

Our dear brethren! our children! God has ordained us to govern you.

People: Show us your credentials from God!

Priests: You must have faith; reason leads astray.

People: Do you govern without reason?

Priests: God commands peace! Religion prescribes obedience.

People: Peace supposes justice. Obedience implies conviction of a duty.

Priests: Suffering is the business of this world.

People: Show us the example.

Priests: Would you live without gods or kings?

People: We would live without oppressors.

Priests: You must have mediators, intercessors.

People: Mediators with God and the king! Courtiers, preachers and priests, your services are too expensive; we will henceforth manage our own affairs.

And the little group said: We are lost! the multitudes are enlightened.

And the people answered: You are safe; since we are enlightened we will commit no violence; we only claim our rights. We feel resentments, but we will forget them. We were slaves; we might command; but we only wish to be free, and liberty is but justice.

Volney's book was written in 1788. This method of forcing concessions from the capitalist class is exemplified in the arguments for industrial unionism; showing clearly the necessity for constructive education; for a literature of sterling worth in the industrial knowledge of taking over the industries of the world.

The chapter points out clearly that when the working class stand together as a class, and make their demands for the earth, no power now known can prevent the transformation, to Industrial Democracy.

Our advice to the workers is, "Unite, now for victory, into ONE BIG UNION of class-conscious toilers and get ready to own the earth.—"The Free Press."

WHAT'S A SCAB?

By W. M. Witt.

The "scab" is a tool of the Master class,
He acts with less sense than a young Jackass.
He'll work from six to half-past eight;
He's what is know nas a cheap labor skate.

His boss will jolly him and maybe give him a drink;
Then the Ass he feels *big*, that's because he *don't* think.
He is *easily* managed by the people who rule,
And they know how to handle *just* such a fool.

Some "scabs" wear white collars and some overalls.
They tremble in their boots when the boss calls.
They are *ready* to lick the boots of their boss,
To do so with them is *not* the least cross.

When the "scab" is *deeply* buried, improvements you'll see.
He's a curse to his country and *always* will be.
When he's dead and forgotten the world will be *brighter*.
Conditions improve and our burdens grow *lighter*.

Of the "scab" I suppose I've said *quite* enough.
Should I say any more some might think me too rough.
My opinion of the "scab" in words I *can't* tell—
Suffice it to say, his home is in *Hell!*

PSALM "23," MODERN VERSION.

The politician is my shepherd. I shall not want for anything during any campaign. He leadeth me into the saloon for my vote's sake. He filleth my pocket with good cigars; my cup of beer runneth over. He inquireth concerning my family, even unto the fourth generation. Yea, though I walk through the mud and rain to vote for him, and shout myself hoarse when he is elected, yet straightway he forgetteth me. Although I meet him in his own house he knoweth me not. Surely, the wool has been pulled over mine eyes all the days of my life and I shall dwell in the house of a chump forever.—"The Rebel."

THE FIGHTING PRESS.

In the great battle to save Emerson and his associates from judicial murder and in the titanic struggle to overthrow the infamous peonage system the Lumber Kings and Land Lords have established in the South, six great papers deserve special mention, thanks and praise. They are:

The Industrial Worker,
Solidarity,
The Rebel,
The International Socialist Review,
The Rip-Saw,
The Coming Nation.

But for the fierce fight put up by these great "voices of the people," the Southern Oligarchy would have been able to commit once more the deeds it has so often done in the dark in years gone by. Brothers of the New Age, we salute and thank you!

"The fight is on,—on with the fight!"

Yours for Industrial Freedom,

ALL THE LUMBERJACKS.

Boost "The Lumberjack." Subscribe today.

THE WORLD WILL

BY COVINGTON HALL.

Hear me, ye who sit in purple splendor 'round old Mammon's throne!

Hear me, all ye sons of Moloch, ye who make the race to mourn!

Hear me, too, ye tinsel marshals heading their embattled slaves!

Hear me, too, ye pand'ring statesmen guarding where their black flag waves!

Hear me, all ye hireling teachers, all ye priesthoods who have sold

Truth, the Holy Spirit, and have turned Love's glowing words to gold!

Hear me, all ye House of Mammon, all who bend at Moloch's shrine,

We, the workers, soon are coming in a fury all divine!

Heart-aflame and by love driven, nation-parted now no more
We are gath'ring for the battle that the seers foretold of yore;
From all peoples we are coming, far and wide the world around,

And the fight shall not be ended 'till the last slave's freedom found;

There shall be, when we have finished, for all children home and hearth,

And the songs of happy mothers shall be heard throughout the earth;

There shall be no fallen women, there shall be no broken men,

There shall be no homeless outcasts on the broad earth's bosom then!

All the steel that now surrounds you, naked-handed we shall break;

All the laws that now protect you, these as nothing we shall make;

All the words of your false prophets unto you shall be as dust;

And the spider seal the temples where your stricken idols rust;

All your gilded, glitt'ring savagery our hands shall sweep away,

And the maidens ye have ruined shall demand of you their pay;

All your monstrous art shall perish from the earth's insulted plain,

All your reeking hovel cities shall go back to hell again!

There shall be no king above us, there shall be no slave below.
There, in Labor's grand Republic, only freedom we shall know!

We are gathering, we are coming, far and wide the world around,

Truth the northstar of our legions, all the earth our battle ground!

Arming, coming in love-anger, marching forward by its light,

Coming, coming hungry-hearted for the long expected fight!

Coming, coming from our thralldom, coming victors over all!

We have heard the World Will speaking, we have heard the Race-Soul call!

THE PROLETARIAT'S PRAYER.

