

A Message to Log Cutters.

By J. M. WALL.

Say, Mr. Flathead, stop just long enough to think. Did you know that you and the balance of the woods crew ran every sawmill in the world, especially you log-cutters? and what are you getting for your labor? "Oh," you say, "I am getting 40c per 1,000 feet." Are you dead sure you are? Well let's see. At one mill in this state there was a log cut by the log-cutters; the log was 65 feet long, and that good, honest log scaler the company had scaling the cutters' logs, scaled this log 65 feet in length to the cutters at 666 feet. But, listen, that log was brought into the mill and squared-up into a square timber, and this piece of square timber had 1,242 feet of timber in it, outside of what was taken off in squaring it up! And you flatheads got 666 feet for cutting it. You got 40c per thousand in this deal, did you? Say, boys, if that log had laid in the pond for 24 hours, the blame thing would have busted the pond. And this ain't no "blow-nothing"—it is cold-blooded facts. Say, you set of hoodlums at the end of the saw handles, have you ever stopped to think how you are skinned? Not long ago I was in a Robbersary and had my ear to the ground, as always, and what do you reckon I heard? I saw the President of the company and one of the foremen, or ordinary bosses, meet. The President said to the foreman: "How is the log scale holding out from the pond to that of the woods?" The foreman's answer was: "Pretty good;" it's gained 90,000 feet this month; did a little better last month." Then the big Boss says to the little boss: "That's not so bad." Now, flatheads, don't you suppose there were a few suckers in that pond, enough to make it 100,000? Why, yes, to be sure. So you can see you were skinned out of that much. At 40c per 1000 how much would you have had? Come, this is no lie. You had better look into this yourselves, for they would have you believe they are giving you honest scale. To skin you good and proper is why they have the logs cut full length, or as long as possible, so they can scale at the small end. That is why they have the butt saw in the mill,—to cut the logs in two, so they can get the correct scale,—so they will be sure to get you skinned all they think you can stand and stay at it. Now these are facts, and you are being skinned all the time and every way possible. Say, are any of you flatheads making any money, or just enough to satisfy your hunger and get a few cheap clothes? Be honest, don't deny the corn if you have been niding the shucks. Just as well tell the truth and tell it now, as to stand up in the broad daylight and be robbed. Don't be a coward any longer. If you don't know it, just open your eyes and you will see it plain before you.

When the mill breaks down and the pond is full of logs, do you keep on cutting and getting 40c per 1,000? No, you get laid off; and what do you do for something to live on then? I know and you know that you have no bank account to live on. Just tell the plain truth and say that you are up against it. Then, again, you don't get your groceries like even your ordinary boss, 25 per cent. off the regular prices to you boneheads, that is what he gets. It's a fact. I was talking with one of them the other day that had followed it for eight years and he told me that was the rule of the companies. And that boss of yours will stand up and tell you that he "gets the same treatment you get," that "the company is honest," and skin you for the company while he is telling it. What do you get by being skinned by the company? You get scant grub, scant clothing, a leaky, dirty shack to exist in and no comforts for your wife and children, that's what you get. Are you a man or are you a mule? To save me, I can't see any difference. They cuss the man and kick the mule and work both every day. Oh, yes, there is

send for the vetinary and pay the bill. When you get sick you get the doctor for yourself and you pay the bill yourself. So you see the mule has the highest standing with the company. By Gosh now, think and you will know that is a fact.

