

## THE AMERICAN COSSACK.

"The man on horseback" has always typified despotism. This means "Silence!" to all opposition. He is the assassin of discussion and the destroyer of democracy. Historically he has usually been the ambitious general usurping political powers and becoming an autocrat. He has always been dreaded by all who have worked for the progress of freedom. "The man on horseback" has ceased to be a myth in America. He has been recreated by the Neros of American capitalism whom he proudly serves for rations and flattery, the pet of the "captains of industry."

The Tsars of Russia have used the Cossack and recommended him to all the rulers of the world.

The American Cossack has been on duty for several years in some parts of the United States. He is shameless, dangerous, effective. He will probably be multiplied by thousands, in numbers, and by infinity, in insolence—within the next ten years—in the United States. **He must be understood—by the working class.** Here is a sample:

In the anthracite coal strike of 1902, 145,000 miners whose average income was \$1.29 per day, struggled for a few pennies more for their toil with which to feed and clothe themselves and their families. In that strike the following brave deed was done by a mounted militiaman, an American Cossack, in the service of the tyrants who own the vast stores of anthracite coal.

A mounted militiaman, armed with a modern rifle and a powerful revolver, a double row of cartridges and a club in his belt, rode pompously through the street of a mining village, bravely daring the unarmed toilers and heroically glaring at the humble women and the helpless little children at the cabin doors. **READY**—with him fed, petted, armed, mounted and brutal—the CAPITALISTS were **READY**, ready though the capitalists were a hundred miles or ten thousand miles away. That AUTOMATIC TUSK of the capitalist class was on duty. Suddenly he cried out to an old man, a "mine helper," on strike, an old veteran of the Civil War:

"Halt!"

Then, pointing down the dusty road, "the man on horseback," the American Cossack, said to the hungry old man: "Mareh! Git! Damn you—git! Right down that road right now—and keep marching—straight ahead of me! Mind you—I'll be right behind you, you damned lazy scoundrel. Walk pretty—damn you! If you make a misstep or even look sideway, I'll put a bullet through you! Now march!"

The march began at once. Thus this well dressed, well mounted, well armed young working man, an American Cossack, rode hour after hour—for a half day—a few steps behind the weary old wage-slave, a veteran of the Civil War—on and on in the hot sun for many weary miles, down the Susquehanna River (in the direction of Gettysburg.) Finally after a long march, the noble hero on horseback called out to the old hero on foot: "Halt! Do you see that trail over that mountain? Yes? Well, now, you damned old cheap skate—you scratch gravel over that mountain—quick, too! And let me tell you one thing—if you ever show your damned skinny face in the anthracite coal region again, we'll shoot you like a dog. Now, you old gray-headed—git up that mountain—git up that mountain and out of sight, or I'll shoot you. Go!"

Wearily the old Union veteran climbed the mountain. When he finally got away from his noble tormentor he sat down to rest—and think—to think of "our free country."

Long ago that old gray man—when in his excitable youth—had marched proudly under the "Stars and Stripes" on gory battlefields, risking all, all to defend "his country," and his dear "Old Glory." Once, he told me, the flag was reddened with his own blood, but now "Old Glory" mocked him.

Captains of industry, capitalists, industrial Caesars, had captured the flag and with the devilish craftiness used that same flag to defend their industrial despotism. Sons and grandsons of veterans of the Civil War were now shrewdly flattered and bribed into the ignoble role of Russianizing America.

Sons and grandsons were becoming Cossacks, and they cursed his gray hairs for demanding of American capitalists a few more pennies a day for ill-fed, ill-clad, ill-housed women and children in the dismal homes of the miners.

-----A cursing Cossack wearing khaki and flying the flag virtually spat in the old veteran's face.

When Decoration Day comes, when the Fourth of July is to be celebrated, when "patriotic" displays are to be made—at such times—bankers, big business men, politicians and statesmen—many of these—should put on black masks, wrap themselves in black flags, and sneak, (blushingly, if possible) down into dark cellars and stay there during the celebration—with their memories crowded with soldiers, widows and orphans brutally wronged—with their memories crowded with congresses corrupted, treasuries looted, lands stolen, charters, privileges and "good things" shamelessly raped from the unseeing public while brave but deluded working men agonized on bloody battlefields.

And on such days the working class should shout less and think more. "The man on horseback" should have some special thought.

And the working class are thinking today more than ever before. And, thinking, they begin to see that hand-clapping, fife-playing, drum-beating and luncheon from a prostituted orator are neither freedom nor justice, nor even the sign of such; but are, rather, just what Mark Twain called them—a "bastard patriotism." (In an address, New York, May 25, 1908.)

