

THE LUMBERJACK

"AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL"

VOLUME I * MIGHT IS RIGHT * ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1913. * TRUTH CONQUERS * No. 7

WORKERS STAY AWAY FROM MERRYVILLE

General Strike

WORKINGMEN AND WORKING FARMERS, INTO ACTION! BEGIN AT ONCE TO PREACH THE JEHAD OF LABOR, THE GENERAL STRIKE, AGAINST THE SANTA FE AND HARRIMAN SYSTEMS AND THEIR ALLIED PLUNDERBUNDS!

INTO ACTION!
IF "300 UNION MEN" COULD HOLD DOWN THE SANTA FE AT MERRYVILLE FOR NEARLY FOUR LONG WINTER MONTHS, THE UNITED WORKING CLASS OF THE SOUTH AND WEST CAN WHIP THE INSANE CREW, AND DO IT IN LESS THAN ONE WEEK! DON'T SUBMIT TO THE NEW SLAVERY WITHOUT A STRUGGLE!

INTO ACTION!

CLOSE UP YOUR RANKS! STAND ALL TOGETHER! FOLD YOUR MIGHTY ARMS AND LET'S SEE THEM RUN THE RAILROADS, WHARVES, MINES, SAWMILLS AND FACTORIES!

ARISE!

ON WITH THE JEHAD OF LABOR! ON WITH THE PROPAGANDA OF THE GENERAL STRIKE!!

THUS SAITH THE UNION OF UNIONS, THE FREEMASONRY OF LABOR!



THE SUN OF FREEDOM BURSTING THRU THE CLOUDS OF SLAVERY

Attention!

RAILROAD WORKERS, LONG-SHOREMEN, WORKING FARMERS, ATTENTION!

We appeal to you to rise and help win this battle against the freedom-murdering Southern Lumber Operators' Association and the Union-hating Santa Fe Railroad!

We appeal to you to act with us, YOUR BROTHERS, against the Plunderbunds who are robbing and trying to enslave us all!

We appeal to you to send aid to the strikers at Merryville and to join us in the struggle that is to overthrow peonage forever!

We appeal to you to act against ALL of them, as they are acting against ALL of us, everywhere and all along the line!

We appeal to you to be men, Union men!

We appeal to you, our Fellow Workers, our Brothers.

We appeal to you not to allow a handful of drunken gunmen in the employ of Industrial Carpetbaggers and Sealawags to reduce our great class to rags, chains and slavery!

We appeal to you as men, our Brothers!

NO GUNS; WARNING.

ALL MEMBERS ARE HEREBY WARNED AGAINST BEING DRAWN INTO AN ARMED STRUGGLE AT OR AROUND MERRYVILLE, AS THE EVIDENCE INDICATES THAT THE ASSOCIATION IS FISHING FOR ANOTHER GRABOW. YOU ARE MEMBERS OF THE I. W. W., AND THE I. W. W. DOES NOT DEPEND ON GUNS TO WIN ITS BATTLES. YOU WILL OBEY ITS LAWS AND SEE THAT NO BODILY HARM COMES TO EVEN THE LEADERS OF THE LIQUOR-CRAZED THUGS WHO ARE SO GROSSLY OUTRAGING YOUR PEOPLE.

TO THE PUBLIC.

AT THE SAME TIME WE ISSUE THIS NOTICE TO OUR PEOPLE WE NOTIFY THE PEOPLE OF LOUISIANA THAT THE NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL UNION OF FOREST AND TIMBER WORKERS WASHES ITS HANDS OF ALL RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY PERSONAL DIFFICULTIES THAT MAY ARISE FROM SUCH STATEMENTS AS HAVE BEEN REPORTED, VIZ: THAT OUR FELLOW WORKERS ON THE PICKET LINE WERE "WORSE THAN PROSTITUTES," MADE BY MAYOR MASON OF MERRYVILLE, AND THAT THIS UNION WAS "NOTHING BUT A BUNCH OF DAMNED REDBONES, AND THE SOONER IT WAS WIPED OUT THE BETTER," ATTRIBUTED TO GUNMAN ED. HAMILTON, OF THE SANTA FE.

YOURS FOR SUCCESS SHRD
YOURS FOR INDUSTRIAL FREEDOM—NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL UNION, OF FOREST AND TIMBER WORKERS.

ASSOCIATION MEETS.

The Southern Lumber Operators' Association is reported to have met in Alexandria about ten days ago. It had hardly adjourned before the whipped and desperate gang at Merryville began a campaign of lawlessness and violence against the strikers and our organizers in an attempt to terrorize the workers back into the convict camps of the American Lumber Co.

Men were arrested on all sorts of trumped up charges and the Santa Fe's imported "peace officers" strutted around town flashing magazine pistols in the faces of everybody who failed to agree with their idea of "law and order." Men were taken off freight trains and given the option of going to jail or to work in the stockades, and, when they chose the jail, were hunted out of town by gunmen. Two men, it is reported, were actually taken into the pen and forced to work out fines imposed on them for stealing a ride on the Santa Fe by Hizzoner Judge Mayor Mason of Merryville, who on Wednesday of last week was put to sleep by Fellow Worker Dr. Stalsby for saying that our women Fellow Workers who were doing such fine picket duty "were worse than prostitutes." As soon as Hizzoner woke up he went into the "City Hall" and swore out a charge against Fellow Worker Stalsby before the Judge-Mayor (himself) for assault and battery, or something other, on Hizzoner. Such is law in Louisiana.

THE REIGN OF "LAW."

Seeing they were whipped unless violence was resorted to, the "Law and Order League" got together, and, Sunday, Secretary Cline of Local 218, and Or-

Rebels Attention!