A few words now to all wage-workers. Tell me, fellow-workers, what are you getting in return for your hard labor? Do you get anything more than just enough to barely subsist on? Be honest and own up to the truth. Should you get sick and not be able to work for a month, would you be able to care for yourself and family or would you be on the starvation line and have to have help? It is a fact that this would be your situation. Then where would your help come from, from the concern you work for? They will help you just as long as you have time in the office, and just to that amount, then they stop, then you are upon the mercies of who?—your own class to care for you out of their starvation wages, and this is a fact that you cannot dispute; if you do, you lie. I have seen this tested. I know it to be a fact. One case especially I remember, where the man had worked for the company for eight years in the heat and cold, in rain and sleet and freezing weather until at last his health was broken and he became sick and not able to work at all. He had a wife and children to care for. Did the company take care of them now? They had to vacate the shack and move out in the country, to starve to death so far as the company was concerned, and this after it had gotten all he produced for eight long years. What became of this man? Listen, you set of idiotic suckers, that are doing the same thing by yourselves and families that this man did, giving all that you produce to the bosses,—just think of it, when this man came to starvation, as he did, there came a petition around through the mill, planer and yard to help the poor fellow and his family in their terrible condition. Every poor devil on the job helped all they could, denying themselves and families of much. What did the company do in this contribution? I looked to see what it gave to help. I found there opposite one of their names the full amount of twenty-five cents. For eight years of faithful service to his master, and all that he had produced, for all this service the master's "love" was good for just twenty-five cents. O, my, don't they "love" you suckers and boneheads, don't they "love" you? You bet! Twenty-five cents worth for eight years' service, and they strained themselves on this occasion as the man was dying and they wanted to make him as comfortable as possible in the hour of his death. Well the poor fellow died and us poor devils had to pay the burial expenses, as the company was so grieved it wouldn't give a red cent for this purpose. Great Moses, don't they "love" their slaves. Yes—likee hellee!

If you boneheads were men you would rise and shake these parasites and robbers off your backs, assert your rights and love your wives and children and fellow-workers more and the parasites who rob you less. You could easily do it if you would assert the manhood that is sleeping in you. You have the Power to do it, and that is your Labor-Power. That is yours if you will but use it. ORGANIZED it is the greatest POWER on earth to-day. How much longer are you going to submit to slavery? The time is at hand that something will have to be done, for your condition gets worse every year. The price of lumber to-day is higher than ever known and the demand heavier than for years. The prices of the necessities of life have steadily and rapidly advanced so that now your wages will not feed and clothe and house you and your family. What are you going to do about it, for it's up to YOU and nobody else. YOU have the POWER to change it if you will, and the Boss knows it. That is why they fight the I. W. W. so hard and tell you "there isn't anything in it" and "nothing to it." They are some difference—they feed and house the mule, but make the man pay for his leaky shack and feed himself or starve. When the mule gets sick they tell you the truth, too—they know there isn't anything in the UNION them; that, if it comes into power, for it means that more of their profits will have to go in wages to you poor fools who have been letting them do all the thinking for you and providing for your families. They know that if you do the thinking and providing yourself it will call for more wages to settle the bills. That is why they tell you "there is nothing in the damn Union." That is why they raise

hell when they think you want to organize. Say, what's the matter with you fellows? Are you men or what are you when you let a handful of men dictate how you and your family shall live, what you shall eat, wear and and think, say? Suppose you were organized, do you think the other man, they are always trying to scare you with, would take your job? Isn't it a fact that if neither of you would do the work until conditions were bettered and more wages paid the Boss would have to come across with the goods or shut his plant down? Then all his profits would stop, wouldn't they? But they can't afford to stop the manufacturing plants. Neither can they run them without your labor-power. Therefore the labor-power is the first consideration for, if they had all the machinery on the ground for the building of a plant of any kind, and could not get the labor to place it in shape, there it would lie until the rust ate it up and it would never turn a wheel. So, can't you see that you have the POWER that produces all that is produced? Then why not use it to better your condition? You can if you will organize your labor-power in ONE BIG UNION and stick together. When you do this you will better your condition, and not until then. This is your only hope and, unless you do it now, your doom will be the complete surrender of yourself, your wife and children into the last stage of slavery. Can't you see that our class is being shot down like dogs, kicked, clubbed and beaten, jailed and chained in an effort to keep us in subjection to the capitalist class? With all these facts before our eyes, any man who hasn't man enough in him to join the UNION and help put an end to this criminal system and take the fruits of his labor for himself and family, is a coward of the darkest dye, should not be counted a man at all and, if caught in company with a herd of jackasses, should be forced to pay a fine for disgracing the herd. Don't be a donkey, be a man, a Union man, a free man, an I. W. W.

CLUBBING LIST.