The motive of the young men who voluntarily join the army or the militia is possible, in many cases, a good motive. Perhaps they do not see the tricks of the string-pullers behind the scenes, the powerful motives of the industrial masters behind the curtains. **It is not always easy for the young man to realize that he is to be used to punish the half-nourished, pale-faced working class baby that vainly tugs weep-lipped at the withered and milkless breasts of the ill, fed, ill-clothed, discouraged working class mother.**

However, the cheap role of the armed protector of industrial parasites is becoming more and more clearly understood, and consequently more and more disgusting to the entire working class—including both the militia and the regulars themselves.

**Light is breaking in the toilers' mind. The hideous business of standing ready to bayonet the millions of men and boys and women—this vile business is rapidly sinking below the level of contempt. Strong young fellows in the army and the militia and the Navy incline more and more to line up with their own class, the working class, and refuse to assassinate their brothers who are struggling for a few pennies advance in wages.**

They see the trick.—From G. R. Kirkpatrick's "War—What For?"

NOTE—Kirkpatrick's book, "War—What For?" is one of the greatest books ever written and should be read by every worker. The infamous Pennsylvania Cossacks, however, have been gone some better by the "deputized" hellions of the Southern Lumber Operators Association, is our opinion. Confederate veterans as well as Union veterans have been hounded from home and hearth by these off-scourings gathered from the lowest depths of capitalist society and commissioned as "peace officers" by States that call themselves "democratic," but sail under the black flag of the Almighty Dollar. But the very fact that the capitalist class is compelled to use these human hyenas, is a good sign, for it is a sign that the capitalists themselves have given up all hope of justifying capitalism; it is a sign that "the most brutal and hypocritical form of slavery the race has ever known," wage-slavery, is rotten to the core and is falling of its own weight, for, when a ruling class comes to the pass that it must depend entirely on gunmen and detectives for its salvation, its reign is done, the day of its eviction from the earth is at hand. The I. W. W., the One Big Union of the Working Class, is the only force that can save human society from chaos. Join it today! Put the gunmen and the capitalists in overalls and the workers in possession of the World!

## "A BUSINESS MAN" BUMPED.

Elizabeth, La., Jan. 27, 1913.  
Editor "The Lumberjack,"

Alexandria, La.

Dear Sir:

I have just finished reading your last "Lumberjack," and beg leave to comment on some of the more curious features.

In my estimation your article headed "Union Demands," deserves the gold medal; with Jay Smith's "Working Class Politics," a very close second.

But those "demands," now, say, friends,—they are simply hypnotizing. Still, I wish to suggest that they should have been set forth into the customary ten articles, instead of only eight; this would give the program a more finished appearance. So I accept your thanks in advance, for supplying the two missing numbers, as follows:

(9) Every workingman's "residence" to be supplied with a self-player piano of approved model, also an adequate supply of canned melody—this last to be replenished or exchanged at the wish and whim of the "proletarian" users and without any cost whatever.

(10) A moving picture theatre of suitable size and appointments, to be built by the "Company," and operated free gratis, for the delectation of all employees and their families.

Of course, you understand, Mr. Editor, that if our lumberjacks are to labor only eight hours each day, they must be offered some means to kill time while not at their jobs, and what better means, I ask you, than these last two "demands," which would give the whole lumberjack population a chance to satisfy its artistic yearnings? The realization of your demands would no doubt gladden the hearts of all the members of your I. W. W. Union, but you must know that such a thing is utterly impossible; therefore, I consider that to fill the childish minds of ignorant laborers with such dope is plain, malicious cruelty.

The class of people whose "holy Cause" you pretend to champion, will derive no benefit from your paper, unless you can teach through its columns that the only sure way for the wage-worker to better his condition, is to apply himself more conscientiously to his job, thereby increasing his efficiency and value to his employers.

Your "Lumberjack," if it persists in its present policy, will be a mere trouble breeder; and of trouble, God knows, we already have a plenty in the Timber Belt.

I shall not comment at this time on Jay Smith's "piece," except to call attention to his opening statement that: "The politician, like the preacher, is a thing of the past." This alone stamps him as an Atheist and revolutionary Socialist; his mind is no doubt, proof against all the powers of logic and reason, therefore I ignore his challenge to all employees of labor, and remain,

Yours, etc.,

(Signed) A BUSINESS MAN.

### Comment.

The above letter, evidently from some smart "Law and Order Leaguer," with its references to "ignorant laborers," "Atheists," etc., and its advice that "the only sure way for a wage-worker to better his condition is to increase his efficiency and value to his employer," shows the average "business man's" idea of a "perfect" working man, that is, he must be a perfect machine, never thinking of himself and ~~his~~ but always of and for the Boss, a la Kirby's and Frost Johnson's slaves. When he does think of and for himself, he must be ridiculed about his "artistic yearnings." But, having secured a free Y. M. C. A. at Bon Ami, we see no reason why, Mr. Business Man, we should not and won't be able to make your gang come across with a few free pianos and a free moving picture show. Christ knows the boys need some amusement in your godforsaken convict camps beside that afforded them by your man-wrecking "squirrel cider" and blind-tiger booze. And, don't worry about our eight demands not being enuf—that was just a starter and, as for "trouble," well, "God knows," we mean to keep on organizing "ignorant laborers," tho' we are, until your gang, who breed all trouble, are put in overalls and civilized by the I. W. W.

