

THE NIGHT IS ALREADY TOO LONG!

DEATH TO PEONAGE!
Free Ships, Free Farms, Free Forests, Free Workshops the World Over!
FELLOWWORKERS! UNITED WE STAND, DIVIDED WE FALL!

DOWN WITH TENANTRY!

Organization ★ Is Power

MUERTE A LA EXCLAVITUD!
Vrposes Libres, Tierras Libres, Bosques Libres, Talleres Mundo Entero
Trabajadores! La Union Es La Fuerza, Y Divididos Es La Devilidad!

THE LUMBERJACK

"AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL."

VOLUME I "MIGHT IS RIGHT" NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1913 "TRUTH CONQUERS" NUMBER 27



Under The Reign of "Law and Order."

Marine Transport Workers Strike Still Unbroken.

SOLIDARITY OF UNITED UNIONS UNSHAKEN.

Fruit Trust Officers In New Orleans Said To Be Standing In Way of Settlement.

Max Ausland Killed Early Tuesday Morning by Philip Ferraro, Bartender In a Nigger Saloon.

"White Supremacy" Press, As Usual, Lays Blame on Unionists.

Ferraro Released on \$2500 Bond and Fellow-workers Williams Anderson, Robert Hopkins, Joseph Herne and John Johnson Failing To Give \$250 Bond, Are Sent To Prison Under Charges of "Shooting At With Intent To Commit Murder."

Crews of Steamships Parismina and Turrialba Released From Prison. Nothing Against Them.

APPEAL OF UNITED SEAMEN'S DEFENSE LEAGUE.

Forty-three members of the United Unions are in jail charged with "inciting to riot;" three of them under additional charges of "carrying concealed weapons" and one, Fellow-worker Frank Prego, charged with "shooting at with intent to kill." All the wounded and imprisoned men are your brothers, and are held by the master class to be punished for loyalty to you, the workers.

They must be defended by any and every means. We appeal to you to immediately rush funds to Secretary G. Perez, at 307 N. Peters street, New Orleans, La., to aid in the defense.

Yours for the solidarity of the working class.

THE UNITED SEAMEN'S UNIONS OF THE PORT OF NEW ORLEANS.

Lumber Trust War.

Lumber Workers Defense Fund.

To all members and sympathizers of Union Labor:

Fellow-worker James Donovan was shot through the head at Bonner on June 17th, while on picket duty and now lies at the hospital unconscious and at the point of death. The five pickets, Davenport, Ford, Tellyer, Parish and Campbell were with him and were arrested and an attempt is being made to fasten the blame of this affair on them. But as Donovan was shot on the left side and the company lumber yard fence was on that side, it is far more probable that he was shot by a gunman on the inside of the fence.

An attempt will be made to railroad these men and it is up to us to prevent this. It is absolutely necessary to have funds for the legal defense of these men.

STRIKE COMMITTEE, Box 912, Missoula, Mont.

Re The Lumberjack

Address is changed to 335 Carondelet street, New Orleans, La., from this issue. Please send all mail and money for subs. and donations to above address. Exchanges please note.

All locals owing for bundles are requested to rush remittances at once or this may be the last issue of us.

Yours to win. C. H.

Ball Woodsmen Strike

All woodsmen at Ballfront, about 60 men are out. No logs in woods or at mill, which has forced out about 400 men. Warn all woodsmen to keep would-be strike-breakers away. Boys demanded a two weeks' pay day which was refused there and at Pollock, which is out solid; mill, woods and all.

J. WILLIAMSON.

Pollock Strike

Alexandria, La., July 5, 1913.

At last the strike is on at Pollock, La. The company looked for the strike to be called next Monday; instead the boys called it to-day by unanimous vote. The company refused to give

the two weeks' pay day; the result was a strike! Be sure and tell all the rebels at New Orleans. Tell them to picket the employment offices. I am notifying the workers at St. Louis and Little Rock to picket the employment offices.

Yours to win, JAY SMITH, Secretary, Southern District.

Gaines Held Incommunicado

Merryville, La., July 1, 1913.

In regards to the man in Lake Charles jail; on the 13 of June, I. Gaines, a colored fellow-worker was arrested here; kept in this cooler until Monday 16th when taken to De Ridder; kept there three or four days; and sent to Lake Charles. All this time no one was allowed to see him. He is said to be charged with throwing dynamite into the negro quarters of the Bullpen. The fellow-worker was sick in bed when that affair is said to have happened, and has good witnesses to prove it.

S. S. 44.

Puget Sound Strike Off

Seattle, July 3, 1913.

Fellow-workers—At a special mass meeting for the occasion it has been voted to call off the strike of the loggers

and lumber workers of the Puget Sound region. This action was taken in view of the fact that with the limited amount of men remaining to do picket duty, etc., it was impossible to take care of the vast territory which was in the strike zone. This dwindling away of men who are on strike to other regions is one of the most serious drawbacks there is to strikes of migratory workers of the West.

We have, however, succeeded in doing a greater amount of agitation for the eight-hour day and better conditions in camps during the months that the strike was on, than would have been done in a year under ordinary conditions. The men will return with a determination to perfect the organization, while this strike in itself will do much to better the general conditions, etc. We have not been as successful as we would have liked to have been in this first skirmish, but then one battle lost does not mean the fight is over. We are on the battle line fighting harder than ever with our whole organization intact.

With best wishes, I am Yours for Industrial Freedom.

FRANK R. SCHLEIS, Secty.

Continued on Page 4.

HUMANE FRUIT TRUST.

It is reported that the United Fruit Company will make a rule not to let people who are seeing off their friends on outgoing ships go aboard in the future.

"That's wise. When you are parting from those you may never see again, it ought to be done in private."

KILLING OF AUSLAND

About midnight Tuesday morning the third Seaman to die in the fight on the United Fruit Trust for a living wage was killed near the corner of S. Peters street and Howard avenue. He was Max Ausland, a fireman. He was killed by Philip Ferraro, bartender of a nigger saloon on the river front.