When Stevenson built and proposed to run the first locomotive people said, "IT CAN'T BE DID." When Bell invented the telephone and tried to organize his first company the "Smartest men in all the world," Business men, said, "IT CAN'T BE DID." When Langley invented the first flying machine, EVERYBODY said, "IT CAN'T BE DID." And just so when a handful of Workers proposed to organize the INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD and end slavery forever a lot of weak-necked croakers said "IT CAN'T BE DID." "THE LUMBERJACK," "THE INDUSTRIAL WORKER" and "SOLIDARITY" are here to prove that it CAN and is being "DID."

Hear! Hear!

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AGITATE! EDUCATE!! ORGANIZE!!!

Neame Notes.

(Continued from Page One.)

they should join the Forest and Lumber Workers of the I. W. W., get into the ONE BIG UNION and be a MAN.

I'd get canned in a pair of minutes if they knew I am corresponding to "JACK" from here, but I am one of the last men they would suspect. So are the other "boys" here.

We have to be smooth about it, you know. Write you again next week. Yours for Solidarity.

I. W. W. Gumshoe.

GET BUSY!

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A CURIOUS CASE.

Scottish Clergyman in Trouble.

At the Middle court of Justiciary to-day, before a full bench of the Outer House, a rather curious case was tried. In the dock stood a long, lean, but dapper clergyman, called the Rev. Daniel McWhine, charged with accepting money under false pretenses.

The court was crowded, ministers from all parts of Scotland being present, and following the case with great interest, as it is understood that the decision to-day will be a guiding one.

Counsel for the crown intimated that this was the first case of its kind in Scotland, and that doubtless it would not have been taken but for repeated representations made by the truth Society. Accused was charged with violating his induction oaths, with uttering pagan doctrine (while posing as a Christian and taking Christian money), and so conducting himself as to bring Christianity into disrepute.

Evidence for the prosecution consisted in copious readings from quite orthodox sermons, after which accused was examined by counsel for the crown.

Q—You profess to be a Christian? A—I do.

Q—That is a follower of the life and a teacher of the precepts of Christ? A—Yes.

Q—Christ, I understand was a working man—a carpenter, and was very poor? A—Yes.

Q—But you have never done any work, and are passably rich? A—I have sermons to make and have to drink tea with the maiden ladies in my congregation, and I have only \$300 a year, and free house and coal and gas.

Q—But you buy your sermons, don't you? (Witness refused at first to answer, and latterly admitted that he got some of them from an agency in Glasgow for 10s 6d. each).

Q—So you only recite the sermons? A—Yes.

Q—You are conversant with the teachings of Christ? A—I should say, yes.

Q—You know that he denounced war? A—Yes.

Q—But you prayed for the success of British troops against the poor Arabs and negroes and Dutch and Indians—in fact every people whom our troops were massacring? A—Well, you see, I believe in the empire.

Q—Just so, but your military prayers are anti-Christian? A—Well, perhaps you might put it that way.

Q—And Christ, I understand was exceptionally vigorous in His denunciation of those who oppressed the poor—those who devoured widows' houses, and for a pretense made long prayers and so on? A—Yes.

Q—Did you, during the recent miners' strike, denounce those who were holding up the coal and famine prices? Or are you denouncing landlords who are raising rents by more than the amount of the rates? Or are you denouncing those who pay girls such wages that they must eke out a livelihood on the streets? Or landlords who raise rents? Or money lenders? Or the licensed pirates on the stock exchange? A—No, indeed, I never interfere in politics.

Q—That's not the point. These are the things Jesus Christ did. Do you do them? A—No, we live in different times.

Q—Christ took all His elders from among the poor fishermen, laborers and so on? A—Yes.

Q—Christ said he came to set the captives free. You tell them to remain content in the position in which poverty has placed them? A—No, I say Providence placed them there.

Q—Then you say God is responsible for their misery? What a low brutal insult to God. I suppose you agree with those who say that the present social system works fairly well? A—That's it. Its not perfect at all.

Q—But its fundamental basis is coercion, exploitation and inequality. A—Yes.

Q—And Jesus Christ wanted society to be founded on Love, Service and equality? A—Yes.

Q—Jesus believed in a common father, and that we are all brothers; do you? A—Well, in a theoretical way, yes.

