

# A LONG WORK DAY MEANS A LONG BREAD LINE

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# THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Owned by the Rebel Clan of Toil

An Injury to One is an Injury to All

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MIGHT IS RIGHT



"BELIEVE ME"

—Reproduced from Oregon Journal.

## INFORMATION, USEFUL OR OTHERWISE

The reading public is very much interested in the European war, getting information about how one side or the other makes a slight gain or suffers a more or less important defeat, or how the information received yesterday was all a mistake.

The war news are largely received from the government involved in the war; and these governments have, or think they have, good reason for circulating misleading information. War news are made by statesmen and diplomats these days; and the chief qualification of a statesman is the ability to stuff lies into a gullible public.

We know that a large part of the war news are not so, and the rest of it is pretty sure to be misleading in some respect; and we have no way to separate the truth from the lies.

There is no doubt about the historic importance of this war. It will affect all the European dynasties, and may even eliminate some of them. It may bring about great changes of national boundaries. Weaker nations may be swallowed by stronger nation in the peace settlement. Millions of workers may be killed, or crippled for life, before the slaughter is over. And the whole life of those who survive will be changed by their horrible experiences.

We will, for a brief moment, suppose that all the war news are true. That we are actually being told how many men are killed and injured; how many steps forwards or backwards are taken by each army; how much of the products of labor is destroyed each minute, or hour, or week. After we have laboriously acquired that information—WHAT GOOD WILL IT DO US?

Even if we could accurately measure the effects of the victories and defeats in this war—what good would it do us? If we knew, positively, that Germany would annex Belgium, or that Russia would annex Poland—what would we have gained by that knowledge?

That knowledge will not take from us a square inch of land that we possess, nor give us a square inch of land that we desire. What if we know how many of our fellow-slaves are killed and wounded, and what agonies they suffer—what can we do about it? We don't start wars, and we don't stop them; and as long as we don't there will never be any real value for us in the war news. It will all be as useless to us as the information that our neighbor's cat suffers from a bellyache.

The only thing worth while that we can learn from this war is that we, and our fellow slaves in Europe, are pawns in the war gamblers' game, to be sacrificed whenever it serves the profit mongers' interests—and we ought to have learned that long ago.

We must acquire the power to prevent war and to stop war, before war news can have any practical value for us.

## BUTTE WAR LORDS WEARY

The official censor permits the three company owned sheets to print several columns of false, misleading and slanderous stuff about the I. W. W. and Socialist Party every day, but refuses to allow the Butte Socialist to publish anything that would have a tendency to strip Kelly, Root, Malcolm, Gillis and others of their ilk of their cloak of Hypocrisy. He seems to know that if these home-breaking, poverty-making mental and moral perverts were shown to the people in their true colors, the town would become too warm to hold them. Even the Mr. Blocks, and we have them in abundance, can see who owns the censor.

Their latest stunt was to get an Austrian by the name of Malets who is a candidate on the Socialist ticket to sign his name to a scurrilous article which appeared in Sunday's Standard. In this screed they accuse the I. W. W. of blasting the Miners' Union Hall and of putting men in all of the A. F. of L. unions to try and disrupt them.

They also criticize the officials for their inactivity during the period of the miners' efforts to release themselves from the squeezing tentacles of the W. F. of M. or as it is known locally "The Amalgamated Aid Society."

The article in question is without a semblance of truth and is just another one of hundreds of such idiotic actions performed by these incompetent self-styled rulers of Butte. It is the belief of many that the intent of this article is to defeat the Socialist County Ticket at the coming County Election.

The Company means to have the scalps of the politicians as well as those of the I. W. W. bunch, and are using "Comrades" to accomplish their purpose, but we should worry.

Dan Liston, a saloonkeeper, was arrested some time ago for asking a patron what he thought of the militia. He was let out on bonds and the case would have probably been dismissed but for the fact that Joe Bradley had a letter that came in Liston's care in his possession.

Ed Evans was released on \$4,000 bonds a few days since but was re-arrested before he could get out of the Court House on a charge improvised for the occasion, "Military Necessity."

Fellow Worker Dawson was re-arrested, and threatened with four years in the pen if he did not leave town immediately, by Provost Marshal Conley.

John Berkin whom the writer introduced to you in the previous article is living up to his reputation. He and several of his deputies have been watching the railroad yards for the I. W. W. army. They go out in automobiles armed to the teeth and, whenever they meet a bunch of jobless men, either compel them to turn back or keep on going.

The consensus of opinion among those who even do a part of their own thinking is that the law and order (?) bunch seems to have entered into a conspiracy, the object of which is to make the I. W. W. a goat.

The burden has proved to be more than they can bear and must needs be shifted to other shoulders.

The I. W. W. sentiment has become so strong in Butte that the Company sheets are unable to stifle it, so Con Kelly imported Byron E. Cooney and together they hatched a slimy off-spring which smells even stronger of kerosene than either of its three contemporaries.

As a thrower of mud and slime he is in the same class as the notorious John B. Mulcahy of the Butte Independent. He served his apprenticeship in the office of the Butte Evening News, a defunct sheet owned and operated by F. Aug. Heinze during his war with the A. C. M. Co.

When Donohue was called for permitting this sheet to appear without being censored, he claimed that he had no knowledge of it until after it had made its appearance on the street and admitted that it was "raw." He failed however to arrest the editor.