The "White Supremacy" press states that the boys were chasing some black men they took to be nigger seabs; that the supposed seabs ran into the dive and implored Ferraro to "protect them;" this the "White Supremacists" say the "hero" (who looks like a cross between a black hand and a lumber trust gunman),

did by killing Ausland and wounding William Anderson. Ferraro, according to the "White Supremacy" press, did all his shooting in "self-defense," from, says the "States," "an aperture over his door." Further on it says: "The bullet which killed Ausland entered the left side of the back under the shoulder blade, and passed through the heart. Death was instantaneous."

As Ferraro's dive is on S. Peters street, about the middle of the block, as Ausland's body was found around the corner about 50 feet up Howard avenue, his death being "instantaneous," we would like to know how Ferraro shot him from the dive?

Again, how was it possible for Ferraro to shoot Ausland in the "back" when, according to his own statement, he fired on the boys only when they persisted in their attack on his gate? Here, according to the "Item," is Ferraro's own statement.

Says the "Item":

"Ferraro Makes Statement."

"My father and I were checking up the register about midnight Monday,

Continued on Page 4.

HELP PATERSON STRIKERS, NOW, TO-DAY!

THE LUMBERJACK

Education
Organization
Emancipation



Freedom in
Industrial
Democracy

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SUBSCRIBE TO THE LUMBERJACK.

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 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 capitalism, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society with the shell of the old.

SUBSCRIBE TO THE LUMBERJACK.

PREAMBULO DE LOS TRABAJADORES INDUSTRIALES DEL MUNDO.

La clase trabajadora y la clase patronal no tienen nada en común. No puede haber paz mientras el hambre y la necesidad sea sentida por millones de trabajadores, en tanto que unos pocos que componen la clase patronal disfruten de todas las delicias de la vida.

Entre esas dos clases habrá lucha hasta que los trabajadores del mundo se organicen como una clase, tomen posesión de la tierra y la maquinaria de producción y abulan el sistema de salario.

La centralización de la dirección de las industrias en las manos de unos pocos cada vez menos, imposibilita a las Uniones de oficios para luchar victoriosamente con el siempre creciente poder de la clase capitalista, porque las Uniones de oficios han creado una situación que empuja a un grupo de trabajadores de la misma industria, ayudando así al común enemigo para ser derrotados en las luchas del salario. Mas todavía, las Uniones de oficios ayudan a la clase patronal induciendo a los trabajadores a creer que sus intereses son los mismos de sus patronos.

Estas pesimas condiciones pueden ser cambiadas si el interes de la clase trabajadora se une en una Organización formada de tal modo que todos sus miembros en cualquiera industria, o en todas las industrias si es necesario, cesen de trabajar solidarizandose con sus companeros de cualquier departamento, haciendo así: "la injuria hecha a uno, la injuria hecha a todos." En lugar del lema conservador: "un buen salario por un buen día de trabajo," nosotros debemos inscribir en nuestro Estandarte nuestra divisa revolucionaria: "Abolición del sistema de salarios."

Es la misión histórica de la clase trabajadora, hacer desaparecer el capitalismo; el ejército de productores debe ser organizado no únicamente para la lucha diaria con el capitalismo, sino para regularizar la producción cuando este haya sido derribado. Organizándonos industrialmente, formaremos la estructura de la nueva sociedad, dentro del cascarón de la vieja. mos la estructura de la nueva sociedad, dentro del cascarón de la vieja.

Conociendo por tanto, que tal organización es absolutamente necesaria para nuestra emancipación, nos unimos bajo una verdadera Organización:

"EL OBRERO TIENE DERECHO AL PRODUCTO INTEGRO DE SU TRABAJO."

EDITORIALS

"LOOK-A-HERE, LUMBERJACK!"

"Look-a-here, Lumberjack! If you like this paper, don't be stingy. Thousands of other timber workers haven't subscribed simply because they don't know we're here. We have hundreds of names of workers to whom a sample copy of The Lumberjack should go, but no funds to send out the papers. Kick into our "Sample Fund" and every dime will reach ten workers and make them rebels to help whip the Sawdust Ring.

ITA EST.

It has been said that "A good Indian is a dead Indian." That is a lie, for some of the finest men The Lumberjack has ever known are Indians or men with Indian blood in their veins. But the saying reminds us that a good gunman and a good detective is—"O buddy I am longing for the Spring!"

There are "good" men who are Bosses, but mankind never saw and never will see a "good Boss."

"The Militant Minority". An ever-changing body within the social organism whose presence cannot be denied, but whose functions carried to the extreme claimed by its devotees simply means that the ancient Greek idea of the rulership of the Aristocracy is the logical and correct form of social organization.

Sneer at it, ye who will, but the Democracy is the ONLY hope of the world. Only when the mass of mankind are fired with the spirit of freedom, only then will be INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY be a possibility. Only then, and not until then, will the race move forward out of the slums to the lost city of Quivera.

There are two great NECESSITIES around which the race evolves—the necessity to live and the necessity to love. The first involves man's right to food, clothing and shelter, without which he cannot love; the second involves the life of the race itself, all that lifts it above the plane of brute existence. Man, therefore, self-immolates himself when he does not destroy that which interferes with his predestined necessity. Capitalism is the arch-enemy of LIFE and LOVE.

The STATE and the UNION are natural enemies. The first is a CLASS organization, the second a SOCIAL. The first is based on PROPERTY, the second on MAN. Within the confines of the STATE there can never be COMMONWEALTH.

Stockade the world, O my Masters, if you will, but WHEREVER GOES THE WORKING CLASS, THERE GOES THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION!

I REPEAT: TRUTH CONQUERS, MIGHT IS RIGHT. ORGANIZATION IS POWER, ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY.

"THE BONEHEAD'S PRAYER."

By W. M. WITT.

Written for The Lumberjack. All papers are at liberty to copy, for like salvation, it's FREE.

