

The Voice of the People

(Formerly "The Lumberjack.")

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Might Is Right.

"What," says Readbeard, "is your 'civilization and progress' if its only outcome is hysteria and downgoing?"

"What is 'government and law' if their ripened harvests are men without sap?"

"What are 'religions and literatures' if their grandest productions are herds of faithful slaves?"

"What is 'evolution and culture' if their noxious blossoms are sterilized women?"

"What is education and enlightenment if their deadsea-fruit is a catiff race, with rottenness in their bones?" * * * * *

"In this arid wilderness of steel and stone I raise up my voice that YOU may hear. * * * * *

Courage, I say! Courage that goes its way ALONE, as undauntedly as when it marches to "victory or death" amid the menacing stride of armed and bannered legions. Courage, that never falters—never retreats! That is the kind of courage the world lacks to-day. * * * * * That is the kind of courage that has never turned a master's mill. That is the kind of courage that never will turn it. That is the kind of courage that will DIE, rather than turn it."

"Might Is Right" is published in England and is out-selling any book we ever handled. Better order a copy to-day.

If you want to read this tremendous Epic of the Strong, send us a DOLLAR and we will send you a copy of "MIGHT IS RIGHT" and THE VOICE for 30 weeks; or we will send you the book alone for FIFTY CENTS. Address THE VOICE, 520 Poydras Street, New Orleans, La.

Defense Funds Notice.

WHEATLAND: Send all funds for the defense of the Wheatland Victims to, Andy Barber, Sec. I. W. W. Locals, 114 "T" Street, Sacramento, Cal.

TEXAS VICTIMS: Send all funds to Victor Cravello, Box 1891, Los Angeles, Cal., Secretary of the Rangel-Cline Defense Committee.

Carl Person Defense: Send all funds to Carl Person, Box D. Clinton, Illinois. Railroad Workers, Get Busy! ACT TO-DAY.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Forty-four workmen have been arrested and charged with rioting at the Plaza, Los Angeles, on Christmas day. The authorities are determined to send as many as possible to the penitentiary. Five men are under \$2000 bail, and 39 under \$500. All contributions for the defense of these men will be published in Solidarity, Voice of The People and The Wooden Shoe, until the required amount is secured. Send all funds to William Davenport, Box 265, Station C., Los Angeles, California. Trial takes place January 21st.

Yours for Industrial Freedom,

WORKINGMEN'S DEFENSE LEAGUE,
W. DAVENPORT, Secretary-Treasurer.

Voice Maintenance Fund

JANUARY DONATIONS:

R. Van Buskirk	\$.50
M. Lambright	1.00
F. R. Fulmer	1.00
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Total \$20.75

NOTA BENE:—Local and City Central Committees owing The Voice for bundle orders, please get a remittance to us before the first of February.

Locals and C. C. C's owing past due accounts, PLEASE remit us, before that date, all you can spare. We have heavy bills to pay on first.

Fellow Rebels—We thank you. Please urge all Locals and Rebels to action. We MUST have more than \$100 in hand by Feb. First.

Nuf sed. Yours to win. C. H.

TEXAS REBELS INCOMUNICADO.

RURALES. BAR "VOICE" AND "REGENACION" FROM JAIL!

San Antonio, Texas, Jan. 24th, 1914.—The sentencing of Leonardo L. Vasquez by the legal mercenaries of the Texan Boss-class, has aroused some healthy fear in the brave official bunch—from holy Colquitt, who, under the divine aegis of Booze hath been wafted to place and power, down to the pettiest of harness-bulls. The brutal sentence of fifteen years has been received with anger and indignation by the workers throughout the world.

Last visiting day a number of friends of the imprisoned fellow-workers were refused admittance at the jail doors when they came to pay their accustomed visit. "Don't let any one through to see any of that revolutionary bunch; it don't matter a damn who they are," said a burly member of the San Antonio thug-force to the turnkey as we stood on the steps of the jail.

Copies of the "VOICE OF THE PEOPLE" and of "Regeneracion" have hitherto been permitted by the authorities to go through to the prisoners each week, but that has also been stopped. This may be taken as a good sign. The publicity which the rebel press is giving to the rotten state of Texas is beginning to get on the nerves of some of the good citizens of this section, they are afraid that this revelation of the brutal and arbitrary dispensation of "justice" will cause a falling off in the number of suckers—tourists and settlers—whom they are trying to wheedle into coming to this state.

