TOUGH ON THE HOUNDS.

"CHARLESTOWN, W. VA., Nov. 23. —The activity of the soldiers who, with bloodhounds, have been trailing suspected disturbers through the mountains of the martial law region of the Kanawha coal field, resulted early today in the capture near Leewood, W. Va., of a man whose name is given as king. He was wanted in connection with the attack on a military train last Friday, when Engineer Blankenship was shot."

The above press dispatch was carried in nearly all the great (?) daily newspapers. Needless to say, the kept writers made no adverse comment on this highly civilized method of hunting down members of the Miners' Union, who had displeased their masters by going on strike against starvation wages and the brutal deeds of the Coal Trust's hyena gunmen, several score of whom bit the dust for their infamous crimes against the miners.

As for us, we expected no more of the "patriotic" militia. What hurts us is this corruption of the bloodhounds. We hate to see a noble animal like the dog put to such uses, and forced to associate with such company. Then, too, we thought the days of slavery over, at least so we were learned in Sunday School, yet here we have patrols and bloodhounds hunting down WHITE men just as they hunted down black men in 1850, and are still hunting them. And it was all done "under the protection of the flag," in "the land of the free and the home of the brave;" in a State that is blessed, like Louisiana, with a "reform" and "progressive" government; in the "solid South," under "democratic" rule. Gods! What a system! What a combination! Bloodhounds and militia! What a crime against the dog! And THIS is democracy;" and "slavery is no more; and "there are no clases in THIS country. Hell! Toilers of Dixie, rise! Organize. Join the ONE BIG UNION and forever end the accursed system that is ruining and murdering your class!

Arise!

Don'a be a Peon—Be a MAN!

OPTIMISM DOING STUNTS.

The suicide totals for the last year in the United States show again an alarming increase over the figures for the preceding year.

With the percentage of suicides increasing twice as fast as the total population increases, with the pauper population increasing four times as fast, with the number of the insane increasing seven times as fast, with all the statistics of crime and tuberculosis mounting upon us, it is easy to see how surely this is a happy nation and on what good grounds the optimists go about assuring us that all is well with us.—Charles Edward Russell in "The Coming Nation."

CUT IT SHORT.

If you've got a thought that's happy,
  Boil it down.
Make it short and crisp and snappy—
  Boil it down.
When your brain its coin has minted,
Down the page your pen has sprinted,
If you want your effort printed,
  Boil it down.

Take out every surplus letter—
  Boil it down.
Fewer syllables the better—
  Boil it down.
Make your meaning plain; express it
So we'll know, not merely guess it;
Then, my friend, ere you address it,
  Boil it down.

Boil out all the extra trimmings—
  Boil it down.
Skim it well, then skim the skimings—
  Boil it down.
When you're sure 'twould be a sin to
Cut another sentence into,
Send it on, and we'll begin to
  Boil it down.

(J. Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.)

Write us about the job you are on, giving conditions, wages paid and length of working day; what kind of forest is being destroyed and what grafts are being worked on the boys. Give us all the labor news.

RAILROAD BOYS ARRESTED

John A. Price and Ray Johnson, both 21 years old, were arrested this, Thursday, morning and charged with arson by Frank W. Smith, said by "Town Talk" to be a "special deputy fire marshal." Both boys belong to good families and have been working as car cleaners for the Iron Mountain Railroad for some time. The arrest of the boys is the outcome of a series fires that have been occurring in Iron Mountain cars for the past month or two, which fires have had the alleged detective force of the railroad up in the air and the arrest of the two boys, from all we have been able to learn, seems to be based on the usual corporation-detective methods, viz: if you can't find out who's doing it, arrest the first working man that comes along and put it up to him. If he was at home sleep or talking to his mother, so much the better, for he would not have been sleep or talking to his mother if he were innocent. This seems to have been the logic back of the arest of these two boys.