PRAYER:

Lord and Master, President of the nefarious Sawmill Operators' Association and chief ram-rod for the "Sawdust Ring." We do humbly bow at thy sacred feet.

We have assembled this beautiful evening to render thanks unto thee for the multitude of blessings showered upon us. Chief among these has been your ability to provide us with plenty of work. This thou hast done, and we believe will be so long as it conserves thy interest.

But Master we live in mortal dread that something might sometime happen to prevent thee from furnishing us with regular employment. In that event we would speedily pass away, our demise being due to the lack of physical nourishment.

Blessed Master we need constant work, because you know we never read or think, and when physical action is suspended we are at a loss to know what to do with ourselves, or how to pass the time away. For that reason we employ thee to give us eternal work.

Master some people have told us that just because we work and produce all things, that we are entitled to the full products of our labor. But, that cannot be true, for such was never the case.

And again, Master, your constituents have told us repeatedly that these people who dare assert that a man should enjoy the fruits of his labor, that they are mere agitators who seek to spread discontent and mar the serenity which now prevades "Our Republic." This we believe Master and always will.

Master it is most gratifying to us to know that at all thy industrial institutions thou hast scattered around men to guard us. These are noble men, but they are known as gunmen by the discontented workers who, of course, always constitute the "lawless element." We think these gunmen the very highest type of true manhood. They PROTECT us. Occasionally they may prevent some raving discontented mortal from coming around and telling us that if we want more pay we will first have to organize and then ask for it. Or some fool thing like that.

Master thou knowest the things that we have need of. You know what you are able to pay us, and for us to ask thee for any more, that would be the very essence of audacity. And under no circumstances will we ever quit our job, for that would be the equivalent of suicide. Rest assured, Gentle Master, that we will never be guilty of pulling off any such rash stunts as that. This we guarantee.

Gracious Master we feel very grateful, that by conforming to all thy rules an regulations that we are permitted to abide upon thy property. Unfortunately we are not by nature fitted to dwell in the air or out upon the waters, so while our feet are allowed to remain upon the soil, our gratitude is boundless. Master we may at times fall short of what is called "efficiency," but we feel certain that you can never accuse us of ingratitude, that lowest trait in the human makeup.

We thank thee for the roof over our heads protecting us from sunshine and rain, and for wages enough to partially clothe and feed our families. Merciful Master we would offer special thanks for thy

fore-thought in providing us with doctors, who will sell us pills when we are sick and bind our limbs when they are sawed off or cut up. This act of thine in surrounding us with an abundance of medical skill is by many of the workers recognized to be the very acme of exploitment perfection. But, we think it should be defined as true Christianity, because such a lofty thought would never invade the mind of any one except they be a follower of the lowly Nazarene.

Master it is utterly impossible for us to render unto thee all the chanks due thee. Words fail us. The English language is inadequate. Without thee we would surely perish. Without thy colossal brain and restraining hand, what would we do? You stand between us and a prodigal life. For if we had access to even half the things we produce we might be a little extravagant and live too well. But as it is now, and always has been, we are compelled to practice the strictest economy and thereby live frugal and temperate lives. We consider this an immeasurable blessing. Master thou knowest that when it comes to intelligence that we are just a little removed from the horse, but what we lack in intellect, we, like the mule, can make up with instinct.

Master we have been told that all things come to those who wait, so if we lack any of the good things of life all we need to attain them is to just wait until th Egyptian pyramids reverse their position and rest upon their pointed ends.

But, Master, we are satisfied. The crumbs that fall from thy heavenly laden table will suffice to appease our hunger, and supply vitality sufficient for a lingering existence.

Blessed Master we would ask of thee just on little favor. It is in fear and trembling that we do so, but we would ask thee not to always hold us in scorn. We are dependent upon thee for every breath we draw. Yet sometimes we do feel just a little grieved to know that from thy exalted position we are viewed with the uttermost contempt.

Now gracious Master we will not weary thee with further thanks upon this blessed occasion, but now leave our destiny within the hollow of thy lily white hand feeling confident that you will do by us whatever in thy superior wisdom you may deem proper. Amen.

Young Brother "Brush Monkey" will now dismiss us by singing:
"Master, lover of my Toil,
Let me to thy workshop fly;
While my angry passions boil,
Work me harder till I die.
Work me, oh my Master, work me,
Till my time on earth is past;
Safe into some bullpen guide me,
O receive my bones at last.

THE "NIGGER SCAB."

A grave situation is rapidly developing in the South which all negroes who care at all for their race's advancement would do well to take note of and use all their powers against, and that is the using of the lowest types of their race, the niggers, as scabs in every struggle of the workers to better their condition. With every means at its command the I. W. W. has and is struggling to allay the antagonism of the races, to bring all the workers into ONE BIG UNION for the mutual protection and final freedom of all, but, if the negroes of the South lay down on the job and allow the niggers to continue to disgrace their race, no earthly power can prevent a disaster to their people.

In the name of Fellow-worker Gaines, who now lies in prison at Lake Charles, La., for loyalty to his class, and who must too, be defended, and in the name of the true and brave handful of negro workers, who have fought the good fight with us against the Lumber Trust, we, the I. W. W., appeal to the negro workers of the City of New Orleans to waken to their duty to their class and ostracise the nigger scabs of the United Fruit Company, until they will be glad to quit their dirty work.

Colored Fellow-workers! We appeal to you to awaken and to do your duty by your class!

TUCKER, UTAH STRIKE WON.

Fellow-worker:

Inclosed find \$1.00 for bundles of The Lumberjack. I just received a post-card from the Secretary of Local 69 stating that the Tucker, Utah, strike is settled and that they got 25 cents raise and better camp conditions, except one camp—the Doolen Brothers. He states that some of the crafts are talking of affiliating with us; namely, the Stone Cutters, Moulders and Granite Cutters. I am looking for some more news from strike committee soon.

Yours for the O. B. U.

H. C. SHERMAN, ...
Denver, Colo., June 30.

WE MUST.

By COVINGTON HALL.