IT IS NOT DESIRED THAT A "FREE SPEECH" FIGHT BE STARTED IN MERRYVILLE, NOR IS IT NECESSARY THAT YOU ACTUALLY ENTER THAT TOWN; TO SURROUND IT ON ALL SIDES WILL BE SUFFICIENT. YOU DO NOT EVEN HAVE TO ENTER LOUISIANA TO GIVE HELP. SPREAD UP AND DOWN THE SANTA FE AND PREVENT IT FROM FOOLING WORKERS INTO ITS MENINGITIS INFECTED BULLPENS AT MERRYVILLE. PICKET MERRYVILLE AND PICKET THE UNION-HATING SANTA FE, AND LET THEM, IF THEY CAN, FELL TREES WITH MACHINE GUNS, SAW LUMBER WITH SIX SHOOTERS. MAKE THEM SHOOT THEMSELVES IN THE POCKETBOOK UNTIL OLD RIPLEY HOWLS FOR MERCY.

ganizers, Baker, Eastman, and Oliver, the last one of our finest colored Fellow Workers, were kidnapped by an armed band and they were carried out of town at the point of guns. Fellow Worker Cline was beaten up by the Blunderbund and Fellow Worker Oliver was shot in the foot as they were marching him down the Santa Fe tracks.

AT LUDINGTON.

The Long-Bell Lumber Co. has bought the Ludington mill and is discharging all the old employes there, men who were born and raised in Louisiana, and worked here all their lives. This means the blacklist for this crew, we suppose. It is reported that Long-Bell intends to work the mill with the Yellow Pine crew and we hereby warn the men at Yellow

Pine that if they allow themselves to be so used they will be regarded by their class as SCABS, so we warn them and all other workers to stay away from Ludington as well as Merryville.

MORE "LAW AND ORDER."
2 P. M. TUESDAY.

It has just been reported from DeRidder that the Highbinders of the American Lumber Co. have raided the office of Local Union 218 at Merryville, seized all our books and papers and carried them into the office of that Company. Also the Company seems to have taken complete charge of the United States Postoffice in Merryville, which is an alleged "free town."

BULLDOZING WOMEN.

5 p. m. Tuesday—DeRidder again reports as follows: Mob of gunmen raided office of Local 218 at Merryville, seized all our books and papers, carried same over to offices of the American Lumber Co., assaulted Acting Secretary Mumford and drove him out of town. Then at the point of guns, drove our women fellow workers out of our soup kitchen, the only place where hungry children could be fed, and wrecked the kitchen entirely. How long do the people of Louisiana and Texas expect the workers and farmers to submit to the infamous outrages of these drunken fiends? What kind of a "Democracy" is it that prates about "saving the nation," and then governs its own people by a system of thuggery Diaz would disown? For Diaz was honest and openly proclaimed the law of claw and fang. However, the seizure of our books indicated that the Association cannot get over the idea that we, like it, get behind closed doors and plan in secret. They found nothing, though, and were forced to return books.

Strange! But the Association had hardly adjourned its meeting in New Orleans when the assassination of H. G. Creel was attempted by John Williams at Oakdale, to be followed the next day by the savage massacre of Grabow. Again, it meet, and wholesale violence against men, women and children is resorted to by an "uprising" of the of the imported gunmen—"citizens" of Merryville. We do not know whether it is just a fatality that follows the Association, for "whom the Gods would destroy they first make mad," but still it is strange that its meetings and violence follow each other with the regularity that cause follows effect. We would be all in jail did fate act so regularly and savagely on our side. But they are all gentlemen, and gentlemen can do no wrong.

"IMPARTIAL JUSTICE."

How many crimes have been committed in the name! Just watch the "Beaumont Liar," the New Orleans "Item" and all the cheap "voices of the Lumber Trust" "justify" this outrage on the ground of our "lawlessness"—just watch them!

Notice!

Send all funds, clothing and provisions for Merryville to: Mrs. F. Stevenson, Box 106, Merryville, Louisiana. Be sure to register all letters containing funds. Rush help! The strike will be won!

I. W. W. STRIKE COMMITTEE.

(Continued on Page Four).

THE LUMBERJACK

Education
Organization
Emancipation



Freedom in
Industrial
Democracy

Published Weekly by National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers, Southern District.
Box 78
ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA.
COVINGTON HALL, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Yearly United States	\$1.00
Six Months, United States	.50
Foreign Yearly	1.50
Bundle Orders, Per Copy (in Canada)	.02 1/2
Bundle Orders, Per Copy (in United States)	.02
Single Copies	.05

Cash must accompany all orders.

NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL UNION OF FOREST AND LUMBER WORKERS—Southern District.
District Headquarters.....1194 Gould Avenue, Alexandria, Louisiana
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Entered as Second Class Mail Matter, January 9th, 1913, at the Post Office at Alexandria, La., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PLEASE NOTE.

In sending money for the paper do not mix it with monies intended for the organization, as the paper carries a separate account. Cash must accompany all subscriptions and bundle orders. Make all checks and money orders payable to The Lumberjack.

EDITORIALS

A COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

Arthur Young in "The Masses."

"The trouble with the world is the insane worship of money." How often we hear this thundered from the pulpit, emphasized in the press and in ordinary conversation. Yes, that's the trouble. But what drives people to this insanity?

In the first place, life is a fight for food, shelter and clothing. No matter how high the price of food soars, we must struggle to pay the cost. No matter how high the cost of apparel goes, we must keep a degree of comfort and a decent appearance. No matter how far the landlord advances his rent, we must struggle to pay for shelter.

We must fight to get these things or die, and the average man does die fighting for them between 45 and 50 years of age.

You might truthfully write over the tombstones of four-fifths of the human race: "Died fighting for food, shelter and clothing—in a world of plenty."

The fear that they will not get the necessities of life, and that their children will—suffer for them, drives the restless spirits on.

It is this kind of civilization that breeds an insane worship of money. That some men want more, after they have been assured a life of comfort, merely emphasizes the tragic baseness of this mad movement.

In a world that is running amuck, individuals cannot stop, even if they would, for back of it all is the original cause—*Fear*.