All railway and other workers should stand back of these innocent boys and their families and see that no detective frame-up is worked on them, as has been done in hundreds of other like cases. It is about time that these slave-driving and man-killing corporations were taught that the working class does not intend to stand idly by and see its members jerked up and jailed just because some deputy or detective wanted to make good with his masters. Remember, a detective must arrest somebody or lose his job. We know these corporation detectives, we have seen them at work; we have heard them swearing, and we would not believe one of them or one of their stool pigeon "state witnesses," if he took the oath over his dead mother's body.

Stand back of these boys, all workingmen! It may be your boy tomorrow.

SPEAKING OF VIOLENCE.

In the course of the trial at Indianapolis and in all the newspapers thereafter much and emphatic reference was made to the twenty-one lives that were lost in the explosion in the Los Angeles Times building.

More persons have been needlessly slaughtered every week since on the worn-out old American railroad system, sacrificed to profits and greed.

Nobody ever refers to these slaughters. Nobody ever calls them murders. No WildMan issues from Lobster Bay to denounce them and assure us that murder is murder and fire is hot and snow is cold and the like marvelous discoveries. Nobody says that the blood of these victims cries aloud for vengeance. Nobody fills the columns of our esteemed press with denunciations of the men that for profits and dividends and their own fortunes maintain the conditions that are responsible for all these murders.

"The labor unions must purge themselves of violence!" shrieked all the kept press together when the men on trial at Indianapolis were convicted.

Yes. How would it do for the millionaires to purge themselves of violence? How would it do for Fifth Avenue to purge itself of violence? How would it do for the churches that accept blood-stained money from these slaughterers to purge themselves of violence? How would it do for the preachers that are so flip about labor unions to begin by taking from their pockets the money that has been put there as the product of violence? How would it do for the prating, lying, cogging, press—the kept mistress of the powers of evil—to purge itself of the violence that is represented daily in its advertising columns before it undertakes to give out any moral advice to the labor unions it is trying to poison?

How about that?

There is not one dividend paid by an American railroad that does not come forth dripping with human blood. There is not one that does not represent fraud and swindling, grand and petty larceny, manslaughter, embezzlement, theft, and the picking of pockets. When a clergyman or an editor, with wallet filled with money so obtained, so arises to give moral advice to the labor unions, the spectacle is one for the laughter of the gods of misrule.

I do not know a labor union and never heard of one whose record was not white as snow compared with that of the least murderous railroad in the United States. If the revered clergy want something to yowl about, let them yowl about that.—Charles Edward Russell.

An absolute monarchy is a State where the people are controlled.

A constitutional monarchy is a State where the people are cajoled.

A capitalist republic is a State where the people are sold.—Paul Kruger.

N. B.—Louisiana under the Association and Mexico under Diaz are perfect samples of a capitalist republic.

THE BUG UNDER THE CHIP.

I have before me an Associated Press dispatch dated Washington, June 9th, 1912, in which it says that according to the thirteenth census report made public by Director Durand, that the value of the saw mill products of the United States for the year 1910 were $1,156,128,747. That the average number of wage earners was 695,019. Now a little figuring will disclose the fact that the gross earnings of each wage earner for the year 1910 was $1651.45. By allowing one third of this amount for stumpage and other expenses attached to the raw material, each wage earner still has to his credit $1086.00 for the year 1910. My experience as a saw mill man is that twenty days per month is a good averagee of time for all wage workers in a saw mill, and that two dollars per day is a liberal average for wage earners who work therein. All of which discloses the fact the mill owners pay the wage earners forty dollars per month or four hundred and eighty ($480.00) dollars per year, leaving the mill owners a net income of fifty dollars per month or $600.00 per year from the labor of each and every wage earner employed in the saw mills of the United States, which amounts to the enormous sum of $428,141,704. This discloses the bug under the chip, or why the mill owners are so bitterly opposed to the unionizing of the workers they have been robbing of almost two-thirds of the wealth they have created for all these years. Here in Louisiana every wage earner that is employed in a saw mill—and there are 46,072 of them—are making a donation of fifty dollars per month or $600 per year; or in the aggregate $28,879,342 to the mill owners for the destruction of the forests they have filched from the people of the State. Then the question is, is there a man in this whole South who is so stupid as to ask why the mill owners are so bitterly and brutally opposed to the unionizing of the poor slaves that constitute the wage earners of the saw mills of the Sunny South?