From out their gloomy caverns, from their dungeons dank and cold,
The dead men rule the living and eternal empire hold;
Our fathers' bones forever weight our spirit's upward flight,
Their shrouds are held between us and the fullness of the light.

Across our yearning soul-sight, lo; the hand of Pluto rests,
And Javeth's heel still crushes out the flame within our breasts;
The word of Tamerlane and Torquemada still is law,
And cross and sword have power still the world to overawe.

The city by Potomac's chained to London's mouldy shrines,
And over all of London Rome's death-giving luster shines;
And back of Rome is Nineveh; and Semiramis sways,
Her sceptre blights the nations now as in the yesterdays.

The sinful eye of Solomon still casts its evil spell,
And Joseph has the power still to make of earth a hell;
The vampires, Calvin and Loyola, brood on Europe's breast,
The frown of werewolf Cortez falls athwart the glowing West.

Forever and forever, where the ark of freedom stands,
The dead men meet the living with their stern and harsh commands;
Forever and forever, on whatever soil we tread,
The army of the living fronts the army of the dead.

Forever and forever must truth's ever-seeking hosts,
Be ready to give battle to our sires' angry ghosts;
Forever and forever, on our onward upward march,
We must raze our father's tombstones and must break their temple's arch.

Help The Ipswich Strikers

Brothers and Comrades:

DO YOU KNOW that a strike for better wages has been on in Ipswich, Mass for the last nine weeks?

DO YOU KNOW that this is the first appeal that comes from the strikers?

Since April 22nd, we have struggled silently and unknown. WE CAN NOT HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER WITHOUT FINANCIAL AID.

DO YOU KNOW that while we were peacefully picketing on June 10, special police and detectives clubbed and shot many of us? One of our women was instantly killed by a police bullet in the head. Ten more men and girls are in the hospital from the brutal clubbing and bullet wounds.

DO YOU KNOW that the specials and detectives were instructed to "start something" so the unnecessary police could be maintained in Ipswich?

DO YOU KNOW that this police-made "riot" was used as an excuse to appropriate money for the police that same evening?

DO YOU KNOW that nineteen men and girls have been arrested and charged with murder and riot?

DO YOU KNOW that the murder charge was dropped after District Attorney Atwill gave his opinion in court that it was an officer that shot the woman? The riot charges still stand, which means five to ten years in the penitentiary.

DO YOU KNOW that free speech, public assemblage and peaceful picketing have been violently suppressed in Ipswich?

DO YOU KNOW that Judge Chas. Sayward handed down a decision that "that there was no such thing as peaceful picketing?"

DO YOU REALIZE that this is a direct blow at labor which will be used by other judges? When you yourselves go out on strike you will be deprived of the right to peacefully persuade strike-breakers from taking the bread out of the mouths of your wives and children.

DO YOU KNOW that for years we have been forced to work for wages averaging from \$2.00 to \$6.00 a week?

DO YOU KNOW that unless you help us get a better wage, in time you will be forced down to our level?

Through our strike committee we are appealing to you for immediate financial aid.

To keep our strike fund from being tied up by an injunction, we urge that you send all funds to:

IPSWICH DEFENSE LEAGUE,
P. O. Box 282, Ipswich, Mass.

THE IPSWICH STRIKE

Since the riot of June 10 pulled off by the town authorities in order to appropriate more police funds, the persecution of strikers has not abated. Parades were stopped, hall meetings suppressed, public assemblage prohibited and free speech was throttled in Ipswich. The only refuge where the strikers still meet is the Greek church-yard. Even here the meetings are threatened with violent suppression. Four speakers were arrested for addressing the strikers in the church-yard. Two of these were given three months each and the other two will soon know their fate. Fourteen strikers were bound over to the grand jury charged with riot, though no proof of violence from the side of the strikers was produced. None of the police were injured in their unwarranted charge upon the unsuspecting strikers in which one woman was killed and a score sent to the hospital with bullet and club wounds.

The millowners have served notices on the strikers to vacate the company houses. As the time has already passed a wholesale eviction is expected any day.

Certain "citizens" are organizing a "vigilant" squad to drive organizers and speakers out of town. Friendly speakers have been threatened on the streets and in jail after arrest. Reporters of radical papers have been barred from the court room. An editor of a Boston Socialist weekly was thrown out bodily.

Following this line of tactics, the town officials have passed by-laws against parades, public meetings and free speech in general. The last ordinance prohibits meetings in lots adjoining any street. This is aimed directly at the church meetings.

Judge Sayward has showed his opposition to the strikers. One speaker was forcibly dragged from the church yard without any warrant, was ordered not to speak again. His attorney was not allowed to see him in jail and even the chief used threatening language against him. The judge told this speaker that "it did not matter what he said, as all of his speech was interpreted menacing." The judge referred to the strikers in court as "fools" and "dupes," suspending sentences of a few with an injunction to keep away from the union. Before there was even a hearing on the charge of murder, the judge gave his opinion in court that Herman and Pingree were responsible for the murder even if an officers fired the shot. Two days later evidence in court forced the judge to take back his words and drop the murder charges.

The last move of the authorities was to arrange for a flag day. For the first time in local history the foreign elements on strike were invited to participate. After the shooting and clubbing the strikers view this move with suspicion. They remember that these same officials did everything in their power to break the strike. In order to avoid possible trouble by mixing with those who wielded the club and gun, the strikers bought a quantity of flags and will celebrate at home.

Though this strike began April 22, the strikers have asked for no outside aid until last week. Some have worked on farms giving their surplus to support those less fortunate. Funds are needed to keep up the struggle. On account of the hostility of the authorities the strikers urge that all relief funds be sent to the Ipswich Defense League, Box 282, Ipswich, Mass., to guard against a possible injunction to stop the funds.

Ipswich Strike Committee.

Saw Mill "Accidents"

By THE WOODEN SHOE KID.
What's the trouble with that saw?
The carriage is out of line;
And don't it beat you maw
How the hands kill time?
The engine is running hot,
That pump needs needs packing again;
I heard the boss say "I've got
A hell of a bunch of men."