A stampede of cattle carries all with it, even if one of the herd is ready to stop.

So, bend your back to the lash, cringe, crawl, prostitute yourselves mentally and physically, bribe, graft, do anything to get money. "Get it," says father to son; "marry for money," says mother to daughter.

Under the circumstances, how can the average individual worship any God—but Mammon?

THE "LAW AND ORDER" OF THE NORTHLAND.

The Southland has been accused of lacking in industrial development and of being in a stage of growth that has been characterized as reactionary and lawless. But the Southland need not worry about at least one-half of that claim, for here in the Northland, we have industrial development galore; and yet are far more reactionary and lawless than Russia in her worst moments. Just now, sixteen I. W. W. men are suffering imprisonment, and four Socialists are out on bail for exercising the most elementary rights of our boasted civilization—the rights of free speech and to picket, when on strike.

These rights have been openly and deliberately violated at Little Falls, N. Y., less than 50 miles north of the capital of the great Empire State. These rights have been summarily suppressed by the police and legal authorities, who, in order to cover up their infamy, have arrested the men enumerated above, on various pretexts, and are endeavoring to railroad them to the penitentiary for long terms, just because they dared help themselves and the striking textile workers of Little Falls, men, women and children to share the benefits of a State law reducing hours of labor, and a little more of the products of their toil.

To go into the details of these infamous proceedings is to recite a page of history that reads like a Russian official attempt at oppression in the name of Czarism, for it is the Czarism of a police chief, one "Bully" Long, that would be exposed. This creature, acting in behalf of the local textile manufacturers, is the responsible violator of the law he is

supposed to uphold. But such details are unnecessary; the readers of "The Lumberjack" can fill them in from their own experiences or the experiences of the workers of the South. Everywhere capitalist lawlessness is the same. What we prefer to do, instead, is to urge assistance in behalf of these twenty men, to the end that they may be freed and capitalism defeated once more as at Grabow and Lawrence. Write to Gov. Sulzer, Albany, N. Y.; the District Attorney, Herkimer Co., Herkimer, N. Y.; and Chief of Police Long, Little Falls, N. Y., denouncing these arrests and demanding a fair trial for all the men involved. Send funds to Matilda Rabinowitz, Box 408, Little Falls, New York.

Among these men are some whom the writer knows personally, and can, accordingly, testify to their devotion to Labor. There is George H. Vaughn, an Easterner, with a Western training, Socialist, railroader, textile worker, and I. W. W. man. Vaughn has a veteran's record for services rendered to Labor on both the political and economic fields, and he is only in the thirties at that. As a soap boxer and labor agitator he has been on the right side always in many an internal line-up and external snap with capitalism. His brother, Jno. T. Vaughn, is better known as a Socialist party speaker.

Then we have Benjamin Legere, a New Englander of French extraction. He is one of the industrial Socialist group that helped to make Bridgeport, Connecticut, famous in the annals of labor. Legere took a valuable part in the freeing of Ettor, Giovannitti and Caruso. He developed a sentiment in Essex County, Mass., favorable to the three men. No doubt, the securing of a good jury was the result. In the Ettor, Giovannitti and Caruso defense, Legere showed himself to be a hard worker, and an effective one to boot. His contributions to the success of the defense were numerous.

All the other men imprisoned or released on bail are most likely of the same sterling character; the fact that they are victims of capitalist oppression is proof of that. We do not specialize in their case, as in that of either Vaughn or Legere, because we do not know them. But we make no distinction in the latter, as we simply use them to illustrate what manner of men it is that capitalization is attempting to get out of the way in "civilized" Little Falls, New York.

It is up to Labor, North and South, to rally to their aid and to show capitalism once more that its lawlessness will not be tolerated by a solidified working class in all sections of the country. Now then, all together!

JUSTUS EBERT.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

NEWS FROM COOS BAY, OREGON.

Marshfield and Bandon are the two largest towns on Coos Bay Lumber district, on the coast of Southern Oregon.

Local 435 National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers is about one year old, and has a dues paying membership of about 300. We maintain a free reading room at 373 Front Street. We have on file the Industrial Worker, Solidarity, Lumberjack, International Socialist Review, (Pittsburg) Justice, (Alaska) Modern Methods, (Hoquiam) Free Press, Appeal to Reason, Rip Saw, Coming Nation, and many other papers, pamphlets and books. We keep a paid Secretary, and an organizer, also several voluntary camp delegates.

There are about eight sawmills and about eighteen logging camps. About 2,000 wage workers are employed in the lumber industry in Coos Bay. The Local is making progress, and, in case some of the boys down South get blacklisted, and have to leave the country, I am sure that the Locals in the Pacific Northwest will help them locate.

JOHN PANCNE,
Special Correspondent.

"THE CRIMES OF TODAY"

On the *blood stained* pages of history is recorded a multitude of barbaric encounters; great armies have been annihilated on the battlefields, and once powerful nations have been relegated to oblivion. These were the days of our progenitors and these were the *crimes of yesterday*.

Class legislation among the *workers* of today, the sale of themselves into *industrial slavery*, and their *struggle for existence* and *superiority* on divisional lines, are adding more *intensified* pages to *blood stained* history than all the wars of antiquity.

The Locomotive Engineers, as one division of the *workers* in the railroad industry, went to their *masters* in humble submission, perfectly satisfied to be *handcuffed* for a few insignificant concessions.

The *Trainmen's* ceremonies are the same. As an *individual* organization, they say their *prayers to the master class* and after this event they contract themselves to their *jobs* for a stipulated length of time, *regardless* of how many of the other divisions of the *workers* in the *railroad industry* are on *strike*.

The *Firemen* adhere to the same *ancient law of Father Time*, and so do the *switchmen*, the telegraph operators, and the *shop crafts* are *victims* of the same *individualistic* system. One at a time they submit themselves for sale to the *corporations* to be *handcuffed* by long contracts, or to be precipitated against the combined forces of *organized dollars*.