J. J. EAGER.

PRESS ON.

Pres on! surmount the rocky steeps,
  Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch;
He fails alone who feebly creeps;
  He wins who dares the hero's march.
Be thou a hero! let thy might
  Tramp on eternal snows its way,
And through the ebon walls of night
  Hew down a passage unto day.

Press on! if once, and twice, thy feet
  Slip back and stumble, harder try;
From him who never dreads to meet
  Danger and death, they're sure to fly.
The wisdom of the present hour
  Makes up for follies past and gone;
To weakness strength succeeds, and power
  From frailty springs—Press on! Press on!

AND WHIP THE SANTA FE!

MIGHT IS RIGHT.

Might was right when Christ was hanged
  Beside the Jordan's foam;
Might was right when Gracchus bled,
  Upon the stones of Rome;
And might was right when Danton fell,
  When Emmett passed away—
" 'Tis the logic of the ancient world,
  And the gospel of today."

Might was right when Spartacus
  Went down in seas of blood,
And when the Commune perished
  In the self-same crimson flood;
And might was right at Cripple Creek,
  At Homestead, Grabow—yea!
" 'Tis the logic of the ancient world,
  And the gospel of today."

Might was right when Parsons died,
  When Ferrer followed him,
When Cole's young life was beaten out
  In Spokane's dungeons grim;
And might was right when Pettibone
  Went stagg'ring down death's way—
" 'Tis the logic of the ancient world,
  And the gospel of today."

Might is right when Morgan builds
  A hell 'round every hearth;
Might is right when Kirby starves
  His peons off the earth;
And might was right when Deitz became
  Wolfe Weyerhauser's prey—
" 'Tis the logic of the ancient world,
  And the gospel of today."

Might is right when children die
  By thousands in the mills,
When jeweled hands reach down and take
  The gold their blood distills;
And might is right when maidens give
  Their love-dreams up for pay—
" 'Tis the logic of the ancient world,

  And the gospel of today."
Might was, it is, it e'er will be,
  The one and only right;
And so, O hosts of toil, awaken!
  O workingmen, unite!
Unite! Unite! For might is right—
'Tis freedom's only way—
" 'Tis the logic of the ancient world,
  And the gospel of today!"

—Covington Hall.

ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN.

"Out!" decided Death, the great Umpire.

"Next!" called Death, the great Barber.

"No funds!" noted Death, the great Receiving Teller.

"Thirty!" ticked Death, the great Telegraph Operator.

"Home!" said Death, the great Footman.

"Ring down!" signalled Death, the great Stage Manager.

"Garnisheed!" gasped Death, the great Creditor.

"Pi!" exclaimed Death, the great Compositor.

"Accept service!" demanded Death, the great Process Server.

"Move on!" ordered Death, the great Policeman.

"Stymied!" chuckled Death, the great Golfer.

"Kill!" blue penciled Death, the great Editor.

"Crap!" cried Death, the great Dicer.

"Grand Slam!" exclaimed Death, the great Bridge Expert.

"Tickets!" sang out Death, the great Conductor.

"Rock the boat!" yelled Death, the great Fool.

"Fall out!" commanded Death, the great General.

"All bets off!" whispered Death, the great Bookmaker.

"The operation is a success!" announced Death, the great Surgeon.

"Foreclose!" insisted Death, the great Lawyer.

"House dark!" gave out Death, the great Manager.

"Step lively!" roared Death, the great Subway Guard.

"Going, going, gone!" shrilled Death, the great Auctioneer.

"Draw your fires!" cautioned Death, the great Engineer.

"Going down!" piped Death, the great Elevator Boy.

"Eat 'em alive!" bellowed Death, the great Barker.

"I call!" chipped in Death, the great Poker Player.

"Amen!" intoned Death, the great Clergyman.

"Tag; you're it!" laughed Death, the great Playmate.

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