## TAMPA ARRESTS.

The Recording Secretary, Fellow Worker M. Olay, of Local Union, No. 102, I. W. W., of Ybor City, Florida, and Fellow Worker Salinas, Editor of our paper, "El Obrero Industrial," were arrested and thrown into jail at Tampa, Florida, on January 23rd, under the infamous alien anarchist law, and now the "native born American" white trash that serve so shamelessly the Spanish buccaneers who own the Cigar and Tobacco Factories of that notorious slave pen, are moving heaven and earth to deport Fellow Worker Salinas back to his (?) "native land," which is Cuba, which was stolen from Fellow Worker Salinas and his people for the Trusts, just as Dixie was stolen from us, by an army of gunmen made up of American born white-trash.

We have got to put a crimp in this business of the Bosses jailing, deporting and outraging working men who stand up for the rights of their class, and we might as well start on Tampa. I often wonder what would become of Tampa and Ybor City if the working men and farmers who make up the great army of consumers would just be sure that none of their cigars, stogies, tobacco or cigarettes were made in either of these hellholes I wonder. Our Revolutionary forefathers played hell with Great Britain by just refusing to buy her products. Don't forget that an injury to one is an injury to all and, — **don't forget Tampa when you are buying cigars and tobacco.**

And let all labor organizations pour letters and telegrams of protest against these infamous arrests and persecutions in on: The Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Washington, D. C.; the Governor of Florida, Tallahassee, Fla., and the Mayor of Tampa, Fla. Demand of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor that, if he is going to deport anybody, it be the infamous authorities of the the infamous City of Tampa. Make it strong.

### RAILROAD WORKERS, ATTENTION

To the Aid of the Strikers of Homestead, Pa.

Headquarters of Striking Steel Mill Railroad Men at Homestead, Pa., 215 8th Ave., West Homestead, Pa.

Twenty years of industrial oppression—unparalleled in the history of this century—has rendered the workers employed in the possessions of the STEEL TRUST timid, submissive and obedient of cruel masters.

Wages are kept at the lowest point possible. Long hours of exacting toil relate the fate of toilers in hundreds of human beings being killed every month, and by the outcry of the thousands maimed and crippled every year, and slipped back, like useless cattle, to the countries they came from. All this to increase the profits of the Rockefellers, Carnegies and other bloodhounds of our present industrial exploits.

Silence reigned supreme for many, oh, so many years, until the railroad men employed in the plants of the Steel Corporation, at Homestead, the historic battle ground of American labor, Brad-dock and Duquesne, thought that they had a right to seek redress against appalling wrongs by petition, a right guaranteed to every citizen of this country, in the bill of rights conquered with the blood and tears of millions before us.

The Steel Trust locked out the petitioners. Hundreds of men, serving long years for the corporation, were denied the right to work. But this lockout has started the war that the Steel Trust sought to prevent by the proffers of fat jobs to gunmen, detectives and cheap politicians.

This lockout has broken the ground, and hundreds of thousands of toilers are preparing in all steel mill towns to get a larger share in the proceeds of their hard exacting toil in the possessions of the corporation. All are preparing to give battle to the steel trust and other corporations so that less money be spent in useless libraries and more of the necessities of life will come into the homes of the workers.

But these men, women and children who have started the greatest struggle that the world has ever heard of, must be supported, and they must be given the chance to carry the propaganda into the hovels and huts where the underpaid steel workers are compelled to dwell, and into the pestiferous environment that the masters of the institutions for our exploitation have imposed by their economic power.

Give as much as you can! It will be well used! Pass the lists around in the shops! Five cents, ten cents, a quarter, a dollar even from each worker, will count! We are not begging; this is your fight also; therefore, we know that if we win you also will share the results.

Receipt will be forwarded, account will be given in several weekly labor papers. But, get busy, don't turn this down. Send all contributions and lists to

THE STRIKING STEEL WORKERS COMMITTEE,

215 Eighth Ave.,

West Homestead, Pa.

AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL!

JOHN McGOVERN,

Treasurer.

## JOIN

### The National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers

For full information, write: Jay Smith, Secy., Southern District, Box 78, Alexandria, La., or Frank R. Schleis, Secy., Western District, 211 Occidental Avenue, Rear, Seattle, Washington.

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