacoma, Wash.; 208 Second Ave. South, Seattle, Wash.; 422 Cummings Ave., Superior, Wis.; and in every city on the Great Lakes.

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N. Y. D. C. MEETING.

There was a general meeting of the I. W. W. locals of New York held at Harlem Funeral Hall, 210 E. 104th St., New York, Sunday, Nov. 23, 2 p. m.

The purpose was to hear the report of the delegate to the late convention.

On the reading of the report it was voted to accept the same and indorse the course pursued at the convention by the delegate from New York. A bundle of THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE was exhausted.

A committee was elected to arrange for frequent meetings of the same kind in the future and the determination expressed to build up the existing locals of New York.

Fraternally,
THOMAS FLYNN,
Secretary N. Y. D. C.

SACRAMENTO'S NEW HALL.

Fellow-Workers:

The Sacramento Locals are moving to new headquarters. Outside of Frisco it will be the best on the Pacific Coast, and right slap bang into the Slave Market. The Employment Sharks are beginning to growl already.

We expect to go into the competitive system with Stockton. So if any Fellow-Workers, who happen to come near here, should smell the beans cooking, you will know that something is doing here.

All live members stop off at Sacramento. The new hall is at 114 First St., between Front and First St.), right close to the S. P. depot.

We also need a good literature hustler, one that can go the limit in Sacramento. Grand opening of the new hall December 1st.

ANDY BARBER,
Secretary Joint Locals.

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THE PREAMBLE.

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people, and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid in employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries, if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto: "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword: "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the everyday struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



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