Oh! Mother Nature, thou bountiful provider of all the good things of life, we approach thy throne today, not in meekness and humility, as do the ignorant and the hypocritical, when they offer homage to their brutal and inconsistent Deity, but with uplifted head and proud seeing eye, our vision undimmed, even though a veritable rain of BULLICON has been (and is yet) falling in our midst for thousands of years, designed by our enemies, the CAPITALISTS and the Preying Preachers, and Cruel Fawning Priests, to obscure our vision of the only fact that concerns us, THE ECONOMIC QUESTION.

We beseech thee to open the eyes of our unseeing Fellow Workers, through your agents, the I. W. W. Organizers and Jawsmiths and Rebel Writers, that they may realize your unstinted generosity in the way you have distributed your stores for their entertainment, and cease allowing a set of well organized and cruel parasites, to rob them of all thy gifts, in the name of that mythical Deity of the Capitalist's creation, whose blind worship by our empty headed Fellow Workers, has caused so much suffering, and the perpetration of so many cruel deeds upon the Working Class.

In the name of the first Revolutionist and leader of the down trodden, the Carpenter of Nazareth, whose very history has been falsely chronicled by the Despoilers and their historians, who have falsely portrayed him as a Son of this Brutal God of Gold, in order to deter any other from imitating him in an effort to free the working class, we beg of you to inculcate a spirit of reprisal into the Workers, that they might rise up in their might, put their torture on the tobaggan of destruction, and take possession of the machinery of production and thy rich gifts that are scattered about us in such abundant profusion.

All of this and more do we ask in the name of the I. W. W. and the Revolutionary Working Class.

Let them inscribe on their banner the revolutionary motto of the great agnostic, Thomas Jefferson: "The world belongs by right of use to the living." Amen.

PHINEAS EASTMAN.

Boost "The Lumberjack." Subscribe today.

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for the workers to organize in the mine and shop; on the railroad, ship and ferry, to get the things they must have to live, it is useless for any part of the working class to use the stock in trade capitalist arguments to forestall the onward march of this awakened working class. The workers are going to emancipate themselves, and they are going to use the weapons, the methods and tactics best suited to their wishes. Unity, alone, can win.

It's a cinch to be passive, but it takes nerve to be a "direct actionist."

Industrial unionism is the logical form of economic organization for the working class. Get out on the firing line and help organize the unorganized; the organized workers will then endorse industrial organization. Reason: forced to.

THE I. W. W.

By Covington Hall.

The old order changes and passes away and, as the child is conceived in the mother's womb, grows and is born, so, in the womb of the old order, the new society is conceived, grows and is born. So moves the world in which we live, so, too, the limitless, undying universe. Cycle on cycle of everlasting change, of conception, growth, birth, of *thought, evolution, Revolution*,—the new forever being born, the old forever dying. This, *eternal change*, is the eternal law of life. There is nothing fixed. Everything is in a state of flux. You are either growing or decaying, moving upward or downward, breasting the flood or sinking on the ebb tide of the oceans of life. Nothing stands still. Nothing is motionless. Atoms, planets, stones, suns, souls, societies and systems alike obey the law of eternal change. There is no stillness, death nor darkness in the universe. Action, Life and Light are everywhere. If you would live, you must act, if you would act, you must have light.

And, so, thus begins the great Preamble:

"The working class and the employing class have nothing in common." This is the naked fact, the bitter truth rebellious "hands" have thrown into the teeth of the Masters of the World. This is the rock on which is building the One Big Union.

"The revolutionary movement of the working class," says Debs, "will date from the year 1905, from the organization of the INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD."

And revolution is but the submerged in action, seeking life, striving toward the light; it is that which is already in the womb of time struggling to be born, to obey the law of eternal change. And, so, Revolution is but the climax of necessity, the point at which the new definitely breaks from the old and becomes a law unto itself. Without revolution humanity would stagnate and society perish from inaction. It is those peoples who have the capacity to most quickly adjust themselves to the law of eternal change who have become the great people of the earth. In modern times France has been the headquarters of Revolution and, so, France is today called "The soul of the world." They who fear revolution, fear action, life and light, freedom, truth and justice. Revolution is but the child of necessity and, so, the I. W. W. was born. Thus being, it is not strange that the first words of its first proclamation drove home the hard, cold fact of the class struggle in this direct and vivid language:

"The working class and the employing class have nothing in common."

Then, boldly, follows an arraignment of the old order and all that it is. In crushing sentences Capitalism, its unions, its economies, its ethics, all are spurned and damned and, then, in a brilliant climax, its abolition is decreed and the mission of the working class proclaimed. Nowhere in that epic making declaration of principles, The Preamble of the I. W. W., is there a word of compromise or apology. Defiantly it proclaims the all-sufficiency of the working class unto itself, its *MIGHT* the *only RIGHT*, its *POWER* the final argument, itself the master of its destiny, the Supreme Architect of its fate.

That from its birth dated the birth of the "revolutionary movement of the working class" is witnessed by the unanimity with which the old order swarmed to the attack on the I. W. W. As one Business, Church and State, Capitalists, priests and politicians, of all shades, beliefs and parties, made common cause against this menace to their interests, this, the only *real Union* of the working class. There was not a single exception to this rule and there will be none, for,—the I. W. W. was and is the Society Revolution, the Industrial Democracy born, awake to all its interests, fighting for the World for the Workers.

(To Be Continued.)

Boost "The Lumberjack." Subscribe today.

ORGANIZE!

"Organization is Power." In the world of today, there is no other power. Today, you organize or perish. The day of the rifle, the club and the black-snake whip, no matter what the Southern Lumber Operators Association may do or think, is passed, and passed forever. There is no earthly force that can today resist the Power of *Organized Labor*, for all society is at labor's mercy in this organized world of today. Therefore, *Organize!* But let the workers stand together in *One Big Union* for a single week, and the New Age, the freedom of the race, is an accomplished fact! Organize!