Richard Howard, a young Anaconda man with a military bug, came to town some weeks since and introduced himself to the officers in charge here as Captain FitzAllen Howard of the British Army, and stated that he was in the West to purchase cavalry horses for His Majesty's army. After visiting the mess room at the Court House, the captain concluded that Uncle Sam was a bum provider and conceived the idea of showing these military gentlemen how superior was the British way of feeding officers. He thereupon hied himself to the Legatt Hotel and made arrangements for a banquet such as these parts had not known for a long time.

He spared no expense and those of the guests that were able to talk after partaking of the captain's hospitality until the early hours of morning, pronounced it the most sumptuous feast of their lives.

The captain neglected to pay the score and beat it to Anaconda where he was arrested and brought back to Butte.

He is now in jail musing over the ingratitude of his military guests and waiting for some "Chivalrous Knight" to come forward on a prancing steed and put his vile keepers to rout. It is said that these military gentlemen upon learning that they had been taken in, were deeply humiliated, and that Donohue, in trying to forget the incident, nearly put the Silver Bow Club Bar out of existence. How successful he was can be attested by hundreds who saw his standing in front of the Court House with an idiotic expression on his face and using the stone retaining wall as a prop. While on this protracted spree it is alleged that he took occasion to tell some of his masters in the Silver Bow Club what he thought of the whole damn business, and he had been here nine days before he realized that he was riding Con Kelly's horse, saddle, bridle and all.

The higher ups decided that as an army officer he was setting a bad example and told him that his political fences in Dawson County were in need of repairs. They kindly gave him a leave of absence which he took.

Captain Sargent who took charge in Donohue's place upon being quizzed today as to why he was dressed in civilian clothes replied that the whole damn thing was a farce and he was going to leave.



DEATH: "COME AND JOIN"

—Reproduced from Oregon Journal.

## "THE CLARION" CALL

An Open Letter to Robert Blatchford

(By W. A. Kennedy, in The Spur)

Dear—Robert—Of late years you have surprised us. You influence is great and far-spread. You have used it to extend the war-fever. You have gone military-mad. In recent numbers of the Clarion—to put aside your Daily Mail and Weekly Dispatch contributions—we read such sentiments as follows:

"We are engaged in a life and death struggle. If we are defeated, there is an end of the England of Shakespeare, Cromwell, Nelson, and Dickens. But, of course, we shall not be defeated. The race is sound. Britain is not degenerate . . . to prevent the unthinkable world—calamity of the Empire's break up, the entire manhood of the nation will rise in arms. Ere our beautiful land is laid waste, and our heritage of liberty lost, come Freeman, come."

The above is culled from the Clarion of August 28th last. In your issue of September 4th, the article on the front page, opens as follows:

"It is the duty of every British citizen during these days of trial, to support the Government, and especially Lord Kitchener and Mr. Winston Churchill."

In the same article occurs the passage: "Were the majority of our young men slackers, and afraid to fight, the Empire would not be worth fighting for. But it is worth fighting for, and our people will fight, and win."

Which prepares us for the following conclusion:

"Speak to them in plain and naked words. Tell them, Germany is out to boss them, and they must fight or be bossed. Tell them the war is here, and it is not a thing to talk about, but a thing to tackle. Tell them what the Tommies are doing, and what fine fellows the Tommies are—But that is too difficult. What words could do justice to Tommy Atkins. There never were better soldiers, nor better men."

Thus you sound the "Clarion" call of battle. Thus you urge us to rush to take up arms; to use these arms to kill, and to slay—not our oppressors; not the tyrants who take away our freedom; rob us of our wealth; condemn us, and our beloved ones, to everlasting slavery and the continual torture of semi-starvation; who herd us into hovels, stifle our aspirations, laugh at our efforts to climb from out of the pit, and who kick us down again, aye, and keep kicking us when we are down, lest we dare to rise again.

It is not to wage war on such tyrants as these, that you sound your present call. No; it is to shot and to kill our poor fellow-slaves, our brothers and sisters in misery, who live across the sea and to whom we have sworn—sworn by the blood of the martyrs of our common cause—an everlasting bond of brotherhood and comradeship. Why should we fight? (Continued on page 4)

## THE WAY TO PEACE

(By Leo Tolstoy)

"Gentlemen—Your views, announced in your charming and interesting letter, that universal disarmament can and will be produced most easily and surely by the refusal of every single individual to perform military service or to be trained as a soldier, are both sound and correct. I, for my part, am disposed to think that this is the only possible expedient for saving the nations from the curse of war. On the other hand I cannot accede to your opinion that one ought to submit to the so-called "Peace Conference" instigated by the Tsar, the question as to whether citizens who conscientiously refuse to carry arms ought to be

compelled by the State to perform works in the interests of the community. I consider this idea fallacious, on the ground that the Peace Conference itself is nothing but an unblushing comedy of the good old pattern, the object and aim of which is, but no means, to limit the danger of war, but, on the contrary, to try and hide from the people the only way in which universal peace and fraternity stand a chance of succeeding."

The above is the first paragraph of a letter written by Tolstoy to the Swedish Peace Party in 1899. It shows that whatever may be said about Tolstoy's ideas on other subjects, his ideas on the war question were even then further advanced than are the ideas of the present Social-Democratic International.