The cases have been postponed to February 18th, on appeal; the interval should be used by us in making every effort possible to raise funds to procure an adequate defense for the boys. Ge Busy! S. S. 99.

SUBSCRIBE TO THE VOICE.

UNITED LABOR FIGHTS FOR HOP KING'S VICTIMS.

Tacoma, Wash., Jan. 11th, 1914.—On August 1st, 1913, two thousand five hundred hop pickers of Durst Brothers' ranch, Wheatland, Yuba County, Cal., revolted against the degrading conditions under which they were working, and, at the invitation of the Durst Bros., formulated their demands which were to be presented to their employers at 10 o'clock a. m., of August 3rd.

For 2500 women and men, but six toilets were provided. These were closed in on but three sides, the fourth remaining open to the public gaze. Water was prohibited on the ranch, and Durst Bros. caused to be sold to the workers a cheap concoction of lemonade. There was insufficient shelter for the workers and many were forced to sleep out in the open. Those who were fortunate enough to secure a rude shack from their employers were unfortunate in the exorbitant price for rent charged. The wages paid were very low. The workers were paid by the box and, while it is the usual thing for the hop-growers to provide a "hop-pole man" to lower the vines, the workers of the Durst Bros. ranch were forced to lower the vines themselves, thus consuming much valuable time and lessening their chances for a living wage. Durst Bros. used every contrivance within their means to filch back the dearly earned pennies of their employes.

WHEREAS, on the 3rd of August and at the invitation of Ralph Durst, the strikers gathered in good faith to their employers to adjust the difficulties and remedy the unbearable conditions; and

WHEREAS, they were met by a mob of deputy sheriffs and gunmen who attempted to coerce and intimidate the strikers and, failing in that, shot up the crowd of workers, killing one, wounding others and causing others later to be arrested and charged with the murder of the district attorney, who was shot and killed in the melee.

WHEREAS, Burns' detectives have used third degree methods and every inhuman cruelty has been resorted to in attempting to force the prisoners to acknowledge guilt to a crime which they never committed in the hopes of railroading them to long terms of imprisonment. Date of trial for two of the prisoners has been set for Jan. 12th, 1914. The trials of the other prisoners will occur at short intervals;

THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, that we, The Central Trades Council of the affiliated trades of The American Federation of Labor, the joint locals of The Industrial Workers of the World and the Socialist Party, all in joint mass meeting assembled at the Eagle's Hall, Tacoma, Wash., on this day and date, Sunday, January 11th, 1914, strongly protest against the unwarranted brutality of the employers and authorities of Yuba County, Cal., against members of the working class; and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that we pledge the persecuted workers of Yuba County, Cal., our moral and financial support, and further pledge that we will aid them to the fullest extent of our power.

Signed, by Joint Committee: M. Parsons, T. F. Burns, Central Labor Council; Jess Poquette, J. J. Czar, Industrial Workers of the World; E. L. Currier, Marshall E. Wright, Socialist Party.

A REBEL'S DREAM.

By CASH M. STEVENS.

My dreams are not of the present time,
Nor the songs that barbs have sung;
There are not of a race of servile slaves
Who will not defend their young.

But I dream to-night of the olden time,
Of the ancient long ago;
And my spirit flies on fancy's wings
To the days of the spear and bow.

The lives I have lived and the deaths I have died,
Seem to linger in Memory still;
For I rode in the ranks of the Rebel Clan
That turned no master's mill.

I lived and died, as I'll die again,
With the blood red Rebel Clan;
That laugh to scorn both priests and kings,
And the Cob-web laws of man.

I'll fight to the end all gold-made law,
That has made this Earth a hell;
I'll fight as I fought in San Antonio,
On the day that the Alamo fell.

I have fought and died in the rebel ranks,
I have bled for the toiling slaves;
I have shared their lives, I have died their deaths,
I have shared their lonely graves.

But the call of the Clan is sounding loud,
O'er valley and hill and plain—
Will you stand as of old in the rebel ranks
And fight to be free again?