Q—As a matter of fact, you know perfectly well that if the real Christ were preached to the masses poverty and capitalism would not last another day. You know that Camille Desmoulin, the great French revolutionary leader, called Jesus "le bon sansculotte"? A—I do not know.

Q—Let's try you with Emile de Lavalley, the famous Belgian economist and historian. He said, did he not, that "if Christianity were taught and understood conformably to the spirit of its Founder, the existing social organization could not last a day"? A—I never heard of that man before.

Q—Well, surely you'll have heard

of James Russell Lowell? You remember what he said: "there is dynamite enough in the New Testament, if legitimately applied, to blow all our existing institutions to atoms."

Lord (Adamsley interposing)—I do not think you need press any further on that point. We are quite clear that whatever else he has been preaching it is not Christianity.

Counsel—Well, my Lord, if that is proven, the charge of false pretenses is proven also. Accused all through his career pretended to the people that he was teaching Christianity and he has been taking money by collections.

Accused—But I have only been doing what others have been doing. We cannot preach Christianity or the rich men in the congregation would leave the church, and then we would get a very much smaller salary. And most of us have wives and children to look after.

Lord Adamsley (sternly) — That sir, is no excuse for dishonorable conduct. We do not listen to it from poor men who are caught stealing. Five years hard labor!—T. J. in The Glasgow Forward.

Pinewood Notes.

A sucker, 'tis said, is born every minute," and it must, indeed be true, judging by the bunch that slaves here, for Old Dry Bones Roberts and our (?) noble Sheriff Ben Lyons, who together with Allis G. M. here, owns this plant. After all the struggle of the Lumber workers in West Louisiana to abolish the system of working eleven hours, these suckers have permitted this bunch to institute a 15c an hour rate for common labor and 11 hours constitute a days work.

There are just a few white (?) laborers here, the majority are colored workers who are getting restless under the harsh, overbearing treatment they receive from Old John Hernandez, a large-bodied, but small-headed scisserbill, who plays "man Friday" to G. M. Allis' Crusoe. He prides the rule, "that a little authority is a dangerous thing in the hands of a small-minded brute. A real man can't stand him but a few days. The flimsy excuse they hand out to their slaves for running 11 hours is the scarcity of labor. If they would pay decent wages, and hire Union men, they could get labor.

There is a fine opening here for a camp delegate. There are several good Union boys on the job here and they have to lay low, as I do.

I am the last man the suckers and Boss would suspect of being your correspondent. All colored workers are eager for Unionism. Selah! The train engineer here has to run locomotive, and also runs the loaders; after he has loaded a train of logs he jumps on the engine and pulls logs to mill—gets about \$75.00 a month. Oh! this is a peach of a mill town!

Planer will be completed soon, and carpenters (?) are busy on dry shed, jolly-ways and more cabins for the slaves made of course, out of refuse lumber.

The independent store, run by Morgan, 100 yards from Allis' mansion, sells goods cheaper than commissary here and at Meame—in fact over this whole country and Union hating Gamble's house at Beaumont, lately bought out the commissary here.

These "white supremacy" Bosses and foremen here will not hire a white man if they can help it, because they are strictly Southern and would rather see a white man go hungry than to give him a job. Oh! you "social equality" and "white supremacy!"

The only three scabby workers of Rosepine—two and a half miles below us—are laboring here. Fine old Fellow-Worker of that place told me, that one of these was their first secretary of the Old B. of T. W. Local No. 3, and stole nearly \$40.00 from their members, and although this said thief has been at work steadily account of his being a scab, he has never paid a cent of this money; he was raised the T. W. stated, at Rosepine.

The "LUMBER JACK" is looked forward to here and we love it.

Yours for ONE BIG UNION.

BRIT.

Said the Madman.

The only difference between a lunatic and a workingman is that the lunatic is always thinking while the workingman is always working, so it ends in the lunatic getting taken care of for nothing and the workingman getting nothing for taking care of everything and everybody.

Again, the only difference between a lunatic and a businessman is that men and women are often shut up in asylums for the crime of advancing a new idea while the businessman, who never had an idea in all his life beyond a more efficient method to grab dollars out of the massed misery and ignorance called in irony "human society," is todied to by press and pulpit as the highest type of human evolution, the cream of the survival of the fittest.