The fireman can't keep steam,
The carriage has jumped the track;
I wonder what does it mean,
Machinery acting like that?

Lordy! Hain't this awful bad,
That shipping clerk is a sight!
He sent the timber to Bagdad,
Which should have gone to Cavite.

The old mill is running in debt,
I think the boss is getting wise;
He came to me and said, "Jet,
What's the matter with them guys?"

I says, "old cuss, you know full well,
That through your hellish greed
You have given these men hell,
And kept them ever in need.

"They are awake at last,
Have downed their wooden shoes,
If you don't come clean, fast,
You'll get a case of blues."

Now slaves these words are true—
This weapon you always own—
If we our duty each will do,
Each will win a home.—Amen.

Under State Socialism

(With apologies to "Life.")
"Is the young man all right, who is going to marry your daughter?"
"I have every reason to believe so. He has been audited by the State audit company, assayed by the State chemist, tested by the State bacteriologist, certified by the State genealogist, and appraised by the State medical and surgical staff of the State hospital."

As To Decentralization

By T. A. HICKEY, in "The Rebel."

There be men who profess to know me well who declare with the utmost sincerity that the Editor of this great religious weekly is an inense egoist who is as passionately devoted to the personal pronoun as a conceited cockney. Nothing could be further from the truth because I believe we are all creatures of circumstances subject to laws of heredity, prenatal influence and environment and while we can to a limited degree react upon our environment and mold and shape it, still dominant factors in our make ups—our heredity and prenatal influence—are things that the individual has no more to do with than he has had to do with the placing of the stars in the sky. I did not select my parents nor the land of my birth; I did not make a hair in my head nor determine the expression of my eye or the color of my skin; that I did not first look upon China instead of Ireland was something that I was not consulted about; I am a creature of circumstances and deal with the God of things as they are and rejoice that during my brief stay upon this mundane sphere I may be able to leave this world, after I reach the lean, slippered pantaloons stage, a little better than I found it.

These more or less philosophic observations are born of the fact that a number of critics charge that I advocate decentralization for the working class on both the political and economic fields, because of temperament, of egoistic spirit and desire to rule the rank and file.

I cannot understand these critics. All history points out clearly that those who ruled in the past have done so through the machinery of centralized power. It matters not whether the rulership was over an ecclesiastical or a financial domain, the ruler ruled because he controlled a power that was centralized!

As this is true of the master class through all the centuries, so has it been true of working class organization on the politic and economic field in America. Everytime the workers have allowed the virus of centralization to creep into their organizations disaster has always ensued. The Knights of Labor was an organization that promised great things for the worker, but when it was put to the test it was found that its centralized power was its undoing and is cyclone.

The Socialistic Labor party and later the Socialist Labor party promised great things for labor on the political field, but when put to the inevitable test the S. L. P. went down without a hope or chance of revival.

The American Federation of Labor has grown in proportion as it was decentralized and has failed in proportion as it allowed its civic federation Gompers to build a centralized machine.

The I. W. W. had a centralized form of organization at its birth and became the laughing stock of the labor movement until such time as the various organizations that comprised the whole scorned its national executive board and proceeded autonomously to fight its battles.

That there is a great future before the I. W. W. is plainly to be seen by those who watch the great battles that organization is putting up. That a vigorous rank and file is about to destroy the centralized power in the I. W. W. is the most cheering sign of the times. A revolt against centralization is on within that organization now. Should the Rebels against centralized power win, the I. W. W. will become the dominant labor organization of America, aye we will make bold to say that it carries within itself the power to wreck the present social system and establish the co-operative commonwealth in its place.

A MANLY MAN

"Doesn't it humiliate you to have to go through life this way?" asked the sympathetic woman as she purchased a photograph.
"Yes, mam," replied the Bearded Lady. "If it wasn't for the wife and the kids I'd throw up the job to-day."
"Cincinnati Enquirer."

A Song of Revolution

By P. A. OLIVER, Frye, Okla.

Hark, ye men of learning,
Who walk in wisdom's ways;
And likewise ye that babble
Of justice's golden days.
Attune your heart to reason,
Let error rise or sink;
Why do we always quibble,
And never learn to think?

Does the chemist trust his mixtures
To a novice or a churl?
Does the lawyer trust his pleadings
To a bashful boy or girl?
Should the blind man lead the blind
man?

And should the varlet tell
His master of his duty?
And should the vendee sell?

Now why should men be puppets?
Why not be kings and priests?
And why should men be simple
Without their being beasts?
Why are mean men holy?
And why are small men great?
Why is the kingdom coming?
And will it be soon or late?

Does logic teach us wisdom,
Or does wisdom teach us grace?
Do we control our feelings,
Or do they control our fate?
Should those who labor suffer,
And should those who suffer fail?
Does the heart of man take pleasure
In sorrow's bitter wail?

Now what is the cause of heartaches?
And what is the cause of woe?
What causes all the evil?
And what is our real foe?
Is evil sent to try us?
Or do we make our fate,
When things are topsy-turvy,
And nothing is going straight?

Since man has been a human,
And the human has had a soul;
Since man first fought for freedom,
Within the forests old;
He has trod the path of progress,
Has conquered the sylvain wild;
Has subdued the mighty ocean,
As if it were a child.

The mind of man is onward,
The wheels of progress roll;
The tide of time falls sweetly,
Like music on the soul;
The king of day has risen
And dashed athwart the sky,
His gleams of hope and reason,
His glory cannot die.

Lift up your eyes, ye toilers,
Ye slaves of field and mine!
Why do you longer falter?
You're masters of your time!
Your eyes were made for seeing;
Your ears were made to hear;
Why don't you rise to action
And not lie down in fear?

You are slaves in mind and body,
You're cowards in your soul;
You long for your master's pantry,
You worship his yellow gold;
And stand like truant school boys
And beg that you may stay
Upon the earth in misery,
And not be kicked away.

