



BEMIDGE, Nov. 9.—Fire again destroys Crookston Lumber Company's property, high estimate 30,000,000 feet of lumber went up. . . It will keep six camps busy replacing it. Wobblies were blamed for the previous fire, kids or sparks for this one.

High wind. (How come company guards know not how it started).

Mill did not burn.

Caterpillar tractor was used to push lumber piles into the lake—not much saved. Box factory girls, in pants, worked like Trojans fought . . . to "save a board."

"Help save some of this lumber" was the tearful plea of the bosses. Unfortunately the Crookston had more property than it could protect; alone. Fire truck from Crookston, Minn., 105 miles away, arrived at 3:30 p. m. Time: 2½ hours—going some, eh? That's how sacred private property is! Betcha no flivvers contested right of way with said truck. Apparently the Crookston, in charge of so much lumber, is a faithless steward. Nearly a million dollars worth of fine lumber is permitted to go up in smoke,

without adequate safe-guards against it being taken—is the Crookston too tight to hire guards to protect so much wealth? Remember this is the second time—she is, she is too tight—proof of this lies in the fact that she is paying 30 and 35 dollars per month to the lumberjacks whose production periodically goes up in smoke. What is the sense of getting out these logs if the Crookston allows them to be burned up (as finished boards) at the end of each ten-year period?

Wages are going up.

Evidently lumber is too cheap.

Nobody seems to give a damn whether it burns up or not.

Why should lumberjacks further donate their services to irresponsible companies. Let us organize in the L. W. I. U. 120. Drinking water is no longer a good excuse for being a non-union man; a \$30 man; a \$35 man. This work, this discomfort, this garbage, to do, to feel, to taste—is worth all of \$150 per month—but we cannot get it without organization.

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A scissorbill is a labor displacing machine.

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Big Falls is dry. Contrary to general conception, the good citizens of Big Falls obey the law—what little there is of it. It is really remarkable the small amount of wet goods consumed in this progressive metropolis of the North Woods. After the raids by Federal Enforce, tempting sacks of pop-corn appeared in the display windows of the leading trade emporiums—and the long, faint trail outward was soon dotted with bobbing pack sacks.