Just now the eastern firemen are getting *rebellious*. Should the rumors of a *strike* become a reality, the engineers, trainmen, conductors, machinists, boilermakers, tanners, blacksmiths, and all the other crafts and divisions of the *workers* in the *railroad industry*, would *hang on* to their *jobs* and help the companies *defeat* the *firemen*. *This is the law*. They are *handcuffed* to their jobs.

No; this system of organization isn't a joke—it's a crime. The *shopmen* of the *Illinois Central* and *Harriman* lines have awakened to the fact that a collective effort among the workers must be made if *productive legislation* is to be *procured*. They have recognized the *primitive law of simultaneous* action of the *workers*, and in this *conflict* the *railroads* are enjoying the co-operation of all the divisions in the transportation department, in conjunction with the telegraph

operators and other miscellaneous classes of the workers. *But* such is the *system*—such is the *law*.

The most *essential* process for the interests of all *workers* just now, is the *unification* of all the *workers* in the *railroad industry*, and then the unification of all the railroad *industries* with all the other *industries*. You can name it *Gomperism*, *Haywoodism*, *Mitchelism*, *One Big Unionism*, *American Federation of Labor*, or *I. W. W.-ism*—it matters not what label you put on it—just so that it is effective enough to perform the necessary *functions* in restoring to the *workers* the *full product of their toil*.

You are living in a country of *superabundance*, where there are 2,000 acres of tillable land for each one of the 94,000,000 inhabitants. *All you have* to do is to take from the *bountiful bosom* of *superabundance*, but if you want it, you will have to *wake up and take it*.

You are not making any *progress* toward getting any of it as long as you are making an effort to fight your *battles* with the *B. B. rifles of individualism*. It is high time that you *place your toys on the shelf* and start *doing things*. Get together for your *common interests*, for the *one craft system* that is governing the *workers*, and the systems by which they are fighting the *master class*, are the *crimes of today*.—I. C. S. Federation Strike Bulletin.

LUMBERJACK COMMENT.

It might sound like splitting hairs, but "*Gomperism*," "*Mitchellism*" or "*A. F. L.-ism*" are the direct opposites of "*Haywoodism*," "*One Big Unionism*" or "*I. W. W.-ism*"—the first stands for the "*B. B. rifles of individualism*," the last for "*the primitive law of simultaneous action of the workers*" *BROUGHT UP TO DATE*; the first belongs to the dead past, the last to the revolutionary present. *Words are things*, and their *value* should not be *destroyed*, lest we *destroy* also the *thought* we are seeking to produce. *I. W. W.-ism* means the organization of the working class by *Industries* as against *crafts*; it means what it says—*Industrial Union*. Then these different great *Industrial Unions* are *united* into the *ONE BIG UNION* of the working class—the *Industrial Workers of the World*. Just as the fingers, *united*, form the hand and, the hand gripped closed, the fist, so the *I. W. W.* seeks to organize the fighting machine of labor. One of our fingers the organized capitalists might break, but our *fist—Never!* There is no power on earth that can resist the working class *united*, and this is why the old order fights the *I. W. W.* so hard. The *I. W. W.* is Labor's Grand Republic, the *Industrial Democracy* being born—the *New Society* busting through the shell of the old.

And so, brother editor of the "Strike Bulletin," with this explanation, I cheer you and the Illinois Central boys on with the great work you are striving to accomplish—the *unification of the working class into One Big Union*.

The hour we secure that *unification*, in that hour the freedom of our class, the liberty of the race, will be proclaimed, a glorious and accomplished fact. All together, brothers! All together, on to VICTORY!

Jehad: An Arabian word, meaning "a holy war."
A DETETICVE FIGURES.

Fullerton, La., Feb. 17, 1913.

Editor of The Lumberjack,
Alexandria, La.

Dear Editor:

Please allow me space in your next issue of The Lumberjack to reveal an overheard conversation of two Burns detectives. On Friday evening past, the two sleuths got off a Santa Fe train in DeRidder, seemed to be enjoying some of the Merryville blind tiger booze, and were actually talkative. The two sleuths had just arrived from Merryville, where they had been detecting the Union. They said they had been successful in finding four Union men at work in the Merryville plant, who, of course, were discharged. The most important statement the writer was able to catch, was a confession of one of the sleuths that he had been employed at a rate of \$1.60 per day as a wood cutter in the planing mill; where he manufactured 12 loads of wood per day, out of waste lumber, which brought the company \$1.00 a load, being \$12.00 worth of wood at a cost of \$1.60, making a profit of \$10.40 per day off of one Burns detective. Now, he himself figured this out and was, in a laughing way, telling his sleuth partner of the profit he had been to the American Lumber Co. Now, if the Burns agents have begun seeing what the Association is gaining off their labor, it does seem that professional Lumber Workers could see also, and take a tumble,—into the One Big Union. A LABOR FRIEND.

SHOT AT.

The slaves are shot at from the press.

They are shot at from the pulpit.

They are shot at from the bar.

They are shot at from every point of the compass by capitalism, and they are hit every time. True is the master's aim.

It keeps the poor slave deluded with superstition, and he is afraid to ask for even the privilege to live on this earth that is his own, and is contented to just camp around the Master, ever ready to move, sick, hungry, lame or well, at the Master's call. Oh, you religion that makes a Paradise for the few, and a hell for the many.

Now, Mr. Worker, you just hitch your religion to good old Mother Earth and the comforts of your family and your prayers to Direct Action, and we will turn this old machine running in the opposite direction, and we will make workers of the bosses for awhile and see how they like it. Just tumble him from your back and the stunt is complete. Remember *Might is Right* and you have both in your own hands. Labor is the greatest power on earth. When the workers understand one another and can come to this common understanding: that every working man's interest is the same, that there is a common grievance and the slaves are the only ones who can adjust it, and that they have to thresh it out themselves or be

slaves all their lives. Now, you working stiffs I want you to cease being the gladiators for the cruel amusement of the Masters. Be men, trample the hellish blacklist under your feet. Stand up for more money and shorter hours and better living conditions in general.