Arise! assert your manhood!
Your toil has made the wealth;
Your master took it from you—
He took it all by stealth.
Then take your own, ye toilers,
Let peace and plenty flow;
The earth is yours ye toilers,
But let the idler go.

COLQUETS WANTED.

Please, any one who can, let me know where Mack Colquet, the older, and "Little" Mack Colquet are. They lived in Burleson County, Texas, about 16 miles from Caldwell at one time. Address Wm. Colquet, Zwoille, La.

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Thinking

Thinking was at one time an occupation indulged by those who did not have to earn a living and therefore had nothing better to do. It went out with the advent of experts, psychologists and the higher woman.

Historians have long since proved that thinking is the most useless thing ever discovered. No lover has ever employed it, except to his permanent disadvantage. If people should indulge in it generally there would no longer be war. This alone is enough to condemn it in the eyes of all Capitalists.

At one time it was thought to be necessary in schools and colleges. But a little experience demonstrated that it was entirely superfluous.

Thinking has been supplanted by autos, moving picture shows, newspapers and oratory. Also by literature. Our literature alone could easily supplant all the thinking that used to be done.

"Life."

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I. W. W. SONG BOOK.

Send a dime to "THE INDUSTRIAL WORKER," Box 2129, Spokane, Washington, and get a song book. Forty-three songs. Songs of Life, Songs of Hope, Songs of Revolution, Songs that tell of Labor's awakening. Send your dime to-day and learn to sing the songs that are being sung around the world.

Lumber Trust War

Continued from Page 1.

Laster After De Quency

Merryville, La., July 7, 1913.

Here we come again with our little mite. Merryville is a very dull place; there are four big sales on, but not much business. The merchants do most all their work. Well they have nothing else to do; but they see now where they were used as a cat's paw and it has profited only two men.

Dr. J. A. Knight got his little skinning game to working smoothly once, more. Got another chance to give his professional testimony to keep a woman from getting the damages she was entitled to.

I came near forgetting, I want to tell the DeQuincy boys not to lay awake looking for it. But T. R. Laster made remark this morning that DeQuincy needed taking down a button hole or two and, that he proposed to get up his bunch and go over and put that little place on the map. His remark followed his hearing of W. J. Sanders getting his face slapped and his jaw punched on the train at DeQuincy by Fellow-worker Ed McMickle. This man you will remember offered \$2500 for John Walston's scalp a few months ago. I never have been able to find out what he wanted with it; and another time he made the remark that he would not give a union man a soda cracker if he was starving; that has cost him many a dollar. Fellow-worker McMickle shows the spirit and meaning of "an injury to one is an injury to all." Let all the I. W. W.s remember that and act accordingly.

New members are slowly but surely coming into Local 218 and in a few months we will be back where we were. The workers are waking up to their power, and see what the workers in other places are doing and want to get in line.

I am glad to see the companies make their fights. It shows they are afraid of the workers might united in ONE BIG UNION. RED FRED.

Rice's Lectures

To all members I. W. W., Southern District.

The question comes up, what is the purpose of the Stereopticon lectures, and how is Rice's salary and expenses met, when he does not draw any salary from the I. W. W. organization, or the locals where the lectures are given?

I will answer this question through Th Lumberjack.

I bought this Stereopticon and outfit myself and I paid for the advertising posters myself.

I send the bills with the date printed on them to the locals to distribute. I go ahead and pay my railroad fare to the place where lecture is given and hold the meeting and sell I. W. W. literature which I furnish and put out the lecture and get my salary and expenses out of the literature I sell.

And if my profits run above \$15.00 per week and railroad fare, the surplus is turned over to the I. W. W.'s Southern District General Office for the funds of that office.

All literature is ordered through the District Office, the money being supplied by myself; the District Secretary receives the receipt from where the literature is bought and I have a receipt from the District Secretary for money put up for the literature.

All the expenses to the District Office is only some bother.

Advertise the meetings thoroughly and get a big crowd out and I will put out the literature and make enough profits to help out the District Office.

The only requirement I make of any local is if you want the lecture in a hall is that you pay the hall rent.

If any one asks you the above question, tell them to subscribe to the Lumberjack and read it.

I think this article explains the question.

A date will be assigned to you by the District Office.

Let us have 15,000 subscribers to The Lumberjack (the one paper in the South that dares to tell the truth) and own our own press by October 1, 1913.

Yours for the advancement of the

ONE BIG UNION and our own press, so we can publish the truth to the wage-slaves. A. A. RICE.

P. S.—You wonder why the I. W. W. does not grow faster and get more members.

The reason is because the wage-workers are not acquainted with it. The literature will get them acquainted with it and they will become regular dues paying members and workers for the advancement of the organization.

We need education to get organization.

La Huelga General Prizes

We would like to hear from subscriptions Nos. 76, 198, 289, 147, 92, 96, 168, 156, 155.

As 66 has failed to mail in their subscription number, seventy-six will be the next in line for the stereopticon machine. If they fail to respond then, one ninety-eight will be next in line, and so on for the nine numbers given here. Let us hear from you at once as we wish to ship the machine.

Just as soon as the boys at the Spanish Branch are able to get the plant set up and in working order, La Huelga General will appear. Then our next effort will be to translate the I. W. W. pamphlets into Spanish. Of course, "copyrights" will not be translated.

Send all communications to La Huelga General, 420 N. Los Angeles, street.

Yours in the fight,

W. B. Cook,

Secretary, Los Angeles Locals.

OMAHA STRIKE WON.

I. W. W. Locals:

Fellow-workers—The fight is Omaha is settled for the time being. We are speaking on the streets. The Socialists favored us in this fight.

Yours for industrial freedom,

P. McEvoy,

Secty. 384.

Abou Sub Hustler

By a Monoline Slave.

Abou Sub Hustler (may his tribe increase)

Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,

And saw, within the moonlight in his room

An Editor writing—visage steeped in gloom;

Bent was his back, careworn his look, and old.