The ages come and the ages go,
And death must follow the van;
When he comes again he will find me still
In the ranks of the Rebel Clan.

IN ARKANSAS LUMBER HELLS.

To The Voice: Here is some more news re. "The Arkansas Lumber Hells." At Warren, Ark., are located three large mills, the Southern, Bradley and Arkansas Lumber Companies. But it is not of the mills that I will write at this time, but of conditions at the camps of the Southern Lumber Company.

I have just returned from there so this information is first hand. Arkansas has a new law forbidding the Companies to work their men over 10 hours per day. Up until last Monday they worked the men 11 hours, when, lo and behold, they announced that they would not work the slaves longer than 10 hours per day.

Now, they worked the men 11 hours per day after the Arkansas 10-hour law went into effect.

What, then, induced them to reduce to 10 hours? It is rumored that the I. W. W.'s are quite active in these parts. Possibly the fear of the I. W. W. making a law on the job, prompted them to recognize the political law. But this is not the main point, there are some more laws that should go into effect at once, and I am of the opinion that it will take a strong industrial organization to pass them and put them into effect.

They are working their teams with galls on their shoulders and necks, that no one but a sawmill company could do. There is not a team in the barn but what is in a horrible condition. The teamsters are instructed to haul light loads for a while every morning until the collars get stuck good. In other words, until the sores become numb. Where is the Humane Society?

The flat heads are cutting a 12-inch stump, and I was told by a contractor that they said they liked it. On interviewing the flat heads I found out that he lied.

Here is a good one, on a good many of us at least: They have a school tax, 50 cents per month, per man, I was told. The company hires teachers at starvation wages, and makes a nice little sum on this graft.

A human question mark said it was the best job in the country. That he made \$1.75 per day. He does, gross. Here is the tare: \$1.50 per month doctor bill, insurance and school tax, 60 cents per day board, \$1.50 per room (said room being only 12x12 feet), per month rent, clothing high as hell and loses all rainy days and Sundays. Somebody figure what he nets, damned if I can.

The food, though, is plentiful and varies from spuds to pies, and is cooked in a wholesome manner. The kitchen and dining room are extra clean. All due, of course, to the very good cooks they have. When they leave the next ones will be dirty.

The "bull pen" is a consumptive breeder, I don't believe it has been scoured in a year. Sanitary conditions, with the exception of kitchen and dining room. None! Discontent? (With exception of four company suckers.) At fever heat and about ready to break out.

Would advise all workers to stay where they are at for the present, for the only way to better their condition is to organize the job they are on by getting into the ONE BIG UNION OF FOREST AND LUMBER WORKERS, and MAKE the boss come across with more of the good things of life.

Above all, do not come to Arkansas, for it is worse here than the hells of Louisiana.

Yours for the One Big Union. W. H. LEWIS.

P. S.—Say Hall, I found out that at Crossett Arkansas, in that hospital I was telling you about, that when a slave is crippled the company loans him crutches and then charges him two bits for the use of them.

I forgot to tell of this in my write-up on that place, but then, Hell! It is impossible to think of everything in a day or two and then condense it in a few sentences.

I would take volumes to describe all the impositions the workers of the lumber industry suffer at the hands of the timber thieves, and then, as the parson says, "The half has never yet been told."

COOS BAY SUCKERS REWARDED.

Empire, Oregon, Jan. 14, 1914.

Great is capitalism in Oregon. The slaves of Coos Bay refused to help the I. W. W. better conditions here last June, so the master has showed them in a little better way than all the agitators that have ever been here, that the "working class and the employing class have nothing in common," by cutting 50 cents from their already starvation wages. If this fails to have any effect on the cankered brain of these future presidents, I will hire myself to another locality. I have talked to the slaves of Coos Bay with so little results that I am thinking of petitioning Readbeard to come out and take charge of The Smith Powers Co.

Wouldn't it be great if Readbeard and Napoleon were running things in this section?

A jug of rot-gut whisky will make room for a bunch of Sab Cats if they will take the trouble to come this way in the Spring. I kept one camp short of men for six weeks last Summer, in hopes that some rebels would come, but they didn't show up. I intend to try it again this Summer. So don't be afraid that there is no job if you come down.

Yours in the Fight, BILL GOODMAN.