And, you would-be strikebreakers, stay away from Merryville, where 1,300 as brave Rebels as ever lived are facing the machine guns fearlessly and demanding their American RIGHTS. Remember, we have two machine guns trained on the Plunderbunds and they are more dangerous to Capitalism than those at Merryville are to us. Our first battery is located in Alexandria, and it is loaded to the gunwales for the bosses—we call it The Lumberjack. The second battery is located in Spokane, Washington, and its range is 12,000 miles. We call it the Industrial Worker, and we are going to expect every slave in the land to help hustle ammunition for these batteries. And, if you will all lend a hand, we will put the boss over the back fence in 24 hours.

Come on, all you Rebs! Down with peonage! Down with the blacklist! Down with the company quack! Down with the Robbers! Down with the man-killing hours and up with the slaves' wages!

Organize! Organize!! Organize!!! On with the ONE BIG UNION.

CLARENCE EDWARDS.

CLASS WAR AT MERRYVILLE.

The latest news from Merryville, received noon Wednesday, Feb. 12, is to the effect that all active union men have been run out of town by an armed mob of gun men, numbering about 100, led by one P. J. Coggins, chief strike breaker for the Santa Fe Railroad, and Superintendent George Wilson, of the American Lumber Co.

Ever since last Sunday this mob has been, according to all accounts, even from the Lumber Trust papers, in full possession of the town, and have been running it in the most approved Highbinder fashion, their courage being kept up at fever heat, it seems, by liberal libations of prohibition booze.

Men, born and raised in Louisiana, have been beaten, shot, and hunted out of town as though they were wild beasts. The Union's hall was raided and its sign torn down. All houses of Union men and sympathizers were searched, and without warrant of law by the agents of the class that has, on top of such deeds, the brazen infamy to accuse us of "lawlessness." Our women fellow workers were driven away from the soup kitchens, the only place where hungry children could be fed, at the point of guns, and the kitchen was wrecked.

The Trust papers reported, and contradicted it in the same article, that the mob had killed from two to four men, three negroes and one white, which report we have been so far unable to confirm. If it is true, however, that the men were killed, the conflicting reports in the Trust papers can be easily understood—it is an effort to hide the assassinations in order to keep from frightening nigger scabs away from Merryville. During all this saturnalia of violence at Merryville, the District Court was in session at DeRidder, and Sheriff W. A. Martin, according to Trust papers again, had a large force of deputies in Merryville, whose main duties, it would seem, was to see that no harm came to the heroes of the Santa Fe Railroad, as the only men we have ever heard of being arrested and jailed were Union men, this on the ground, it is said, that, if the Union men had not committed any violence they should have done so in order to justify the savagery of the "Law and Order League."

Damning our Western organizers as "Yankee tramps," calling Fellow Worker Filigno as a "damn dago from the Northwest," cursing our women fellow workers on picket line as "worse than prostitutes," denouncing the Union as a "Redbone bunch that ought to be wiped out," beating and shooting up our Negro fellow workers, the imported Carpetbaggers and Scalawags in the employ of the American Lumber Co., with the cry of "white supremacy" on their lips are filling up the bullpens of Merryville with the lowest class of nigger scabs and placing on the blacklist, to be hunted from homes and State, white and colored men whose only crime is that they struck to maintain a right older than organized society itself—the right to bear witness without being punished therefor. That is, the strike at Merryville was brought on by an order of the Santa Fe Railroad, a British Plunderbund, to its subsidiary concern, the American Lumber Co., not to allow anyone who was in any way connected with the DEFENSE in the Grabow trial, even as WITNESSES, to return to work there. It is to uphold this infamous order of the Santa Fe R. R. that the saturnalia of "patriotic" violence has been let loose on the Union men of Merryville. We certainly have some patriots in this land of "equal rights to all and special privileges to none"—patriots to a British Plunderbund. How the acts of these "heroes" of the Santa Fe must please the shades of the heroes who fought with Putnam at Bunker Hill under the Blood Red Banner.

But Judge Overton is presiding over the Court at DeRidder and, as it was his order the Santa Fe trampled under foot we are confident somebody will soon be up for "contempt of court," if for nothing else. But, imprisoning men does not interest us in the least. What we want to see is the skirmish at Merryville turned into a Waterloo for the British Dukes and American Princes who claim to own the Santa Fe and its allied Plunderbund. That this will soon happen, we have every right to expect, for all history bears witness to this: When a ruling class begins to depend on starvation and violence to maintain its order, its destiny is finished, its record is writ, POWER has passed from it and none but the basest will bear arms in its defense. And so, like a drunken, blood-stained beast, Capitalism is staggering to its fated doom, torturing, outraging, slugging, man-hunting, mother-wrecking, child-murdering, to the end.

The ONE BIG UNION, the INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY, the day of HUMANITY is at hand. The

sun of freedom is bursting through the clouds of slavery at last.

Brother, behold! the dawn is here! "Stand up and see how long a shadow you can cast in the sunlight!"

ITA EST

"Get off the fence; you must be on one side of the other, or you will be hated by both when the big battle comes."—Inland Empire Echo.

Silver mounted burglar tools are needful for breaking into society.

A soft answer has no effect on the wolf at the door. The Courts are their own indictment.—The Coming Nation.

One skirmish does not win a battle, nor one battle the war.

The day of the dog-eat-dog unionism is rapidly coming to an end; Solidarity is gaining daily.

"If one would improve oneself one must needs have a better model than self; get out to the meetings and either sharpen others or sharpen up."—Printing Trade News.

A definition: "Anarchy: Absence of government; the mutual co-operation of men for the production and distribution of knowledge and the means of life."—Pрудhon, "The Father of anarchy."

Irene: "Do all good people go to heaven?"