Exceeding peace had made Sub Hustler bold,

And to the vision in the room he said:

"What writest thou?"—the scribe just raised his head

For one brief second; then he spake out thus:

"The names of those who lustle subs for us."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,

"Though your name WAS on this list long ago."

"Just watch my smoke," said Abou, so next day

He tackled every one who passed his way;

As he entered once again his household door

His list had reached the century mark and more.

Next day the Ed. arose and called him blest—

Abou Sub Hustler's name led all the rest.

—International Socialist, Sydney.

De Sab Cat

De Sab Cat walks de dark ob de nite,

His feet am padded en his step am lite;

En he grabs ole profit en carries him 'way.

"Twell de Boss man hears whut de Union say.

De Sab Cat walks all eroun' en eroun'

En he nebber meows, nebber mecks er soun';

But he sneaks on de job by hook and crook.

En he chaws en he claws de pocketbook.

De Sab Cat's comin'! You bosses, lookout!

He's walkin' eroun' en 'eroun' erbout!

En he's gwine ter jump on you, one en all.

Dat aint pervided wid de Union call! Notgwivoc, The Barbarian.

Marine Transport Wks.

Continued from Page 1.

when we heard a racket in the side alley, the saloonkeeper told the police Tuesday morning. 'I got my revolver and went to see what the trouble was,' he continued. 'I was met by several negroes who asked me to protect them from a crowd of sailors that were chasing them. Before they had finished talking to me, the gate was attacked by a mob of men. I yelled to them to keep away, but in place of retreating, they ordered me to let the negroes out. I refused to do this and one of them fired a shot into the alley. It was closely followed by a shower of bricks and other missiles.

"Again they ordered me to let the men out and when I refused they sent another shower of bricks and fired another shot at us. I then drew my revolver and quickly fired three shots. The noise subsided a little and we went outside.

"Shortly after the first shot was fired by one of the sailors, I sent two of negroes to the river front to get aid from the police watching the United Fruit Company's boats."

Again, says the "Item":

"Sergeant Jackson and Patrolman Ben Evans, Timothy Valatine, Harry Lew and Ernst Weach rushed to the scene of the trouble. They found Max Ausland, a striking fireman, of 1012 Tchoupitoulas street, lying dead in the gutter with his pipe in his mouth and a 32 calibre revolver in his right hand. His body was still warm. Philip Ferraro the saloonkeeper was standing beside the dead man. He told the policemen what had happened and said he did not know whether one of the shots he had fired had struck Ausland."

If any sane man can square this statement with the fact that Ausland fell around the corner from the dive, that he was shot in the "back" and that his "death was instantaneous," The Lumberjack would like to hear his explanation. Also, how were "two negroes sent to the river front to get aid from the police," when a "crowd" of "drunken sailors" were on the outside trying to get at them?

Also, why was Ferraro found standing beside the dead man? The Bums Defective Agency never got off a more fishy fable.

Statement of Seamen.

The Seamen state that a number of Sailors and Firemen, about twenty, had gradually gathered in Boss's saloon at the corner of Tchoupitoulas (the next street back of S. Peters) and Howard avenue; that part of them started to leave about midnight Tuesday morning and that, when they stepped out onto the sidewalk, they were fired on by two men from the opposite side of the street (Howard) and about one-quarter of the way down the block towards S. Peters; that these men fired several shots in rapid succession at them, and then ran down Howard and around the corner, down S. Peters street; that during the firing and their rush to cover, a man was wounded; that a few moments later, Ausland and several others left and walked down Howard, toward S. Peters and that Ausland was shot by Ferraro almost immediately on his reaching the corner of Howard avenue and S. Peters street. The strongest kind of circumstantial evidence bears out this statement, which, take in connection with the fact that the triumph of the I. W. W. means the putting out of business of such dives as he is allowed to run, makes "Mr. Ferraro's" statement sound still more fishy.

Yet, according to the "White Supremacy" "States," the "White Supremacy" police say "Ferraro was justified in the killing of Ausland."

There was a time in New Orleans when the police were not so brazenly used as strike-breakers for the trusts, but that was in the days before the State and City were blessed with a "Businessman's Government." We can expect anything from now on and the Seamen, making as brave a fight as was ever made against tremendous odds, appeal to all the World's rebels to help them defend their brothers and

win the battle against the Union-hating Trust.

Workers of the World, to the Rescue!
Blow the lid off Louisiana, as you have off West Virginia!

Siempre Firmes

Entramos en la quinta semana de huelga, y estamos tan firmes como el primer dia que se empezo, lo que no le pasa a la Co. de la fruta, la Co. se esta desbilitando cada dia mas, por no encontrar gente que sea acpa para el trabajo de los barcos, y particularmente en el departamento de calderas, por ser el trabajo mas material y mas los negros que estan rompiendo la huelga, que muchos de ellos nunca conocieron barcos ni calderas de los barcos, es tanto asi, que tan pronto los barcos atracan al muelle, ni para atras miran. Algunos med iran? Como es que los barcos salen y entran? Los barcos salen y entran con la ayuda de los Maquinistas, que algunos de ellos trabajan unos a 24 horas y el que no trabaja 24, trabaja 48 horas. Esto no lo hacian cuando los barcos esos se movian con fogoneras de la Union.

Estos maquinistas no se deben olvidar, todos estos actos se deben tener en cuenta para algun dia que volbamos al trabajo, esto aunque vayamos con la victoria, que asi lo esperamos. Yo entiendo que tanto los Maquinistas, como los que trabajan abordo de los barcos de la Co. Frutera, son unos traidores para nuestro movimiento. Pero mas condeno a los Maquinistas, porque ellos son los que podian ayudarnos a triunfar en nuestra lucha, sin ellos comprometer se en sus desatinos, y los maquinistas no caba duda, que bastante arrollados andan con los negros, por no ser aptos para hacer el trabajo el cual lo tienen que hacer los maquinistas.