Mildred: "No—only the dead ones."—Columbia Jester.

"ON WITH THE FIGHT!"

Hearties greetings to Merryville strikers and most earnest wishes for their success in their great struggle against inhuman blacklisting. Every worker in the land who is true to his class will back you up loyally to the end. Public sentiment is with you. The worker who deserts you now, or allows himself to be used against you in your fight for justice is a traitor to his class and an enemy to humanity. There is but one way to reach the goal—that is to stand together and not allow yourselves to be divided. "United you stand; divided you fall." Let your motto be "One for all and all for one." It behooves every laboring man and woman to measure their full stature in this fight, as each surely will do what is worthy of the badge of unionism. Be not dumb driven cattle—be heroes in the strife, and surely your footprints will be left on the sands of time.

RUBY IDOM.

Calvin, La.

SALINAS DEPORTED.

News comes from Tampa, Florida, that the exceedingly lawabiding gang that runs that tobacco worker skinnery has succeeded in having Fellow Worker Salinas, editor of "El Obrero Industrial," deported to Cuba under the just and righteous "alien anarchist law." It was under this same law that Mylius, an English republican, was deported a few weeks ago as an "undesirable," because it was alleged that he had libeled King George the Fifth, of Great Britain, Ireland and America, Emperor of India, Czar of Africa and Akoonid of Australasia, dontcher know.

We often wonder what the spirits of Andy Jackson and Abe Lincoln think of their muttonheaded successors, anyhow.

However, Salinas can fight capitalism as effectually in Cuba as in Florida, perhaps more so if half the news coming from there is true.

Everywhere, from all corners of the earth, daily and hourly, comes news of the Democracy in revolt; everywhere the race is in rebellion; everywhere the spirit of unrest is abroad; everywhere the "common people," who "heard him gladly," are demanding the society foretold by the rebel Carpenter of Nazareth demanding the earth. "The Lord God gave to Adam and His children forever."

And this World Wide Rebellion, having back of it the Holy Spirit of Truth and Freedom, the insane Capitalist Class is trying to shoot and jail into submission! Verily, verily "whom the Gods would destroy they first make mad."

WE MUST WIN, EVERY MAN, EVERY WOMAN, TO THEIR DUTY.

A year has passed, the year of nineteen hundred and twelve. What a glorious and triumphant year for our organization! A year of struggle, of heroic efforts, sacrifices and glorious triumphs.

Lawrence, Lowell to begin with, Little Falls to crown it all. During the year we met the strongest forces the opposition could muster against us and the scalps are on our belt. The red banner floats high and free. Not only did we show our ability and defeat the enemy in open conflict, on the fields of exploitation, but we accepted the challenge of the enemy, went into their courts and held up the ideals of our organization and our class, triumphant not only in the South with the liberation of Fellow Worker Emerson and his brave and energetic companions at labor, but we climaxed our efforts in cultured New England with the acquittal of myself and companions.

All these victorious results were due to our open hand and clear visioned efforts and not to any devious and dark ways of barter and compromise.

Emerson and his companions, my companions and myself, owe our our liberty and life to the solidarity and efforts

of Industrial Unionists and to those whom you rallied to ally themselves with you in the conflict against the common enemy, that is true not only of the court struggles but also of those in the open field of exploitation and class warfare. And to you all, for my part, I feel I must offer my thanks now, and "well done," as well as assurance and pledge (in spite of the reports emanating from capitalist sources to the effect that I propose to cease in my efforts) that there will be no rest or abatement on my part in the work of agitation and organization until the Red Flag floats defiantly and free to the breeze over free workshops the world over.

The year 1913 from present indications promises to be no less fruitful in efforts on the part of the workers to better their conditions and wage the struggle against the capitalists, if anything still more bravely and intelligently than ever, and from the present outlook and indications, it is certain to be a year of great discontent and effort and it devolves upon all fellowworkers to see that the efforts and hopes of our class are successful and realized.

But it is incumbent to win the fight from the start. The fights now on hand, whether in the fields of open conflict with economic masters or in their courts, must be fought and won.

From Little Falls, N. Y., comes the plea from fourteen of our fellow workers for Solidarity. They are sending out the call to us, "What do you say?"

The struggle in Little Falls is not so great, nor as dramatic, it is true, as that in Lawrence, but it is no less important, for identically the same principle was involved there as in Massachusetts. The fellow workers now in jail with their liberties threatened, are accused most falsely of acts committed during a police created riot. They were the active workers, the soul and life of the struggle raging against the masters. They were arrested and held as hostages. Their enemies know even better than we, their friends, that Legere and his companions are held on trumped-up charges. They have been held as hostages; during the conflict charges of violence were lodged against them. Capitalist political agents are too hypocritical to admit that the boys were merely put out of the way. They arrested, accused and indicted them, and now they must "make good" in order to save their faces and the "dignity" of the courts, and they will leave no stone unturned to the end of making our fellow workers pay with years of imprisonment for their loyalty to their class that their sufferings in prison may balm the wounds and sores the millionaires suffered from the resistance on the part of the Little Falls textile workers.

In every way the situation in Little Falls is an exact replica of Lawrence, the only difference being, there is no electric chair looming up, only because the masters' agents failed in their fury to murder some worker. We won in Massachusetts at every point of the conflict; we have won one point in Little Falls; we must now win completely and certain. We must strive and not rest satisfied till Legere and his fellow prisoners are given back to us in the struggle for freedom and to the love of the ones dear to them.

What shall our answer be? At once call your local together. All live energetic men on the job, raise funds any way you can and send it on; raise hell in protest meetings gathered to serve on capitalists' agents that active workers shall not be labeled criminals.

Every Local, every member, urge on all sympathizers and friends to write a letter each to Gov. Wm. Sulzer, Albany, N. Y., to the Justice of Herkimer County, and to the District Attorney, Herkimer, N. Y., prosecuting the case. Tell them in no uncertain terms that you know their "game" and that you demand a fair trial with no packed jury for our fellow workers and that if there is any outrage committed on our fellow workers we will hold the authorities morally and personally responsible and their names and black deeds denounced to the workers everywhere.

Let's be up and doing, fellow workers! We must win at Little Falls. Let that be our cry.

Sincerely yours,

JOS. J. ETTOR.

Tacoma, Wash., Feb. 11, 1913.

TO THE CAPITALISTS.

(By Rudyard Kipling.)

We have fed you all for a thousand years,
And you hail us still unfed,
Though there is never a dollar of your wealth,
But marks the workers dead.

We have yielded our best to give you rest,
And you lie on the crimson wool,
For, if blood be the price of all your wealth,
Great God, we ha' paid it in full.

There is never a mine blown skyward now
But we're buried alive for you;
There is never a wreck drifts shoreward now
But we are its ghastly crew.

Go reckon our dead by the forges red,
And the factories where we spin;
If blood be the price of your cursed wealth,
Great God, we ha' paid it in full.

We have fed you all for a thousand years,
For that was our doom, you know;
From the day you chained us in your fields,
To the strike of a year ago.

You ha' eaten our lives and our babies' and wives',
And we're told its your legal share;
But if blood be the price of your lawful wealth,
Great God, we ha' bought it fair.

(Continued From Page One.)

'No Violence'

A special to the Lake Charles Times of yesterday says:

Merryville, La., Feb. 18.—Following the action of the citizens' committee of Merryville in giving four agitators hours to leave town yesterday, the union headquarters were very quietly visited this morning shortly after 11:30 o'clock, the effects of the Brotherhood of Timber Workers being gotten together and carefully packed and shipped to DeRidder, with the message that the business men and citizens of that place did not propose to stand for any more labor disturbances, intimidation of men and coercion in an effort to shut down the plant of the big American Lumber Co., which refuses to unionize its forces by recognizing the Brotherhood.

H. O. Lawrence and John Hill, two men who have recently appeared in Merryville, were told to leave town immediately and not to return. Lawrence has been conducting the soup kitchen which the strikers have been maintaining here in a tent for a number of months. There was no violence. The thirty or forty men who took part in the movement were the leading citizens of Merryville. They acted quietly and orderly, but firmly, and with a fixed determination to put a stop to the conditions which have demoralized business in that section for a number of months. Every piece of the tent and all the contents were carefully handled and not a nickel's worth of damage done. When the staff was gotten together it was billed to its owner at DeRidder, where Hill and Lawrence are reported to have gone.

All is quiet in Merryville at this hour (2 o'clock) and it is not believed that there will be any more disturbances. About three hundred strikers still remain at Merryville, but the majority of these are said to be negroes who have been living at the soup kitchen, where they were served each day without cost to them.

None of the deputy sheriffs nor any of the guards at Merryville took part in the proceedings this morning. The entering of the Brotherhood of Timber Workers' quarters and the removing of the effects of the union was done as quietly as if the actors were pall-bearers.

(They were,—pall-bearers of capitalist society.—Ed.)

Intense feeling is said to exist at DeRidder. The men who were made to leave Merryville Sunday have appeared in DeRidder and are working up some sympathy. More than two hundred union men who were employed at the big Ludington mill, which recently closed down, have moved into DeRidder. It is said that a big union meeting will be held in DeRidder tonight or tomorrow.

Arthur Emerson, the president of the Brotherhood of Timber Workers, is not in this section now. It is not believed that he will return.

The above "special to the Lake Charles Times" is taken from the Alexandria "Town Talk" of February 19th. We publish same in full just to show that the "Citizens (?) Committee" of Merryville has not even brains enough to polish off its lies before they were given to the world. "The effects of the Brotherhood of Timber Workers" were not "shipped to DeRidder" until someone in Merryville got sober enuf to partially realize that not even the "leading citizens of Merryville" could enter on a saturnalia of lawlessness without giving an account of themselves, hence their clumsy excuses now offered in sheets that are forever against the working class. If there has been any "intimidation and coercion" of the American Lumber Company's miserable scabs it has been by "their (?) guards," not by the Union, as the "Citizens (?) Committee" well knows, as it well knows that John Hill is no "recent" arrival in Merryville; that he has lived there, respected by all who have known him, white and colored, nearly ever since the town was built, which we leave to Sam Park himself and

challenge him to deny. It is not true that "not a nickel's worth of damage was done" to our property and, at last reports, our local minute book was still being held by some one in Merryville. How "leading citizens" expect to so grossly violate their own law of property as regards others and then expect others to respect their property is beyond a sane man to imagine. But the imported citizens are wonders in more respects than one, and so is their master, the Santa Fe Railroad.

Of course, there was "no violence"—John Hill and all others simply left their homes (?) because they wanted to. But we are glad to hear that the "deputy sheriffs" took no part in this violation of all law—that they just stood ready armed to see that no harm came to the "leading citizens" who were setting such a splendid example of respect for "holy property rights" to the "lawless" working class. Gentlemen, it is a damn good thing for you that the workers are not one-half as "lawless" as you are, for you would be in overalls, doing honest labor, in less than thirty days were you not lying.

And there "is no peonage in Merryville." O, no; they simply destroyed our kitchen to give our colored fellow workers the option of starving to death or going back into the mills as scabs. That is all there is to it, folks say the "leading citizens," and "leading citizens," like gentlemen, can do no wrong.

And, so, "all is quiet in Merryville?" and "the business men and citizens of that place do not intend to stand for any more labor disturbances?" You just expect the lumberjacks to lie down and be skinned and starve in peace? You have said to a world-wide revolt, "Be still," and, of course, that ends it all. The day is not far distant when your gang will be at the Union's back door begging for a handout, and the British Plunderbund is going to send you there. Mark this well. It is no prophesy. It has happened to such as you scores on scores of times. Arthur Emerson—you do not "believe" he "will return?" Who gave you this information? The detectives you have hanging round his home, where he is still ill from your infamous imprisonment, and who are trying to hound him to death? And you expect to blacklist him and all of us out of our native State? Well, the men Arthur Emerson almost wrecked himself to free, deserve to be made tramps and outcasts if they love him and their own families so little as to let you drive them out of the land their fathers won from swamp and jungle. And lastly, there are several hundreds of us "Redbones" who have made up our minds not to be evicted from Louisiana.