La compania esta recibiendo protestas todos los dias, de los pasajeros y lo mismo protesta el pueblo de New Orleans en contra el cuerpo de Policia, que de tres cientos policias, ciento ochenta estan guardando lo muelles de la compania frutera, siendo esta gobernada bajo la bandera Inglesa, y protegida por las autoridades americanas. Ahora fijemosnos en todo esto que dejo espuesto, todas estas cosas son favorables para los huelgistas, y muchos no le mayor importancia, pero si lo tiene para todo aquel que conoce el movimiento social.

La compania frutera ya hubiera cedido, sino fueran algunos que cuando pasan por el muelle de la fruta, y encuentran a los empleados de la Co. tal como el maquinista inspector, y el capitán Ross, se ponen a hablar muy a migablemente, como si fueran los mejores amigos, ahora lo que hablan no puedo decirlo, pero si puedo decir que la compania, es sabedora de todo nuestro movimiento. Esto no me cabe duda, que entre los nuestros hay algunos que sirven de reporte, degradado es todo aquel, que semejantes papeles esta desempenando dentro de una organizacion, esos hombres no son dignos ni de la mirada de un trabajador consciente, tansolo son acereadores a escupidados en el que rostro, por degradados que son.

En luchas como esta, los huelguistas, no tansolo deben hacer guardia a los espirolos, si no que deben hacerse guardia unos a otros, esto es, unos huelguistas a otros. No hay huelga que no tenga sus traidores dentro de la misma organizacion, y no me extrana, que nuestro movimiento tenga sus espias, y todo esto lo debemos tener en cuenta, y no tansolo vigilar a los miembros, sino que se deben vigilar a los mismos que componen la directiva, que por lo regular todas las luchas tienen sus ventos por los que estan al frente de las organizacionese. Por lo tanto todo el que le guste triunfar en las luchas, no debe confiar ni de su misma familia, poner toda la atencion en el movimiento de la organizacion, y particularmente en el tiempo que se esta en huelga.

La huelga que estamos sosteniendo con la Co. fruta, tenemos que ganarla pese a quien pese, que sea en diez dias, que sea en un mes, ahora para triunfar pronto, esta de nuestra parte. Nosotros no debemos de esperar que vengan de otras partes a ganarnos esta huelga, tansolo podemos esperar de los de a fuera la ayuda pecuniaria, pero no.

material, porque cuando ellos en sus puestos, nosotros no bamos ayudarlos materialmente, sino que los ayudamos moralmente, cada uno debe luchar en su lugar, porque entodas partes hay necesidad de ello, endonde quiera que y amos los hay en todas partes de la tierra.

Hoy dia 8 de Julio fuimos a la Corte, para oir fallar la causa del companero Francisco Prego, cuando fue anunciado que se suspendia para el dia 18 del corriente, quien la suspensio, fue el abogado que defiende las causas de los que estan presos de la refriega del dia 11 del pasado mes; el dia 18 salderan los 44 presos en una sola causa, esten son informes cogidos del abogado, que para eso suspendio la del companero Prego.

A la hora de cerrar este articulo llegaron al local de la union los companeros del Turrialba, y los del Parismina salieron el dia 5 Sabado; sin que les tomaran de claracion de ninguna clase, y al llegar protestas al Presidente Wilson y Gobernador del Estado de Louisiana. No tubieron mas remedio que hecharlos fuera, pero si los hecharon no fue por gusto de la compania Frutera, que por su gusto lo tenia alli toda la vida, y cuando los fogoneros del Parismina fueron soltados, y la Co. se entero, el abogado de la Co. se fue al Shipping-Comisioner, a ver como era aquello que, esos presos estaban en libertad sin ella dar la orden de la libertad. Entonces el Marshall del United Estates Court, le contesto al abogado de la Co. Frutera, que no tenia acusacion de ninguna clase, pero el Shipping-Comision de esta vuelta, creo que no llebara frio, que se le andan vuscando las agnas, y pagara las que hizo ahora y las que trae hechas por mucho tiempo.

Manana dia 9 se le dara sepultura al cuerpo de un companero que fue muerto por una bala, en la Calle S. Peters St., y Diamond St. en esta Ciudad de New-Orleans, por cuestiones de la huelga que estamos sosteniendo con la Co. Frutera, este companero sera enterrado por la Organizacion nuestra la bandera de los I. W. W. companero que que es digno de aprecio.

En este momento acabo de enterarme, que la tripulacion del vapor Turrialba, desde que salio de este puerto, con negros rompe huelgas, segun dice uno de abordo que trabaja en el departamento de la camara, dijo que aquello era mas que diversion, enver bajar todos los negros de cubierta y maquina para las planchas, hacer precio para hacer mover la maquina segun me informaron bajaban todos juntos, y otras veces no habia quien bajara. Luego en Colon fue lo mas gracioso, que los negros se amotinaron en contra de los oficiales de abordo hasta que fueron aparar a la carcel; (Lastima que no fueran de todos barcos fruteros).

En el proximo numero os dare mas dactos segun lo baya sabiendo.

New Orleans, La., Julio 8, 1913.

J. F. ILGEIRA.

"The Christs of To-Day"

In memory of our murdered fellow-workers. Dedicated to their loved ones.

By H. Lewis.

They are sleeping, quietly sleeping,

But they have not died in vain;

Ye, their loved ones, cease your weeping

O'er our fellow-workers slain.

Know ye not the foe they've conquered?

Even though it was in death?

For truth and right is still the warcy,

On each rebel's rebel breath!

Let "Christians" weep o'er the crucifixion

Of the lowly Nazarene;

We have thousands of such martyrs

Marching on time's picture screen.

They may condemn the Roman soldiers

And the Judge in Pilate's Hall;

Yet their class still jails and slaughters,

Those who speak the truth to all!

They are sleeping, quietly sleeping—

Their noble spirits are not dead;

Ye their loved ones, if ye must be

weeping,

Weep for the living slaves instead.

Their lives have not been wasted,

For their spirits live to-day,

Guiding all the toil-worn workers

On to freedom's first of May!