ALL WORKERS, ATTENTION.

We hereby warn you to stay away from Merryville, Louisiana, until you receive the Union's Official Notice that the strike there has been won, as it shall be. We also again warn you not to believe a word about the strike or conditions in Merryville which you may read in the daily papers, or any other source of misinformation controlled by the Assassinbund.

JOIN The National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers

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

REMEMBER
Organization is Power
Might is Right.

A BARGAIN.

"The Lumberjack" and "The Industrial Worker" BOTH for \$1.50 a year. Or "The Lumberjack," "The Industrial Worker" and "Solidarity," all three, for \$2.25 per year.

THE THREE GREATEST LABOR PAPERS PUBLISHED IN AMERICA.
Keep Posted on Labor's Fight for Liberty.

BEAUMONT STREET CAR STRIKE.

On Saturday, the 8th, 54 motormen and conductors wen on strike, tired of being exploited and forced to exist on starvation wages; strike vote was unanimous.

Previous to taking the vote the men put forth every effort to arbitrate, but the Company's reply was that they were not running charitable institutions," and that any man who did not like the job could quit, as the Company did not owe any man a job."

The system was tied up from Saturday, 8th, to 10th. On the 9th 52 scabs were shipped from St. Louis, posing as homeseekers bound for New Orleans. The scabs started the cars Monday, 10th, but the public is against the Company and thousands are wearing "I walk" badges. Some of the business houses are hauling their employes in wagons. Only about six cars are running and absolutely no violence has been committed by the strikers. The men are all standing solid and are confident of winning. John Ringer, the President and G. E. B. member, Ben Commons, are in charge of the strike."

The above report was received from Beaumont today. Let all workers, regardless of affiliation, back the Beaumont street carmen, boys who have always backed their class. Let's all win a fall together. "On with the fight."

FIVE DOLLARS A WEEK.

By Herbert Kauffman.

Thus is it down on Beelzebub's books: "August the seventeenth—Isabel Brooks;

Blonde, splendid figure; big violet eyes; Dimples; fair coloring; feet of small size;

Home in the country; her parents quite poor;

Character excellent; morals still pure; Came to the city today and found work; Wages five dollars; department store clerk."

Wages five dollars! To last seven days! Three for a miserable hall-room she pays;

Two nickels daily the street car receives;

One dollar forty for eating that leaves. One-forty has such a long ways to reach. Twenty-one banquets at seven cents each.

There! Every penny of wage has been spent—

Squandered for feasting and riding and rent.

Spendthrift. She doesn't remember life's ills.

How in the world will she pay doctor's bills?

What if she's furloughed (there's always a chance).

Isabel ought to save up in advance.

Hold! We've not mentioned her clothes, she must wear—

Dresses, hats, shoes, stockings, ribbons for hair—

How did she get them? Suppose that we stop;

Perhaps it's well if we let the thing drop.

You good mathematicians may figure it out.

—"The Melting Pot."

PERISH PATIENCE!

"For when a poor man's son needs, it must be said,

Become a convict to obtain his bread;

When a poor man's daughter, to obtain a crust,

Must fall a victim to a rich man's lust—

Then perish patience!

Let red Nemesis seize the hellish clan,
And chaos end the slavery of man!"

—Shelley.

WE MAY BE

We may be all that even John Henry Kitchy's moccasin tongue has charged to us, we I. W. W.'s, but not even our enemies have ever charged us with bulldozing women, with making war on children—it remained for the gentlemen who can do no wrong, who are above all law, to achieve that distinction in the "Chivalrous South." This they did, while all over the nation I. W. W. men and women are in jails because they heard the cry of the children in their race-murder pens of capitalism and went to their rescue.

CONVENTION CALL!

TO ALL SECRETARIES AND MEMBERS.

Fellow Workers:—The Second Annual Convention of The National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers is hereby called to convene in the hal of the Southern District at Alexandria, Louisiana, on

Monday, May 19th, 1913

All Local Unions are requested to immediately begin making preparations for the Convention, to see that all old members are paid up and as many new members as possible initiated, in order that they may all be represented by a full quota of Delegates.

Speakers of International reputation will attend and address the Convention, which promises to be the greatest ever assembled by the Lumberjacks of North America.

By order of the General Executive Board.

FRANK R. SCHLEIS, Secretary.

Western District.

JAY SMITH, Secretary,

Southern District.

National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers, I. W. W.

Organization is Power

The I. W. W. Preamble

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people, and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid in employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the everyday struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

TO ALL MEMBERS.

Pay no money to any one for Dues or Assessments unless a stamp is placed on your membership book therefor. The stamp is your only receipt for Dues and Assessments, and your only evidence that you are a member of the Union. Unless your book is correctly stamped up to date, you will not be recognized as a Union member, either in the Southern or Western District. All Local Secretaries have, or should have, on hand a supply of stamps. Insist that your book be stamped for every time you pay or have paid your Dues and Assessments. A book is the only evidence you have paid your Initiation fee.

This notice is issued because the General Organization and its Local Unions have lost hundreds of dollars thru the members failing to insist that Secretaries place dues and assessment stamps in their book at the time payment was made. Cease this loose method. Demand a book when you pay your Initiation fee and a stamp every time you pay Dues and Assessments.

N. I. U. of F. & L. W.,

By Jay Smith,

Secty. Southern District.

What's the Good of Having a Watch If It Does Not Keep Time?

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Watch Inspector St. L. I. M. & S. Ry.

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